

### POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,  
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Paradise,  
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,  
Of the wand'ring through the golden streets of happy white-robed throngs;  
And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy chair  
(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere):  
"What a joyful thing 't would be to know that when this life is o'er—  
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"  
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the roof  
She was painting on a water jug, and murmured,  
"Yes, indeed!"  
And Marion, the next in age, a moment dropped her book  
And a "Yes, indeed!" repeated with a most ecstatic look.  
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,  
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—  
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—  
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,  
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the best,  
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."  
Margaret Eytunge in Harper's.

### WEED BLADES.

Young Henry Hayloid experienced much difficulty in finding, in his somewhat contracted sphere of operations, a vocation which would yield a pleasurable, not to say remunerative, return. One day, after having experienced with quite a number of "callings," including a mild attempt in the pulpit, he heard that a school teacher was greatly needed in a far removed district, known as "Panter Walk." He had begun the study of veterinary surgery, but not being very much taken with the profession, he decided to go at once to "Panter Walk," and begin the much needed course of instruction. Arriving, he found a small log school house, sparsely supplied with benches. The farmers whom he consulted agreed that a school was the very thing they needed, but that no one could expect much "of a showin'" till after the crops was laid by. This was certainly discouraging, but as young Hayloid had nothing else in view, he decided to stay and take his chances. When school opened only two "scholars" made their appearance, the family property of old Jim Socklaster. One was a "gangling" boy, whose awkward form and recklessness of gait had won him the appellation of "Windin' Blades." The girl, tall and with a disposition to romp, was rather good-looking, and wore around her hair a blue ribbon-silk streak of civilization. "And what is your name?" asked the teacher. "They call me Weed, sir," she said. "Why did they give you such a name?" "Cause she grewed so fast," interposed Windin' Blades. As no other pupils came, Hayloid decided to go ahead regardless of numbers. It was with some trouble that the two students could be classified. Windin' Blades had only one book, a tattered copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he could not read a line, and Weed had brought a work treating of agriculture among the ancient Egyptians. "Where did you get these books?" asked the teacher. "A tramp give 'em to us for a jug of buttermilk," replied Windin' Blades. "Can your father read?" "He can read little books, but he can't read one as big as this one." "Your mother can doubtless read?" turning to the girl. "She can't read now, but she uster could." "Why can't she read now?" "Because the book she learned to read is dun lost. Here comes pap." Old man Socklaster entered, nodded and said: "Mornin' to you, mornin', sir. Got sorter slim prospect." "Yes, the children don't appear to be coming very fast." Old Socklaster was not disappointed at the "slim prospect"—in fact he was rather pleased to note what encouragement, beyond his neighbors, he was giving to the cause of education. "I reckon you're goin' to go right on with the undertakin' jes' the same, as if you had a whole passel of scholars?" "Yes," said Hayloid. "I came here to teach, and so long as I can secure the attendance of a single pupil I shall continue to make my efforts in behalf of learning." "Glad to know it. You're the only right sort of a teacher we've had in this community for some time." "By the way, Mr. Socklaster, these books which your children have been provided with are by no means appropriate." "What's the matter with 'em?" "One treats of agriculture several thousand years ago, telling of wooden plows and ox threshing machines, the other is a book which only advanced students can read and understand." "Wall, the feller we got 'em of said they was good books, and he's an older man than you are. Better let 'em worry along with them books awhile, an' arter they've dun learnt all there is in 'em, w'y then I'll get them some better ones. Good day. Wush you mighty well with your undertakin'." Fortunately Hayloid had brought a few books for beginners. He had no trouble in effecting an exchange, for the bright pictures at once settled the

question of their worth. Windin' Blades and Weed had scarcely exploded the mysteries of the alphabet, but they proved to be attentive and evinced such a desire to learn that Hayloid did not regret having commenced with "such slim prospects." The teacher boarded in a quiet family, where the sunlight that a little child brings is unknown, where a deaf old man and a knitting old woman sat down nightly to the exploration of their own thoughts. All that Hayloid could get out of the old man was "hah"—with one hand behind his ear—and as the old lady seemed to drop a stitch every time he addressed her, she was allowed to pursue an uninterrupted course of self-investigation. Windin' Blades and Weed, day by day, continued to be the only pupils. Corn was "laid by," and the farmers' boys had no particular work to perform, yet the census of the school remained the same. To watch the development of Weed's mind was an interesting study. She was remarkably bright, and learned with a readiness which surprised Hayloid. Windin' Blades was, after all, inclined to be idle. He had a passion for carrying grasshoppers in his pockets. These insects occupied his entire time on the playground, and at last, after much experiment, he succeeded in harnessing them to a diminutive wagon which he had constructed. The teacher remonstrated with him concerning this useless absorption, and once he spoke to his father, but the old man instead of being displeased, smiled until the tobacco juice ran out of the corners of his mouth. "Let him go," he replied, "I was sorter o' that turn myself when I was a boy, an' daddy allowed I wouldn't amount to nothin', but arter a while I turned out to be the best plow hand in the country." Winter came, and still no other pupils appeared. By the bright log fire, while the snowstorm raged outside, Hayloid found himself better contented than he had ever been before, and his interest, instead of growing less, became greater. The teacher had at first decided that he would not beg for pupils, and on no occasion did he ask the farmers to send their children. He was treated politely, yet he could see that the people of the neighborhood cared nothing for his society, but as this indifference was mutual he spent very little time in regret. One day Windin' Blades failed to come, but Weed, with her face all aglow with healthful exercise, came as usual. When she had hung up her homespun cloak, and shaken the snow from the bright hair, Hayloid asked: "Where is your brother?" "He ain't here." "I see he is not here, but where is he?" "At home." "Why didn't he come?" "Had to go to mill." "Weed, don't you think you are learning very rapidly?" "Yes, sir." "I don't think I ever saw any one make such progress. You have a fine order of mind, and I hope that after I leave the neighborhood you will pursue your studies still." "You are not thinking about leaving are you?" looking up with eyes in which there lurked shadows of sadness. "I shall not leave immediately, but in justice to myself I cannot remain here much longer." She twisted the flax home-made button on her dress, and gazed fixedly into the roaring fire. "Do you want me to stay here?" he asked. "Yes," twisting the button. "But you know I cannot stay here always." "No," she replied with brightening eyes, "we cannot stay anywhere always. We have to die some time." "Why, Weed, you are running ahead of your studies. You have jumped from the fourth reader to an advanced book of philosophy." She did not thoroughly comprehend his meaning, but she laughed and bestowed on him a glance which for ever remained a pleasant memory. "Do you, so fresh and vigorous, with such bloom of perfect life ever think of dying?" "Yes," she replied sadly, "my little sister was the picture of health, with more bloom than I have, and with a face so bright that everybody wanted to kiss it, but she died. When they said that she could not get well I did not believe them, but one morning, when I went to the bed and found the bloom all gone, I knew that they had told me the truth. Now I know that anybody can die and that the bloom does not mean life, but many times means death." He looked at her in surprise. He had taken great pains to correct her language, and had from day to day noted her advancement, yet he was not prepared for the expression of such views, common enough with older people, but rare with one so young. "You are right, Weed. The rose may be bright to-day, but to-night a frost may kill it; but we have wandered from our subject. What was I trying to tell you, anyway?" "About your going to leave." "Oh, yes. You know that I cannot remain here much longer. Very few men would have staid this long, but I have nothing to do—"

"And did you stay here because you had nothing to do?" "I don't exactly mean that. I mean that I could not have remained had other business engagements pressed me." "But you would not have come here had other engagements pressed you." "You are developing tact as well as philosophy. Now, to tell you the truth, after staying here three days no business could have called me away. Only one person could have influenced me to leave." "Who?" "You, and you alone." "How could I have had any influence?" "You possess an unconscious influence that is stronger than iron. If you had said you did not want me to remain I should have gone away. I have studied your face closely, and have ever seen, or fancied that I saw, kindness and welcome in your eyes." "Isn't it time to take in school, Mr. Hayloid?" "No, there is time for nothing but to tell you of my deep love for you. Weed, you are the cause of my remaining here. I love you with a heart that was never before moved." She had twisted off the button, and sat changing it from one hand to the other. "No woman, no matter how cultivated, could win my love from you." "Do you know why I have learned so fast?" she asked dropping the button and clasping her hands. "Because you have a bright mind." "No, because I love you." He caught her in his arms and was pressing her lips when Windin' Blades burst into the room. "Thar now," he said, stopping in amazement. "Thar now, Mr. Hayloid. Don't say nothin' more to me 'bout kitchen grasshoppers. I'd ratcher be ketchin' puttin' gear on grasshoppers than to be ketchin' puttin' my arms 'round a gal. Whoop!" and Windin' Blades, in celebration of his conquest, seized a bench leg and belabored the writing table. "I'm goin' to tell pa on you, sir," said the girl. "I'm goin' to tell him on you," again whooping and striking the table. "I don't see how anybody can study when you're keeping up such a noise." "Study, har yah, whoop!" and he raised a deafening din. "Wall," when he had sufficiently commemorated his discovery, "believe I'll go home of thar ain't goin' to be no school," and before a protest could be made, Windin' Blades had leaped from the door and disappeared. "That was unfortunate," said Hayloid. "and I would give almost anything if it could be recalled." "Are you sorry that you told me?" "Oh, no." "Then you are sorry that—you tried to kiss me?" "No; for if some one had stepped in and shot me I should not have regretted my action." "And do you love me as truly as you say you do?" "Deeper than I can express, I want you to be my wife." "Don't you think that I am too much of a child?" "No you are quite a woman. We can study together, and your bright mind can blossom into a flower of brilliance and beauty." They were standing in front of the fire. "I will be your wife." He took her in his arms, and was in the act of kissing her when old man Socklaster stepped into the room. "Hello! Wall, by jinks, this is a funny sort o' school." Hayloid stammered an unintelligible reply. "Sort o' kissin' school, an' must say that if Weed has learnt as fast in that branch as she has in her books, she's a might apt scholar. Can't you sorter 'splain yourself, mister." "There is not much of an explanation to make, old gentleman," replied the teacher. "I love your daughter and she loves me. I have asked her to be my wife, and she has—"

"Told him that I am too young," interposed the blushing girl. "Wall," said the old man in expletive, for he could really say nothing, and only said "wall" to gain time. "Wall, I reckon that a gal what takes so nachul to kissin' ain't much too young to get married." "Did you meet Windin' Blades?" asked the girl. "No, I hain't seed him since he left home. Here he is now." "Pap what you reckon?" "I reckon a good deal." "Wall, Mr. Hayloid has been er kissin' of Weed." "He's got a right to kiss Weed. He's goin' ter be yer brother." "How?" "By marryin' Weed. Wall, I reckon the school 'ud better break up for ter-day. Come an' we'll all go home. Mur will be glad ter hear o' the 'gement, for she's mighty pleased with Weed's larnin'. A woman can go through life er larnin', but arter a boy gets to be about 21 he thinks he knows it all an' don't larn no more." The old lady was indeed pleased to hear of the engagement, and she "tuck such a likin' ter the young man" that she opened the pear preserves which she had been saving for the preacher. At night, while in contented half circle they sat by the fire, Hayloid remarked: "It has ever been a mystery to me why I did not have more pupils. I was told that the people of this neighborhood wanted a school." The old man laughed. "Day after day," continued the teacher, "I expected to receive additional encouragement, but as you know I was disappointed. What kind of people have you in this country, anyhow?" "Fast-rate folks."

### HANGMAN'S GULCH.

How a Noted Locality Got Its Name. An Incident of Early Colorado Life. The fame of Green Russell's exploits as a prospector spread all over the country, and at one time Pike's Peak or bust became the cry of a large number of restless spirits in the East. The beautiful country known as the Divide, near the head waters of Cherry and other creeks, was all this time the Mecca of gold seekers from all parts, until, from an uninhabited frontier it became the center of a large population, all engaged in the one calling of washing out the auriferous sands. How much was ever roeked, panned or sluiced out in those days was never absolutely ascertained, but the amount must have been very large. On one of the richest tributaries of Cherry Creek a large population had settled, and every hundred yards or so might be seen men digging, sluicing, panning, working as if their very lives depended upon it. Among them were two men or partners, named Jack Holt and Bill Flemming, whose luck was exceptional. None in the camp could show as many colors to the pan or find as many nuggets as they. Notwithstanding the high cost of living it was currently believed that they had quite a snug hoard of glittering gold stored in their cabin near the forks by the cottonwoods. Although partners they were known to have fierce quarrels at times, and passers by on the trail in the vicinity of their cabin frequently heard the sound of oaths and sometimes of blows. One day Flemming was seen at work alone, a thing which was never known to have occurred before. Always surly and disagreeable in his manner he was now worse than ever, and to the questions put to him as to where Holt was, gruffly and briefly replied that he had pulled stakes and gone to his home in Georgia. Nothing more was thought of the matter for some time, until one day a letter was brought to a miner in the camp who had lived in the same town from which Holt had come. The letter was from the sister of the latter, expressing great anxiety at his long silence, and also fears of foul play. This was shown to a number in the camp, and a few of the most self-asserting and leading miners held a meeting in private and resolved to take advantage of the first opportunity and make a thorough search of Flemming's cabin. This occurred on the very next day, and a party of ten determined men proceeded to the "forks" early the following morning, and, entering Flemming's abode, made a thorough search of its one little room without discovering anything different from what is usually seen in such impromptu dwellings. Just as they were passing over the threshold, however, one of them tripped slightly over some unevenness in the rough floor, and casting his eyes down, saw what looked like a spot of blood. Quickly calling the attention of the rest of the party to his discovery, a more thorough search was made and it was ascertained that the floor had recently been removed. A few of the boards were quickly torn up and the earth had the appearance of having been recently disturbed. Shovels were at once put in requisition, and in a few moments the partially decomposed corpse of Jack Holt was revealed. Flemming's guilt was at once apparent. The party proceeded to the place where he was working, and covering him with their Colts, with which indispensable weapon each was provided, he was made prisoner and taken to a grove known as the Big Pines. The trial, as was characteristic of such affairs, was very short, but under all the circumstances undoubtedly fair, and, at its conclusion, Tom Worman, who was made judge, both by reason of his being the most powerful man, physically, in the camp and that he had been apprenticed to an attorney when a youth, but had run away after two weeks of Blackstone and come West, addressed the prisoner in these terms: Bill Flemming, you've been tried by a court of your equals and peers. The law and the evidence prove you to be guilty of having killed your pard and thrown your pay of life into the tailings. If you have anything to say, now is the time to open your sluice gates." Flemming, however, maintained a stubborn silence. But a few minutes elapsed when he was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead, and the sentence was at once executed. He was taken a short distance down the small gulch, where a tall pine reached its lower limb like arms across the stream, when willing hands quickly fastened a rope around his neck, the other end of which was thrown around one of the branches, and Bill Flemming was launched into eternity. The gulch has ever since been known as "Hangman's Gulch." Strange to say, the upper branches of this tree, in accordance with the popular legend of those on which a man has been hanged, are completely withered and decayed on the side of the fatal limb.—Denver (Col.) Tribune.

### Effects of Temperature.

The effects of temperature on man do not depend so much on the mean for the day, month, or year as on the extremes as when the days are hot and the nights comparatively cool the energy of the system becomes partially restored, so that a residence near the sea, or in the vicinity of high mountains, in hot climates is, other things being equal, less enervating than in the plains, as the night air is generally cooler. It is commonly believed that hot climates are necessarily injurious to Europeans, by causing frequent liver derangements and diseases, dysentery, cholera and fevers. This, however, is, to a certain extent, a mistake, as the recent medical statistical returns of our army in India show that in the new barracks, with more careful supervision as regards diet and clothing, the sickness and death rates are much reduced. Planters and others, who ride about a good deal, as a rule keep in fairly good health; but the children of Europeans certainly degenerate, and after two or three generations die out, unless they intermarry with natives and make frequent visits to colder climates. This fact shows that hot climates, probably by interfering with the due performance of the various processes concerned in the formation and destruction of the bodily tissues, eventually sap the foundations of life among Europeans; but how far this result has been caused by bad habits as regards food, exercise, and self-indulgence I cannot say. Rapid changes of temperature in this country are often very injurious to the young and old, causing diarrhea and derangements of the liver when great heat occurs, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs, colds, &c., when the air becomes suddenly colder, even in summer.—Nature.

### Frankfort-on-the-Main.

In all Europe there is no more lovable city than Frankfort-on-the-Main. I have met Americans who were as enthusiastic about it as Madame de Staël was about Paris, and as much delighted to make it their home. The Frankforters themselves regard it as an excellent place to stay. Not many of them, indeed, especially of the older stock, can be persuaded to leave it. There are not a few of its families whose porphyritic annals of residence extend back through a long line of ancestry, for two or three centuries. There are banks and other business houses whose present name and location have been continuous for 100 to 150 years. The city itself dates back to the time of Charlemagne. One of its stone bridges, spanning the River Main, is said to have been built eight or nine centuries ago. A legend tells us it was placed there by his Santanic Majesty, on a special contract with the city fathers, that he should have the soul of the first creature that should pass over it. When it was finished the shrewd Frankforters sent a rooster across it, thereby showing themselves smarter than the shy party of the second part. An image of the rooster, surmounting a pole set upon the bridge, commemorates the event and confirms the truth of the story.—Chicago Current.

### Italian Marriages.

From London Society. They are prolific people. To be childless is regarded an intense calamity; and no matter how shallow the purse, no new comer is welcomed other than with smiles and gladness. Now, is it possible that a people so home-loving, so affectionate, so fond of offspring, should be so depraved, so immoral, as we habitually depict them? We have too long looked upon one side only of the Italian character; it is high time we learned to know the other. Another favorite idea of ours is that the Italians never make love marriages. No doubt their marriages, like those of the French, are often arranged by the parents; but, unlike those of the French, as a rule a veto of choice is left to the young people, and if we could collect statistics upon the point, I am inclined to think that we should find that the proportion of these marriages, founded upon a groundwork of reason and social compatibility, which turn out well as great as, if not greater than, that of our marriages founded on youthful caprice and unreason.

Of 125,000 miles of railroad in the United States and Canada, all but 4,000 miles are operated on standard time. The most important exceptions are the several Pacific systems. East of the Mississippi only about 20 miles adhere to solar time. Of cities of 10,000 inhabitants or more, 185 out of 219 have adopted the railroad standard, and of the 34 cities adhering to solar time 31 are located in Ohio, Michigan and the Pacific Slope. The "Ohio idea" is strongly longitudinal, as that state contains 15 of the only 34 cities of the Union which refuse to join the procession.