## "I WISH I'D REMAINED AT HOME."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"The Badgerleys coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettingley was a close-fisted and calculating matron, who lived in a house in a stylish neighborhood in New York, and was one of those who, of her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flee to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettingly liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending money. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettingley, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her. "But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Saugatuck county."

Mr. Nettingley felt of his chin.

"They haven't invited us," said he—"that is not especially."

"Oh, fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Badgerley and her six children, and Mr. Badgerley's two sisters, I won't do it! Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost $3. at the very least. Get me a timetable, Nettingley. Send word to Mrs. Badgerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettingley, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained. For he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettingley packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettingleys, and took the afternoon train to Scrag Hollow, in Saugatuck county.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettingley—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettingley all had high-sounding appellations—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettingley, "people in the country always live in the back of the house."

And carrying a heavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging along a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a littie old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted..

"Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in a high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness; "You's her cousin from the city, come t spend Thanksgiving? Well, if that ain too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started thi very afternoon for Ladd's depot; got som relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettingley. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming.

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little old woman.

But Mrs. Nettingley knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph! And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettingley, had fled before the Badgerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettingley, grinding her false teeth, "I'll go to Ladd's depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith. Or it might be Thompson. But she *believed* it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street.

It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettingleys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express, and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's depot, as Mrs. Nettingley found to her cost when she paid $5 for a hack to take her back to Ladd's depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about a half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's depot. The first place to which they drove, on Thorn street, was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on

"This isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs. Nettingley, waxing more and more in despair.

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid, who lived with her married sister, and never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Nettingley.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettingley. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why its past 11 a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody. But s'spose I could take you to the 12:30 night express, for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with $8

"Ma!" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettingley, pronouncing the word as if it were a pea-nut-shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Badgerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at 30 cents a pound.

It was 1 or 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost!

"I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettingley to herself. "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettingley's got company to Thanksgiving, after all!"

And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true; the servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Abby!" said Mrs. Nettingley, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Abby, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am."

And Abby threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys well browned and savory, a chicken-pie that was a small mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce, that set Mrs. Nettingley calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Badgerley, the two sisters, and the six children, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of her husband—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

"Mrs. Nettingley and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettingley had rather a hard time of it that night.

"My dear," said the sacrifical lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

"Do?" repeated Mrs. Nettingley, in accents of the bitterest scorn. "Couldn't you close all the blinds and lock the front door and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettingleys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them—the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettingley had her winter's work before her.

"I wish to goodness I had remained at home," thought Mrs. Nettingley.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's proclamation.

## God in Masonry.

John Guthrie, in his address, as Grand Master, to the Grand Lodge of Kansas, on the above subject, said:

In September, 1877, the Grand Orient of France eliminated from its constitution the cardinal perquisite of Masonry—the belief in God and the immortality of souls. While the grand Lodge will be always anxious to receive in the most fraternal spirit the brethren of any foreign Grand Lodge whose proceedings are conducted accordingto the Ancient Landmarks of the order in which a belief in the Grand Architect is the first and most important, it cannot recognize as true and genuine brethren any initiated Lodges which thus deny or ignore that belief. On this vital question I cannot express my views better than to adopt the language of an ancient Grand Master of a sister jurisdiction: "It is the entrance into Free-masonry that should be especially and strictly guarded. The profane who seeks admission has before him difficulties to meet. He has no right to expect that the way is to be made easy to him when the landmarks are set up for the protection of the brethren. The wisdom and experience of ages have sanctioned and made unalterable these landmarks, and it is impossible that they can be modified to suit the whim, caprices, tastes, or imperfection of one who has no companionship with the craft. The prosperity of Freemasonary depends on the strict cheerful obedience to the landmarks. If they are subordinate to the wishes or in compliance with the interests of those who are not of the Craft, the foundation of the Fraternity will be no stronger than the changing opinions of men who have no association with the Fraternity. This is so absurd that it ought not to be spoken of only to show the peril and ruin that must come if the fundamental principles are disregarded. The world is filled with examples which such causes have produced, and the protection of our Institution from like fate is found in the fact that it rejects absolutelyand refuses to follow such examples. During the past year the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Egypt have marked this action of the Grand Orient of France with their disapproval, and severed their fraternal relations. So far as I have been advised every Grand Lodge that has met in America during this time has dissolved its relations with the Grand Orient of France. The Northern and Southern Supreme Councils of the A. and A. S. Rite have also taken such action. I know this Grand Lodge will stand faithfully by the ancient Landmarks of the Craft, and I trust it will take such action promptly and explicitly, but deliberately, as will vindicate the integrity of the Craft, and unite the Grand Lodge with every other power in the Masonic world. *No atheist can be made a Mason*, and it follows that we can have no fellowship with atheists and irreligious libertines."

A committee was appointed on this part of the address, who reported a series of preambles, and the following resolutions, which were adopted.

*Resolved*, That the Grand Lodge of Kansas views with surprise and profound regret the unwarranted action taken by the Grand Orient of France in eliminating from her affirmation of Masonic principles the solemn declaration of a sincere belief in God and the immortality of the soul, such action being in direct opposition to the fundamental principles of Freemasonry as taught and believed among us, and being in opposition to the Ancient charges and Landmarks of the fraternity.

*Resolved*, That this Grand Lodge, in consequence of the late action of the Grand Orient of France, does hereby reaffirm the action heretofore had in the severing of all Masonic intercourse with the said Grand Orient of France.

*Resolved*, That the Grand Lodge will not recognize as true and lawful Masons any persons hailing from Lodges under the Grand Orient of France, and all Lodges in this jurisdiction are hereby directed not to admit as visitors any such persons.

In order for the uninitiated to fully understand the meaning and purport of these resolutions, we will state that in 1771 the ancient grand lodge of France, declared extinct, was formally replaced by a body called the Grand Orient of France, but continued to "work" separately until June, 1798, when it was solemnly incorporated with the Grand Orient, which has continued until the present time, though it has been placed out of communication with many grand lodges from some extraordinary deviations from established rules.

Several months ago the Grand Orient of France solemnly resolved that they would no longer recognize the existence of God in any Masonic rites. Considering that Masonry is eminently a religious institution, wholly uncertain (Christians and Jews being members with equal privileges), this repudiation of the Deity was so extraordinary that the grand lodges of Scotland and England, and some of the American lodges, took similar action.

Whether the great harm to the craft which the action of the Grand Orient has worked will generally disrupt the Masonic brotherhood is conjectural. The Orient has asked for a secret convention of the brethern in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, to meet in Paris to consider the matter, but it is not likely that the invitation will be accepted. It is more likely that the Grand Orient will be repudiated everywhere.

## HALLUCINATIONS.

### Two Somewhat Remarkable Cases of Self-delusion.

From the Fortnightly Review.

There are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds; and neither argument or demonstration of the imposibility of what they allege they perceive will shake their convictions in the least. "You assure me," they will say, "that I am mistaken, that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me." What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, "that as you are alone on one side in our opinion, and all the world is on the other side, I must needs think either that you are an extraordinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius, I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered." But the argument does not produce the least effect. Let me give an example or two of the character of those hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body. There was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subjeet, a shrewd and clever man of business; no one talking with him would for a moment have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies. Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them, he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night, and this he did to prevent the bad odors from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that the people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing; and when he passed a cab stand in the street he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbors. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one of the many persons who he met daily in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made was that they were all too polite to do so, but he could see they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchief to their nose—no doubt for a quite innocent purpose. Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucinstion: he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him at all times and all places—in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voice of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himshelf conceived them; the remarks which they make were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musical box, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices, and enabled him to go to sleep; but as he said, the measures was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system.

## Struggling With a Grizzly.

Calaveras Chronicle.

Mr. Nathan Rogers, who owns and lives on a ranch in the mountain, about nine miles above West Point, near the north fork of the Mokelumne, had the most terrific encunter with a grizzly we ever heard or read of. The details of the fight are substantially as follows: Gray squirrels are numerous in that region this season, and after dinner on Thursday Mr. Rogers went out for an afternoon' sport shooting them. He was armed with a light rifle and a large knife. Grizzlies are no strangers near the ranche, and Roger had frequently seen their tracks; but as it is yet too early for the ravenous beasts to be driven out of the higher mountain ranges by the snow, he felt no apprehension from that source. Mr Rogers was so successful in gunning that by 4 o'clock his game sack was well filled, and as he was two miles from home he determined to retrace his steps. In leaving the timbered river on which he had been shooting, he had to cross a patch of comparative open country, the only growth it supported being an occasional bunch of chapparal. He had gone only a short distance, and in descending into a little blind ravine came upon a huge grizzly feeding on the carcass of a sheep.

The bear was not over twenty feet distant. Man and beast discovered each other as the same instant. For a moment Rogers stood irresolute. His first impulse was to run; but his better judgment told him that if he did so, and should he be pursued by the grizzly, escape would be impossible. Dreadful as was the alternative of facing his terrible enemy, it was his only hope, and Rogers resolved to stand his ground and sell his life as dearly as possible.

There was a chance that the grizzly might not attack him if he retained a bold attitude; but whatever hopes Rogers builded upon that foundation were speedily dispelled by the bear giving a low growl, dropping his mutton and advancing toward him. The hunter's heart leaped in his throat, and then with every muscle and nerve drew to its utmost tension, he awaited the onset of the beast with as much coolness as though his life were not at stake in the unequal contest.

As the grizzly slowly advanced toward him, and got within a distance of about fifteen steps, Roger threw his rifle to his shoulder and with a steady aim planted a bullet in the bear's breast, just inside the point of the right shoulder. The animal was hit hard, but no sixty-to-the-pound bullet ever stopped a grizzly. With a growl resembling a roar, the infuriated beast rushed to the attack. Throwing aside the now useless rifle, and drawing his knife, Rogers braced himself for the death struggle. As the shaggy monster reared upon its haunches, its great, black, convex head towering two feet above Rogers, the latter involuntarily threw up his left arm like a pugilist on guard. The bear seized the arm in his mouth, and, throwing its great paws over the shoulders of the hunter hugged him in an embrace that forced his eyes from their sockets and the blood from his nostrils.

Rogers' right arm was free, and he drove the long, keen blade of his knife to the hilt in the side of the grizzly close to the shoulder. The blade reached a vital point, inflicting a fatal wound, but the immediate effect was only to intensify the grizzly's ferociety. It hugged Roggers the closer, its long, sharp, chisel-pointed claws tearing gaping wounds in the hunter's back while the bones of his left arm were crushed and ground to powder in the bear's vice-like jaws.

Wild with the agony of his wounds, Rogers plied his knife with the energy of desperation; driving it again and again into the vitals of the bear, literally carving it alive, while the latter, with claws and teeth, lacerated its human foe most frightfully. It was, indeed, a struggle to the death. Rogers, weak from the loss of blood and half delirious from pain, now fought by intuition, having only a vague consciousness that his life depended on his killing the bear. The terrible wounds of the grizzly began to tell upon its vitality. Rogers' senses were not so dulled but that he knew that the grizzly was gradually relaxing its hold, and the ray of hope the knowledge afforded stimulated him to renewed exertion with his knife. The bear endevoring to support itself, despite its wounds, wavered for an instant, and then, with a low moan that sounded almost human in its expression of pain and dispair, toppled over, dragging the man with it, the latter falling partially beneath. Summoning all his remaining strength, Rogers plunged his knife into the grizzly's abdomen, the hot life blood and viscera spouting full in his face.

The bear relinquished his hold, and Rogers, torn, lacerated and bleeding, crawled far enough away to escape being rent to pieces by the terrible death struggle of the grizzly. Although victorious, Rogers' condition was critical in the extreme. He was a mile and a half from home, so weak and faint that he could hardly stand, and in danger of bleeding to death before he could reach help. His left arm hung crushed and lifeless at his side, his left scapula and clavicle were broken, the blood tickled from the terrible wounds in his back, and his legs were literally furrowed by the crooked claws of the bears hind feet. Conscious that he must soon have help or perish, he summoned all his resolution and staggered along in the direction home, more dead than alive, a trail of blood marking his foot steps. He managed to reach a spring in sight of his house, and then his endurance gave way. He fell in a dead faint by the water's edge. He was soon discovered by his son, and was taken home.

The grizzly was the largest ever killed in the country. It measured nine feet in length, "over all," and weighed 1,400 pounds. The left side of the bear was litterally torn to pieces, there being no less than twenty-two knife wounds, nearly every one of which reached a vital point. One of its fore paws just covers an ordinary dinner-plate.

Mr. Rogers is lying in an extremely critical condition. In addition to his horrible wounds the shock of his system was a terrible one. His left arm, lierally mangled and torn to shreds, has been amputated at the shoulder. His left clavicle and scapula were fractured, and three lower ribs on the right side broken. The flesh and muscles on his back are so torn and abraided that the vertebræ are actually visible in places.

## Robin and I; A Rustic Song.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Down in the meadow where the red clover
  Sheds its sweet fragrance to coax the wild bee,
Soon the heat of the noonday is over,
  Blithe as young children, contented, and free—
Cheered like the birds with the fine summer weather,
  Charmed with the blue of the earth-arching sky,
Weaving bright fancies we saunter together,
  Happp, how happy! dear Robin and I.

Laughing he twines me a garland of daisies,
  Pink-lipped and dewy, to wear in my hair—
Warm grows my cheek, for he whispers fond praises,
  While his brown fingers stray lovingly there
Dearest of fancies! his true heart rejoices,
  Not in the wild-flowers that round our feet lie,
Not in the birds that with shrill little voices
  Sing till we chide then, dear Robin and I?

No, 'tis the thought that when cold winds are blowing,
  Scaring the song-birds, and calling the flowers,
Pure and unchanging our love shall be glowing,
  Cheering our lives in their deariest hours.
Slily he sltps a wee ring on my finger—
  Goldfinch and throstle, still fluttering nigh,
Ask one another how long we shall linger,
  Talking sweet secrets, dear Robin and I!

Clearly the brooklet, that though the green cresses
  Giddy with joyfulness dances along,
Shows us the shimmer of daisy-boced tresses,
  Mingles *two* names in its fairy like songs;
While the soft breezes, so gentle, so loving,
  Steal through ther flowers with a tremulous sigh,
Round the Gay heads of the buttercups roving,
  Seeming to whisper, "Dear Robin said I!"

"Dearest!" I murmur, with tendest pity.
  "Scoring the jewels that spange the field,
Thousands are seeking for wealth in the city,
  While the rich treasures that nature doth veld
Far from the toiling, the dust, and the shadow,
  Live their sweet lives out, then wither and die."
Ah, in the summer-time rove we the meadow,
  Rich beyond measure, dear Robin and I!

When the round moon rises stately and brightly,
  Tipping with silver the monntains afar,
O'er the pale green of the grass gleaming whitely,
  Hand-locked we watch for the first blinking star!
Far in the village tapers are burning,
  Guiding us home, when we whiper "Good-by;"
Then in the hush of the evening returning,
  Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

## Women and Home.

There is a bundle of delight bound up in the sweet word home. The word is tyical of comfort, love, sympathy, and all other qualities that constitute the delights of social life. Were the every-day enjoyments of many of our intelligent and affectionate families faithfally portrayed, they would exceed, in moral heroism, interest, and romance, most of the productions of the pen of fiction. The social well-being of society rests on our home, and what are the foundation stones of our homes but woman's care and devotion.

A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends."

Those who have played around the same door-step, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distances may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love any thing must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections and a yearing after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or helpless humanity to befriend. That soul is poor indeed that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

"For what am I?" he said, in a conversational way, to his Sunday-school class of little boys—"what am I but a smothering field with little air? Without it I could not be—would collapse—in short, I'm only—" "A bladder!" was what the good little boy said. The class adjourned *sine die*