

Select Miscellany.

OMENS.

As, ere the storm, a silence fell the world. No blade is stirred, no banner is unfurled. In consequence of the weather...

I know not why (I said that summer night) The heart in me should be so wondrous light, So sweet each moment's breath...

Keziah's Lesson.

Keziah set down the pail of water with a thud, then folded her arms and looked over at John.

"And that's the last thing I ever do in this house!" she said determinedly, a bright spot coming into either cheek, that lighted with a dangerous flash the keen black eyes.

"I never said so, K'zy," said the big man sitting by the little well-worn table, looking over a book of accounts.

"And if I haven't borne with your mother and Sarah's hateful ways as long as any one in all conscience could," cried the little woman, sharply, who, tired out with a long, unsatisfactory day's work, seemed wholly unable to keep still.

"Keziah!" the man's tones struck upon her ear with such terrible significance that it seemed for a moment to bring warning of danger.

"Do you mean before you became my wife?" asked her husband, quietly.

"Yes, I do," she answered quickly, and then, seeing him so very cool and self-possessed, she added, thinking to punish him: "Then I was happy, and didn't know it."

"That will do, Keziah," John rose up from the table and came over to her side. His tall figure looked taller than ever, as he looked down into her face, her big husband whom she had always looked up to with so much veneration and love.

"This has gone on long enough, Keziah," he was saying. The lines around the mouth had changed now, tense and firmly folded under the beard. His wife gazing in utter astonishment to see an expression that in all their married experience she had never witnessed before.

"And the time has come," the voice above her was saying—that cold, inflexible voice that seemed as if it would go right on through death itself stood in the way.

"K'zy tried to speak, but her tongue refused to do her bidding; and her limbs smote together, so that she almost fell to the ground, but she clasped her hands tight, determined not to faint. The first thing she knew, she was put into the big rocking-chair and the voice, as if from some far-away region, was still sounding in her ears.

"Mother and Sarah shall go to the church home, and I—"

"John!" With all the strength she could summon to her aid K'zy sprang to her feet and lifted her white face imploringly to her husband's. "It would kill them. Oh! don't speak of it!"

"But it is killing you!" he said quietly. "Yes, they must go."

"Oh! what have I said! How could I! How could I!" she cried, wringing her hands helplessly, while the look of terror deepened in his eyes. "You never'll look anybody in the face again, if they go on the church. Oh, don't drive them away from home," she implored. She longed to throw herself into his arms, to even touch his hand, but the fixed, terrible look in his face made him seem as if removed from her by an immeasurable distance.

"He gave a little while at that. But he still said, and this time in a tone that showed an unalterable purpose: 'They must go, Keziah; and you'—his voice trembled a little, but he went on immediately—'you are free; for I shall go for Harrison on that two-year job.'"

"Keziah sank down in the big chair, and covered her face with her hands. I've brought it all on myself she moaned like a stricken animal, over and over again; the voiceless words formed themselves in her mind. The rain beat upon the window without, with each pattering fall seeming to keep time with the heavy load of misery at her heart, as she sat there, unconscious of time or of anything else than that a black and forbidding cloud had settled forever over her life.

"At last, unable to bear it longer, she crept out of the old chair, and going upstairs, not caring whether she went, her one thought being to get out of sight and

sound of every-day life and activity, she opened the door of a small, unoccupied room, used as a lumber closet, and throwing herself down in a corner, gave herself up completely to her wretched thoughts.

"I can't never go to the home," said a querulous voice on the other side of the thin wall, "an' that you'd think of it in my old age, John Simmons, is enough to make folks cry out ag'in you."

"Keziah sat up straight as an arrow from her crouching position on the floor, just in time to hear a voice like her husband's, and yet how unlike, attempt to answer the complaints.

"There is no other way, mother!" it said. "My wife certainly has done her duty by you. But she is not able to do more. It is not right that she should. And the home is a pleasant place. If I only could, mother, do more for you."

"An' why can't you, I sh'd like to know?" Another voice took up the strain—a sharp, high-keyed one that showed every symptom of speaking its owner's mind. "Just because her father was a thief an' a swindler an' land knows what all, an' you've been a tryin' to keep her all these years from knowin' how you paid the bills an' tried to keep folks from talkin'!"

"There was a rustle on Keziah's side of the wall, a little dash along the hall, and then she stood among them. The little head was straight up now; the bright, black eyes were full of fire, as she said in clear-cut tones to her husband, not minding in the least the astonished group:

"What, Keziah?" he asked; and for a second forgetting the estrangement, he started forward as of old.

"About—about father?" She looked steadily at him, waiting for an answer.

"If a glance could have annihilated, Sister Sarah would never have spoken her mind again, as John saw the patient work of years disappear in a moment. He could only try to say: 'Don't worry, or imagine trifles, Keziah.'"

"Is it true?" she still repeated, not taking off her gaze from his face.

"And he, the honest, true man, could do nothing else but say 'yes.'"

"Then," said Keziah, and all the blood in her little body rushed up into her face, dyeing it scarlet, "you are the noblest, best, and grandest husband that was ever given to a wife. I don't ask you to love me, John. I don't see how you have all this time. I only say, forgive me."

"Love you!" cried her husband, "Love you! Oh! My wife!"

"Somehow, Keziah never knew just how and John didn't seem to remember, she found herself in his arms, folded close to his heart, while a perfect rain of kisses descended on cheek and lip and brow.

"Mother," said "Sister Sarah," giving her a nudge, "come; it's time for you to go to bed."

"But I don't want," said the old lady, pettishly, who was a little broken, and having no thoughts beyond her own troubles, had seen nothing. "An' 'tisn't for you to send me off, like a child."

"Well, you must go, at any rate," ejaculated Sarah, with a determined snap; and without any further demur she took hold of her elbow and fairly hooked her out of her chair and escorted her safely out.

"Can't you never tell, I'd like to know, when you ain't wanted?"

"Yes; I know I ain't!" exclaimed the old lady, taking pretty long steps to keep up with her daughter's excited movements, which were anything but graceful.

"I'm to be sent to The Home; an' you'll have to go along too, so you needn't be so amazin'."

"There ain't no home for us but this one," said Sarah, pointing with her thumb backward into the tiny bedroom that Keziah with all her care had managed to keep cozy and neat for "John's mother and sister."

"Land o' lives, ma, we'll be wanted now and loved, and set by, if we ain't never been afore. An' that's a fact! There, now then, I'll get your night-cap!"—Margaret Sidney, in Independent.

A Cat that Prefers Elevators. The Tribune elevator car had started on its upward trip last evening and the elevator boy was gazing upward into its furthest corner, evidently lost in reverie.

Presently there came a distinct call in the shape of a plaintive "Miaow." The elevator boy checked his car forthwith on a level with the floor whence the sound came. There was no one to be seen and the smallest boy would have been visible.

"Going up?" asked the elevator boy. "Miaow, miaow!" was repeated. The elevator boy slid open the door and a gray cat walked demurely in, sprang upon the seat and began licking her paws until two floors had been passed, when she uttered another cry and sprang down before the doorway. The car stopped, the door was opened and Tabby passed out.

"Is she a regular passenger?" was asked. "Is she?" said the elevator boy. "Of course she is. She lives in the building, she does. She never walks up or down stairs 'cept on Sunday, when the elevator ain't a running in front. If it's evening she uses the back elevator." "Where is she going now?" "She's just dropping in to see a friend of hers. He's a lawyer, and he often stays late to write and she goes in and sits on the table and watches him, and he gives her a bit of something to eat. In 'bout an hour, before my time's up, she'll come back to go to the top floor. Maybe she'll stop a little in the editorial rooms; then she goes up to the restaurant. She always gets there about twelve o'clock, when the printers get their lunch. They all know her. Sometimes," he added, "she sits down in the car and keeps me company for a while. She ain't any bother. She knows how to behave herself a great deal better than some of them lawyers and sharp chaps, who are always asking a fellow whether he's going to get married, and how's his girl. She goes all around down town by herself, she does. The other morning one of the fellows saw her down in Fulton market. She knew him and came up and rubbed against his legs. Top floor here, sir, if you want to get out."

SEVEN hundred thousand acres in India are devoted to the raising of opium. The natives were compelled at first by the government of India to cultivate the poppy from which it is made, and the government derives an immense revenue from it. The whole eastern world is suffering terribly from this curse inflicted by the foremost nation on the earth. Not only the eastern but the western world is feeling the sad effects of the vice of opium-smoking. It is said that twenty thousand people in this country are the victims of the opium habit. From the last annual report of the bureau of statistics there were thirty thousand pounds more opium imported than in the previous year, and our government received more than half a million dollars duty on it, and we are all parties in this infernal revenue business.—Christian Statesman.

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MAKE HENS LAY CHICKEN CHOLERA.

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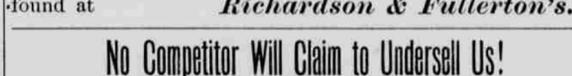
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Temperance.

Prohibition and Practical Politics.

We are no enemies of impracticability in politics. We understand that not only is the "one with God" an actual majority, but that, if the one will stand by his position, he will grow to be a visible majority among men. That is the way that a few abolitionists grew into the liberty party, and the liberty party into the free soil party, and the free soil party into the republican party with its long history of triumph. This is, in American history, the one great example of impracticable politics proved practical; an example which no sanguine theorizer tires of quoting.

Of course the prohibition candidate for governor of Minnesota makes the most of the example and its principle in the letter of rebuke which has been published. That is all there is to say, and he says it well enough, telling how "the weak things of the world"—we have heard the quotation before—"confound the things which are mighty." But as the poor are not all alike, there being the Lord's poor, the Devil's poor and the poor devil, so there are varieties of "weak things," and when God wishes to confound any "mighty things," he selects his "weak" instruments with discrimination. The woman's temperance crusade is evidently one of his chosen instruments. We see no evidence that Charles Evans Holt with all his allied political prohibitionists is either called or chosen for that purpose.

The abolitionists did right to separate and form a new party. Why? Because they could do nothing else. They were not wanted in either of the old parties. The whigs did not want them; the democrats did not want them. They had to go by themselves, because they could work in neither party. Both parties were hopelessly agreed to prevent all legislation, except in the interest of slavery.

The case with temperance legislation is quite different. Men in both parties are willing to take up the temperance question and legislate upon it. Nobody is read out of his party for urging prohibition or home protection or restrictive taxation. In the northern states the major part of the republican party, and in the South a very large part of the democratic party are in favor of severe repression. Several states have inaugurated total prohibition, and others severe restriction. In Iowa the people, chiefly republicans, have once enacted total prohibition, and are now repeating their interdiction as fast as circumstances will allow. In Minnesota the same good work is going on, and the republican party is doing its part in it. There is absolutely no comparison with the state of public and political sentiment on the slavery question thirty-five years ago. It is a case of utter contrast.

Therefore, we not only see no use for a political temperance party, but we do see that it is as mischievous as it is uncalled for. In such states as Ohio and Minnesota, where effective temperance legislation can be speedily hoped for from the republican party, its only task is to weaken the temperance element in that party, to impede its success, and to imperil or impede temperance legislation. It is across the path of righteous practical methods, of righteous practical politics. We will not say that it is the refuge of cross-eyed, oblique-witted, dream-walking or sleep-talking visionaries in ethics, but we will say that men who are wise and sober-minded, as well as earnest, are, with few known exceptions, found elsewhere.

What chiefly passes for an argument with the little so-called political party of prohibitionists is the assertion that prohibition is so exclusively right that, as Candidate Holt says, "every Christian voter ought to insist that this grand remedy be tried." By this he means that every Christian should insist on total prohibition, and work for and accept nothing less, even though he knows that total prohibition cannot be had, and that it could not be enforced if enacted. We can only say that this is supremely silly. Beforems go by stages. You cannot get total prohibition till you have proved partial prohibition a success or a failure. If absolute prohibition is an absolute good, then partial prohibition—whatever name you give to it, high license or local option—is a partial good. If that can be had and will shut up half the dram-shops, then for heaven's sake give us that as a step to the better thing. The man who cannot vote for partial prohibition by taxation because somebody has given it the misleading name of license, is too shortsighted to forego glasses.

Therefore Candidate Holt does not convince us with all his pioussness and Scripture. So far as we can we will make the temperance issue a question for good citizens in both parties. We will do our best to put it into the platform and campaign in every state, and we hope our democratic friends will do the same. We will vote for total prohibition in the legislature, and when that fails we will vote for the next best thing that will carry the public sentiment which we are helping our good sisters to educate.—Independent.

Cigarettes—Again.

We would not speak of this subject again to "Our Boys," if we did not notice that the custom is still very prevalent among the young. Don't do it, boys. Let cigarettes alone severely. We can give you any amount of reliable evidence that the habit is a bad one. Not only bad for the pocket, but bad for the health. The British Medical Monthly gives the name of a prominent physician who, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect of the habit upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the pernicious habit. In twenty-two there were various severe disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were once more restored.

MANY live without considering the rights of others. They spend their lives in a selfish way and think only of their own ease and gratification. They have no proper conception of life, and live to no purpose. In street cars and steam cars they endeavor to monopolize everything. They have the facility of occupying room for two persons, and get out of patience when they are forced to do what is right. They have never learned the Golden Rule; have not even learned to be ladies or gentlemen.

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CATARRH! It is needless to describe the symptoms of this dangerous disease that is sapping the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of both sexes. Fever, chills and restlessness in America, Europe and Eastern India, have resulted in the Magnetic Lung Protector, affording cure for Catarrh, a remedy which cures. NO RECURRENCE OF THE SYMPTOMS, the continuous steaming of M. APPLIANCE, penetrating through the all-cotton UNDERWEAR, RESTORES THEM TO A HEALTHY ACTION. WE PLACE OUR PRICE for this Appliance at less than one-twentieth of the price asked by others for remedies upon which you have expended hundreds of dollars. WE SPECIALLY INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE SICK PERSONS who have failed in drugging their STOMACHS WITHOUT EFFECT.

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(To be continued.)

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STRAYED.—About October 1st, from the premises of the subscriber in East Montpelier a black and white pointing dog. Any information will be gladly received. JOEL T. ORMBRUE. October 22, 1883. 16-21