THE McARTHUR ENQUIRER.

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McARTHUR ENQUIRER

J. W. BOWEN, Editor and Publisher.

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Good Assortment of Marble constantly on hand. All kinds of CEMETERY WORK done to order in the finest style.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
McARTHUR, OHIO.
Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office at his residence.
Feb. 26, 1873.

J. M. McGILLIVRAY,
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McARTHUR, OHIO.
Will attend promptly to any business given to his care and management in any Courts of Vinton and adjoining counties. OFFICE—In the Court House, up stairs.

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Will practice in Ross, Vinton and adjoining counties. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to.

HOTELS.

BOWEN HOUSE,
(Formerly Sands House,)
ZALESKI, OHIO.
EGBERT BOWEN, PROPRIETOR.
This House, which is convenient to the R. R. depot, since changing proprietors, has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and the present proprietor offers to travelers and boarders the best accommodations.
Good Stable on the premises.
TERMS MOST REASONABLE
[w&e]

HULBERT HOUSE,
McARTHUR, OHIO.
JAMES WORKMAN, Proprietor.
This House, since changing proprietors, has been thoroughly renovated from "top to bottom." The present proprietor offers to travelers the best accommodation in clean and neat style, at low prices. Come and try it.
Good stabling, and horses will be well cared for. C. W. BARNETT'S "Bus line" starts from this House daily, at 12 o'clock noon, for the Railroad. 16-ely

MERCHANTS' HOTEL.
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
J. W. VARNER - - - - - - Proprietor.
This Hotel is in the most convenient part of the city—on Front St., between Market and Jefferson.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
Corner High and State Sts., nearly opposite State House,
COLUMBUS, OHIO
E. J. BLOUNT - - - - - - Proprietor.
This Hotel is furnished throughout with all the modern improvements. Guests can rely on the best treatment and very low bills.
Street Cars pass this Hotel to and from all Railroad Depots.

ISHAM HOUSE.
JACKSON, OHIO.
DR. I. T. MONAHAN - - - - Proprietor.
This house, formerly the Isham House, has been thoroughly renovated and beautifully furnished. Having superior facilities, everything will be done to make guests comfortable. Table always supplied with the best the market affords. Nicely furnished rooms and cleanest beds. Good Stables. Every effort made for the comfort of patrons. All charges moderate.

DEPOT HOTEL.
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.
M. MERKLE - - - - - - Proprietor.
This Hotel, a few feet from the Railroad Depot, and where all travelers on all trains can take meals, has just been greatly enlarged and thoroughly repaired, painted, &c., and is now in complete order for the reception of guests. Trains stop ten minutes for meals. Terms moderate.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
Corner Sixth and Walnut Streets,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
F. I. OAKES & SON, FISHER, Proprietors.
JNO. McILVAIN & L. B. GOSSELIN, Clerks.
This house has been entirely Refitted, Refurnished and Remodeled, and is in all respects a
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.
ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON. Table surpassed by none in the West. Ample and pleasant accommodations for travelers. Give us a call. OAKES & CO., Proprietors.

Dry Goods.

J. GREENLEAF & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery, &c.
224 and 226 South High Street,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
C. M. SAGE, of McArthur, is the traveling agent for the above house, and all orders entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.
January 15, 1873.—1f.

Original Poetry

Christian Union.

BY THE EDITOR.

Long has the Church in ruins lain;
Division ruling with disdain;
The absence of a perfect love,
Unfavored by the Lord above.

When Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught his people what to do,
He prayed "that they might all be *one*,"
As are the Father and the Son.

How sacred must that Union prove,
That has the genuine mark of love;
Such *Union*, as in Christ we see!
The God, the Father, One in Three.

For *oneness* did the Savior plead,
In sweat and blood his spirit grieved;
How can you then divisions make,
And say "they are for Jesus, sake."

Turn! mortal turn, from ruin's brink,
Let not the ship of Zion sink,
Disunion will destroy the crew;
Oh! let our Captain guide anew.

Lo! with his word—our compass given,
When by fierce winds, we may be driven,
We shall, from it direction take,
And the calm port of Union make.

Led by the word of God alone,
Divided Zion shall be one,
And *all* who love the narrow way,
Amen, amen, aloud should say.

A Tale of Sorrow.

A melancholy death occurred, in Suffolk, on Tuesday evening last.—Mrs. Silvanus Bracy, while suffering with a temporary aberration of mind, superinduced by long continued, spasmodic affection, committed suicide, by jumping into a well, on the lot of Wm. D. McClenny. She escaped her mother's vigilant watch, about dusk in the evening, and was seen going toward the wharf, without a bonnet. It is supposed that she intended to jump into the river but finding so many persons about the wharf, she returned in some by-way, and reached the well just in the rear of the lot on which her mother resides, and there she is supposed to have acomplished her purpose, while scores of persons were scouring the lower portion of the town in search of her. The search was continued until a late hour, at night, and resumed on Wednesday morning. About 10 o'clock in the day, she was accidentally discovered in the well, by a colored woman who went there to draw water.

Mrs. Bracy was twenty-nine years of age—was married when quite young, and lost her husband in the war. Her funeral took place at the Christian Church, on Thursday, a large number of persons testyfying their sympathy, for the poor unfortunate one, being present.

In one of the terrible battles fought around Petersburg, in the autumn of 1864, Wm. Bracy, the husband of Silvanus Bracy, whose death is announced in another column, was wounded by a minnie ball passing through the fleshy part of his leg. No bone was broken, and the surgeon who examined his wound at the field hospital, did not consider it dangerous. The writer was in the rear while the fight was progressing, and saw him as he was borne to the field hospital, bleeding profusely. William Bracy was a member of company B, of the old 16th regiment. He was sent with other wounded comrades to the North Carolina hospital in the city, and from the first seemed to have a sort of presentiment that his wound would prove fatal. He begged me to send for his young wife, which I declined to do at first. After several days, gangrene set in, and the Hospital surgeon pronounced him dangerously ill. I wrote by the first messenger passing, to his wife, in Nansemond, to come to him at once. When the intelligence reached her she was thrown into a violent spasm. But on recovering, determined to set out for Petersburg. In the meantime the soldier in the hospital grew weaker and weaker. At my every visit to his ward, he enquired if I thought his wife could get there before he died. "Is she coming? is she coming?" he would most anxiously enquire. We all prayed for her coming, but she came not. The soldier died. I had a neat coffin prepared, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, of a bright and beautiful October day, we laid him away to rest, in the rear of the High Street Methodist church and in a few feet of the room, in the basement of the church, which I was then occupying as a place of shelter, from the shells which were being poured upon the city from the Federal lines. The burial service had been read, and the soldiers that assisted in the burial, had returned to their camp, when I sat down for silent meditation, and soon a knock was heard at my door, and I met the young wife of the soldier just buried. She enquired most piteously, "where, and how is my William!" I had to break to her the sad intelligence that we had just buried him. She fainted, but rallying, I took her to his grave, where she wept as only a devoted wife can weep.

She had come by Weldon to Stony Creek, where a soldier in charge of a wagon had kindly conveyed her to the city. Her last dollar had been spent, and the soldier knowing her helpless condition, proposed to take her back to Stony Creek that night without charge. I gave her Confederate paper enough to bear her expenses back to Blackwater, and she set out broken-hearted at 7 o'clock that evening for home.—From that time she became subject to spasms, which became more and more frequent and severe, until she had after several hard fits in a single day, and one or more almost every day. She lived in an humble cottage adjoining the Christian church in Suffolk, for several years, and being afraid to enter the church lest she should have a fit, sat often at the window to listen to the services. Time rolled on and everybody became busy, and but few remembered the circumstances which led to her condition. Her mother, a widow, watched her and took care of her, and they were fed by sewing and the charity of friends.—About a year ago she moved on the opposite side of the street, where her last days were spent. Let the curtain here fall, and in commendable sympathy, let the melancholy end of the departed be remembered only with pity.—*Christian Sun.*

Girls Should Learn Domestic Duties.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house; and if she has no intelligent regard to her daughter's happiness, will not do it.

By knowing how to keep house, we do not mean merely knowing how books should be arranged on a centre table. and how to tell servants what is to be done. We mean how to get a breakfast; a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed, how to sweep a room, how to do the thousand and one different things which are requisite to keep a home in order, and make it pleasant.

A person who does not know how to do a thing well, does not know how to have it done well. No number of servants make up for the want of knowledge in a mistress.

A family employed a girl to do general house work. She came just at night, and the first thing assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes. She washed them in cold water, and without soap!

A gentleman sent home a roasting piece of beef and quantity of cut porter house steaks When he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook had roasted the steaks.

Yet many a boarding school miss, at the time of her marriage, might make either of these mistakes.

Not one woman in a thousand knows how to make bread as good as it can be made. And sour tempers, scoldings, dyspepsia, with its indescribable horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently result from bad cooking.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your daughters, do not neglect to instruct them in all the mysteries of house keeping. So shall you put them in the way of good husbands and happy homes.

THE cause of the destruction of the steamship *Atlantic* was investigated at Halifax; and the result of the investigation is that the loss of the steamship resulted from carelessness on the part of the officers. Cap. Williams is suspended as a master for two years, and the fourth officer for three months. A very severe punishment when it is considered that not more than five hundred people were murdered.

ROBERT Safford, of Chillicothe O., was the successful applicant for appointment to West Point Military Academy, from the Seventh District, at the competitive examination, on 24th ult, as directed by Hon. L. T. Neal.

TEA is reported to have been successfully cultivated in Iowa.

SAN SALVADOR.

The recent earthquake, by which this city was destroyed, eight hundred persons perished, and ten millions of property destroyed, recalls some of the features of a former visitation, together with a description of the city:

The former city of the same name, which was totally destroyed by a like catastrophe, on the night of April 16, 1854, was one of the oldest relics of the Spaniards of this country, having been founded, as it is said, by Alvarado, one of the followers of Cortes and the celebrated Prescott for his bravery and gallant exploits in the conquest of Mexico, especially on that dreadful night, the *noche triste* of history, when the Spaniards were driven away from the capital by the Mexicans. Old San Salvador, first called Las Bermudas, founded in 1528, was abandoned in 1539, and the settlement removed to a spot about six leagues southward and three miles from the volcano of San Salvador, where it stood till its destruction in 1854, when its 30,000 inhabitants were rendered houseless by an earthquake. Seeing the danger of the situation the government removed the capital, and laid out a new city ten miles nearer the sea, and to be called Nuevo San Salvador, but so many of the old inhabitants preferred the old spot that in 1865, it was again made the seat of government. There is no other place on the surface of the globe in which so many volcanoes, both live and extinct, are crowded together within so small a space as they are in Central America, that is, in the region between the Isthmus of Tehauantepec and the Isthmus of Panama. They are all on the Pacific coast, running almost in a right line due northwest and southeast, commencing with the lofty volcano of Cartago, in Costa Rica. In this line there are several hundreds of peaks and extinct craters, of which ten or eleven are active and thus probably save the country from more earthquake shocks than it has. In San Salvador, the smallest, but in proportion to its area, the most densely populated of all the Central American republics, are the volcanoes of Amapala, San Salvador, (looking down upon the city now destroyed), San Miguel, San Vincente, Isalco, (which was formed within the last hundred years), Pancon, and Santa Anna. The whole country is subject to earthquakes, and the houses are built in the best way to avert danger from such phenomena; they cover a large area, and are but one story in height. Sometimes a volcano bursts out and the earthquake accompanies it with unheard of violence, as in the great eruption of Cosiguina, in Nicaragua, in 1855, when ashes were thrown all over Central America, and the shocks were felt over an area having a radius of 1,500 miles. In the earthquake which destroyed the city of San Salvador, in 1854, but few lives were lost, as the catastrophe came during the day. It is impossible not to believe, although the telegraph despatch leaves the question untouched, that the earthquake which has again demolished the capitol, did not take place at night, when the inhabitants were buried in sleep or otherwise so many lives could not have been lost. At the time of the disaster the city contained between 20,000 and 30,000 inhabitants. It was situated on a plain beneath the volcano, and covered an area having a radius of about two miles. The houses, with the exception of the churches and the Government palace, were of brick and stone, strongly built, and having but one story each. They were between fifteen and eighteen feet high, covered with tiles, and each extended over a space such as would be occupied by about four of our ordinary houses. The streets were narrow, being rarely over thirty-six feet wide; the sleeping apartments of the houses were large, and the beds generally placed near the walls. When an earthquake takes place in day time, the people have ample time to run into the streets and thus escape the danger, but at night a shock more than ordinarily severe might cause the walls to fall in upon them, or the tiles and beams to drop down and crush them in their beds. It was in all probability thus that the 800 deaths announced met their fate. Suddenly, beneath the ground, was a noise like the discharge of artillery, then a creeping together or sundering of the earth, chilling the marrow in their bones, and then the crash of the tumbling walls upon them. It is probable that the churches were left standing, as such buildings are erected in Central America with special reference to the nature of the country—the walls are extremely thick and heavy, and the edifices are not very high. The Government Palace was two stories in height and was a beautiful structure. The earthquake will probably fully settle the question that San Salvador is not the proper place for the capitol (and in these republics the capital is nearly everything in point of government and general business), which will henceforth occupy some less dangerous situation. It is not impossible that the great conflagration which followed the earthquake may have been caused by the gaseous exhalations which at such times often come from the earth, or by fires issuing from cracks in the earths' surface.

Friday an Unlucky Day.

Friday, long regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history.

Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry VII, of England, gave John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with, the Pilgrims, arrived at Princetown; and on

Friday, they signe d the august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, occurred; and on

Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of a right ought to be, free and independent.

We were born on Friday, and not hung yet, How is that for luck?

How to Keep Canary Birds.

Place the cage so that no draft of air can strike the bird; give nothing to healthy birds but canary and rape seed, mixed with water, cuttlefish bone and gravel on the floor of the cage; also occasionally, a little water for bathing; the room should not be overheated; when moulting (shedding feathers,) avoid drafts of air; give plenty of rape seed slightly moistened; by observing these simple directions, birds may be kept in fine condition for years.

Bad seed kills most of the birds that die; to which might have been added, that canary birds are not only very fond of, but benefitted by having often a leaf of cabbage, pieces of apple, or other green food, which serves to keep down the tendency to fever and prevent constipation. Our birds usually bathe each day as regularly as any one washes the face, and with apparent benefit too. When birds are sick, and inclined not to eat well, remove all the food for a day, and then only give soaked bread, from which most of the moisture has been squeezed.

THE LANCET ON NIGHT WORK.—The *Lancet* asserts that night work is not injurious to adults under certain conditions. The hours of sleep should never be curtailed, and the light should be white, poweful, steady and concentrated by a shade on the work. It argues that an insufficient, flickering, or too diffused light is one of the most serious causes in producing the brain irritation which troubles night workers. It recommends abundant nutriment and a moderate use of tobacco.

COLUMBUS Ohio, has been lit up by some fifty-four fires the past year. Property was destroyed to the value of $30,142,-73, of which half of the amount was covered by insurance.

WM. Highland, a soldier of the war of 1812, died in Seal township, Pike county, Ohio, week before last, aged about 90 years.

PRESIDENT Grant and family have gone to Denver.

Love Your Wives.

Husbands, love your wives. Nothing brightens a true woman's life like love. She will do anything, bear anything, suffer anything for the sake of a husband who truly and tenderly loves her, and whose heart is one with hers. Where such love ends, widowhood begins. The woman who has a husband who is not wholly hers, mourns the loss of a companion, and endures the presence of a mummy. But where conjugal fidelity and affection exists, poverty, privation, and toil, are welcomed gladly for the joy of love. But this love must be more than mere words, it must be in heart, and life, in deed and truth. It must endure as well as demand. It must be self denying as well as self-desiring. Love beareth all things and endureth all things, and never faileth.

When in her weakness, weariness, and sorrow, a woman can feel that she does receive from her husband such a self-denying love as this, when his strength bears with her weakness, his patience with her petulence, and when his calm courage sooths her frights and fears, what gratitude wells up within her heart.

Woman seeks in a husband truth, and nobleness, and uprightness. She loves manliness and spotless purity. And if a man will show his manhood in his daily life, he will find a blessing in his heart and in his home, such as tongue can can not describe.

Wives need love. Their hearts yearn for it as much as in the days of girlhood when life itself was love. They often pass their womanhood in anxious cares and wearing labors. In the anguish of maternity they enter into new spheres of existence, whose only light is love. Whether woman's course is to be sadness or joy, sunshine or gloom, depends upon love. All her cares are borne with patience if love sweetens her bitter cup. A long, hard, weary day of toil is amply paid for with a single smile; and one tender, loving clasp makes her forget a whole lifetime of care and conflict, and bless the day she found a husband with a heart so true and a hand so strong. An unexpected favor touches her to the soul. A gift in secret, an appreciating word, a pitying, soothing glance, a kindly, sunny smile, a little self-denial to afford her pleasure or spare her pain, all these are as sun-beams of gladness to the heart of the true and nd toiling wife.

Her husband and her children are her treasurers. She lives if they stand fast. She is proud of their honor and joyous in their prosperity. And every token of their care and love for her, in sickness or in health, is laid up as a cherished memory, a kindness which she can not forget, and which she is only too happy to repay,

Husbands, love your wives. A harsh word from you is worse than a poisoned arrow from an outside foe.

Your sneer turns life to bane and blackness, while your smile alone brings sunshine to her soul. One selfish meanness in you, one little contemptible thing, robs you of your crown of honor, and leaves her to bewail her loss.

The wife must reverence her husband; but your love must beget that reverence. We reverence the heavenly Father, "we love him because he *first loved us.*" "So let husbands love their wives, even as Christ loves the Church and gave himself for it," and that love shall plant in her glad heart such seeds of blessing and of reverence as shall cause flowers radiant as those of paradise, and full of heavenly fragrance, to bless and brighten all your journey in this wilderness of sin and pain.

HOMINY PUDDING.—Prepare as for batter cakes, add one egg to each pint, some whole cinnaman, sugar to suit the taste, and a few raisins, and bake like rice pudding. A little butter or chopped suet map be added. Serve hot or cold, with or without sauce.

PORTSMOUTH is enjoying another ghost sensation.

The Hand that Holds the Plow.

DEDICATED TO THE FARMERS OF AMERICA.

[The following song is timely and to the point, and will awaken enthusiasm wherever it is sung:]

Brothers of the Plow,
The power is with you;
The world in expectation waits
For action, prompt and true;
Oppression stalks abroad,
Monopolies abound,
Their giant hands already clutch
The tillers of the ground.

CHORUS:

Awake! then awake!
The great world must be fed,
And heaven gives the power
To the hand that holds the bread.
Yes, Brothers of the plow!
The people must be fed,
And Heaven gives the power
To the hand that holds the bread.

Brothers of the plow!
In calm and quiet might
You've waited long and patiently
For what was yours by right—
A fair reward for toil,
A free and open field,
An honest share for wife and home
Of what your harvests yield.

CHORUS: Awake! then, awake! &c.

Brothers of the plow!
Come, rally once again;
Come gather from the prairie wide,
The hillside and the plain;
Not, as in days of yore,
With trump of battle's sound—
But come and make the world respect
The tillers of the ground.

CHORUS: Awake! then, awake! &c.

A TEST OF THE EXTINCTION OF LIFE.—In view of the uncertainty regarding the final extinction of life that occasionally arises, Dr. Magnus proposes the following test for the decision of the matter. If a limb of the body, (a finger is best for the purpose) be constricted by a strong legature quite tightly, there will, if the subject is yet alive, be a reddening of the constricted member. First the part in question becomes red, and then the red color becomes darker and darker, and deeper in hue, until it is finally converted into a bluish-red, the whole limb being from its tip to the ligature which encircles it of a uniform color, except that at the region immediately round the legature itself there is to be seen a nar row ring which is not bluish-red, but white. Though there may be slight discoloration after death, the doctor has satisfied himself by experiment that this cannot be confounded with the complete discoloration that attends the performance of the test on a living limb.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

SMOKING FOR THE PLAGUE.—Thomas Hearne, in his diary, writes: "1720-21, January 2d. I have been told that, in the last great plague at London, none that kept tobacconists' shops had the plague. It is certain that smoking was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, insomuch that even children were obliged to smoke. And I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that when he was that year, when the plague raged a school boy at Eton, all the boys of that school were obliged to smoke in the school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking."—*Appletons' Journal.*

WATER-PROOF COATING FOR WALLS.—The following coating has proved very effective in preventing the penetration of moisture on the weather side of walls: Pitch, 50 pounds; rosin, 30 pounds; red ocre, 6 lbs.; fine brick dust, 12 pounds; all boiled together, with constant stirring, and then sufficient oil of turpentine—about one quarter the volume of the above—added to cause it to spread readily, it is to be laid on as thin as possible with a bristle brush.

THERE ought to be some check on the atrocities which parents commit in bestowing names upon their children. What punishment for example would be severe enough for a man named Hill, who would name his own son Bunker? Yet one of the witnesses at the coroners' inquest on the body of Goodrich, at Brooklyn, actually responded to the name of Bunker Hill.

WEDNESDAY morning, in Union township, Crawford county, Indiana, Mrs. Mary T. Scott, a highly respected lady, taking a portion of her dress from a drawer, dislodged her husband's revolver, which discharged in falling, and the ball entered the back part of her head, killing her immediately.

HENDRICKS and Hancock is the ticket a Pennsylvania paper runs up for 1876.

The above is a good ticket but Thurman, of Ohio and Gordon, of Georgia, would be better.—*Marietta Times.*

Murmuring.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in prison," I said, one day, "than to have my life teased out," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining room; when Jamies' little crib was put away in the garret, and in has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at any other time. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out that metalic cough. I never hear that hymn since, that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse toward night, and when my husband came home, he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now, and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time.

There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack.knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled at looking over the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," said a weary-worn mother to me.

"Oh! no," I mutter to myself, "there are no little boots to dirty it now."

But my fate is as weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh that rang out with mine as we watched the blazing fire or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see other mothers with grown up sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I wish I had murmured less.—*The Appeal.*

Tell How You Gained It.

Our lives are filled with all kinds of drawbacks and failures, but who cares to listen to the doleful tales that are past cure? Youth is full of bright hopes, and shakes its finger at mountains that must be crossed. Do not hang on their coat-tails and cry "shipwreck!" far better to show them the slender board that brought some soul safe to shore. Yes, if for years you ran into snags only, or lost your way by reason of fogs, and at last found the true path, lead your listener into the road that gave you a safe harbor, and tell him how you gained it.

Are you a business man—have you worked early and late, to find that you have reached the goal of your ambitious plans only to say to the young around you: "Look at yonder drunkard and spendthrift?" We turn from pictures that give us scenes of misfortune only; we care not to impress our hearts with woe-begone objects, but a laugh, a happy face, or a beautiful thought—how long it lingers! and who can tell the influence it has in our long lifetime? Will you, then, a successful man of business, seal up the secret of your successes, and be content to hold the photographs of ill luck and wretchedness of others before the world? Will you burn the candle of life all through and never light a neighbors? Has it given a clear steady light, brightening your days with golden gladness, and will you not "Tell how you gained it."

Have you reared a family that are blessed with health, and can you only point to the pale faces across the way, and never tell the world how the roses came to the cheeks of your own household? Are our lives narrowed down so that we must hide our cards of fortune, and play out as though we were on the brink of ruin?

Oh don't for the sake of the sunshine that comes so lavishly; don't talk of thunderstorms and calamities continually. Life has more days of fortune than otherwise; if, perchance, you imagine that you have missed it ninety-nine times out of a hundred, give the hundredth time the praise and forget the others, and "Tell how you gained it."