KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and a silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet;
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child.
As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And ah! woe that this must be!
The voice of prayer and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou shalt fear—
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

WHAT ONE GIRL DID.

Molly Perry woke, the morning of Memorial day, about as cross as it is possible for a healthy, sunny-tempered girl to be, and with some reason.

For, to begin with, her waking senses were first greeted by a strong whiff of tobacco smoke wafted into her open window from the pipe of the lodger below, and as she had gone to sleep with the same incense in her nostrils, you must own that it was trying, particularly to a country-born nose that knew the fragrance of wild grape vines and locust trees. Whatever you may think, Molly was wrathful, and flounced out of bed, shut the window with emphasis, and sitting down in her one rocking chair, eyed with strong disfavor a pile of clothes on another chair. And here was another reason for her crossness. The night before she had taken account of stock in the way of clothes, and found herself on the verge of bankruptcy. "Not a decent thing among them except that gray suit," she thought, disconsolately; and the truth is they were a shabby lot. Barring the gray suit, a navy blue serge (ragged as to edges, and shiny as to elbows and back), a faded cambric, an old back cashmere, hot and dusty-looking, made up the sorry display.

"Why didn't she buy some new clothes?" Well, there was no particular reason except that she had no money to buy and no time to make, being one of the forty or more clerks in the "Mart of Fashion," on Washington street, at a salary of $6 a week. Any one mathematically inclined can do the sum which Molly did each week.

Board	$4.00
Washing and ironing	.50
One sitting at "Trinity" (a very humble one)	.15
Total	$4.65

And out of the difference between this total and six dollars must come boots and gloves and hair-pins and pocket-handkerchiefs and everything else, so you can see that the Queen of Sheba was quite safe from a rival so far as Molly was concerned.

But this mention of the "Mart of Fashion" brings me to the cap-sheaf of Molly's discomfort. She had expected to have the day to herself, but Rush & Crush, scenting the possible profit from country visitors, had decided to keep open. So it was a very cross face that looked at Molly from the little wavy looking glass, and the soft brown hair was hatcheled and twisted with very few of the little pats and touches usually bestowed on it, and the blue dress was donned with some twitches. The sight of the breakfast table did not lighten her mood. She looked down its long length, and noted the spots and rings and splashes on the coarse cloth, the knives and forks at all angles, and the dishes piled up, fragments and all, by the untidy table girl, and felt an unutterable disgust for it all.

It is not necessary to go into the story of sickness and debt and death which had brought her from a quiet, refined home to be a clerk in the Mart of Fashion and an inmate of Widow Jackman's second rate boarding-house; but we will start with her this memorial morning when, after trying her sharp little teeth on some tough steak and turning over on her plate some flabby fried potatoes, she fished a fly out of her coffee, and took her way to the store.

Half the long forenoon had worn away when Molly, with a box of tumbled laces before her, stood looking after a lady who had just passed with a cluster of violets at her throat, and thinking wistfully of a certain place she knew of where they grew, cool and moist in their green leaves, when the voice of the ubiquitous floor-walker brought her back to the present.

"Miss Perry, if you are not more attentive, I shall have to report you."

"I will save you that trouble," said Miss Perry, and clap went the cover on the box, and swish went the box into its place, and Miss Perry, with very red cheeks and bright eyes, went down the long store to the office and tendered her resignation, "to take effect at once, if you please."

Mr. Rush was pleased, for trade was slackening and there were twenty girls for every vacancy. "But you know our rule." Yes, she knew the rule, which was that a clerk leaving without notice should forfeit pay from the last Saturday night settlement. But Molly's ancestors did not fight at Concord without leaving something of their spirit to their descendants, so she turned to go with an air which betokened no acquaintance with "rules," when Mr. Rush, whose heart had been a trifle softened by memories of a certain grave in Mount Auburn which would be decorated that day, handed out three trade dollars, and in ten minutes Molly was in the common, "with all the world before her where to choose."

The unusual leisure was so pleasant that the girl loitered and lingered, enjoying the sunshine and the air, and only when the noon whistles blew did she come down to reality.

After dinner, with locked door, she held a council of war. Here, on one side, was Molly Perry, 24 years old, with health and hope, five dollars in her trunk, three silver dollars in her pocket, and one good suit, and on the other side the great, pushing, scrambling, selfish world, eager to grasp, and slow to give.

Molly did some hard thinking. "There's one thing sure," she thought, "I won't tend store again, and I won't sew for a living, and I won't be cooped up in a shop." The chances are narrowing fast. Suddenly came an idea. "I'll do it," said Molly; and what it was, the Advertiser told next morning:

WANTED, by an American girl who is a good plain cook, a situation to do housework in a small family. Country preferred. Address M. P., Advertiser office, Boston.

Well, the answers fairly poured in. It seemed as though all womankind had been waiting for "an American girl who is a good plain cook," but Molly resolved to be critical and waited. In the meantime, seeing that a way was open, she dressed herself in her best and went shopping Saturday afternoon. She choose to patronize Rush & Crush, where her high and mighty airs gave unbounded satisfaction to the clerks, with whom she was a favorite. She sailed up to the print counter with great dignity, turned the goods over, pulled the corners crosswise, after the fashion of women shoppers, depreciated the patterns, etc., but finally bought print for three dresses, gingham for aprons, etc., to the amount of $3, and counted out with great majesty the three trade dollars.

"Oh, Molly, you know we can't take them," said the clerk. Molly turned to Mr. Rush, who sauntered along with eyes on the other side of the store, was taking in the whole proceeding.

"Mr. Rush," she said, "I took these here day before yesterday, and now the clerk refuses them."

Mr. Rush was grimly amused at her audacity, but instead of answering her turned to the grinning cash-boy in waiting, and snapped: "Cash, what are you waiting for? Take the goods and money this instant!"

The youthful Mercury disappeared like a spirit, and Molly felt somewhat as her great grandfather did at Concord.

Monday morning brought a letter which seemed promising, and which read as follows:

WHEATFIELDS, N. H., June 2.—Miss M. P.: We need a domesstic, and prefer one of our own nation. The family consists of myself and wife and a hired man. My wife is feeble, and the domestic would have to take charge of everything. We would pay $3 a week to the right person. If you feel capable for the place, and can bring a good recommendation, we should like to have you come as soon as possible.

Then followed some directions about the trains, and the whole was signed in a plain, homely fashion, "Yours truly, Bethnel Harlow."

"Wife feeble," mused Molly; "well, she won't be poking 'round the kitchen all the time" (another flash of the Concord spirit). "Domestic," not "servant" or "hired girl." That suited.

The result was that a few days later Molly, armed with a letter from her minister, was set down, the only passenger, at Wheatfields station.

Squire Harlow, waiting for the expected "good plain cook," was smitten with great missgivings at the sight of the stylish young lady, for to his eyes, accustomed to the dress of Wheatfields' daughters, the simple gray suit with its graceful drapery seemed the height of elegance, and he was not reassured by the question of the station agent: "Got company from the city, ain't ye?" But it was too late to retreat, and soon old Dan'l was pulling them steadily toward home. The Squire said little, but glanced at the girl occasionally from under his shaggy eyebrows. It was a fair, honest face, which freshened with every mile in the sweet evening air, and the gray eyes took in everything, from the gray chipmonk on the wall to the locust trees with their fragrant drooping clusters.

"Want a piece?" said the Squire, as they drove under one. Her face was answer enough; and stopping old Dan'l, the good man cut a cluster and dropped it in her lap. She thriftly took off her new lisle thread gloves to take it, showing hands so white that the Squire groaned internally. Those hands wash his dishes and scrub his floors? Was this young lady, who was prettier and better dressed than any girl in Wheatfields, his domestic? He shook his head slightly, chewing a bit of the locust.

Molly ventured a few questions about the family, and heard the story of what was always uppermost in the Squire's mind—the story of the lost daughter Mary, one of the victims of New England's scourge, who had faded away three years before, since when "Miss Harlow had sorter pined." It was a pathetic little story told in the laconic New England way, but the brown, knotty hands worked unsteadily on the reins, and the Squire's eyes had a far-away look, as though toward the country which held his Mary.

Presently they drove up to a comfortable house, with an air of plenty about the large barn and wide porch, over which grew a white lilac. Molly found her mistress a little woman with faded, eyes, and soft, slow voice. She looked at the girl kindly, and held out her hand. After giving her a few directions, and telling her where to find things, she added to her husband, "Tell John to carry her trunk to the east chamber." This apparently was something unusual, for the Squire opened his mouth as though to say something, but being a man of few words, shut it again, and went out.

Molly, following her trunk, found herself in a small room, with a bright rag carpet on the floor, white curtains looped away at the window, home-made linen towels with knotted fringe on the little table, an old fashioned chest of drawers, and a low four-posted bed with valance and patchwork counterpane. The room was neat, but had an unused look, and Molly wondered if the tribe of girls of which the Squire had made mention had marched through it; but, too tired to think long, she unpacked her small wardrobe, said her prayers, and knew nothing more till morning, when a trilling of birds and a ray of sunshine on her face woke her to her first day of service as a "domestic." While making her simple toilette she gave many quick glances at the billows of apple blossoms under her window, and something born of the light and fragrance and music was reflected in her face as she took her way to the kitchen. The wood and kindlings were near at hand, the fire started off briskly with a cheerful air of encouragement, and then Molly considered her bill-of-fare. There was salt mackerel, eggs, stale bread, the inevitable salt pork, doughnuts and pie, and a pan of cream whose yellow wrinkled surface bore testimony to the Squire's Jersey.

"That mackerel won't be fried," said Molly, for the course of frying at Widow Jackman's had been severe. The fingers that had measured lace and ribbon so deftly made short work of getting breakfast, and the Squire, coming in from his strawberry bed with a pan full of "Wilsons," found it about ready.

But somehow his table had an unfamiliar look. The cloth was on straight, the knives and forks were laid with mathematical precision, an unwonted air of trimness pervaded his familiar crockery, and—there was no pie on the table. But there was mackerel baked in cream, and mashed potatoes, and nicely browned toast, and the doughnuts.

"Msss Harlow don't feel able to come out to the table this morning, and I guess I'll take her a bite before I eat."

And so saying the Squire took a plate, and commenced piling things on it in a promiscuous way.

"Oh," said Molly, "let me do it. I have had a long experience with sick people. They must be tempted, you know."

She looked up at him with her bright smile, and the Squire gave in at once, and watched with wonder while a tray was brought, a clean napkin spread over it, a piece of the mackerel laid on a plate, with the cream ladeled daintly over it (Molly had seen too much of plates where the meat seemed to have been launched on them by an avalanche of gravy); then came a little plate of the potatoe, a slice of brown toast, a little plate of butter, a cup of coffee, knife, fork, spoon, etc. Then she whisked into the pantry, and out again with a saucer of strawberries, and added them to the contents of the tray.

"Wait a minute," she said, as the Squire litted his burden, and in a twinkling she was out of the door and back again with a spray of white lilac, which, in a tall glass, was given the place of honor in the middle of the tray.

"Sho!" said the Squire, with his slow smile, "that 'ill just suit my wife. She's famous for having things flxy."

Mrs. Harlow had missed the accustomed smell of frying, and wondered in a feeble way if Molly couldn't find the pork.

"Why, Bethuel," she said, as her husband set the tray down beside her, "how pretty! I really believe I am hungry."

And the Squire went back to his own breakfast so happy that he entirely forgot the absence of the pie.

Well, this was the beginning, and though life afterward was not all cream and strawberries and white lilacs, and though bread would sometimes burn, and pastry flatly refuse to be flaky, and though unused muscles sometime ached with the new work, yet the girl kept up a brave heart. The Squire and his wife were uniformly kind, and the latter, who had suffered as much from lack of cheerful society as from any physical cause, gradually grew stronger and would sit through the long summer forenoons in the great airy kitchen, placidly knitting or paring apples, and though she sometimes looked wistfully after Molly as she tripped from pantry to cellar, and longed for the girlish figure which used to fit about in the same way, her heart took great comfort in the bright, cheerful stranger. And the Squire, hearing the fresh young voice singing about the house, would give a great sigh for the lost voice, but somehow the old house seemed less lonely to him, and after a while his first question would be, "Where's Molly?" The plain country society readily took her in and considered her high authority in the matter of "looping" of overskirts and "doing up" of hair, and at last no merry-making was complete without Molly Perry.

Those of you who have followed this story in expectation of some absent son or nephew or younger brother of the family appearing and taking Molly for a wife may as well stop here, for nothing whatever of the kind happened, for the Squire and his wife had no sons, and their nephews and brothers were all married long before Molly's day. It is true that some of the smart young farmers of the region round about tied their horses occasionally at the Squire's gate, and it is equally true that Molly said No to some of them, though they one and all swear by her.

This story is not written to induce all clerks and shop-girls to rush into housework, for not one in twenty would be capable of doing as Molly did, and not one in a hundred would find such a home; it is written simply to show what one girl did.—Hester Stuart in Harper's Bazar.

Emperor William's "Children"

The emperor of Germany, who is now eighty-six years of age, still takes infinite pleasure in beholding bodies of his helmeted "children" defile past him by thousands at a time. This pleasure to-day entailed upon his majesty the fatigue of sitting in the saddle for three long hours, exposed to the united action of sun, wind and driving dust. It was precisely 10 o'clock when he drove on to the ground and mounted his charger (carefully trained to canter with a gentle and almost imperceptible motion), and it was 1 o'clock before the review was over.

The troops, as usual, were drawn up in two parallel lines, each about a mile long—infantry in front, with cavalry, artillery, and train in the rear—and the emperor, followed by his brilliant suite of princes, generals and foreign attaches, slowly rode along each line, with a sharp eye both for merits and shortcomings. But what Prussian would admit that the guards have any shortcomings? The troops then marched twice past the saluting point—the infantry first by companies at quarter distance and then in dense columns of regiments, the cavalry first by troops at a walk and then by squadrons at the trot, and the artillery first by batteries of four guns each and then in sections of several batteries. German cavalry rarely or never charges past or up to the saluting on such occasions, as is done in England and russia. The eight regiments of horse—two of Cuirassiers, one of Hussars, three of Uhlans and two of dragoons—forming altogether an independent cavalry division (there are only three such bodies in the German army), made a good impression, both horses and men being in capital condition. The horses of the heavy cavalry are lighter than in England or in Russia, but they are probably more serviceable and durable. As for the infantry, which was in parade order—that is, with white trousers, knapsacks and cooking tins—it moved past with the precision of a machine and the rigidity of a ramrod.

The United States Richer than Great Britain.

London Times.

Statisticians have pronounced the United States to be not only potentially, but actually, richer than the United Kingdom. Counting the houses, furniture, manufactures, railways, shipping, bullion, lands, cattle, crops, investments and roads, it is estimated that there is a grand total in the United States of $49,770,000,000. Great Britain is credited with something less than $40,000,000,000, or nearly $10,000,000,000 less than the United States. The wealth per inhabitant in Great Britain is estimated at $1,160, and in the United States at $995. With regard to the remuneration of labor, assuming the produce of labor to be 100, in Great Britain 56 parts go to the laborer, 21 to capital and 23 to the government. In France 41 parts go to labor, 36 to capital and 23 to government. In the United States 72 parts go to labor, 23 to capital and 5 to government.

Stop at the Metropolitan Hotel when in Omaha. The best $2.00 per day house in the west. Tables as good as any $3.00 per day house.

Restless, fretful, crying children are suffering, and need for their relief DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP, which is useful not only for all the disorders of teething infants, but cures coughs, colds, croup, sore throat, colic and cramps of older children, and should be kept in every house for emergencies. Try it; only 25 cts. Sold by all druggists.

A farmer's wealth depends on the condition of his stock. When scraggy and feeble they are especially liable to distempers, fevers, colds, and all diseases which destroy animals. Thousands of dollars are saved annually by that valuable old standby, UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER.

One-third of all who die in active middle-life are carried off by consumption. The most frequent cause is a neglected cold, cough, hoarseness, bronchial trouble or asthma, all of which may be permanently cured by EILERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY. Sold by druggists.

An economical man will keep the leather of his harness soft and pliable, which preserves it from cracking or ripping. He always uses UNCLE SAM'S HARNESS OIL. Sold by all harnessmakers.

Worms cause peevishness, fevers, convulsions and frequently death. A pleasant safe and certain remedy is DR. JAQUE'S GERMAN WORM CAKES. Sold by al druggists.

Headache, constipation, liver complaint, biliousness are cured by that mild, cleansing remedy, which never produces pain, EILERT'S DAYLIGHT LIVER PILLS; only 25 cts. Sold by all druggists.

Sprains, bruises, stiff joints, burns, scalds and rheumatism are relieved by Uncle Sam' Nerve and Bone Liniment. Sold by all druggists.

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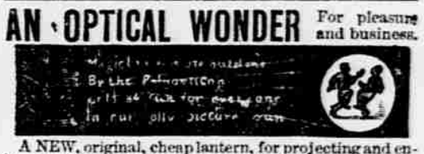

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At the sufferings of dyspeptics, and say that their pains and distresses are imaginary. This is not meant for cruelty, but it is cruelty, all the same. A person who has a crooked foot, or a wounded hand, or a sightless eye, calls forth sympathy by the exhibition of the defective member. If the dyspeptics sufferer's stomach could be placed on exhibition, the cause of his distress would be apparent.

The man with a troublesome stomach often suffers quite as much as the man with a broken leg, but is far less likely to receive sympathy.

Sympathy is good for sufferers, as far as it goes. But *Brown's Iron Bitters* is better, for it strikes at the root of these troubles, and cures disease. Disappointed dyspeptics, weary of having tried many experiments in seeking cure, will do well to make one fair trial of *Brown's Iron Bitters*, and report the result. That this well-tried family medicine will thus diminish the quantity of human suffering is an established fact. 10