The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XV. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886. NUMBER 13.

A VALENTINE.

Your gran'ma, in her youth, was quite
As blithe a little maid as you,
And though her hair is snowy white,
Her eyes still have their maiden blue,
And on her cheeks as fair as thine,
Methinks a girlish blush would glow
If you recalled the valentine
She got, ah! many years ago.

A valorous youth loved gran'ma then,
And wooed her in that auld lang syne;
And first he told his secret when
He sent the maid that valentine.
No perfumed paze nor sheet of gold
Was that first hint of love he sent,
But with the secret gran'pa told—
"I love you"—gran'ma was content.

Go, ask your gran'ma, if you will,
If—though her head be bowed and gray—
If—though her feeble pulse be chill—
True love abideth not for aye;
By that quaint portrait on the wall,
That smiles upon her from above,
Methinks your gran'ma can recall
The sweet divinity of love.

Dear Elsie, here's no paze of gold—
No sheet embossed with cunning art—
But here's the soleman pledge of old:
"I love you, love, with all my heart."
And it is what I send you here
You read not all of love express'd,
Go—go to gran'ma, Elsie dear,
And she will tell you all the rest!

—*Eugene Field.*

THE MISSING BRIDE.

United to Her Lover After Fifteen Years of Pain.

It was Alice Graves' wedding eve, and the young people, with whom she was a favorite, were busied in putting the last finishing touches to the floral decoration of the village church in which the ceremony was to be performed. The groom, Gilbert Warner, had proposed to give a supper and reception at the hotel, but Alice had seemed strangely set upon her own plan of leaving immediately after the ceremony for her future home away in the South. The girls wondered whether Joe Curtis would be at the marriage. Some thought he would shrink from the ordeal of seeing his old sweetheart the bride of another, while others were of the opinion that Alice's treatment of him had estranged the love he had once felt for her.

"He's a better match for her than Joe Curtis," said a lively girl, rising and shaking from her dress the stray leaves that clung to it. "Not as good looking, perhaps, but he's rich and Alice can have all she wants if her husband is generous enough to give it to her. I've often heard her say she would like to have plenty of money, and for my part I don't blame her. One can be so much happier with money!"

They did not know that their talk had been overheard by a tall, dark gentleman who stood just inside the vestry door; and that their careless words had caused a sharp pang of doubt and jealousy in a heart which an hour before had been brimming with the happiness of a loving and trusting bridegroom.

Up to the little Graves homestead, just on the borders of the village, the bridal party was assembled—Alice and her six bridesmaids. Alice, arrayed in complete traveling costume, was in her own room. At her request she had been left alone until the carriage should arrive to convey her to the church. She looked about the cozy little room, which had been her own, at the little ornamental articles in which she had taken so much pleasure in furnishing it, and through the open side door into the garden. Slowly and pensively she strolled down the walk—paused for a moment under the arbor; then, approaching the little gate which here opened upon a green lane, she stood looking across the fields toward the woodlands. The sound of swiftly approaching wheels aroused her. It was Joe Curtis in his gig, driving rapidly down the lane. Before Alice could turn away he drew up suddenly opposite the gate on which she leaned.

"I don't know that I ought to intrude upon you at such a time, Alice," he said, "but I have just seen old Aunt Peggy Barnett, and she was speaking of you. Do you know that as I passed her cabin the old soul was standing in the door watching for you?"

"Watching for me!" Alice repeated.

"Yes. She said she knew you would not go away without bidding her good-bye, as she might never again see you."

A pang of remorse shot through the girl's heart.

How was it that she had been preoccupied with her own affairs so as to have forgotten old Peggy Barnett, the good and kindly soul whom the young folks called aunt, and with whom Alice had been since her babyhood a special favorite.

"Oh, if I only had time!" she said, remorsefully. "I feel as though I could never forgive myself for being so forgetful of the dear old woman, as she was watching for and expecting me. Joe," she added, looking up hastily, "do you think you could drive me there and back in your gig? It would not take ten minutes, and I—I have an hour before me," she added, with a blush.

"If you choose, Alice," he answered, a little hesitatingly.

"No one will see me; I shall be back before I am missed," she said, in her usual impulsive way.

* * * * * *

At the church every seat was filled, and an impatient crowd awaited the bride's arrival. It was already past the appointed hour. Two messengers had been dispatched to inquire into the cause of the delay, and in the vestry-room the groom and his attendants awaited the expected summons. Suddenly the vestry door opened and one of the deacons of the church entered, with a face in which ill news was so palpably written that Gilbert Warner started to his feet.

"What is it?" he said quickly. "What has happened?"

And then he heard what every one in the village church was already repeating to each other. Alice Graves and Joe Curtis have run away together. They were seen driving at breakneck speed down the mill road in the direction of the station—to catch the northbound train, no doubt.

Warner heard the news in silence, but with white face and set lips. And when, some two hours thereafter, the southern-bound train went shrieking past the nearest station, it bore away among its passengers, not a happy bridegroom, but a stern and disappointed man.

* * * * * *

Fifteen years passed, and the village where Alice Graves had lived had prospered and was fast growing into a little town with bright prospects ahead. One autumn evening a tall, grave, middle-aged gentleman stalked slowly up the street with his eyes thoughtfully wandering over the faded old house and its neglected grounds. Pausing where a boy was idly swinging on a gate of one of the new houses he said: "I see the property over there is for sale. Who is the present owner?"

"Old Mr. Landon Graves was the owner, but he's dead now—been dead two years—and the place now belongs to his daughter, Miss Alice."

"Miss Alice? You mean Mrs.—Curtis?" said the gentleman, hesitating at the last name."

"She ain't Mrs. Curtis. That's my mother's name," replied the boy.

And a lady who had been standing unseen among the shrubbery came hastily forward.

"Miss Alice Graves has never married," she said. "I suppose you must somehow have heard the old story which got about of her running away with Mr. Curtis on the evening she was to have married another. It was all a mistake—a false report. She merely rode a short distance with him in his gig to take leave of an old lady of whom she was fond. But the horse was young and skittish, and, taking fright at something, ran away, throwing them both out. People believed it an elopement, until when, some hours after, they were found in the old mill road, Alice badly bruised, and Joe with his leg broken. The man she was to have married believed it and left her without a word. Joe Curtis is my husband now," she added, with a smile, "and Alice Graves, though she has not lacked offers, has never married. She could not easily get over a disappointment like that."

"But why was not he—why was not Mr. Warner informed?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of such oppressed vehemence that the boy turned and looked at him wonderingly.

"Alice would not allow it. She was as proud as he; and when she heard that he had gone she said: 'If he could believe such a thing of me it is well that we should part. Let him go!'"

The stranger made no reply, only pulled his felt hat lower over his brow and Mrs. Curtis added: "If you would like to inquire about the place, you will find Miss Graves at home. I saw her upon the porch a few minutes ago."

She watched him as he went slowly down the street.

"He thinks that I did not recognize him. As if I would have said what I did about Alice to any one but Gilbert Warner! And I can see that he has not forgotten her either. Ah, I hope it may all come right now."

When Gilbert Warner knocked at the door of the old Graves house, it was opened by a fair, graceful, sweet-looking woman, in whom he had no difficulty in recognizing his old love, Alice. But it was not until he stood in the full light of the parlor lamp that she knew him; and then she involuntarily drew back a step or two, and looked at him with a white face, as though she had seen a ghost.

"Alice—don't you know me?" he said, holding out his hand.

"I know you; but why do you come here?" she answered, as though striving to be cold and proud, while her voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears.

"I came to ask forgiveness," he replied. "Until to-day I thought that you had wronged me—and you did, Alice, in not letting me know of my wretched mistake. So many years of happiness lost to us both! Oh, Alice, is it too late? May we not yet be as happy as we once expected to be?"

It took some time, some pleading, some humiliation on his own part, for high-minded Alice had been deeply wounded by his too ready belief in her desertion of him. But still her heart had never really swerved from its first real love, no more than had his own; and when Gilbert Warner left the little town it was as he hoped to do fifteen years previous—with Alice Graves as his bride.—*Chicago Times.*

THRONDTJEM.

A Swedish Town With a Marvelously Rich History.

The town of Throndtjem, Sweden, is the northernmost railway station in Europe, and is the seat of the most northern cathedral. The charms of the place are thus described by a recent traveler: "Surely the cradle of Scandinavian Christianity is one of the most beautiful places in the world! No one had ever told us about it, and we went there only because it is the old Throndtjem of sages and ballads, and expecting a wonderful and beautiful cathedral. But the whole place is a dream of loveliness, so exquisite in the soft, silvery morning light on the fyord and delicate mountain ranges, the rich nearer hills covered with bilberries, and breaking into steep cliffs—that one remains in a state of transport, which is at a climax while all is engraven upon an opal sunset sky, when an amethystine glow spreads over the mountain, and when ships and buildings meet their double in the still, transparent water. Each wide street of curious low wooden houses displays a new vista of sea, of rocky promontories, of woods dipping into the water; and at the end of the principal streets is the gray, massive cathedral where S. Olaf is buried, and where northern art and poetry have exhausted their loveliest and most pathetic fancies around the grave of the national hero. The 'Cathedral Garden,' for so the graveyard is called, is most touching. Acres upon acres of graves are all kept—not by officials, but by the families they belong to—like gardens. The tombs are embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and each little green mound has its own vase for cut flowers daily replenished, and a seat for the survivors, which is daily occupied, so that the link between the dead and the living is never broken."—*N. Y. Observer.*

—The New York Post-office employs more than two thousand men.

GENERAL WARD.

The Man Whose Successes in China Smoothed "Chinese" Gordon's Way.

In this paper I have tried to make no statement which is not susceptible of proof by documents or living witnesses. Such support I have not for the assertion, which I nevertheless believe to be strictly true, that Gordon, who had served his time in the staff with Ward, and greatly admired him, declared, on succeeding him in command, that he "had but to follow where the American soldier had led." Whether he said so or not, however, that is what he did. The creator and the first great commander of the ever victorious army was Frederic T. Ward. That he would have taken Nankin and speedily crushed the Taeping rebellion is beyond all question; and he left to Gordon a task far easier than that which he had himself accomplished.

It is difficult to withhold praise from brave deeds, even if we be not wholly in sympathy with the cause in which they are done. While dwelling upon the striking and dramatic character of Ward's achievements, and having only admiration for the many excellent traits of his character, a conscientious historian must guard himself from approval, actual or implied, of the entry of any right-minded and self-respecting foreigner into the Chinese naval or military service. To this day we maintain the "ex-territorial jurisdiction" in that country, because no one would dream of trusting the lives or liberties of Americans to the mercies of Chinamen, even in time of peace. How much more dreadful must it be to have part or lot with them in time of war! Both Ward and Gordon were brave, and in a way great men; but in China they were engaged in a miserable business, and we must like and praise them in spite of this business, not on account of it. They waded to their ends through the blood of thousands of men who had done them no harm, and whom no sentiment of patriotism nor love of liberty impelled them to oppose. They were associated, too, with imperialist authorities and forces, for whose evil deeds they were of course not responsible, but who were sorry allies for honorable men. The story has been told of the cruel murder of the Wongs, or rebel chiefs, who had surrendered to Gordon under his pledge that their lives should be spared, and of his rage and despair thereat. This was but an isolated case; and so horrible were the atrocities connected with the suppression of the rebellion that one must shrink from pursuing the subject.

During the late Franco-Chinese war I was more than once pained to hear men who ought to know better talk about seeking service under the dragon flag. This is no place in which to say the very much that might be said as to the wretchedness of such service, and the pirate's fate which they would court, and very probably meet, when encountering a foreign foe: but they might take a lesson from the history of Ward. No one in ten thousand of them could at all approach him in military genius, in courage and in resources, or do anything like what he did. Yet the rebels took his life, the imperialists took his money and Gordon's biographers took his fame. —*A. A. Hayes, in Atlantic.*

RETAIL DEALERS' PROFITS.

The Results of a Statistician's Investigation of This Subject.

It is often stated and generally believed that the prices charged by retail dealers in various lines of trade are excessive. This view is shared by the public, and writers on economics sometimes advance the same opinion, based, as they claim, upon the difference between the wholesale and retail prices paid for goods, such as groceries, meats, dry goods, etc. Some go so far as to affirm that the most grinding monopolies are not the so-called great institutions or systems or corporations, but rather the retailers who make it so expensive to live by their high rates for various articles of household consumption.

However this may be, a statistician has been investigating the subject and calls attention to several points of interest which are set forth in the *American Grocer* of a recent date. Attention is directed to the value of the service demanded of the retailer, its cost and risk, and a comparison is suggested between these and the investment of the time and money of the banker, the manufacturer, the professional man and persons employed in the civil service. It is contended that the gross profits of a retail grocer average the country over not above sixteen per cent., of which eight per cent. is required for the cost of the service. This is averred to be particularly true in the larger cities, as shown in the increased cost of supplying rich families over poor ones, involving palatial stores, educated clerks, calling for orders, delivering goods, a greater variety of the stock of luxuries, etc. And attention is directed to the bulk of the retailers' trade being made up of perishable goods, such as dairy products, eggs, poultry, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc., while the staples are sold at cost or nearly cost, and the profit must come in somewhere else, or on the fruits, spices, fancy groceries and luxuries generally.

It is held that the retailer's capital and labor yield an income much below what is received for a similar investment of time and money in almost any other reputable trade or calling. The statement is made that the sales of a majority of the retail grocers in large cities will not reach $30,000 a year. If his net profit is eight per cent., based on the cost of the goods, his income would, on that amount of sales, be $2,070, out of which he must live, meet bad debts, keep up and increase his business, etc. It is shown by this shrewd statistician that a dealer who sells $12,000 of goods a year has an income of $828, which is equal to the salary of a chorus girl in an opera company; if he sells $15,000 worth his income is the same as that of a policeman; and if he should do a business of $60,000 a year he will have a salary equal to that of a French cook.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

REDUCED TO A SYSTEM.

I.

Solicitous Friend.—That's an awful cold you've got, my dear boy! Now, what you want to do is to go right home and take—

A BAD BOY.

How He Fooled a Good-Natured California Merchant.

A youthful ventriloquist had a good deal of fun with a well-known wholesale merchant on Market street recently. The lad was passing by and saw a number of big dry-goods boxes standing on the sidewalk. He stopped in front of one of them. The merchant happened to be standing near by in the doorway of his establishment. The lad looked up, and with a sober face said to the merchant:

"D've hear that?"

"What?"

"There's somebody in this here box." The merchant stepped up to where the boy was standing. Sure enough he heard a voice, apparently coming from inside the case, crying out: "For Heaven's sake let me out of this! I'm smothering to death!" With alacrity the merchant ordered an employe to open the box. A mallet and iron wedge were brought out at once and the cover of the box quickly removed. It was filled with calico goods. But still the cries for help continued to be heard. The merchant lifted package after package from the box and piled them in the boy's arms, who stood by, until he filled them with all the youth could carry; then he threw them on the sidewalk. The plaintive appeals still arose from the depths of the box. The merchant was in a terrible state of excitement. He threw off his coat and worked in his shirt-sleeves. The perspiration rolled down his cheeks in rills. Finally, when the last layer of calico was reached, it began to dawn upon his opaque vision that he had been made the victim of a ventriloquist. He looked at the boy, and the boy looked at him. Then, suddenly, from the box came a quiet "good morning," and the lad lit out, leaving the merchant surrounded by a coterie of curious people, who eyed him with a smile as he grabbed his coat, protested against such "blamed nonsense," and skipped to hide himself in the confines of his private office.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Miss Bayard's Clever Retort.

Oscar Wilde knew the late Miss Bayard very well. He was a great admirer of her wit and power of repartee, and lost no opportunity to meet her during his stay in Washington. One fine day the capital's society people found themselves interested in two events which were to take place in the evening. One was a lecture by the champion of the sunflower and the other was a brilliant reception. Oscar Wilde met Miss Bayard during the afternoon of that eventful day, and she asked him:

"Mr. Wilde, will you go to the reception to-night?"

"Well," he replied, "if I am not too much fatigued after my lecture."

A short pause followed, and then he said: "Miss Bayard, of course you will be at the reception?"

"Well," came the answer, "if I am not too much fatigued after your lecture!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

II.

Victim—Just jot it down in this book, please. I've got one hundred and forty-six other recipes already, and I expect to meet enough friends before night to bring it up to two hundred.—*Puck.*

Only Awaiting a Chance.

Benevolent Old Gent (to wretched tramp)—Here's a quarter for you. Now go to work, my good man, and some day you'll strike a fortune.

Wretched Tramp (confidentially)—Oh, I'll get there, some day. There's lot of rich old gentlemen in Philadelphia, you know.

"Yes."

"And there's plenty of dark nights."

"Yes;"

"Well, sir, when I meet the rich old gentleman and the dark night at the same time, you bet I'll strike a fortune in short order."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Living with Nobody.

In Texas the colored servant changes her employer about once every two weeks.

"Am dat you?" said Matilda Snowball, meeting Belinda Jackson.

"Ob course hit's me?"

"Who am you livin' wid now?"

"I ain't livin' wid nobody. I'se married."—*Texas Siftings.*

She Knew Them by Sight.

Mamma—Do you know the ten commandments, my dear?

Little Bess—Yes, mamma.

"Well, repeat them."

"I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart. I only know them when I see them."—*Philadelphia Call.*

PITH AND POINT.

—There are eight million piano-players in this country. We have much to be thankful for, it might be ten million, or even more.—*Danville Breeze.*

—Assessor—This land seems to be very fertile? Farmer—Quite so. Even if the crops do fail, the taxes on it always grow.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.—*Hot Springs News.*

—"Have you read Whatshisname's poem?" "No, sir, I don't read poetry, I write it." "Well, I suppose that does prejudice you against verse somewhat; but I can assure you that some poetry is really worth reading."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head, and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Esmeralda Longcoffin—I believe, Mr. McGinnis, that you think I am a stupid creature. Hostetter McGinnis—O, no, nothing of the kind. Nobody can be called stupid who can so accurately divine the thoughts of another as you have done mine.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Robbie," said his father, "you've sat there looking out of the window and haven't moved a muscle for thirty-five minutes. Now, why couldn't you sit still that way this morning?" "Sit still this morning?" echoed Robbie, in amazement. "How could I sit still this morning? I was in church!"—*Burdette.*

—Miss Diffident—Aunty, you don't understand Italian, and your applauding at the wrong time attracts attention to you from all over the house." Mrs. Vulgarien (sharply)—My dear, you see this new wrap? It cost eight hundred dollars to import. What do you think I came here for?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A countryman and his bride applied at the box-office for tickets. "Orchestra chair, parquette or family circle?" asked the ticket-seller. "Which'll it be, Marier?" asked the groom. "Well," she replied, with a blush, "bein' as how we're married now, p'rhaps it would be proper to sit in the family circle."—*Nashville American.*

—The *Locomotive* publishes engravings in each issue, showing how boilers look just after they have exploded. This doesn't seem to hit the case at all. What is needed is a picture showing how a boiler looks just before it is going to explode. We could then learn when to get out of the way.—*New Haven Register.*

—Whistler, the artist, who writes about "nocturnes in red," "symphonies in blue" and "arrangements in white," is coming to this country to lecture. This move is supposed to be an "arrangement in gold," but Whistler may personate a nocturne in "blue" when he returns home minus the American dollars he covets.—*Norristown Herald.*

WORK OF FUNNY MEN.

A Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for the Million.

We are in receipt of a little book which, in richness of humor and grotesqueness of illustration, may be said, in the language of the wild West, to "take the cake." It is simply drawing it mild to say that it contains some of the best examples of American humor ever published; and the contributors, who are well-known in the field of letters, have really excelled all former efforts. The illustrations by comic artists are also in direct harmony with the text. "Bill Nye" tells his experience with a cyclone. R. K. Munkittrick, of *Puck*, rhymes funnily on the four seasons. Mr. H. D. Umbstaetter, the originator of the book, describes his wrestle with a grilled bone in "merrie England," and "M. Quad," of the Detroit *Free Press*, gives some quaint aphorisms of "Brudder Gardner's." The book, in fact, is not one to be glanced at and laid aside and forgotten, but can be taken up with pleasure at any time. Its title is the *St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for the Million for 1886.* It is published by the Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md., the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil—a remedy which is universally known as the only cure for rheumatism and all bodily pains, and which has been indorsed by leading men in every country in the world. Red Star Cough Cure, the new twenty-five cent remedy for throat and lung troubles, which is also being manufactured by this house, has received the indorsement of legislators and boards of health on account of its freedom from dangerous opiates and its prompt efficacy. The book is distributed in large cities by carriers and in small towns by druggists. When there is any difficulty in obtaining it, a stamp sent to The Charles A. Vogeler Company, will insure a copy by mail —*Exchange.*

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE.

A Relish Which Spoke Louder Than the Parson's Sermons.

A West of Scotland clergyman was going to the Highlands for his holidays, and being very fond of the "Nabob Pickles," he took a bottle with him. The "Nabob Pickles" are extremely hot, and should be sparingly used. Arrived at a hotel, he placed the bottle on the table and took one or two of them. A Yankee was sitting opposite, and got his eye on the pickles. "Stranger, pass the pickles, please." The clergyman said: "These are private property, but you are welcome to them." He passed the bottle across the table. The Yankee emptied half the bottle into his plate, and stirred them well up with his spoon. He took a big spoonful, but they were not long down when he drew a long breath, and said: "Oh, dodgast it! Look here, stranger, I guess you are a parson?" "Well, I am a clergyman, and I preach the Gospel." "Look you here," said the Yankee, "I have heard them preach about fire and brimstone, but you are the first one I know who carries a sample bottle.—*Christian Union.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

MY CHOICE.

Whom shall I choose for my Valentine?
Somebody, oh, so very fine,
So kind and good, so sweet and fair
I'll have to hunt her everywhere.

Her face must be like the glad sunshine
If she is to be my Valentine—
Oh, where can I find her? Can you tell
Where such a dainty maid doth dwell?

I'd write her just one little line,
Or show her by some other's gn,
If I could only know the place
Where I could see her pretty face.

And she must have a gentle voice,
Or else she can not be my choice:
I would not have a Valentine
Who'd loudly talk, or pout and whine.

I'd travel east, I'd travel west,
And never take a moment's rest:
And now, I think, wee daughter mine,
That you're just such a Valentine.
—*Elizabeth A. Davis, in Our Little Ones.*

A MEAN TRICK.

Billy's Valentine, and Who Sent It—The Repentant Boys.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry May, firing his cap ahead of him out of the schoolhouse door, into the group of boys and girls under the old maple tree, and following the cap in such a headlong manner that he almost "capsized." "Hurrah! She says we may."

"May what?" said Allen Kirk, who had just joined the group.

"Have a valentine post-office," answered half a dozen at once, "in the school-house, and open it at the noon recess."

"The teacher is better than I thought she was," announced Tom Grant. "I'll send you one, Dolly, so look out for it—and it won't be a comic one either."

"I'll tell you what, boys," said Fred Stine to his two confidential chums in mischief, "let's get up a good one on 'Snub-nosed Billy.' Won't he just dance with rage!" and the three boys went off arm in arm in a way that meant mischief.

Billy Townsend, or, as he was generally called, "Snub-nosed Billy," was a forlorn-looking boy, about twelve years old, with freckled face, red hair and certainly the very "snubbiest" nose you ever saw.

If he had been bright and jolly, his being poor would have made no difference to these fun-loving boys, but he was sensitive and hot-tempered, and when the boys teased him about his red hair and "turn-up nose," he would fly into such a passion that it soon became the fashion to tease Billy.

The next day was "Valentine's," and long before school time the boys and girls came tiptoeing into the schoolhouse with mysterious-looking envelopes hidden in their pockets and under their aprons, to be deposited in the box in Miss Sloan's desk.

Just before school was dismissed for dinner she began to distribute them, and as each name was announced the happy possessor came smiling up to receive his share.

Little Dolly had just come into possession of her promised one, and then Miss Sloan called "Billy Townsend."

"Billy said: "What, ma'rm," in rather a frightened voice that made the scholars all laugh, and even the teacher smiled as she said:

"Why, Billy, it's a valentine for you! Don't you want it?"

"I did not expect any, ma'am," the boy answered, as he came bashfully forward, looking so pleased that Miss Sloan watched him curiously while he opened it, and was startled to see the look of fury that came over his face as he looked at the valentine, then crumpled it up in his hand and thrust it into his pocket.

She did not say anything till the box was empty and then spoke very quietly and pleasantly.

"Billy, will you wait and show me your valentine? The rest of you are dismissed," turning to the other scholars.

Fred Stine and Harry May looked at each other in consternation at the turn affairs were taking. They would just as soon Miss Sloan did not see that valentine, but there was no help for it now, and they had to go.

By this time Billy had his head down on the desk to hide the tears that would come in spite of him, and Miss Sloan, putting her hand gently on his head, said:

"What is it, Billy? I saw your valentine troubled you. Will you show it to me?"

Billy did not answer, but putting one hand into his pocket drew out the valentine and gave it to her.

There was Billy in caricature, certainly—the face covered with blotches of paint for freckles, nose turned up so far you could hang a bucket on it, hair a bright red, with a boy standing behind him pretending to warm his hands by the blaze of the hair.

"Billy," Miss Sloan said, quietly, "this is a very mean trick, but I do not think the boys intended to hurt you so."

"They did, ma'am," answered Billy, without raising his head. "They never let me alone for a moment. Oh!" he went on with a burst of tears, "mother! mother! why did you die and leave me?"

Miss Sloan petted and comforted him until he began to feel a little less forlorn, and told him if he would not get so angry the boys would not care to tease him. And then, after thinking a long time, he said:

"I'll try, Miss Sloan; and thank you, ma'am."

"That's a brave boy. I'll help you all I can; but it must depend mostly in yourself. Now you need not stay for the rest of the school;" and going to the door with him she rang the bell for the rest of the school, who came in as Billy went out. And when they were all seated she said:

"Boys, Billy showed me his valentine." Fred and Harry blushed and looked rather guilty, but she took no notice and went on: "I am more grieved than I can tell you, to think my boys should have done so mean and cowardly a thing. I should never have allowed you to have the box if I had thought this would be the result. It would have been as brave for two or three of you to sneak up behind him when he could not see you and strike him, and it would not have hurt him half so much. Did you think poor Billy had so few troubles you would make some for his benefit? Is it nothing," she went on, speaking more warmly, "that he is poor and neglected, with a miserable father, and often hardly enough to eat? His mother was his only friend, and she died many months ago. I know you did not realize what a cruel thing it is to add one more trouble, when he has so many, and are sorry already. I do not ask which of you did it, but I do ask that every one of you boys and girls will try and prove to poor Billy that he is not without friends, and make his hard life easier to bear."

There was a moment's pause, then one hand after another was held up with the promise of sympathy and help; and then Fred said earnestly:

"Miss Sloan, it was I who sent that valentine."

"I helped!" "And I!" interrupted Harry and Charley.

"It was I who suggested it first, but I am heartily ashamed of myself, and will tell Billy so to-morrow."

"Right, Fred," answered Miss Sloan, looking so pleased he felt repaid for the hard confession. "I knew none of you would wilfully do anything so unkind, and he does need all the comfort we can give him, poor little fellow!"—*His Jewels.*

MAMMA'S SUNBEAM.

How Willie Was Taught the Difference Between a Cheerful and Joyous and a Tearful and Fretful Behavior.

Willie was one of the dearest little boys when he was happy, and was loved devotedly by his papa, mamma and two aunts who lived in the family. The house in which they all lived was in the country, and had windows on all sides. Willie played out-of-doors every pleasant day and was not happy when the weather prevented his being out-of-doors. He had never been a very strong little boy, and his mamma was compelled to keep him in many days when he could not understand the reason, and he was not very patient on such days, and sometimes made all who loved him sorry because he would not be consoled by any means in their power—he wanted to be out-of-doors, and nothing else would do.

Now, Willie's mamma was not at all well or strong, and when she heard her little boy worry so, it worried her and made her head ache worse. Aunt Susie, who loved Willie almost as much as though he were her own little boy, thought of a way to make Willie see how unhappy he made everybody in the house when he would not accept his mother's decisions as best.

One bright, sunshiny day in April Willie was out-of-doors, running and playing with his dog. He was perfectly happy, and had been so sweet and lovable all the morning that Aunt Susie thought: This is just the day to show Willie the difference between having a bright, sunshiny boy about the house, and a tearful, fretful one. The spare room shutters were closed, and the room would have been very dark and dreary if one stray sunbeam had not found its way through the shutters, making a bar of gold across the floor and a dancing spirit of gold on the wall. Aunt Susie found the place in the shutter through which the sunbeam came, and covered it up, making the room perfectly dark, and then she called Willie in, and took him upstairs into the room. After they were seated she asked Willie: "How do you like this room, Willie?"

"I don't like it at all, Aunt Susie; it's all dark."

"Then you would not like to stay here?"

"No, no, Auntie Susie, I want to go out-of-doors."

Aunt Susie went to the window and took away the towel fastened over the crack in the shutter, and in danced the lovely sunbeam.

"Oh, oh!" said Willie, "how pretty!" and he ran and stood on the carpet where the sunbeam lay. Then he knelt down and held his hands in it. Aunt went up to him, sat on the floor and took him in her lap. Then, very sweetly and lovingly, she said: "Willie, this room is just like mamma's life, and you are the sunbeam. When you worry and are cross, her life is like this room without the sunbeam."

Willie' big blue eyes grew large and sorrowful, and the tears gathered in them, and then, with a little sob, he put his head on Aunt Susie's shoulder and said: "I'll 'member, Auntie Susie, I'll 'member." Aunt Susie took him by the hand, and soon they were playing out-of-door again as happy as ever.

Two weeks had passed, and all in the house were impressed with the great change in Willie. He had controlled himself whenever he was deprived of a pleasure it was not best he should have, and immediately interested himself in whatever substitute was offered. Two or three rainy days had followed each other, and still Willie had been a delight and comfort to all in the house. One day, when everybody had grown tired of the wind and rain, Willie came quietly into Aunt Susie's room and stood by the window for some time. Crossing the room to Aunt Susie, he whispered: "Auntie Susie, hasn't I been mamma's sunbeam since you told me?" Aunt Susie took him in her arms and kissed him again and again. "You have, Willie, darling, you have been a sunbeam for us all." With a little sigh Willie nestled in her arms and said: "I'se tried, Auntie Susie, I'se tried." And for years after a frown on Willie's face would disappear, or the cross tone from his voice, when he heard the question: "Where is mamma's sunbeam?"—*Christian Union.*

—Railroad property now constitutes one-fifth of the accumulated capital of the country, gives employment to 650,000 people and moves 400,000,000 tons of freight annually, one half of which is fuel and feed, and so cheaply that the Massachusetts mechanic can now procure the transportation of a year's supply of food from a distance of 1,000 miles for the proceeds of one day's labor.—*Boston Journal.*