

## SCHOOL DAYS.

(One of the sweetest metrical rhymes of the Quaker poet Whittier, entitled "School Days," shows the regret of a little brown-eyed New England girl at having "spoiled down" the little boy whom her childish favor singled.)

I hate to spell the word; I hate to go above you,  
Because (and the brown eyes lower fell) because,  
You see, I love you.

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing;  
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave  
How long years have been growing.  
How lives to learn to live her heart's school  
How few who go above him lament his loss  
And their gain, like her,  
Because they love him.

## LOVE AND DUTY.

The moon looked down upon no  
fairer sight than Effie May, as she  
lay sleeping on her little couch, that  
fair summer night. So thought her  
mother, as she glided gently in, to  
give her a silent, good-night blessing.  
The bright flash of youth and hope  
was on her cheek. Her long dark  
hair lay in masses about her neck  
and shoulders; a smile played upon  
the red lips, and the mother bent  
low to catch the indistinct murmur.  
She starts at the whispered name,  
as if a serpent had stung her; and  
as the little snowy hand is tossed  
restlessly upon the coverlet, she  
sees, glittering in the moonbeams,  
on that childish finger, the golden  
signet of betrothal. Reproachfully  
she asked herself: "How could I  
have been so blind? (but then Effie  
has seemed to me only a child!)  
But he oh, no; the wine-cup will be  
my child's rival; it must not be."  
Effie was wifed, and Mrs. May  
knew she must be cautiously dealt  
with; but she knew, also, that no  
mother need despair, who possesses  
the affection of her child.

Effie's violet eyes opened to greet  
the first ray of the morning sun, as  
he peeped into her room. She stood  
at the little mirror, gathering up,  
with those small hands, the rich  
tresses so impudent of confinement.  
How could she fail to know that she  
was fair?—she read it in every face  
she met; but there was one (and she  
was hastening to meet him) whose  
eye had noted, with a lover's pride,  
every shining ringlet, and azure  
vein, and flitting blush; his words  
were soft and low, and skillfully  
chosen, and sweeter than music to  
her ear; and so she tied, with a careless  
grace, the little straw hat under  
her dimpled chin; and fresh, and  
sweet, and guileless, as the daisy that  
bent beneath her foot, she tripped  
lightly on to the old trysting place  
by the willows.

Stay! a hand is laid lightly upon  
her arm, and the pleading voice of a  
mother arrests that springing step.  
"Effie dear, sit down with me on  
this old garden seat; give up your  
walk for this morning; I slept but  
indifferently last night, and morning  
finds me languid and depressed."  
A shadow passed over Effie's  
face; the little cherry lips pouted,  
and a rebellious feeling was busy at  
her heart; but one look in her  
mother's pale face decided it, and,  
untying the strings of her hat, she  
leaned her head caressingly upon  
her mother's shoulder.

"You are ill dear mother; you  
are troubled;" and she looked in-  
quiringly up into her face.

"Listen to me, Effie, I have a  
story to tell you of myself: When  
I was about your age, I formed an  
acquaintance with a young man, by  
the name of Adolph. He had been  
but a short time in the village, but  
long enough to win the hearts of  
half the young girls, from their rustic  
admirers. Handsome, frank and  
social, he found himself everywhere  
a favorite. He would sit by me for  
hours, reading our favorite authors;  
and side by side, we rambled through  
all the lovely paths which our  
village abounded. My parents knew  
nothing of his disadvantage, and  
were equally charmed as myself with  
his cultivated refinement of manner,  
and the indefinable interest with  
which he invested every topic,  
grave or gay, which it suited his  
mood to discuss. Before I knew it,  
my heart was no longer in my  
keeping. One afternoon he called to  
accompany me upon a little excursion,  
we had planned together. As he  
came up the gravel walk, I noticed  
that his fine hair was in disorder;  
a pang, keen as death, shot through  
my heart, when he approached me  
with reeling unsteady step, and  
stammering tongue. I could not  
speak. The chill of death gathered  
round my heart. I fainted. When  
I recovered he was gone, and my  
mother's face was bending over me,  
moist with tears. Her woman's  
heart knew all that was passing in  
mine. She pressed her lips to my  
forehead, and only said: "God  
strengthen you to choose the right,  
my child."

"I could not look upon her sor-  
rowful eyes, or the pleading face of  
my gray-haired father, and trust

myself again to the witchery of that  
voice and smile. I let him come to  
me; I dared not read it. (Alas!  
my heart pleaded too eloquently,  
even then, for his return.) I re-  
turned it unopened; my father and  
mother devoted themselves to lighten  
the load that lay upon my heart;  
but the perfume of a flower, a re-  
membered strain of music, a strug-  
gling moonbeam, would bring back  
old memories, with a crushing bitter-  
ness that swept all before it for the  
moment. But my father's aged hand  
lingered on my head with a blessing,  
and my mother's voice had the  
sweetness of an angel's, as it fell  
upon my ear!

"Time passed on, and I had con-  
quered myself. Your father saw  
me, and proposed for my hand; my  
parents left me free to choose, and  
Effie dear, are we not happy?"  
"Oh, mother," said Effie, (then  
looking sorrowfully in her face,  
"did you never see Adolph again?"  
"Do you remember, my child, the  
summer evening we sat upon the  
plaza, when a dusty, travel-stained  
man came up the steps, and begged  
for a supper? Do you recollect his  
bloated, disfigured face? Effie, that  
was Adolph!"

"Not that wreck of a man, moth-  
er?" said Effie, (covering her eyes  
with her hands, as if to shut him out  
from her sight.)

"Yes; that was all that remained  
of that glorious intellect, and that  
form made after God's own image.  
I looked around upon my happy  
home, then upon your noble father  
—then—upon him, and, (taking  
Effie's little hand and pointing to  
the ring that encircled it.) "In your  
ear, my daughter, I now breathe my  
mother's prayer for me—God help  
you to choose the right!"

The bright head of Effie sank  
upon her mother's breast, and with  
a gush of tears she drew the golden  
circuit from her finger, and placed it  
in her mother's hand.

"God bless you, my child," said  
the happy mother, as she led her  
back to their quiet home.

## Winter is Coming.

Welcome his rough grip I welcome,  
The feet horse with flying feet, and  
arching throat, neck-laced with  
gray bells; welcome, bright-eyes,  
and rosy cheeks, and furred robes,  
and the fun-provoking sleigh-ride;  
welcome, the swift skater who skims,  
birdlike, the silvery pond; welcome,  
Old Santa Claus with his horn of  
plenty; welcome, the "Happy New-  
Year," with her many-voiced echoes,  
and gay old Thanksgiving, with his  
grooming table, old friends and  
new babies; welcome, for the bright  
fire-side, the closed curtains, the dear,  
unbroken home-circle, the light heart,  
the merry jest, the beaming smile,  
the soft "good-night," the downy bed,  
and rosy slumbers.

## HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

Hang up the broom when not in  
use and see how much longer it will  
last.

Have a damper in your kitchen  
stovepipe; it will save one-third of  
your fuel.

Fish may be scaled much easier by  
first dipping them in hot water for a  
minute.

You can get rid of ants in the  
closet by sprinkling powdered borax  
around the shelves.

Clean the tea kettle with aspolio  
and then wipe it off every day with  
a hot cloth. This will keep it  
bright and clean.

Always have three or four bricks  
about the house neatly covered with  
carpet, for placing against the doors  
to keep them open.

Remove the cover from the pot  
after pouring off the water from  
boiled potatoes, and leave them on  
the back part of the stove, thus al-  
lowing the steam to escape. This  
will leave them mealy. Never bring  
potatoes to the table in a covered  
dish.

Select only perfect tomatoes for  
canning. If they are over-ripe or  
have a bad spot in them they will  
not keep. Tomatoes are excellent  
sliced, dipped in flour, with a little  
pepper and salt, and fried in butter.  
Another good way is to put in a  
layer of bread crumbs with little  
lumps of butter. Another good  
way is to put a layer of bread  
crumbs with little lumps of butter,  
some pepper and salt, into a baking  
dish, then a layer of sliced tomatoes  
(with skins removed) and another  
layer of bread crumbs, etc., finish-  
ing with the tomatoes on top. Bake  
three-quarters of an hour.

A weekly paper conducted entirely  
by women is published at Indianap-  
olis by the Women's Christian Tem-  
perance Union.

## HERE'S WHERE YOU SMILE

"This is evidently a clearing-out  
sale," said the captain on a yachting  
trip as he looked around on his sea-  
sick passengers.

"You never saw my hands as dirty  
as that," said a petulant mother to  
her little girl. "No, but your mother  
did," was the reply.

A minister not long ago preached  
from the text: "Be ye, therefore,  
steadfast." But the printer made  
him expound from "Be ye there for  
breakfast."

A woman begged her husband to  
subscribe for a certain paper, on the  
ground that it was not pasted or cut  
and made the best bustle of any pa-  
per published.

"Why will girls marry their in-  
feriors?" asks Dr. Mary Walker.  
Bless your dear, lonely, tough old  
heart, Mary, because they can't find  
their equals. It's the marry men or  
nothing, you know.

A little girl was asked by her  
mother on her return from church  
how she liked the preacher. "Didn't  
like him at all," was the reply.  
"Why?" "Cause he preached till  
he made me sleepy, and then he hol-  
ered so loud that he wouldn't let me  
go to sleep."

"Here, boys, stop that fighting."  
"We ain't fighting, mister; we're  
playing politics." "What do you  
mean, then, by scratching each other  
and pulling hair and kicking each  
other's shins?" "Oh, you see, him  
an' me is one side an' we're lettin'  
the other boys see how much har-  
mony there is in the party. We're  
Democrats."

A man in the coal region put a  
little dynamite in the cook-stove to  
remove clinkers. It removed them.  
It also removed three chairs, one  
table, the family cat, a twenty-four-  
hour clock, four dollars' worth of  
dishes, and the stove. The fact that  
the man was likewise removed,  
in something of a hurry, will be apt  
to prevent his mode of removing  
clinkers becoming popular.

It was Sunday evening. Angelica  
had invited her "best young man" to  
the evening meal. Everything had  
passed off harmoniously until Angeli-  
ca's seven-year-old brother broke  
the blissful silence by exclaiming:  
"Oh, ma' yer oughter seen Mr. B.  
Lighted the other night, when he  
called to take Angelica to the drill;  
he looked so nice sitting beside her  
with his arm—"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden,  
whose face began to assume the color  
of a well-done crab, quickly placing  
her hand over his mouth.

"You oughter seen him," contin-  
ued the persistent informant,  
after gaining his breath and the em-  
barrassed girl's hand was removed;  
"he had his arm—"

"Freddie!" shouted his mother, as  
in her frantic attempts to reach the  
boy's auricular appendage, she upset  
the contents of the teapot in Mr.  
Lighted's lap, making numerous  
Russian war maps over his new lav-  
ender pantaloon.

"I was just going to say," the  
half frightened boy pleaded, between  
a cry and an injured whim, "he had  
his arm—"

"You boy! away to the wood  
shed," thundered the father.

The boy made for the nearest  
exit, exclaiming as he wailed, "I  
was going to say Mr. Lighted had  
his arm clothes on, and I'll leave it  
to him if he didn't."

The boy was permitted to return,  
and the remainder of the meal was  
spent in explanations from the fam-  
ily in regard to the number of times  
he had been "talked to" for using his  
fingers for a ladle.

## The Nation's Rum Bill.

We spend as much for rum each  
year as the total wages of all the  
workmen of the country.

We pay out \$900,000,000 a year  
for rum but \$505,000,000 for all  
the breadstuffs that we consume in  
the same time.

We spend for rum nearly three  
times what we spend for meat—the  
annual total for the latter item being  
about \$303,000,000.

The total value of the entire pro-  
duct of all our iron and steel indus-  
tries per year is about \$200,000,000  
—not one-third of our whiskey bill.  
We spend each year \$237,000,000  
for all our woolen goods and cloth-  
ing and \$210,000,000 for those of  
cotton—a total of \$447,000,000—  
not half of what we waste on rum.

There are plenty of people who  
groan over the cost of our public  
schools and consider the tax a bur-  
den—yet they cost less than one-  
eleventh of what rum costs us—in  
round numbers, \$85,000,000 per year.

Persistent independent political  
action will surely bring victory.

## The Appellations of Great Men.

The father of his country—George  
Washington.

The Sage of Monticello—Thomas  
Jefferson.

Old Hickory—Andrew Jackson.

Old Rough and Ready—Zachary  
Taylor.

Mad Anthony—General Wayne.

Expounder of the Constitution—  
Daniel Webster.

Great Pacifist—Henry Clay.

Unconditional Surrender Grant—  
Ulysses S. Grant.

Little Mac—George B. McClel-  
lan.

Old Man Eloquent—John Quincy  
Adams.

Young Hickory—James K. Polk.

Political Meteor—John Randolph.

Poor Richard—Benjamin Frank-  
lin.

Onas—William Penn.

Stonewall—Thomas J. Jackson.

Rock of Chincamauga—General  
Thomas.

Honest Abe—Abraham Lincoln.

Old Pac—Israel Putnam.

Light Horse Harry—Henry Lee.

Old Tecumseh—General W. T.  
Sherman.

Bayard of the South—General  
Marion.

Fighting Joe—General Hooker.

Uncle Robert—R. E. Lee.

The Little Magician—Martin Van  
Buren.

The Superb—Gen. Winfield Scott  
Hancock.

Father of the Constitution—Jas.  
Madison.

Mattox—King Philip.

Great Indian Apostle—Eliot.

Cincinnatus of the West—George  
Washington.

Colossus of American Independ-  
ence—John Adams.

Mill Boy of the Slashes—Henry  
Clay.

Pathfinder of the Rockies—John  
C. Fremont.

Prince of American Letters—  
Washington Irving.

The Rail Splitter—Abraham Lin-  
coln.

Sage of Chappaqua—Horace  
Greeley.

Little Giant—S. A. Douglas.

Father of Greenbacks—Salmon P.  
Chase.

Teacher-President—James A.  
Garfield.

Carolina Game Cock—General  
Sumter.

Old Ossawatimie—John Brown.

Old Public Functionary—James  
Buchanan.

Great American Commoner—  
Thaddeus Stevens.

Hero of Gettysburg—General  
Meade.

Sage of Gramercy Park—Samuel  
J. Tilden.

The Silent Man—General Grant.

## NICK-NACKS.

Heavy snow storms are reported in  
the West.

Fore t and swamp fires are raging all  
over New Jersey.

The ovation to Blaine, in Pennsylv-  
ania the past week, has been almost  
phenomenal.

President Cleveland has declined to  
come to Pennsylvania in aid of the  
Democratic campaign in that State.

The loss by the Salisbury wire was at  
first largely overestimated; it will not  
exceed \$50,000, most of which falls on  
the wealthier class.

A sensation has been created in Ohio  
by the announcement that David June,  
the largest manufacturer in the Tenth  
Congressional District, and a His-Long  
Republican, would support Frank  
Hurd a free-trade Democrat for Con-  
gress.

The time has passed when there is  
any necessity for a man being a clod-  
hopper because he carries on a farm.  
The calling of agriculture is consist-  
ent with the highest intelligence,  
and the farmer boy has more than  
an average chance to make of him-  
self an educated and influential man.

"I wish, Mamie, on your way  
down town this morning you'd stop  
somewhere and order some fish for  
dinner." "What kind shall I get,  
mamma?" "Black bass, of course,  
child. Aren't we in mourning?"

Always pronounced wrong, even  
by the best scholars—wrong.

Cheerfulness is the weather of the  
heart.

## AFRICAN AMERICANISMS.

[This column will be devoted to  
the interest of the colored race, and  
is edited by a representative of that  
people.]

Good Tidings day at Ezion M. E.  
Church was a grand success, \$200  
being realized.

Don't fail to see the damask shades at  
Rosin & Bros. already hung on their  
shade exhibitor.

Bethel A. M. E. Church collected  
\$600 last Sunday toward liquidating  
an indebtedness.

Large and varied stock of the latest  
designs in wall paper and window  
shades at Rosin & Bros. 220 w 2nd st.

Ezion M. E. Church realized \$250  
from the three stereoscopic exhibi-  
tions given recently by the Rev. H.  
A. Monroe.

The Wilmington Jubilee Singers  
will give a concert at German Hall,  
on Thursday, November 4, for the  
benefit of Apollo Castle, No. 2, K.  
G. E.

The Wilmington Quartette, man-  
aged by Wright & Jones, gave a  
successful concert before a large  
audience at Salem on Wednesday  
night, for the benefit of Mt. Hope  
Church.

David Morris is now prepared to  
do all kinds of bricklaying and plas-  
tering; cementing cellars a special-  
ty. Orders may be left at  
Eighty and Tattall streets or at his  
home, No. 842 French streets.

The financial secretary of the  
Bruce Association has received a  
nice letter from the Hon. B. H.  
Bruce of Washington, congratulat-  
ing the association on what it has  
accomplished and bidding them God  
speed.

The mass of women of our race  
have not awakened to a true sense  
of the responsibilities that devolve  
on them; of the influence that they  
exert. They have not realized the  
necessity for erecting a standard of  
earnest, thoughtful, noble woman-  
hood, rather than one of fashion,  
idleness and uselessness.

We hope that the Board of Educa-  
tion will make arrangements so  
that all the applicants at the colored  
schools can obtain seats. Teachers  
as well as parents should co-operate  
in an attempt to keep the minds of  
the little ones filled with correct  
thoughts. Young men who are at  
work during the day should take  
advantage of night school this win-  
ter.

Colored men may become Sena-  
tors, representatives, ministers,  
lawyers, doctors, teachers and land-  
lords in the South, but they find it  
almost impossible in the North to  
become masons, carpenters, black-  
smiths, or in fact, members of any  
purely mechanical calling, opposed,  
as they are, by powerful organiza-  
tions that hold a monopoly of these  
trades. Surely it is high time that  
the much vaunted justice of the  
North should help to remove un-  
necessary obstacles from the path-  
way of toil.—National Republican,  
Washington (Rep).

WANTED ship carpenters by J.  
Vanaman & Bro., foot of Arch  
street, Camden, N. J.

## THE DELAWARE

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