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NO. 7.

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

Walk right in the settin'-room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see. But I had no heart to right it, so I've just let every thing be. Besides, I'm a-come to morrow—I calculate to start with the down—

And the house won't seem as home-like if it's all upset and forlorn.

I sent off the children this mornin'; they both on 'em looked as straggled as I was alone to-day.

For this was the very day, Deacon, just twenty that Caleb and me moved in, so I couldn't forget it, you know.

We was so busy and happy!—we'd ben married a month before.

And I ailed would clear the table and brush up the floor.

He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but, law! that was always his way—

Always a handy and helpful, and kind, to the very last day.

Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm?

Why, Caleb skinnedz left me, not even to 'tend to the farm.

There night and mornin, I saw him, a-settin' so close to my bed, as if he was a-tryin' to get me to sleep.

And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head.

He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me alone.

Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin'; but somehow it eases my mind.

And he got such store by you, Deacon, I needn't tell you now.

But unless he had your judgment, he never would have a cow, and a horse, and a horse too—poor Caleb was fond of Jack.

And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the empty rack.

I hope he'll be kindly treated; 'twould worry poor Caleb so.

If there's any should whip the creature—but I've seen him ain't like to know.

I've ben thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died, and he was a-sittin' and they tried to hit it to me.

They talked of a church-yard cough; but, oh! the blind are those who can't see.

I never loved her was 'goin' till I saw him a-layin' in bed—

There, there! don't be anxious, Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed.

I've tried to keep things together—I've ben slavin' early and late—

But I couldn't pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doin' well.

I've prayed ag'inst all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought.

But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought;

And reason that they in the Bible 'bout widows and orphans, you know.

I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to let their hearts be wrong.

But there, I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea.

Was I come over? No, thank you; I feel better alone, you see.

I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day.

There's somethin' here that chokes me, I'm nervous, I s'pose you'll say.

"I've worked too hard!" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that keeps me strong;

If I don't here thinkin', I'm sartin' my heart would break before long.

Not that I care about livin', I'd rather be laid away.

In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the judgment-day.

But there's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear.

And I'll try to follow it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly speer.

Good-by, then, I shan't forget you, nor all the kindness you've showed;

'Twill help to cheer me to-morrow, as I go on my lonely road.

For—What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?

You've bought a mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow.

Just wait now—just wait a minute—I'll take it in bimely.

That I can stay, why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry!

I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here,

He'd sech ahead for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear.

There's a picture in our old Bible of an angel from the skies.

And though he hasn't no great coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,

He looks just like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and true.

And whenever I see that picture, 'twill make me think of you.

The children will be so happy! Why, Debby will 'most go wild;

She freid so much at leavin' her gardin behind, poor child!

And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing—

Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring.

On Caleb's grave; he loved the flowers, and it seems as ef he'll know.

They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

—Mrs. E. T. Corbett, in Harper's for September.

fooling the Wrong Passenger.

When Whacker, "the magician" last visited our land, he found no greater admirer than Job Pennypacker.

Job himself had dabbled, in an amateur manner in legerdemain; had made many shillings disappear through tables, and reaper at the cry, "Presto, change!" could make six balls fly about in the air with the ease of an Indian juggler, and even while bobbing about, vanish, to be found in the pockets of innocent bystanders.

And Mr. Whacker's mysterious performances were viewed by him with the sympathizing pleasure of a brother artist.

The "egg trick," which was, in brief, a seemingly inexplicable power of taking eggs out of anything, in any number and under any circumstances, particularly charmed him, and, seeking audience with Mr. Whacker, he persuaded him to teach him the wonderful art, and soon found himself capable of delighting and astonishing his acquaintances.

He took eggs out of his grandfather's hat and his mother's work-basket, accused the postman of having brought him a dozen in a letter, and proved it on the spot.

He caused the servant girl to give warning, by fishing eggs out of her hand-box, frightened ignorant people, and puzzled smart ones to his heart's content.

And once or twice he played the old

stock trick of the magician upon some market-woman by buying eggs of her, which he broke in her presence, taking from the shell not a yolk but a half-crown, and so setting her to smashing her whole stock, believing them to be the production of the veritable fairy hen who laid the golden eggs.

But even a wonder-trick loses its charm when it has been played on one a hundred times.

which he had spent on the acquisition of the egg trick might not be wasted, Mr. Pennypacker turned his attention to the public, and upon the occasion of a long journey practised upon guards, porters and fellow-passengers to an astonishing extent.

It was upon a certain railroad that he last came upon as tempting an opportunity as had ever been offered him.

Opposite him rode an elderly woman with a basket full of provisions, radishes, turnips, lettuce and new-laid eggs, and near her sat a stupid-looking young man, with his mouth wide open, his eyes almost shut, and hands plunged in the pockets of a coat several sizes too large for him.

Mr. Job Pennypacker chuckled. Now he would play magician on a larger scale than ever before.

He would begin mildly, and the "plot" should "thicken" as he went on. Accordingly he stopped and apparently picked up an egg from the floor, which he handed to the old lady, with an indifferent "Here, ma'am, you've dropped this out of your basket."

"Thank ye, I'm sure," said the woman, and settled the egg comfortably amongst its fellows.

In a moment more, however, Mr. Pennypacker stooped again.

"I must say, madam," he said, a little sharply, "that you are very careless with such brittle things as eggs. Here are three more on the floor."

"I can't understand!" cried the old lady. "Why, there must be a hole in the basket. Why, thank you, I wonder they aren't mashed."

But there was no hole in the basket, and finally the old lady decided that there was "no accounting for them eggs getting out," and thrust them carefully under the lettuce and radishes.

By this time the attention of all the other passengers was aroused, and now was the moment for the final effort.

"The most singular thing I ever heard of," said Job. "Ah, ah! I understand it now. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?" and he frowned and nodded at the stupid young man with the big coat, who scowled at him in return.

"I ashamed! I haven't done nothin'," cried the young man, indignantly. "Do you call it nothin' to rob this excellent old lady of her eggs?" cried Job, with an air of virtuous disgust.

"You have done nothing else since you entered the carriage; and you have a dozen in your pocket at this moment!" "You're telling lies!" cried the young man. "What do I want of raw eggs? You'd better search me, and see whether I've got any eggs on me or no."

"I will, then, sir: I will," said Job, "and I call on my fellow-passengers to be my witnesses. Ah! I thought so! Two eggs in your vest pocket. Here, madam. What! two more in the pockets of your trousers! Take them, madam, take them; and—bless me! his coat pockets are full of them! Here, hand them over to the lady, some one. One—two—three—six—ten—a dozen!"

"He ought to be ashamed of himself!" cried one of the passengers. "It's perfectly dreadful!" exclaimed another—a woman.

"I feel cold chills all over me when I think of it," sobbed the old lady. "Put him out!" yelled a chorus. "We don't want thieves here!"

"I haven't taken a solitary egg," said the young man, evidently trembling. "This here fellow is the devil—that's what he is. Well, find more eggs in my pockets, will you?"

"No more in your pockets, friend," said Mr. Pennypacker, "but in your hat. Ah, ha! I thought so!"

He snatched off the soft hat and looked into it with a stern eye, and began to take from it one egg after another, while the old lady's astonishment and the indignation of the other passengers grew greater and greater.

Just at this instant the whistle shrieked, and the train slowly came to a stand-still at Barkington.

slow of speech and sarcastic smile, put in his word as he took Job's ticket. "Well, I suspected something of the sort," he said, "but I wasn't sure. You see, that fellow you tackled is a well-known pickpocket, and he is capable of stealing eggs or anything else. Perhaps you'd better examine your own pocket. He's very adroit, and if you've got off without losing anything, after being so close to that fellow, it was believed to be consistent with his character. A friend said to him:

"Deacon Jones, try and be comforted. So much weeping over one whom God has called is sinful. And, besides, it will make you ill!"

"I ain't crying particularly over Sally!" replied the deacon. "She was about old enough to die, but I have the catarrh in my head, and crying kinder clears it out! And whenever my nose feels stopped up I think of Sally, and crying brings relief."

But we wander from our text. It is amusing to note how the people at large, and the newspapers in general, speak of the man who died rich. They go into every particular of his peculiarities, and remark on the way he wore his old hats, and hoarded up his mustered out boots and old stockings; and they will tell you anecdotes of his eccentricities, and allude to his dogs and horses, and mention the fact that his wife and family are overwhelmed with grief.

Who says anything when the poor man dies about his old hats and stockings? He may have hoarded them quite as religiously as has his wealthier neighbor, but there is nothing said about it. His lean dog is not thought worth a newspaper paragraph. His wife's grief is not so noteworthy as that of the rich man's lady, and his children's tears are never immortalized in printer's ink.

Select Reading.

The Light of a Cheerful Face.

There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

As we might fog and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-lit landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speeches and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in the presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the continuance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows.

It comes to us as providentially as good, and is as good if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not, then, accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sulkeness?

If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in better health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death rob us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before to the blissful bowers, where we shall all meet to part no more.

Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consolator in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, and trusted and esteemed, for your steady cheerfulness.

The bad, the vicious, may be bolstered up and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or ever truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind, and a pure, good heart.

How hard some men strive all their lives to have it said of them when they have passed hence—"He died rich!"

Relatives and friends who are left behind, seem to consider it a sort of compliment to the dead to dwell upon the theme—"he died rich!"

And now comes up the question, Is it an honor to a man to die rich? Is the world any better for a man to die rich than it would be if the same man died poor? Is the man any happier in the next life on account of it? If the spirit be conscious after death, is it any satisfaction to that spirit, in the other life, to know that he left a hundred thousand or two for his relatives to quarrel over, and break his will over, and on account of which they are to be at sword points with each other through all time?

Is the man who died rich mourned for any more sincerely than the man who died poor? And when we come to talk about that it is really desirable to have people mourn for us after we are dead? It is exceedingly uncomfortable for them, and what benefit can it be to us?

Tears, eminent authorities tell us, are a luxury, but is it a luxury to mourn for those who are gone from us never to return? Would we purchase forgetfulness at any price? Would we forego weeping for the sake of comfort, and ease of mind?

The good old country deacon comes to our memory just here. He lost his wife, and at the funeral was observed to weep very freely—much more so than it was believed to be consistent with his character. A friend said to him:

"Deacon Jones, try and be comforted. So much weeping over one whom God has called is sinful. And, besides, it will make you ill!"

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But when the grand account is made up, and God judges, will it make any difference whether a man died rich or poor?

Looking back to the life which has been, will any human soul believe that it has been worth the struggle to have it said—"He died rich?"

We cannot think so; but we do believe that it is worth toil, and trial, and tribulation, to be so filled with the peace which comes from right doing, that when we die it may truly be said of us—"He died rich!"

THE CLEAN NEWSPAPER.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against journals which make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own, at least, form contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous date. The sickly sentimental story paper and the wild ringer and pirate story book are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of the decent newspaper, it may be said that where it has a place in the family and has been read for years by young as well as old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and, as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes who practice vice and crime or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways.

It is a sweet and pleasant thought that when all these days of pain and sorrow and work are ended—these days of contending and unrest—there will come the folding of hands. It is sweet, when sorrow and weariness are our only companions, to remember that the hour is not far away when the Father will fold the tired hands of His child in His, will seal the aching eyes with sleep, and breathe under its trembling lid the sweet dream of heaven. Weary not, not faint: the Father sees you, and, though you know it not, His hand leads you. A little pain, a little labor He metes you for your good; be patient, and when the night comes He will give you rest.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

A PRETTY deer is dear to me, A hare with downy hair, A hart I love with all my heart, But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane, To make a pair of pears, Although a rake may take a rake To cut away the tare.

Sole says raise rhyme, time raises all, And through the whole holes wear. A scribe in writing right may write To write and still be wrong;

And don't to right belong. Robertson is not Robert's son, Nor did he rob Burt's son, But Robert's son is Robia's son, And every body's sun.

Bear often brings a pier to man, Coughing a coffin brings, And too much ale will make us all, As well as other things.

The person lies who says he lies When he is not reclining; And when consumptive folks decline, They all decline declining.

Quails do not quail before it; A bough will bow before it; We cannot rain the rain at all, So earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies— To dye he's always trying; Until upon his dying bed He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son, All boys must have their dars; And every knight should pray each night To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat— To feed one's fortune's sun; They fair should fare and live alone, Else one cannot be won.

Alas, a lass is sometimes false, Of faults a maid is made; Her waist is but a barren waste— Though stayed she it not staid.

The springs shoot forth each Spring, and shoots Shoot forward once and all; Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves The leaves to fall in Fall.

I would a story here commence, But you might think it stale; So we'll suppose that we have reached The tail end of our tale.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know, then? First. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man would better not know how to read—he would better never learn a letter in the alphabet and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that TRUTH is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves, with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

Fourth. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, which he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

STRANGE BIBLE FACTS.

The learned Prince of Grenada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old Prison at the Place of Skulls at Madrid. After thirtythree years in this living tomb, death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years:

In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word Reverend but once, and that in Psalms cxi.9. The 8th verse of Psalms cxv. is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of Esther viii. is the longest verse, and John xi: 35 is the shortest. In Psalms cvii., four verses are alike—the 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st. Each verse of Psalms cxxxv. ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. Isaiah xxxvii. and II. Kings xix. are alike. The word Girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in Joel iii. 3. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586, 483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters, and sixty-six books. Acts of the Apostles xxvii. is the finest

chapter to read. Psalms xxiii. is the most beautiful chapter in the Bible. John xiv: 2, John vi: 37, St. Matthew xi: 28, and Psalms xxxiii: 4, are the four most inspiring promises in the Bible. Isaiah lx: 1, is the verse for the new converts to study. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfectness should learn Matthew vi. All humanity should learn St. Luke vi., from the 20th verse to its ending.

Field Marshall von Wrangel.

Innumerable are the anecdotes told concerning the eccentricities of Field-Marshal von Wrangel. "What is your name, sir?" he asked once, on a general inspection, of an ensign conspicuous for his stately figure. "Von Keudell," answered the young officer. "Were you born at Poekelwitz?" "No, sir."

"Do you buy your horses at Poekelwitz?" "No, sir." Two years later, the ensign had become a lieutenant, and is still honored with the attention of the Field-Marshal. "What is your name, sir?" Von Keudell. "Were you born at Poekelwitz?" "No, sir." "Do you buy your horses at Poekelwitz?" "No, sir." Two years later the Lieutenant was a captain. Again came the Field-Marshal. "What is your name, sir?" he begins. But this time the captain: "My name is Von Keudell. I do not buy my horses there." The Field-Marshal, agast with bewilderment: "Wonderful! That captain answers my questions even before my putting them!—a first-class officer. Let him be a major!"

HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

A Russian convict never knows until he reaches Siberia what sort of life is in store for him; for in pronouncing sentence of hard labor the Judge makes no mention of mines. If the convict has money or influential friends, he had better use the time between his sentence and transportation in buying a warrant which consigns him to the lighter kinds of labor above ground—otherwise, he will inevitably be sent under earth, and never again see the sky until he is hauled up to die in an infirmary. The convicts are forwarded to Siberia in convoys, which start at the commencement of spring, just after the snows have melted and left the ground dry. They perform the whole journey on foot, escorted by mounted Cossacks, who are armed with pistols, lances and long whips, and behind them jolts a long string of springless tumbrils, to carry those who fall lame or ill on the way. The start is always made in the night, and care is taken that the convoys shall pass through the towns on their road only after dark. Each man is dressed in a gray kalatan, having a brass number-plate fastened to the breast, knooboots and a sheepskin bonnet. He carries a rug strapped to his back, a mess tin and a wooden spoon at his girdle. The women have black cloaks, with hoods, and march in gangs by themselves, with an escort of soldiers, like the men, and two or three female warders, who travel in carts. In leaving large cities, like St. Petersburg, all the prisoners are chained with their hands behind their backs, but their fetters are removed outside the city, except in the case of men who are marked dangerous. These have to wear leg-chains of four pounds weight all the way, and some of the more desperate ones are yoked three to a beam of wood, which rests on their shoulders and is fastened to their necks by iron collars. Nobody may approach the men to inspect them. The Cossacks crack their whips loudly to warn persons off, and scamper up and down the line with lanterns tied to their lance points, which they lower to the ground at every moment to see if letters have been dropped. Murderers, thieves, Nihilist conspirators, felons, clergymen, mutinous soldiers and patriotic Poles, all tramp together as fast as they can go and perfectly silent. Then come the women, shivering, sobbing, but not daring to cry out, because of those awful whips.

TATTLERS.

Every community is cured by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business before their own. Such people are the meaneast specimens of depraved humanity which an All-wise providence permits to exist on this earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt.—Tattlers are confined to no particular class of society. They belong to all classes and operate in all. We find them among the rich and the poor—"upper ten" and lower million"—in the church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well-informed in regard to other people's private business, to retail scandal to their neighbors, and exult in fiendish triumph over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims.

The MUTE JOURNAL OF NEBRASKA will be issued every month of the year, except July and August. The subscription price is fifty cents per annum in advance.

Rules and Regulations.

- I. The Nebraska Institute for the Deaf and Dumb is Educational, and children of parents living in the State, are admitted to all its privileges FREE.
II. The applicant for admission must be of good moral habits, between the age of seven and twenty-five, of sound mind, and free from contagious disease.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL the management of the Institute has changed, and also that of its paper. We have long read the JOURNAL and always welcomed it for its spicy editorials and good selections.

And now being more closely connected with it our interest is greatly increased. We hope, not only to keep the JOURNAL up to its high standard, but to improve it as the great work of the Institute advances.

Though Nebraska is young in the sisterhood of States she has done well for her deaf-mutes. The buildings are pleasantly located about three miles from Omaha, with ample accommodations for eighty pupils.

One of the greatest impediments to the success of the Institute is the difficulty in getting the mutes in school. Nebraska being new, parents think the first consideration is to secure a home and with that end in view the children are kept with them to assist.

Parents and friends who should have the deepest interest in the welfare of these unfortunate children, are insensible to their best good when they refuse them the advantages of an education, which they can have simply by coming and taking it.

Let every one, who has any interest in the deaf mutes of Nebraska, and who knows of one, a fit subject for the school, use his influence to secure the attendance of that one.

By so doing a lasting favor will be conferred upon that unfortunate child, and the work of the Institute advanced.

Convention of Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus, Ohio.

This interesting Body which convened at Columbus on the 17th of August last, was the first convention of the kind that I have had the pleasure of attending. I found it very interesting and profitable.

There were near two hundred Delegates present from twenty six States, and from Canada, Principals, Teachers, and Trustees; all interested in the same great work of Deaf-Mutes Instruction; and none seemed more interested than the Trustees. The active part they took, was a very interesting feature of the convention. Many im-

portant topics were introduced and freely discussed, relative to this work; and various methods of instruction advocated by their Devotees.

Samuel A. Echols Esq; Trustee from Georgia read a paper concerning the relation of Trustees to the Institutions; it was a very able and pointed article, and met the hearty approval of the Convention. We were very comfortably entertained in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Every provision possible, was made by the Superintendent, to make our stay pleasant and agreeable.

Conveyances were provided, and on hand early Thursday morning to carry us to the different Institutions and Public Buildings of the City. The day was very pleasantly spent in visiting these; and though the last, it was not the least interesting day of the convention. The Blind, Idiotic, and Insane Institutions; and also the State House, Penitentiary and Arsenal; are all places of great interest. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is an ornament to the City, and one of the best arranged, Institutions of the kind in this country.

I wish our Teachers and Trustees would more generally attend these Conventions; they are certainly of great benefit to those connected with Deaf and Dumb Institutions, either as Instructors or Governors.

A Story written from memory after being given in signs by the teacher

In Boston a careless showman left one of his elephants loose in his large tent. He was waked in the night by a loud noise. He rose and dressed himself and ran into the tent. He saw the elephant fighting with a large crocodile that was kept in a pool of water. The elephant was thirsty and wanted water. The crocodile would not let him drink water from the pool.

C. W. COLLINS.

A plasterer went to work in a top room of a large hotel. He lighted a candle and put it on the floor while he was working in the top-room. When it was supper time he went to supper, but forgot to blow out the candle. The candle burned down and burned the hotel all up.

LUCY BUTRICK.

A gentleman who lived in a nice house, one day gathered some victuals in a basket; then he got his ax and went to the woods to cut down a large tree. He cut down several trees from breakfast to dinner. He got weary; and wanted to eat dinner. He went to his basket and sat on a log, and was happy to eat his dinner. He wanted a drink of water. He saw a small lake a little way off. He got his ax, and went to it. He cut the hole in the ice, and was drinking water, when a large fish came and bit his nose. He jerked his head from the water and the fish held to his nose. He was glad to catch it, but his nose was hurt. He carried it home, and his wife cooked it. They were happy to have plenty of fish for supper.

JOHN W. CLARK.

The boys have commenced to dig potatoes. Winter is approaching rapidly and we are in a hurry to have all

the corn gathered before Jack Frost appears. The Institution ground is nicely cleaned and things are taking quite a change since Mr. Gillespie came in charge. The boys outnumber the girls. The girls are trying to get a head but they can't come it. So the boys are going on and leaving them behind to rest awhile. T. FORNEY.

About Women.

Mrs. Lotta C. Giffin of Indianapolis, is one of the most successful Artists of that city.

Harriet Hosmer, has her fine statue "The Pompeian Sentinel," ready for inspection.

Mrs. R. A. Larimer of Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, is assistant editor of the Press of that city.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was given a grand reception by the most cultivated people of London, England, last week.

Emma S. Allen, is to make a canvass of Ulster County New York, for the National Prohibition party, during the present month.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the popular writer for children, recently received a singularly flattering ovation at Cincinnati. On her return from a trip to California several hundred little folks serenaded her, singing some of her own baby songs.

A New York woman says: "Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men, the number of tramps would be largely increased."

PROUD HUMILITY.—"Lady Carrington, the richest bride in England, recently started on her wedding trip in a calico print gown. If Lady Carrington did this for effect, she could scarcely have been guilty of a greater piece of snobbishness. The pride that aches humbly is worse than shoddiness in silks and jewelry."

A HEROINE.—"If Mrs. Miller, who saved so many Union soldiers in Libby prison from starvation, belonged to the other sex and were a politician she would in all probability have been on the roll of patriotic office-holders during all these years. But she was only a woman and a shirt maker, and the bread she gave away she now sadly needs. The gentlemen who are saving the country and preserving "the results of the war" have not, of course, time to think about her."

AN IOWA GIRL IN KANSAS.—An industrious and thrifty servant girl labored for thirteen years in Davenport, Iowa, and then went west with the money she had saved, in order to pre-empt and occupy in her own right 160 acres of land. She selected a quarter section in Osborne county, Kansas, built a house and laid out her farm. In a letter to her former mistress she says: "There is a spring on my land and a rock quarry. No more need I say, 'No foot of land do I possess, a pilgrim in a wilderness.' My plants are doing nicely, especially my raspberry plants. I think that when I get my home 'fixed up' all right, I will have the garden spot of the world. I like the country, and think it is just beautiful. I want to build a house for you." The name of this heroine of the kitchen and back-woods is Lizzie Fuller. She puts weavings of either sex to the blush.

BARBARA FREITCHIE.

A New Version of the Story, Minus the "Old Gray Head."

"A new version of the Barbara Freitchie story is given by Mrs. M. J. Burnham, of Platte Valley, who says she was in Fredericksburg three months in 1863, and knew three old maids with a name like Freitchie. They told her proudly how their niece Barbara—not an old woman, but a young and pretty girl—had been the only one in that town who didn't back down when the rebels came through the city. When she knew Stonewall Jackson's troops were coming, she said: 'I'll make them march under the stars and stripes any way.' Her friends tried to persuade her, but she would have her way; and when the troops marched by the little brick house where she lived, she opened an upper window and waved the flag over the rebels. There was an order to fire from somebody, but before it was executed Stonewall Jackson told them not to fire.

Barbara died in September, 1863, and was carried to her grave by soldiers. Every man in the hospital well enough to walk was ordered to attend her funeral. I don't know how it happened that Barbara Freitchie was represented as an old woman. Some one might have seen her grandmother and thought it was she who hung out the flag, or Whittier may have written it thus for effect. But I can't see but that it was quite as heroic for a young girl to thus stand by the flag of the country as for an old gray-haired woman so to do. At all events, Barbara Freitchie was a young girl, and gave her life for her country, for she killed herself by overwork in nursing Union soldiers."

A Word to Women.

"There are many women who now fold their hands in dependence and receive dole from grudging male relatives, who are quite capable of making their fortunes, who, left to the guidance of their own instincts, would have done it long ago. But it was not given

them to do what they could. They timidly asked everybody's advice, and everybody said "absurd." Everybody always does say "absurd," when a new idea is suggested. Before one has done anything all the world declares it impossible.

What is in you, you know, and you only obey the cry of your soul. You may disobey it, but if you do, you will never be happy. Your heart may say to you be a domestic woman—minister to other's daily wants; and if it does, then do that, and you will be honored and respected, and your children, or those of some one else, will arise and call you blessed. For blessed indeed is the woman who can make good ginger bread, and whose coffee is always clear. But if, looking into your soul, you feel that you would like to be a physician, and run in and out, all day and be called up at night, and be called Doctor instead of mother—if this is the very dream of your heart, don't take advice from your Uncle Tompkins and forsake your mission, and marry young Smith, and make him as uncomfortable as you are yourself. It is some women's mission to marry, and they always know it well enough. If it is not yours do not pretend that it is. So, if you want to paint, to teach, to sing, to write, make sure you can, and then "go ahead."

As a rule, the individual fitness for a calling should decide the matter; and by steadily insisting upon being allowed to do that particular work in the world for which you know yourself to be fitted, you will do more to give all women their "rights" than you could in any other way."

A Chance for Women.

Portland (Oregon) Letter to New York Sun.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 21. Away off here the telegraph brings the news of women of the East knocking at the door of Congress, and demanding political rights. We hear, too, of weary women falling by the wayside in their fruitless struggle for bread. I deem it timely to give an account of the Continental expedition from New York to this coast with a cargo of 150 women. The result of that novel enterprise, if fully understood in the East, is such as to encourage the movement of women to the west. Having been a passenger in the ship Continental, I can speak from the record.

Col. Mercer, who originated and carried out the enterprise, was a resident of Washington Territory, and was moved to the act because of the scarcity of women in the Territory, and the want of their refining influences. The Puget Sound country was filled up with single men, coming, generally, from good families in the East; but thrown upon their own resources in a country where woman's society was not to be had, they naturally fell into habits of carelessness, and frequently so far forgot their early training as to become habitual loungers in the bar-rooms. Believing that these unpleasant tendencies could be overcome by the introduction of good women, the work was undertaken in earnest in the summer of 1865.

We arrived in San Francisco in ninety-four days from New York. Our passenger list was undiminished by death, and the entire voyage had been made without a single day's sickness on board other than the inevitable nausea during the first storm. From San Francisco the party went up to Puget Sound, where good employment was found for all, and in a few weeks every woman earning by honest labor a good support.

The women had been gathered from good families in the East, and were of good repute. They were school teachers, seamstresses, maids of all work, and so on. They wrought an instantly perceptible change in the tone of society. Their presence was everywhere influential on the side of virtue and morality. In a few months they had formed suitable acquaintances, and marriages became frequent. Many of the best men in the country took wives from the continental young women. It was feared that the women, seeking alms in a country so different from that in which they had been reared, would become homesick and long for a return to the East; but the result proved that honest womanhood, given employment, can and will adapt itself to new conditions of life, and readily gather about it those influences which sustain and make home life happy.

We want thousands more women on this side of the Rocky Mountains.—There are 150,000 bachelors on this coast able and willing to provide for wives, saying nothing about another 100,000 who do not want to marry or are not in a financial position just now to become husbands. We do not want women to come here and board in fashionable hotels until they can pick up husbands, but strong healthy girls who are willing to go to work.

"LOSS OF HEARING AND SPEECH.—William Gregory, eighteen years old, living at No. 2 Dover Street, was standing at Water Street and Peck slip, Thursday afternoon, with some companions, when a deaf and dumb man passed by, Gregory began to make fun of the afflicted man, when suddenly he felt a shock and afterward discovered that he had lost the senses of speech and hearing.

He hurried home and informed his parents of these circumstances in writing. They took their son to the Chambers Street Hospital, where the surgeon in charge examined him, but could make nothing of the case. He endeavored to frighten him by means of a shock, but failed most signally. Young Gregory, when at the hospital, wrote on a piece of paper that his affliction was due to the "will of God." His parents yesterday had him at church, when prayer was offered on his behalf. The house surgeon at the hospital says that it is one of the most singular cases that ever came under his observation."

MENACE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

All green and fair the Summer lies, Just budded from the bud of Spring, With tender blue of wistful skies And winds which softly sing. Her clock has struck its morning hours; Noon nears—the flowery dial is true; But still the hot sun veils its powers, In deference to the dew. Yet there amid the fresh new green, Amid the young broods overhead, A single scarlet branch is seen, Swung like a banner red; Tinged with the fatal hectic flush Which, when October frosts are near, Flames on each dying tree and bush, To deck the dying year. And now the sky seems not so blue, The yellow sun pales its rays, A sorrowful, prophetic hue Lies in the radiant day, As mid the bloom and tenderness I catch that scarlet menace there, Like a gray sudden wintry trees Set in a child's bright hair. The birds sing on, the roses blow, But like a discord heard but now, A stain upon the pearl's snow Is that one sad, red bloom.

DISCOVERING A CRIMINAL.

A Man Betrayed by His Own Curiosity.

"During the festival of the Bairam, an inhabitant of the village of Funduckll had dressed his child, about two years old, in a shawl and a cap, ornamented with pieces of gold, and entrusted it to a slave, who left it for a moment seated in the court of the house. On his return the child was gone, and every search for it proved useless. The father applied to the Chief of Police of Bagdad, entreating him to enquire into the circumstances. The officer reflected that the child could not be carried far, on account of his cries, and therefore must have been taken by one of the neighbors. Communicating this idea to no one, he directed one of his messengers to go to the village of Funduckll at the hour of prayer, to enter the mosque, and summon the iman (or priest) to come immediately to his mazaar. When the iman came into the presence of the Chief he received a positive injunction to come to him again on the morrow, and give him the name of the person who first came to inquire of him the cause of his being sent for to the police office. The Turks in general pay little attention to the affairs of others, not even in those of their priests—consequently, on returning to the mosque one man only came to him to ask the cause of so sudden a summons. The man replied it was only in relation to a 'firman (decree)' which he was to have read, but which was withdrawn. However, on being informed by the man of what passed, the Chief of the Police caused the inquisitive man to be arrested, and discovered the body of the child concealed under the staircase of his house, and thus proved that it was he who carried it off. He sentenced him to be instantly beheaded."

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- If thou art too lazy to think thou wilt be too poor to know.
If thou canst tolerate a liar, thou art half a liar thyself.
It takes more than one to get all the good out of a laugh.
When a man gets too poor to feed his own fleas he gets a dog.
All men think well of themselves but some have a queer way of showing it.
Men boast of their relations when they have nothing else to boast of.
Never think of reasoning with a mule, whether it has four or only two legs.
Thou mayest tell the truth so that it will be a lie.
A knave cheats others; a fool—himself.
Never relate your misfortunes to another.
The trial is not fair where affection is judge.
Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.
No man should be a judge in his own cause.
To a man full of questions make no answer.
What men are deficient of in reason they usually make up in rage.
The heart is a chrysal palace—if once broken it can never be mended.
To keep a secret is wisdom but to expect others to keep it is folly.
Be what you would have others believe you to be.

A WIFE'S POWER.

"The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be unknown forever. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage, strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair. No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He needs moral force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be a place of repose, cheerfulness, peace, comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the trouble and labor of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed with discontent or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair."

From Church to Hell.

LOOKING from my study window, I see a poor drunken wretch, lying beside the church door. I recall what the Bible says about him, viz: "That no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." First cor. 6-10. What an awful sentence! Every drunkard may hear his doom now, without waiting for the death-angel to summon him to the bar of God. Hark! No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God! Here he lies by the church doors. They are open and he might enter, if he would, and be saved, but he chooses to pass through the doors of the saloon, to hell.

How near one may be saved, and yet be lost! The man lies at the church door, and yet he is on the road to destruction. I am thinking how many there are who live within sight of the church, hear its bell call them to its service, and who, although they be not drunkards or murderers, are on their road to ruin. How moral, how good and upright, many men are, who are not christians. They are not far from the kingdom of God, and yet are in the kingdom of Satan. Almost saved but lost. It would have been a terrible thing to have been lost, if there had been no Bible, no church, no Saviour; but now it is a thousand-fold more to be lost, with a Bible to direct, a church to receive, and a Saviour to rescue. "I could have been saved but would not will be the saddest reflection of a lost soul. I had opportunities, I lived by the church and heard the Gospel preached, but I turned my back on the churches, open doors and chose the road which has led to death. How different it might have been! I came from the church doors to hell, when I might have gone from there to heaven. The reflection of being the author of one's own destruction is terrible. God forbid that it should be ours. E. BENSON.

How to Make Times Good.

Curse the capitalists! frighten them all you can. Do not let them go into business. If they show any disposition to do so, call a meeting; get up a set of rules and regulations for managing the business so as to break them up as soon as possible, and threaten those who will not go in under the rules until they gather up their money and leave the country, as they have already begun to do. Nothing helps times so much as to let men know that if they get more by working hard than you do by idleness that you will compel them to divide. They will work all the harder for such encouragement. Go right ahead with your communistic speeches; they are doing a great deal of good. All that is necessary is to follow it up, and we will soon be on the ground floor, all equal—all poor, all idle, all worthless.—Franklin (Pa.) Press.

NO SCANDAL.

Don't become carriers of evil. "You are bound to be careful of the reputation of your fellow man. Much harm is done by repeating what you hear. 'Have you heard the story?' 'No.' 'Well, I don't know anything about it; but this is the way it was told to me.' Then there comes the whole miserable tale. 'It may not be true; but this is as I heard it. I understand it to be so; it may not be so; I hope it is not so.' O hypocrite and villain! You are assassinating a man by carrying around deadly rumors concerning him. You are stabbing him behind his back. You say that you do not know that these rumors are true; and yet you are alike false to your conscience and to your fellow-man.—Appeal.

A LOWER CANADA CUSTOM.—Two old people were sold the other day at the church door of a parish in Quebec, incumbered with a farm, to the highest bidder. They handed over their property to their children, on condition that so long as the old people lived those children should lodge and board them, wash and mend their clothing, furnish them with outer garments and linen, shoes and head-dresses, all suitable to their condition; take them to divine services on Sundays and feast days, and bring them home; place a horse and vehicle at their disposal on demand; fetch and fee the priest and doctor when desired; keep in good order the best bed reserved for them until the death of the survivor; allow them access to all buildings and lands they may wish to enter; satisfy all their necessary wants, spiritual or corporeal, and in times of sickness furnish them with due luxuries; and, finally, at their death bury them in the parish cemetery, provide an ordinary funeral service at the end of the year, besides having ten low masses chanted for the repose of their souls. The new possessors of the property failed, and now the property is offered for sale, subject to the charges in the deed of donation. This is a very common practice in Lower Canada, and many of the contracts made would be worth reproduction, if only to show how carefully old habits, disposing of their property, provide for such (not) unconsidered trifles as clay pipes and nutmegs.—Toronto Globe.

"DUMB AND DEAF.—The editor of the Dresden Doings is rather absent-minded. He held the position of local on the St. Alban's Pioneer several years ago, and was alone in the office writing up some items one morning, when a stranger came in, presented a scrap of paper with the words, scrawled awkwardly, 'I am dumb and deaf, and have nothing to buy bread; can you help me?' Wheeling glanced at it, looked up, then out of the window, trying to recall a local item. 'How long have you been that way?' he asked, a little absently. 'About ten years,' said the dumb man, thrown off his guard. The local instantly resumed his labors, and the mendicant did not persist."

The Mute Journal.

The following are the names of the State Board of Public Lands and Buildings, in the order that they occur, in Laws, of-77, p. 189.

Hon. Francis M. Davis, Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.

" Bruno Tzschuck, Secretary of State.

" Joseph C. McBride, Treasurer of State.

" George H. Roberts, Attorney General.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL, it only costs fifty cents a year.

At the beginning of the term Mr. McClure's and Mr. Reid's pupils were re-classified, quite a number changing rooms.

The grounds surrounding the Institution are receiving attention, and we hope next year will appear to better advantage than they have ever done before.

The Matron Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Reid spent a week in August with Mr. and Mrs. E. Benson at their home in Seward. How they enjoyed it we leave them to tell.

Rev. Frank Millsbaugh, Dean of Trinity Cathedral, and his sister Miss Millsbaugh made us a very pleasant call on Saturday Sept. 28, as did Rev. Schley Schaaf of Hastings.

While the pupils were absent the floors of the dining-room, kitchen and intervening hall were painted, and wire netting put in all the windows of the dining-room.

Miss Hattie Gale of Fremont, is visiting us for a few days. She has just received a call to New Mexico to join her father and invalid mother, Prof. and Mrs. N. H. Gale, and will start as soon as possible.

We are also indebted to Miss McNamara of Fremont for a most agreeable visit on Wednesday afternoon Oct. 2, in company with the Dean.

Miss Blue, one of our semi-mute pupils, was married during vacation to a gentleman in Colorado, to whom she was formerly engaged, and sends us very interesting accounts of her trip, her new home &c. &c.

Miss King, the assistant matron and seamstress was married in July to Mr. Johnson, and has changed her place of residence from the Institution to the City.

Mrs. Kiddleil of Nebraska City fills the vacancy made by Miss King's departure.

The former Principal Mr. Kinney has given place to Mr. John A. Gillespie of the Iowa Institution. Mr. K. goes into business in Iowa City, and has our kind wishes for the health and prosperity of himself and family.

The new Principal and his estimable wife are winning all hearts by their cheerfulness and uniform courtesy.

Our new Principal was for six years a teacher in the Iowa Institution, and was deservedly very popular. The Board tried their best to retain him as Superintendent of the Educational Department, but "we beat 'em, we did," or at least our Governor and Board of Supervisors did. Three cheers for the "powers that be!"

Mrs. M. J. T. B.

Clara Hahn and Eva Thompson are at St. Paul in a printing office, and doing well.

Mr Zorbaugh, one of the Iowa deaf-mute teachers, and his family have just made us a visit.

Elliott Waring, a first class boy from Iowa will be here soon. His father is moving to Neb.

The *Index of Colorado* is among our exchanges. They call for more subscribers so they can buy new type.

We like the *Goodson Gazette*. It comes to our sanctum every week, and the pupils are glad to get hold of it, as it is chock full of readable matter.

The *Mute Chronicle* appears this week in a "new dress." It makes a nice appearance. The inside of the paper is filled with an interesting account of the Convention in August.

The *Tablet* from West Virginia is on our table. It doesn't tell us much this week about its Institution, but is filled with spicily little locals and anecdotes for children.

The Kansas Inst. opens with ninety-three pupils. The *Star* is a neat little sheet and can be appreciated by Deaf Mutes as it comes within their scope. We congratulate the Supt. and school in having two of Iowa's wide awake teachers added to their corps of instructors.

Rev. Benj. Talbot formerly Supt. of the Iowa Deaf and Dumb Institution, is Principal of the High School in Council Bluffs.

What the Deaf and Dumb have lost in losing Mr. Talbot as their Supt., the youths and children of Council Bluffs have gained in getting him for their teacher and Principal.

The *Mirror* is strongly in favor of the right of women to an equal education with man, if she wants it, and does not except deaf-mute women either. "Them's our sentiments." We are sorry the convention did not discuss the matter of opening the Washington College to women. We should not be behind similar Colleges in our land. The deaf-mute girls in our schools are so anxious, and as well prepared to enter College as our boys

We had a visit last week from Mr. and Mrs. Folsom and Mr. and Mrs. Teale of the Iowa Inst. Mr. Folsom is now in charge of the Institution at Council Bluffs. They hope to have their new building ready for use by the 20th of Oct. and will then be able to accommodate one hundred and forty pupils. Mr. Teale is the architect and builder. The superintendent and several teachers are new hands in the work. We wish them well, and hope they will succeed.

The Deaf Mute papers are pouring in again from different sections of our country, showing that work has actually begun. Most of the schools have increased in numbers, and added new teachers. Some of them have changed administrations. The Mutes are all glad to meet classmates and teachers again, and the shaking of hands is merrier than it will be in June. We hope they will all work as hard and improve as fast as they intend to this year, and go home in the spring feeling that the year has been well spent.

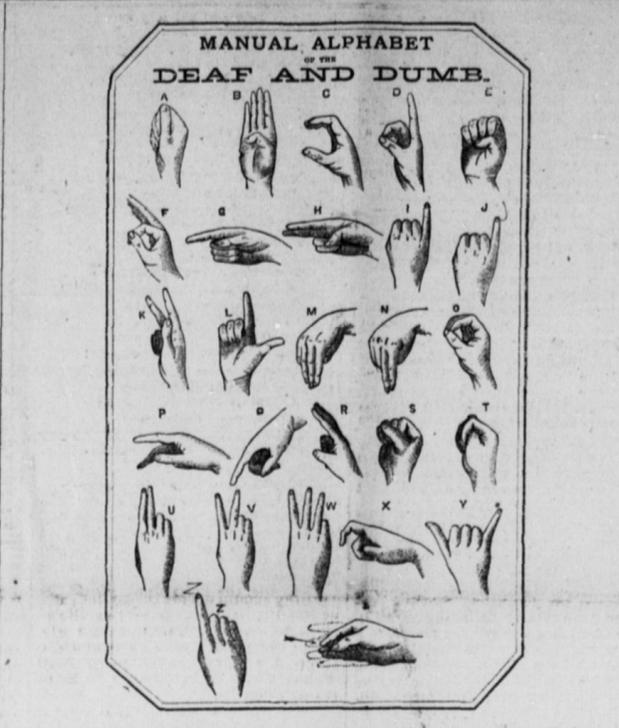
Our matron and principal's wife took a trip to Lincoln last week to see the fair. They haven't seen such a crowd since they were at the Centennial. Hotels all full. Private houses full, and even the Insane Hospital and Penitentiary full. Through the courtesy of Mr. Davis, one of our worthy trustees, they found a lodging place, but were glad to leave the crowd and dust the next day and come home. They were delighted with the fine exhibition of fruits, vegetables, &c and so much nice machinery all being run by a miniature Corlis engine.

The Ontario Institution opened with 170 pupils, the number being daily increasing. Their buildings, heating apparatus, water supply &c, were improved during the vacation. They can now accommodate over 250 pupils. The *Toronto Telegram* says: "A few days ago a deaf and dumb girl was sent from this city to the Belleville Institute to receive her education. She is but thirteen years old, is six feet in height, weighs three hundred pounds, has twelve toes and twelve fingers, and is in a good state of health. Her family is firmly convinced that before she stops growing she will outrival Mrs. Captain Bates."

While visiting the Iowa Institution for Deaf and Dumb we had the pleasure of spending a day with Mrs. Matilda Fletcher. She was then resting a few weeks at her old home in Council Bluffs. She is certainly an attractive and intelligent woman. She gave us a very interesting account of her travels in the south, of her talks to the different legislative bodies there in behalf of their schools, of her visits to the poorer classes, and her lectures to southern audiences whose politics differed so widely from her own.

Mrs. Fletcher was a boarder at Stewart's Hotel for women in New York, at the time of its failure. She speaks bitterly of the man who, through mercenary means, made a failure of so grand an object as was intended by A. T. Stewart.

Mrs. Fletcher remarked when leaving, that it was unusual for her to visit a state Institution without talking to



its inmates. She hopes to be able sometime to address the deaf-mutes. The reporter at Ft Madison made her say to the prisoners there. "You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves for being here."

We were favored a short time since, with a visit from Mr. Christie, Steward of the Ontario Institution. He attended the Convention at Columbus, and being an old and intimate friend of Mrs. Thompson, our Matron, he concluded to come but and visit her, and the Institution before returning to Canada. He is a very pleasant gentleman, well posted in all matters regarding the conducting of Deaf and Dumb Institutions, having been acting in the capacity of Steward in the Ontario Institution for a number of years. He gave us an exceedingly credible account of Mrs. Thompson's services in their Institution, before coming to us; which makes us value her more highly than before, and he is anxious to get her back, but we guess he won't. It does us good to have old and tried friends visit us after years of separation. Let more of them come out here to these ends of the earth, and cheer us by their presence for a time, and words of encouragement. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man his friend."

Shortly after school closed in June, our lady teacher, Miss Tobias was married to Rev. E. Benson, of Seward. Through the courtesy of the Trustees and Officers of the Institute, her wedding was a very pleasant affair. A large number of friends were present from Omaha, Council Bluffs and Papillion. Mrs. Benson spent the vacation with her husband in Seward, but has now returned to finish out the year for which she was engaged as teacher.

Shortly after their arrival in Seward, Mr. Benson's Congregation gave them a reception, giving them everything desirable in the grocery line. The following is a list of presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Benson.

Set of jewelry—Rev. E. Benson.
Set of bed-room china—Mrs. G. A. Thompson and Miss L. King.
Silver cake basket—Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Perine.

" teaspoons—Mr. and Mrs. N. Merriam.
" knives—Dr. and Mrs. Denise.
" castor—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gillespie.
" pie-knife—Mr. Wm. Fleming.
" pickle stand and fork—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McClure.
" flower stand—Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Council Bluffs.
" call-bell—Mr. Peter Boasen.
" spoonholder—Mrs. Bruce, of Seward.

Two silver napkins rings and sugar spoon—Hon. O. T. B. Williams of Seward.
China cup and saucer—Mr. Bruce, of Seward.
Silver butter knife and pickle-fork—Mrs. C. W. Stowe, Vermont.
" pickle fork—Mrs. Mary B. Swan, Council Bluffs.
Heavy cut-glass cake stand—Misses Lizzie Burke and Alice Whitted.
1 dozen goblets with initial "M"—Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Reid.
Cut glass inkstand—Mr. S. F. Buckley.
Vase of ornamented antique pottery—Mrs. R. Belden.
Photographic copy of statuary, framed—Mrs. S. S. Tobias.
White scarf of real lace—Mr. Charles McDonald.
White satin fan tipped with ostrich

plumes—Miss Dora Senter.
Elegant white wax wreath, framed—Miss Ella Powell.
Hanging lamp and fixtures—Mrs. P. W. Lane and Mrs. Jas. Campbell.
Hand-mirror, in crimson morocco—Hon. Finley Burch.
Camp rocker—Hon. N. S. Belden.
White silk scarf and white kid gloves—Mrs. N. S. Belden.
Set of bracket mats—Miss Hattie Gale.
Set of toilet mats and splashers—Mrs. N. Merriam.
Embroidered tidy—Miss Sara Noll.
Volume of poems—Dr. H. A. Worley.
1 dozen fine damask napkins—Mrs. Scott, Seward.
White bed spread—Mr. and Mrs. Bemis, Seward.
Half dozen napkins and cut-glass cake dish—unknown, (from Seward).
White bed-spread—Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Williams. NELLIE.

The Danger of Boxing the Ear.
Scarcely a day passes, we believe, without some schoolmaster (or school-fellow) giving a lad a smart "box" upon the ear. Few persons would be bold enough to choose the eye as a part upon which it was expedient to inflict a violent blow by way of moral education; but there is, apparently, no end to the numbers who select an organ upon which violence is liable to be attended with much more dangerous results. For not only is deafness caused by "boxes," which rupture (as they continually do) the drum of the ear, but the inflammation of the internal cavity, which is so frequent a result, may be followed years afterward, perhaps, by disease of the bone, giving rise to abscess of the brain, and having a fatal termination.

Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by the box upon the ear. We are informed, for example, of two cases under observation at the present moment, in which school-boys have been the victims of such an assault. Surely, schoolmasters ought to have learned, long ere this, the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which, if more disgusting, were not attended with an equal amount of peril.—*London Lancet*.

Severe ear-troubles, and not unfrequently death, have resulted from this, with many teachers' favorite form of punishment. The drumhead may in many healthy children be easily ruptured by a very slight concussion, and in cases which have recently undergone the ordeal of scarlet-fever or measles, the drum membrane is peculiarly liable to laceration. Other injuries may also result to the delicate organ, and I have only to-day seen, at the Central Throat and Ear Hospital, the case of a boy with an abscess in the ear-passage, who had suffered incessant pain for three months, after having been struck by his teacher. These cases might be multiplied indefinitely, and an occasional inquest adds point to the tale.—*Llewellyn Thomas, M. D., in London Telegraph*.

"Who has seen a bald-headed woman?" asks the *Inter-Ocean*. We have; no doubt a good many persons have; but unhappily the woman succeeded in killing them before they had a chance to tell of it.—*Buffalo Express*.

"What would you say if you should see the Indians coming right down upon you now?" asks an Oregon paper. Haven't given the question much thought, but strikes us we would say, "Excuse my back."—*Detroit Post*.

The item stating that the pronunciation of "Schurz" is "shirt," and that consequently, the clerks in the Interior department are "under-shirts," has called out the following from a correspondent: "If the clerks in the Interior department are 'under-shirts,' the purity of the civil service requires that they should be changed oftener than once in four years."—*Journal of Commerce*.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake.
Heroes, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of action,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold.
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—From Our Banner.

Extraordinary Loss of Voice.

Some two or three weeks ago the *Free Press* published an extract from the *New York Tribune* reciting how an individual in that city had lost the power of speech while mimicking a deaf and dumb man who was soliciting alms, or something of the sort. The extract was read by the readers of this paper, and was spoken of quite frequently among those on whom it made an impression. But it was never suspected that Detroit would furnish the next case, and make it probable that the calamity was less rare than was thought.

Last Tuesday evening at the Keystone House, on Woodbridge Street, west, E. Lee, of Philadelphia, was singing for the amusement of some young ladies. He is a baritone of powerful voice, and had sung several solos in fine style, thus gaining considerable applause from his fair auditors. In the last song Lee had some difficulty in reaching notes which before seemed easy, and he thought it was but a closing of the throat by a bronchial affection. Not having occasion to use his voice after the completion of the last solo, he went to bed, but had no more than reached the room when he felt a choking sensation, and turned back to the office to get something with which to clean his throat. In endeavoring to make the clerk understand what he wanted, he was horrified to hear him say that he could not hear him—"to speak louder." He tried to make himself understood, but the greatest effort only produced a very low whisper. The clerk asked him if he wanted something to drink, and in attempting to answer that he did—not being able to produce a sound—he only nodded his head.

Mr. Lee immediately consulted an eminent physician as to the cause, but he could get no satisfaction.

While standing on the sidewalk, a large truck went rumbling by, and Mr. Lee explained to his questioner that the sound seemed as loud as a cannon did before the affliction. He takes the dispensation of Providence, as he calls it, as philosophically as possible, and thinks, as he can articulate slightly, he will eventually recover.—*Detroit Free Press*.

He Remembered One Thing, at Least

A fair story of one of the Canadian courts is told by the *Toronto Globe*. As it runs, one of those sharp and sarcastic lawyers, who take unseemable pride in twisting a witness into a labyrinth of difficulties, had occasion to cross-examine a gentleman of some little prominence. The sharp lawyer managed, after skillful maneuvering, so to confuse the witness that the only answer he could obtain to his questions was "I don't recollect." When the lawyer had this answer returned to him a score or so of times his patience gave out. "Tell me, sir," he exclaimed, do you ever remember anything? "I do," was the response. "Can you carry your memory back for twenty years, and tell me a single incident that happened then?" "Yes, I think I can," returned the witness, who had regained some composure. "Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, gleefully rubbing his hands in orthodox legal fashion, "now, that is consoling. Come now, sir, what is this instance which you remember so well?" "Well, sir, I remember that twenty years ago, when you were to be admitted to the Bar, when your father came to me to borrow thirty dollars to buy you a suit that you might make a respectable appearance, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the thirty dollars back to me. Confusion changed hands at this point in the proceedings, and the lawyer dismissed the witness without any more ado.

"Mr. SAMUEL WOODSIDE, deaf mute, the Superintendent of the Mute Sabbath-school of the Pittsburg congregation, aged 48, was struck by a train when crossing a street and lived but four or five hours. He had enjoyed for a year a full assurance of an interest in Christ, and was expecting and desiring an early departure, though in usual health. The Mute Class have lost in him a teacher whose worth cannot be overestimated, and whose place we cannot fill. But the Chief Shepherd knows best what is for the good of His flock, and we would bow in silent submission.

August 9, 1878.

PRATINE DOGS.

It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. Mr. F. Leech, formerly of Mercer county, Pa., and a frontiersman of experience, asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on digging until they reach it. He knows of one such well 200 feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants a drink he descends the staircase, which, considering the distance, is no mean task. In digging for water the animals display as much pluck as in resisting the efforts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors.

The rush for land this fall seems to exceed that of last fall. Those who are here are sending for their friends, and every train brings a fresh lot. It will not be long before real estate will begin to look up.

Trapping a Thief.

Charles Thill is not a "lank, wild-eyed and long-haired character, like the trapper of the plains, but a muscular Dutchman, with a level head on his Teutonic shoulders. He keeps hotel and fills the position of Constable in his town. On Sunday last a citizen of this place visited New Oregon and hitched his horse in Thill's shed. The guest left a brand-new whip in his buggy, and that whip looked very tempting to a young man who chanced to gaze upon it, and the consequence was that when the Springville man got ready to come home the whip was gone. Thill was mortified, as all good landlords should be, at such an occurrence, and began a search of the premises, thinking the thief must have secreted the article to carry away under the cover of darkness. The shed connects the hotel with the barn, and beneath the manger, which extends the length of the shed, a loose stone was found in the wall of the stable. On removing the stone the whip was drawn from the hole. To recover the whip would be triumph enough for most men, but our host wasn't satisfied. He must bring the culprit to justice. Accordingly he resolved to watch the spot till the thief came after his booty. This would be an arduous task if the fellow should stay away a week. Thill ruminated. Finally he resolved to set a trap for his victim. Borrowing a large double-spring rat-trap from a neighbor, he planted it close inside the hole where the whip had been secreted, anchoring it firmly by a heavy chain to a joist, and then awaited developments. No one came to claim the prize Sunday night.

Monday passed away without a visitant to the place of secretion. Night came on, and a young man of the place spent the evening at the hotel. When he bade adieu to the host it was past ten o'clock, and the landlord prepared to retire for the evening, forgetting all about the transaction of the day before. He had hardly disrobed him self, however, when a cry for help greeted his ear, and that cry came from the shed. Others had heard the alarm, and long before the floor could be taken up to loose the trap, quite a crowd had congregated to see the young man's humiliation. Sprawled out under the manger, with one arm through the hole in the wall, and one finger in the merciless jaws of the trap, he presented a picture of dire distress. Could he have got his head through the hole and gnawed that finger off, it would have given him pleasure no doubt to have done so—but he didn't happen to be a rat, and that thing was an impossibility, so, humiliating as it was, he had to cry out to the landlord for deliverance, and in calling the landlord he called the Constable also. The young man is of good family, and had hitherto borne a good name.—*Springville (N. Y.) Journal*.

Roundabout Ways of Hearing.

There is a passage from the cavity of the drum of the ear to the throat, known as the Eustachian tube. Its main purpose seems to be to regulate the pressure of air in the cavity; but, under certain circumstances, it serves to convey sound to the inner ear. Writers on physiology record instances in which persons who could not hear through the external ear were enabled to do so through the mouth. Another roundabout way of hearing is by means of the teeth. A simple experiment illustrates the transmission of sonorous sounds by the teeth, and also shows that solid bodies convey feeble vibrations better than the air. Lay a watch, face downward, on a table, and stand so far from it that you cannot hear the ticking. Now, let one end of a wooden rod rest on the back of the watch, and grip the other end with the teeth; close the ears with the fingers to exclude other sounds, and the beat of the watch will be distinctly audible. Other sounds may be conveyed in the same manner. If one end of a very long rod be placed on a piano and the other held between the teeth, one can distinguish the tone played though his ears be stopped. That the sound is transmitted better through solids than through the air is shown by the old experiment of suspending a poker or an iron bar by a cord held by the teeth. If the iron be struck the sound will appear louder than when heard in the ordinary way. Engineers, when they suspect a leakage or other mischief inside the cylinder of a steam-engine, sometimes put a small piece of iron between the teeth, press it firmly against the outside of the cylinder and close the ears, when the sounds produced within become clearly audible.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

CHIPS.

Cold snaps coming. Food for repentance—Mince pie eaten late at night. The man who smokes a cigar, too short smokes it too long. The lady who loses her beauty quick is said to grow fast-hidious. Natural selection: When the small boy takes the biggest piece of cake. The right to be honest and decent is never taken away from a man. A farmer names a favorite hen "Maccluff" because he wants her to lay on. The New York Express declines it thusly: Ice cream, you scream, she screams. Waiting to be whipped is the most uninteresting period in boyhood—J. Billings. It is Yellow John who worries the people in California and Yellow Jack down South. When you are seeking to get out of the war of a mad bull, to be slow is not to be sure. It is a good doctrine yet: "He that would eat the kernel must first crack the shell." Lotion like basque waists, but an editor can't get along without a waist basque-it is said. This right kind of a man will always have his life insured. It gives his wife's second husband a start. Eating onions will prevent the lips from chapping. It will certainly keep the chaps from girl's lips. Why don't they give old Venus a rub down with sulphur soap? It is said to be good for eruptions. What woman would be the most likely to give her husband a blowing up if he irritated her? Dina might. Pennsylvania produces 37,500 barrels of oil daily. There is nothing like it in the history of ancient Greece. More suicides are committed, in proportion to the population, in San Francisco, than in any other civilized city. "Billows of the ocean," how glorious it sounds; but after you have been down by the sea a week it's ome bills. "Zekiel, don't tell anybody that you beat me home." "Sary, don't you mind; I'm as much ashamed of it as you are." Somebody pities the pupil of the eye because it is always under the lash. Possibly here is an explanation of bloodshot eyes. In Switzerland donkeys have bells on their necks. In this country it is not unusual to see them with bells on their arms. The nights are fast approaching when a fellow can no longer lie down beside a fence straight and dwell in the arms of Morphine. There is a man in Pittsburgh who is so thin that a window-glass company there have hired him to cut glass with his elbow joint. Bow down your head, ye haughty clam; ye oyster say your prayer, on the month that has an R has come; you're on the bill of fare. "What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a small class of girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "In formation of the brain." The mule is a loving animal, but a serious objection to his demonstrations of affection is the fact that he caresses wholly with his hind hoofs. The proper time for a girl to marry is after she has seen her husband and found that she can support herself in case her husband turns politician. A disappointed young man says the "average shoe-maker can frame more excuses in fifteen minutes than a picture-dealer could supply frames for in two weeks." Beautiful, beautiful, silken hair, how I wonder whose you are, whether you belong to the head you adorn, or whether from another girl's head you were shorn. If you were to offer ten thousand dollars for a sewing machine that didn't take the "first premium" at the Paris Exposition we don't suppose you could get one. Joy is a shy bird, but when a man comes unexpectedly upon a two-dollar bill in the pocket of an old vest laid aside last winter, it flaps its wings and crows as loud as anybody's chicken. Contentment is considered one of the virtues. But the perfectly contented man is of very little use in this world, and if he ever reaches the happy land he will have but little rest for his joys. Dr. Pillsbury was sent for by a widow lady who was not very well, who asked him if sea-bathing would not be a very good thing for her. "Why, yes, madam, if a widow won't keep without being soiled." It is said that the "Great Eastern" has changed hands once more; the new company owning her intend to employ the levitation of vessels in the transportation of cattle between Texas and London. "Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impatient young fellow to an omnibus driver. "Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing," was the extinguishing reply. Among the recent enlistments as a private soldier at the recruiting-office at Washington was a graduate of West Point, a Captain in the United States Army before the War, and a Major-General in the Confederacy. The United States is the only great nation today in the happy condition of exporting much and importing little. All the others are compelled to go outside of their limits for bread and meat and other necessities of life. A Baltimore lady, who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang her door-bell and then ran away, set a trap for them by which a pair of water was to be dispensed upon the next person who rang the bell. In a few minutes her pastor called and was deluged. An old gentleman has just died in Illinois who held the office of postmaster, in a small town, for more than thirty years. He said he thought he might have worried through another summer if there had not been so many postal cards to read. It was probably a young man from Middle Haddam who his first advent to the metropolis by the midnight train, and who respectfully asked the night-clerk of the Astor House "if it would be any trouble to Mrs. Astor to keep him all night." New Haven voted lately, by a vote of 4,381 to 1,363, to restore the reading of the Bible in the public schools. The city school-board dispensed with all religious exercises some months ago, which created much dissatisfaction. This vote rebuked their action and restores the Bible-reading.

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you sir." "My name is Cobb, sir," rejoined the man, who was about half seen over 'Oh, sir, said the minister, "you have so much on that I did not see the cob." A member of a fashionable up-town congregation in New York city called at a music store and inquired, "Have you the notes of a piece called the Song of Solomon?" adding "Our pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it." "Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Prof. Wortman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the little boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.—Burlington Hawk-Eye. In a street-car in Philadelphia an old gentleman was seated in one corner, and the car was full. A bevy of fair ones, of all ages and weights swarmed in. Whereupon the gallant old gentleman shouted aloud: "Ladies, I shall be most happy to give my seat to any one of you who is over thirty-two years of age." All remained standing. "I can't hold this baby any longer," called out the young husband and father; "He's getting too heavy." "Pshaw, Edward," replied a muffled voice from the other side of the room; "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and baby is as a feather compared to what I was." "I was a fool," said Edward, "and she was too sleepy to dispute him."—Harper's Bazaar. Some mischievous boys at a village academy seeing a sign over a grocery which read, "Arnold Drinkright," painted out the first three letters, leaving it "Old Drinkright." The sign was soon restored to its former condition, and then the boys painted a D before the first name, making it "Darnold Drinkright." And then the grocer in despair, painted the name out.—N. Y. Tribune. A man died in Vermont the other day after suffering from dyspepsia for 20 years. Some peculiar circumstances in his case led to a post mortem examination, which revealed 12 cherry stones imbedded in the lining of the stomach, causing a thickening of the walls of that organ some three-fourths of an inch, and ultimately the man's death. It was the opinion of the physicians that the stones had been there many years. A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH BEES. Last Sunday two married ladies living on the West Side started for a drive to North East. When below Harbor Creek they thought it would be refreshing to get a drink of fresh buttermilk, and for that purpose drove into a farmer's dooryard. One of the ladies immediately set out for the house, while the other proceeded to secure the horse. She had just got the animal tied when she was startled by a hum-hum-hum, and in an instant was surrounded by a swarm of bees that somehow got their dander up and were out for blood. The horse commenced to rear and plunge as the tormentors settled in squads upon his neck and head, and threatened to kick the carriage to pieces. The lady was in about as bad a fix as the horse, and was severely stung about the face and head, and her hands, which were the principal objects of attack, were badly swollen. While fighting the bees, she shouted desperately, "Oh, for a man, a man, to relieve me from these dreadful bees," but no man came to her rescue, and her companion, seeing the desperate state of affairs, started to her assistance, but was driven into the house by the bees, who made a bee-line for her. The farmer's wife came to the door and shouted that her husband was not at home, and that there was not a man on the farm. The woman who was out among the bees finally untied the horse and ran him out into the road. She stuck her swollen hands into the first convenient mud-hole and drowned several bees. She was rejoined by her companion, who had made a circuit around the house, and the two headed for North East. Their trouble wasn't over. A good sized spaw of bees started after the carriage, and this well-nigh frightened them to death. They noticed a farmer coming up the road, and plied the whip vigorously, and requested him for Heaven's sake to jump out and fight the bees. The granger didn't care much about doing it, but said he couldn't resist the ladies' appeal, and he went for the bees, and got the worst of it. The pests settled on his head, and were putting in lively work. He shrieked with pain, and in some way got off his coat, threw it over his head, and, amid howls and curses, whipped up his horse and drove on with the bees as company. We are ashamed to say it, but the women laughed heartily to see the fellow fight the bees. HOW THEY KEEP PARIS CLEAN. When Fulton of the Baltimore American was in Paris, he used to get up early in the morning and ride about the city on the top of a street-car in order to see how they kept Paris so clean. He writes: "The housekeepers bring out all their rubbish and pile it up in the street, one pile for every four or five houses. It is no sooner emptied than the rag-pickers, who swarm the streets with their bags and buckets and hand-carts, pounce upon it and gather up all the fragments of paper, rags or metal to be found in the piles. They are so numerous that there is a scramble on every street, and they move from pile to pile as if their lives depended on their activity. They seem to take away one-third of the rubbish. Servants are everywhere to be seen with broom and bucket in hand cleaning off the fronts. The streets are being sprinkled with hose, and an army of men and women with birch brooms are sweeping the streets. On the boulevards, horse-brushing are in motion, and the garbage-carts are removing the piles thrown out by the housekeeper. Water is turned on in all the gutters, and women with brooms are engaged in washing them down. Men with hose are watering all the roots of all the hundreds of thousands of trees on the boulevards, and taking up the gratings so as to loosen the earth around them. All or nearly all this work is done by the city authorities, and by nine o'clock the city is as clean as broom and brush and water can make it."

The Love of Home. It is only shallow minded pretensions who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of reproach. Taunt scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living. And if ever I fall in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof and thro' the fire and blood of seven years, revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—Daniel Webster. A DOG'S TAIL IN A CRAB BASKET. She sat upon a rock, fishing for crab. She had her dog with her—a Skye terrier—such a one as a Broadway vender would charge you \$10 for. His hair was long and soft as silk, blue ribbons hung from his ears and his neck was encircled with a nickel-plated collar. But all that counted nothing against the fearful scene through which he was about to pass. He lay close to the basket into which the Fifth avenue belle dropped the crabs as fast as she caught them. He was no doubt dreaming of his happy home far away, where he was wont to take his daily nap on a \$1,000 sofa. Now and then a green-bottled fly skipped from ear to ear or lighted upon his back, where the pup couldn't reach him, and at such times he whisked his tail wildly till the intruder was away. On one of these special occasions after whisking off the fly the little silken tail rested upon the edge of the crab basket and the end of it dropped inside, latitude forty-seven, longitude sixty-two. The feathery edge of it struck a crab in the eye, and the claws closed on the appendage s-i-m-u-l-t-a-n-e-o-u-s-l-y! The dog! Oh! where was he? A yelp, a howl, and then in silvery tones came the "ti yi!" "ti yi!" as the astonished pup sailed over the plain and through the clover with a string of crabs connecting him with the empty bounding basket and all their claws clutched one with the other, and for a minute there was a mixed scene of dog, crabs, basket, dust and flying gravel and the tail was told. There was no more crab-fishing that day. Washington Social Upheaval. When the colored Senator Bruce returns from Europe with his bride, he will "keep house" in Washington city, and will probably disturb the social equilibrium somewhat. The custom would require Cabinet ladies and Senators' wives to first call on the bride, and include her as their guest at all the social entertainments given during the winter season. It may be that, with the less fastidious style indulged in by the present ladies of the land, her recognition to the etiquette of the court will be tolerated. When Mrs. Fish was running the machine such an invitation would have produced an upheaval among the tony ones equal to an earthquake. It is one of the secrets of Pinchbeck's celebrated campaign for his seat in the Senate that he was antagonized by Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Pierpont and even Mrs. Grant, solely because to have admitted him would have accorded his wife (quite educated and refined, by the way) privileges which the "set" declared she should not have. Hence Pinch was slaughtered. HUMBOLDT'S DESCRIPTION OF AN EARTHQUAKE.—The great traveler gives an interesting account of the first earthquake he witnessed. It was at Cumena, in South America. The first shock came after a strange stillness. It caused an earthquake in his mind, for it overthrew in a moment all his lifelong notions about the safety of the earth. He could no longer trust the soil which up to that day had felt so firm under his feet. He had only one thought—universal, boundless destruction. Even the crocodiles ran from the river Oronoco howling into the woods; the dogs and pigs were powerless with fear. The whole city seemed "the hearth of destruction." The houses could not shelter, for they were falling in ruins. He turned to the trees, but they were overthrown. His next thought was to run to the mountains, but they were reeling like drunken men. He then looked toward the sea. Lo! it had fled; and the ships, which a few minutes before were in deep water, were rocking on the bare sand. He tells us that, being then at his wife's end, he looked up, and observed that heaven alone was perfectly calm and unshaken. The Italians say that he who offends, never forgives. Tacitus gave the reason for it. It is, he says, because the causes of hatred are the more violent the more unjust they are.

DO NOT SLAM THE GATE! Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me, But when you go so late I wish you would be careful, dear, To never slam that gate! For Bessie listens every night, And so does teasing Kate, To tell me next day what o'clock They heard you slam the gate. 'Twas nearly 10 last night, you know, But now 'tis very late— (We've talked about so many things!) O, do not slam the gate! For all the neighbors hearing it Will say our future fate We're here discussing; so I beg You will not slam the gate! For though it is all very true, I wish that they would wait, To canvass our affairs—until— Well—pray don't slam that gate! At least not now. But by and by, When in "our home" I wait Your coming, I shall always like To hear you slam the gate! PARROT STORIES. I had at one time a large green parrot that imitated exactly every sound of the children's voices—every laugh, and every cry. Having made as much noise as he could so doing, she would call out, "go to bed, you noisy children; go to bed, and give us peace!" My eldest boy and Polly were sometimes on very bad terms; she seemed to know that boys do not like school, and every morning, the moment breakfast was over, she drew general attention to him, by calling out, "it is time to go to school; do go, you idle boy; do you hear, Jimmy? It is time for you to go to school." One day I came into the room, and, not taking any notice of her, she as usual asked: "Who are you?" "Tom Thumb," I replied. "O—h!" said Polly, in quite a horrified voice, as though she was shocked at having detected me in such a falsehood. If her cage was outside the window, her call of "Cab! cab wanted!" brought them sometimes from every direction, the drivers looking round unable to discover who had called them so loudly. We had a very ugly cook, and the moment she made her appearance, Polly began in a mocking tone, "Pretty cook!" ending with peals of laughter, that was almost impossible not to join in. Polly's language to herself was most amusing. If she thought she was not noticed sufficiently, she would commence in a pathetic tone, "Ah, Polly, you dear bird, you poor, pretty bird; kiss the creature; kiss the poor bird;" then suddenly changing, she would cry out indignantly, "Oh, you naughty bird; dirty Polly, fie, fie; you bad bird; this bad bird wants sugar; come and kiss Polly, pretty Polly, pretty Polly Hopkins." The following story I believe to be quite true, although I did not know the owners of the bird. Its master was very fond of pickled cockles, and sent in a small quantity of them to be prepared by the cook, telling her to be careful of them. Having pickled them, the cook put them into a jar to cool. The parrot's cage which had been brought down to be cleaned, stood near the jar, and as soon as the cook left the kitchen, Polly marched out and helped herself liberally to the cockles, scattering some about the door. On her return, the cook saw the empty jar, which was upset, and on discovering the thief, in the height of her rage she seized a saucapan of water and flung part of it on poor Polly crying out, "ah, you've been in the pickled cockles, have you?" The poor bird's head was so much scalded that all the feathers dropped off, and for a long time she seemed very dull. At length her cage was placed in the drawing-room, and her mistress tried by every means to rouse Polly to her former lively condition. One day a visitor was announced, and an old gentleman appeared, whose head was perfectly bald. The moment he entered the room, Polly sprang on the top of her cage, and, swinging herself quickly to and fro, exclaimed exultingly: "Ha! you've been at the pickled cockles, have you?" YOUNG GIRLS.—OUR young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means which lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her teens needs only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adornings are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to nature for an object lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with perfume from a thousand censers. The school girl is only the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day, and discard artificial for natural adornments. "Beautiful, beautiful silken hair," Philip murmured fondly, toying lovingly with one of her nut-brown tresses, "soft as the plumage on an angel's wing; light as the thistle down that dances on the summer air; the shimmer of sunset, the glitter of autumnal forests blend in entrancing beauty in its." And just then it came off in his hands, and he forgot just what to say next. There was a moment of profound silence, and then Aurelia took it from him and went out of the room with it. When she came back he was gone. They meet now, but they meet as strangers, and the eyes that were wont to beam upon each other with the awakened love light now glare as though life was an eternal wash-day.

A FISHING HOG. An account of a remarkable incident comes from Aurora, Ind. A few days ago, as a trio of young men, one a son of a prominent citizen of this city, were fishing for bass in Hogan Creek, near Aurora, they were disturbed by a splash in the water as of some animal jumping into the stream. Looking in the direction, they saw a large black hog, which had evidently come down from among the roaming lots of porkers, which make life a burden in and around the town, swimming rapidly toward the center of the pool, which was about 100 feet wide and eighty feet deep. At about the center the animal disappeared, remaining under the water for a considerable time, and on appearing was seen to have in his mouth a live bass about eight inches long, with which he swam ashore, and proceeded to eat with the avidity and relish peculiar to his species. After having swallowed the last vestige, with a grunt the animal again betook himself, to the water, and again dived to the bottom. Coming up with a snort, he made again for the shore with another fish, which he dispatched as quickly as before. This was repeated a third time, and on the fourth trip the animal secured a small turtle, which it also carried ashore, and after some difficulty managed to dispatch, breaking the shell with its strong teeth, after which it ambled off, satisfied with its fishing experiences for the day. The story is remarkable, but is vouched for by a young gentleman of undoubted veracity, a son of Mr. Henry W. Smith, of this city, who saw the performance. He thinks the animal must have caught the fishes under the ledges of rock in the bottom of the stream, as it seemed to be rooting among the stones while under the water. CURIOUS DISCOVERIES. The old question, Where do all the pins go to? is not near so interesting as this conundrum, How do things get where they are found? The poems of Propertius, a Latin poet who lived half a century before the Christian Era, were found in a wine cellar. The discovery was made in the nick of time, for the mildew and the rats had begun their destructive work on the parchment manuscripts. But how came these poems in that wine-cellar? Did some bottle, a lover of the muse, carry them down to read during intervals of rest, and then, overcome by the fumes of his own wine, forget to carry them away? It is said that one of the cantos of Dante's "Inferno" was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill. Who hid the precious manuscript? Did he hope a reward would be offered for its recovery? We can understand how "Luther's Table Talk" came to be hidden in the foundations of an old house. Pope Gregory XIII ordered its suppression, and so it became dangerous for any one to be found in possession of the book. When discovered, it was "lying in a deep obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without." The man who hid it was determined that the book should be read by somebody when better days had come. An old cabinet held for some time a forgotten manuscript which the world is glad the author found. It was the first volume of "Waverley." "I had written," says Scott, "the greatest part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the manuscript, and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet, and I took the fancy of finishing it." AN ANGEL UNAWARES. A few days ago a couple of young bloods entered the smoking car of a P. W. & B. R. R. train and tried to turn one of the seats before sitting down. The seat was locked, but the bloods didn't mind that, and one of them took out his knife to pick the lock. While he was at work an elderly gentleman, seated behind the bloods, quietly remarked that they ought not to do that. "That's all right, old man," returned the blood, "we know what we're about, so just keep your clothes on." "Don't you know that you are liable to prosecution for that?" continued the old gentleman, mildly. "It's the same as burglary, in the eyes of the law. If you want the seat turned ask the conductor, and he will do it for you." "You talk as though you knew a good deal," said one of the bloods, looking up with a sarcastic smile. "How long have you been in the railroad business?" "About twenty-five years," returned the old gentleman, gently. The blood looked just a little bit surprised as he asked: "And, pray, what position do you hold now?" "I am President of the road," returned Mr. Huckleby, "and if you desire any further rules of the road I shall call upon the officers to arrest you." The young bloods took the rear car, while the passengers smiled. THE MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we commend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine; it stimulates better than champagne; it is the best plaster for a wound. The Good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of wine and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the alleys, a board all the ships, by all the sick-beds; not a phial full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for falling fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

An Iowa Inn-Keeper at Jerusalem. From the Davenport Gazette. A gentleman in this city gives information of a case of religious enthusiasm that is very interesting. Some ten years ago Mr. Johnathan Brinton, of Washington, Iowa, became possessed of an idea that he was commissioned by the Savior to open an inn near Jerusalem, and so become a pioneer in the work of rebuilding and christianizing the holy city—for it was made known to him in a vision that the ancient glory of Jerusalem was about to return unto her. He was worth about \$20,000; he gave \$10,000 to his wife and son, who preferred to remain on the farm hoping that the husband would be relieved of his insane notions by rough experience. So the husband went away alone—arrived at Jerusalem in safety, bought several acres of land in the most desirable location he could find two miles east of the city, built his inn, and opened it for the accommodation of tourists in the Holy Land. Two years have elapsed, and whether he has been cured of insanity or not is not known—but it is very certain that he struck a good thing when he built that hotel. His letters home have been of the most cheering character; his health has been good, he sees good times all the while. His pictures of prosperity, his longings for his wife's companionship, have caused Mrs. Brinton to decide to go to her husband. She has sold her property in Washington county, and this week leaves, with her son, to join her husband at his inn on the slopes of Judea. A MEAN SLANDER. One of the meanest slanders afloat is that which charges that one of our clergymen swore an oath the other night. The circumstances are simply these: He went into the house, and attempted to make his way in the dark through the sitting-room to the pantry to deposit a bunch of rhubarb presented him by a parishioner, forgetting that housecleaning had commenced. The wretched girl had left a pail of soft-soap near the door, over which he accidentally stumbled. Making an heroic effort to save himself he grabbed for something with both hands, and as he alighted firmly on his stomach pulled down on top of him a table full of crockery. Rising promptly to his feet he made a pitch for the match-safe, but happening to plant his foot in a puddle of the soft-soap, he promptly sat down in a tub of preserved fruits. His poor tired wife, who had retired early, was roused from her slumbers, and, thinking that burglars were abroad, shrieked for help, to which the hired girl responded, rushing into the room and tumbling headlong over the man in the wash-tub. These are the simple facts in the case, and that is all there is of it. Our good friend did not say a word that could be construed into profanity. He simply sat firmly and quietly among the preserves until a light was struck, and then mildly inquired: "How much longer, dear, does housecleaning last?" LIFE AIMS. Every one should try to better his condition if he can. The poor man should try to increase his means; the sick man to improve his health; the ignorant man to acquire knowledge; and the foolish man to get understanding. In such matters the great question is whether the desired improvement is within our reach. To long for what we cannot attain, or to grieve because it is unattainable, is simply to play the part of the child that cries for the moon. Let us know ourselves and our position. Let us know what we have and what we want; and then, let us next inquire whether what we want can be got by striving for it. If it cannot be got, let us think of it no more or endeavor to compensate for the want in some other way. A short man may wish to be tall but he cannot add an inch more than a cubit to his stature. He may, however, be a very worthy and respectable man, for all that, if he conducts himself with propriety and simplicity, and does not, as short men sometimes do, render his diminutive size more conspicuous by conceit and affectation. NO INDIAN—NIGGER!—Those who knew the late John B. Floyd, of Virginia, will remember that his complexion was dark, and his hair, although of fine texture, very curly, clustered in close ringlets all over his head. He always dressed in exceedingly good taste, and sported the best of broad-cloth, so that he presented an exceptionally fine appearance. During the administration of Mr. Buchanan, a reception was given at the White House to a delegation of Indians from the Plains, and Governor Floyd attended, as Secretary of War, to receive the gentle savages and present them to the President. He was arrayed in full evening costume, swallow-tail, choker and white kids, in order that the occasion might be as impressive as possible. The Aborigines were gotten up in most extravagant display of paint, feathers and gewgaws. After the ceremony had been concluded, Governor Floyd, by way of diversion proudly touched his own manly breast and remarked to one of the chiefs in the usual vernacular: "Me Indian—Virginia blood—Pocahontas!" The chief gazed at him from head to foot, looking very doubting, and then putting his hand on the Governor's head and feeling his curls, gravely answered: "No Indian—no Indian! Hair heap like nigger!" "Old Buck" roared at the sally, in which Governor Floyd, who loved a joke even at his own expense, heartily joined. But historians say he never subsequently claimed Indian blood.