

MEADOWS OF GOLD.

Meadows of gold—
Rolling and reeling a-west!
Ye clasp and hold
The milk of the world in your breast.

Meadows of gold—
Reaching and running away!
Shod with the mould;
And crowned with the light of the day

Meadows of gold—
Winding and wending along—
Fair to behold,
And merry and mellow with song.

Meadows of gold—
Laughing and leaping afar!
Fast in your life, and touch
Forever the beautiful are.

A COFFIN BOAT.

The other night Major Griddlewood, who long ago won his spurs as an efficient revenue officer, related the following story:

At one time we had a great deal of trouble with illicit distillers in Arkansas. There was one neighborhood especially where it seemed impossible to discover the outlaws. This community was way up on White river. Officer after officer had been sent up, and quite a number of them are there yet, although the department did not receive notification that they intended to leave the service.

"One day the news came in that one of our best men had just been killed at Dripping Springs, by which name the dangerous neighborhood was known. I was sent for by the marshal, who said: 'Major, you have had considerable success in hunting for distillers. Now we want you to find those fellows and bring them to justice. As you know, none of our men have been able to find them and—'

"They've been found a trifle too often," I suggested. "That's a fact," the marshal agreed, "but not by the right man. Now I want you to take as many soldiers as you want, and go to the place and break up the business."

I reflected for a moment and replied: "I think that our mistake has been in taking too many men. It is almost impossible for a party of men to find a wildcat distillery. Their approach is soon heralded and disaster is certain to follow. I will go alone and discover the nest. Then I can return and capture the entire outfit."

"Rather hazardous," the marshal said, thoughtfully scratching his head. "Not so dangerous as the course hitherto adopted."

"All right; use your own judgment." The next day I started on my perilous expedition. I went horseback, and my progress was very slow. When at last I reached the place I found a beautiful rich country, with grand hills and little valleys luxuriantly carpeted with grass. I could see no signs of lawlessness, but on the other hand I was kindly treated. I stopped at the house of a man named Anderson, a well-to-do fellow, without some education and a bright-eyed daughter, who seemed to be devoted to her father. I saw at once that Anderson was an honest man, and when I learned that he had been in the army I felt secure under his roof. Still I did not care to tell my real business, but in answer to a question stated that I was looking for land in a leisurely sort of way, having just been discharged from the regular army, and especially desiring a rest from that dangerous activity which all army officers incur.

"Well, sir, you are welcome at my house, and I hope you will find your stay pleasant. My daughter, who can row a boat to perfection, will cheerfully contribute to your enjoyment."

"I understand," looking at him, "that several government officers have been killed by illicit distillers in this neighborhood."

"Yes," he replied, "shamefully murdered. Well, I won't say murdered, for the distillers no doubt considered it self-defense. Up in the hills here, somewhere, there is a large distillery, but it will be a long time, I think, before the government breaks it up. It is almost impossible to conduct a party of men through the hills, and it is almost certain death, for the distillers can see almost every turn. My advice would be to watch for the whisky that's sent away, capture the men handling it and compel them to show the exact location of the distillery."

Several days passed and still I made no progress. I was not regarded in that light of suspicion which I thought would characterize my appearance among the people, and I was soon convinced that the farmers around were not in sympathy with the distillers. Finally I told Anderson my business.

"Well," he said, "if I can do anything for you I'll do it cheerfully, but let me advise you not to go into the hills. Water the river, as that is the only way they can possibly ship the stuff. I am going up the river to-day after some walnut lumber and if you will accompany me we may make a discovery. As you have no doubt noticed, I make a great many coffins. Not for

government officials," he added with a smile, "but am supplying cheap coffins for the New Orleans market. During an epidemic it is almost impossible to get coffins to the city fast enough, and at such times I employ quite a number of men. Come and I'll show you my place of business."

The shop stood near the river bank. Several workmen were employed in dressing walnut lumber. Coffins were stacked up all around, and a flatboat was being loaded with the deathly furniture. I did not go up the river with Anderson, but took a boat ride with his daughter. She was not devoid of charms, and she chatted gayly as she rowed.

"I want to leave this place," she said. "Mother pined away and died from sheer loneliness, and if I were not so light-hearted I think I should go that way, too."

"Do you ever see any of the illicit distillers?" I asked.

"I expect to see them, but I don't know them, of course. They are terrible when they get mad, but as long as they are not disturbed you wouldn't know that they were in the neighborhood. When we moved here they regarded me with lingering suspicion, but finally, satisfied that he was in no way connected with the government, they dismissed their apprehensions and have ever since treated him with the utmost courtesy. Pa is making money out of the coffin business, but it is such a grim trade that I cannot half enjoy any financial benefit that we derive from it. Say, you're hunting for the wild cats, ain't you?"

"Hush, don't talk so loud."

"Nobody can hear us, but you are, ain't you?"

"Suppose I were, do you think I would tell any one?"

"I heard you tell father, but it's all right. I won't say anything about it. I haven't any friends among the wild cats, and for my part I wouldn't care if they were all in prison."

"I remained several days longer, and then decided to return to the city, report unfavorably, adopt other measures, and again take up the enterprise. Anderson advised me to sell the horse and go down with a flat-boat load of coffins. I did not like the idea, but reflecting that it would be safer I disposed of my horse and was soon ready for the voyage.

I bade my friends an affectionate farewell, and soon stood on a coffin big enough for the Cardiff giant, and waved my handkerchief at Sophia Anderson as the boat rounded the bend. We had started early, and by the time the shadows began to lengthen we were a long distance from Dripping Spring. It seemed to me that the men on the boat watched me curiously, for every time I walked around it appeared that one of them followed me. My suspicions increased as evening came on, and when I saw the men engaged in a whispered conversation I was convinced that violence was mediated. Happening to notice a coffin on which several others were piled, I saw something dripping from it. Just then I looked up and saw a gun leveled at me. In another instant a bullet whizzed close to my head, so close that I fell backward into the water. I did not lose my presence of mind and kept myself under water as long as possible. When I arose to the surface, several other shots were fired, and sinking again, I remained under water until I reached the shore, which fortunately was not far away, when I arose under a thick clump of willows. Through the gathering darkness I could dimly see the men, and could hear the splashing of an oar which I knew was manipulated to keep the boat from floating down.

"I reckon he's all right," said one of the men.

"I know he is," a gruff voice replied, "fer I drew a bead on his head, an' a man what can hit a baffer dollar sixty yards ain't no slouch of a shooter, lemme tell yer. Bet he's got a bullet through the brain ef he's got any brain."

"I'd ruther bet on the bullet than the brain," the first speaker rejoined.

"We've got to be certain about these things," said a man who seemed to be in authority. "You know what Anderson's orders is. Git a boat that Jack, an' you an' Tom paddle out thar awhile. Go out thar to them willows."

The boat was lowered and the splashing of the oars came nearer and nearer. My heart beat violently. Great God, the moon came out and shone full on my face. I eased myself down until only the tip of my nose was above the surface. "Thank heaven," I breathed, as a cloud obscured the moon just as the boat brushed the willows. They struck under with their oars, actually struck me once, and just as I was about to seize the boat and take my chances of turning it over and escaping, one of them said:

"He's all right, I tell you. Think I can't hit a man's head? Shove her off," and I breathed a prayer as the dip of the oars grew fainter.

I remained in this uncomfortable position about a half hour longer, then drew myself out and was soon traveling through the woods. After a terrible journey of hunger and fatigue I reached Little Rock and made my report.

Several days afterward I was again en route for Dripping Springs, this time with a strong posse of men. Touching White river near the place where I had

fallen overboard, we dismounted to rest. We had not been there very long until we saw the coffin boat returning. I secreted myself and ordered my men to compel the boat to land and to bring the men to our resting-place, instructing them as to a form of interrogation.

When hailed they readily complied and approached the bank. They did not seem to like so much attention, for they did not move up the bank with any great degree of alacrity.

"Do you know," said one of my men, "what became of a United States official named Griddlewood, who came up here some time ago?"

"No, sir," replied the captain of the coffin boat, "but I heard that he had bought a piece of land over the mountains an' opened a farm."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"Believe I did meet him once at Mr. Anderson's house. Peered to me like he was sorter in love with the Anderson gal."

"Don't suppose that I could find him, do you?"

"Mout find him if you wuster go over the hills."

"That's unnecessary," I remarked, stepping from behind a tree and confronting the villains. They threw up their hands and prayed that their lives might be spared. We did not intend to give them the least chance of escape and securely pinioning their hands we took them down to the boat, where, after gaining all possible information, I left them under a strong guard. We were not long in gaining the neighborhood of Anderson's residence. It was a late hour at night, and we surrounded the house without alarming any one. I instructed one of my officers to call Anderson, and again I secreted myself.

"Halloa!"

"All right," came from within the house, and pretty soon Anderson appeared.

"Mr. Anderson, I believe," said the officer.

"Yes, sir; won't you come in?"

"No, hardly got the time. I've come to this neighborhood in search of Major Griddlewood. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Oh, yes, should say I am, for he and my daughter are to be married soon. I'll show her to you. 'Here Soph,' and the girl came out. 'Here is a gentleman who is looking for your intended husband.'"

"Good evening, sir. Looking for the major, eh? How I wish I could see him."

"Here I am," I said, emerging from my hiding place and confronting my "intended" and her father. Anderson actually fell on the ground, and his daughter uttered a shriek that made the woods ring. They were soon made prisoners and taken to the boat. Next day the distillery was easily found and destroyed. The coffins were found to be lined with tin, and although ominous-looking casks, were not bad as vessels of shipment.

The prisoners were tried and punished to the full extent of the law, and ever since then the Dripping Spring neighborhood has been one of the most orderly and law-abiding communities in the State.

Poker in England.

Poker, when first introduced here by our American visitors, we treated as an amusing pastime, and it is indeed still no more than this as played in many private houses for small sums. But there has latterly arisen in London an increased and exaggerated mania for the game which bids fair to work very great harm and to produce very awkward scandals. There is, indeed, a kind of ladies who have devoted their energies almost entirely to poker, and who play it with the devotion and the perseverance that ladies in other times were wont to give to other games in the most gambling days of history. These ladies are many of them of good position and of good repute. But the diversion to which they have devoted themselves, and which some of them make the occupation of their lives is altogether bad, dangerous and demoralizing. It brings them into much too familiar contact with men who play with them on the Tom Tiddler's ground they have established. Loans and debts arise between them often of amounts which it is difficult, if not impossible, to pay by ordinary means in ordinary manners, and hence spring all kinds of complications and arrangements, many of an extremely doubtful character.

Two Thousand Years Old.

Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt he stumbled on a mummy which proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2000 years old. In examining it after it was unwrapped he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question of how long vegetable life could last, and took the root from the mummy's hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowing the rains and dews of Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks the root burst forth and bloomed into a most beautiful dahlia. The story is said to be well verified.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

A Strange Story.

The announcement of the death in London of Lady Rose, wife of Sir John Rose, of London, and formerly of Montreal, brings to mind some romantic incidents of her early life. Lady Rose, was a daughter of Robert Emmett Temple of Rutland, Vt., who held a position as pension agent of the United States government for the Revolutionary war. He was a gentleman of distinguished appearance and elegant manners, and had brought up his daughters in all the courtly graces and accomplishments which marked the higher classes at the beginning of the century. The young ladies paid a visit to Montreal, and the younger married a Montreal gentleman (Mr. Robert Sweeney), a Protestant Irishman, who at that time held the position of inspector of post-houses, and was a partner of Col. Dyde. Her sister married Mr. Chapman. The Sweeneys moved much in military circles and Mrs. Sweeney, from her fascinating manner and savoir faire, became a general favorite.

An unfortunate affair took place which caused much comment in fashionable circles in those early days. Maj. Ward, of the 1st Royals, was an intimate friend and companion of Mr. Sweeney, and one afternoon the two friends strolled up-town together. That evening Mr. Sweeney had friends to dinner, and during the repast a note was brought in to Mrs. Sweeney, which she immediately handed to her husband. He jumped from the table and proceeded to the mess-rooms of the 1st Royals. Maj. Ward, hearing Mr. Sweeney's voice, called out to him to come in and have a glass of wine. This was sternly refused, and on the major making his appearance Mr. Sweeney handed him the note, with the demand: "Did you write this, sir?" Maj. Ward took the missive, and after glancing at it contemptuously, tore it into fragments. Hot words ensued, and a challenge was given and accepted.

About sunrise next morning the two friends, who had left Col. Dyde in a very friendly mood the night before, stood confronting each other with pistols at the St. Pierre race course, on the Lachine road. The word was given, and Mr. Sweeney, who was an accomplished duelist, having had several affairs before, shot his antagonist through the heart before the latter had time to explode his weapon. He and his wife retired to the States until at the request of the officers of Maj. Ward's regiment a noble prosequi was entered and he was allowed to return, to find that the letter was the heedless practical joke of a flighty girl who had imitated Maj. Ward's handwriting. This circumstance so preyed on Mr. Sweeney's mind that he died literally broken-hearted.

A short time afterward his young widow, with her son, went to board at a house on Victoria square, and there she met John Rose, a youth from Huntington, who was studying law in the office of Judge Day. A mutual attachment between the fascinating and accomplished widow and the talented young law student ensued, and shortly after his admission to the bar they were married. Her wonderful tact and suavity of manner made her a leader in society, where she was ever on the alert to advance her husband's interests. As Lady Beaconsfield was to her husband so Lady Rose was the mainspring of Sir John Rose's success, and her diplomacy and ambition spurred her husband on to higher aims, which made him one of the foremost Canadians of his time. Sir John entered political life early and advanced rapidly, working in connection with Sir John Macdonald. He was at one time minister of finance, from which position he retired to enter the firm of Morton Rose & Co., bankers of London and New York.

The Dunkards' Love Feast.

The semi-annual love feast of the German Baptist Brethren, or Dunkards, celebrated at Ephrata, Pa., a few days ago, was a very interesting ceremony. The dresses of these adherents to ancient forms and customs is very much like that of the Friends. The men wear a closely buttoned shad-belly or swallow-tail coat, with standing collar of coarse, brown, pepper-and-salt or bluish-gray cloth, trousers and vest, and a heavily-caped overcoat of the same material, and a low-crowned black felt hat, with enormous brim. The plain, unornamented dress of the women is generally black, although sometimes snuff-brown, with a large black shawl and a black bonnet of the sun-bonnet shape. In the plain meeting house there are two rows of benches running the whole length of the room and forming middle and side aisles, while rows of benches, facing these, ascend theater-like on either side to near the low, flat ceiling. The middle rows are for those celebrating the feast, and the others for the spectators.

Every third bench, of those upon the floor, is so arranged that the broad, movable back can be brought up and fastened on the top of the end boards, thus making a long, narrow table. After the Dunkards had marched in, two brothers appeared with long white tablecloths, with which they covered the ten tables, five on the women's side of the central aisle, and five on the men's side. Other brothers came armed with

black-handled knives, three-tined forks and tin tablespoons. Other brothers brought little white bowls, which they set sparsely around. Other brothers carried, two and two, great baskets of bread—huge loaves cut into quarters—which they placed in long middle lines. Other brothers (it was never sisters) bore trays containing plates of butter. Other brothers brought deep tin dishes where pieces of mutton swam in a gravy like soup.

Supper being ready, and the swinging lamps drawn and lighted, the brethren and sisters seated themselves around the tables—90 of the former and 140 of the latter. How reposeful the women looked, with their plain, neatly fitting black dresses, and their little white caps of nightcap shape and of a semi-transparent material, underneath the modestly parted hair lay smooth, exposing the broad white forehead. The long hair of the men, brushed straight back from the forehead and falling to the shoulders, and their long beards both hair and beards being largely gray, and sometimes silvery white, gave them a very venerable aspect.

Next, two small tubs half filled with water were brought in, and two elderly brothers divested themselves of their coats, one seizing a tub and the other girding himself with a very long towel. Two sisters did likewise with the other tub and towel. Immediately the brethren seated on the front bench facing the broad space in front of the minister's table and seats began to take off their shoes and stockings, and the sisters on the corresponding row on their side of the house did the same. Then the brother with the tub placed it at the feet of the first barefooted brother, who put his feet into it, where they are rinsed off by the washer, who then grasped the hand of the washee and imprinted a sounding kiss upon his lips. The towel-girded brother followed, wiped, shook hands, and kissed and passed on to the next; and the washing and wiping sisters did likewise on their side of the room. After the two rows were washed and wiped, all fell to putting on their shoes and stockings, the younger women showing much modesty in their efforts to get on their long stockings deftly and quickly.

After an address and prayer and a lined-out hymn in German, the eating began, slices of bread serving as plates and one dish of soup and meat for four eaters. There was no noise but the clatter of spoons against dishes and knives against forks and a general sound of munching. Everything eatable having disappeared, there was more exhortation, prayer and singing, and then three bottles of wine and a number of large flat, indented cakes of unleavened bread. The cakes were broken into long strips, which were passed around among the men, who broke for each other, but the women were not allowed to do so, the presiding bishop breaking it for them, and handing it to them as they sat in their seats. After the bread came the wine in tall tin cups, and again the women were not allowed to pass the cup, but it was passed to them by the bishop. The drinking of the wine ended the ceremony.

Dropped Out.

Do you ever stop to think, you young, strong and healthy, what becomes of the very old; where they are and how they adapt themselves to the tearing, wearing machinery which intersects and environs this great city? The old love life as well as the young, and find it hard to relinquish their hold upon it. Doubtless the older they grow the more precious becomes their few remaining hours and the stronger their desire to put all they have known that is best and sweetest into them. Yet they find little sympathy and still less opportunity. They are crowded out, jostled out, pushed out, until they drop out, and are lost to us. It is very rare to see the old on the elevated roads—as rare as the very young. They are afraid of them—of the pitiless rush, the jam, the long flights of stairs, the rude pushing and crowding and the every-man-and-boy-for-himself code which obtains without regard to age or sex. But it has been common to see one old man—not so very old either—but gray-haired and past 70, sitting in the gateman's chair at an uptown station until the arrival of a down train. On one occasion, when there was a vacant seat, a lady, herself no longer young, but forgetting that, and with the instinctive reverence for gray hairs, rose and offered him hers. His pale cheek, pale as his hair, flushed a little. "No, madame," he said, "I could not sit when a lady is standing."

Last Tuesday he sat for the last time in the gateman's seat waiting for the train; now he is dead and buried. He went for the last time "down-town" to the "office," which had become his world, went through his daily task of looking over his mail, and home again, and that night he died—took another and more elevated train to a city within the gates eternal. He did not know him, the gateman, nor I; but when he did not come the gateman asked one who knew him, and he said: "He was a merchant until last year, when he retired, and his principal occupation was to go down-town every day and read his mail. He was a good man and a gentleman, and I am sorry to miss him." So am I, but the "road" tears away just the same as before,

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

The best lessons in life are learned from silence.

Tears are sometimes the happiest smiles of love.

Fools will often make success where prudent people fail.

Blind and reckless idealism becomes a dangerous opiate.

Sadness is a disease; the best remedy for it is occupation.

Honesty provides the most certain conditions for safety.

The poor are kept poor to supply the demands of paradise.

We cannot become liberal unless we avoid petty motives.

The origin of atomic matter cannot be less than eternity.

Honesty of purpose must not be held as evidence of ability.

The bane of distrust will tender to extinguish inspiration.

The reality of death demonstrates our own insignificance.

Indolence is the rush of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

The right of commanding is the fruit of labors, the price of courage.

It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken; the full heart knows no rhetoric of words.

He travels safe and not unpleasant who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

Contentment swells a mite into a talent, and make the poor richer than the Indies.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

If we find no fault ourselves, we should not take pleasure in observing those of others.

Those who have no patience of their own forget what demand they make on that of others.

Intellect has been called the starlight of the brain. Religion is the starlight of the soul.

God bless all good women. To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Let friendship creep gently to a life; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

There is no evil we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

Gaiety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.

True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and in making everybody about one as easy as one can.

The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself. The middle way is, justice to ourselves and others.

Forgiveness is like God's bounty. The bestower is not impoverished, nor he that withholds it enriched.

We find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

It is not enough to have reason; it is spoilt, it is dishonored by sustaining a brusque and haughty manner.

Four things come not back: The broken word, the sped arrow, the past life and neglected opportunity.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

The lazy and the industrious can never live happily together; the lazy despise the industrious too much.

The worst education that teaches self-denial is better than the best that teaches everything else and not that.

The best of us are hampered in every effort at improvement, not only by our faults, but by those of our neighbors.

The best method of disposing of half the slanders of the age is to pay them no attention. The other half may be lived down.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

What a pity that wrinkles should not be all under our heels instead of on our faces! It would be a much better arrangement.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

Do not be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and inexcusable.

Whatever that be within us that feels, thinks, desires and animates, is something celestial, divine and consequently imperishable.

Happiness dotes on her work and is prodigal to her favorites. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

Commend us to a man who holds his faith, whatever it may be, with a manly grip, and dares to defend it in a manly way—"speaking the truth in love."

The companion of fools shall be destroyed. The greatest are not proof against the wiles of the impure, in whose company they venture to walk or linger.

A man or woman may be highly irritable, and yet be sweet, tender, gentle, loving, sociable, genial, kind, charitable, thoughtful for others, unselfish, generous.

What is there so beautiful as lovely old age? What does it matter if the hair is white and the cheek has lost its glow, if the eyes shine with a triumphant light, and one can fairly feel that faith that lends a sweetness to the glance, a cadence to the voice?

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.