

THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,

A MODERN DELUGE.

A year before, the place had been a
wild, unbroken prairie, with here and
there tracts of woodland. The people
had come with the advancing railroad,

In these rural, unpopulated houses lived
men and women, young children, young
men and maidens. Where these are
spring friendship, sweet domestic life,

Among those thus thrown together in
a new land, as it were in an eddy of the
mighty stream of immigration, was
Mina Landerfelt.

With the others came also Silas Hig-
gins, from Vermont, half farmer, half
sailor, a wanderer with neither home
nor friends.

He was, in truth, a man ignorant of
himself. His life from his youth up
had been so rough, so marked by toil,

Six months passed, and a new man
had been born of full stature in that
place. He was a thinker, an observer

His new birth made him an observer,
and this is what he observed: the one
great danger that overhung the town
was fire.

flame. He thought much about the
matter, and even neglected his work
and wandered about the country, spade
in hand, in search of something.

"Guess she'll have me when I put up
my brickyard,"
It was not for this he bought the clay
bank.

"The day o' judgment is [cafn]
round somewhere. It's time the ark was
aloft."

The next day he hired a man and
cart to team clay from his new mine to
his land in the village. The man shoveled
up wealth and did not know it,

At nightfall the people gathered about
the structure with curious questions as
to its object. Was it house, pound,
barn, or what?

Now were the people convinced the
man was insane. Even Mina, who had
watched the work from her father's
house, was moved to a mixture of pity

Having covered the walls with clay
and spread the entire roof thick with
it, he built a roaring bonfire inside the
structure.

The work was complete, and Silas sat
in his house taking much needed rest,
when one of the older settlers, a sharp-
faced Yankee, called at the open door.

"The kava was not built for cargo;
it's for passengers. I'll take your stuff,
if trouble comes, but it will cost you
ten dollars a day for every square foot

houses going up, and for all who would
work, plenty to do at good wages.
Silas made little progress with his love
affair.

"She'll have him. He kin fiddle and
dance, and she likes that. He does not
work over much, nor side his hands.

"The day had been hot and sultry,
with a fitful breeze and yellow sky.
The air seemed pungent and full of
strange odors.

"Here it is. Measure it yourself.
Me and my pard are going to run for
the river. If we never get back, but
open the trunk and take your pay out o'
what ye find."

"The two men took the trunk and ran
with it to the kava, and then as quickly
ran back to their team. Just then a
four-horse wagon loaded with men,
women and children was driven at frantic
speed past the house.

"Help me!" cried Silas. "Rig up the
door and get the women inside."
Ready hands seemed to catch the
hint, and in a moment the door was hung
and ready to close.

"Don't be seart. Keep outside as
long as ye kin to save the air. Just
watch the thing half a minute."
Then he was gone. How he reached
the Landerfelts' he never knew.

"No, no! Go—ye go—run—run!"
It was all she could say in English,
though she talked volubly in German.

On reaching the kava they found it
slightly closed. The people had sel-
fishly gone inside and left them to their
fate.

He thrust both hands into the tub of
clay outside the door, and plastered it
over the cracks round the window as if
to make doubly sure.

"Mein Gott! Look at him!"
To his surprise, Mina stood beside
him. She had crept out again, and
stood pointing toward the street.

"The door, damaged by the attempts
to close it, seemed about to fall, but
Silas stood ready, and at every tiny
puff of smoke that entered he aimed a
wad of wet clay to keep out the thin
fingers of the fire.

"Better call the poll and see who's
saved," said Silas. "Come out, all of
ye, and give yer names. Are all of ye
here?"

"The situation was too terrible for
choice of words. Two men dragged
the creature out, and he stood covering
before them all. It was the violinist.

"The man looked at Mina, and shook
his head.
This gal kinder begged for yer life.
I felched ye in, thinking—wa!—
thinking ye was—that—that Dutch-
man."

Visiting cards play so large a part in
the social life of our cities that it is well
to understand their use. It is not a crime
to turn down corner of visiting cards,

A good story is told of John Gilbert,
the primo basso, who succeeded the late
George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe,

A New York foundry has a steam
hammer that strikes four hundred
times a minute. Passers-by imagine
that it is a Chicago girl taking her
music lesson.

Victoria's Domestic Despotism.
The biographies of queens and their
families prove how great is the cause for
gratitude for the privilege of not being-
royal to any of them.

"People with strong feelings and of
nervous temperament, for which one is
no more responsible than for the color of
one's eyes, have things to fight against

Queen Victoria apparently has a mania
for opposition. While her subjects are
comparatively free, her sons and daughters
are in bondage.

The perfection of a practical cotton
picking machine is regarded as certain
to "revolutionize labor" at the South.

The importance of the art of being
able to express one's self, either in
conversation or in writing, cannot be over-
estimated.

The false pride which shows itself in
a desire to seem to know something about
which one knows little or nothing, is the
cause of much loose, meaningless talk,

An Arab on entering his house re-
moves his shoes, but not his hat. He
mounts his horse upon the right side,

No editor has ever been elected
President. This accounts for our
enormous National debt.

The present fashion of bait bouquets
causes a great many flowers to be
wasted.

Soft Hands Out of Date.
The place was the house of a wealthy
family in Fifth avenue, New York.
The oracle, President Barnard of Columbia
College, was discussing on the thoroughness
with which genuine good breeding

Here let me interpolate some informa-
tion as to the fashion in hand. There
was a time, not long ago, when the elegant
belle slept with greased hands in old gloves

"I will call in my maid," said the
rogue, "and you shall shake hands with
her. She is illiterate and can hardly say
'boo' without violating some grammatical
rule."

Being Understood.
The importance of the art of being
able to express one's self, either in
conversation or in writing, cannot be over-
estimated.

Arab Oddities.
An Arab on entering his house re-
moves his shoes, but not his hat. He
mounts his horse upon the right side,

Belowing Basses.
A good story is told of John Gilbert,
the primo basso, who succeeded the late
George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe,

Belowing Basses.
A good story is told of John Gilbert,
the primo basso, who succeeded the late
George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe,

Belowing Basses.
A good story is told of John Gilbert,
the primo basso, who succeeded the late
George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe,

Belowing Basses.
A good story is told of John Gilbert,
the primo basso, who succeeded the late
George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe,