

THE GOLDEN LAND.

When the heavens are drearily shrouded,
With clouds and wintry gloom,
I dream of a land that is golden
With sunshine and Summer bloom.
And then the clouds and the darkness,
Like mist roll away from mine eyes,
And I see, in its beauty and splendor,
The land of the golden skies!

And so, though life's roses have perished
In storms of wintry years,
Though sunshine has turned into darkness,
And pleasure to pain and tears,
I dream of skies that are cloudless,
Of peace, and of heavenly rest,
And I see, in a glorious vision,
The golden Land of the Blest!

—Charles W. Hubner.

The Deacon's Week.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow; and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn; but he did not give it out—he had his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we will discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us.

"Now, when I say this I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; you are cordially invited to attend a union-meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go 25 miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger.' Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from our children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us, then, each for himself, try to act that day just as we think Christ our great Exemplar would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us his name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not bear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye know not of lying in your midst. And let us all, on Saturday evening, meet here again, and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method please to rise."

Everybody rose, except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had aroused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for the ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them:

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up, and taking off his overcoat. "I haint got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ya."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did not experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday I looked about me to begin with. I am amazin' fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me—the doctors say it ain't; but, dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse. I knew it made me what folks call nervous,

and I call cross, before night comes and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, any way; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it came hard. I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadfull. Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel it pily a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a-going to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you might say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everthing, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weather-cock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothin' help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning, while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across that part where it says the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost.

"Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they are kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean and pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't, and lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me considerable, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him and help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it larnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday school as they ought to, along back; but I was busy here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all; but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time sayin', 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he came in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practised what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder look down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethern, so was I! I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye; but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the master said,—'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself?'"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon, "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible class, nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg'lar now, too."

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon Philury says, says she, 'Square Tucker's black bull is in the orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths of fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better believe. That black bull has been a-breaking into my lot ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong, as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one jest coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost.

"You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day."

"Breth-er-en," interrupted a slow nasal voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come round like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd praedis with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I believe my hope has been sure of them that perish; it ain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me 'round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come, I got up to make the fire and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened

my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the lay of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I ust fetchen the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

"Dear me," says she, 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the text 'about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed; I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me sech a look; why, it struck right in! There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty-odd year most scart because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in a pail of water she'd always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow.

"When I come in Philury was up frivin' the potatoes, and the tears a-shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still; but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullen stairs for some apples, so the children could have a roast, and I heard Joe, up in the kitchen, say so Emmy, 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!'—Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good natured I can't but think he's struck with death."

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullen stairs and cried. I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up,—jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know,—but I hadn't never thought that I'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they theirs. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons's short-comin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas gettin' easy to practise after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some cur'in' calico. I had a handsome piece, all done off with roses, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece.

"Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come across me. Why I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a doorkeeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods, 'taint thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done such mean, unrelievable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ.

"I kep' a-trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for 12 workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' come around, and I felt a mite more chearful. 'Twas mission mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practise. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vender's. So I put a testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good-mornin' ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out and I'd come over to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallowed a little, and finally I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vender.'

"No, you don't!" says she, as quick as a wink 'I stay at home and mind my business."

"Well, we should like to have you come along with us and do ye good, says I sort of conciliatin'.

"Look a here, deacon!" she snapped; 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poor'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malvino dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a-comin' here today for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go and come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out of this!'

"Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor hern to so much as I think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names—and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull of 'em, and the man half drunk. He give it to me too, and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.'

"I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I

be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head, and many another bent also. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before, the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, to Israel of old, "Go forward;" and they obeyed his voice.

The Sunday school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an off-shoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practise by common consent.

SOME MOON LORE.

CURIOUS BELIEFS CONCERNING THE BIG PLANET.

Why "The Man in the Moon" is There.

Speculations concerning the nature of the moon, or the extent to which it influences terrestrial phenomena, are not confined to astronomers and other men of science, who tell us that it is a dead planet devoid of atmosphere and water for many unscientific people think it consists entirely of the latter, not to mention others who are inclined to the supposition that chalk or green cheese may enter largely into its composition. In fact, according to a Wiltshire legend, there was once a farmer's wife who, seeing the reflection of the moon in the river, thought that it was a cream cheese, and endeavored to fish it out of the water with a rake.

Perhaps it was as well for this worthy dame that her efforts were not crowned with success, for it is recorded that on one occasion an unfortunate donkey, having been suspected of swallowing the moon while drinking from a river, was tried in due legal form, and on being found guilty, had its body ripped open in order that the useful planet might be liberated, once again to shine upon the world below. Witches are thought to have more or less influence over the moon, and the Heathen Chinese considers it to be, like the sun, a favorite article of diet with certain mischievous dragons, who are supposed to swallow it, and thus produce eclipses. Whether the digestive powers of one of these voracious monsters would be equal to the occasion, however, has never yet been satisfactorily proved. Possibly the sun or moon taken in a raw state might produce dyspepsia; but the Celestials lose no time in making such hideous noises as may be calculated to impress the dragon with a sense of his iniquity, and cause him to disgorge his strange meal with as little delay as possible. The Canadian Indians tell their children that if they point at the moon their fingers will be bitten off.

Some of the tribes of North America, believe that there is a frog in it, and the Hindoos can see on the moon's face something very like a hare; but amongst ourselves, the popular legends have fixed upon a man and a dog as its sole inhabitants.

The man in the moon is generally supposed to have been consigned to his present abode as a punishment for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, the idea, it is said, having probably originated from the reference in the Book of Numbers to a man who was stoned to death for a similar offense. A story is told of a gentleman with astronomical proclivities who proudly imagined that he had discovered an elephant in the moon. Subsequently, however, he was no doubt somewhat disgusted when the big animal was found to be nothing more than a mouse which had accidentally found its way into his telescope.

It is a popular belief that the rays of the moon, falling upon a sleeping person, cause his face to become distorted, and, as some aver, even deprive him of his senses—in fact, lunatics were so named from their supposed susceptibility to lunar influence, and moon-struck is a common term for a state of mental aberration bordering on imbecility. It is still commonly supposed, as it was in the days of the Romans, that the violence of madness increases with the moon and decreases as the latter is waning, the worst paroxysms occurring when the planet is at the full. With the ancients the age of the moon was taken into consideration when felling timber, and a correspondent of Nature states that the superstition on this point is still firmly rooted in the public mind in Trinidad. The phases of the moon are supposed to exert a marked influence over the growth of mushrooms; and, formerly, in order that their flesh might not waste in the cooking, the best time for killing pigs was considered to be when the moon was on the increase or near the full.

One sometimes meets with the superstition that when the moon comes in and goes out on a Sunday seed planted during that month will not grow. Hair, it is said, should be cut at the new moon, otherwise it is likely to fall off; corns, on the other hand, should be cut during the waning of the moon, in order that they may gradually diminish and ultimately disappear. There are also many other similar superstitions, the general idea in them being that anything which may be done before the full moon is productive of increase or growth, the contrary being the case if the moon be waning. Some savages

imagine that a fresh moon is created every month, and it may possibly have caused a somewhat similar idea that has caused the new moon to become the subject of the numerous customs and superstitious fancies which one not unfrequently meets with. It is customary with country people to bow or curtsy to the new moon, and by some it is also supposed that a wish made at such a time will be gratified. It is held, too, that the money in one's pocket should be turned for luck.

To see the new moon through glass, however, is considered unlucky. When the moon is on its back, that is to say with the horns of the crescent pointing upward, it is thought by some to indicate frost. Sharp horns of the new moon are supposed to presage wind; and when the outline of the entire planet can be traced it was, in Scotland, looked upon as a sign of bad weather. With those who wished to dream of their future husbands or wives, there was formerly a practice— which may now have fallen into disuse—of sitting astride a gate or stile on the first night of the new moon, at the same time repeating for a certain number of times the following lines:

All hail to the moon, all hail to thee!
I pray thee, good moon, reveal to me
The name of my husband, I shall be.
This night who my wife I shall be."

The details of this ceremony, as well as the words of the rhyme, were, however, somewhat varied in different parts of the country. On the night of the first full moon in the year, those anxious to know when they were to be married looked into a pail of water and counted the moons which they saw reflected there—that being the number of years they would have to wait. According to an old saying, "As many days old as the moon is on Michaelmas Day, so many floods after;" and a correspondent of Notes and Queries states that in Bedfordshire two full moons occurring in one calendar month are generally supposed to bring on a flood. In taking medicine, due regard was formerly paid to the position of the moon at the time—different parts of the body, they supposed, being under its influence according to the zodiacal sign through which the planet happened to be passing.

An Awful Time With an Oyster.

Last night a fat man, wearing a low-necked shirt with a turn-down collar three sizes too large for him, sat down to a table in a Clark-street restaurant and called for a plate of raw oysters. He got them cold and juicy right off the ice, and harpooning a fat one with his fork he lifted it toward his mouth. But the slippery, slimy, chilly bivalve dropped off the fork before reaching its destination, caromed on the fat man's chin and then slid down inside of his shirt and nestled on his breast.

No one saw the incident. The obese guest himself didn't see it, but he felt that something had happened and that he had arrived at a crisis in his life. A pained, startled expression rested for a moment on his face; then with a low, plaintive wail of heart-rending agony he half rose from his chair and clapped his hand on his stomach. He struck the oyster, but that coy creature was one of the most alert and agile of its species. It at once changed its base on feeling the pressure, and shied upward and across the fat man's wide expanse of palpitating bosom, leaving a trail of Arctic frigidities in its wake, and took up new quarters in his left armpit.

With a wild howl of anguish the unhappy proprietor of the oyster leaped two feet in the air, uttered another yell like a wild-west Indian, and commenced to work his arm after the manner of a bagpipe musician. The oyster got excited and started again on its travels, but was apparently unable to select a permanent location. After making several blind rushes it halted for a moment under a short rib near the spine to catch its second wind.

The unfortunate fat man was now in a state of mind bordering on insanity. He kicked over his chair, yelled and swore, grabbed himself in front and behind and on both sides, rolled up his eyes, frothed at the mouth, and spun round like a top. But the slippery bivalve was now thoroughly rattled and scooted here and there like a streak of greased lightning, taking great pains not to travel over the same ground twice.

"He's got a fit!" screamed a wild-eyed man, making a rush for the door with a napkin tucked under his chin.

"It's either that or he's afire inside of his clothes," said another pale-faced diner, edging away from the sufferer.

"For mercy's sake take him off, somebody; I'm dying!" wailed the stricken man, as he threw up both hands and sat down heavily on the floor.

When the victim of misplaced refreshments struck the floor the oyster shot out of the back of his neck like a bullet, hit the ceiling with a squashy plunk, and then fell back and hung limp and lifeless from the chandelier.

The fat man's physician says the patient will recover from his attack of nervous prostration in a few days.

Wills of Three Great Men.

The last wills and testaments of the greatest three men of modern ages were at one time tied up in one sheet of foolscap at Doctors' Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own handwriting: "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture."

It is proved by William Bryde, 22d July, 1615. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of handwriting; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

It was about 2 o'clock of a chill morning when Mr. X. presented himself at the door of a doctor in the village of W., and after a series of thundering knocks at the door with a good deal of vigorous exercise upon the bell handle, succeeded in bringing that gentleman to the window *et cetera*.

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Do you pull teeth?" Mr. X. demanded.

"Yes, when I have to," was the reply.

"Then I want a tooth pulled."

"All right. Come back in the morning and I'll take it out for you."

"Come back in the morning!" ejaculated Mr. X. What do you take me for? Here I've been in torment for these two days, and for the last two hours I've been hunting all over this confounded town after a dentist, and now I'd like to have the job done at once if there is any way to fix it."

The dentist at first demurred, but at last he consented to come down and get the tooth out at once; and after a due interval in which he made his hasty toilet, Mr. X. was admitted to the house. The chill of the night was everywhere, but X. was too intent upon getting rid of the troublesome molar to mind that, and he was duly installed in the operating chair and an examination made.

"Hold on there," X. said, as the dentist, having satisfied himself which was the troublesome tooth, took up his forceps and prepared for work.

"I want to take gas. This tooth has given me about all the pain I can stand from it."

"Well," the dentist answered, "the gas is a little low, but if you insist I will give you what there is. It will deaden the pain, though very likely you will feel it some."

The conventional breathing-tube of black rubber was produced, and X. proceeded to inhale for dear life. For a moment the dentist allowed him to pump his lungs full from the gas reservoir, and then, taking the breathing-tube away, he quickly whipped in his forceps and whipped out the tooth.

"I did feel it some," X. observed, when he was able to get his mouth in a condition which allowed him to speak.

"Did you?" the dentist asked, sympathetically. "Not much, I hope?"

"Not so very much," X. replied.

"Still, I knew when it came."

When, a moment later, X. prepared to pay his bill, and asked the price, he was surprised to be told a sum which was so small that it seemed that a mistake must have been made.

"But is that all you ask for administering gas?" he asked.

"Oh, bless you," was the smiling answer, "there wasn't any gas there. I only let you breathe into the tube a little to satisfy your imagination."

X. did not at first know whether to be vexed or amused, but wisely concluding that the latter was the better policy, he wended his way home, chuckling, and got himself to bed as the first streaks of the coming dawn began to show in the sky.

Why The President-Elect Did Not Shoot.

It is to be hoped that the President had more peace on his duck-hunting expedition than on the last shooting expedition which he attempted to make. He was in Indianapolis at the time, and the election had just passed. Mr. Harrison had been pretty well tired out by the work and worry of the campaign, and thought he would like to get some fresh air and some sport. He made arrangements with "Bob" Pierce, of Indianapolis, who is one of the best shots of that city, and they started off for a little quail shooting. When they got out to the shooting grounds they imagined they had struck a camp-meeting. Instead of a few lone quails, they found crowds of people who had come out to see the President shoot. Cameons were standing in the fields for miles around. Little knots of people had come in from the entire surrounding neighborhood, and an authentic historian claimed that over 5,000 people had turned out to see the sight. "There isn't much need of one trying to shoot to-day," General Harrison said, somewhat ruefully, and Mr. Pierce responded, "If we did, we couldn't kill anything—except geese!" and they turned around and went home. However, there are not only geese—wild geese—but almost every other kind of small game on the Appomattox, where the President has been, and with good luck one can come across a deer or two in that neighborhood.

The Wild Girl.

The girl of sixteen who will neither sew nor do housework has no business to be decked out in finery and rambling about in search of fun and frolic. There is no objection to fun, but it should be well chosen and well timed. No girl or woman who will not work has a right to share the wages of a poor man's toil. If she does work, if she makes the clothes she wears, and assists in the household duties, and chances are that she will have enough self-respect to behave properly when play-time comes; but if she should still be a little "wild," the honest toil she has done will confer upon her some degree of right to have her own way, ill-judged though it may be. The wild girl usually aspires to prominence in some social circle or other, and her manners and conduct are in greater or less degree designed to attract the following of men. She should remember that followers are not always admirers, and that the most sincere admiration a man ever feels for a woman in a drawing-room is when he looks upon her, and says, in his own consciousness: "She is a perfect lady." That is a reflection that never occurs to him as his eyes fall upon the wild girl.

DEATH and taxes are sure; crops and life are uncertain.