

Two Travelers.

The hour is midnight; hushed and still
The starlight rests on mead and hill;
The world lies bathed in restful sleep,
Save only those who watch and weep,
Save only those who vigil keep,
And wait in woe and wait in cheer,
The death knell of the passing year.

Sweet music fills the realms of space,
When in Jehovah's dwelling place
Two angels, clothed in glory bright,
Fling open wide the gates of light,
From whence a traveler, clothed in white—
A baby New Year, soft and fair—
Comes floating downward through the air.

Alone he speeds toward earthly lands,
When in his path a traveler stands;
The weary body, bent with care,
His sinful burden scarce can bear.
With toil the old year mounts the air,
When, struggling through the ether mild,
His glance falls on the heaven-born child.

The gray-beard's tones are old and weak;
In weariness his tongue doth speak;
"A twelvemonth since I left the sky,
Sent forth by Him who reigns on high,
On earth to live, on earth to die.
Lo! I return to whence I came,
Bowed down with toil and sin and shame."

In dread the New Year lifts his eyes
To you bright region of the skies:
"Not so, oh, Father, oh, not so
May be the fate to which I go!
In joy I'll live with men below.
Oh! I will bid their souls rejoice,
And beg a welcome with my voice:

"Out of the darkness, out of night,
Springing to meet the morning light,
Leaving the nebulous upper world,
My tiny wings to the air unfurled,
Out of the ether and out of space,
Trusting myself to your tender grace,
Bearing a welcome sweet and fair,
Love and mercy and gentle care,
I come, the glad New Year.

What did ye do to him who passed,
Borne away on the wintry blast?
I met a traveler old and worn,
His brow was bent and his robe was torn.
Not to me may the same fate be,
Bright and joyous and pure and free,
Lo! from the realms of light above,
Bearing to mortals a Father's love,
I come, the glad New Year."

In joy he comes, the gentle child,
A gift from heaven, in mercy mild;
He comes to greet the world alone,
The glad sweet New Year, not our own,
A spirit from Jehovah's throne.
Not like the old year may he go,
Bowed down with weight of mortal woe.
Oh! many a victory may he win
O'er doubt and pain, o'er grief and sin,
That not in vain his tender voice
Shall bid the souls of men "Rejoice!"
The babe that knows no grief nor fear,
The Father's gift, the glad New Year!

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SENT.

The week before Christmas was
dreadful dreary. In the first place,
father was away. He had been gone
almost a month, in search of work,
and we were expecting him home every day.
In the next place, the wood was most
gone, and we didn't dare to keep a very
good fire. And it always seems dreary
in cold, snowy weather, unless you
have a good roaring fire, I think; espe-
cially in a dug-out.

It was all on account of the grass-
hoppers that we had to spend our second
winter in the dug-out. We had been
brave and patient—father said so—the
first winter. But when the grasshoppers
came and ate up all our crop, and
we had to give up the hope of a house
for that whole year, we almost wished
we were back in Vermont. Then, in
the third place, and lastly, as the min-
ister says, we had nothing left to eat
but pumpkin. And pumpkin—though
it's very nice for pies, when you have
milk and eggs, and pretty good (at
least, better than nothing,) for sauce,
when you haven't got any better, and
there's nothing left but the Johnny-cake
—isn't so very good for steady eating.
And there wasn't so very much of it,
either; and if that should fail before
father came—

But mother wouldn't be gloomy. "Eat
all you want of it, I dare say father
will come before it's gone," she said.
"It's lucky I dried so much." And
lucky the "hoppers didn't like pump-
kins," said my elder brother, Bob, try-
ing to imitate her cheerful tones.
"Bake some for supper, mother. I be-
lieve I like it best baked."

"Yes, I'll bake it for supper, and you
and Lizzie shall have all the milk to eat
with it. We who are well can do with-
out milk. Can't we, children?" and she
looked round so brave and cheerful at
me and Tom and Johnny that we were
just as willing as could be to give up
our share of the milk, now that poor
Bess, who had nothing but coarse, dry
hay and water, could only give a pint
twice a day.

So Bob and Lizzie had all the milk that
night, and we had only a little salt
on our pumpkin; because Lizzie wasn't
much more than a baby, and Bob was
sick ever since he broke his leg at the
raising. Bob tried to have mother take
some of his milk; but she wouldn't.
Nobody complained—not a word—we
should have been ashamed to; only I
grumbled some to old Bess, the cow,
you know, when I was pulling down
hay for her. I suppose I'm not hardly
as brave as the rest of 'em. At any rate,
I often grumble to Bess, when things
are hard; and I told her that time that
there was no fun at all in living on
pumpkin in a miserable dug-out, and I
wasn't going to stand it. At least I
wouldn't, if I had any boots to get away
in. And I tried hard to think what I
could do.

But I didn't see as there was any-
thing. The neighbors were a good way
off, and as poor as we were. All but old
Mother Crispey, and she was too cross
and too stingy to live. No use to go
near her.

But when I went in, and was crouch-
ing down before the fire to get my fingers
warm, mother said:

"William, I think somebody ought
to go over and see if Mother Crispey
needs anything this cold weather. I
know it isn't pleasant for you to go
there, but it would ease my mind to
know she wasn't freezing or starving."

"How can I go, mother, with no
boots but these?" and I held up my
right foot. There was a strip of flannel
tied round it to keep the sole from flap-
ping back and forth every time I stepped,

and to cover a big hole that let the snow
in.

"You might wear Bob's best one,
perhaps. It is better than that. Can't
he, Bob?"

"Certain," said Bob, without raising
his head or looking at me. Bob couldn't
help being gloomy, because he was sick
and pumpkin didn't agree with him;
but he didn't like to have us take any
notice of it, so we didn't. I said:
"Well, I s'posed I could go. The only
trouble I should get would be to have
my head snapped off and get called a
beggar, and asked what I expected to
get by coming." But I was tired of
being cooped up at home, and should be
glad of a walk, if I could only have
something to walk in. So Bob let me
have his boot, and I started. It was
about half a mile and off the road; so I
had to make my own path, and the snow
was pretty deep. But the sun shone
bright and I rather liked the fun of
breaking a track. I saw a smoke in
Mother Crispey's chimney as I came
near, so I knew she was all right. You
see it wasn't as if she had been poor,
for she was the richest one for miles
around, only she was most too stingy to
keep herself alive. She cut her own
wood and carried her own grain to the
mill, and there was nothing to be afraid
of; only, as she would live there all
alone, so far from neighbors, mother
thought she might fall sick, or get hurt,
or something, and nobody find it out till
she suffered. So we had to go over once
in a while. But all we got in return was
hard words and sneers. Mother often
went herself, in pleasant weather. I
guess she was rather pleasant to her.
At any rate, mother didn't seem to think
her a bad sort of a woman. But, then,
mother always thinks better of folks
than they deserve.

I broke a path up to the door, and
there she was. An old black hood pulled
down over her eyes, and a nightcap
ruffled, and some kind of yellow-gray
hair sticking out under the edge of it,
round her red, bony face, redder and
bonier than ever. Her short striped
petticoat came down just below the top
of a pair of men's boots. She looked
like a Jezebel, or a witch of Endor,
more than like a woman. But I went
up to her, and took off my hat, and said
"Good-morning," as polite as I could
please. I like to be rather polite than
common to her; it makes her so scorn-
ful.

"Well! what do you want o' me?
Spos'n you . . . out o' breadstuf!
she began.

"I didn't say we were about ma'am!"
I interrupted her, though that wasn't
polite, I know. I had to speak pretty
loud and fast, or she wouldn't have
stopped to listen to me. "I came be-
cause mother was afraid you might need
somebody to cut wood or something,
now that the snow is so deep. She
looked sharp at me while I said so much;
but then she turned back to the wood-
pile and began to chop in a way that
made the chips fly. I tell you, I sup-
pose that was to show me how easy she
could cut her wood herself. After she
had worked that way awhile she turned
round and put down her axe and said:
"Come in, will ye?" So I went in and
sat down by the fire.

"I s'pose yer mar thought I had
hands like hern, that's just fit for knit-
tin' and darnin' socks, and wanted a
man to do such dreadful hard work as
cuttin' wood enough to keep my own
fire ago'in'. So she sent you along, hey?"

It's no use to remember and repeat
all the hard words Mother Crispey said
to me that day. She was more insulting
than ever, accusing me of every kind of
mean motive in coming to inquire for
her. I had a great mind to tell her
just what I thought of her; and I would
but for the thought of how mother
would feel if I got downright angry and
sawed a gray-headed old woman as, I
do think, she deserved. But I held in
my temper and just denied all her
shameful charges. I swallowed all the
hard words I could well stand, and then
took rather a hasty leave and started for
home.

On the way, as I climbed over a fence,
I saw something like feathers sticking
out of the snow. I went for it, and
pulled out a quail, that had been buried
and frozen stiff.

"That's for Bob's dinner!" I said,
with joy, and thrust my hand down
into the snow to hunt for more.

Here's for Lizzie!" I said, as I pulled
out another. And down I dove again.

"Here's for mother!" as three more came
to the surface in quick succession.

"And here's for me!" I almost screamed,
as a rather anxious search brought up
another. I still dug about in the snow,
and pretty soon I found one more. "For
father, surely!" I said.

Then I could find no more, and sat
down to rub my aching fingers. When I
had got them warm, I pulled a bit of
board from the fence and dug the snow-
bank all over thoroughly, and found four
more.

"A dinner fit for a king! A dinner
fit for a king!" I cried out loud, as I
looked at the plump beauties lying be-
fore me. I found a bit of string in my
pockets, and tied them all together and
slung them over my shoulder.

Didn't mother's eyes shine when I
came into the house with those quails!
That was a dinner as was a dinner,"
as Bob said. Of course, we had to go
back to pumpkin again next day. Nev-
ertheless, the change was delightful and
made the week a good deal less trying.

Christmas day was Saturday, you
know.

Thursday morning mother said: "It
looks like more snow. I hope father
will get here before it storms again." She
was a little pale that morning—poor
mother!—though she spoke just as cheer-
ful as ever. I knew and Bob knew the
pumpkin wouldn't last till Christmas
Eve. But nobody talked about that.

It began to snow at nightfall. I had
cut up the last stick of wood, and it was
piled up inside the fireplace. We had a
stove in front of the fireplace and the
pipe ran into the rude stone chimney.

It snowed all night, I suppose. When
we waked in the morning no light came
in at the little square of window. I
knew it was morning because the clock
struck eight just after I waked. We had
got in the way of sleeping very late
mornings to save the fire. I could just
see where the window was. I called to
mother.

In the day time there was but one
room in the dug-out; but at night a
curtain was drawn across one end that
divided off a corner that was called
mother's bedroom.

She answered: "Yes, William. I'm
awake."

"We're snowed in, I guess, mother."

"It looks like it," she said. "Build
the fire and I will come out directly."

I got up and dressed myself. Bob
waked while I was dressing and asked
me what I was getting up in the night

for. I told him it was morning, but we
were snowed in. So he got up, too.
I went to the door to see if I could
open it. It opened easy enough; but a
bank of snow was all there was to be
seen. I believe I turned white. I know
I shook as people do with the ague.
Ten sticks of wood for fuel, one-half a
candle for light and about pumpkin
enough for two meals. These were our
resources; and we were snowed in.
Mother came out. She was paler than
yesterday, but calm and brave as ever.
"Let's have a fire, boys, quickly, and
we will have breakfast soon. I feel sure
father will come to-day."

She lighted our one piece of candle.
I couldn't speak. There was a great
lump in my throat. My shaking hands
could hardly lay the sticks for the fire.
Mother put the pumpkins on to warm.
It was all cooked now. We had only to
warm it up. Then she brought out a
little handful of cloves, that she said
she had found hidden away in one of her
trunks. She put them on the table in a
salt-dish. "May be somebody will like
them for a relish," said she, smiling. I
wished she wouldn't smile. After
breakfast she read the Bible rather
longer than usual. After prayers Tom
and I washed the dishes, as we often
did, while she put the room in order.
When all was done, she put out the
light. "I can knit as well in the dark,"
she said; "and I am going to tell you a
story, so you will not care." She told
us a great many stories that day.

I didn't see why I couldn't be as
brave as Tom. He told jokes and rid-
dles, and helped ever so much to keep
the little ones amused. But my heart
was like a lump of lead, and I couldn't
seem to do or say a thing to keep the
rest brightened up or cheer poor mother.
Yet Tom knew how bad things were,
just as well as I did. Bob kept his face
hidden a good deal of the time when
there was light, but when he did show
it he looked as if the last day was come.
But then Bob was sick, and I wasn't.
Poor Bess lowed for her food and
water. We were sorry for her; but
couldn't help her. We lighted the candle
again at dinner. We didn't have very
good appetites. There was enough
pumpkin left, so Lizzie had her supper.
She went to sleep early, in my lap; it
was so still. The stillness was almost
as bad as the darkness.

And now it was Christmas eve. But
nobody said anything about hanging up
stockings. The little ones had not been
reminded that to-night was the time for
that; and we older ones were thinking
too much about fire and food and to-
morrow, even to speak of it.

"Christmas will bring father, I am
sure," said mother, after Lizzie was
laid in her bed. "And now hadn't my
little Johnny better be undressed? Mo-
rning will seem to come sooner if he
puts his eyes early."

"Me wants my supper first," said
Johnny.

"The pumpkin is all gone. But, if
Johnny is brave and patient, I think
God will send him some breakfast."

"Does he know the pumpkin is all
gone?" said Johnny, with a quivering
lip.

"Yes, I told him. He will take
care that we have some breakfast," I
told him to, said mother, cheerfully
and confidently. I wondered if she
really felt so sure. I didn't.

"But the snow is all up over the
door, so nobody can't get in," Johnny
said.

"God can find a man who can shovel
away the snow. I guess He will send
papa home to do it," mother said.

"I'm awful hungry!" said Johnny,
mournfully. And then, in a quick,
glad tone: "Oh! I shouldn't wonder if
He sent some bread! Ma, did you ask
for pumpkin or for bread?"

"For bread, dear. I think it will be
bread."

"Oh! then I'll go to bed quick,"
he submitted to be undressed, and
when his head was on the pillow he
squeezed his eyelids closed together, de-
termined to sleep, that morning might
come sooner. He had to speak once
more. "Butter on it! Did you ask for
butter on it, ma?"

"I asked for some meat. A piece of
meat would be good with bread.
Wouldn't it, Johnny?"

"Yes; but I'd ha' asked for butter,
too," said Johnny, and subsided again.

"We had better go to bed before the
room gets cold," mother said, as we
sat crouching around the few glowing
coals that the last stick of wood had
left.

Mother, how can you be so brave
and quiet?" said Bob, bitterly, with a
sound that was almost like a sob.

"Hush, dear! Be brave and quiet
yourself a little longer. God hasn't for-
gotten us. Are you so very hungry?"

"It isn't that. I've often been hun-
grier when I've been off in the woods on
a tramp. I don't seem to feel any ap-
petite; but to-morrow—"

"Take no thought for the morrow."
Let us, at least, try to obey that precept
for this one night. Go to your bed with
a quiet heart, as I shall go to mine.
There is a glad Christmas in store for
us yet." So we went to bed—if not
with quiet hearts, at least with a glim-
mer of hope, awakened by mother's
strong faith. But we did not sleep.

The clock struck eight. There was a
sound on the roof. We started up to
listen. Yes, surely there was some one
stepping above our heads. "It's
father! He's here!" we all cried. We
were out of bed in an instant, and beside
the old chimney, which was the only outlet
for our voices.

"Father! Father! Are you there?"
we called. But no voice answered. In-
stead, there was a queer sound, as of
something rubbing and shuffling down
the chimney.

"Santa Claus, for certain!" said Tom.
Well, it seemed as if it was. First
there came a long, narrow bag, covered
with soot and ashes. It fell at our feet;
but before we could pick it up a plump
round package followed it and bounced
into the middle of the floor. A second,
like it, rolled along after, undoo-
ing itself and showing a loaf of brown
bread. Then came a shapeless package,
with a bone sticking out, which Bob
caught at, exclaiming, joyfully: "Dried
beef. Hurrah!"

We kept calling, "Father! Why don't
you speak, father?" at intervals; but
got no answer. But we were sure it
was he, and with joyous laughter wel-
comed the bundles as they came down
the chimney. A few potatoes, a few
turnips, a little soft-clean package of tea,
and then the shower of good things was
over.

But there was no voice yet, and the
sound of retreating footsteps left us look-
ing in each other's faces with amazement.
"It isn't father after all!" said
mother, with a great deal of disappoint-
ment in her tones. "He would never
have gone off so, without speaking a
word."

We fell to eating, with a keener flash,

Slices of brown bread and dried beef
disappeared rapidly. Johnny was
awakened to have his share; and we
would have waked Lizzie, too, but
mother said "No."

"Too bad. The last spark of fire is
out, or you would have a cup of tea,
Marmie," I said.

"Never mind! This is an earnest of
better things. We shall have wood to-
morrow. Father will come. You will
see. How thankful I am for this sup-
ply. And who could have brought it?"
She said these last words over again
and again, as did we all. I do think I,
for one, was really thankful to God that
night.

At last we got to bed again—sooner
than we should, I suppose; but the
cold drove us there. But sleep did not
come to me. Wonder and joy kept
me awake. Was there really a Santa
Claus, then? I, a boy fourteen years
old, could hardly believe it. We had
not a neighbor, that I could think
of, who was rich enough to give us such
a bountiful Christmas present.

Father came early next day, bringing
money that he had earned, and more—a
letter from grandma, enclosing a check
for a hundred dollars. She said it was
her Christmas present, and another like
it should come in the spring, to help
build that house. She had had a wind,
fall, and we should enjoy our share of
it at once. It was a joyful Christmas.
Mother was right, as she generally is.
Our crops were good this year, and our
Christmas of the following year did not
find us in a dug-out.

Mother came out afterward that it
was really Mother Crispey herself, and
nobody else, that put those things down
our chimney Christmas eve. She never
would have done such a thing for any-
body but mother, though, I am sure.
She thinks there is nobody like our
mother. And I guess I think so, too.

A Woman's Life Work.

Miss Nancy N. Clough died in En-
field, N. H., recently, aged eighty years
and three months. The story of the
life of this woman, says a writer in the
Boston Journal, seems more like ro-
mance than reality. It may well be
called romance in real life. She was
the oldest of a family of ten children,
five of whom are still living. While
she was yet young her father's farm in
Enfield became heavily encumbered,
and was likely to be sold under the
hammer; and as her health, too, was broken
down, and the future of that family ap-
peared well-nigh hopeless, Nancy,
foreseeing the disastrous consequences
threatening the future, resolved to save
the dear home, and went to work with
heroic energy to carry the resolution
into effect. She enlisted her brother
Theophilus, next younger than herself,
in the laudable enterprise, who cordially
seconded her efforts and gave his
efficient aid.

Learning of the factories that had
just started in Lowell, Mass., she left
home, and went to that city to find re-
munerative work. She entered one of
the factories as an humble operative,
but wrought with such energy and
skill as to accomplish more work than
two ordinary operatives, receiving
more than double pay. Every leisure
moment outside of the mills was also
faithfully employed to the same end. As
her younger sisters and brothers came
to a suitable age she summoned their
ready help, while she was the ruling,
directing genius and moving power in
the undertaking.

The result was, that, after some years
of persistent efforts, the mortgage was
lifted from the farm, and the old home
was free from every claim that others
held upon it. Then she decided that
the house must be rebuilt and refur-
nished, and the grounds beautified, and
when all was done, the brave girl went
back to the home of her childhood,
with three sisters and one brother, to
pass the remainder of their days.

The Indians as Farmers.

In his annual report to the secretary
of the interior, Commissioner Hoyt
states that during the past year there has
been among many tribes a marked
advance toward civilization. The substan-
tial results of Indian farm labor during
the year 1879 are given as follows:

By Indians, exclusive of the five civil-
ized tribes of the Indian Territory:

Number acres broken.....	27,131
Number acres cultivated.....	157,056
Number bushels wheat raised.....	328,637
Number bushels corn raised.....	643,286
Number bushels oats and barley raised.....	189,654
Number bushels vegetables raised.....	390,698
Tons hay cut.....	49,333

By the five civilized tribes:

Number acres cultivated.....	273,000
Bushels wheat raised.....	665,400
Bushels corn raised.....	2,015,000
Bushels oats and barley raised.....	220,000
Bushels vegetables raised.....	336,700
Tons hay cut.....	176,500

The commissioner says that the only
sure way to make Indians advance in
civilization, under the best conditions
to promote their welfare, is to give each
head of a family one hundred and sixty
acres of land, and to each unmarried
adult eighty acres, and to issue patents
for the same, making the allotments
inalienable and free from taxation for
twenty-five years; also that from all ex-
cept the five civilized tribes there has
been a call for such allotment of land,
and a largely increased desire for houses,
agricultural implements, wagons, civil-
ized dress, etc., etc.

Trusting a Boy.

During the session of the late Episco-
pal convention in Boston, the bishop of
Louisiana, in crossing the commons,
met a boy whose face he fancied, and
calling to him, asked him if he had any
need to do just then, to which he said
no. "Are you a good boy?" The little
fellow scratched his head and replied:
"I am not a very good boy. I cuss a
little sometimes." That candid answer
inspired the bishop with confidence, and
he then said, after giving his name and
address: "I want you to go to a certain
place and get a bundle for me and bring
it to my hotel. There will be a charge
of \$8; here is the money to pay it, and
half a dollar which you will keep for
doing the errand." On his return to
the hotel, the bishop's friends laughed
at him for his credulity, telling him that
he would never see the boy or the
bundle the money again; but in half
an hour the young chap returned,
bringing the bundle and a receipted bill
for \$8.50, the bishop having made a
slight mistake as to the amount that
was due. "How did you manage to
pay the extra half dollar?" he inquired.
"I took the money you gave me for the
job. I knew that you would make it
all right." And "all right" it was
made, and I have no doubt that the con-
fidence that was reposed in that boy will
do him good as long as he lives.—Bishop
Clark.

Effects of Opium Smoking.

The British consul at Chefoo, in re-
porting on the opium trade, gives the
following account of an experiment in
opium-smoking as tried by himself.
During my residence in China I have
spent much time in visiting the opium
shops of the large towns and small vil-
lages in many parts of the empire, and in
conversation with the customers, I was
surprised at the large numbers who told
me that their first motive for smoking
was to check the spitting of blood, to
which they had become subject. In the
end of 1865, being attacked with a severe
fever, which left me so weak that I gave
up hopes of recovery, I felt justified in
trying upon myself the experiment of
immoderate opium-smoking. The fol-
lowing were the results: 1. Temptation
to excess greater than in the case of
alcohol. 2. Excessive stimulation of
the memory. 3. Utter indifference to
cares and anxieties. 4. I only had one
opium vision, and that was after ten
hours' hard smoking without intermis-
sion. The vision was of a pleasurable
kind, the curtains of my couch ex-
tended, and I fancied I saw "The Tem-
pest," acted by real Arica and Prospero.

5. A month's excessive smoking pro-
duced the craving, or opomania. 6. I
suddenly gave up the habit, and suffered
severe physical pain for three days, and
discomfort recurring at irregular inter-
vals for over two years. The pain and
discomfort were not accompanied by
mental depression. Some of these effects
may have been due to individual idio-
syncrasies; but, from the study of my
own and other cases I am inclined to
believe: 1. That the temptation to ex-
cess is greater in the case of opium than
in that of alcohol. But here it must be
remarked that opium-smoking is, neces-
sarily, a solitary enjoyment, and drink-
ing a social one. The smoker, too, has
to lie down, light his opium-lamp, frizzle
the opium, place the lump of opium
outside his pipe carefully so that the pipe
may draw, fix the lamp in a position so
that he can keep his pipe just over the
flame of the lamp all the time he is
smoking; in fact, go through long and
tedious processes. A man cannot, there-
fore, be surprised into an excess of
opium as he can into an excess of alco-
hol. Lastly, opium is not adulterated,
and no artificial craving is created by
poison, such as potato spirit, strychnine,
and sulphuric acid, with which the
drink of our poor is drugged. 2. It is
possible that the long-continued course
of excessive opium-smoking might im-
pair the intellectual faculties and blunt
the moral sensibilities. 3. It is proba-
ble that excessive smoking impairs fer-
tility, but the numerous cases I have
known of immoderate smokers having
large families do not confirm this view.

4. It is undeniable that many families
are reduced from comfort to penury by
their bread-winners spending an undue
portion of their earnings in opium; also,
that in a few isolated cases, poor smok-
ers resort to theft to enable them to in-
dulge in the pleasure. But the same
may be said of any other habit of self-
indulgence. 5. That many individuals
suffer in health from excess is incontes-
table, but the number of these is not
so great as is imagined. The denouncers
of the drug are apt to be under the influ-
ence of a single idea or, to speak in vul-
gar parlance, get "opium on the brain,"
and whenever they see a person unwell
who is an opium-smoker, at once at-
tribute his illness to his opium-smoking,
post hoc, ergo propter hoc. On the other
hand, it is equally incontrovertible that
thousands of hard-working people are
indebted to opium-smoking for the con-
tinuance of lives agreeable to themselves
and useful to society. 6. That the physi-
cal difficulty in breaking off the habit
is greater than in dissipation. The ar-
gument that those who use a commodity
as a medicine and harmless luxury
should not be deprived of it because
weaker brethren abuse it is stronger in
the case of opium than in that of alcohol.
No one is maddened by smoking opium
to crimes of violence, nor does the habit
of smoking opium increase the criminal
returns or swell the number of prison
inmates.

Do It Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job
slighted, because it is apparently unim-
portant, leads to habitual negligence,
that men degenerate insensibly in their
workmen.

"That is a good rough job, said an old
man in our hearing, recently, and he
meant that it was a piece of work not
elegant in itself, but strongly made and
well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work
well leads individuals to form correct
habits in other respects, and a good
workman is, in most cases, a good citi-
zen. For one need hope to rise above
his present situation who suffers small
things to pass by unimproved, or who
neglects, metaphorically speaking, to
pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law-makers,
the best statesmen, the most gifted artists,
the most merciful judges, the most inge-
nious mechanics, rose from the great
mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to
humiliate him publicly by saying: "You
blackened my father's boots once." "Yes,"
replied the lawyer unabashed, "and I
did it well." And because of his doing
even mean things well, he rose to
greater.

Take heart, all who toil! all youths in
humble situations, all in adverse cir-
cumstances, and those who labor unap-
preciated. If it be put to drive the
plow, strive to do it well; if it be but
to wax threads, wax it well; if only to
cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow
the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is
attention to business that lifts the feet
higher up on the ladder.

A Remedy that was not Adopted.

"Can you cure my eyes?" said a man
to Dr. Brown.

"Yes," said the doctor, "if you
follow my prescription."

"Oh, certainly, doctor," said the pa-
tient; "I will do anything to have my
eyes cured. What is your remedy,
doctor?"

"You must steal a horse," said the
doctor, very soberly.

"Steal a horse, doctor?" said the pa-
tient in amazement. "How will that
cure my eyes?"

"You will be sent to State prison for
five years, where you could not get
whiskey, and during your incarceration
your eyes would get well," said the
doctor.

The patient looked somewhat incred-
ulous, but he did not adopt the doctor's
remedy.

A Curious Employment.

The person who, alone in New York
makes a specialty of attending to the
finger nails, lives in handsome quarters
on Twenty-third street, near Booth's
theatre. There a *Sun* reporter found
her, in a large and richly furnished pa-
rlor, but a small portion of which, behind
a green silken screen and near a win-
dow, was set apart for the practice of
her profession. Behind that screen on
a small table were displayed many
gleaming scissors of odd shapes, bright
ivory-handled knives and files, boxes of
cosmetics and polishing powders, bot-
tles of perfume, and an infinity of other
tools and materials for the treatment,
upon correct principles of art, of the finger
nails. The manicure herself, seated
on a low stool in the window, was a
large, fine-looking woman, very taste-
fully dressed, apt of tongue, and deft of
hand while playing her novel craft. Be-
fore her stood a luxuriant arm-chair for
the person to be operated upon.

"Yes," said she, looking up pleas-
antly, "I was the first, and I believe
still the only, manicure in this country.
It is wonderful to me that there are not
more here to practice the art. In
France manicures are as common as bar-
bers in New York, and there should be
enough demand for their services to
bring them into equal request here. As
a mark of refinement, of good breeding,
careful keeping and beautifying of the
finger nails is as essential as the care of
the teeth. Perhaps it is even more so,
for taking care of the teeth is in large
part a matter of selfish interest to the
owner of the teeth, but out of consid-
eration for decency, love of the beau-
tiful, and regard for the feelings of those
with whom we are brought in contact,
Nails, you know, will not ache, even
though they may be in permanent
mourning, bitten as ragged as the edge
of a saw, and fringed with frayed cut-
icle and hang nails. Perhaps that is why
so many people neglect them. But I
cannot complain. When I started in
business, two years ago, I waited some