

Wrecked.

BY AUTHOR OF "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Two ships sailed out past the harbor bar
One beautiful autumn day,
More precious than all earth's jewels are
Was the freight they bore away.

There were fond farewells and anxious sighs,
And meeting of loving lips;
There were earnest prayers, as from longing eyes
Sailed the two love-freighted ships.

The sky was clear, and the sun shone bright,
When they left the harbor town;
But the storm-king rode on the deep at night,
And one of the ships went down.

Two human ships set sail one day,
On a calm and sunlit sea;
From the port of home they sailed away,
And one was lost. Ah me!

There were hidden reefs of crime and sin,
O'er which his life was tossed;
There were merciless eddies to draw him in,
And he to life was lost.

When ships go down in the trackless deep,
We weep, and the church-bells toll;
But Heaven mourns, and the angels weep
When is wrecked the human soul.

—*Youth's Companion.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A weather report—A clap of thunder.
Close relations are not necessarily
stingy ones.

Farmers report the hens as becoming
very set in their ways.

"Come, gentle spring," says the bur-
glar, as he picks the lock.

Inquirer—Where is the best place to
learn to sing? The desert.

Cattle earn their daily food in the
summer by the sweat of their brows.

Why is it that we hear so much about
the Cochon China but nothing about the
horse?

"People at the mint are working
overtime." And yet we see very little
of their work.

A lawyer is about the only man that
ever made anything by opposing a
woman's will.

"Does poultry pay?" asked a strange
of a city dealer. "Of course," was
the reply, "even the little chickens
shell out."

"Yes," said a lady, complacently, "I
expect we'll get rich now. My hus-
band has just been appointed one of
the receivers of an embarrassed savings
bank."

"I tell you, gentlemen, that dog of
mine is an intelligent critter." "Possi-
bly," muttered Fogg; "but you
wouldn't think it, judging from the
company he keeps."

English doctors say that plants in
sleeping rooms are unhealthy. French
doctors say they produce sweet slum-
bers. American doctors don't say any-
thing about it, but charge it in the bill.

A New York paper has discovered
that "San Francisco has a six-legged
cow. It has been attired in knee
breeches out of compliment to Oscar
Wilde." That cow truly has two, two,
two limbs.

"Green, let me introduce you to my
friend Brown." Green—"How are you,
Brown?" Brown—"It's my color, and I
can't help it? How are you, Green?"
Green didn't like the joke, evidently,
for he changed color.

"I don't care so much about the loss
of my thumb, as a thumb," said the
grocer, whose horse had amputated the
member, "but as a source of profit I
shall miss it. I've measured that thumb
in the shape of beans, meal and molas-
sas high onto a thousand times. Well,
my wife can't afford a new parlor carpet
this spring."

A little child gave expression to an
old story in the following manner: It
seems that the little fellow had dis-
covered a bee crawling upon his hand.
Finally the bee stopped for a moment,
and, after remaining stationary for a
moment, stung the little fellow. When
the cry of pain was over, the little
child said to his mamma that he didn't
care for the bee's walking about on him,
but he didn't like his sitting down on
him.

China dogs are the latest craze, and
now in milady's brio-a-brac room will
be found a large and curious assortment,
from the smallest. The china dog has
advantages over the live article not to
be disregarded. It does not have to
be fed, and instead of being fastened to
a string, where it is running in every
direction but the right one, may be
suspended from the belt by a chain and
so relieve the torturings of its being
lost. Then they need no muzzles, and
they will probably not be taxed.

"What do you think of a strong
government?" inquired a New Haven
man of his neighbors they both leaned
against the fence, smoking their even-
ing cigars. "I think," said the
neighbor, looking cautiously around,
"that women are best calculated to
administer such a government." And
a sharp, shrill voice from behind the
windings called out: "Samuel James
Jenkins, what are you thinking of, talk-
ing the whole night away? It's time
honest folks were abed." "I agree
with you," was the remark of the
original speaker, and they both slid
into their respective gates with becom-
ing meekness.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Stand Therefore.

In Isaiah it is written: "They shall
mount up with wings as eagles; they
shall run and not be weary, they shall
walk and not faint;" and after the walk-
ing comes the standing. Ours would
be the other way about—first standing,
then walking, then running, then fly-
ing. But what we see in the word of
God we see in the actual life of the
Christian. First, we see him rapturous,
exultant, mounting, flying; then, in
the largeness of his heart, running in
the way of God's commandments; then,
when the rapture and energy of the
first love are partly spent, walking in
the path of life; but now the contest
with the enemy comes, and so the Chris-
tian warrior stands. "Stand in the evil
day, and having done all, stand."—*Dr. Mackay.*

Religious News and Notes.

Forty-five years ago the Scottish
Episcopal church had only seventy-two
charges; to-day there are 202.

The Methodist Episcopal church in-
creased the number of its churches last
year by three hundred and thirty-four
and the value of its church property by
more than 2,000,000.

St. Xavier's Roman Catholic church,
in Cincinnati, was recently destroyed
by fire. It was the most beautiful
church of the Jesuit order in the West,
and cost nearly \$150,000.

The Methodist centennial, which it is
proposed to hold in 1884, is making
some progress. It is to commemorate
the introduction of Methodism into the
United States, and will be com-
posed of representatives from all the
Methodist bodies in America.

Ten years ago the Central Presby-
terian church, in Denver, Col., was a
missionary church. It now has a
one-hundred-thousand-dollar church
edifice, the finest between St. Louis
and San Francisco; pays its pastor
\$5,000 and has a membership of 500.

The average income of the clergy of
the Scottish Episcopal church for 1881
was \$1,050. The range is from \$215 to
\$4,425. The average stipend of each of
the seven bishops is \$3,280. The
church has 67,483 members, an average
of 334 to each congregation. The
largest congregation has 1,000 members.

As the result of a deep religious in-
terest seventy-seven persons were re-
cently received into the Presbyterian
church at Harrodsburg, Ky. The whole
community has been seriously im-
pressed, and all the other churches in
the place have had accessions. There
has not been so much religious interest
there for years, and the revival, both
in and out of the church, still continues.

The general minutes of the Methodist
Episcopal church, South, give these
statistics for 1881: Traveling preach-
ers, 3,704; superannuated preachers,
307; local preachers, 5,865; white mem-
bers, 844,367; colored members, 993;
Indian members, 5,451; total ministers
and members, 860,687, being an in-
crease last year of 12,984: Sunday-
schools, 9,310; teachers, 62,442;
scholars, 462,321—increase last year,
21,707.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Happiness is something to hope for
and something to love.

Every man is occasionally what he
ought to be perpetually.

It is a good thing to learn caution by
the misfortunes of others.

A secret is too little for one, enough
for two, and too much for three.

Many men employ their first years so
as to make their last miserable.

Faith builds the bridge of prayer
that spans the chasm of human need.

Let no one overload you with fa-
vors; you will find it an insufferable
burden.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultiva-
tion and not to be found among gross
people.

It is with happiness as with watches;
the less complicated the less easily de-
ranged.

There are more fools than sages; and
among the sages there is more folly than
wisdom.

Great deeds need to be tested by
their spirit. There can be no saintliness
without humility.

Never does a man portray his own
character more vividly than in his man-
ner of portraying another's.

We judge ourselves by what we feel
capable of doing, while others judge us
by what we have already done.

We do love beauty at first sight, and
we do cease to love it if it is not ac-
companied by amiable qualities.

Instruction does not prevent waste of
time or mistakes; and mistakes them-
selves are often the best teachers of all.

The virtue of a man ought to be
measured, not by his extraordinary ex-
ertions, but by his every-day conduct.

Nothing is rich but the inexhaustible
wealth of nature. She shows us only
surfaces, but she is millicen fathoms
deep.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Hints on Nursing the Sick.

Apothecaries' measure: Sixty minims
(approximately drops), one fluid dram;
eight fluid drams one fluid ounce; six-
teen fluid ounces one pint, eight pints
one gallon.

The pulse in health varies from 130
per minute in the infant to seventy or
less in the adult, and is more rapid
when standing than when sitting or re-
clining.

In disease the pulse varies not only
in number of beats per minute, but also
in its regularity, fullness and other
qualities to be recognized by a sensitive
and experienced hand.

Respiration occurs in health about
eighteen times per minute, but be-
comes more frequent in some diseases.

The normal temperature is about
ninety-eight degrees. It may be in-
creased in fevers to 105 degrees or
more, and is a bad indication in pro-
portion to its increase and steady con-
tinuance above the normal.

A fall of temperature two degrees
below the normal is more dangerous
than an equal rise above, as it indi-
cates prostration, and especially if con-
tinuous.

Two thermometers are often required,
one for the room and one to test the
temperature of the patient, by being
placed in the armpit or beneath the
tongue.

A good way to prevent ice from melt-
ing has been suggested by Dr. Gangee
in the *Lancet*. Instead of placing the
broken ice in the ordinary bowl or tumbler
it should be suspended in a piece
of coarse open flannel stretched across
the mouth of the bowl and allowed to
fall partially into it. The ice thus sup-
ported in the flannel pouch had better
be covered over with another piece of
the same material. Protected in this
way from the light and the water foed
by its own melting—which filters
through to the bottom of the vessel—it
can be kept for ten hours.—*Dr. Foote's
Health Monthly.*

Stopped His Paper.

Nowadays when a subscriber gets so
mad because an editor differs with him
on some trivial question that he dis-
continues his paper, we remind him of a
good anecdote of the late Horace Gree-
ley, the well known editor of the New
York *Tribune*. Passing down New-
paper row in New York city one morn-
ing, he met one of his readers, who ex-
claimed:

"Mr. Greeley, after the article you
published this morning, I intend to
stop your paper."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Greeley, "don't
do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I
shall stop the paper."

But the angry subscriber was not to
be appeased, and they separated. Late
in the afternoon the two met again,
when Mr. Greeley remarked:

"Mr. Thompson, I am very glad you
did not carry out your threat this morn-
ing."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you said you were going to
stop my paper."

"And so I did. I went to the office
and had my paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken; I have
just come from there and the press
was running and business was boom-
ing."

"Sir," said Thompson, very pomp-
ously, "I meant I intended to stop my
subscription to your paper."

"Oh! thunder!" rejoined Greeley;
"I thought you were going to stop the
running of my paper, and knock me out
of a living. My friend, let me tell you
something: One man is just one drop
of water in the ocean. You didn't see
the machinery of this world in motion,
and you can't stop it; and when you
are underneath the ground things upon
the surface will wag on the same as
ever."

A Chinese Parricide.

A horrible story is told in a recent
number of the *Pekin (China) Gazette*.
There was a young man of so bad a dis-
position that his father compelled him
to set up a separate establishment.
One day the old man came to his son's
house intending to pawn one of the
young man's coats in order to gamble
with. The son refused, objecting also
to give him a pair of stockings he had
asked for. On this the father threatened
to complain to the authorities of the
son's unfilial conduct, and marched off
for that purpose; the son followed him,
armed with a jar, with which he hit his
parent over the head. The old man re-
taliated with a bill-hook, but was soon
overpowered and killed. The son then
stripped the corpse, and, rolling the
blood-stained clothes into a bundle,
took them home and hid them under
the floor of his room. The corpse being
found, it was supposed that the old man
had been murdered, and the affair
passed off; but one day the murderer
got drunk and told his wife the whole
story. The woman fearing that dis-
covery might lead to her being implicat-
ed, accused her husband to the authori-
ties, and he was sentenced to under-
go the "slow and ignominious"
process of being gradually cut in
pieces.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The Cruel Wrong It Caused an Innocent
Man in Iowa.

Over a year ago a man named George
Bennett was sent to the penitentiary
from Montgomery county, Iowa, for
three years, a sentence imposed upon
him after being convicted of selling a
quantity of grain to a dealer in Red
Oak, representing himself to be a far-
mer residing near that place. The
fraud was not detected until the sharper
had skipped, and after some search
Bennett was taken in on the charge by
one of that class of men who are de-
tectives because they are too stupid
to make a living at anything else.
Bennett was taken before the
swindled grain men. They recollected
that the man who swindled them had a
chin of peculiar shape, and this man
had that kind of a chin. On this sort
of testimony one of that wise body of
men known as grand juries indicted
the man. He was tried in court. The
grain man swore to the chin story. The
poor fellow himself on the stand denied
each and every charge, but the jury
were all men too smart to believe any-
thing that a man under arrest would
say, and voted him guilty, and the wise
judge sentenced him to three years in
the penitentiary.

It seems that Sheriff Palmer, of the
county, was not satisfied with the iden-
tification of the man, and set to work to
ferret it out and discover the true crim-
inal. He found a clew, and was soon on
the track of his man—one William Hill.
He found him in Missouri and arrested
him. At first he vociferously denied
the charge. But when he was told that
another man had been arrested and con-
victed for the crime and was now serv-
ing out a term in the penitentiary for
it, he said, with a touch of human feel-
ing:

"I was mean enough to swindle the
grain firm out of the money when I was
hard up, but I am not mean enough to
let another man serve out the punish-
ment for my crime."

He went willingly with the sheriff to
Red Oak, and seemed so impatient to
free the man who was suffering on his
account that he asked to be taken be-
fore a notary, where he swore to his own
guilt. This sworn statement, with a
large petition from the people, includ-
ing the two juries who had tried and
convicted Bennett, and the judge who
had sentenced him, were laid before
Governor Sherman, who signed a
pardon at once. The grand jury also
investigated Hill's case and indicted
him.

The Difference Between a Cyclone and a Tornado.

The difference between a cyclone and
a tornado is defined by Mr. William
Ferris, of the United States coast sur-
vey, to be this: A cyclone is usually a
broad, flat, gyrating disk of atmosphere
very much greater in width than alti-
tude; a tornado is a column of gyrating
air, the altitude of which is several
times greater than its diameter. Cy-
clones are born of conditions extending
over large areas; tornadoes depend
rather upon the vertical relations of the
atmosphere, and occur when, owing to
local changes of temperature, the under
strata of air bursts up through the over-
lying strata. The enormous velocities
of the ascending currents of tornadoes
are supposed to be caused by the differ-
ence between the gyrating velocities
above and those on the surface. It is
these ascending currents which carry
up the vast bodies of water after-
ward precipitated in the form of a
deluge of rain. The water is some-
times kept from falling by the ascend-
ing currents, and is often projecting
outside the area of the tornado, when
it falls in a gentle shower over a large
area. When the weight of the water
overbears the force of the ascending
currents, there occurs the tremendous
fall of rain known as a cloud burst.
When the area of a tornado is very
small, a land spout or water spout may
be formed, according as it is over land
and water. The width of these spouts
ranges between two feet and 200, and
their height from 30 to 1,500 feet. A
white squall is an invisible spout
formed when the dew point is low. The
accompanying cloud is invisible because
of its height, but below there is a rag-
ing and boiling sea, with a gyrating
current of air above it. Land spouts
and water spouts are hollow.

Pleased to Have Him Call.

A good old preacher of the Methodist
persuasion officiated one day at a fun-
eral in Massachusetts, and at the close
had a word of inquiry and advice, as is
the local custom, with many of the au-
dience. Among others he approached
a lady, a stranger to him, who was vis-
iting in the neighborhood, and after
shaking hands, asked her if she was on
her way to heaven. "Yes," she promptly
answered, "and if you ever come that
way, I should be pleased to have you
call." The good old gentleman, horri-
fied at such seeming levity, turned
away without reply, when a friend, sit-
ting near, remonstrated with Mrs.—
who, still more horrified at her mistake,
said she understood him to ask her if
she was on her way to Hudson, where
she lived.

A Snake That was Hard to Kill.

While a company of men belonging
to the American naval vessel John Han-
cock were surveying on one of the
Malay islands (East Indies), one of
them named Williams was bitten on the
hand by an unknown snake—one of an
ugly kind that "roosts" on the
bushes. Williams was terribly fright-
ened, and the rapid swelling of the
hand seemed to justify his fears. Lieu-
tenant Haversham, relating the incident,
says:

I blazed away at the snake with my
revolver, but he dodged every shot and
kept his eyes on me with a steady glare.
The captain and the rest of the party
came tearing through the jungle.

"Look out! Mind that snake!" I
cried; "he bit Williams and looks
ready for another."

"Try him with your rifle," said
Baker.

I advanced, and putting the muzzle
within an inch of his head pulled the
trigger. When the smoke of the dis-
charge cleared from the thicket there
was no snake to be seen.

"Hunt for him, boys," said the cap-
tain; "I want a piece of him to put on
Williams' hand."

We began peering curiously into the
bushes, moving them aside with our
guns and gradually passing among
them. We no longer feared an enemy
whom we believed blown in two pieces,
at least, but his mate might be on some
other bush.

Suddenly one of the men discovered
him. "Stand still, Mr. Haversham!"
he exclaimed. "He's got his eyes on
you."

I immediately acted on the caution.
I don't think I ever stood so still before.
The speaker lifted his cutlass and
brought the snake to the ground with a
broken back. I had simply jarred him
to another branch with my rifle, and
the cutlass that had at last brought him
down had passed within two feet of my
head.

He now bit furiously right and left,
tried the cutlass, which proved rather
hard, and finally sank his fangs into his
own broken back; and all the while it
seemed that his angry, glittering gaze
was fixed on me—as if he recognized
the enemy who had just knocked him
off his roost.

The captain took a piece of his flesh,
bruised it between two knives, and
bound it and a piece of tobacco over
the wound. Then he told the man:

"There, it's all right now. That'll
draw the poison out, I know," and this
cheerful assurance, combined with a
pint of gin, so restored the poor fel-
low's nerves that he took up his car-
bine and expressed himself ready to
continue the march.

Williams recovered—but whether it
was owing to the "hair of the dog,"
etc., remedy, or to the tobacco, or the
gin, is left uncertain.

A Square that Never Sleeps.

Madison square, says the New York
correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, is
the night focus of Gotham gaiety. The
rest of the city goes to bed early and
sleeps soundly. Excepting the wicked
end of the Bowery, about all the public
insomnia is in the Madison square
neighborhood. The idea of New York
being awake and noisy all night is a
mistake. Whole square miles are as
still after nightfall as a Vermont vil-
lage. The "ceaseless roar of traffic" is pure
fancy. Broadway is deserted for almost
its entire length from a reasonable bed-
time until daylight. The exception is
Madison square, with a few squares above,
below and alongside; and this is the
liveliness imparted by pleasure seekers.
Ten theaters are here in a stretch of a
many blocks, and five more are not far
away. Thus at least 20,000 persons
come into this area from all directions
at about 8 o'clock every evening. They
through the sidewalks, crowd the horse-
cars and stages, and make the pavements
lively with carriages. But the great
majority arrive afoot, walking from
the nearest elevated railroad station.
A New York theater of the fash-
ionable kind fills all of a sudden. The
lower and second tiers are sold in re-
served seats, so that the audience has no
need to be in place long before the
time for the curtain to rise. As for the
galleries, it is exceptional for them to
have any occupants worth mentioning.

A Vessel Sunk by a Whale.

The Australian schooner *Pet* was al-
most instantly sunk by a large sperm
whale. The monster had no sooner been
descried than he charged the vessel, and
the attack was so sudden that nothing
could be done to repel it. He struck
the schooner on the starboard bow and
stove a large hole in her. The captain
perceived that it was all up with the
Pet and ordered away the boat. This
having been accomplished and water
and provisions thrown in, the captain
went below for his log-book and ship's
papers, but before he could regain the
deck the vessel sank and he perished.

Through zeal knowledge is gotten;
through lack of zeal knowledge is lost;
let a man who knows this double path
of gain and loss thus place himself that
knowledge may grow.

Indian Wives.

Among the Northwestern tribes of
Indians innocences is as marked among
the girls as their color. The impres-
sion that the red maiden does not en-
ertain a high standard of morality is
an error, for she is taught as other
girls are, and grows up with well de-
veloped ideas of the responsibilities of
life and a firm resolution to discharge
them. Educated in the faith that she
was ordained to work she trains herself
to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen
years of age is sturdy and strong, brave
against fatigue, and a perfect house-
wife.

She may not possess New England
notions of cleanliness, but she takes
not a little pride in her personal ap-
pearance, and in the arrangement of
her lodge she displays some crude ideas
of taste and a certain amount of neat-
ness. If she marries a white man she
makes him a good wife as long as she
lives with him. His home is her sole
comfort, and his comfort her sole ambi-
tion. She thinks of him and for him,
and makes it her study to please him
and make him respect and love her.
She recognizes in him one of a superior
race, and by her dignity and devotion
endeavors herself to him and struggles to
make him happy.

At the agencies of the upper frontier
thousands of men are employed, and it
is not an exaggeration to say that the
majority of them have Indian wives
and live happily. They are not sought
after by the maidens, for the Indian
girl's custom is to remain quiet until
after the marriage contract is made and
the marriage portion paid over. The
husband must have the dowry, with
which he must invest his projected
mother-in-law before the ceremony
takes place. The process is a little out
of the usual run, and a description may
be of interest.

The aspiring bridegroom must be
well-known to the tribe before he can
hope to win a wife. Her people want
to thoroughly understand him and
know if he can support not only her
but also her relatives in the event of a
pinch. He must be a kind hearted
man, with a temper warranted to keep
in any domestic climate, and he must
have a good lodge, and at least half a
dozen of horses. If he be, and have all
these, he can a-wooing go. Selecting
the lady, he makes application to her
mother, and at a council the price is
fixed upon.

If the girl be especially pretty her
mother will demand a gun, two horses,
and a lot of provisions, blankets and
cloth. A gun is valued at \$50, a horse
at \$20, and he must furnish material to
bring the amount up to from \$100 to
\$150. Then he tries to beat the dame
down, and if he succeeds he knows
there is some reason for letting the girl
go; if not he understands he is making
a good choice. The courtship is left
entirely to the mother.—*Montreal Star.*

Appealing to a Higher Court.

Montreal some years ago, in the days
of the old court-house to feast his eyes
upon which Nelson's statue opposite
turned his back upon the blue water of
the St. Lawrence, had a very matter-of-
fact magistrate who dispensed with
justice in petty cases in the basement
of the temple of Themis. One fine day
his honor had just given judgment in a
suit where both plaintiff and defendant
were women, and the defendant, who
had been ordered to pay the debt,
amounting to about \$2.75, with costs,
happened to be a woman of deep con-
victions as to the justice of her case, so,
wrapping her shawl closely around her
and lifting one bony arm tragically, she
exclaimed solemnly:

"Your honor, there is a Court Above
to which I will appeal!"

"There is no appeal to the court up-
stairs, my good woman, except in cases
involving sums of \$40 or over. Call
the next case!" was the brisk reply of
the deeply unimpressed magistrate, and
the defendant was hustled out of court
before she could explain.

A Sign Which Conquered.

A Wayne county farmer who is much
annoyed by tramps came to Detroit a
while ago and had half a dozen signs of
"Smallpox—Beware!" painted to post
up on his house and grounds. Although
he had one on either side of his gate
they had not been up two hours when
a rover passed between them and
knocked on the door and asked for
food.

"Didn't you see those signs on the
gate?" demanded the farmer.

"Yes, but I can't read."

The next one said he was near-sighted
and thought the signs read "For sale."
The third had had smallpox and was
willing to nurse the family. The fourth
had been vaccinated, and was reckless.
The fifth had a remedy to sell, and the
sixth, after getting away with a cold
bite, turned to his benefactor and said:

"If you want to beat the boys knock
down their signs and put up one read-
ing: 'Help wanted.' It never fails to
keep 'em jogging straight along."

The farmer followed the advice, and
he hasn't had a call since.—*Free Press*

Acts, looks, words, steps, form the
alphabet by which you spell character.