

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### Dreams.

"What shall I dream about, mamma?  
Tell me some lovely and pleasant things."  
"A green meadow fringed with daisies white  
Where butterflies flutter on yellow wings."  
"Dream of a little brook that lies  
Cradled in leaves and mossy stones,  
Like a sweet child lying with half-shut eyes,  
It smiles and murmurs in low, soft tones."  
"Gently its waves o'er the pebbles creep,  
Anon it will dance in the sun's bright  
beams,  
But now—little rogue! he is fast asleep;  
May the brooklet murmur all through his  
dreams!"  
—C. Broughton.

### Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

### Be Honest.

There was once a little girl named May. When she was seven years old she had a great habit of running away, and once, when she was wandering about in the yard, she found a bright five-cent piece. At first she thought she would keep it, for her mother was not very well off, with two or three little ones besides her; but just then she remembered what her Sunday school teacher had told her, that she must never take a pin which did not belong to her, so she went into the house and told her mother all about it. Her mother was just then talking to a lady who told her that her little boy had lost the five cents, and then she kissed little May, and told her that it was very sweet of her to try and find the owner, and the very next day a box came for May, and in it was a beautiful doll, and that was May's reward.—[Young People.

### Black Diamonds.

Every boy and girl knows something about diamonds, but perhaps the word brings to mind only those rare and beautiful gems that glisten in the gaslight. What would you think if I should tell you that the gaslight itself is made of diamonds—that is, of black diamonds? Yes, the wise men tell us that the precious stones in the queen's crown, and the coarse, black coal that is burnt in a stove or grate, or made into gas, are mainly of the same substance. It is very odd, but coals are called black diamonds.

I dare say but few boys and girls who read this paper know where all the black diamonds come from. Some would say out of very deep holes in Pennsylvania, but that answer is only a partial answer. A great many diamonds with these jewels roll away from West Virginia every day, and the coal was never so low down as when put on the cars. It comes from high up on the mountains, from one hundred to one thousand feet above the river; not from deep shafts, you see, but from openings made in the sides of the mountains. There white men and black men, with little lamps hooked on their caps, go to work in the morning; and when they come out before dark, all are equally black.

Sometimes the men take their little boys along to keep them out of mischief, and it is very sad for the poor little boys to be buried all day in the coal-bank, without any sunshine or playthings or song-birds around.

They grow up ignorant and shy, and very different from other boys. Thus once, when the story of Moses in the bulrushes was told a great class of them together, none knew the name of the baby Pharaoh's daughter found, till one said it was George Washington!

Another little boy was given a ball for a Christmas gift, and he asked a man what he must do with it. I suppose he would have eaten it if the man had told him to.

It is bad not to know about Moses and gum-balls, but I once saw something still worse. One boy was away from school several days, and I found him building a little house, as boys

often do. But on it he had painted, with great pride, "L. M. Saloon." He thought the best thing a boy could have was a saloon with his own name on it. No boy who reads this would fancy such an honor, I am sure.

Another child, two years old, has no name, because its parents are heathen, and will not have the little thing baptized.

What can be done for such children? They are to Christian children what black diamonds are to precious stones; made of the same material, body and soul, yet as different as night is from day.

### Guarding Garfield's Remains.

It having been asserted by certain newspapers outside of Cleveland that the soldiers on duty at Lake View cemetery guarding the sacred remains of the late President were in the habit of opening the casket every day, your correspondent yesterday called on Lieut. Burbank, who is at present in charge, to ascertain if the assertions were correct or false.

"It has been stated by newspapers in Cincinnati and Chicago that the casket is opened every day by the guard, who looks at his remains before making his report," said the reporter.

"Yes, I have also seen statements to that effect," said the lieutenant, "but there is no truth whatever in it. Here is an order from the secretary of war, which says, 'Until otherwise ordered by competent authority, no one save Mrs. Garfield will be permitted to view the remains.' That order is rigidly enforced, and no one but Mrs. Garfield is permitted to go inside the vault. The officer in charge is required to make a report every month of all property in his charge, and he very naturally desires to know that in mentioning the remains of the president in that report there is no possibility whatever of there being a mistake, and, feeling so, sometimes looks to satisfy himself, but aside from that, as I have said, no one is permitted to enter the vault."

"Has anything been said about discontinuing the guard?" was asked.

"No, I think not. The guard will probably be kept on duty until the monument is built. At least, I suppose that is the calculation. The officers would be glad enough if it were discontinued, for it is not the most agreeable duty I have performed. The men are on duty every second day, and the non-commissioned officers every other day, but the officer in charge must remain here night and day for a month, when he is relieved. This is my third month on duty here. The men are not released at any stated time. Some of them have been on duty for a year. I don't think the guard is necessary now, as two or three policemen could do the duty by having two on nights and one on days."

"Do you have many visitors?"

"Oh, yes; we have a good many, notwithstanding the cold weather," replied the lieutenant. "People from all parts of the country come here. Last week parties from New Hampshire and others from Nebraska came to look at the casket. Visitors now are mostly people from other places, who stop over in this city for the purpose of visiting the tomb. A good many from the city also drive out now while sleighing is good. I think there was a great mistake made," continued the lieutenant, "in not having a contribution box placed near the vault for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the monument fund. Persons who cannot afford to give more than twenty-five or fifty cents, and would not put their names on a list for that amount, would gladly place it in the box. There are very few people who come out here who would not give something, and it all would amount to a surprisingly large amount."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### May Meet Again.

Lord Kames used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honor of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the judiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but fearing he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered, with much cordiality, "That I will do with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name's John X; I have had the honor to be before your lordship for stealing sheep." "Oh, John, I remember you well! And how is your wife? She had the honor to be before me too for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky indeed to get off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honor of meeting again."

### Should Carry Bells.

According to a ruling of the secretary of the treasury, a vessel cannot be fined for the failure to have a fog-horn on board in ordinary weather, but there may be an imposition of a fine if a bell is not sounded while the vessel is at anchor in a fog. In view of the many accidents from collisions of late it would be in the line of enforcing precaution if all vessels were fined for not carrying bells.

## What to Eat.

As a general principle it may be laid down that meat, fish or poultry in a state of decay cannot be eaten with safety, since symptoms of irritant poisoning have so frequently arisen from this cause. But a little consideration will show us the impossibility of drawing a hard and fast line upon this point. We relish venison which has partially undergone decay, while we at once reject beef or mutton in a similar condition. Again, poultry to be palatable, must be fresh, yet we do not scruple to eat game which is far advanced in decomposition.

There is no doubt that in many cases we are guided by our palates in determining what food is wholesome for us; for while many of us eat mouldy cheese a Chinaman will swallow bad eggs, and some races enjoy fish which we should consider putrid. Even as regards oysters, which are generally relished in proportion to their freshness, it is sometimes a matter of taste. For example, it is recorded of the first monarch of the House of Hanover that he objected to the English native oyster as deficient in flavor. It was privately suggested by a shrewd courtier that the native oyster should be allowed to become somewhat stale before being brought to a royal table. The king at once recognized the flavor which had always pleased him so much at Herrenhausen, and gave orders that in the future he should always be supplied from that particular bed—a thing easily accomplished under the circumstances.

The absence of evil consequences after eating food which has undergone a certain amount of decay is doubtless due in many cases to the completeness of the cooking process; but this does not militate against the general rule that food in any stage of decay is unwholesome and should be avoided. Of late years there have been many cases of poisonous symptoms arising from the use of canned meats. The cause appears mainly to have been improper methods of canning, or the use of meat that was tainted before being canned. An examination of the outside of the can is our only available guide as regards this class of article. The head of the can should be slightly concave, whereas if it be convex it shows that decomposition has already commenced within the can. Sometimes through careless soldering the preserved articles become contaminated with lead, and poisoning by this substance is the result.

## Recognizing Merit.

A touching little anecdote of the late Duc de Malakoff is just now going the rounds of the French papers. As Marshal Pélissier he had the reputation of being both stern and violent when his temper was roused; but underneath this exterior he had a warm heart, and was swift to recognize real merit. One day, when at Toul for a review, he saw a poor funeral passing by. On the coffin was the uniform of a sergeant-major of chasseurs-a-pied; an aged man walked wearily behind it, and a very small handful of friends followed him. The marshal sent one of his generals to inquire particulars, and learned that the soldier being borne to his long home had been severely wounded at Magenta, and, though sufficiently recovered to return to his home for rest and change of air, he died of debility. His eldest brother had been killed in the Crimea, and their old father was a retired lieutenant, who starved rather than lived on a pension of about four hundred francs per annum. A month afterwards the marshal returned to Toul, and invited the old lieutenant to come and breakfast with him at the hotel at eleven o'clock. Covers were laid for two; the marshal sat down briskly, and his guest followed his example. But no sooner did the old man unfold his serviette than he uttered a cry, for underneath it was the cross of the legion of honor, with its red ribbon and two large official envelopes. The veteran sighed, his hands trembled, he could neither rise nor speak, but gazed at his host, who took the decoration, fastened it to his button-hole, threw the envelopes on the table, and said, "This is your brevet as legionnaire, and that is a pension of one thousand francs a year. Now let us attack the omelette, for I am in a great hurry."

## RELIGIOUS TOPICS.

We cannot contemplate without alarm either alternative—of an untrained ministry on the one hand, or on the other a disastrous check in the growth of American Christianity. And yet one or the other is inevitable unless there is speedily a mighty religious awakening in our colleges, which shall lead thousands of educated young men into the Christian ministry. The time has come for college officers and pastors and the press to take the alarm and sound it, until it is heard in every Christian home and felt in every Christian heart. Parents must consecrate their sons to the ministry and train them for it. But the demands which are pressing upon us in the near future we must look to the colleges to meet.—[Rev. Josiah Strong.

### Help the Living.

An honored father in the ministry said on his dying bed, "Let no words of eulogy be spoken over my poor remains." Well and wisely said. The time to speak the appreciative word, to and of the pastor, is while his human heart "bears its unspoken pain and heaves its secret sigh." But, too often, not until God gives "sweet repose from earth" do the "pews" appreciate the remarkable talents, the devout piety, the vigilant watching for souls which marked the ministry of the departed one—now to them an "angel in disguise." The toiler has reached the shining shore. All tears are wiped away. So, ye tardy ones— withhold your boon of words, though they may be the richest that human heart can dictate, or human lips can frame.

### Make Your Life Clean.

A uniform and sincere consecration ought to be the first aim of every church when there are signs of a possible, or actual, revival. Let the church members become allied with the Holy Spirit's influence and power, and there will be no trouble about conversion. There may be more or less than in some other year, but some, if not many, there certainly will be. When the world sees the disciples of Jesus imitating in sober earnest, it cannot resist the sight. To this end it must be remembered that every Christian needs to make his own life spiritually clean and sweet and wholesome through and through. A single sin on the part of a single Christian may hinder the whole church from receiving God's blessing. The failure to confess only one fault, or to repair only one injury, or to fulfill only one resolve, not only may hinder the person concerned from the fullness of blessing which would otherwise have been granted him, but also may prevent the whole church from reaping its harvest of divine favor and redeemed souls. In a true revival every Christian strives to purge his heart of the last and least thing which is grievous in the sight of God; and into that heart thus emptied the Holy Spirit enters, dwelling there and working from that centre thenceforth as never before.

### Timely Hints.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, addressing a large assembly in the Boston theatre on a recent Sunday: "There are people who say there are no such things as a reign of God; that we are all like a herd of cattle on the Texan prairies, or like a flock of sheep on a Col. orado ranch. Now, to do our work properly in this business, we must first of all keep the body pure, not yielding it to every appetite or exciting it with stimulants. The marksman at Creedmoor, or even the man who plays three-card monte, knows the value of steady nerves, a clear brain, and a quick eye, steady for use when the critical moment arrives. Every man and woman in Boston knows, without looking up text-books or ethics, or going into Court street to consult a lawyer, what is right and when he or she is doing wrong. Cherish an intimacy with God, and take the rule which Christ gave, 'Follow me!' Follow him, and do it not as a cloak or a leconotive, but do it as an immortal being." At the end of the sermon Dr. Hale addressed a few plain words to his audience on the subject of these meetings. He said: "Looking around I see that there are many here to-night who are not regular church-goers. You don't want to go into the churches to hear us preach, but we want to speak to you, and that is the reason we have come here. We propose to come at least half way. We will come to this theatre, and you will come. I know perfectly well I can see that I am speaking to persons who, having been baptized and brought up in early years in a certain communion, have come, through the tendencies of the nineteenth century and of a free land, to distrust the church machinery, to

believe it all a humbug, all a manufactured thing on the part of the priests who want to make their living out of it, and so have cut loose from the whole thing. I have a very great respect for the position of those persons, and I do not wonder that they are where they are. It is to such persons I say that I am not here as a priest, or that we have any pretensions to a divine calling any more than any other man or woman. If we have God's truth to say we are God's anointed; if we have not God's truth to say we are no priests of his. I speak to such persons with confidence. I ask them to listen to what the free church of America has to say to them; to what the Unitarian church has to say of life and its duties, of death, of sorrow and of joy, and of our practical religion in this world. We are sure of your candor, and we ask you to give us your attention."

### Fire Escapes.

"Two things are needed," said John Decker to a reporter, "to secure to the public security against loss of life by fire. The first is a common sense escape, the second the universal adoption of such an escape. For thirty years I served as a volunteer fireman, sitting for eight years on the board of engineers, and holding for five and a half years the position of chief of the department, and not a few have been the number of so-called fire-escapes brought to my notice. I have given the subject much time and study, and the recent fires with the attending loss of life have confirmed the opinion I have held for years in this matter. Balconies of iron extending across the front, side or back of a building, the floors connected by ladders of iron, endless chains, portable ladders and towers and a folding window-escape may all be well enough as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. Inmates of a burning building intuitively make at once for the stairs. A practical fire-escape, then, should be constructed with this fact in view. This to my mind can be done in no better way than by building one or more iron staircases enclosed by some fireproof material and separated from the building proper by a hollow wall. These stairways should connect with every floor by automatic iron doors, which should open from the hall so that no impediment to their being readily opened might obtain. Thus, upon an alarm of fire, the occupants of a building could descend in safety without fear of falling or exposure, which fear, I believe, has occasioned the death of more than one person during the last year. If the building be a large one, then, two, three, or even four of these fireproof staircases might be built, each one of them communicating with every floor of the building.

When I was in the legislature the question of fire escapes came up and was the subject of much discussion, but that was all that came of it. The general adoption of some such means of escape by our hotels, theatres, apartment houses and large factories would soon educate the people to a knowledge of the means at hand for escape in times of danger, and would not disfigure the buildings or call upon weak women and little children to climb hand over hand down a swinging chain or a hanging ladder. In my present capacity as superintendent of fire appliances for the Erie railway my means for observation are numerous and varied, and no one plan but this suggests so many good features or such likelihood of meeting the requirements of the emergencies of fire, in theatre, dwelling or hotel.

### Showed His Money.

John H. Von Dohlen, a German grocer in New York, changed a \$10 note for a stranger, and, in doing so displayed a large roll of money. Soon afterwards two young men entered the store and said they had made a bet as to whose hat would hold the most molasses.

"Dot's noddings to me," said Dohlen. "I know noddings about such pishnesses."

But the young men were not to be put off. They said they would pay for the molasses. The grocer grumbled about the "foolishnesses" as he took the hat they wanted him to fill and went to the rear of the store. As he returned with it to the man who held out his hands for it, he stepped between the two. The one who took the hat said:

"Well, how much does it hold?"

Before the astonished grocer could answer he was seized from behind, and at the same time the hatful of molasses was clapped on his head and pulled down over his eyes. Blinded and bewildered, he could make no resistance while his money was taken from him, and when he got the hat off and ran out on the sidewalk, dripping with molasses, his dispoilers were gone. He lost \$274 and the molasses.

## Horrible Tragedy.

The jury room of the criminal court, in St. Louis, was, a few days ago, the scene of an extraordinary tragedy. John C. Parker, a criminal who has a record of the blackest kind in many western cities, killed his wife and himself. He was a native of St. Louis, and about thirty-three years old. He was awaiting trial for killing John Payton in a saloon. His pretty young wife Nellie, and their five-months' old baby, was in the court room in company with his two sisters. The wife leaned against the wire screen and talked to her husband some time while another case was being heard. It was remarked at the time that they were very affectionate to one another. A deputy sheriff, who noticed their behavior, said to the reporter that the only seeming trait in Parker's nature was his love for his wife, whom he had married about two and a half years ago. She was considerably above him in the social scale, and sacrificed her family ties to link her fate with his. While the husband and wife were conversing Parker's lawyer asked that he might have a conference with his client. Accordingly the prisoner was taken from the cage by a deputy sheriff, and walked through the court into the jury room. His wife walked by his side, and his sisters and attorney followed. They took seats, and the prisoner began to give his lawyer a list of witnesses. The wife was seated by her husband's side. Something drew the attention of those present from the prisoner when a shot rang out, and before any one could interfere, a second one was fired. The first shot sent a bullet through Mrs. Parker's brain, killing her almost instantly. The second shot Parker fired while he held the weapon close to his own temple. He died within an hour. Neither he nor his wife spoke after they received their wounds. Late in the evening a letter was found written by Parker, wherein he showed that the whole plan was arranged that he should kill himself and his wife and that she had helped him plot against her own and his life. When she went to the court room, therefore, she knew she was going to meet death. Yet she walked across the room without a tremor and entered the jury room, though she knew that to cross the threshold was to step into the grave.

## Ages of People Who Marry.

According to the figures compiled by the clerks in the bureau of vital statistics, in 204 out of the total number of 11,085 marriages in 1882, the bridegrooms were under twenty years of age. The number of brides under that age was 2651. The bridegrooms between 20 and 25 years of age numbered 3922, the brides 3962. There was 3382 men married who were between 25 and 30 years old, and 2121 women between the same ages. The bridegrooms between 30 and 35 years of age were 1635 in number, and the brides 747. But 880 men and 435 women were married who were between 35 and 40 years of age. The old bachelors who became Benedictines between 40 and 45 years of age numbered 477, and the women who when married confessed to the same age were 205 in number. There were 276 men and 109 women married between the ages of 45 and 50, and 150 men and 58 women between 50 and 55. Seventy men and 29 women were married who were over 55 and under 60. The bridegrooms over 60 and under 65 numbered 43, and the brides 8. The bridegrooms over 65 and under 70 numbered 10, and the brides 2. Fourteen men married between the ages of 70 and 80, but no bride acknowledged herself over threescore years and ten. One bridegroom was between 80 and 90 years of age. Forty-five men and 68 women refused or failed to state their ages. The record does not indicate which of the contracting parties in the above list were married for the second time.

## A Clean Steal.

London is unquestionably the greatest theater in the world for the perpetration of acts of eccentric criminality, and among them there has probably never been a queerer case than has recently been developed by the recent apprehension of an offender for the heretofore unheard-of crime of stealing baths. The individual in question would lay plans in regular burglar style for breaking into houses, always selecting the mansion where he knew the surroundings to be luxurious. Having succeeded in effecting an entrance, he would proceed to the bathroom, where he would indulge in the luxury of a thorough cleansing, and, although he never carried away any valuables, he may be said to have generally succeeded in making a clean steal.