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OUR NATION.

BY ELLA DARE.

God *wrought*, and his mighty purpose grasp'd
the heart of ages,
The mountains of oppression shook beneath
His hand,
And the book of human life, with all its
blood-stained pages,
Was opened to the light of day by His command.

God *spoke*, and the pilgrims paved their way
across the ocean,
The dangers, all defying, of the storm-swept
sea,
Planted on the shore and on the land a free
devotion.
Whilst primeval forests shouted liberty.

God *built*, and with the rocks of freedom for
a firm foundation,
Deep intrenched by self-denial and the good
of all,
He laid the basis for a future, time-enduring
Nation,
With "Welcome to the World" emblazon'd
on its wall.

God *preserved* this life of promise, sending
souls most daring
To defend it from impending dangers of all
time,
Heroic warriors, patriots, for their country
bearing
Grief and woe and sorrow, joined to sacrifice sublime.

God *calls*, one by one, these dauntless hearts
to pass the portal,
And our earthly-clounded senses cannot
cross the line;
Cannot see them striving bravely now on
heights immortal,
Wisely striving for their country's good in
ways divine.

God *reigns*, and by his conquering care protects our Nation;
Christ and faith both teach us that we have
our leaders still,
Their lives and deeds are meeting ours in
each pulsation;
We are yet united, working out our "Master's" will.

A VERY NICE PAIR.

Miss Sousie set one slipper tip upon the fender's edge and leaned her bronze curls against the mantel. She had noted the elongation of her guests aristocratic visage, then turned to watch the coals flare and pale between the bars of the grate.

"Do you mean everything?" gasped Mrs. Deane. "Lost everything?"

"Oh, my wardrobe and some jewelry will be left, probably. I am sorry to part with the library."

"Library! You seem not at all to realize your situation."

"Oh, yes, I realize everything," said the girl, carelessly. "After selling the house and all this"—indicating by a nonchalant motion her luxurious surroundings—"there will be enough to settle my accounts and rent a country house somewhere."

"My dear girl, what will you do, with your delicate, fastidious training, in a country house?"

"Bury it and train myself better. I cooked breakfast this morning to begin."

Mrs. Deane arched her fine brows in patrician protest.

"But your sister, Mrs. Trenton; surely she might provide for you?"

"Poor Nellie!" said Sousie. "She has lost too. We will creep into obscurity together."

"Oh, don't mention obscurity," with a graceful motion that seemed to obliterate the disagreeable word. "You have so many friends—they would miss you so much."

"True," said Sousie, "but they might find me embarrassing in a calico dress and soliciting employment.'

"Then you have planned" faltered her guest, "how you are to—to live?"

"Minus servants, salmon and silk" with a light laugh. "Fortunately we haxe moderate appetites, and for necessaries I can decorate plaques or something."

Mrs. Deane rose. There was a faint jingle from the jet fringe on her velvet dress. The diamonds in her ears twinkled oppressively. She sent a speculative glance around the room.

"If you really contemplate a sale of all your pretty trifles, I will assist in purchasing."

"How good you are!" said Miss Sousie, with beautiful sarcasm in her eyes.

"And you paint so sweetly, no doubt you will find an easy career as an artist. I shall be charmed to introduce my friends when they have orders."

"How good you are!" repeated the girl.

"Good bye. I am so sorry you are going away from us into the country."

Then Mrs. Deane withdrew the velvet and jet and diamonds.

"Well?" came merrily from an ante-room. "How did she bear it? Did she weep and say, 'Entreat me not to leave thee?' Did she beg to be your sister and mother-in-law and banker?"

"We could go to strawberry hill to-morrow, Nellie," said Sousie, with her eyes on fire again.

"We could embark for Feejee land to-morrow, but whether we will—ay, there is the rub!" And Mrs. Nellie came in and knelt to rake the fire.

"It is untenanted this year, and in tolerable repair," continued Sousie, musingly.

"I remember spending a week in that fair cottage once, two years ago," said Mrs Nellie as she sat down on her heels and rattled the poker upon the fender reflectively. "'Twas in a bleak December; the walls loomed out of mist and persimmon trees; within, the doors creaked, the ceilings were stunted, the windows shook as with continual age, the fireplaces yawned for and howled for wood, and it was given them in cords of hickory, pine and oak; but soon it was all no more, and yet warmth came not except in flushes upon my phiz."

"Yes," admitted Sousie, complacently. "It is the poorest respectable place I can think of."

"Why not find cheap boarding?"

"But what dreadful people we might meet."

"Well, we can have curtains and one stove I suppose," said Mrs. Nellie, with a sigh of surrender.

"In the kitchen, yes; and we will go to-morrow, please. I do not want to meet everyone."

"Every one, defined, any one—some one—him. I always was bright at grammar," said the pretty little widow, demurely.

"I confess only this, I am afraid of becoming cynical," said Sousie, with a sudden glow on her face.

Mrs. Nellie plunged her poker deep in the coals and looked serious.

"Have you no faith in—'every one?" she asked.

"To-night will show if it is deserved," said Sousie, turning away.

"Is that quite fair? Mrs. Deane may not impart her news at once, or he may not be at home."

"He was to call to-night."

"Oh—h—h!"

Mrs. Nellie looked wise.

"I did not want to wait until—"

"I quite understand, and I shall dress for dinner instead of packing for a mythical journey," said the fire disturber, filling the pause blandly.

But a servant arrived with a mass of violets and a note. Miss Sousie read with h[illegible] very erect, and a proud cu[illegible] opened on her lips:

"Miss D[illegible]: Let these, your favorite flowers, remind you of one most unwillingly absent. I am called away on business, and cannot hope to see you to-night.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT DEANE."

The paper fell to Mrs. Nellie's knees, and she rested the red hot poker against her dress while she perused it.

"Of course she told him at once, and truly a wise son maketh a glad stepmother," said Sousie.

"Well," said Mrs Nellie when the poker had created some excitement and found a safer stand, "the hegira must be, I suppose; but," and she looked earnestly into the proud, pale face opposite, but, my Lady Doubtful, there is some mistake. Notwithstanding Mr. Deane is a true man, true as a sunflower."

* * * * * * *

Strawberry Hill was a dreary view for a rainy day. The strawberry tint was minus even in the sunset. There were gray clouds, gray walls, gray fields. Miss Sousie watched the drip, drip down the windows gloomily. She was close beside the fire and well wrapped in shawls draped cap-a-pie.

Mrs. Nellie was beating a tattoo on the small centre table.

"Well, do you think this will do?" she inquired. "Two weeks of this style in tragedy is a fine experience, of course; but in time one might have to be buried under the monotony. We have enjoyed smoke, potatoes and rain, rain, potatoes and smoke, and——"

A rush of smoke poured from the chimney, following a gust of wind that made the windows seem all rattle and draught.

"When my ship comes in, there shall be no smoky chimneys, no curtainless windows, no beefsteakless breakfasts, and no false lovers—in all the world," said Mrs. Nell.

"And we will make a little paradise of Strawberry Hill, and find some poor young couple who have ventured on a life of poverty together because they love each other, and we'll give them the place and pay their taxes," said Sousie, enthusiastically.

"We'll select a girl who rejected a millionaire for a poor man. By the by, would she be hard to find, do you think? Imagine a girl in a miserable home, and no hope of anything except our wealthy suitor—how powerful he would be! Still he would be rather an incumbrance afterward," said Nellie.

"Not compared with scanty meals and clothes and abundant housework. Love is much but money is everything. Not money, itself, you know—no woman is a miser—but its highest result. And such a step need not be supremely selfish; there would be his happiness to consider," said Sousie.

"He would be very happy when he guessed the situation," said Mrs. Nell, sarcastically.

"He need not know."

Then the small cook interrupted.

"There's a gentleman in the hall."

"It's Uncle Jack," asserted Sousie confidently. "Bring him in Nellie." And she knelt to stir the log into a brighter blaze.

But it was Robert Deane who entered.

"How wet you are," cried Nellie, while her sister rose dumbly. "And how long you have been remembering us."

"I've not forgotten anything, and only got home this morning," said Robert, with a rare smile.

"And you had not heard before!" cried Nellie quickly.

"Not a word."

Sousie flushed to the roots of her hair and then burst into tears.

"If you will take off your overcoat I'll take it to the kitchen to dry," said Nellie demurely.

* * * * * * *

Though Mrs. Nellie made an occasional grimance of protest, the sisters lingered at Strawberry Hill.

"One can be not rich without actual suffering," Miss Sousie had decided; and some comforts crept into the cottage.

Returning from a call on Uncle Jack one day, Miss Sousie's eyes and cheeks were unusually brilliant. Mr. Deane looked inquisitive when he called.

"I have had a fortune given me," was the answer to his glance.

"Yes," said Robert.

"And I am very proud of it.

"Proud of it?"

"It was so generous. The giver could not have done more if he loved me with all his heart."

"Perhaps he does."

"He gives me twenty thousand dollars, that I may do—what do you think, Sir Robert?"

She stood beside him with one little hand on the arm of his chair, and there were tears in her shining eyes.

"How could I guess?" said Robert.

"That I may marry only a man I love."

"And will that send me away?" asked Robert huskily.

She put her hands together and laughed softly.

"Will you make confession, Sir Robert? Then you may question."

"You know then?" with a quick flush.

"You overheard Nell and me that day," in a low tone, and would have gone home in disgust only I—I cried so——"

"Wait if you please. I will tell it myself," said Robert, catching the little hands on their way to hide her face. "That day I hardly thought of all of what you said, I was so rejoiced at the prospect of seeing you again; and when you cried—I think I was the happiest fellow in the world. But afterward that 'money is everything' haunted me. At last I sent a lawyer to your guardian. How he came to guess and then be mean enough to betray me——"

"Of course he never guessed anything," said Sousie, scornfully. "I guessed."

"Well—shall you decline the gift or accept the condition?" asked Robert, laughing.

Those tears in her eyes had been wonderfully reassuring.

"I would like to know how you came by that twenty thousand?" Miss Sousie said.

Robert's eyes widened.

"You did not know that I was rich?"

"I thought you were your cousin's clerk?"

"His partuer, and first in the firm."

Miss Sousie gave a little gasp and looked at the curtains. Robert leaned toward her with attentive eyes.

"You thought me a presumptuous fortune hunter, then, when I did not come?"

She blushed furiously, then mischievous dimples came about her lips.

"We will not say, much about what any one has been thinking," she said, "or Mr. Deane's conscience might be uncomfortable."

Mr. Deane looked alert.

"Do you know," he said rising with sudden excitement, "I believe you have not lost a single cent."

"Oh, yes, I threw a dollar from the window expressly," said Sousie, her voice quivering with laughter.

"So"—from Mrs. Trenton on the threshold—"the drama is over. May the next contain less doubt and more comfort. Will you walk into supper, les miserables?"

Child Teaching.

There is possibly no subject of so much importance upon which so little has been written as the education of the child. We do not mean education derived from books, but that which commences with the first dawning of reason, and continues until the child goes out from under the influence of its mother. Nor is there any subject upon which such erroneous ideas are popularly entertained—ideas fraught with much evil the community. The very first act is to teach the helpless infant to talk in language as foreign to the English tongue as that in use among the natives of Kamschatka. If left to itself the child might have a chance of being able some day to speak properly, but instead is vigorously instructed in baby talk, and as a consequence two or three years of its life must be spent in unlearning jargon. Again, the child is instructed not once in a thousand times how to reason; the most important part remains uncultivated at a time when it is most easily developed; but instead the child is told fairy tales and ghost stories until it is fearful of its own shadow and lives in a land of dreams.

This fear it carries with it through life in many cases, and instead of being an honest, fearless, noble man, the child but too often grows up into a shrinking, cringing creature, compelled by his own fears to resort to practices that are first unmanly, then dishonest and criminal. It is not the man's fault that he sinks lower down from day to day; it is the fault of those who first educated him—who, to amuse themselves, first taught him to fear. And then the fairy tales, those unrealities which are the foundation for his *chateaux en Espagne* of after life; dreams, destined to bear bitter results. Fairly launched upon the world, the ideas conceived at the nurse's knee give him false impressions of things and cause his failure. Perhaps before he reaches middle age he is able to forget; perhaps he carries his fanciful brain creations with him to the grave. But worse than all, these deceptions of the child teach him to undervalue truth. His mother, father, nurse, all have told him stories which he soon discovers to be untrue, and so he comes to believe that even if his parents teach truth-telling it is only another sham on their part.—*Boston Budget.*

Write for Your Local Paper.

There is no more effectual and enjoyable means by which young people can store their minds with practical knowledge and gain the power of giving expression to what they know than writing for the press. In writing for his or her local paper the young student cultivates the power of observation. Do not think that your literary career is in writing elaborate articles for the magazines or popular literary journals. Write for your local paper or some other paper in your neighborhood or county that has some literary character, giving the news of your vicinity in the plainest language you can command. Keep on writing for that paper. As a regular correspondent you will be furnished with the necessary stationery, or the postage at least will be paid by the publishers and one or several copies will be furnished you. Accidents, fires, deaths, marriages, charities, are not the only neighborhood happenings that are worthy of being recorded. The close observer becomes the successful writer. There are many things which when properly recorded, are of deep interest though the careless person scarcely notices them. He who can write neighborhood news and happenings in plain, spicy style, without any unnecessary words, has a beautiful accomplishment. He has the gift of pleasantly imparting his knowledge to others, and if he is a school teacher he will surely succeed in that profession.

General Grant smoked his last cigar on November 20, 1884.

A Beautiful Oriental Parable.

One of the most beautiful stories in Oriental, or perhaps in any literature, whereby we are taught that no human creature is exempt from affliction and sorrow, is told in the life of Gautama, the founder of the Buddhist religion. There was a young woman, the story runs, who had married early, as is the custom in the East, and had a child while she was still a girl. When the beautiful boy could run alone he died. Her sorrow for a time deprived her of her reason; and in her love for the dead child she carried it from house to house of her pitying friends, asking them to give her medicine for it. Buddhist convert, thinking "she does not understand," said to her: "My good girl, I myself have no medicine such as you ask for; but I know of one who has."

"Oh, tell me who that is?" cried the girl.

"The Buddha can give you medicine; go to him," was the answer.

She went to Gautama; and doing homage to him, said, "Lord and master, do you know of any medicine that will be good for my child?"

"Yes, I know of some," said the teacher.

Now it was the custom for patients of friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required; so she asked what herbs he would want.

"I want some mustard seed," he said, and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added: "You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent has died."

"Very good," she said, and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said: "Here is mustard seed—take it;" but when she asked: "In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband, or a parent, or a slave?" they answered: "Lady, what is this that you say? The living are few but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses; but one said: "I have lost a son," another, "I have lost a slave. At last not being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear, and summoning up her resolution, she left the dead body of her child in the forest, and returning to the Buddha, paid him homage.

He said to her: "Have you the mustard seed?"

"My Lord," she replied, "I have not. The people told me that the living are few, but the dead are many."

Then he talked to her on the impermancy of all things, pointing out to the poor girl how the affliction from which she was suffering was not peculiar to her, but was common to all her fellow creatures, till her doubts were cleared away. She accepted her lot, and became a disciple.

Silent and Superb Contempt.

Sooner or later a lie is always exploded. Take the case of General Grant. When he began to rise in the army his envious rivals circulated the report that he was coarse, illiterate, and a drunkard. President Lincoln gave a quietus to the charge of drunkenness. But the notable part of the business is that Grant, without replying to a single slander or invention managed in the course of his career to completely vindicate himself. He never said, "I am not a drunkard," but lived so as to show all the world that he was a sober man. He never denied that Lawlins and others wrote all his letters and dispatches, but let the public gradually discover the facts. When it was said that his silence was dullness and incapability, he never claimed that he could make a speech, but when the time came spoke often and successfully in public. People who credited him with no literary ability, found out during the last year of the General's life that he resembled Cæsar in the ability to handle the pen as well as the sword. The wonder is not that these falsehoods were all exposed, but that the silent and superb contempt with which Grant treated them should have triumphantly refuted them all. There is a lesson to be learned from the life of this silent and patient man. No man can be talked or written down except by himself.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Professional Courtesy.

In driving out into the country on the Grand River road a few days ago a Detroit lawyer encountered a horse and buggy driven by a woman. As she was driving on the wrong side of the road he made up his mind not to give his rights. As a consequence the two horses finally came to a stand still, with their noses rubbing each other. The lawyer stated at the woman and the woman stared back. Then he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began reading. In a minute she had her kniiting out and was industriously at work. Ten long minutes in a broiling sun passed away, and the lawyer looked up and asked: "How long are you going to stay here?" "How long are you?". "All day." "And I'll stay here a whole week." He read and she knit for another ten minutes, and then the lawyer called out: "Do you know that I'm a lawyer?" "I don't care for that," she replied: "I'm the wife of a Justice of the Peace." "Oh-ah-excuseme, madame. Really, but if I'd known you belonged to the purfesh this would not have happened. Take this side, madame, take the whole road?"

A Failure.

First Western Citizen—"Thought you were going to move to Boom City.

Second Western Citizen—"No; I gave up the notion after seeing it."

"What's the matter with it? I hear it was an embryo Chicago."

"Pooh! nothing of the kind. It's a dead-and-live sort of place, not worth notice."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; nothing there but factories, stores and churches.

The Negro Problem.

Granting that the South is loyal enough, wishes never another rebellion, and is satisfied to be rid of slavery, do not the people intend to keep the negroes practically a servile class, slaves in all but the name, and to defeat by chicanery or by force the legitimate results of the war and of enfranchisement? This is a very large question, and cannot be discussed in my limits. If I were to say what my impression is, it would be about this:

The South is about as much perplexed by the negro problem as the North is, and is very much disposed to await developments, and to let time solve it. One thing, however, must be admitted in all this discussion. The Southerners will not permit such Legislatures as those assembled once Louisiana and South Carolina to rule them again. "Will you disfranchise the blacks by management or by force?" "Well, what would you do in Ohio or in Connecticut? Would you be ruled by a lot of ignorant field hands allied with a gang of plunderers?"

In looking at this question from a Northern point of view we have to keep in mind two things: first, the Federal government imposed colored suffrage without any educational qualification—a hazardous experiment; in the second place, it has handed over the control of the colored people in each State to the State, under the Constitution, as completely in Louisiana as in New York. The responsibility is on Louisiana. The North can not relieve her of it, and it cannot interfere, except by ways provided in the Constitution. In the South, where fear of a legislative domination has gone, the feeling between the two races is that of amity and mutual help. This is, I think, especially true in Louisiana. The Southerners never have forgotten the loyalty of the slaves during the war, and the security in which the white families dwelt in the midst of a black population while all the white men were absent in the field; they often refer to this. It touches with tenderness the new relation of the races. I think there is generally in the South a feeling of good-will toward the negroes, and an earnest desire that they should develop into true manhood and womanhood. Undeniably there is indifference and neglect and some remaining suspicion about the schools that Northern charity has organized for the negroes. As to this neglect of the negro, two things are to be said: the whole subject of education (as) we have understood it in the North is comparative new in the South; and the necessity of earning a living since the war has distracted attention from it. But the general development of education is quite as advanced as could be expected. The thoughtful and the leaders of opinion are fully alive to the fact that the mass of the people must be educated, and that the only settlement of the negro problem is in the education of the negro, intellectually and morally. They go further than this. They say that for the South to hold its own—since the negro is there and will stay there, and is the majority of the laboring class—it is necessary that the great agricultural mass of unskilled labor should be transformed, to a great extent, into a class of skilled labor, skilled on the farm, in shops, in factories, and that the South must have a highly diversified industry. To this end they want industrial as well as ordinary schools for the colored people.—*Harper's Magazine for Sept.*

Johnny Skae's Trout Picnic.

The famous fish picnic which John Skae, the former millionaire, gave at the reservoir of the Virginia and Gold Hill Company one day when he was on the crest of the wave of prosperity was a queer frolic. Every Comstocker of any importance at all was invited, and there was champagne for every one that wanted it. The reservoir is a mile or two back of Virginia City, in the hills, and is reached by the old Ophir road, which winds along the mountain sides Washoeward like a red serpent. Every guest did his own fishing, and did it without hooks. The reservoir was stocked with eastern trout, the little fellows showing black and red spots on their backs and sides. They were, and are to this day, very numerous and surprisingly tame. A handful of crumbs thrown into the water will bring hundreds of them rushing to the surface toward the food. The poles furnished Skae's guests were laths; the lines, bits of twine about two feet long. At the end of each line a piece of tough beef, the size of a hickory nut, was firmly tied. The instant the beef struck the water scores of trout made for it, and the angler would jerk them ashore by their own teeth before they could let go. The privilege of fishing in the reservoir is sparingly granted, for any one armed with this simple tackle can, at any time, land a dozen in three minutes. Hundreds of pounds of trout were caught by Skae's party and cooked on the spot.

Household.

BAKING BEETS.—One of the most satisfactory ways to cook beets is to bake them. When boiled, even if their jackets are left on, a great deal of the best part of the beet is dissolved, and so lost; it will of course, take a little longer to bake them, but this is so objection. Allow them fifteen to twenty minutes longer for baking; slice them and season as you would if they were boiled. One pleasant way to serve them is to chop them fine after they are cooked, and season with pepper, salt and butter. Turnips are nice also served in this way.

TOMATO FRITTERS.—Tomato fritters are an agreeable entree. Use one quart of stewed tomatoes, one small teaspoonful of soda; stir in flour enough to make a batter, like that for griddle cakes. Have some lard, very hot on the stove; drop the batter in, a spoonful at a time, and fry.

CONKLING ON GRANT.

Extracts from the Celebrated Nominating Speech Made at Chicago.

When asked what State he hails from
Our sole reply will be,
He hails from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree.

Never defeated—in peace or in war—his name is the most illustrious borne by living man.

His services attest his greatness, and the country—nay, the world—know them by heart. His fame was earned not alone by things written and said, but by the arduous greatness of things done; and perils and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the Nation leans with such confidence and trust.

Never having had a policy to enforce against the will of the people, he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never desert or betray him. Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, modest, firm, simple and self-poised, having filled all lands with his renown, he has seen not only the high born and titled, but the poor and the lowly, on the uttermost ends of the earth, rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and defects of many systems of governments; and he has returned a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense which shone so conspicuously in all the fierce light that beat upon him during sixteen years, the most trying, the most portentious, the most perilous in the Nation's history.

Vilified and reviled, ruthlessly aspersed by unnumbered presses, not only in other lands, but in his own, assaults on him have seasoned and strengthened his hold on the public heart. Calumny's ammunition has all been exploded; the powder has been burned once—its force is spent—and the name of Grant will glitter an imperishable star in the diadem of the republic when those who have tried to tarnish it have mouldered in forgotten graves and when their memories and epitaphs have vanished utterly.

Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever, in peace or in war, shown the very genius of common sense. The views he presented for Lee's surrender fore-shadowed the wisest prophecies and principles of true reconstruction. Victor in the greatest war of modern times, he quickly signalized his aversion to war and his love of peace by an arbitration of international disputes which stands the wisest, the most majestic example of its kind in the world's diplomacy.

Altogether Too Many Clews.

A boy about twelve years old reported to a policeman the other day that a robbery had occurred at their house under very mysterious circumstances. The sum of $25, which was in a china case on a bracket, had taken wings.

"Were any of the doors or windows found open?" asked the officer.

"No."

"Any visitor in the house who might have taken it?"

"No."

"And you haven't picked up any clews, eh?"

"That's the trouble, sir—there's clews till you can't rest. I want to go off and camp out, and dad thinks I cribbed the money. Dad wants to go to Chicago, and