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### The Snow-Filled Nest.

It winks upon the leafless tree,  
By stormy winds blown to and fro;  
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,  
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above  
Made dewy shelter from the heat;  
The nest was full of life and love;  
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,  
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,  
The joys that patience overpay,  
The cry of young delight,

The song that through the branches rings,  
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,  
The sister soft of untried wings,  
The flight of glad surprise.

All, all are gone! I know not where;  
And still upon the cold gray tree,  
Lonely and tossed by every air,  
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,  
Where life and love and peace were mine—  
Even as the wild-birds build their nest,  
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;  
The mother-bird was first to go,  
The nestlings from my sight have fled;  
The nest is full of snow.

—Rose Terry Cooke, in St. Nicholas.

### CHRISTIE'S TELEGRAPHING.

I am very glad that telephones have been invented; and yet I am glad they were not sooner invented. I should like to tell you the reason. That will take some time for it is quite a story.

We live in the country, at Oakbrook, and my father is the treasurer and superintendent of the Oakbrook mills. Our house—a very pleasant country-house it is—is situated on a beautifully wooded slope close to the river, and is a quarter of a mile from the mills. That is why a telegraphic wire was placed between the two.

I promised father when it was put up that I would learn to send messages over it. There was no one else in the family who could have learned. Both my brothers were at boarding-school and mother would soon have thought of studying the Chinese language as telegraphy.

Father declared that I would never learn. Girls had but little patience for such things, he said. Nevertheless the wire was put up and connected with a battery in the library. And in just four months' time I had mastered the alphabet and the technicalities of the instrument so that I could use it readily and was able to read the messages by the ear.

It was Harry Randall who taught me. He was one of the clerks at the office; and he had learned to use the instrument, because it was necessary to have somebody to send messages by the wire that ran from the mills to the adjacent city of Palmer.

Having explained so much, I think I have said all that is necessary to enable you to understand what occurred on a certain February night, about which I am going to tell you.

We were through supper, and were sitting together—father, mother and I—around the table in the library, when Joseph, our coachman and man-of-all-work about the place, brought in the mail as usual.

Father eagerly took a letter that he seemed to have been expecting, from the other letters. I noticed a disturbed expression upon his face as he read it; and I was more anxious than surprised when he arose and went to the hall-door, and called to the girl who was in the dining-room.

"Mary," said he, "tell Joseph to harness Prince at once. I must get to the Junction in time for the 8 o'clock express. He'll have to finish his supper when he gets back."

Then he turned and said that the letter contained intelligence that made it necessary he should go on to New York that night. Of course, as the wife and daughter of a business man, we knew what that meant, and that there was not a word of remonstrance to be said. So mother went to make for him what preparation was needful; and I should have followed her a moment later, but that father called me back.

"Christie," said he, rather soberly, "I am going to tell you something that no one knows anything about save Harry Randall. I have quite a large sum of money—over two thousand dollars—in my coat-pocket." He touched his breast with his finger. "I never keep large amounts of money by me, but in this case it was unavoidable, and I thought I should feel less anxious to have it with me than to allow it to remain at the office in the safe."

"I cannot, of course, take it to New York. So I want you to take charge of it and keep it until to-morrow morning, and then carry it to Randall for him to deposit in the bank. Don't say anything about it to your mother. She is so timid and nervous that she would not sleep a wink all night if she knew so large a sum was in the house. Do you understand?"

With no slight feeling of responsibility I took the leather pocketbook which he handed me and placed it in the pocket of my dress.

Father went on: "Perhaps you better put it under your pillow. Of course, it is fire that I am most anxious about. There's no danger to the money in any other way. Not a soul knows about it."

Then he went into the hall, and came very unexpectedly upon Joseph, for I heard him speaking somewhat sharply to him because he had not gone to the stable, and declaring that his business

was of more consequence than his supper. I heard Joseph mutter something about taking time to finish his meal.

Ten minutes later as father was going down the steps to get into the carriage, he turned back to me, and holding his umbrella so that mother should not hear, he said:

"I've been thinking, Christie, that young Randall better come and sleep at the house. I shall feel easier about you. You can telegraph him at the office. He is to be there at work to-night until very late."

Then he stepped into the buggy, and they drove away down the path into the darkness and the rain.

I did not send a message to Harry, however. Indeed, I laughed a little as I thought of father's anxiety. He was almost as timid as mother, after all.

I was of a rather easy, careless disposition, and really had not a particle of fear of having the money in my keeping. And as we two sat there in the library for a long while after this, mother dozing in the big chair and I intent upon some fancy-work which I was anxious to finish in time for a friend's birthday, I forgot altogether the package of money that lay at the bottom of my dress pocket.

Joseph did not get back until nearly 10 o'clock although it was only three miles to the Junction, and he should have been long home before that hour.

We thought little of that, however. He had been with us for several years, and I had great confidence in his faithfulness. It was not until afterward that mother and I learned that he had recently been led into bad company, and that father had several times had angry words with him about habits.

Joseph slept in the house; and for that reason it had seemed to me quite unnecessary that Harry Randall should be there also.

When the clock struck 10 mother arose, declaring it was time to go to bed. She went into all the lower rooms to see that the windows and doors were fastened, and then came back to the library for me.

But I did not feel sleepy, and wanted very much to get on with my work; so I begged her to go upstairs without me, promising to come up in the course of an hour.

The clock struck 11 almost before I knew the time had passed. I laid down my work and counted the strokes without looking at the clock itself.

I was sitting at the center-table, near the lamp. At my left, a little way off against the wall, was father's desk, with books and papers scattered upon it, and the battery at one end.

Opposite me were two long windows that opened upon the side piazza. Over these were thick curtains, closely drawn, which did not shut out the sound of the pelting storm outside. Directly behind me was the hall-door, standing, as usual, wide open.

Just then I heard, or fancied I heard, a low sigh or breath out in the hall. I turned my head instantly, but did not see any person; and listening intently, heard no further sound. I felt a little uneasy and smiled to myself at my nervousness; then took up my work again. I had not quite finished what I had set myself to do.

I had not taken three stitches when I laid the work down again. There was no use denying it or laughing at myself. For some reason there had suddenly come over me a strong feeling of nervousness and dread. It seemed as if I realized as I had not before that evening the fact that I was sitting all alone down stairs in the house, at 11 o'clock at night, with a large sum of money in my pocket.

I glanced at the desk. Possibly Harry was still at work at the office. If he was, a single sentence over the wire would call him.

I was just getting up to go to the desk to signal and see if he was at the mill, when something occurred that seemed to turn me cold and motionless as stone in an instant.

Behind me, so close that I knew it must have come from the threshold of the hall door, a low, hoarse voice, that I knew, without seeing the speaker, must be that of a desperate and wicked man, broke the stillness and bade me "Good-evening!"

For a moment, as I say, I felt as though I had been turned to stone. Then the voice, speaking again, seemed at least to restore the life in me, and to set my heart to beating violently.

The language that the man used was not even as good English as, in attempting to reproduce it, I find myself writing.

"Don't be frightened, miss. I beg of ye not to be frightened. All ye've got yer is ter keep still, an' not a hair of yer pretty head shall be harmed."

Then I turned my head, half-wheeling my chair at the same time, and saw, standing in the doorway, a large, brutal-looking man, altogether as ugly and ill-conditioned and fearful-looking a person as I had ever seen.

Naturally enough I opened my lips to utter a cry, but he stopped me by a single threatening motion of a club he carried in his hand.

"St!" he fiercely hissed. "If you raise a single scream I'll strike ye as senseless as yer mother is upstairs."

These last words changed for the moment the nature of my fear and gave me strength to speak.

"What have you done to my mother?" I demanded, excitedly. "Do you mean—have you killed her?"

He uttered a sort of low laugh.

"No, my dear; she was wakin' up, so we had ter use the chloroform. An' you must keep still or you'll be served

the same way. Yer see, it's jest here—"

He drew a step nearer and seemed disposed to explain matters.

"What we want is some money that yer father brought down from Palmer yesterday. Maybe yer don't know about it; but we do, and we know he left it in ther house when he went off to-night. My friend is upstairs lookin' for it this minute. All we want is the money. We don't mean harm to nobody. Ye shan't be touched if ye behave yerself an' keep quiet."

Somewhat reassured by this, and having had time while he was speaking to collect myself, I was now able to assume an appearance at least of calmness.

I took up my embroidery and went on working—or pretending to work—at the pattern I was embroidering. I think the action helped me too; for I presently found myself really quite calm, and with a coolness and resolution that I can hardly believe in now, as I recall it, turning over in my mind what I ought to do.

What would these men do when they found, as they very soon would find, that the money was not upstairs? They would be disappointed and desperate—capable perhaps of deeds that they had not at first intended.

Perhaps I had better give up the money at once and so get rid of them. And yet, father had confided it to my care; and it did not belong to him but to the company. I ought not to let these men have it if I could help it. Oh, why could I not give an alarm somehow? What if I should open my mouth and cry out at any risk? Could I make Joseph hear, away out in the wing of the house as he was? Alas, I knew that I could not, even had not this man been sitting there by the door—he had taken a chair now—eyeing me fiercely, as though he read my very thoughts. Ah, if I had only done as father wished and telegraphed for Harry Randall to come up! And then with this last thought another thought came to me. Why could I not summon Harry even now, if perchance he was still at the office?

I arose from my chair, mechanically grasping my work in my hand. My guard got up also, evidently suspicious of my slightest movement.

"I'll have to ask yer to keep quiet, miss," said he, with a harsh, determined voice.

I turned upon him indignantly. "I suppose I may change my seat if I like," said I.

And without waiting for his permission I walked deliberately over to the desk and sat down in the revolving chair that stood before it. At the same time I threw my work down on the desk in such a way as to cover completely the battery, which instrument my companion had probably not noticed at all. Perhaps he would not have known what it was if he had.

I sat there a moment, listlessly twisting the chair back and forth, and trying to make up my mind what was best to do.

Just then there was a slight noise on the hall-stairs and the man became uneasy, stood up and looked at the library door, as if he was about to go toward it. Then he turned again to me, and with a threatening gesture, said:

"You just set there, while I step inter ther hall a bit. And if yer stir or make a noise it will be the worse for ye. Do ye mind that?"

He went softly into the hall.

Feeling that now was my opportunity, with a trembling hand I put my finger on the knob, and as silently as possible sent my signal out over the wire into the night, down to the mills and to Harry Randall.

"Harry, are you there?"

In another instant I was leaning back in my chair and moving an instant on the table to make a noise. How my heart was beating, and my ear was strained to catch the sound that—if I might in God's goodness hope it might presently come back to me!

Almost a minute—it seemed an age—I listened; and my heart sank as no answering signal was heard. Then—Click! Click! Click! came the sounds, sweeter to my ears than the sweetest music; and I knew that Harry was there. These sounds were to some extent covered by the drumming of my thimble, and were to me as plain as spoken words.

"Yes."

Instantly I sent back my answer. Two excited words, run all together: "Robbers! Help!"

The total silence that followed assured me, after a minute's anxious waiting, that Harry had comprehended my message, and that doubtless he would at once come to the house. Fortune had favored me, for I had heard the man creeping up the hall stairs, and thus I had escaped the results of any suspicious he might have had had he heard the clicking of the instrument.

I did not look at the clock, and cannot say exactly how long I sat there in silence. It seemed to me that it was hours.

Then there was the sound of whispering in the hall. The next moment there appeared in the doorway a second stranger, rougher and more desperate, if possible, in appearance than the first; and close behind him, to my great surprise and indignation, was our man Joseph. They both advanced into the room, the one looking angry and disappointed, and the other with a sheepish air as he caught my eye.

"We have found the key of the safe," growled the second stranger. "But all

for nothing. The money wasn't in it, and we've looked high and low and can't find it. But Joe here sticks to it that it's somewhere in the house; and he thinks," looking fiercely at me, "you know where. It's no use, Miss—; we haven't any more time to spare and we won't stand no nonsense. I see it in your eye; you know where the money is. And you've got to tell."

He had advanced while he had been speaking and was now quite near. I arose from my chair fearing that he meant to lay hands upon me. And at that instant—my ears painfully alert to any noise—I was certain I caught the sound of a footfall outside the window, and I gained fresh courage.

"And why have I got to tell?" demanded I, purposely raising my voice so that it could be heard outside the house. "What right have you to break into this house in this way?"

The man suddenly caught me by the wrist, uttering at the same time a fearful oath.

"You make another sound above a whisper," he cried, in a voice hoarse with rage, "and I'll—"

He did not finish his sentence. There came a loud crash at both windows at once, and the next instant Harry Randall with two watchmen from the mills burst into the room.

The rescue was complete, so far as saving our lives and saving the money was concerned. The robbers attempted no resistance.

In an instant, before a word could be said or a blow struck, the man raised his hand and dashed the lamp from the table. In the darkness and confusion the burglars, Joseph among them, made their escape. And although every effort was made, both then and later, to secure their arrest they were never taken.

However, as I said, our lives and the money that had been confided to my keeping were safe; and we were all thankful for that.

And I may say again that I am very glad that, at that time at least, the telegraph had not been superseded by the telephone.

—Youth's Companion.

### SUNDAY READING.

#### Great Sins and Petty Faults.

You need not break the glasses of a telescope nor coat them over with paint to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So, it does not require to hide the light of God's countenance or shut out every star of promise. Little faults can do it just as well. Take a shield, and cast a spear upon it and it will leave in it one great dent, but pick it all over with a million little needle shots, and they take the polish off far more than the piercing of the spear. So, it is not so much the great sins that take the freshness from our consciences as the numberless petty faults which we are all the time committing.—Beecher.

#### Religious News and Notes.

A proposition for the organic union of the Northern and Southern Methodist churches meets with much favor.

At Wallerawang, New South Wales, a lady has built a church for the joint use of Anglican and Presbyterian communities.

The English Baptist hand-book for 1882 reports an increase of thirteen churches, thirty-seven chapels, and 5,700 members.

The commission appointed in Germany to revise Luther's translation of the Bible has held its last sitting and brought its work to a close.

The Scottish United Presbyterian church gathered in for foreign missions last year \$167,725, an advance of upward of \$15,000 on the previous year.

There are in Paris ninety-two Sunday schools, with 819 teachers and 7,400 scholars. Many of these schools use the international series of lessons, for which lesson papers and other expository helps are published in French.

At the thirty-second anniversary of the Southwestern Bible society, at New Orleans, it was reported that during the past year seven colporteurs had been employed in Louisiana and Mississippi, who visited 15,837 families, of whom 6,841 were without a copy of the Bible. In all, 4,607 families and 1,318 individuals were supplied with the sacred volume, 1,690 copies being given away. The colporteurs spent 1,055 days and traveled 10,236 miles in making the canvass, at a total expense of \$1,691.25.

An organization known as the Children's Scripture Union was formed in London, England, in April, 1879, and has since spread through different parts of Europe, until now there are about 9,000 branches, comprising nearly 100,000 members. The object is to promote among children and young people the regular daily reading of the Bible.

The Baptist Weekly bewails the meager contributions of Baptists for foreign missions. It goes into statistics to show that the actual contributions of the churches is shockingly small. Of the income from churches and individuals, amounting to \$167,685, it finds that \$100,641 came from 178 churches and sixty-four individuals. Apportioning the balance among the rest of the patronizing churches, it secures as a result an average contribution of eleven cents per member.

#### A Woman's Ingenuity.

Elizabeth Lloyd King, alias Kate Stoddard, who is well known as the murderer of Charles Goodrich, brother of the Hon. W. W. Goodrich, and is now confined in the Auburn State convict asylum, being denied the use of writing material, recently invented a new way of composing a letter. She was allowed books and magazines, a Bible and a Testament, and although not permitted to have scissors, had a needle and some thread. Taking the flyleaf of a book she stitched upon it single letters, and bits of words that would compose sentences, and very neatly made up out of fragments of print the following letter:

Mrs. PAYVE, COUNSELLOR AT LAW:  
Sir—Please excuse this print and paper, for I have not been allowed to use my writing materials since last July. I would like to consult you as soon as I can. Will you please call here? Respectfully,  
ELIZABETH LLOYD KING,  
Auburn State Convict Asylum, New York.

EDITOR OF THE SYRACUSE STANDARD:  
Sir—Will you please oblige me by giving to Mr. Counsellor Payve the above note? I do not know where to direct it. Please excuse this print and paper, for I have not been allowed to use any writing materials since last July. Respectfully,  
ELIZABETH LLOYD KING,  
Auburn State Convict Asylum, N. Y.

The following address was stitched upon another bit of paper, which was afterward sewed on the reverse side of the card:

Mrs. D. C. PAYVE, Editor of the Syracuse Standard, Standard office, Syracuse, New York.

It must have required many weeks to have pieced out the letter. The capitals were used only in proper places, and great care was taken as to punctuation. The whole of the first letter was in briefer type, and most of the second, and the words were nearly all made up of single letters picked out of a printed page, evidently with a needle, and then sewed on with white thread. The word King seems to have been cut out of a Bible printed in agate. The stitches were taken with such care as not to tear the paper or to leave upturned edges that would be apt to cause any part to be torn off in handling. The edges of the paper were neatly hemmed. The letter was delivered to a visitor to mail, but it was taken up by an asylum physician, who has preserved it as a curiosity.

### Marsh Song—At Sunset.

Over the monstrous shambling sea,  
Over the Calliban sea,  
Bright Ariel-clouds thou lingerest.  
Oh wait, oh wait in the warm red West—  
Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the humped and fishy sea,  
Over the Calliban sea,  
Oh cloud in the West, like a thought in the heart

Of pardon, loose thy wing and start,  
And do a gale for me.

Over the huge and huddling sea,  
Over the Calliban sea,  
Bring hither my brother Antonio—man—  
My injurer. Night breaks the ban;  
Brother, I pardon thee.

—Sidney Lanier, in Our Continent.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The difference between a dog and a boy consists in the fact that when the dog finds a scent he doesn't spend it for candy.

Talk about modern miracles, Mr. Cabbagehead says he cured his boy of some bad habits by the laying on of hands.—Stamford Advocate.

A burglar got into the house of a country editor the other night. After a terrible struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him.—Philadelphia News.

"Pa, why do they call 'em high schools?" "It's because we pay so much for 'em, my son. You'll understand these things better when you get to be a taxpayer."

The man who never did anything by halves tried to swallow a whole fish ball the other morning, and has been extremely quiet and unassuming ever since.—Lowell Citizen.

"Is snow warming?" asks a Vermont paper. Egad, yes! You get a good solid snow ball tunked into your ear and you'll think the ear is afire for the next two hours.—Boston Post.

Two men discussing the wonders of modern science. Said one: "Look at astronomy, now; men have learned the distance to the stars, and with the spectroscope they have even found out the substances they are made of." "Yes," said the other, "but strangest of all to me is how they found out all their names!"

A remarkable fact: We have many times been an unwilling listener to the "said she" and "said I" narrations in public conveyances and elsewhere; but never knew an instance where the "said I's" didn't say all the smart things, and the "said she's" all the stupid and vicious things, or where the "said I's" didn't come off victorious in the end.

### Killing Alligators.

A Detroit who had just returned from Florida after an absence of several months, was asked the other day if he had any fun with the alligators down there.

"Yes, sir—dead loads of fun," he replied.

"Kill many?"

"Well, I should say so!"

"How many did you ever kill in a day?"

"Three hundred."

"No! you don't mean 300 alligators in one day?"

"Yes, I do."

"You must have struck a rich spot. Three hundred in one day! Whew! What time did you begin?"

"Oh, about 10 o'clock in the morning."

"And how long did it take you?"

"About an hour."

There was a pause, during which astonishment, incredulity and worse were visible on the faces of the crowd. Finally one man stepped forward and said:

"Did you use artillery?"

"No, sir."

"A saw-mill?"

"No, sir."

"Dynamite?"

"No, sir."

"Maybe you'll tell us how you did it?"

"Yes, sir—I talked 'em to death. Please call at my office for pamphlets of Florida—its resources, fruits, cereals, alligators, people and hotel charges. Tra-la!"—Free Press.

### Good Writing.

If you desire to write for the press, and to be what is termed a "good writer," there are two all-important things that you must look after. One of these is a plain and easy style, clearly within the comprehension of all disposed to read after you; and the other is a theme calculated to interest everybody as near as it is possible for everybody to be interested. The first of these attainments may be most easily secured by a careful study of modern writers, such for instance as Irving, Hawthorne and Dickens; the other must come through a knowledge of human nature and the exercise of good common sense. Without an association of these two things no person can become a good, or, in other words, a popular writer. We have in mind several men of our immediate acquaintance, who write smoothly and beautifully; but who, lacking the second requisite, are not at all liked as writers. On the other hand, we can place our finger upon men whose judgment, so far as relates to what would please the people, is almost entirely perfect, but who, when they undertake to put their thoughts in words, put in their words so badly and round their periods so roughly that no person cares to read after them for any great length of time.—Printers' Circular.