

### THE LOST CHILD.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORAN.

Lost! Lost! In the bewildering throng,  
Balked by the human current, surging strong;  
Amid the maze of voices, throbbing,  
No ear has caught the feeble, plaintive sound;  
No mamma's hand, no father's glance shy,  
Betraying close at every passer-by.

Its eyes are tear-blind, and its feet  
Are, O, so weary, wandering the street;  
"Mamma! mamma!" it calls, and calls again,  
Adding each time a keener note of pain.  
It runs, then pauses, overwhelmed with fears,  
For only strangers cross its misty tears.

The traces of a mother's care  
Still linger in the curled and sunny hair;  
The playing children tempt it not to stop,  
Though in its hand is clutched a striped top,  
And as it hurries through the alien town,  
One little stocking slips unheeded down.

At last the faint appeal is heard,  
And sleeping hearts of sympathy are stirred;  
Some bend to ask its name—its mother's name—  
While on its face a tangled ringlet strays,  
On all the world it seems to have no claim.

It stances at every spot it looks around,  
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### THEY TOOK HIM IN.

He was overtaken by night in the loneliest part of East Tennessee to the traveler a condition to be lamented, writes Opie P. Read, in the Chicago Times. The road is rough and the deep valleys have gathered a darkness so dense that they seem the very bottomless pits of blackness. A ray of yellowish light, trembling its way through the gloom, comes down from a hill where dogs are barking. The traveler is gladdened and, riding up to a log cabin, shouts: "Hallo!" Some one opens the door.

"I would like to stay over night with you. I am cold, hungry, and tired, and don't believe I can go another step."

"Well, we can't take in no posson, caze we an't got no place for a posson ter sleep; but ef you'll go right down



HE AGREED TO TAKE HIM IN.

van ter Jim Mason's he'll keep you in the finest storp shape. Lives right down thar at the foot of the hill."

The traveler turns away disappointed, of course, but he has placed a wreath of faith upon Jim Mason who lives "right down thar," and onward he goes through the darkness. His horse stumbles, and sometimes he has to stop and feel his way. Mile after mile is passed, it seems, but no beam of light comes trembling out to meet him. He curses the man who has lied to him, and in his anger he thinks of finding his way back and choking the scoundrel, when suddenly a light down the valley warms his heart. He rides up to a cabin. "Hallo!" Door is opened; znan pokes his head out.

"Jim Mason live here?"

"What do you want with him?"

"I want to stay all night."

"Oh, lowed mebbe yer wanted ter snatch him up befo' the Gran' Jury. Yes, I live here."

"Well, I was told away back yonder, I don't know how far, that you would accommodate me for the night."

"Red-headed feller was it that told you?" he asked, still standing with his head poked out.

"I don't know; it was too dark to see."

"Well, if it was a red-headed feller it was my son-in-law, an' I reckon he's the biggest liar in East Tennessee."

"I don't know who it was, but the question is, can I stay?"

"Question's mighty easy answered. You can't."

"But, my dear sir, I can not go any further."

"Bleeged to you for callin' me a dear sar, but I reckon you'll hafta go furrder. Sam Mayhew lives right down thar, an' I think he'd be glad to take you. Jest tell Sam that you air from Texas an' know his folks that went out thar three years ago. Tell him you know Alf, an' Tohe, and the rest of 'em. My brother Pete went out thar with them. Community lost a good man when Pete left, I tell you. Tall, rawboned feller that could lift one side of a steer."

I was the traveler, and I saw my chance. No casuistry could stand up against such inducements to tell a lie—yes, against a necessity of it. "I would deceive him."

"My dear sir, I am from Texas, sure enough, and I do know his people, though, of course, not intimately."

"Know Alf?"

"Yes."

"An' Tohe?"

"I do."

Look here, you mout know my brother Pete, that lives out thar in Calhoun County."

"I am acquainted with him. Out there he is known as Long Pete."

"Well, I declar, stranger, you air gettin' interestin'."

"Shall I get down and come in?"

I saw another light. When I yelled a man opened the door.

"Who's that?"

"Another lie might be successful. I would take a desperate chance.

"I am a preacher," I answered, "cold, hungry, tired, and lost in this awful night of darkness. Can you take me in?"

"What sort of a preacher?"

"Wall, I reckon he ken," a woman's voice answered. "Jest get right down an' come in, an' Dick, you take the brother's hoss. Bless my life; the idea of a preacher bein' lost sich a night as this. Walk right in, brother."

They had been to bed, but a great log-fire burned in the immense fireplace. The man took my horse, and the woman bustled herself with putting her horse in order, and, during the time, deploring the hardships to which I had been subjected. The man, a comical old fellow with dead-grass whiskers, soon returned and shook hands with me time and again.

"Mighty glad ter see you, brother. Han't been a preacher at my house fur a powerful long time. Powerful glad ter see you. Stranger come along in the early part of the night an' wanted to stay with us, an' although we've got a first-rate bed up-stairs I sent him on down ter Sam Mason's, caze I 'lowed 'suntin' mout happen. Powerful glad ter see you."

He leaned over, and placing his hand on my knee, gazed affectionately into my face.

"Dick," exclaimed his wife, "don't eat the brother up, fur mussy sake."

"No, Puss," he rejoined, "I love you too well ter deprive you of that air pleasure. Brother, what is yo' name?"

"Sanderson," I answered.

"Wall, I am powerful glad to see you. Puss, sit out thar an' watch the cookers fer the Dominecker hen and rook her fur Brother Sanderson. Wake up Sim an' tell him thar's er preacher in the house. Wash you could a met my daughter Polly, but she married Nat Buckley last week. As good a worker at the mourner's bench as you ever seed. Drawed the Bettygast boys in when nobody else could teach 'em. I'm powerful glad ter see you. What sort of a hoss air you ridin'?"

"A pretty fair animal."

"Wall, I reckon we ken strike up a trade tomorrow before church time."

"Before church time?"

"Yes; the meetin' house is right down thar in the hollow; so you didn't miss it so mighty fur after all. Don't pay no 'tention to that noise. It's only the Dominecker hen a squawlin'. Better squaw, too, fur when thar's a match she spreads the yalms of her hands out on a hen, why the hen's life ends pretty soon afterwards, if not right thar. Might good thing they sent you, fur our regular preacher is sick an' kain't fill the pulpit, an' the folks don't know it, but I reckon you hear of it an' come to take his place. Wall, I'll git up arly an' build a fire in the meetin' house, an' my boy ken ride all around an' tell the folks that have heard of Brother Rice's sickness that Brother

Sanderson will preach. Powerful glad to see you. Why, brother, I hope you an't sick, air you?"

I must have looked bad at that moment; indeed my hair must have begun to rise on the top of my head. Preach— I couldn't have said six words. Would it do to undeceive the old fellow? No. He was comical in some respects, but his eyes said "Don't you fool with me, brother."

The woman entered: "Fur pity sake, Dick, air you still trying ter get the brother up? A posson would think that you never hurt nobody in your life, you air so lovin', but Sam Bettis wouldn't think so."

"Wall, he told me a lie, Puss, an' I won't stand thar from nobody. I don't mind a man cheatin' me outen a dime once in a while, but I won't do air a posson ter lie ter me about nothin' a fall."

"Come on, brother, an' eat a bite," said the woman.

I had been exceedingly hungry, but my appetite was gone. The life of the Dominecker hen might have been spared.

"I expect a powerful sermon from you ter-morrow, brother," my affectionate host remarked. "We an't had our feelin's stirred up in some time an' we want 'em stirred. Jest want you ter pile doctrine upon that pulpit till you'd think it was a fodder-stack. That's the only way to please our folks."

We returned to the sitting-room. Something had to be done.

"Now, brother," said the host, "jest step right up thar and go to bed, fur you'll need a little sleep."

"Thank you, but let me go out and see about my horse."

"Oh, no; I've fixed him all right."

"But I'd rather look after him again."

"Wall, I'll go out and see to him. You jest must sleep, fur we want a powerful sermon ter-morrow. Take off yo' shoes right down here by the fire."

"No, I'll take them off up-stairs."

The room above was reached by means of a ladder. I had them good-night and climbed up. My intention was to escape before daylight. I could not help but groan when I glanced about the room. There was no window and I could not escape through the room without making a hole through the roof. "I must sleep."

Would they never stop talking? At last they were quiet. The clappers must have been held down with spikes. It was awful work, but at last I succeeded in making an opening large enough. To get out on the roof was an easy matter, but how was I to get down? I crawled to one corner and in trying to climb down I slipped and fell off. I fell on a dog. It must have killed him, for nothing far removed from the grave could have sounded such a note of despair. The old man did not awake. I roamed round and round trying to find the stable. Found it at last. Went into the wrong stall and was kicked by a colt.

I mounted and rode away. My horse was so tired, notwithstanding his food and rest, that he traveled with diffi-

culty; but I urged him on. Daylight came and then I cursed myself. I had left my horse, a magnificent animal, and had taken an old stiff-jointed, knock-kneed thing that would not have brought \$10 on the public square of a village. Should I go back? Oh, no. I rode or stumbled on until the old plug gave out, and then I walked and carried my saddle.

### PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY.

Hints to Women Regarding the Care of the Hair—The Fine-Toothed Comb Condenses—Cleanliness the First Requisite.

MANY ladies wash their heads with preparations of alkalies, ammonia, borax, and even baking soda, and these are each and all full both to hair and scalp, for the life and vigor of hair comes from the little fat glands which nourish the roots, and render it glossy, soft and thick. These alkalies dissolve the fat, and soon the lady is distressed to find that her hair is breaking off or falling out. Alcohol, whether in form of the various hair tonics, or bay rum, is equally injurious, and to its use in barber shops are the most of the bald heads due.

When one feels that the head needs a "good shampoo," the yelks of eggs alone should be employed, with plenty of water. The yolk of an egg is almost all oil, and for that reason an emollient, but no alkali nor soap should be used if it is desired to preserve the hair at its best.

Dandruff is a great injury to the hair, and it has never yet been understood, though some have pretended to have discovered its cause and cure. But this we have noticed and proved, those who wash their heads in cold water daily never have it. Brushes and combs should be kept very clean, and no one should use any of the various hair tonics, or bay rum, or anything of the kind, unless it is equally injurious, and to its use in barber shops are the most of the bald heads due.

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### SAGE OF HAWARDEN.

GREAT BRITAIN'S MOST EMINENT STATESMAN.

A Busy and Useful Life Briefly Sketched—Home Life of the "Grand Old Man"—Personal Characteristics—Mrs. Gladstone.

THE correspondent of an American newspaper traveling in England recently stopped off at Chester, and after a short drive found himself at the Glynne Arms Hotel, Hawarden, and just opposite the main entrance to Hawarden Castle, the home of William Ewart Gladstone.

Armed with a letter of introduction, he soon found himself ushered into the presence of the best-known man in the British Empire. His reception of the newspaper man was at the same time dignified and affable, but as far removed from any appearance of patronage as from familiarity.

Respecting the probabilities of his accession again to power, Mr. Gladstone remarked that though the result

of the by-elections was of such a character as to make him most sanguine of the speedy return of his party to power his hope of such a consummation was not based solely on that fact, but as well upon the assured conviction that the tide of public opinion was surely turning in their favor.

Mr. Gladstone lives a very regular life at his home. He breakfasts lightly about 7 o'clock, and shortly before 8 walks to the church for prayers. To the intelligent observer the sight of the great statesman walking to church at this early hour in the morning cannot fail to be interesting. Clad in a long coat, tightly buttoned, with a shawl wrapped closely around his neck and wearing a soft felt hat, his appearance is decidedly picturesque. Upon his return to the castle from morning prayers he retires to his study, where he reads and answers, with the aid of his secretary, his enormous mass of daily correspondence.

There is no regular hour for luncheon at the castle, and it is partaken of by those at home at various times. In the afternoon Mr. Gladstone takes a walk in the grounds, and if the weather is propitious usually engages in his favorite exercise of tree-chopping. He dines at 8 o'clock, afterward reads or writes, and at 10 retires for the night. Though abstemious in his habits, he usually drinks bitter beer with his lunch, and a glass or two of claret or port at dinner. Mr. Gladstone is not in any sense ascetic, is a generous liver, and is a great believer in the virtues of a glass of good port wine. When engaged in speaking his filip is a compound of sherry and egg, which is prepared by Mrs. Gladstone with as much anxiety and care as if it were the elixir of life. Mr. Gladstone never smoked. He acquired his habits at a period when tobacco-smoking was generally regarded as somewhat vulgar among the better classes.

Mr. Gladstone usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to another as his mind reaches the limit of absorption, or when he fancies that the volume in hand has interested him just enough not to be the sole object of thought. This mode of reading is intended to be corrective of a natural disposition of his mind to devote attention to some particular subject to the exclusion of everything else.

In Mr. Gladstone's study, besides his books, which are seen everywhere, there are three writing desks in the

room, one chiefly reserved for political correspondence, and another used by Mrs. Gladstone. The library at Hawarden Castle contains more than 20,000 volumes, which are freely loaned to almost any person in the neighborhood who wishes to read them. At one time this library was unlimited, but the privilege was so much abused by some persons that a few years ago a rule was laid down limiting the time for which a book might be kept to one month. With this exception, however, Mr. Gladstone's library is still the free-loan library of the whole country side.

Beginning his career as an orator, Gladstone the greatest of living statesmen, has achieved an unrivaled reputation as a parliamentary speaker, the intense gravity and earnestness of his utterances carrying conviction to the minds of his hearers. In over fifty years of public life he has either instigated or participated in a series of measures which have caused a most admirable change in the English law and government, the most notable being the extension of the franchise to every man who has an established home.

He was born at Liverpool—an Englishman by birth, but of Scotch descent. His father was a wealthy merchant, who acquired a large fortune in the West India trade.

He was educated at Eton and the University of Oxford, and graduated before attaining the age of twenty-two years. He entered Parliament in 1832 as a member for Newark, Nottinghamshire, which borough he continued to represent until 1846. During these years he fell profusely on the head of the youthful commoner, "Handsome Gladstone," as he was called. At this time he was a constant contributor to the "Quarterly Review," chiefly on literary and ecclesiastical subjects.

In 1834, he was made junior Lord of the treasury, and three months later, under secretary for colonial affairs. In 1841, Mr. Gladstone was made vice president of the council and master of the mint. In 1843 he relinquished the first named of these offices in order to assume that of president of the board of trade.

In 1845 he entered the cabinet, not as secretary for the colonies, under the premiership of Sir Robert Peel; but soon resigned this