"O WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST."

O wind that blows out of the West,
Thou hast swept over mountain and sea,
Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings
The breath of my love to me!
Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?
Or tangled her soft, brown hair?
Or fluttered the fragrant heart
Of the rose she loves to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West,
Hast thou seen my love to-day,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
Under skies so far away?
Hast thou gilded a path for her feet,
Or deepened the glow on her cheeks,
Or bent from the skies to hear
The low, sweet words she speaks!

O stars that are bright in the West
When the hush of the night is deep,
Do ye see my love as she lies
Like a chaste, white flower asleep?
Does she smile as she walks with me
In the light of a happy dream,
While the night winds rustle the leaves,
While the light waves ripple and gleam!

O birds that fly out of the West,
Do ye bring me a message from her,
As sweet as your love-notes are,
When the warm spring breezes stir!
Did she whisper a word of me
As your tremulous wings swept by
Or utter my name, mayhap,
In a single passionate cry?

O voices out of the West,
Ye are silent every one,
And never an answer comes
From wind, or stars, or sun!
And the blithe birds come and go
Through the boundless fields of space,
As reckless of human prayers
As if earth were a desert place!

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

WHICH OF THE TWO?

All West Row was sorry when Dr. Carew died.

He had received so many wailing little infants in his arms, he had soothed so many an hour of pain, he had come through all sorts of wind and weather to take his patient post at sick beds, and his silver hair and kindly forehead had been the last object upon which so many a closing eye had gazed, that Dr. Carew's dying from our midst seemed almost incredible.

But he died, and was buried, and almost before they had piled the green sod over his grave, two new disciples of Æsculapius came to West Row and hung out their glittering signs.

There was Dr. Garnet, a spruce handsome man, who had a moustache, and wore kid gloves.

And there was Dr. Silcox, who tied his neckcloth awry, and invariably forgot to put on his gloves.

And of course they were both anxious to succeed.

"I'm told there are some very wealthy families here," said Dr. Garnet, when, according to the dictates of medical etiquette, he called at the unpretending little office of Dr. Silcox.

"Yes?"

Doctor Silcox was absently bending an ivory paper-cutter back and forth.

"And a deal of sickness among the factory hands, and no adequate drainage to those marshes back of the railroad.

"There should be a free hospital here, too, the population warrants it."

"Oh, hang your free hospital!" said Dr. Garnet impatiently.

"If people want a doctor let them call him in and pay for him, that is my theory."

Dr. Silcox lifted his big eyes gravely to the other's face.

"But suppose they can't afford it?" said he.

"Then they've no business to be sick," said Dr. Garnet.

"He has no more heart than a paving-stone," was Dr. Silcox's verdict in regard to his medical *confrere*.

"He is a fool," said Dr. Garnet, as he got into his carriage and told his coachman to drive on.

"Free hospitals, indeed, and a system of drainage!

"Does the man want to bite off his own nose?

"What's that?

"The big stone-mansion on the hill is the one that Miss Chrystan lives in.

"Not a bad location, eh?

"I must get some one to introduce me to the heiress of West Low."

And he chuckled at his own wit.

Miss Chrystan herself, did he but know it, was a little curious in regard to the two new doctors who were competing for poor Dr. Carew's practice.

She was a slight small creature, of the humming-bird order of women, with hair of the genuine buttercup gold, dreamy blue eyes, and the least perceptible lisp in her voice.

"How is one to know what to do?" said she.

"In case, I mean, of sudden sickness?"

"Oh, I wish dear old Dr. Carew could have lived forever."

"Ah," said Miss Jewett, her cousin, "send for Doctor Garnet of course.

"He's such a love, and the other young man shambles when he walks and always has his hands in his pockets."

Miss Chrystan laughed, and forgot all about it the next minute, until one day one of her favorite old women fell ill, and Miss Chrystan resolved that something ought to be done about it."

"She has sent to Dr. Garnet twice," said the heiress to Miss Jewett, "and he has taken no sort of notice of the call:

"Doctor Carew always attended Janet gratis, and this other young doctor must be made to understand how it is."

"Ellie, I've a great mind to go myself and see him."

"Oh do," said Miss Jewett clapping her hands.

"Go to Doctor Garnet's, and if he's real nice, ask him to dinner."

"Nonsense," said Miss Chrystan

But she smiled, and did not look altogether displeased at the idea.

It was a dark February afternoon, with frost bound roads, sky of uniform leaden grey, and occasional flurries of snow in the air; and Lulu Chrystan had one or two cottages to stop at on her way, so that the twilight had fallen chill and gloomy as a funeral pall, before she left the last place.

Old Mrs. Drudgett insisted on wrapping her own tartan shawl around her young visitor at the door.

"That little silk jacket won't keep the deadly cold from your bonnie bones, Miss Lulu," said she; "and we cannot spare anybody like you just yet, my dearie dear."

Doctor Garnet's office door, in the High street, stood wide open, and Miss Chrystan could see the red glow of a comfortable coal fire in the grate.

There was no light, no attendant.

Miss Chrystan knocked twice, and then she entered and sat down.

"He will be here soon," she said to herself; "and I am not sorry for the opportunity to rest a little."

As she sat there dreamily gazing into the fire, a heavy step sounded in the back room beyond.

"Halloa, Tom, you lazy dog, why aren't you here to take my horse?" cried out a clear bass tone.

"Bless and save me," cried a drowsy voice, simultaneously with a scuffling sound, as if some one was scrambling up from the floor.

"I have gone off quite to sleep."

"Have you seen young Dr. Silcox go by just now, with old widow Keppel in the carriage?"

"Eh?" said Doctor Garnet; "the pauper?"

Tom chuckled.

"As sure as I live," said he, "old widow Keppel, in her ridiculous dress, with her white hair flying every way.

"Law,' says the folks, 'why didn't you let her walk back. She's as crazy as possible.'

"And what do you suppose Dr. Silcox say?

"He says, D'ye suppose,' he says, 'I'd let a poor old woman like that walk this bitter cold night when there's room in my carriage.

"I had a mother myself,' said he and she had white hair too."

"He's a fanatic," said Dr. Garnet, brusting out into a loud laugh

"That's what I think myself," said Tom, who had not the least idea what fanatic meant.

He hurried out to take the doctor's horse, which had been driven up to the back door, and Dr. Garnet came slowly into the office.

"Eh?" said he.

"What?

"Who's here?"

"Oh—mother Drudgett again!" as he recognized the pattern of the old tartan shawl in the uncertain firelight, "Come, clear out of this."

Miss Chrystan had risen to her feet, and stood prepared to speak, but this strange greeting put all utterance out of her mind.

"I told you the last time you were here, you know," said Dr. Garnet, flinging his cap and gloves down upon the table, "that I was not going to be overwhelmed by a swarm of poor people.

"If you want advice and medicine you must pay for them; and if you can't pay for them, as you have the audacity to tell me, why then the best thing you can do is to die, and be out of the way.

"Now, be off, and let this be the last time!

"Eh?

"What?"

For Miss Crystan, who began by this time to comprehend the situation of affairs, had now advanced into the full glare of the firelight, and flung aside the tartan shawl which covered her black silk sacque, edged with jet beads.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor Garnet, said she, "but you have mistaken matters entirely.

"I am not Mrs. Drudgett, but Miss Chrystan, of the Hall.

"I had intended to consult with you about some of my poor people; but as your views regarding the poor seem to differ so widely from my own perhaps it is scarcely worth while."

And Miss Chrystan, assuming the regal air which she so well knew how to wear, walked out of the office, with Dame Drudgett's shawl upon her arm.

She went straight to Dr. Silcox's, and then and there entered upon an alliance, offensive and defensive, with him as to her "poor people," and finished up by inviting him to Chrystan Hall for dinner the next week.

"Well," said Miss Jewett, when her cousin returned in the snowy dusk.

"I've seen the two new doctors," said Miss Chrystan, seating herself before the fire.

"Both of them?" said Ellie.

"Both of them," nodded Miss Chrystan.

"And what is your verdict?" asked Miss Jewett.

"Doctor Garnet is a cold-natured self-seeker, who wears patchouli upon his handkerchief, and an armor of ice around his heart," said Miss Chrystan. "And Dr. Silcox is splendid!"

"But he's round-shouldered and near-sighted."

"Pshaw!" said the heiress.

"And he never wears any gloves."

"For all that, Ellie," said Miss Chrystan, he's a gentleman."

And this little incident settled the fate, socially speaking, of the two doctors.

Miss Chrystan and her friends led public opinion in West Low, and Doctor Garnet was unable to fight against the waves of popular obloquy.

At the end of a year he took down his sign, and left the coast clear for Dr. Silcox, round-shoulders and all.

And it was old Mrs. Drudgett's tartan shawl that was at the bottom of his failure.

Strange, is it not? how mere a trifle may influence our fate in this world.

In a Furnishing Store.

NOTE.—An educated and intelligent public will readily infer the store-keeper's questions.

Customer—"I want a pair of suspenders."

Dealer——?

C.—"No, I don't want a shirt to-day. I have some shirts at home."

D.——?

C.—"True, I suppose they are very cheap. But, as I said, I have enough shirts for the present at home."

D.——?

C.—"Yes, I suppose they are very well made and carefully stitched."

D.——?

C.—"I don't want any gloves."

D.——?

C.—"No neckties."

D.——?

C.—"No, no socks at present."

D.——!!

C.—"Well, these socks would be too expensive for me, even with the reduction you make. No. All I want to-day is the suspenders. If you will be so kind as to give me my change."

D.——?

C.—"No, I do not care to buy any handkerchiefs to-day."

D.——?

C.—No, I do not want a scarf pin today."

D.——?

C.—"No, I do not want to buy any under-clothing to-day."

D.——?

C.—"Oh, I have two yachting shirts at home."

D.——?

C.—"Well, I think I'll make last year's style last me through the coming summer."

D.——?

C.—"No, I don't need any collar buttons. I buy mine by the quart at wholesale prices."

D.——?

C.—"No, no shirt-studs to-day, thank you."

D.——?

C.—"No, thank you; no sleeve-buttons to-day."

D.——?

C.—"Yes, it is a very fine day, indeed. Or, at least it was when I came in here. How long have I been in here, anyway?"

D.——?

C.—"What! You keep watches, too? No, I dont care to buy a watch."

D.——?

C.—"Yes, I'll call again when I'm out of suspenders."

D.——?

C.—"Oh, I never wore more than one pair of suspenders at a time?"

D.——?

"Well, let 'em rise! I'm not a Vanderbilt who can buy suspenders by the trunkful."

D.——?

"Well, if the suspender factories do stop, and they go up, as you say, I'll fall back on tight waistbands.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Letting $800 Drop.

San Francisco Post.

A solemn-looking citizen appeared at Police Headquarters, and, beckoning the Chief into a private room, said:

"You know that $800 robbery at my house that I reported to you yesterday morning?"

"Certainly, and I have put two of our best men on the case, and—"

"Well, I—ahem—I have decided no to pursue the matter. You needn't take any further steps. In fact—"

"You don't mean to say that you have recovered the money?"

"Oh! not—not at all."

"Found a clue, eh?"

"Well, n-o-o, not exactly. The fact is the money was taken out of my trousers pockets at night, and—and—this morning my wife had sent home a new sealskin sacque."

"Ah."

"And so you see I have about concluded to let the matter drop—let the matter drop," and with a deep sigh the bereaved husband drifted out.

THE FRECKLED-FACE GIRL.

How She Entertained a Visitor While Her Ma Was Dressing.

Boston Globe.

"Ma's upstairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"O, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, "the Dickens!" and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn books to send'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all tho good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, making a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Sliderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick you know Uncle Dick, he's been out west and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifs'd be sorry they were such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out west, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't round. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who profess to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

Age and the Intellect.

Boston Courier.

"The richer a nature," says Carlyle, "the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School, John ever prim, precise and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the universe. The quickest and completest of all the vegetables is the cabbage." This slowly developed "Sir Walter Scott of the universe" was 33 when he made his first draft of "Waverly," and was 41 when he re-wrote and published it. Nearly every one of those tales, which conferred immortality upon him, was composed after he had reached the age of 46.

Carlyle was 42 when he published the "French Revolution," the first work of his to which he formally put his name. The publication of this work was, it is true, delayed, owing to the burning of the manuscript of one volume, through the carelessness of Mrs. Taylor, to whom it had been loaned by John Stuart Mill; but if that mishap had not occurred Carlyle would have been over 50 before his work could have appeared. His "Cromwell" was published when he was 50, the first two volumes of his "Frederick the Great" when he was 63, another two when he was 67, and the last two when he was 69. Swift was 59 when he published "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly did no work on it before he was 57. Tennyson was 50 when his idyls "Elaine," "Vivien" and Guinivere" were published, and was about 62 when he completed the series with "Gareth and Lynette." Macaulay was 48 when he issued the first and second volumes of his "History of England," and the third and fourth did not appear till he was 55. Good as are the essays of his early manhood, they pale when compared with this work of his mature years.

John Stuart Mill was 53 when his essay "On Liberty" was published, and 56 when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism." Milton was certainly more than 54 when he began to compose his "Paradise Lost." He was 59 when he sold it to Simmons, the bookseller. George Eliot composed "Middlemarch" between the ages of 46 and 51, and after that "Daniel Deronda." Bacon was 59 before he published his great work, "The Novum Organum." Cowper was over 50 when he wrote "John Gilpin" and "The Task," and Defoe 58 when he published "Robinson Crusoe." Darwin published his "Origin of Species" when 50, and his "Descent of Man" when 62. Grote wrote the larger part of his "History of Greece" between the ages of 52 and 62, and Hallam occupied nearly the same period of life with his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe" The two works by which Thomas Hood has survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," were composed when he was 46, and on a sick bed from which he never rose.

Longfellow gave us "Hiawatha" when 48, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" when 58, and after that was as prolific as he was excellent. We need only mention his translation of Dante's "Divinia Commedia," and his exquisite poem, "Morituri Salutamus." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published when Holmes was 48, and "Songs in Many Keys" when he was 55. Washington Irving completed "Tales of the Alhambra" at 49, published "Mahomet" at 67 and "The Life of George Washington" after that age. Prescott wrote, we believe, "The Conquest of Mexico" between the ages of 45 and 47, and "The Conquest of Peru" between 47 and 51. Motley completed "The History of the United Netherlands" at 53, and after that began the history of "John of Barneveld," which he published when he was 60.

Frenchmen have produced very remarkable books long after the noon-days of life. Laplace did an extraordinary amount of mathematical work after three score and ten, and Victor Hugo scarcely "got under way" before he was 50. He published "Napoleon the Little" at 50, "Les Chatiments" at 51, "Les Miserables" at 57, "The Toilers of the Sea" at 64, "The Man who Laughs" at 67 and "The Annals of a Terrible Year" at 70. The great physicist and mathematician Amphere did not begin to devote his attention to the phenomena of electro-magnestism till he was 45, and it was from 51 to 53 that he published his "Observations," a work characterized, has been said, by "profound thought and extraordinary philosophical sagacity." Racine was 50 when he wrote his drama of "Esther," 52 that of "Athalie," the finest production of his genius, and a masterpiece of dramatic eloquence. Thiers was 65 when he completed his "Consulate and Empire," and Chateaubriand 63 when he published his "Etudes."

Cervantes had passed his 58th year before he published the first part of "Don Quixote," and was 68 when he issued the second part. He and Shakespeare died on the same day.

A WHITE LILY.

A Reminiscence of Parepa by Mary L. Wright.

The season of music was closing. Satiated with praise Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when "Please, mi ladi," in low pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street singer, with his old violin under his arm, but the face upturned in the gas-light, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice, held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well!" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please," in sweet broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was her answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips, passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she has just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes aflame and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, oh! mi ladi—I could die."

"Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at 5," and holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook and a look so wrapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. Then the wondrous voice thrilled softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn, again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chimes of vesper bells. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of that night's incident and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad with its refrain of "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars.

A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few had opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, and they call him to play before princes.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts, and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Resurrection of a Prehistoric Race.

Popular Science Monthly.

About ten miles from Cincinnati, along the Little Miami River is a locality which has long been known to the country people, as the "Pottery Field." The ground was strewed with fragments of pottery, bones, arrowpoints and other remains of a like character, and the place was generally considered to be the site of an ancient work-shop. The primitive forest still occupies the locality, and is made up of oak, beech, elm, maple, walnut, etc. All around are found numerous mounds or tumuli, most of them small. A few of these were opened by Mr. Florian Gianque, in 1876, and some interesting things found. But in 1878, Dr. Charles Metz, and other gentlemen interested in archæology commenced a systematic exploration of the country thereabout, and so much has been found that we are enabled to form some idea of the habits, and get a glimpse into the life of the people who once lived in the immediate vicinity of the city of Cincinnati.

During the four years that the excavations have been carried on, between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred skeletons have been brought to light. Many of them are in an advanced state of decay, and crumble to pieces on the slightest touch, while others again are in a very good state of preservation. It can, therefore, hardly be inferred that because some of the skeletons are much decayed, they are necessarily very old; for, though we have well-preserved remains of bones from Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt, which certainly twenty-five hundred or three thousand years old, still the cases are exceptional in which they are found in good condition after the lapse of many years. Differenet kinds of soil and differences in climate have much to do with the matter; for in a dry and equable climate bones may resist for a long time the influences which would cause their decay, while in a moist climate, and with sudden and extreme changes, such as we have here, any bone, unless buried in peat, or subject constantly to a heavy pressure, so as to become partially fossilated, is liable soon to decay.

A story is told of a musician who, on the occasion of a grand concert, played two of Bach's finest fugues. A lady who boasted that she did not care what sum she paid to hear good music, speaking with enthusiastic delight of that evening's excellent entertainment, denied that anybody performed on the pianoforte, and described the performer as "the man who came in between the parts to tune the instrument."

A firm in Boston is being boycotted because the chairs it rented to German parties are the same they provide at funerals. Many of those who contracted illness at the parties blame it on the chairs.

VISIT TO AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

Hopes for the Rising Redmen.

The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Teller, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Secretary Hawley and wife, Senator Logan, Congressmen Peelle and Henderson, Dr. Painter, secretary of the National Educational Association, and clergymen, educators, students of the Indian problems and others, numbering in all about fifty persons, have been paying a visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.

After being entertained at luncheon by Capt. Pratt, the superintendent of the school, the visitors were conducted through the schoolrooms—a dozen in number—in each of which the pupils were required to exhibit their attainments in blackboard exercises of a varied character. The schools are graded, not according to the age of the pupils, but to the length of time they have been inmates of the institution. All degrees of proficiency were, of course, manifested from the class, composed of those pupils who came from their Western homes only four or five months ago, and who were only able to read simple sentences in English, apparently without comprehending the meanings of the words they struggled so hard to pronounce, up to the class of budding Ciceros, who received their guests with speeches of welcome and wrestled ambitiously with the elementary features of the "Indian problem."

Drawings previously made, of no mean order, both copies and original efforts, were exhibited upon the blackboards, and simple examples in arithmetic were rapidly and, in the main, correctly worked out. The pupils manifested a spirit of pride in the performance of their tasks, which were sufficiently varied to show that not merely the imitative faculties were called into play, but the reasoning powers equal to those of children of the civilized races were being developed.

The greatest surprise in store for the visitors was found in the results of the industrial training in the workshops. Boots and shoes, clothing, tin-ware, wood work, bedding and harness of the coarser qualities were all in process of manufacture. The young artisans went about their work with the ease of accomplished workmen and the results were substantial and neat. In one department, where wagon-making was carried on, several finished ambulances painted and varnished, not distinguishable to the untrained eye from the products of the best worshops, and others in process of manufacture, were exhibited, the entire work, excepting the springs and portions of the wheels, being from the hands of the Indian youths.

In the blacksmith shop a young man of about twenty summers, who, half an hour earlier, clad in his neat uniform of army blue and disporting the insignia of a sergeant, had "spoken his piece" with the air of a country member of Congress, was found in his working-suit, the master of a forge. With his two assistants he was making the sparks fly in a manner that threatened destruction to the seal-skin sacques of his visitors. He was welding an axle, and the entire party awaited the completion of the task. This young man, Captain Pratt said, had served for three months in one of the great carshops of Pennsylvania, where he had been sent for trial after learning his trade at the school. The master of the shop placed him at first as an assistant to another blacksmith, but was very soon promoted to the control of a forge by himself.

The general air of the school is one of respectable poverty. Order and neatness prevail, and no comfort is lacking, but there is hardly a vestige of that ornamentation which is to be expected in and about an educational institution of a public character.

Upon the return trip to Washington the visitors organized themselves into a "meeting" and adopted a series of resolutions highly commendatory of the system of training and instruction adopted by Capt. Pratt and assistants.

MORE INDIAN SCHOOLS NEEDED.

The Secretary of the Interior expressed the heartiest approval of the course and its results. He said that he was about to establish an Indian school in Kansas, and expressed the hope that he could find a "school father" as competent and zealous as Capt. Pratt. "If Congress would give us forty such schools, and use for the purpose the money now appropriated to the use of the army in guarding and controlling the Indians upon the plains, we should have no more Indian wars. There is no longer any difficulty in getting the children to attend the schools, and the parents of those who do attend will not go on the war-path."

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who had never before visited Carlisle, expressed his gratification in warm terms. He said the attainments of the pupils were evidence of a surprising aptitude on their part to acquire a mastery of the useful arts, and were very creditable to their instructors.

SOMEWHAT MODIFIED.—He had just come through from Idaho, and a stock buyer and grain merchant who happened to hear him say so, turned and said:

"Has the winter been a hard one out there?"

"Wust in 50 years."

"Bad on railroads?"

"I should remark!"

"How about winter wheat?"

"Frozen up solid."

"You don't say! And live stock?"

"Frozen as stiff as a crowbar,"

"And the settlers?"

"Froze right up in solid cakes."

"Is that possible! Why, I haven't seen any such accounts in the newspapers. You say everything is frozen solid, eh?"

"Well, I don't say everything, of course. Coming through Dakota I did see two or three living men, but it was nip and tuck with them. One of them had set a $15,000 saw mill on fire to warm up by, and the other two were rolling a barrel of frozen whisky up and down a hill after a mile long, and paying the owner two dollars a day for the privilege. I tell ye, stranger, a billion red hot flat irons wouldn't thaw out the frozen ears in my state alone saying nothing of heels and toes!"—*Wall Street News.*

A western settler who supposed that he had musical tastes went to the nearest township and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In the course of a few days, however, he brought it back, and demanded restitution of the money paid, as the stool was no good—no good at all. The seller examined it, and said it was in perfect order, and the screw all right, and therefore that it should be thrown back on his hands. "Well, said the settler, "I took it home careful, as you could see for yourself; and I gave it a turn, and the missus she gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It's no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus sets her tub on!"

A Toothsome Morsel.

This from the *Madison (Wis.) Democrat*, conveys its own moral:—Hold on! We are cognizant of the facts that an aching tooth was last night cured by the application of St. Jacobs Oil. The young fellow got mad over his raging tooth in the ball room, and rushed straightway to a drug store where he applied the good old German Remedy; in ten minutes the toothache had gone.

Pride is a flower that grows in the devil's gardens.

There are people who feed themselves with their grief until they get fat on it.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is richly worth $10 a bottle in certain cases. For instance, in cases of diphtheria, croup and asthma when the sufferer is almost dead for want of breath and something is required to act instantly. It costs only 35 cents

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

Veterinary surgeons all over the country are fiercely denouncing parties who put up *extra large* packs of worthless trash and sell it for condition powders. They say that *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* are the only kind now known that are worth carrying home.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what is wrongly done.

"Spent Fifty Dollars.

in doctoring for rheumatism before I tried *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. Used a 50-cent bottle of this medicine, and got out in one week. For burns and sprains it is excellent." Jas. Durham, East Pembroke, N. Y.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

"What Can't be Cured Must be Endured."

This old adage does not signify that we must suffer the miseries of dyspepsia, when a medicine with the curative properties of *Burdock Blood Bitters* is available. It is one of the most substantial and reliable remedies sold to-day.

It is upon the smoothest ice we slip; the roughest teeth is the safest.

Not a Case.

Not a case of rheumatism, not a case of neuralgia; not a case of lameness, not a case of pain or sprain—not one has failed to go when attacked by *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*.

The greatest temptation a rattan is the teacher put it to the test.

GRAVE RUN MILLS, Baltimore Co., Md.

MESSRS. KENNEDY & Co.—The Carboline is making a long hair come on my bald head.

PETER F. SHEARER

This is a fair sample of the certificates which are received daily at the Pittsburgh office.

Imaginary evils soon become real by indulging our reflections on them.

For the benefit of those persons who are suffering with *Rheumatism* and *Neuralgia*, we will say it is of the highest importance that the affected parts should be protected by warm flannel, and the steady application of Perry Davis' Pain Killer will surely give relief and effect a cure.

Speaking much and speaking to the point are very different.

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A leper sent from Honolulu to Philadelphia has been returned without being cured.

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J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes,—I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer.

Another Physician's Testimony.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 9, 1881.

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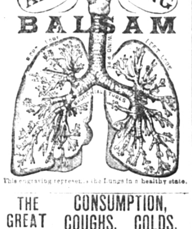

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