

Moonrise.
I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset-lit;
Peaceful and wide its spaces lie,
And purple shadows encompass it.
A little slender silver boat
Upon its bosom is afloat.

This craft, unstayed by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar;
Through rosy ripples soft she glides,
Led by a single pilot star;
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowers,
And Love, and Hope, and Happiness,
Will aught of what she brings be ours?
Ah, me! if we could only guess!
She rides elusive and remote,
This little slender silver boat.

—[The Spectator.]

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

One rainy day in the late winter of 1882 I found myself bag and baggage on the railway platform at Grand Junction, Colorado. As the train leaved in the distance I took a survey of my surroundings. Not a tree, not a spear of grass—mud which looked as if it might ingulf me to be some time dug up as an unknown fossil—not a sidewalk visible—except now and then the uneven remains of a brick pavement fast resolving itself into its original clay.

I had been traveling through the West, and now on my way here I had stopped to see one who was my oldest and dearest friend, the wife of the superintendent of a mine on the headwaters of the White river. She had tried to prepare me for the discomforts of the journey after I should leave the railroad, but I found no words could describe it as vividly as I afterwards felt it, and I heartily wished myself safe in the luxury of a Pullman and speeding eastward. However I pulled myself together and went to the agent to ask when the stage would leave for Meeker, and found I could not go till morning; so giving a small boy a quarter to carry my grip, I gingerly picked my way from brick to brick along the causeway that led to the town proper.

The next morning was clear and pleasant and the air bracing as we dragged laboriously out north through the most bottomless clay road. There were no other passengers, but two men and myself, so I turned my attention to the scenery.

The two men had eyed me curiously at first and then began talking of mines and the various arts and tricks of the unscrupulous to outwit the guileless tenderfoot. But gradually they overcame their apparent diffidence in addressing a woman and began after true American style to want to know all about my antecedents, and above all my reason for taking such an unusual journey. When I told them I expected to visit Mrs. Rowfrow at the Tin Cup Mine one whistled expressively and said: "You be likely to stay all winter."

"Why?" I asked.
"Because, if signs go for anything there is going to be an evanishing snowfall before long."

All the discomfort of my journey was forgotten in the overflowing enthusiasm of my welcome. Over and over again did "Me Margaret," as I had called her in old-time school days, rush in from her little log kitchen to ask me if there was anything she could do to ease my aching bones. As I looked around the little rooms, unplastered save with gourd dug from neighboring hills, I began to appreciate the decorative possibilities of dotted Swiss and red ribbons, but then Margaret could find beauty to utilize on the bleakest of desert isles. From my seat by the some window I could see the log mine buildings on the opposite slope of the gulch and the day shift coming out like bees from a hive and scattering to the various shanties dotted along the side of the stream.

As I looked Margaret came and looked over my shoulder and exclaimed: "There's John," and then, "Why, what can be the matter," for just behind him on an improvised stretcher of pine boughs four men were carrying another, so stiff and still it did not seem as if he could be living.

Margaret said: "Help me get a bed ready," and by the time the men reached the doorway with their burden a bed was stripped to mattress and sheets, and they had laid him upon it, while John said, briefly: "An accident to the machinery. He is not dead, but I don't know how badly hurt."

We soon found one arm and one leg broken, but no evidence of other injury. Mr. Rowfrow, with the assistance of two of the men, who through many years of Western life had learned a rough sort of surgery, set the limbs, while the woman waited

the result in suspense. Through the long night we watched beside the poor fellow for some signs of consciousness, and towards morning were rewarded by seeing him open his eye and recognize Mr. Rowfrow.

During the weeks of nursing which followed we women had not much time to think of weather, but my friend at Meeker had been a true prophet, and the feathery flakes began to fall during the first night after my arrival and kept it up steadily for a week, and trail and canyon and side slope were covered with a white pall. We were as securely shut up from the outside world as if we had been walled around with adamant. While one's sympathies cannot fly round the world with the click of the electric needle, one naturally seeks for subjects of interest in the humdrum life around, and so I began to study our charge as I sat beside him day after day. Not that he seemed a difficult subject or wrapped in any mystery, but as he lay there swathed in bandages he seemed to be intently thinking. One day he abruptly asked how long since he had been hurt. I told him three weeks. He turned his head away with a deep sigh and said no more for a few minutes. Then he asked: "How far is it to Cairo, Ill?" I said I didn't know exactly, thought nearly a thousand miles.

"Wish I was there," he jerked out, with an effort.

I began to suspect that "The girl I left behind me," was troubling him and he wanted to talk about it and did not know how to begin. So I rather banteringly said: "Tell me about her."

He looked at me with a look of comical dismay, and said "Why, how did you know?" and then said: "I might as well tell some one, though there ain't much to tell. I used to live down in Cairo and was a roustabout on a Mississippi steamer. There was another fellow always worked on the same gang with me and we were thicker than molasses in winter. He was as vain as a peacock and thought he was some one when he got on his Sunday togs, and he was a putty sizable sort of a feller. Well, there was a girl who lived down the river a few miles, whose dad ran a truck farm and sent garden sass to St. Louis, you know. Hank Simpson and me both met her at a dance one night. I got introduced first and danced twice with her before Simpson did, and then she danced several times with him, and when I come up once to ask her she said she couldn't, as she was going to dance with Mr. Simpson. That made me hot and I went and told Hank he was not doing the fair thing, not allowing her to dance with any one but him. He laughed and said she didn't seem to think of any hardship. Well, we both got mad, and I told him I would dance with her anyway, and I went back and said Hank couldn't keep his engagement. Well, she danced with me, but Hank and me were enemies and he did me every bad turn he could. Well, I used to go down the river every Sunday to old man Lee's place, and sometimes found Hank Simpson there, and he went down sometimes in the week. I couldn't tell which of us Esie liked the best or whether she was fooling both of us. She was pretty enough for better than us."

Here a tender nose crept into his voice.

"I had to go down on the boat to Vicksburg, which would take about two weeks, as we would have to wait for a cargo. It was a regular purgatory to me all the time I was gone, for I was afraid Hank would get the best of me, and I made up my mind to leave it out when I got back. The next Sunday I went down. I had bought a ring in Vicksburg, with two clasped hands holding a little garnet, to give her, and thought maybe that would help me out. I found her in a little arbor in the corner of the garden. She seemed glad to see me, but she acted the same to Hank, so I couldn't tell anything from that. She asked me about the trip, and wanted to know if I had lost my heart to any pretty girl in Vicksburg. I thought it was now or never, so I said: "How could I when I left it at home?"

"Who took care of it while you were gone?" she asked.

"I'd like to think you did," I said.

"I wish, Esie, you could make me a little better than Hank Simpson. You know how much I care for you."

"She looked down and dug her shoe into the dirt and said: "How should I? You never told me."

"Well I tell you now, and I can't bear to think of Hank coming here to see you when I want you to marry me."

"Esie looked at me and then said: "Why, Bob, I didn't know that you meant anything."

"Well, Miss Majors, she didn't make much fuss when I put my arm around her and kissed her. I felt as if I was in heaven and even felt sorry for Hank Simpson. I wanted to do something great that would make me worthy to have Esie for a wife. After she had given me her promise I didn't care for Hank Simpson and wasn't a bit jealous of him. She told me that she had begun to care for me at the dance but had been afraid to cross Hank, as he had such a temper."

"Maybe you want to know why I am away out here. Well, Esie, we agreed that it was no use trying to make any money to buy a home working for day's wages on the river. I heard that good men in the mines in the mountains got big wages, and so I thought I would try. I went to see Esie the night before I came away, and she cried and hung to me till I almost lost my courage to go, but I did. I have been here a year, a year now and saved a good deal. I have written to Esie every time any one went out to Meeker, and had letters pretty often. We were to have been married at Easter, and now it is only a month away, and here I am laid up and snowed in, too! What will Esie think when she don't hear from me?"

The poor fellow turned his head away with tears in his eyes. By way of consolation, I said: "You may be able to send a letter soon."

"No," he said, "there's ten feet of snow in White Canyon."

He seemed in the depths of misery and I left him.

Two weeks slipped away, and the weather was steadily cold, with occasional light falls of snow, and as Bob Traversy looked out of his little window at the rounded outlines of the peaks I could see that his heart was far away with the girl he loved, perhaps thinking that his rival was taking advantage of his silence to catch a heart on the rebound. A week before Easter the weather suddenly moderated. The snow melted rapidly and began to disappear in our little valley and on the lower slopes of the mountain. Every now and then on some distant peak we could see a slide come down, leaving a black trail behind.

A couple of days before Easter two of the men had announced their intention of trying to get to Meeker. Mr. Rowfrow warned them to be careful, and above all things not to get caught in a slide. In the afternoon I was sitting reading to Bob, who was lying with his face to the wall and apparently not paying much attention. Suddenly he turned over.

"Have I been asleep?" he asked.

"No, why?" I asked.

"I've been dreaming awake then. I thought I heard Esie's voice."

Then sitting straight up in bed without any regard for broken legs, he ejaculated with the greatest astonishment and joy: "Esie!"

I turned to the door, and there was the living embodiment of the pretty girl whose picture Bob kept under his pillow. But only an instant she stood there, and then had both arms around Bob, crying and laughing by turns.

It seems she had arrived at Meeker a week before, but could get no one to venture with her through the snow to the Tin Cup Mine until the fortunate arrival of the two miners. The only thing that prevented a wedding on Easter was that there was no minister nearer than Grand Junction.

Arithmetical Progression.
The old bewhiskered story with which we are familiar has arisen, this time in new form. The yarn comes from Buffalo, N. Y. A man contracted to furnish twenty bales of rags for one cent for the first bale, two for the second and four for third, etc. The contract was made in writing, but after going home and figuring out what it would cost the buyer concluded he didn't have such a snap as he imagined when the bargain was made, so he repudiated it. The court sustained him and refused to grant a judgment.

The original of this tale is that a father once agreed to lay up a competence for his son by depositing one cent and doubling it every day for six days. He hadn't the funds to carry it out, for the sum total (don't imagine that I have figured it out; it was one who had had more time) would amount to \$4,836,607,522,034,234.88.

She Couldn't Be.
Miss Peart—Did you ever look at yourself in the glass when you were angry?
Rival Belle—No, I'm never angry when I look in the glass.—[New York Weekly.]

A Persistent Dog.
Metier—"Horrors! Where did you get that dog?"
Young Hopeful—"He followed me home!"
"Hum! Why did you coax him?"
"I didn't coax him. I threw things at him, but he would come any how."
"That's strange. What did you throw?"
"A lot of hard, ugly, old bones the butcher gave me."
—[Good News.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
VAIN WISHES.
I'd like to spend vacation time A-journeyming around.
And visit every foreign clime That on the earth is found.
I'd like to go to Spain or France, Or else to Africa.
And join a caravan, perchance, That starts from Zanzibar.
To visit every distant port.
The Russian and the Dutch.
Would be, I think, such charming sport,
I wouldn't care which, much.
I'd love to go to far Bombay, St. Petersburg or Rome;
But I must spend my holiday In staying right at home.
—[Harper's Young People.]

SIR WALTER'S DOGS.
Sir Walter Scott once told a visitor that two hounds which were lying before the fire understood every word he said. The friend seeming incredulous, the novelist, to prove his statement, picked up a book and began to read aloud: "I have two lazy, good for nothing dogs who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cattle ruin my garden."
The dogs raised their heads, listened and then ran from the room, but, finding the garden empty, soon returned to the hearth rug. Sir Walter again read the story, with like result; but once more the dogs came back disappointed. Instead of rushing from the room when their master commenced reading the third time, both hounds came and looked up into his face, whined and wagged their tails, as if to say: "You have made game of us twice, but you can't do it again."
—[Our Animal Friends.]

POLITE JAPANESE CHILDREN.
The Japanese are trained to civility from babyhood. Before a baby can speak it is taught to lift the hand to the forehead on receiving a gift. Should a child fail to make this signal of respect and gratitude it would be prepared by some bystander, says an exchange.

Albert Tracy, who rambled through Japan without a guide, while strolling about a town, stopped to see the children coming from school.

They walked sedately and quietly, with books and slates under their arms. The sight of a bearded foreigner startled the first to come, but they made a respectful bow and passed on. The next ones repeated this civility, and then as fast as the pupils came they made a profound reverence.

The innate gentleness of the people impressed the rambler. He records that he never saw a single instance among the boys of that tyrannical, bullying spirit so often observed in other countries that delights in inflicting pain on weaker companions. Japanese children are well behaved, even towards each other.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

AN IMPULSIVE LITTLE KING.
King Alfonso of Spain, although of an age when he might be taught in a kindergarten, is already greatly alive to the honors of his position. Every afternoon Alfonso drives with his mother to the public gardens, where his little majesty unfolds a lot of his dignity and plays with the other children. But, once seated in his carriage again, he becomes the King of Spain, and acknowledges the salutes of his subjects in the most dignified manner.

One day, as little Alfonso was taking his usual afternoon drive, there passed the royal carriage a man who did not give the customary salute.

"Carlo," called out the baby King to his footman, "go get that man and order that he be severely punished because he did not bow to me."

In Spain the word of the King must always be obeyed, and so the footman had nothing to do but to overtake the neglectful subject and bring him to justice.

"Did you order him to be punished, Carlo?" demanded the little King, as the footman, all breathless with running, returned to the royal carriage.

"I did, but the man is blind and he could not see the royal arms to salute them."

"Then give him this purse of money," commanded the King, "and tell him it is from Alfonso, who is sorry that he cannot see the beautiful carriage in which his King drives."

CRUSHED FEET.
Frightful Sufferings Endured by Little Chinese Girls.
A Freak of Fashion that Tortures for Many Years.

An English paper quotes from a writer in the Japan Mail who appears to have a special knowledge of the well-known Chinese custom of compressing the feet of female children of the better classes in China. He hopes that few of his readers have been so unfortunate as to see the twisted feet of an orthodox Chinese lady. But many have looked at photographs of this terribly-twisted and distorted member, and the sight must have suggested thoughts of barbarous suffering inflicted on a particularly sensitive part of the human body.

Year by year hundreds of thousands of little girls throughout the wide Empire of China are subjected to a ruthless process which crushes the bones and wrenches the sinews of their tender feet, until at last a revolting deformity is produced and the foot crumpled into a shocking monster, becomes almost valueless as a means of locomotion. The wretched girl emerges from her period of feverish torture a mutilated life-long, condemned to hobble through life on feet which preserve no semblance of nature's beautiful mechanism, living become as hideous as they are useless.

At intervals the missionary cries out, the traveler writes and the charitable agitator; but the poor little children never benefit. For them there remains always the same ruthless bending of bones, the same agonizing application of tight ligatures, the same long months of bitter pain and unavailing tears. Perhaps, he suggests, it is to this singular contrast between general refinement and cultivation of the Chinese on the one hand, and this callous cruelty on the other, that we must attribute the periodical appearance of apologetics for the appalling custom.

Some people say that, though the foot is ultimately deformed, though the woman is indeed condemned to be little better than a cripple, yet the process is not so very painful after all. The tones are soft, they say, in early youth; the sinews supple. Twisting, crushing and wrenching are operations that may be performed without much suffering on baby feet, whereas adults would be maddened by the torture. To this the writer replies:

"Let no one talk of the yielding character of young bones or the pliability of baby sinews. We have listened with our own ears to the cries of a little girl undergoing the torturing process. Such agonizing wails never before fell on our ears. They were the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to its heart-rending cries."

"Think that this heathen barbarity is being practised daily and hourly throughout the length and breadth of a land containing 300,000,000 inhabitants. Not alone are the tender bodies of the poor little girls ruthlessly racked and tortured, but the purest sentiment of humanity, the love of parents for their children, is perpetually outraged. Such unnatural cruelty could be tolerated only in the presence of the worst kind of demoralization. How much can survive of the moral beauty of the paternal relation when fathers and mothers, in deference to a mere freak of fashion, consent to inflict on their daughters, day by day, torture that well-nigh maddens the baby brain and wrings shrieks of execratable agony from the little lips? This is one of those facts that make us marvel when we hear a great destiny predicted for the Chinese nation."

Poker and the Pointer Puppy.
Poker was a large green bird, with a bright yellow head, and a few scarlet markings on its wings. A friend of my friend's ownership of it, it had belonged to some people who had a son called Harry, in whom the parrot was very much attached. Its favorite call was "Harry," uttered in all kinds of endearing tones. It was a clever nicker, and sometimes it did a lot of thinking, at short notice.

The owner's property attached my old home, and as the bird was well known and could be only a short distance, it was afforded full liberty of

both premises. Frequently it would attempt to cross the street and would get fast in the mud, whereupon it would shout for "Harry" in an irresistibly comical fashion. The first passer-by would rescue it and place it upon the path, whence it could climb slowly up to some tree, or work its way gradually homeward, or into our enclosure. The boudoir pining was a promenade with Poker, and frequently, when strolling about the lawn, I would be startled with the abrupt query, "Hello! who are you?" and turn to find the parrot contemplating me gravely from its perch on the fence. On going out early one morning I saw my friend strolling across the smooth-trimmed lawn. All unwittingly I had let myself in for a genuine treat.

A moment later, a pointer puppy, about half trained, entered around a corner of the house, and in a moment his keen nose whined the bird. Poker crouched low on the grass, and the green feathers blended admirably with the supports; but the puppy's nose directed him aright. Slowly, cautiously, as a veteran of the field, he drew inch by inch upon his game, and when his nose was about two feet from the parrot's rounded head, he settled into a staunch point, with forefoot uplifted, and tail as rigid as a ramrod. For a moment they faced each other, motionless as graven images; then, like an explosion, came the challenge, "Hello! who are you? Harry! Harry!—Harry!—Harry!" the last words in a veritable scream of terror.

This was too much for the puppy. The green thing spoke like a man. Horrors! He gave three wild bounds sideways, halted one instant to look at the frightful thing again, then another ringing "Harry!" put wings to his feet, and with a whimper of dismay he bolted back to his quarters as fast as his nimble legs could carry him.—[Demorest's Magazine.]

The Safest Car.
"I'm very particular," said a commercial traveller at a downtown hotel, "what car of the train I select. I travel thousands of miles a year and have made it a rule to observe in the accounts of railroad accidents which cars of the train are the most often demolished. The result of my experience—for I have been in a dozen smash-ups—and observation is that the middle cars are the safest. I never under any circumstances ride in the rear car. I avoid the car next to the baggage car, though this is selected by many as the safest. The greatest danger at present in railroad travelling is telescoping. When a man has been in a wreck and afterwards seen the engine of a colliding train half-way inside of the rear car, or rather what's left of it, it impresses him most forcibly. The baggage car is usually heavily loaded and in the collision its weight, together with the ponderous engine, generally smashes the next car to splinters, while the central cars are comparatively unharmed. When the train is derailed the baggage car and next coach, as a rule, go over. The road-beds of our great transcontinental lines are so solid, each section is so carefully examined, the rolling stock is so much improved, that a broken rail, broken wheel or axle and like mishaps are reduced to a minimum. But where trains follow one another on a minute or two leeway and the block or automatic signals don't work—well, look in the Star for the next day for further particulars and see if my judgment is not correct."—[Washington Star.]

How He Knew.
Before the fish commissioners of California decided to stock the streams of the state with that much despised and powerful fish, the German carp, they were greatly concerned as to whether it would live in certain waters. The question was debated at several meetings, and was finally submitted to Prof. H—, an eminent ornithologist.

Samples of the waters were obtained and turned over to the professor, who in a short time submitted a favorable report, and the carp was immediately introduced into the rivers.

The commissioners were greatly impressed by the professor's knowledge, but one of them had a question to ask—"How could you be sure that carp would live in the water?" he inquired.

"Why," answered the professor, with an amused look, "I ought a carp or ten more, and put it into the water. It lived!"

The Wrong Time.
Mother—So wonder you catch cold. Every night you kick all the covers off. Why do you do that?
Little Boy—I don't know, mamma. I only have to ask you when I'm asleep.—[Good News.]

Tired.
The wind is but a far-off voice:
Beyond the pale-blue bound of sky:
Too weak to murmur or rejoice
I watch the moments drifting by,
So large the world, and ah, so chill!
The great pale sky, the drifting snow,
The lonely wind is calling still
With a voice of human woe.

Now all my high ambitions fade,
The things I hoped for seem so far:
From work once loved I shrink, afraid
Lest some mistake that work should mar;
And all my longings turn to this:
To hold one well-loved hand, to know
The rest of home, the smile, the kiss,
And let the great world go.

—[J. E. Roberts, in Churchman.]

HUMOROUS.
Walking-stick—A wooden leg.
Dealers in hard ought to have no difficulty in rendering their accounts.

Maudie—That was a politic move of Lottie's. Lolla—Yes, a kind of a Charlotte ruse.

Constance—Do you think she has faith in him? Clara—She gave him some ribbon to match.

"Aw, do you think that fashionable women appreciate a rising young man?" "Yes, in street cars."

I see Roughton has got down to work. Light finger—Struck a good job, has he, for the winter? "Yes; working out a \$100 fine."

Mannie—Why do you think he's engaged to her? Maud—He takes her to the theatre in a street car now and he used to have a carriage every time.

"You know Biggles, the great corporation lawyer? Well, thieves broke into his house last night." "And did they get away with much?" "Yes, with their lives."

McFadden (who has ordered a cup of tea)—D—y z kept open all night? Walter—Yes. McF—Well, yez had better watch the tay, for it looks purty weak an' 'O! think it'll die before mornin'."

Trav'le Old Gentleman (putting head out of four-wheeler that is crawling along at an unconscionable pace)—Say, rabby, we're not going to a funeral! Cabby (promptly)—No, and we ain't going to no bloom'n' fire, either.

"I can't understand it," said Mr. Geggaw at the gas office. "Last month my bill was \$16 and this month it is \$36. I haven't burned a bit more gas this month than I did last. Now how in the name of honesty do you account for this?" "You didn't pay last month's bill," said the clerk.

Boys Are a Mystery.
Ex-Gov. Crittenden and Senator George G. Vest were sitting in front of the Midland Hotel, talking over the old days of Center College, Danville, Ky., from which institution both of them were graduated, says the Kansas City Times. They spoke of the many young men who had gone forth from the university and had grown famous, the most of them in politics.

"I was back at Danville a few years ago," said the Governor, and had a talk with old Prof. Beatty. I asked him who was the most remarkable boy he ever had under him in the school."

"—There were two remarkable boys," he said. "One of these was remarkable in his school life. I thought him a marvel and expected that boy to reach the highest position in the land. The other was a very ordinary boy in school, and I did not look for much from him."

"The latter boy was John C. Breckinridge, Senator, Vice-President and at one time candidate for the Presidency. The marvel is now teaching in a deaf and dumb asylum. In your class of twenty-five boys, Governor, I did not think there was much likelihood, and did not think that a man in the class would ever rise very high, and now fifteen of them are occupying prominent positions. I have given it up; I can't tell a thing about boys—they're a mystery."

Both Had Married Well.
The late Duke Maximilian, father of the Empress of Austria, was one of the most simple and affable of men. One day as he was travelling on the train between his country residence and Vienna, he fell in with a banker from Stuttgart.

"Are you going to Vienna?" asked the Duke.

"Yes; to see my daughter. She has just been married."

"Ah!" said the Duke, "mine has just been married also. Was it a good marriage?"

"Excellent! And that of your daughter?"

"Not bad either."

"My daughter married the banker Goldschmidt."

"Mine the Emperor of Austria."—[Harper's Bazar.]