

POETRY.

THE LESSON OF THE SEA.

I stood upon the sea one day
 Casting pebbles out of play,
 Into the ocean broad and deep,
 As they sank beyond my sight,
 In its waters clear and bright,
 Wavelets bathed my feet.

Each pebble caused the same result,
 A tiny sound, a slight tumult,
 While circles formed around,
 And beneath the surface bright,
 Wavelets danced, though out of sight,
 Home-ward bound.

Each circle started, led and clear,
 Pressing onward without fear,
 Widening more and more,
 (Fretting, widening, still they grew,
 Until they faded from my view,
 Basking another shore.

So, dear child, it is in life,
 The pebbles cast may pass from sight,
 Pleasures and pains,
 But they have caused a movement of life's
 stream.

Always left, perhaps unseen,
 Our loss or gain.

The circles widen as they flow,
 Bearing records God alight know
 Of our life
 May we keep our record clear,
 Trusting Him without a fear,
 Seeking light.

—George F. Turill.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Pretty as a picture." There ain't
 nothing that lays over an October sun-
 rise on these mountains. Look at the
 mist rising from that cascade to other
 side of the valley. Makes a rainbow.
 You kinder take to this sort o' thing,
 don't you, Miss Pembroke?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I am a worshiper
 at the shrine of nature. One glimpse
 of such scenery at this is to me worth
 a journey across the continent!" and
 the truth of Miss Pembroke's assertion
 was reflected in her flushed cheeks
 and sparkling eyes.

They were on horseback, and had
 halted on a high plateau where the
 sunrise and this choice bit of mountain
 scenery had burst simultaneously upon
 their view.

To look at these two riders one could
 not avoid the impression that both were
 somewhat out of place in each other's
 society. One was a beautiful young
 lady, fresh from the heart of ultra-civ-
 ilization, with a unmistakable air of cul-
 ture and high breeding; the other was
 a hardy miner, whose knowledge of the
 world was confined to the wild, moun-
 tainous gold region of California and
 Nevada. One had a slight, willowy
 form, displayed to good advantage in a
 neat fitting habit of some rich material;
 the other revealed a tall, athletic fig-
 ure, clad in garments that were coarse
 and unpretentious, but by no means
 unbecoming.

They had met by the merest chance.
 A party of tourists from some Eastern
 city had stopped for a month at the lit-
 tle town of Blazeway, and Miss Pem-
 broke and her parents were the party.

Blazeway, one year ago, had been
 nothing more than a mining camp, but
 it had grown like a mushroom in the
 night, as it were, and had become so
 popular with travelers and pleasure-
 seekers that a passable hotel was now
 one of its most important institutions.

In its immediate vicinity was some of
 the grandest scenery to be found in
 the whole range of the Sierra Nevada,
 and this with its delightful climate and
 many advantages of location was the
 secret of its attractiveness.

It so happened that Joe Langdon, the
 miner, became the favorite guide of this
 particular party on their sight-seeing
 expeditions, during their sojourn at
 Blazeway. He was a good-looking, big
 hearted, intelligent fellow, with a cer-
 tain rough eloquence in his speech and
 manner, and a peculiarly graphic style
 of relating the legends and anecdotes
 connected with the points of interest
 that came under their observation.

Strange to say, the proud Miss Pem-
 broke became deeply interested in this
 Joe Langdon. She found him an en-
 tertaining companion, with views and
 ideas similar to her own, if they had
 only been cultivated, and she was
 amused rather than shocked by his
 simple, unpolished language. He liked
 poetry, and she read to him sometimes
 by the hour, while he listened with
 beautiful eyes and bated breath. And
 while she marveled that a man so ut-
 terly without culture and learning
 could be fond of such things, it prob-
 ably never occurred to her that it might
 not be so much the poetry as the mu-
 sical rhythm of her own sweet voice
 that engaged his rapt attention.

At any rate, they were good friends,
 and when the entire male portion of
 the excursion party went off for a two
 week's hunt up the Sacramento river,
 Miss Pembroke was left with little else
 to amuse herself with beside this new
 admirer of hers. It was certainly a
 great comfort to her to have him al-
 ways near her, as guide and protector,

when she went beyond the limits of
 the little town.

They had risen early this morning on
 purpose to see the sunrise. Langdon
 having expatiated on the beauty of the
 scene as viewed from a certain point
 on the mountain, Miss Pembroke went
 into raptures over it.

"It is the most beautiful sight I ever
 witnessed!" she exclaimed, again and
 again. "How good of you to propose
 this morning ride, Mr. Langdon. You
 are always thinking of something new
 for my enjoyment. I must induce the
 rest of the party to see this before they
 leave here. By the way," she added,
 "the gentlemen are expected to return
 from their hunt to-morrow, and I pre-
 sume they will propose an early depart-
 ure for some other point. I am so con-
 cerned about Charley that I shall be
 glad—"

"Charley who?" asked Joe Langdon,
 almost sharply.

"Way, Charlie Brantley. He is one
 of our own party, you know. You must
 have seen him."

"You mean the handsome fellow
 with the long mustache that kept so
 close to you the day we rode over to
 the mine?"

A conscious blush reddened the la-
 dy's face.

"Yes," she replied, "that was Char-
 ley Brantley."

Langdon saw the blush and moved
 uneasily in the saddle.

"Do you love him Miss Pembroke?"

"Sir!"

"Do you love Charley Brantley?"

It was a plain question, plainly put.
 From another person it would have
 been resented as a most impertinent
 one; but even the haughty Miss Pem-
 broke could not get angry with this
 frank, simple-hearted man. With
 heightening color she replied:

"Yes, Mr. Langdon; I don't mind
 telling you that I do love him. We
 are engaged to be married."

She was not looking at him. She
 did not see the gray pallor that
 crept slowly into his face; she did not
 note the stony look in his eyes, or the
 nervous manner in which he raised his
 hand to his throat and pulled at his
 collar as if it were choking him.

She was looking out over the valley,
 too much abashed by her own con-
 fession to meet her companion's gaze.

"I am anxious about Charley," she
 said, after awhile. "I fear his life is
 in danger—"

Joe started, and looked positively
 guilty. Had she read the thought
 that flashed lightning-like through
 his mind?

But the girl did not see—did not
 know. With eyes still averted she
 continued:

"Charley has such a temper, and he
 sometimes loses control of it. The
 day he went away he caught a man in
 the act of stealing his silver-mounted
 rifle, which he valued so highly, and
 without pausing to consider the conse-
 quences he struck the fellow across
 the face with his riding-whip. I have
 since heard that the man has
 sworn vengeance on him, and declared
 he would kill him as the first opportu-
 nity. The thought is so terrible that I
 cannot drive it from my mind, and I
 fairly dread Charley's return. Per-
 haps you could contrive to save him,
 Mr. Langdon—"

"Oh? I—don't—did you speak to
 me, Miss Pembroke?"

She looked at him now, with an ex-
 pression of surprise. She saw how
 deathly pale he was, and with a wo-
 man's readiness to jump at conclusions
 she exclaimed:

"You believe it, too. You think
 Charley is in peril! I know you do!"

"Wait a minute, Miss Pembroke,"
 said the miner, making a mighty effort
 to recover composure, and partially
 succeeding.

"You say some fellow has taken an
 oath he'd kill your son—Charley
 Brantley. Who is this fellow, and what's
 his name?"

"The people here call him 'Whisky
 Tom.' He is a low, dissipated half-
 breed. Of course you know him."

"Whisky Tom! I know him for a
 drunken scamp and vagabond," said
 Joe, with emphasis. "He oughter
 been hung long ago. Why, bless your
 heart, whisky Tom 'ud murder his
 mother for a glass o' whisky. When
 he says he'll kill a fellow you needn't
 flatter yourself that he won't try his
 blindest to do it, just as soon as he
 can make a sneak on the feller. All
 I'm a-said at is that he tried to steal
 a rifle—unless he wanted to sell it for
 money to buy liquor with. He never
 uses firearms now—couldn't hire
 him to have anything to do with 'em.
 He does all his shootin' with a bow

an' arrow, an' he can knock a wood-
 pecker out o' the top o' a California pine
 every clip. Why, Miss Pembroke,
 you're white as a ghost!"

"Oh, won't you try and save him,
 Mr. Langdon?"

"Save who?"

"Charley. If anything like—that
 should befall him it would kill me.
 I know it would!"

It would have been hard to tell
 which was the paler of the two, only for
 the sun-brown on the miner's face. It
 was a trying ordeal through which he
 was passing, and for a moment it seemed
 as if he was turning to ice; but the
 big unselfish heart melted beneath the
 piteous, pleading gaze of those eyes
 that had played havoc with it during
 the sunny weeks. Joe Langdon win-
 ced the perspiration from his brow, con-
 scious that he was trembling, and that
 she would surely notice his agitation.

"If so be," he said, with another
 great effort to be calm—"if so be it
 should come in my power to do Char-
 ley Brantley a service, I'd do it, of
 course—for your sake! But come,
 Miss Pembroke," he added in a more
 cheerful tone, "you mustn't let yerself
 think o' such things. I guess Mister
 Brantley ain't in such danger but what
 he'll take care of himself all right. It's
 time for us to be movin' down the
 mountain. We'll have a sharp appet-
 ite for breakfast after the ride, I reckon;
 but it won't do for you to carry
 that white face back to the hotel. You'll
 skeer everybody out of a year's
 growth." Then, after they had start-
 ed off at a brisk canter, he said:

"What do you say to a race, Miss Pem-
 broke? Let's see which o' these
 horses can take the rag off the bush in
 a mile stretch."

And away they galloped at a reck-
 less rate of speed, leaving a cloud of
 dust in their wake.

It was the next day after this occur-
 rence that Joe Langdon stood leaning
 against the trunk of a huge tree, just
 beyond the limits of Blazeway, ab-
 sorbed in thought.

He was alone, and he could scarcely
 have looked more pale and haggard if
 he had just risen from a long, wasting
 illness.

"I don't know what ails me, on't-
 as I goin' 'sta in mad," he muttered to
 himself. "I didn't think it 'ud strike
 me all of a head to know that she loved
 some other man, but that's just what
 it's done—blame my skin if it ain't!"

I'm blowed if I understand myself at
 all. It's the first time I was ever ker-
 flummoxed by a woman, an' I reckon
 I reckon it'll be the last."

He made a movement as if to wring
 his hands, but seemed to check the im-
 pulse, as if he were ashamed of his
 weakness.

"Joe Langdon, your a blamed fool!"
 he said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"You've got the brass of a road-agent
 to go fallin' in love with a fine lady
 like Laura Pembroke. But how can a
 man help it. She ain't like other fine
 ladies. She makes a fellow forget that
 he's nothin' but a rough cuss; an' she
 couldn't talk any nicer to the President
 himself than she does to me. I don't
 know what I've been thinking of all
 this time. I ain't fit to be mentioned
 in the same day with her, an' here I
 am in love with her. I can't bear to
 think of her goin' away—"

"You can't, eh?" interrupted a sneer-
 ing voice. "If that is the case it is
 time you were being taught a lesson!"

Joe looked up with a start. Charley
 Brantley stood before him, tall and
 handsome, with an angry gleam in his
 black eyes.

The miner felt himself growing weak
 to think he had committed the crown-
 ing folly of betraying his secret to this
 man.

"So you are in love with Laura Pem-
 broke," continued Brantley with cut-
 ting sarcasm. "I have heard of your
 persistent attention to her during my
 absence. And you think you can't
 bear to see her go away from here.
 That's bad, truly."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Brantley," said
 Joe, his voice husky. "You have heard
 what I was foolish enough to say out
 loud, and there's no use in my denyin'
 it now. I do love Miss Pembroke but
 I didn't intend to let her know it, nor
 you. I know she ain't for me; I know
 she's to be my wife."

"And knowing that you have the
 impudence to tell me that you love her
 —you low, miserable specimen of hu-
 manity, too ignorant to realize your
 own audacity!" cried Brantley his tem-
 per getting the better of him. "You're
 a scoundrel, fit to be—"

"Stop!" If Joe Langdon's face was
 pale before, it was ghastly now. "Stop!"
 he repeated, and his voice was terrible
 from its calmness. "There ain't but
 one man that can call me such names
 as that an' live—an' you're that
 man. But you mustn't do it ag'in, sir
 —by the eternal law you mustn't do it
 ag'in, it's only death love for you that
 saves you now."

"You threaten me, do you?" cried
 Brantley, in a white heat of passion.
 "You threaten me—"

Whatever was in his mind to say, it
 remained unsaid, for at that instant
 Joe Langdon sprang upon him with the
 quickness of thought, and bore him
 heavily to the ground.

The attack was so sudden and unex-
 pected that Brantley was not prepared
 for it, but with a furious curse he strug-
 gled to his feet and drew his revolver.

He was about to fire when he heard
 a woman's scream, a man's shout, and
 a strong hand seized his arm and held
 it.

"Drop that pistol!" cried a stern
 voice. "You wouldn't shoot a man
 when he's down!"

What had happened? What did it
 mean? Was that Joe Langdon lying
 on the ground with an arrow quivering
 in his side? Was that Laura Pem-
 broke kneeling beside the prostrate
 miner? Was this Mr. Pembroke who
 had given his arm and wrenched the
 pistol from his hand?

Clay Brantley realized these things
 gradually, like a man waking from
 a nightmare.

"You told me to save him, Miss Pem-
 broke, said Joe, faintly, as the weeping
 girl lifted his head to her lap. "Tom
 behind the bushes yonder, with his
 bow drawn and an arrow pointed at
 Brantley. I knowed what it meant,
 an' I knowed Tom never missed his
 aim; so I—I jumped onto Brantley an'
 pushed him out o' the way, an' took
 the arrow myself. Good-bye; don't
 cry for me, I'm glad it turned out that
 way. I hope you'll be happy. Good-
 bye—good-bye."

And Joe Langdon was dead.

It was merely an episode, and after
 a handful of citizens had run the mur-
 derer down and hung him to the near-
 est tree, after the fashion of Western
 justice, the event was not long remem-
 bered.

But there were two who never for-
 got it—Mr. and Mrs. Brantley.—
 Frank Swinton.

Fun at Home.

There is nothing like it to be found
 —no, not if you search the world
 through. I want every possible amuse-
 ment to keep the boys at home even-
 ings. Never mind if they do scatter
 books and pictures, coats, hats, and
 boots! Never mind if they do make a
 noise around, with their whistling and
 hurrying! We should stand against
 if we could have a vision of the young
 men going to utter destruction for the
 very reason that having cold, disa-
 greable, dull and tedious at home,
 they sought amusement elsewhere.
 Don't let them wander beyond the
 reach of mother's influence, yet awhile.
 The time will come before you think,
 when you would give the world to
 have your house troubled by the dear
 hands of those very boys; when your
 heart shall long for their noisy steps
 in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks
 laid up to yours; when you would
 rather have their jolly whistle than
 the music of all the operas; when you
 would gladly dirty carpets—yes, live
 without carpets at all, but to have their
 bright, strong forms besides you once
 more. Then play with and pet them.
 Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's mu-
 sic, and baby's first attempt at writ-
 ing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off
 his stick of wood, and Dick to perse-
 vere in making his hen-coop. If one
 shows a talent for figures, tell him he
 is your favorite mathematician; and if
 another loves geography tell him he
 will be sure to make a great traveler
 or a foreign minister. Become inter-
 ested in their pets, be they rabbits,
 pigeons or dogs. Let them help you
 in home decorations; send them to
 gather mosses, grasses and bright au-
 tumn leaves, to decorate their room
 when the snow is all over the earth,
 and you will keep yourself young and
 fresh by entering into their joys, and
 keep those joys innocent by your
 knowledge of them.—Selected.

Feeding Fowls.

If we watch the fowls, they will say
 the London Live Stock Journal, easily
 tell what they want. If you are feed-
 ing corn, throw down a full handful
 of oats; if they greedily take the oats
 and leave the corn, it indicates that
 it requires something else. Try grass,
 meal, ground bone, pounded oyster
 shells, cooked vegetables, all of which
 they will accept or reject according to
 their requirements. Feed regularly
 and never more than they will eat up
 clean, for they will walk away from
 the food as soon as they have enough;
 never leave it on the ground. Feed early
 and late, and let them get hungry—
 that is, have regular intervals between
 meals; the practice of keeping food by
 them all the time promotes an excess
 of fat. Allow as much exercise as pos-
 sible. Throw hay upon the floor or in
 the yard, place in it a few handfuls
 of some kind of grain they do not receive
 often, and let them hunt and scratch
 for it. Feed growing chicks liberally,
 avoiding too much corn. Oats ground
 and warm in the morning is one of the
 best foods that can be given. Always
 give whole grains at night. In sum-
 mer give no corn but once or twice a
 week; vegetables and grass are much
 better for them. Laying hens must
 have meat or milk. Eggs cannot be
 produced without nitrogenous mate-
 rial in some shape. Bones are almost
 absolutely essential. Above all, give
 pure, clean, fresh drinking water.—
 Farm and Garden.

Prof. Willis the physiologist, says:
 "Beware of the girl that has black
 eyes; shun the girl with blue; and
 run from the girl with gray eyes,"

She practically restricts the choice of
 the foolish young man to the Cretan
 girl with pink eyes, who is not war-
 ranted genuine outside of the dime
 museum.

"Yes, sir," said the old colored man,
 "de fus year, I give fifty dollars to de
 church, dey call me Mister Richard
 Johnson. Ezrah; de secon' year time
 was had an' I couldn't give no more
 than twenty-five dollars, an' dey call
 me Brudiah Johnson; de next year
 I couldn't give no more, an' dey call me
 ole nigger Johnson."

Danger! A neglected cold or cough may
 lead to pneumonia, pleurisy or other fatal
 disease. Strong's Peppermint Cure will cure
 colds and coughs. Read thing for dyspepsia,
 indigestion, sick headache and the stomach troubles.

The Money Value of Wives.

It is sometimes necessary to look at
 things from the lowest possible plane
 in order to see them as they are. "Will
 it pay?" is a legitimate question in
 many cases in which it seems an un-
 gracious or sordid one. Sometimes,
 too, a failure to appreciate its other
 and higher worth, which cannot be
 computed in dollars and cents. A lux-
 ury which is also a necessity is doubly
 valuable and the moral preciousness
 of anything is certainly not diminished
 by the fact that it happens also to
 have a pecuniary worth.

Now we are persuaded that there is
 no commoner error than that of regard-
 ing wives and mothers as expensive
 luxuries, or at best as persons who in
 consequence of their position, are freed
 from the law. "In the sweat of thy face
 shalt thou eat bread." We talk of
 "working women" as a class by them-
 selves. We say of a woman who teach-
 es school or makes dresses or does any
 thing else of the sort, that she works
 for her living. And altogether too
 many men speak of the money sup-
 plied to their wives given to them.

Now, the fact is, that there are no
 women who more truly work for their
 living than do all worthy wives and
 mothers. More than this, there are no
 women whose work is of greater pecu-
 niary value than theirs, and the man
 who fails to recognize these facts does
 his wife a sure injustice however ten-
 derly he may regard her—however
 fondly he may open his purse to her in
 the capacity of a liberal and willing
 benefactor. If she be even a tolerable
 good wife, he does her a grievous
 wrong when he assigns her the place of
 a beneficiary. He has no right to be
 her patron, even though, he be a very
 unselfish one. Her work and her
 care for his interests at home have a
 positive money value of very consid-
 erable amount, as any one may see
 through reflection, and this fact de-
 serves recognition, at the least. Count
 personal expenses as mere wages
 for work done and in a very few cases
 is the wife overpaid. Estimate her
 money value by what she might
 earn in walks of life, if she had devot-
 ed her time to the acquisition of skill
 thereat as she has to the learning of wife-
 ly and motherly work, and it will be
 found in the majority of instances, that
 she is upon half pay. Measure her
 services by the expense their performance
 would entail were it necessary to
 substitute hirelings for her in the par-
 lor, in the dining room, in the nursery,
 at the sewing machine, and it will be
 evident that hers is the cheapest while
 it is the most faithful labor in the
 market.

We know that this is a homely treat-
 ment for such a topic, but it is a whole-
 some one for all that, and the lesson is
 one which cannot be too soon or too thor-
 oughly learned. No person possessed
 of an ordinary amount of self-respect
 upon anybody's bounty, and we have
 no right whatever to force into such a
 position the people who, of all others,
 most fairly earn the money they re-
 ceive. Let us not be misunderstood.
 We would have no hiring between hus-
 band and wife, no wages in the house-
 hold, no atmosphere of trade in the
 family circle. But the husband of a
 faithful wife should recognize her
 right to a higher position, and a greater
 freedom than that of a dependent
 and beneficiary.

Tones in Conversation.

Americans in conversation speak
 with contracted rather than expanded
 throats. There is so much of the sep-
 arated tone at times that we are sus-
 pected of being a nation of bronchial
 affections.

Our women cultivate a sharp, disa-
 greable key which destroys the pleas-
 ure we would otherwise receive when
 they open their mouths. Sarcasms re-
 ceived reproach and convey enough
 in the same tone to suffice for all gen-
 erations, but we cultivate it as a thing
 of habit or perhaps necessity. It may
 be that poor dejected Xantippe had
 other sources of provocation than that
 we know not of that suggested those fear-
 ful tongue-lashes over which the world
 has so long profligate of its censure; for
 the great moralist was not without his
 faults and infirmities as all history
 avers.

The pitch of the voice and the vol-
 ume of sound should be such that the
 listener should not be compelled to
 make any undue effort to understand
 all they are said. There is nothing more
 unpleasant in "society" than that high
 pitched tone that many cultivate, and
 which excites attention without im-
 parting the slightest degree of pleas-
 ure.

That pleasant privacy peculiar to
 the select circle is lost in declamation,
 and we imagine ourselves transported
 to some public hall of debate or in-
 struction. Its extreme must also be
 avoided, as it is very annoying to the
 speaker to be forced to repeat what a
 low, guttural tone may have caused
 you to lose; this, moreover, impairs
 the conversational confidential charac-
 ter which at times proves extremely
 unpleasant to ladies of a refined sensi-
 bility.

A clear articulation in many cases
 makes some amends for low or hoarse-
 ness tones; but low tones are often the
 richest, and if our American women
 would adopt them, instead of the
 sharp, piercing tone in which many of
 them indulge, how much more grateful
 to the refined ear would be the music
 flow of sound and sense.

The clear, merry tone of childhood,
 blended with the indispensable tone of
 high tragedy is the perfection of the
 pleasure we receive from conversation.

As a nation we think, feel, speak
 and act too emphatically; our nature
 is too emotional, which is ever appar-
 ent in intensity of voice. In every-
 thing that pertains to life we lack the
 serenity and repose that is ever so
 grateful to ear and heart.—Baltimorean.

A little boy came running into the
 house and told his mother that he had
 kicked another boy. "Why did you
 not stop and take the consequences?"
 inquired his mother. "Oh, he re-
 lied, "I took the consequences before
 I kicked him."

Colonel Fizzleto, was under the pain-
 ful necessity of administering a severe
 chastisement to his son Johnny. After
 he had completed his labors he said
 sternly to the suffering victim: "Now
 tell me why I punished you?" "That's
 it," sobbed Johnny; "You nearly
 pounded the life out of me, and now
 you don't even know why you did it."

The price of the GLASSER is \$1.50 a
 year in advance.

Education and the Poets.

Parents should place the great poets
 into the hands of their children as early
 as possible. Their natural instincts
 clamor for a free range of the imagina-
 tion, and we can nowhere in the au-
 gust realm of literature find more ef-
 fective and healthy aids to education
 than in such writers as Bunyan and
 the great standard poets of the 18th
 and 19th centuries.

Children should study these works
 in their native tongue, that they may
 be more perfectly assimilated with
 their mental tone and spirit, and that
 will also serve to broaden and exalt
 their sympathies and tastes. Their
 loftier instincts and powers would be
 called into fuller play, and their daily
 fellowship with such mighty minds
 would familiarize them with higher
 thoughts until they would voluntarily
 seek to another and nobler sphere of
 moral and mental existence.