

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION

There is, perhaps, no better time to onsider the beauties and blessings which surround us; and though the lines of Moore, given below, are so well known, they will bear repeating:

Thou art. O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; It's glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee! Where'er we turn thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine

When day with farewell beam delays,

Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into Heaven; Those bues that mark the sun's decline,

When night, with wings of stormy gloon O'crshadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark beauteous bird, whose f Is sparkling with a thousand dyes;

When youthful Spring around us breathe And every flower the Summer wreathes, Is born beneath that kindling eye; Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thing

#### Jealousy.

"I don't belong to you yet, Mr. Herne and you shall not select my acquaint-Bessie Ware's black eyes flashed very

wickedly as she added :

"I cannot allow you to dictate to "I don't wish to dictate to you, Bes

sie, but Warren Mann is not a fit asso ciate for you, and if you value my opinion, you will forbid his visits. He is a gambler, and-"

"You need not enumerate his faults. He is a nice fellow, and I will go with him when I choose," cried Bessie, getting angrier every moment.

"I never thought you were a flirt, Bessie, or that you would bave trifled with me as you have done. I am sor-

"You needn't be sorry Mr. Heme We are not suited to each other, and I am glad we have found it out in time. You are jealous and exacting."

"And you are a heartless coquette, cried Tom, getting angry in turn. once hoped to be all to you, but that hope is past. May Mr. Mann be more fortunate than I. Good-bye!"

And with these words he left the

"O, what have I done?" eried poor, willful Bessie, sinking on the floor and sobbing as if her heart would break.

She was aroused by a hand placed or her shoulder, and, looking up, she saw the smiling face of Floy Hayden, who, seeing the flushed face and tear-stained

"What is the matter with you, child?" "Oh, Floy, I have driven him away, and he will never come back, and I love him so much," said Bessie, throwing herself in her friend's arm.

"Who's gone ? Who will never comback?" asked Floy, slightly bewildered at such an outburst from one who was usual gay and happy.

all my fault."

derstand. "There, darling, don't cry tell me all about it," he said soothingly. Bessie managed to tell her story to her friend, who said :

"It may not be so bad as you think, dear; he will be back in the morning to beg forgiveness; he is as sorry as you

Bessie was comforted by this, although she passed a sleepless night. Morning came, then evening, but no Thomas Herne. Mr. Warren Mann came, though, and made himself as facinating as possible. But he found Bessie listless, and the very opposite of the bright, talkative girl of the evening before. He had never appeared to her so shallow as he did that night, or his con-

"By the way, have you heard th news, Miss Bessie "he asked.

"About Mr. Herne ?"

What of him ?" said Bessie, become

ing very much interested. nothing, only he is abroad : and, from what I hear, he ne ver intends to come back. Very sudden, isn't it? Heavens! are you ill, Bessie ?" he asked, as her face grew deathly pale, and she looked as if

she was going to swoon." she answered, recovering

HE

fected her, and she commenced talking of something else, striving to appear indifferent, though it was hard to keep back the tears. Soon after her visitor ook his leave, and Bessie gave vent to her feelings. In a moment of anger she had driven the man she almost worshipped from her, and for the sake of one who hadn't three ideas in his head. After a time she went to her room but

"He will find some one else to love. and forget me," she said to herself, and the thought was almost maddening.

Meanwhile, while Thomas Herne was sitting in his room with his friend and chum Charley Graham, he was moody and sullen and Charley, noticing his dejected look, said :

"What's troubling you, old fellow You look as if you were under sentence. Have you and Bessic been quarreling?" "Yes," growled Tom.

"What about ?" asked Charley.

"I asked her to cease walking and lancing with that confounded Mann, and she said she would dance with whom she pleased; that I shouldn't dictate to her, and that we were not suited to each other, and broke her engagement. I am going abroad or somewhere : I can't stay here and see her the wife of that

"Tom," said Charlie, "you're a fool. You know Bessie Ware loves you, and yet you turned jealous and made an idiot of yourself. You deserve to be horsewhipped. As for going abroad, you will do no such thing : you will stay here and go to Bessie in the morning and become reconciled to her."

"I won't," cried Tom.

"Yes you will. You have made ry her pretty eyes nearly out."

"That will do, Charley," said Tom "Will it? Then go to bed, and sleep if you can, after behaving in such an in-

ane manner." "I will go just to get rid of you," growled Tom.

And then he tumbled into bed in a bad humor with himself and everybody All through the long night he lay thinking of his lost Bessie, as he called her. When morning came he arose, looking voru and haggard. He had made up his mind to go somewhere, anywhere to get away from the place where he had been so happy, but which now held no one who cared for him. He thought of Bessie's charming ways and sweet face, and it seemed to him that he loved her all the more because he had lost her. He took up a book, but before he had read half a page, he found himself speculating as to how soon the marriage would take place. He opened his trunk, and the first thing that met his eyes was a gold locket. In it was portrayed the face of Bessie. He gazed at it for a long while, and then, with a sigh, he threw it down and left the house. He walked on, not caring where he went,
and soon found himself in a small grove
"Oh, labor of bushes, thickly covered in places by climbing vines. In one of these places he sat down on a rustic bench to think. He now remembered that this was one of Bessie's favorite retreats, it being on her father's place. He had not been there long when he heard voices, and, not wishing to be observed, he drew "Tom." said Bessie. "And it was back out of sight in the bushes. He knew whose voices they were. The speakers came up close to where he was,

and he heard Warren Mann say "So you will not marry me, Miss Ware. May I ask your reason !"

"I do not love you, Mr. Mann. I have no other feeling for you than that of friendship." "You love another, then !" said Mann

And as Bessie made no answer, he turned and left the grove. Bessie sat still after he had gone, and Tom was near enough to see that she was unhap-py. While he watched her he saw tears roll down her cheeks, and he heard her nurmer something in which his own ame was mentioned. He crept nearer, and she was saying :

6 Oh; Tom! Come back—I love you!

Tom could control himself no longer, and going nearer, Le called, softly :

She sprang to her feet at the sound of the voice of one she loved so well, and Tom clasped her to his breast and kissed her passionately.

"I thought I had lost you darling, was all she could say as she hid her face on his bosom and wept for joy. "When are you going abroad, Tom ?" said Charley Graham, some time after

as they met in the street. "Never," answered Tom, laughing. the same day Mr. Warren Mann was arrested for robbery. Now there is no It would never do for Warren Mann happier couple to be found than Tom to know how much Tom's departure af-

#### Farming in Dakota

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "yes, sir, we do seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough straight furrows until fall. Then turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him ?" asked a on the outskirts.

team hotel and have relays of men to change plows for him. We have big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had given a mortgage, and I pledge you my word, the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties.

and the Dakota man continued :

"I got a letter from a man who lives my orchard just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, although it had travelled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they ?" inquired a New Utrecht agriculturist

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of the men had his camp truck packed on seven four mule teams and he was around bidding everybody good-bye.'

"Where was he going?" asked a Graves-end man.

"He was going half-way across farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his fami

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the

"I understand that you have fine nines up that way," ventured a Jamaica turnip planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quarts for fencing," said the Dakota man, testing the blade of his knife, preparatory to whetting it on his boot. "It won't pay to crush it, because we can make more on wheat. I put in eighty-nine hundred townships of wheat last spring."

"How many acres would that be ?" "We don't count by acres. We unt by townships and counties. I made \$68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I am thinking of breaking up from eighty to a hundred more counties next sea

"How do you get the help for such extensive operations?" asked the New

"Oh, labor is cheap," replied the Da kota man. "You can get all you want at \$27 to \$17 a day. In fact, I have never paid over \$28

"Is land cheap?" "No, land is high. Not that it costs laws of the Territory, you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck. I had a friend at Yankton who got a bill take 250,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is-"

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the Eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the last statement. "is all this you've been telling true ?" "Certainly," responded the

nan : "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I didn't care to put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can state that last round of drinks and I'll pay in the morning-I live right here on Myrtle avenue."-Brooklyn Eagle.

Alderman Ellis, the newly elected lard mayor of Lot den owes his success says an English paper, to a circumstance highly creditable to his habits of industry. He commenced his business career as an apprentice to the late Alderman Musgrove, a fish-monger. One day his empolyer left a basket of fish at his office to be forwarded to the railway station. When he arrived at the station he found Ellis instead of the porter. "Did I ask you to bring the basket?" questioned the alderman. "No, sur; but the porter did not arrive in time, so I brought it myself." His master was so pleased with Ellis's sharpness that he took the lad into his favor and ultimate-ly made him a partner.

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#### Unhappy Marriages.

TThe truth is that these too frequent "unhappy marriages" are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual Fools, and especially things on rather a sizable scale. I've vicious fools, have no right to get pos session of an honest woman's life and soul which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more by stupidity than by willfulness. A woman, by her Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbages sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food and clothing She is not less a woman for being wed ded; and the man who is ft to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential. The fools and brutes who abound among as may think such demands hard; but they are not nearly as bad as to live the cat-and-dog life, missing the decrest possibilities o human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect hap piness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egetist who flies into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn and sour tempered, though he never went to his mistress except on his best behavior. The fate is horrible which a poor and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she weds not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life, and oblivious of the fact that while men have the world, women have only their home. Those grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to visibie catastrophe, nor grow into absolute tyrapny but they equally tend that way. They drag down a wife's soul to the point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and linest of all ed-ucation which each in a obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than meney or repentance can ever pay back

# "When the Tide Comes In."

There is a sadly romantic story e ected with Far Rockaway, which any one can verify, as the poor sufferer is vet alive. Years and years ago a woman watched with agonizing dread the fate of a vessel tossed upon the breakers, and which depended upon the turn of the tide for its chance of safety.--Her husband was on board, and the tide did turn, and the schooler came safely into port; but the horror of suspense and anxiety were too much for the faithful wife, and she died in giving birth to a little girl, even as its father clasped it in his arms. The child, however, now and for many years a woman, has anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the Territory, you have got to augmented by each recurring flowing in of the tide. There are times when she through the Legislature, allowing me to is comparatively quiet, and only moans, like the sound of the sea, but the tidal ny. Then she paces the beach wringing her hands, and can hardly be restrained from throwing herself into the waves, until the those is past, and she subsides into sad, wistful, weary pathy again.

# Foretelling the Weather.

A. J. De Voe, the weather prophet of Hackensack, N. J., say, some time ago a gentleman of Chicago sent him this question: "How can a person foretell changes in the weather without the aid of the telegraph or scientific instru-ments?" to which he replies:

First—When you see a bank of thin, hazy clouds along the northwest, and it is clear over the rest of the heavens, then the wind will be from the southeast

on the morrow, the temperature will rain in less than forty-eight hours.

Second—When there is a dark ring around the sun, there is a storm forming to the south of you sand on the morrow the wind will be from the north-

east with snow.

Third—When the sty looks very black and the stars sine unusually bright, a storm will advance suddenly from the southeast, beganing with snow followed burning. followed by rain.

If a person living it any section of our country can cite at instance when these rules did not operate as I have stated, I shall be pleased to hear from

### The Value of Scraps.

Few people appreciate the value of little and apparently insignificant things. In some foreign countries the litter of domestic animals is carefully collected and sold to farmers. Not a few people make a living gathering fertilizers in this way. In the shops of jewelers and oths where articls are mannfactured of gold and silver great care is taken to preent the waste of the precious metals. Every particle of filing, scraping or grinding is preserved for the assayer. The wheels upon which gold and silver have een polished, when worm out are burnt and the fire develops particles of the precious metals which could not be seen by the naked eye. Even the sweepings after great care has been taken to pick up every bit of metal that may have fallon the floor, are preserved, and in New York city sell for \$70 a barrel. It is calculated that when a jeweler's shop floor is to be renewed the dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than pay the costs of the new floor.

It is said that the receipts from sale of the refuse of starch mills, which is used by farmers as feed for hogs and other stock, constitute a large part of the profits, and if this refuse could not be sold some mills would be compelled to stop or be run at a loss. The paper "trimmings" of a large printing office like the Hapers or the Appletons are worth thousands of dollars a year. Lumpermen have found uses for nearly every part of a tree, and scraps that a few years ago accomulated so rapidly as to be source of inconvenience and consequently expense, are now sold for a price and are in great demand. There are in nearly every branch of business "scraps" of arious kinds that, if carefully collected could be sold at a pecuniary advantage but this is particulary so in the tobacco business. The value of the tobacco scraps is more highly appreciated in Europe than in America, but even here in the manufacture of cigars very little it allowed to go to waste. Tobacco costs too much to be wasted by the manufacturer. The stems and ribs of tobacco leaves,

which are rejected by the cigarmaker. re sold to to farmers for manure. The cuttings and od foraps are sent to the cigarette manufacturer, or to Europe for pipe smoking. Even the floor dust has its price, and is used as an insect destroyer in out houses and gardens. The great waste in tobacco is with the consumer. It is estimated that about one third of the tobacco made into cigars is thrown away in stumps, and that the smokers of the best cigars throw away the biggest stumps. This enormous waste in this country is attributed largely to the very limited use of cigarholders, which are more popular in Europe. In Paris the gathering of cigar stumps is a recognized industry, and in the Place Maubert there is a regular market for them. The stumps are collected by boys and girls and beggars, and are bought in large lots by wholesale dealers who manufacture them into a low grade of smoking tobacco which is either soll to the poorer classes or exported. Scores of New York bootblacks and Italian ragpickers may be seen every morning gathering form the gutters, for their private consumption, a harvest of cigar stumps which have been swept into them. Cincinnati Commercial.

John Wesley, the eminent theologian position of the various sects, and the nances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transported him in its uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell.

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?"

asked thoughtful Wesley. "Yes was the reply.

"Any Presbyterians ?" "Ves." was again the answer.

"Any Congregationalists ?"

"Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley.
"Yes," was answered to his great indignation. In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden

transition, and he stood at the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired : "Are there any Roman Catholies

here ?" "No," was replied. "Any Presbyterians ?"

"Any Congregationalists ?" "No "Any Methodists ?"

"No.

"No." "Well then,' he asked, lost in won-

der, who are they inside ?" "Christians !" was the jubilant an-

#### A Few Cold Spells.

Old Benson Jones, of New Light township, and Uncle Tommie Henderson, from the 'dark corner,' are in attendance upon the court. They met this morning in front of the market for the first time in twenty years.

It made us feel good to hear them talk about old times, and especially the

"It begins to feel like winter time,"

said Benson.
"Yes, it does that," Uncle Tommie answered. "But this is nothing. You remember the full of 1831? enced in the fore part of November and froze stiff till March. That was a stiff winter. It was so cold in my neighborhood that boiling water froze over a hot fire. It's a fact."

"Yes," said Benson, "I recollect it well. That's the fall that the milk froze in the cows. But the cold season was in 1827. It commenced in the middle of October and ran through to April. All the oil froze in the lamps, and we didn't have a light until Spring set in.

"Yes, I recollect that, too. But that was not as cold as the winter of 1821. He flatters you. That season commenced in September. and the mercury did not rise a degree until May. Don't you recollect how we used to breathe hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it, and crawl in for shelter ? You have not forgotten all that ?"

We were getting interested, and ventured to ask if all the whiskey froze up

during that spell. "Not I," continued Uncle Tommie not noticing us; "that is the winter we had to give the horses lead to drink and then keep a hot fire under them so at would not harden until they got it down. But the cold spell of 1817 beat I lived in an ice house during the whole time. It was too cold to go out doors and I just camped there until July. Why, we had to wear undershirts made of sand paper, to keep up a friction !"

"Why," said Mr. Jones, "that is the vinter it took a steam grind stone four days to light a match. But do you know," continued Benson, "that I was uncomfortably warm in that winter ?"

"How so " demanded Uncle Tommie. "Why, I kept warm in running around our ice house to find out where you got in. It was an awful spell, and lasted from August until the tenth of June, if you remember. But the snap of 1813 was cold, sure enough. It commenced on the first of July and lasted until the sixth of July following. In this year the smoke froze in the chimneys, and we had to blast it out with powder. All the clocks froze up and we did not know the time for a year. There was a lot of suffering that winter. We lived on alcohol and phosphorus, till the alcohol froze, and then we cat the brimstone ends of matches and jumped around until they caught fire. But-"

By this time quite a crowd had gath-One little boy had froze fast to the sidewalk and had to be prized off Several were shaking with chills, and we shivered off to a place where we took a drink of warm water, &c. We were

# Making a Newspaper

"There is nothing in the paper," said young friend dashing it to the floor. "No news at all; it's miserably, stupid." not again my door friend at fully printed columns, the different headings, foreign, home and domestic news, once was troubled in regard to the dis- the wit and humor. Think for a moment when you gaze at it how the editor ha tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these, no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out, "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the painstaking, the hours of mental weariness, the tediious compositions. It is a common thing for a person, when not exactly suitcd, to exclaim: "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase copies of the same edition of a paper. One soon handed it to a neighbor exclaiming: "Here Sam, have the morning paper. There is nothing in it to-day; it is hardly worth conding." The other gentleman contingual of the same of reading." The other gentleman continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much. "Everything; the paper him so much. "Everything; the paper is well gotten up this morning; the ed-itorials are especially fine." This proves that what pleases one does suit the other. Be assuted it is no child's play to edit and conduct a newspaper, it is a very tedious, responsible position, and the man who manages a well circulated satisfactory newspaper has almost the wisdom of more is needed of a grumbler. Our friend, when she is tompted to make such friend, when she is tompted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider the fault be in the paper or her silly head .-- Exchange.

### SMALL BITES.

Flattery is like colone water; to be

Kindness is the golden chain by which

A failure in a good sause is better

Girls of fourteen are sent by Mormon dissionaries from Sweden to Utah.

No charge should be advanced except upon proof sufficient to sustain it.

The best penance for envying anoth-

Let us always be cheerful; if life is A house without newspapers and books is like a house without windows.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C! Because she forms lasses into cla

Thare is one thing in this world that money cant buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail.

It takes just three persons to keep a secret properly, but two of the three must be dead.

Never be angry with a man who threatens to blow your brains out, 'Tis an excellent world that we live in;

The difference between a hill and a

pill is that one is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down. When a fellow gets a wife he exclaims 'won at last." When he gets the divorce it is still 'one at last.'

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superin-tendent. And the new boy said "Not having any.'

Judge-Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you? Prisoner—No, Judge, I had \$10, but my lawyers took that.

The young woman who used to sing so divinely, 'Oh, had I the wings of a dove," is satisfied with a chicken leg now. She is married now. The word "boom," so commonly used The word "Doom," so commonly used now in the papers, is a western expression applied to streams swollen by the rains. When the water is running high they say the river or creek is "boom-

they say the river or ereek is

The country is beginng to think that while Arthur is nominally President Grant is the power behind the throne. The New York Tribune, a Republican paher warns Arthur that the contry will not again submit to the rule of Grantism either in person or by proxy.

Literary : Wanted-A story of a arglary or ghosts in which the night is out yeary dark without, and the wind does not blow in fitful gusts and the old oak in front of the house does not groan dismally. On receipt of such we agree to return the manuscript.

A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend's, until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your two boys home, and send down the earthquake."

Twas a young printer's devil who ask Twas a young printer's devil who asked for a kiss, but she replied, did this pert little Miss: "You look inky and black, though your head may be level, and I'll never consent to be kissed by the devil." Years passed and the Miss became an old maid with frizzos and curls false teeth and pomade. Then sadly she sought to recall the old issue; but the printer replied: "The devil won't kiss you."

A fair and buxom widow, who had burid three husbands, recently went with a gentleman, who, in his younger days, had paid her marked attention, to days, nad part her market account, of the departed. After contemplating them in painful silence, she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage.

A little Idaho three-year old fell into ents never before fell from childish lips. Here is a sample: "You fink I kin tay ents never befere fell from childish lips Here is a sample: "You fink I kin at in a well wifout noff'n to eat like a f'og 'Fy wasn't no better fader'n mudder' 'oud I'd do wifout children!"

Youd I'd do wifout children!"

Mrs. Scoville, Guiteau's sister, is a rather pretty, middle-aged woman, with a real good expression, eyes darkish, hair of a snowy gray, and nose and forehead a little like the prisoner's. She looked very much like the substantial farmers' wives of Central New York.—A little boy sat her, in a white cap with blue ribbons, probably her child. Mr. Scoville also is a perfectly respectable well attired man, his voice kind, as his eyes are. The prisoner scarcely seems eyes are. The prisoner scarcely seems to have any relevancy to the family around him,