

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## GENERAL NEWS.

Sixty bushels of peach stones were received at Hawthorne, Fla., last week, which will be planted out for a nursery. The oldest man in Pike county, Ala., is said to be Thomas Grimes, of Spring Hill. He is 106 years old.

Deaths the year no less than 18,086 households have been entered in Florida.

A new hotel, costing \$500,000, is to be built in New Orleans before the Exposition opens.

It is estimated, so says the Palatka Herald, that five hundred thousand alligators were killed in Florida last year.

By the census of 1880 there were in Alabama 1,335 physicians and surgeons, 738 lawyers, 1,214 clergymen, and 74 journalists.

A deposit of marl has been discovered on the Conecuh river, in Alabama, which promises to be valuable for comparing with other elements as a fertilizer.

Two cypress trees have recently been cut in Sumpter county, Fla. From one 83,000 shingles were made, and from the other 37,000 shingles and 6,100 clapboards were made.

Wolves are so plentiful in the Black Mountains of North Carolina that they are poisoned with strychnine, and their depredations render farming and sheep-raising very uncertain.

A Gum tree in Florida was fired the other day, and the occupants summarily ejected were a swarm of bats, followed by flying squirrels, screech-owls, various other night birds, two coons and one opossum.

It is probable that a telegraph line will be built from the cable of the Western Union Company through the Everglades to Jupiter Inlet, on the eastern coast of Florida. A survey of the country is to be made as early as possible.

PENSACOLA Commercial: The moss crop of this State is worth more than the cotton, and can be put on the market with very little expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the State in which the product is not now going to waste.

The dogs at the Louisville bench show were valued at \$250,000. Fortunately for the dog raising industry, they are exempted from taxation. The same value in sheep would be annually taxed about \$2,500. Verily, the dogs are having their day.

LEROI is spoken of as the next mining and manufacturing town in Alabama. Its situation is excellent, being in the bosom of the great mineral sources, with plenty of water power around, and a fine tracing climate. Several wide awake men are already at work developing the place.

Manufacturers has \$7,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries, a gain of 100 per cent. in five years, and Alabama has \$5,000,000 in the iron production. The last South Carolina legislature chartered a new cotton factory with an aggregate capital of \$1,725,000, and in three years 275,130 spindles have been added to the manufacturing capacity of the Carolinas, Alabama and Georgia.

A MACHINE for picking cotton has, the Charleston News says, been satisfactorily tested in Sumpter, South Carolina. Its capacity is two hundred pounds per hour. The cost of picking the late crop by hand was \$50,000,000, or at the rate of \$7 per bale. The cost of picking by machine will be \$1 per bale. It is estimated that a third of the crop has been left in the field in seasons past because of lack of hands. The machine will remedy this.

Mostgomery Advertiser and Mail: The number of persons who emigrated to Texas and other portions of the West and are returning home is astonishing. On one of the north-bound trains of the M. and M. road a few nights ago, eighty of the passengers, and on another succeeding sixty were returning from Texas to their former homes in Alabama and neighboring States. Most of them were former citizens of this State.

This original seal of the Confederate States, which is of massive silver, is still in the hands of an ex-Confederate soldier, who treasures it carefully. It consists of a device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capital Square at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy (cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, corn, wheat), and having around it the words, "The Confederate States of America, Twenty-second February, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two," with the following motto: "Deo Vincite." The Confederate monument at Magnolia Cemetery to the memory of the dead who fell in defense of Charleston has on one of its faces an enlarged reproduction of the great seal of the Confederate States.

PAPER MATERIAL.—Paper is now made from Swollen from the bleached remains of mosses that lived centuries ago, and now found in enormous quantities. The paper is turned out in all degrees of excellence, from tissue to sheets three-fourths of an inch thick.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

GERMANY has 500 mills for the manufacture of wood pulp. Such a degree of perfection has been attained in the treatment that even for the better qualities of paper the wood pulp is substituted for pulp made from rags. It constitutes 75 per cent of the paper stock used throughout Germany.

The Methodist Episcopal Mission at New York, appropriated \$15,482 for missionary work in Bulgaria and Turkey, \$34,000 for Mexico, and \$35,848 for Japan. The total appropriations for foreign missions is \$370,898. The appropriations for domestic missions are: Arizona, \$5,000; Black Hills, \$3,500, and Dakota \$13,525.

LARGE fortunes are rare in Switzerland and the salaries of public functionaries are very modest. The president of the confederation receives for his services only \$3,000 a year; few judges receive more than \$1,250, and there is probably no bank manager in the country with a salary more than twice that amount. A man with an income of \$2,500 is considered very well off indeed, and to have \$5,000 a year is to be "passing rich."

GENERAL WRIGHT, chief of engineers, wants in the next fiscal year \$36,730,485, for use on the rivers and harbors. And even this sum does not include the work under the direction of the Mississippi river commission. He proposes to expend \$90,000 in Charleston harbor, \$135,000 on the Savannah river, and \$50,000 in Cumberland sound. The estimates for the Atlantic coast are for carrying on operations on 145 of the 151 improvements in progress. They provide for the completion within the coming fiscal year of 75 of them.

WHILE the men and boys of America were drinking eight gallons apiece of beer and whiskey last year they did not exhaust the stock of the manufacturers in this country. They exported over 5,000,000 gallons of spirits and supplied Europe with 235,000,000 pounds of tobacco. The tobacco went almost entirely to England, France and Germany, while the liquor found its way over almost the entire area of the civilized world. In spite of the fact that we used 75,000,000 gallons of our own whiskey in the past year, there were imported 8,000,000 gallons of spirits of various sorts, which, by the way, is more than we exported in the year. It is proper to add, that the internal revenue tax collected upon this whiskey, beer and tobacco during the past fiscal year was \$140,000,000, and that the internal revenue system, since its inception in 1863, has brought into the treasury a total of \$3,087,376,125.95.

An adroit reasoner once wrote an essay on tea as a cause of crime in which he contended that this mild beverage wreaked more nerves and ruined more constitutions than all the various forms of alcohol combined. The consumption of tea is increasing rapidly and tea drinking is becoming more and more of a social custom in England and America. Sugar is going out of favor at fashionable American tea-parties, and cream is losing ground. The French drink their tea very sweet and help themselves to sugar with their fingers. The Russians, who set many of our social customs for us, prefer lemon with both hot and cold tea and seldom use sugar. The luxury of tea drinking is said to be offered in its most tempting form in Russia. Their best brand costs ten dollars a pound and its proper preparation for the table is one of the national fine arts.

Some startling facts are disclosed in the report of the commissioners of internal revenue. Last year the tobacco factories in this country used 11,653,339 pounds of licorice in fixing their tobacco for the market. Besides this they used 11,257,100 pounds of sugar to make the stuff taste good. The total amount of tobacco manufactured in the United States last year was 110,000,000 pounds. So that it is fair to conclude that ten per cent of the tobacco chewed by free American citizens, is licorice and another ten per cent sugar. New Jersey takes the lead in the manufacture of tobacco, with Missouri a close second, North Carolina third, and New York fourth. In the manufacture of cigars New York leads the list, having 3,893 factories and making a million cigars a year. The tobacco factories and importers supply for every male person in the country ten pounds of chewing tobacco, three and a half pounds of smoking tobacco, two hundred and fifty cigars, and half a pound of snuff. The whiskey showing is still worse. Every male person in the country could have had six gallons a piece last year if the quantity consumed had been equally divided, while there was enough malt liquor destroyed to furnish every man, woman and child with ten gallons each. The delightful luxuries, while they regaled the American voter, paid the treasury \$140,000,000.

## LATER NEWS.

IMMENSE damage has been done by a tornado in Oxford, Franklin and other counties of Maine. Millions of trees were blown down, many houses and barns destroyed, churches unroofed and railroad bridges mangled to their foundations. The loss aggregated hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The sum of \$150,000 has been raised by subscription for the purpose of establishing a general Unitarian church in Boston, and immediate steps will be taken to purchase an eligible site and erect a suitable building. At the Prospect Park grounds, Brooklyn the lay golden Frank, with running mate, trotted a mile in 2:08 1/2, thus beating 2:10 1/2 the best record, which was made by Maid S, without time.

JOHN WAPPIN, of Cleveland, lost a dollar that he could drink fifteen glasses of whiskey in fifteen minutes, and won the wager, but lost his life.

WYOMING cathedral, one of the most imposing Episcopal buildings in the country, was consecrated at Omaha, Neb., by the founder, Bishop Clarkson, assisted by Lord Bishop Sweetman, of Toronto, Bishop Garrett, of Texas, and other clergymen.

The National teachers' convention, for the suppression of polygamy, in session at Cleveland, adopted an address to the country denouncing Mormon practices and urging reprobation. The petition was circulated in every city, town and school district in the United States, asking Congress to submit to the legislatures of the various States an amendment to the constitution prohibiting polygamy.

DURING the recent heavy storm the barge Milwaukee was lost with her crew of seven men in Lake Ontario.

The annual report of General Merritt, superintendent of the West Point Military academy, says that on September 1, 1883, there were at the academy fifty-five professors and commissioned officers and 311 cadets. There were no deaths during the year among the cadets, officers or soldiers. The average cost of subsisting each cadet during the last year was \$17.92 per month. The general tone and discipline of the academy are good, although the practice of loafing has not yet been entirely broken up.

GOLD in paying quantities has been found in the province of Quebec.

SENIOR JUAN VALERIA, a distinguished Spanish novelist and former minister to Portugal, has been appointed successor to the late Senator Barca, who killed himself in New York, as Spain's diplomatic representative in the United States.

THREE men were killed and five others injured by the explosion of the boiler attached to a saw mill in Jackson township, Penn.

A COLORED man 112 years old died a few days ago in Boston.

A CONVENTION called by the United States commissioner of agriculture to consider the contagious diseases of domestic animals met in Chicago. Government inspection of all cattle and dead meat exported, and of exported hog products, was advocated.

A BOILER in the works of the Cal Bluff Mining company, at Fontenot, Ind., exploded killing one man instantly, fatally injuring two others and seriously scalding ten more.

VERY cold weather is reported from the Northwest, the thermometer varying from fifteen to forty degrees below zero.

JOHN SMITH, a colored man, was hanged at Oakland, Md., for the murder of a white man named Harden; and on the same day Perry Jeter, also colored, suffered a similar penalty at Union, S. C., for arson.

A FIRE at Columbus, Miss., destroyed a warehouse with 2,000 bales of cotton, causing a loss of \$100,000.

SECRETARY TELLER has made an important decision concerning pensions to dependent mothers whose sons were killed in the late war. The statute, says the secretary, was enacted to give dependent relatives some compensation for the damage they had sustained by the loss of the person on whom they did in fact depend or might depend for their support, and he decides that in all ordinary cases a mother is entitled to a pension.

DURING the past fiscal year the expenses of the United States diplomatic service aggregated \$3,162. This smaller service returned fees amounting to \$34,329, and expended \$570,230 in salaries and other expenses, showing that this service is not only self-sustaining, but has paid into the treasury a revenue amounting to \$41,539.

## RAILROAD DISASTER.

Eight Persons Killed by a Frightful Accident in Illinois.

A dispatch from Streator, Ill., gives the following particulars of a terrible railroad accident by which eight passengers, including lady and her daughter and a minor or child, and seven other persons were injured. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy mail train from Chicago was due here at 2:11 p. m. It was within three miles of the city when it was signalled to stop by a switchman who was mistaking it for the freight train from a train of flat cars attached to the switch engine.

The passenger train stopped, and the rear brakeman went back to flag anything that might be following the passenger train, but he had not got more than one or two car lengths when an extra freight train came behind the curve and was down upon them in an instant. The freight engine, No. 211, struck the rear passenger coach and completely telescoped it. There were about twenty persons in the car and few escaped without injury. The engine completely smashed itself in the car, the passengers being thrown forward, and then its boiler exploded and one piece of its head was forced entirely through the car.

One of the passengers said that the train had just barely stopped when the collision occurred. "I heard," said he, "a terrible crash as the engine struck the car. The explosion immediately followed, filling the car with steam and boiling water. I did not hear a single cry for at least a minute, when I discovered that the two trains were in front of me were for the scene of the accident. Meanwhile all that could possibly be done for the assistance of the wounded and dying and care of the dead was done.

The switch engine that was unloading the ballast came at once into this city, and gathering up a relief corps started with a horse team to go to the scene of the accident. Meanwhile all that could possibly be done for the assistance of the wounded and dying and care of the dead was done.

Pools will often make success where prudent people fail.

## AT THE MILL.

What did you see, my farmer?  
Gray 'n' white of wool and stone,  
A mill wheel turning to grind your grain,  
And turning for that alone.

The farmer who tills the land,  
The spade of the man who sows,  
The plow and the harrow and the mow,  
As you plow with your oxen slowly down  
The sunny slopes of the hill.

The heavens are blue above you,  
There's an arm and shade on the road;  
You touch the bridle backs of your team  
And reckon the miles as you go.  
You clip the heads of the daisies,  
And wonder that God should need  
To litter the fields with the starting blooms  
Of a stubborn and worthless weed.

You're honest and true and sturdy;  
Here give me your own heavy hand—  
A single of life songs, I greet  
The farmer who tills the land.  
Pled home with your girl in the gloaming;  
The lady crown at the gate,  
And over the hill by the pasture bars  
The loving cattle wait.

What do I see, my farmer?  
The mill and the mill and the wheel,  
The moss on the shingles, the mould on the stones,  
And the dusting mists of morn,  
But the poet's vision is clear,  
Revealing the hidden things,  
I see the rivulet flow to the sea,  
From east, clear, woodland springs.

I see the brown fields quiver  
With the green of the growing wheat,  
When the swallow's sail at the bending eaves,  
And the breath of the morn is sweet.  
I see the swaying reeds  
In fields of the golden grain;  
And when that pant in the summer sun  
Yoked to a loaded wagon.

I see white sails careening  
On the open-tinted sea,  
When the silvery sunlight glints the waves,  
That are stirred by freshening breeze,  
I see the storm-rack gather,  
That bids out the evening star,  
And flung in the foam of a billow's crest,  
A drowned man lashed to a spar.

I see in the city's shadow  
A figure that crouch and cower,  
"Give blood or bread," while the wine flows red,  
And there's a mirth in the city halls.  
I see a rich man's darling,  
As fresh as the rose's bloom,  
And the gaunt, white face of a little child,  
Dead, in a barren room.

Pled home with your girl, my farmer,  
See how the wide world fares;  
The eyes that are clear are reddest away,  
With their burden of alien cares,  
Hushed is the mill-stone's murmur,  
The dripping wheel is still,  
And over the dusky vale I hear  
The song of the whip-poor-will.

—Boston Transcript.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

Slowly Alice Austin came back from the garden gate, where she had just parted with her young husband. The June sunshine was as golden as when they had left the door, arm in arm; the roses glowed as brightly upon the trellis over the gate; the birds sang as blithely among the apple-blossoms; but her face bore a shadow that it had not carried when she next day came to breakfast, and her eyes had not a glance for bird or blossom in the window.

All this was observed by quiet Aunt Ruth, sitting by the opposite window, who finally said, in her soft voice: "Alice, I think I hear Bess calling!"

"Oh! yes, I suppose so," answered Alice. "I never get a moment for myself! I don't see why she can't sleep this morning; I wanted to do a little writing in time for the morning post, but I suppose I must give it up, as I have to be everything else! Now, there is Mrs. Marston—she never sees her baby until he is all washed and dressed and brought in by the nurse in the morning, and never has to be kept awake nights or deprived of any pleasure days by the care of him. She always keeps a nurse for him, and only has him with herself when she feels like it; but I am just tied to my baby day and night!"

"Why, Alice?" said Aunt Ruth, surprised at this outburst. "I'm sure you have the best little blessing of a baby that ever lived! She's as good as gold, the darling; and she arose and went into the next room, from which she presently returned with a plump baby, seven or eight months old, who looked at her mother with placid violet eyes and contentedly sucked her thumb."

"There, now!" said Aunt Ruth, as she tumbled and rolled the laughing infant into its mother's lap. "Look at this blossom of a baby and then talk to me of Mrs. Marston's poor little starveling! I feel as if I should cry every time I see that child! Turned out, starved on a bottle, cared for or neglected, nobody thought of by the nurse in the morning, and never has to be kept awake nights or deprived of any pleasure days by the care of him. What the good Lord permits some folks to have children for is my sure I don't see, nor what some mothers' hearts are made of!" with which vigorous remarks Aunt Ruth subsided into her chair again and began to count the stitches in the foot of wooly Bess.

"Well, auntie, I didn't mean that I don't love my baby," said Alice, with a more cheerful face. "Nor that I don't like to care for her. But, auntie, you know, there are times when even the best of mothers get weary and the best of babies a little exasperated. And sometimes when I think of Jennie Marston, with nothing to do but to enjoy herself, and her baby, so beautifully dressed, out with its nurse in its costly carriage, I'm afraid I feel a little bit envious, especially, Aunt Ruth, as I don't see why I should not be able to have as much as she; for we were married at about the same time, and everybody said that Ed-

ward and John Marston, in means and business position, were equal. But now, at the end of three years, we are living just as when we began our married life, while they have moved into a fine house and she has—well, you have been there, auntie, and you know how her house is furnished, and she seems to have no more household care than if she were boarding, and does very little of her sewing, either."

"And so I suppose she is a great deal happier than you are, isn't she?" inquired Aunt Ruth.

"Oh! I don't mean that," said Alice; "that couldn't very well be. No," she continued, thoughtfully, "she does not seem very happy; but all her luxuries, you know she looks fretted almost all ways, and it is said that her husband is not very devoted to his home. Some say he drinks heavily. I'm sure I don't know about that; I seldom see him when we go there, but I think he seems nervous and unwell."

"Is that what you envy her? Or is it her pearly baby or her illnesses?" quietly queried Aunt Ruth.

"Oh! no, no!" laughed Alice, now her merry self again. "I don't suppose I really envy her at all! But I'll confess the whole truth, auntie. I've been feeling rather shabby for quite a while, in house and dress, and this morning I asked Edward to let me refurbish the parlors and take the present furniture for other rooms, and he looked sober and said he was afraid not, he would think of it, and, somehow, it disappointed me. I thought we could afford it as well as our neighbors can afford their luxuries or I wouldn't have asked it."

Aunt Ruth's keen eye ran over the pretty room and glanced through the open door into the parlors beyond. They were not expensively furnished, and yet Aunt Ruth thought she had never seen rooms more tasteful or attractive.

"Yes, I know, auntie," said Alice, answering the look. "Our rooms are cozy, and usually I feel quite satisfied with them. But—here she paused a moment and then, with a blush and a half shy look at Aunt Ruth, she continued, "well, I'll just tell the truth to you, auntie, I'm afraid I see too often with other people's eyes. Usually my little home, with its sunny rooms and well-furnished, looks pleasant and pretty to me, and I feel as content as a bird in its nest; but as soon as Mrs. DeLong or Mrs. Morris or any of our wealthy lady friends come in, I at once begin to contrast my home with theirs and see how cheap and shabby it must look to them, just coming from their elegant surroundings, until I feel as inferior as my home looks. I suppose it seems silly to you, Aunt Ruth, but it is true."

Here she paused a moment, but as Aunt Ruth only looked at her as if she expected her to go on, she continued: "And when Jennie Marston comes here, with her baby all dressed in lace and embroidery, looking so white and dainty, like a lily, and Jennie looks around with that grand, languid air she has, as if she pitied me for having to look after my own home and baby, it makes me feel as if I wouldn't do it another day! and yet I am angry with myself for letting her make me feel so."

"The other day, when she was in, and Bessy was sleeping as I held her, she said: 'Dear me! what a slave you make of yourself to your baby, don't you, Auntie? I'm sure I couldn't stand it! Why don't you get a nurse-girl? It would save you a world of worry.'"

"Save worry!" interjected Aunt Ruth. "I should worry myself to death if you had one! Only the other day I saw Mrs. Marston's nurse out by the gate in its little carriage, and she was talking and laughing with a bold-looking fellow at her side, pushing the carriage along without looking, when baby's long dress got caught in the wheel in some way, and the next moment he was dragged forward over the side and would have had his head dashed against the stone pavement if I had not sprung forward and caught him. The girl was very much frightened and begged me so earnestly not to tell Mrs. Marston that I had promised not to mention it if she would be more careful in the future. But I tell you, Alice, I don't believe in the whole nurse-girl system. I've seen too much of it! It is unnatural and unmerciful! Why, mothers act nowadays as if they were ashamed of their children, instead of being proud of them and esteeming them as the best gifts of God!"

"Neither do I believe in the common practice of giving a girl or even a woman, entire charge of a child," replied Alice, "but only as a relief to mothers at times."

"That may do," said Aunt Ruth, "if they can be trusted; but how is one to know? A lady friend of mine had a nurse-girl for her baby—a sickly little thing that couldn't hold its head up alone—and she was never done telling what a jewel that girl was—so kind to baby, so devoted, so willing, and loved baby so much! And she paid her extra wages for her services. One day I went in there and found my friend was out, but was told that she would soon return, so I waited for her. In the back parlour the baby fretted and moaned in the arms of the nurse. This lasted some time, when I heard it make a peculiar sound or two and stop crying. I leaned forward in my chair and looked through the folding-doors. There sat the nurse-girl, with set teeth, shinking her poor feeble little baby till it lay back hunched and gasping, her weak and breathless little, stood by with a frightened look, but not saying a word."

"For a moment I was speechless and bewildered. Then I called, in a quiet voice, 'Freddie, come here and see me a little while, until mamma comes.' He came to my side, and, going to the nurse's side of the room, my eyes were raised up, but he did not hear me, I took him upon my lap, and, in a low voice, 'Freddie, does Annie often treat baby like that?'"

"He looked up at me, and then, with a frightened glance over his shoulder, whispered, 'Yes, ma'am; lots of times! She shakes him awful—till he gets white and she has to put water in his face! At's she slaps and pats mamma she would kill me and her too! O dear! I wish she would go away. I don't like her, Freddie!'"

"Well, then, to-morrow you can tell him that you accept it," said Alice.

"What's the matter?" cried Edward, in surprise. "Do you think I'm not willing to do what you ask? It is all right, my darling, and the money is as free to you as water!"

"I know it, Edward," replied Alice, "but I've changed my mind; that is woman's privilege, you know. I'm not

"Poor little fellow! I promised him that she would soon go away, and when my friend returned I told her the whole story."

"At first the girl denied it all and said that Fred was a terrible liar; but when I told her what I had seen, she dropped her mask and showed herself in her real character."

"She hated the smugling, just, she said, and wished she had bludgeoned its life out long ago, and said she would have done it, too, if it hadn't been for keeping her big wages."

"Oh! oh! how dreadful!" cried Alice, catching baby Bess up from the carpet, where she lay kicking and cooing, and nudging her close to her bosom, as if to shield her from impending danger. "O my baby, my darling!" she murmured, "you shall never go from your mother's loving care! No one shall ever have the power to harm you while your mother lives!"

"Of course, all cases are not so bad as this was," continued Aunt Ruth, "but I cannot tell you how many instances I have known of evils arising from mothers trusting their young children to the care of evil or careless nurses. One lady that I know has a beautiful little daughter who will be a cripple for life because of a fall from the arms of a careless nurse. Another was scolded in a bath until she died. But, my dear, I did not mean to relate a chapter of horrors to you; I only wanted to impress it upon you that it should be the pleasure, as it is the duty, of every healthy mother to look after the safety and welfare of her children with her own eyes, and give them freely of her love and care."

"I have loved you the more dearly for the devotion you have manifested toward your husband and child."

"I'm afraid you will think me a prissy old thing, but I mean to have my talk out while the spirit moves me. You were speaking of sewing with other people's eyes. Now, let me tell you what other people's eyes see! You know Edward was like my own son, and it was not strange that I should feel a keen interest in his choice of a wife. So it was with a mixture of hope and fear that I left my distant home for my visit to you. Of course, I knew something of his circumstances. I had helped him start in business, and he had been like a good son keeping me in his new life. But I wondered how his new wife would turn out, for the title of his future, I knew Edward was a young man of good judgment, but love, you know, is blind, and I did not know what folly the little girl might have led him into. So I kept questioning all along my journey whether I should find you idle and fine and extravagant, spending as fast as your husband can earn, or whether you would be a good, loyal little partner in the business that would one day make you independent."

"You didn't know you stood under the eyes of a grim old critic that day, little Alice, when you came out to welcome the old mother-in-law! But I took you all in, husband, wife, baby, and home, and had my verdict all ready in fifteen minutes. I said to myself, 'The heart of her husband may safely trust in her!' and, my dear, I have seen no reason to change my mind during my three months' visit in your home!"

"What? not after all I have told you this morning?" asked Alice, laughing as she kissed Aunt Ruth's rosy cheek.

"No, not even after that!" exclaimed Aunt Ruth. "You are only a human little girl, and it Edward can afford it, it is quite right that you should make your home just as pretty as you can. But, after all, it is not rich furniture that makes a home pleasant, though it may help. And Mrs. DeLong, who in your imagination was scolding your home, looked around cynically the last time she was here and said, 'Mrs. Austin has the pleasantest house in the place. It is just like stepping into fairyland to come into her rooms. They are just as dainty as herself. And Mrs. Harland replied, 'They are not much like those still parlors of Mrs. Marston's—never a flower or look or bit of work around. I always feel as if a funeral had just moved out of them.' They did not say this to me, but I was in the back parlor and heard them talking while they were waiting for me."

Alice turned and looked over the rooms in silence. The flowers bloomed brightly in the window, her emerald tulle softly in his guided cage, fine pictures adorned the walls, and between the windows, whose soft curtains were lifted by the soft June wind, stood the fine piano that was Alice's delight.

"I am a very foolish little woman," she said at last; "my home is quite good enough—at least until we are rich. So Edward needn't look sober over new furniture to-night."

At night as Edward came up the garden walk with Alice's arm in his, and "Queen Bess" occupying her usual perch on his shoulder, he said: "You can have your new furniture, little wife, as soon as you like."

"How is that?" asked Alice. "I thought you said this morning that you did not think we could not afford to furnish just yet."

"So I did," he answered, "but I thought it over and concluded that you deserved to have your wishes gratified. You are not a very extravagant little woman!"

"But how do you manage to have the money to spare to-night when you did not have it this morning?" persisted Alice.

"Well, Madam Curiosity," laughed Edward, "I have been plotting a little extension of my business, and had laid by a little sum for that purpose. But I have made up my mind to wait another year instead of making you wait. Now, are you satisfied with my account?"

"Have you made any change in your arrangements to-day?" asked Alice.

"Oh! I told Harland that I must decline his offer, that's all!" replied her husband.

"Well, then, to-morrow you can tell him that you accept it," said Alice.

"What's the matter?" cried Edward, in surprise. "Do you think I'm not willing to do what you ask? It is all right, my darling, and the money is as free to you as water!"

"I know it, Edward," replied Alice, "but I've changed my mind; that is woman's privilege, you know. I'm not

going to have the worry of tearing everything up in our home again this spring, now that it is all settled for the summer, so you can use your money as you intend, and I'll take it—with interest, remember, sir—by and by."

"Thank you, my good little wife! You shall have your interest, and it shall be compound interest, too!" was her reward.

A few nights after, Edward came home with a troubled face. "What is it, Edward?" cried Alice, quick to read his every look.

"I have dreadful news for you," he answered. "A terrible thing has happened. It became known to-day that John Marston was ruined. He has lost every dollar he owned in the world, and forged a check for five hundred dollars. His creditors came in and swept everything out of his hands, and in less than two hours afterward the officers were after him on a charge of forgery. Alice, an hour ago I helped carry my old friend home, dead by his own hand!"

At this words Alice dropped into a chair, pale and speechless.

"And Jennie—poor Jennie?" she said at last. "Oh! I must help her!"

"Poor woman!" he replied. "I left her, perfectly insane with her grief, screaming, lamenting, and declaring that she alone was to blame for his death. It was a terrible scene—one that I shall never forget. And only two or three years ago his future looked so fair; and here he is a poor good-hearted, kindly—poor John! poor John!"

And Edward turned away, overcome by old memories.

Erving John Marston was laid away with more pity than blame. His wife never recovered her reason after the shock of his death, and Edward and Alice Austin never allowed themselves to mingle in any extravagances because they feared what might be seen by other people's eyes.—Arthur's Magazine.

## The First Whistle.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri River is interesting. Its introduction dates back to 1844. At that time the settlers on the Missouri River were in the habit of making regular visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many who lived back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that during the fall of 1844 the new steamboat Lexington started up the Missouri River, loaded down to the gunwales with freight.