CANNON AIDING.

Whene'er a youthful lover
His courting has big gun,
Howitzer prizes him to learn
That 'tis not always fun.

For instance, when he's planned his siege,
And thinks the missile do,
The girl's distructful parent
Shows him a trigger two.

And as with much momentum
He down the steps doth glide,
And on the picket fence doth land,
He feels much mortar-fied.

The maiden in the meantime
Escapes into the yard,
And shrieks, with much emotion,
"My pa has struck Fetard."

The young man thinks it over,
And, though he'll not declare it,
Concludes, since he can't bullet,
That he will have to bear it.

AT THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CARRIE E. BEWEY.

"Did all the fates combine, Nell, to bring you to the mountains this blessed day? If they could have asked me, of all the world, whom I would most wish to see this minute, I would have answered Nell Battsford. And your brother?" he continued. "I just saw him disappear down the carriage road. Could he not remain? Child, why don't you speak? Have you no words of welcome, after all these years"

I had turned to the speaker when he first addressed me. He was standing by a small rowboat, drawn up on the beach of a little blue lake at K—, in front of the Mountain House, handsome Bob Trueman, the artist. I answered slowly:

"Oh, it all seems so strange to see you again, Bob, I was trying to realize!"

And, indeed, it did seem strange; as if the great wheels of Time had rolled backward, and I was picking up the threads of a romance broken four years before.

In the parting that he must have witnessed between myself and another on the beach, a few minutes before, he had mistaken my husband, Lieutenant Norton, for an older brother of mine, whom he had once met years before.

Lieutenant Norton was handsome, brilliant and accomplished, and I was very proud of him. But physically he much resembled my brother Harry; and this was not the first time one had been mistaken for the other. I saw at once that Bob had made the popular error, and the same instant an imp seemed to whisper in my ear, "Fool him a little while; it will be such fun."

"And your cousin Maud," I said, addressing Bob again. "I saw her with you at dinner."

Lieutenant Norton and I arrived K——just before dinner, and the table at which we dined was close to the hall door. I had recognized Bob and Maud clear down to the other end of the immense dining hall.

Immediately after dinner Fred (my husband) and I retired to our rooms for a few minutes' hurried conversation, and then I accompanied him down to the carriage, which was waiting to convey him to the station, for he must return to town by the next train to transact some business, but was coming back to the hotel on the evening train.

But to return to Bob and my mention of Maud.

"Yes," he replied, "she is with me. Poor girl! She has a terrible headache, and has lain down for a nap. She told me not to call her at tea-time. I say Nell, you and I must take a row on the lake. It is a glorious afternoon, and we can talk over old times."

I looked at the blue lake dancing in the sunlight. It was so tempting. There were water-lilies on the other side that shone like stars in the distance. What could be the possible harm of rowing a little while in front of the hotel, in broad daylight, even if I am married?

I looked down the carriage road and thought of Fred. But Fred was never a bit jealous; and, besides, he enjoyed a joke immensely. He couldn't help but understand. He couldn't scold. And if when I told him about it, he added that perhaps it might not have been quite right, I would say I was "so lonesome; and I never should have gone if you had been here," which last clause would contain a word of truth, anyway.

Besides, I owed Bob an old score—a debt of the past—which had never been paid; and there was just enough Indian in my composition to wish to pay it, and this would be such a good opportunity.

So, before I hardly knew whatof was doing, I had tied the strings I my sun-hat, was seated in the stern of the little boat, and Bob had pushed out into the lake, and was taking those long, rapid strokes of his, feathering the oars till the spray that flew off looked like little drops of melted silver in the sunshine.

"Do you remember, Nell, what desperate efforts you used to make trying to feather oars at Branford? Then that was my most brilliant accomplishment. Ah, well! since then I have feathered oars in many lands—or waters, rather," with a laugh. "But, alas? I haven't always had you for an enthusiastic spectator."

And, after a slight pause, he went on.

"And the regatta ball---you surely haven't forgotton that; how the moonlight shone on the billows, how we waltzed around to the glad measures of Strauss and Waldtenfel, and afterward strolled on the wide veranda, and how sudnenly I left? I seem now to feel the vexation of that old steamboat bell's clanging, that tore me from the beach and you. Whenever I picture a glimpse of Paradise on earth I go back to that night by the sea. But that was Paradise lost, and this is Paradise regained."

His rapid rush of words brought back a tide of memories. I remembered that when that steamboat bell rang he was talking around a dangerous subject. And it had often since occured to me that had he lingered longer, perhaps I should not have been Mrs. Norton, but the wife of Bob Trueman, the artist.

The hot blood surged into my cheeks at the thought that I, a married woman was passively allowing such ghosts of the past to be resurrected; so, quickly changing the topic, I said:

Tell me of yourself, Bob. Have you brought back little bits of all the world, as you said you would when you bade me good-bye, sketch-book in hand, for that grand European tour—bits that were to make you so famous, and us so—"

"I was going to say "happy," but I remembered once more that I was married, and stopped short. He, however, divined my meaning, and finished the sentence for me.

"So, happy," he said. "Yes, I have brought back about half of the world, in black and white and colors. And, oh, Nell, in all my wanderings, it rang unceasingly in my ears!

"But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine."

"Don't you know, I have tried so often to sketch you from memory! For instance, as a naiad of a woodland study, a nymph by a Swiss lake or a spirit, in some of my mountain glens. But I could never get quite the tint of gold in your hair, so I rubbed them out. You know you never would let me sketch you in the old days. But, Nell, there is one thing that I never could do---I never could rub you out of my life."

"Though you have often tried, the remark implies," I answered, quickly.

He did not seem to notice my reply. We had rowed across the lake, and we were close to the water-lilies. He fished out a few with an oar, shook the water from them, and, leaning over, twined one in the coil of my hair. Then he handed me a couple which I had fastened in the bosom of my dress. Leaning back on his oars, he said:

"These flowers are like the friends I would choose through life---whose lives are as spotless as the petals of these lilies, and whose hearts are pure as gold."

He regarded me a moment with a flush on his cheeks and an artist's light in his eyes, and then added:

"How I wish I had my colors with me! If I could get you upon canvas now, it would be a revelation. You must come to my studio some time, Nell. I've a gorgeous one in New York, and I am not as poor as I used to be in the old days. I have much to show you there. I have been abroad twice," he went on, with an odd look, I thought.

Then there was a queer silence, rather oppressive.

To break it I said:

"Shall you and your cousin remain long at the mountains?"

"A couple of weeks," he replied.

"She was looking so pale at dinner," I said, for want of something better to say, and mentally added, "so homely too."

"Then I thought of Maud's long bank account, and decided that it would be of more service to her, in this practical world than all the beauty of a Hebe. So I need not waste my pity there.

Bob seemed steeped in reverie a little while; then roused himself and said:

"Nell, if this water were a shade greener and a little rougher, I could almost fancy we were on the sound at Brantford."

Then the blood came into my cheeks again, for somehow I did not care to have him bring up the old days any more. I thought of the half bushel or so of letters from him that I had destroyed on the eve of my wedding day.

Then I wondered why he did not answer my last letter. That was the old score I wanted to pay up, though somehow I did not enjoy the paying up as much as I had anticipated, and it occurred to me, oddly enough.

"Why, child, you couldn't have answered it if he had written, unless you had signed Nellie Norton to your letter, which would not have done at all."

But, all the same, it vexed me to think that he did not write, even if I couldn't have answered; and I consoled myself by thinking how surprised Bob would look when I introduced Fred at tea time.

From my reflections I was aroused by Bob, exclaiming:

"Why, there's your brother on the beach!"

We were approaching the hotel now.

"Oh, Bob!" I cried, "it isn't my brother, but my husband, Lieutenant Fred Norton, U. S. A."

Bob raised his eyebrows, whistled a low whistle, then exclaimed, as a lady appeared on the beach:

"By Jove, there's Maud, too! Her headache must be better. I say, Nell, forgive me; Maud is not only my cousin now, but my wife also. That is why I am not so poor as in the old days. My last trip to Europe was my bridal tour."

Did he sigh, or did I fancy it? I shall never know—I was so confused. The bow of our boat grated on the pebbles of the beach just then, and we were ashore.

"We" Editors.

Some people are unreasonably inquisitive and curious, especially about matters that do not concern them in the least. For example, here is a correspondent who makes the startling revelation that he is a "constant reader of our valuable and influential paper," and would like to be informed why it is an editor or newspaper writer, when speaking of himself in his writings, invariably uses the plural pronoun "we" instead of the singular "I."

There are several reasons. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. It begins at home, like old Mother Charity. There is some human nature about an editor, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor thinks too much of his "I's" to wear them in mourning, and therefore, when speaking of some slabsided six-footer as a miserable red-nosed, pusillanimous, wife-beating snoozer, he considers it the better part of valor to drop in an occasional "we." This creates in the mind of the six-footer the impression that the editorial force consists of a standing army, armed with deadly "we"-apons.

Furthermore, in cases where the victim comes around to the office to kill the writer of any particular item, it is so pleasant to have the guilty man's identity buried in the obscurity of the plural "we." The editor-in-chief, the commercial editor, the city editor, the local editor, the reporters, the book-keepers, compositors, bookbinders, jobbers, pressmen, devil and all the delivery boys are thus placed on a common footing by the little pronoun "we," and when the enraged person looks about him and finds how many wives he would make widows and how many children orphans, by killing off all included in the little "we" at one fell swoop, he sickens of the sanguinary undertaking, turns sadly away, goes to some bar-room, takes a drink, condemns the paper, prophesies that it is being run into the ground, and declares that he will henceforth use his political influence to squelch the sheet.

There are other reasons. When noticing a marriage or birth "we" implies that at least a box of cigars will be required to go around.

An editor says "we" when advising the President how to conduct his administration, because the President might not act on his suggestion if it was written plain "I."

When telling the minister how to preach the editor uses "we" to introduce the belief that he has just had a conference with all the ex-ministers about the establishment.

The editor who tells the teacher how to teach says "we," because he has consulted with his wife about the matter, and she, having been a teacher a few years before, of course knows all about it.

"We" is sometimes used because of the writer's modesty. Most writers are troubled in this respect.

In short, we use "we" because no one man could survive the trials, tribulations and taffy found about a print shop.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A VERY precise maiden—Ettie Quette.

Southern Industry and Prosperity.

The South, Columbus, Miss.

Never before was there such rapid progress in nearly every branch of industry throughout the South as at this time. There is unprecedented activity in the railroad building, and marked improvement in the management of most of the roads in operation; cotton factories are being erected in many cities and towns in each of the cotton States; coal, iron and copper mines are being opened, and furnaces and rolling mills and factories of every kind established and put in operation. To put these new industries in motion, hundreds of millions of dollars have been brought from Europe and the North, and this inflow of capital seems to be steadily increasing in volume.

The result of all this is that the population of the South is rapidly increasing; agriculture is feeling the quickening influences of a greater demand for its products, and there is a marked improvement in the system of farm work that is reaching every department; towns and cities are rapidly growing, some of them have doubled their population in the short space of a few months, and new towns are springing up and putting on the garb of cities almost in a day.

There is no quarter of the globe that presents such attractions of the industrious and enterprising farmer and artisan and capitalist as the South. Here they will find every facility for the profitable employment of their skill and thrift and capital. Our climate is better adapted to white labor, even those of the summer months, than that of the North, and the soil for all agricultural purposes is unequalled.

It would indeed seem that the South is entering upon an era of unparalleled growth and prosperity. The products of her mines and forests and fields, that are so rapidly increasing in volume and giving life to every branch of trade and industry, are exciting the wonder and admiration of the people of other sections and countries, and giving her a marked prominence before the world.

Rich Indians.

The Navajoes are a great nation, numbering some 27,000 souls. Of this number there are some 10,000 warriors. They are well armed, but fortunately for the whites, they have immense flocks of sheep and many cattle and ponies which tend to keep them at peace. Man-ue-li-to is reported to be worth not less than $300,000 most of it being in sheep. He has been an Indian of great character and power, but of late has become a great drunkard. The Navajo Indian Agency is forty-five miles north from Fort Wingate, N. M. They manufacture curious and unique ornaments from silver coin, and their blankets and rugs have already become famous for curious mingling of colors and remarkable textures. They are eagerly sought for by the whites, and have a high value, ranging from $5 to $100 each, which is really not extravagant when one considers that they often occupy months in weaving them. There is neither cotton nor shoddy in the blankets, but pure, unadulterated wool colored with unfading dyes. We saw a few of the tribe, great strong, repulsive looking creatures.—*Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.*

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H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

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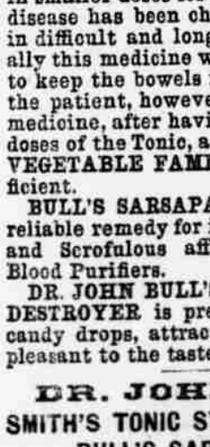

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