

Henry Plaudlecker

WOLSTAN DIKEY.

A frontier child was in the air—
The bright autumnal fire had faded,
The leaves were falling, the hills were bare,
The sky looked dark, the hills were bare,
And there were to be everywhere
That had come—November.

I looked the time-worn school-house door,
The windows were of shining
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
My heart ached with aching
In my mind, as oft before,
A yearning thought was burning.

"Why is it up hill all the way?"
This ran my mind as I went,
The lesson had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to the top?"
And I made it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying;
One of the old men was crying,
I heard him sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lesson at this hour,
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the mother's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That comforted her in her sorrow,
Against the young heart, kind and true,
She nestled close, a dearer friend
Than I was to her.

And then I heard—oh, never was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor queenlier counsel ever heard
In gentle, honest, or plain;
"I should have failed, I am sure,
Don't be discouraged; try once more,
And I will help you, Alce."

"And I will help you," this is how
The mother said, with a sigh,
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer to my thought,
And I, the teacher, being taught,
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed would all measure
Life would be made, each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.
—Treasure Trove.

Trot's Mother.

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you
all about it from the beginning. Help
yourself to a cigar first and pass the
box to me. I knew you would want to
hear the particulars, and I—I have
been trying to put off the evil moment,
but getting an old man now, Harry,
and all this shoo me a good deal at
the time.

"Come here, Trot, and sit on my
knee. There, that's better. Seems
odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old
bachelor like me nursing a tiny bit of
a girl like Trot? Four years old to-day,
aren't you, Trot? How the time flies!

"You see, my dear lad, you ought to
have told her before you went away.
It might have saved her—who knows?
"It must be nine years since you
came. You died and left Trot in my
care. She was only fifteen then. Don't
you think Trot is very like her? The
same large brown eyes and long lashes,
the same loving little ways.

"She came to me one morning soon
after you started for China, with a letter
in her hand.
"Look here, uncle," she said, kneeling
beside me, and holding the note
where I could read it; "it's from the
Gold's, and they invite me to go and
stay with them at Ventnor. May I ac-

cept?"
"Do you want to go, Violet?" I
asked.
"Of course I do," she answered,
laughing. "We are so quiet here at
home, and this would be such a deli-

cious change. Please let me, uncle. I'll
write you long letters, and tell you
about everything."
"I did not want to part with her even
for a little time, for the three years she
had been with me then had made me
like quite a different matter; but I
sawed selfish to keep the bright, mer-

cury girl away from me, and I let her
go. I gave her leave to go, and then,
when after a fortnight she wrote,
begging to be allowed to stay longer,
as her friends wished, I had not the
heart to refuse. She was there five
weeks and then she came home.

"The very day after her return he
came—that contemptible scoundrel
whom in those few weeks she had
learned to regard as a hero. How he
found out at first that she had a little
fortune of her own I don't know. He
asked for me, and told me that he
wanted my permission to address my
niece.

"He was a good-looking young fel-

low, and had a frank, open manner,
that was sure to win a girl's favor, but
I thought of you, Harry, and deter-

mined to prevent the matter going
further if I could. I took a strong and
apparently unreasonable dislike to him,
and made many inquiries, hoping to
find out something that would justify
me in forbidding him the house, but
entirely without result. I studied;
observed every little act and word,
until at last was convinced that I knew
him through, and that he was no fit
husband for my little Violet.

"By this time it had become a kind
of tacit engagement, and I knew I
should seem almost brutal for inter-

fering, but I couldn't bear the idea of
giving Violet into his care. I vowed to
myself that nothing on earth should in-

duce me to do so, and I told him to dis-

continue his visits.
"The result of that was that he came
to a definite understanding with Violet,
and she promised to marry him, with or
without my consent.

"Don't look at me so reproachfully,
Harry. It may be that I acted unwise-
ly all through; but if so I have been
severely punished for my folly. You
have let your cigar go out. Here are the
matches.

"You want me to tell you all she said
and did—her very words, as well as I
can remember. That's a hard matter,
for my memory's not so good as it used
to be.

"I was sitting here one evening, when
Violet came in slowly, and sitting down
where you are, looked at me very sadly
for some minutes.

"Uncle, dear," she said at last, "I can-
not understand you. I never believed
that you could be so hard and cruel."
"I did not speak."

"It is not like you to be so unjust, so
arbitrary," she went on. "It seems to
me, uncle, that in the matter of mar-

riage a woman should choose for her-
self and not be influenced by anyone.
I have made my choice and given my
word; but oh! I should be so much
happier if you were not angry. Do
forgive me and be your own kind self
again."

"Yes, when you yield to my wishes, I
answered, coldly. "You are a mere girl,
Violet, and have had no experience of
men. If you were ten years older I
should leave you to take the conse-

quences of your rashness, but as it is—
"As it is—what, then? Oh! uncle,
and she slipped from her chair and

kneeled here on the rug at my feet,
"pray—pray be your old self again.
You were never angry with me before,
and it seems so strange and unnatural
to see you turn your head away from
me without a smile. Do you love me
only if I have no voice, no will of my
own?"

"Listen to me, child, I said, looking
her in the face. "I have striven to be
a father to you since I brought you here;
I have loved you, heaven only knows
how dearly! In return I only ask you
to let me prevent your making a com-

plete wreck of your life. I want to
save you from a sad fate, and you think
me a tyrant."

"She took my hand in both hers, and
pressed her face on it, then looked up
with a smile.
"I wish Harry was here," she said.
"He would help me to convince you.
He always took my side."

"I thought not to have told you that,
my dear boy, but it was so fresh in my
mind, as it struck me forcibly at the
time, knowing as I did your love for her.
Forgive me my want of tact.

"She was not given to shedding tears
like some women or she would have
cried then. Her cheeks were hot and
burning as they touched my hand, while
her eyes were feverishly bright. She
used every argument she could find
and to induce me to consent to her en-

gagement, and as I remained silent she
drew nearer and gazed up eagerly in
my face.
"You relent, uncle?" she whispered
in an agitated way. "You will let me
be happy?"

"In that way, never," I told her,
sadly and sternly, and I tried to draw
away my fingers; but she clung to them
tightly, while her lips quivered.

"Don't say that, uncle," she cried,
hoarsely. "Dear uncle, oh, what can
I say to what you say to me now?"
"You think I am very hard, Harry,
I see; but I thought it best."

"Hush, child," I said. "Nothing will
influence me. I am resolved."
"And so am I," she said, sorrowfully,
dropping my hand and raising to her
feet. "I should always have wished to
please you; but now that you are harsh
and unjust, and will not listen to rea-

son, what can I do?"
"She waited for me to speak, but I
had no words at hand. I was too hurt
and angry. She went toward the door,
then came back and stood behind me,
resting her hands lightly on my shoulders.

"Try and forgive me, uncle. I love
him so—I love his faults that make you
despise him, and his virtues that you
do not know. Won't you kiss me, un-

cle?"
"I was half inclined to take her in
my arms and tell her she should do
what she would; but I did not. After
a few minutes of dead silence I heard
her catch her breath in a half sob, and
then the door closed upon her, and I
was alone.

"The next day she did not come
down before I went to the city, and
when I came home she was gone. I
have forgiven her now, Harry; but it
was a cruel blow. After all my love
and care I did not think she would
leave me like that!"

"Why, Trot, you look quite fright-

ened. I'm not cross, my pet."
"Yes, yes, my boy, I'm going on;
but you are so impatient. Well, some-
times after a year, or two years per-
haps, I can't remember exactly—I was
coming home at dusk—in the Strand I
saw a woman in a shabby black dress,
with a child on her arm; our eyes met,
and then somehow or other we were the center of a crowd,
and I was raising Violet's head from
the pavement. She had fainted on
seeing me, and I had just contrived
to save her and the little one from a
severe fall.

"I brought her home in a cab, and
my housekeeper helped her into bed.
Harry, she was next door to starva-

tion, when that accidental meeting gave
her back to me—for only three days. I
was too late to do her good."

"You have forgiven me?" she asked
that evening, as I sat by her bed.
"I forgave you, my child, long
since; but not him who has brought you
to this. Where is he?"

"Dead," said the poor girl, in a faint
whisper. "Don't speak ill of him. I
can't bear it."

"I asked her why she had not let me
know she was in distress—why she had
not come home.
"I was ashamed to come," she said,
"I knew you would not turn from me;
but I was too much ashamed."

"The next day, when the doctor
told me—what to expect. I promised
the poor child that Trot should take
her place with me. I held the little
one for her to kiss, and had it taken
away; and then—

"Trot, my darling, run upstairs to
nurse for awhile; I'll call you down
again by-and-by."

"And then, as I said, Violet bade me
good-bye. Her last words? They were,
'Give my love to Harry.'"

"These incessant fogs have a very
bad effect on my throat. I can't talk
for any length of time without getting
like I did just now, so I can't crack
out a word."

"There isn't much more to tell, fortu-

nately, for I'm getting as hoarse as a
raven.
"I was out, with Trot by my side,
one day last autumn, when I came upon
some one I had thought had gone to join
the majority. He was walking with a
pretty, stylish-looking girl, chatting
and laughing, but when he saw me his
smile died on his lips, and the blood
flew to his face.

"His gaze dwelt for an instant on the
child whose hand I held. He knew
those brown eyes and long lashes, and
he saw the black frock.
"There, that is all, Harry, I read
your thoughts. You must not! Leave
him to Heaven. Promise me; boy—for
her sake. You promise? Your hand
on that. Heaven help you my poor
lad!"—Young Ladies' Journal.

The Topography of the Brain.

Abundant proof has been adduced of
the fact that the brain may be handled,
irritated, or partially destroyed with-
out necessary danger to life. One of
the latest developments of this method
of investigation has been the discovery
of those centers in the cortex which
preside over voluntary motion, which
have been, more especially by Prof.
Ferrier, differentiated and localized
with great precision. This important
knowledge has been arrived at by an
extended series of experiments con-

ducted on living animals, in which by
observing the several effects or destroy-

ing limited areas of their brains, the
different functions of these special lo-

calities have been determined. A to-

pography of the cerebrum has thus
been constructed, in which the various
faculties have been mapped out.—Na-

ture.

In character, in manners, in style, in
all things, the supreme excellence is
simplicity.

A Poor Boy's Romance.

I spent a day with great interest,
says Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton in the
Congregationalist, in visiting the
worsted mill and warehouses at
Salthaire, just out from Bradford, En-

gland, which covers about ten acres.
The history of the proprietor, Sir Ti-

tus Salt, reads like a romance. A poor
boy, a son of a plain Yorkshire man,
at 19 in a loose house first was sorting
and washing wool; a little later a good
salesman, a faithful Christian worker,
and the Superintendent of a Sunday-

school.

At 33, happening to be in Liverpool,
he observed in the docks some huge
pieces of dirty-looking alpaca wool.
They had long lain in the warehouses,
and, becoming a nuisance to the own-

ers, were soon to be reshipped to Peru.
Young Salt took away a handful of the
wool in his handkerchief, secured and
combed it, and was amazed at its at-

tractive appearance. His father and
friends advised him strongly to have
nothing to do with the dirty stuff, as he
would sell it to no one, and as he at-

tempted to make cloth from it himself,
he ran a great risk of failure. Finally
he said: "I am going into this alpaca
affair right and left, and I'll either
make myself a man or a mouse."

Returning to Liverpool he bought the
whole 300 bales for a small sum and
toiled diligently till proper ma-

chinery was made for the new material.
The result was a great success. In
three years over two million pounds of
alpaca wool were imported, and now
four million pounds are brought to
Bradford alone. Employment was
soon furnished to thousands, laborers
coming from all over Great Britain and
Germany. Ten years later Mr. Salt
was made Mayor of Bradford; three
years after this a member of Parlia-

ment, and ten years later still a baronet
by Queen Victoria. A great change
from the boy in his soiled, coarse
blouse, but he deserved it all. He was
a remarkable man in many ways. Even
when worth his millions, and giving
lavishly on every hand, he would save
blank leaves and scraps of paper for
writing, and lay them aside for future
use. He was an early riser, always at
the works before the engine was start-

ed. It used to be said of him, "Titus
Salt makes a thousand pounds before
others are out of bed." He was punctu-

al to the minute, most exact, and un-

ostentatious. After he was knighted it
was no uncommon thing for him to
take a poor woman and her baby into
his carriage beside him, or a tired work-

man, or scatter hundreds of tracts in a
village where he happened to be. Once
a gypsy, not knowing who he was,
asked him to buy a broom. To her as-

tonishment, he bought all she was car-

rying.
The best of his acts, one which he
had thought out carefully, as he said,
"to do good to his fellow men," was
the building of Salthaire for his four
thousand workmen. When asked once
what he had been reading of late, he
replied, "Alpaca." If you had four or
five thousand people to provide for
every day, you would not have much
time left for reading. Salthaire is
beautiful place on the banks of the
River Aire, clean and restful. In the
center of the town stands the great
six-story mill, well ventilated, lighted,
and warmed, 545 feet long, of light-

colored stone, costing over a half mil-

lion dollars. The four engines of 1-
800 horse power consume fifteen thou-

sand tons of coal per year. The weav-

ing shed, covering two acres, holds
1,200 looms, which make eighteen
miles of fabric per day.

The houses of the work people are
an honor to the capitalist. They are
of light stone like the mill, two stories
high, each containing parlor, kitchen,
pantry, and three bed-rooms or more,
well-ventilated and tasteful. Flower
beds are in every front yard, with a
vegetable garden in the rear. No
broken carts or rubbish are to be seen.

Montgomery's Last Meeting with His
Wife.

With such feelings of ardent devo-

tion did Montgomery give himself up
to the cause of American liberty, that
when called upon by Congress to quit
the retirement of his farm in order to
become one of the first chief brigadi-

ers, he wrote to a friend "I feel the
honor, though entirely unexpected and
undeserved, he felt to be the will of an
oppressed people, which must be
obeyed;" and he accordingly went im-

mediately into active service.
Mrs. Montgomery accompanied him
on his way as far as Saratoga. In after
years their parting was described as
follows by his brother-in-law Edward
Livingston, who was at the time a boy
of 11: "It was just before General
Montgomery left for Canada. We were
only three in the room—my sister,
and myself. He was sitting in a mus-

ing attitude between his wife, who, sad
and silent, seemed to be reading the
future, and myself, whose childish ad-

miration was divided between the glit-

tering uniform and the martial bearing
of him who wore it. Suddenly the
silence was broken by Montgomery's
deep voice, repeating the line, 'Tis a
mad world, my masters.' I once
thought so," he continued; "now I know
it." The tone, the words, the circum-

stances, overcame me, and I noiselessly
retired. I have since reflected upon
the bearing of this quotation, and
myself upon the young soldier at that
moment. Perhaps he might have been
contrasting the sweet quiet of the life
he held in his grasp with the tumults
and perils of the camp which he had
resolved to seek without one regretful
glance at what he was leaving behind.
These were the last words I heard
from his lips, and I never saw him
more."—Louise Livingston Hunt, in
Harper's Magazine.

The Practical Tombstone.

The Selectmen of Middlebury, Con-

necticut, propose that hereafter tomb-

stones shall be made valuable as public
records. They have passed a resolu-

tion requiring that every tombstone to
be erected in the West Middlebury
Center cemetery shall contain, in addi-

tion to the name, age, and date of
death of the person to whom it refers,
the name of the disease which was the
cause of death, the name of the phy-

sicians in attendance on the deceased,
and a brief description of his treatment
of the case.

He Knew What He Meant.

A Senatorial candidate dictated a
telegram to a member of the Legisla-

ture: "If you vote for me I will not
forget the obligation."

"How many words is that?"
"Eleven," said the private secretary.
"Well, you know what I mean. Boil
it down to ten words."

The private secretary struck out the
word "not."—Chicago News.

Naturalists have discovered a mil-

king animal, or one belonging to the
same great class of animals as the
horse, that lays eggs after the fashion
of a reptile.

MEETING PRESIDENTS.

A Little Chat with President Arthur—Brill-

iant Talk About the Weather.

When President Arthur paid a visit to
the great National Park several of the
prominent men of Wyoming, including
myself, went up to Green River, where
the presidential party would leave the
special train and, under an escort,
cross overland to the park. There
were half a dozen of us who felt as
though the noisiest corner of the na-

tional fabric rested on our shoulders,
and we felt that so long as the Presi-

dent was to visit for a number of weeks
within the borders of Wyoming we
ought, as a matter of common politeness,
to go and give him the freedom of the
park and the Shoshone reservation.

In the party we had a member of the
Supreme Court of the Territory, the
United States marshal, the present
Surveyor-general of the Territory and
myself.

When the President's train arrived,
besides the President, General Sheri-

dan, Senator Vest, Secretary of War
Lincoln, Colonel Sheridan and others,
we waited quite a while for the Presi-

dent to come out and see us, but he
remained in his car. Thinking at last
that perhaps the President had not
heard that we were there, we walked
around the train a few times, so that
he could see us and call us in and con-

verse with us. But he made no over-

tures whatever, and we finally had to
go into his car and introduce our-

selves. He may have been overjoyed
to see us, and doubtless was, but he has
remarkable control over himself that
way.

When the President took his shapely
hand in his and Colonel Sheridan told
him who I was, he looked me square in
the face with a sort of rising infection,
as though he might be trying to re-

member who I was but could not. At
that moment I would have given \$25
if I could have thought of the proper
thing to say. The more he looked at
me with those dark, sorrowful eyes of
his and patiently waited for me to say
something, the less I seemed to have
my mind with me, and I wanted to tell
him that I was a stranger to him, and
that I had left my thinking at home on the
piano. At last I got desperate and said:
"Mr. President, don't you think we were
having rather a backward spring?"

That was nearly two years ago, and
he has never, officially or otherwise,
gratified my morbid curiosity. He still
looked at me in dumb wonder and
surprise. Perhaps he felt oppressed
with the pomp and glitter of my good
clothes.

Marshal Schnitzer and Surveyor
General Meldrum dropped into an easy
conversation with General Sheridan,
and fought their battles over again.
Just then Judge Blair was presented
to the President, and I fell into the
hands of Secretary Lincoln.

Probably the Secretary still wakes
up nights and thinks with pleasure of
that little chat we had together at
Green River. He looked at me in an
attentive and interested way that flatter-

ed me at the time very much, but when
I saw him a half hour afterwards
looking at a young cinnamon bear in
the same way I was no longer proud.

Casualty I looked up at Judge Blair
and the President to see how they were
coming. The President had nailed
the Judge with the same earnest
expectant look, and the Judge was
feeling of his head to see if it were
there, and at the same time was trying
to think of a hard word.

Just then the President seemed to
think of something that he had left in
the other car. He rose; and with a firm,
dignified step, walked away, and I have
never seen him since. Neither has he
seen me since.

It is years since I saw him, and
And we may never meet again;
I have struggled to forget.
But the struggle was in vain.

Soon afterwards we all hastily with-

drew. We thought it would be bet-
ter for us to withdraw before the rest of
the party did. It would be more
etiquette and bonhomie.

Take all around, we had a very
pleasant time, and every-
thing passed off smoothly. Still, I
made one resolution on that occasion
which I have rigidly adhered to. When
I call on another President of the
United States it will be when he sends
a double-barreled quo warranto after
me, or when I have business with him
of an important nature. I shall never
call on the President of the United
States again just to kill time. The
desire to rub up against greatness has
been fully glutted in me. The wild
singing to shed a happy tear on the
President, who is a total stranger to me,
has been thoroughly satisfied.

Should one of my own family be chosen
to that great office and insist on my
coming to Washington to run his ad-

ministration through the holidays, I
might do so, otherwise I warn the
future Presidents of this Republic that
I will never, never darken their doors.—
Bill Nye.

Drawing Drafts of the Future.

A man in China endowed with much
forethought can make some provision
for his own future comfort. The
priests here for consideration organized
a plan for the consideration of the
provident man consider large sums during
their lifetime, and can draw on the
bank as soon as they reach the dark
country. The priests periodically an-

ounce their intention of remitting
money on a certain day, and invite all
who have any to deposit to bring it.
All who feel doubtful of the generosity
of their next heirs accordingly come
and buy from the priests as much as
they can afford to part with. It is
an excellent investment, as they
handful of brass cash, altogether worth
about one penny, they will receive
say, i. e., the boat-shaped blocks of
silver looking like tin, bearing an ap-

prised value of \$30. Paper houses,
furniture, and clothes may be like man-

ner purchased and stored beforehand in
the happy security that neither moth
nor rust shall corrupt them, neither
theft nor fire destroy them, and they
will be ready to pay when the priests
call. When the deposit is made, the
priest, or aged beggar, has invested his
little savings in this precious rubbish
in the ecclesiastical bazaar he delivers
it to the priests, together with a sum
of real money as commission. For this
the priests give a written receipt. All
this is thrown into a large boat. It
is a framework of reeds with bamboo
mat, and its sails and planking are
made of paper. When all the depositors
have made their payments, the priest
walks several times around the boat,
chanting some incantation, then simul-

taneously set fire to both ends, and the
paper fabric vanishes in a flash of
flame. The priests bid the depositors
keep their certificates with all care, and
gives them to some trustworthy person
to burn after their decease, whereupon
the certificates will teach them
safely in the dark, and they will
draw their money as required. All
this seems to be implicitly believed by
a whole great nation, who in all other

respects are probably the most astute
business race in the whole world.
Such is the strange power of a grovelling
superstition!—The British Quar-

terly Review.

Coins Standards of the United States.

The coinage law of 1792 provided for
three gold coins, the eagle, half-eagle,
and quarter eagle. It provided for
silver dollar as above mentioned, which
was to weigh 416 grains, and be "the
unit of Federal money." In 1837 a
code of mint laws, drawn by Mr. R. M.
Paterson, the director of the mint, and
adopted by Congress, reducing the
weight of the silver dollar to 412 1/2
grains, and the smaller silver coins in
proportion, and for both metals the
standard of fineness, used in the mint
of France was adopted. The gold dol-

lar was first coined under the act of
Congress passed March 3, 1840. By
an act of February 21, 1853, an im-