

### FIRELIGHT VISITANTS.

With low complaint and piteous moan,  
Anon loud shrieks, and walling drear,  
The wild laments his dear love, dead,  
Sweet Summer, fairest of the year.  
The shadows of the evening wrap  
About the old, brown, mother breast,  
To make believe she's young and fair  
And folded thus, she stoops to rest.  
The freighted flickers on the wall  
With yellow, luminating flash;  
Then darkly slumbering in the coals,  
Despairing, dies a red ring gas,  
Doth mark her burial; I peer  
And peer—in pleasure half, half fear—  
Enraptured, held, despite my will,  
While visitants come creeping still,  
From graveyards, from corners, nooks,  
From enclosures, from out the books;  
They scramble o'er the easement wide;  
Behind the door, they peep and hide;  
Down through the chimney's e'en they crawl;  
From pictures, panels, busts, they fall;  
They perch upon my shoulder, chair,  
My knee; they tangle in my hair;  
They smite my cheek, myself deride,  
To twitch my nose, their time abide;  
Some linger near with kindlier mien;  
Some noble are, with grace a queen  
Might envy; some rich dressed, and tall,  
And some in no attire at all;  
Some have their lives but just begun,  
While some are older than the sun.  
They come from Northern-land of dreams,  
Uncertainty, of crystal streams,  
Of fair skies, flowers, with thorns inwrought—  
They come from out the land of Thought.  
—Edna St. Vincent

### SALLIE'S TRAMP.

#### He First Amused Her and at Last Married Her.

The clatter of pans, the rhythmic throb of the rapping-pin, with the accompaniment of flaming oven doors, and a girl's cheery voice singing snatches of old love songs. Pretty black-eyed Sallie Elliott, farmer's daughter, busy at work as usual, and singing as she wrought that busy afternoon before Christmas. Stewing and baking and trying to be done for to-morrow and to-morrow's crowd of visitors, and the aroma of stewing fruits, baking cakes and pies, and frying doughnuts filled the room and was wafted out through the partly open door, and down to the roadway. Father and brothers had driven out into the field gathering corn, mother had just stepped over to a neighbor's, and she was left all to her pretty self to do the accustomed Saturday afternoon's fixing. Quite a lot of it too, seemingly, for one pair of little hands, and they were deft, willing little hands, and the way work flew before them was simply magical. A clumsy shuffle along the walk, an unsteady step on the porch, and the door was pushed rudely open, and a man's burly figure darkened the doorway. The blithe song died away in a pitiful little quaver.

"Ha, ha! Now I have you! A weak girl all alone—saw men folks leave—neighbors too far to be alarmed—too cowardly to use weapons even did she have them—in short an easy victim. To-morrow's dailies will announce another fendish murder by tramps to a sensation-loving world! Just fresh from slaughtering my one-hundredth man, while my arrests, robberies, etc., are entirely too numerous to mention."

All the tramp had said was only too true. But though the rosy cheeks did turn deathly pale and there was the least perceptible quiver about the rosebud mouth, the black eyes flashed ominously as they cast a furtive glance at the gleaming butcher knife lying near.

"Butcher knife won't amount to a hill of beans"—observing the glance—"will only add a spice of danger to the sport, and thereby render it more exhilarating! Just as well meet your fate resignedly. Your only respite or hope is, to at once set before me plenty of the very best you have to eat this very minute. Look sharp now!"

She looked at the man critically. A rough, ragged and dirty man, with unkempt hair and a rough stubble of beard covering his face, and a pair of bright mischievously twinkling blue eyes that gave the lie to his threatening.

"O, perhaps you are not altogether so bad a man as you seem to wish to make out," she ventured with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "At any rate, not so bad as to take advantage of a helpless girl who never did you harm."

"What, not, and I a tramp! A ragged, dirty and brutal tramp?" he exclaimed. "Surely you can't have kept up with the papers! All poor fellows out of luck, and ragged and dirty are tramps, and to be kicked and cuffed about like dogs and then wondered at, that some of them act the dog they are treated."

"But all men a little ragged and dirty are not tramps, more than all men who are finely dressed are gentlemen," answered Sallie with a little laugh now. "If they were, we should have lots of tramps who are any thing else, and lots of fine gentlemen who are not so considered."

"If you doubt my tramphood, just put something before me really good to eat, and I will convince you beyond a doubt. Be quick about it," seating himself at the table—"for I am in haste to be through and proceed to murder you, plunder the house, and then fire it according to the usual and most approved method."

Sallie laughed a little uneasy laugh. It was plain to be seen that the fellow had no notion of doing as he boasted, still her position was not one very enviable by any means.

"Certainly you shall have something to eat," she hastened to say, "we never turn any one away hungry, no matter who. Not very much of a fire—let it go down while at my bread,"—stirring it vigorously,— "will run out after a little wood."

that he did full justice to the food set before him, would but feebly express the real facts. Through with his rapist at length, the fellow moved his chair back from the table and proceeded to pick his teeth as coolly as though himself proprietor of all about him.

"Happen to know of any work for a fellow?" nonchalantly.

The rolling pin, which had again been plying vigorously, ceased to play. Sallie well knew that her father was in utmost need of a hand to shuck corn, but to have one so ragged and dirty about the house and sleeping in her clean beds, was not a very agreeable anticipation, to say the least. But benevolence triumphed over selfishness; it might be a kindness to give the fellow a chance.

"Why yes, father, I believe, wants a hand now to shuck corn," she answered.

"Pshaw! how indiscreet in me to ask; might have expected as much!" exclaimed the tramp in well feigned disgust. "If there's one thing more than another that my proud spirit chafes under, it's work. I think I'd better be going. When will your father be liable to return?"

Another poser for Miss Blackeyes. She had triumphed over her first repugnance; to have to enjoy the fellow's company the rest of the afternoon, as would most likely be the case, while awaiting her father's return was a more serious thing; over all repugnance to his person and habits, maidenly modesty rose uppermost against it.

"Don't lie, now!" cautioned the fellow, seeing her hesitate. "Don't say that he was coming right back and liable to be here at any moment, just to frighten me away."

"No, really, I don't expect him back much before night," she honestly admitted.

"Good girl!" commented the fellow, "always tell the truth, if it does pinch. In this case you'll have to enjoy my company until evening."

"Perhaps you'd better go out in the field and see him," she suggested, "might possibly hire some one else."

"Couldn't entertain the proposition a moment; too conscientious altogether. Place must seek the man, not man the place, as our civil reformers express it. Besides don't love work well enough to leave good company and a good fire for the snow and winds without, to find it."

The fellow's "brass" was certainly never equalled. The only way to get rid of him was to order him outright to leave, and this with his "cheek," judging by past experience, would likely prove only good breath wasted. Vexed and annoyed, despite a relish of the fellow's wit, Sallie was endeavoring to see a way out of her dilemma, when there came a step on the walk and a ceremonious knock at the door now partly closed. At her bidding a flashily dressed fellow, all hair oil and cologne and evidently of the genus country dude, entered the room.

"Good morning to you, Miss Sallie," in an affected drawl, and with his most crushing bow and most captivating smile, "I'm delighted to meet you, I'm sure and—"

His eyes here fell upon our friend, the tramp, seated tipped back, cross legged, picking his teeth and evidently regarding him with nonchalant interest.

"An' what's this terrifying fellah doing heah, Miss Sallie?" with a feeble attempt at ferocity.

"Inquiring into the probable merits of the Darwinian theory and peculiarities of the species asinine just now," the tramp answered for her, eying the dude critically.

"Shall I—aw—put him out for you, Miss Sallie?" evidently nettled by the tramp's evident irony, and anxious to show his valor and prowess.

The tramp darted a searching glance into the girl's face. Flushed and confused, it was evident at a glance that the fellow was forcing his attentions, and that his company was little more desirable, if indeed at all, than his own.

"She does, if you are man enough to do it?" he answered for her.

Of course this was a summons to arms, for whatever may have been our dude's preference, he had either to back square down before his "girl," or attempt to put his words into execution.

troubled any one else, had they not been quite so fresh," she answered.

"And," chancing to glance out into the barnyard, "there he is now throwing out your corn for you," ending with a merry laugh.

Sure enough, Mr. Tramp had thrown off his coat and was scooping out corn for all that was in him!

"What a fellow," commented the old farmer, after a few more particulars from the girl, he went out to him.

"See here, friend what are you up to?" he demanded rather brusquely.

"Up to throwing out this load of corn to pay for my dinner just now, afterwards, if you don't take a fancy to me and hire me, I'll be up the road fast as my legs will carry me."

"So you'd like to work, eh?" quizzically.

"No, decidedly not; what tramp ever did? Still for the speech of people as well as to set a good example for the rising generation, I expect I'll have to. No personal consideration otherwise would begin to tempt me."

"Well," decided the farmer as the fellow finished his task, "you seem to be a pretty fair fellow, and as I am in need of a hand just now, I believe I'll give you a trial. Let me see how well you understand choring this evening, and to-morrow morning I'll give you a trial at shucking corn."

When "the boys" came in that night they had a deal of sport over the "old man's new hand," and carried sister Sallie particularly "high" over her tramp, as they at once dubbed him. But the next morning in the field, when, after lagging behind with his team for some time, and bearing their mischievous jibes in silence, he at length began to gain on them; and at noon drove out ahead of them with his load full and all nicely shucked, their contempt was turned into admiration.

"Darndest fellow to shuck corn I ever seen," announced the farmer that evening. "Does it so well, so much of it, and pears like so easy. Can't one of the boys hold a candle to him?"

The out-come was that our tramp found himself in a winter's job, and that too at good wages; while Sallie had the tables rather turned on her mischievous brothers. A smart, steady fellow and moreover a "good fellow" the boys were not long in deciding. When after a few days he went to town with the old farmer and came back closely shaved and rigged out in a good new suit of clothes,— "not such a bad looking fellow, either," black-eyed Sallie was not long in deciding. Then it became soon known that he was really of a respectable family, had left his home, a foolish wayward boy, and after years of knocking about and working his way homeward, reduced as he had appeared at farmer Elliott's door.

Just about the time of this discovery the cows began to show unusual restlessness at milking time, and Sallie had to have a hand to hold them while she milked. So this task was always to be done early in the morning or late in the evening when the boys were either absent or busy. What more natural than that the hand should have this to do, and very singularly, he seemed rather to like the job. And moreover this strange restlessness continued far into the next spring, long after they had "come in" fresh, and were supposed to be on their best behavior—cows noted hitherto for their docility. The dude came over several evenings at milking time and endeavored to soothe and persuade them into their olden good behavior, but he only made matters worse. And then it often took two to hunt up the eggs, to hang out the clothes and to pick the goose-berries for canning. Then it always takes two, neither more nor less, to go to church with any thing at all like satisfaction. And when, "to cap the sheet," one evening at meeting she gave the dude the "mitten" "slap dab," and walked home with her tramp, much to the delight of the boys who had a spite at the dude, people figuratively began "to smell a mouse." And the mouse became a goodly sized "rat." About Christmas, there was quite an imposing wedding at Farmer Elliott's, and at which black-eyed Sallie and "her tramp" plighted themselves "for better or worse, through good or evil report" for the rest of their natural days.—*Western Ploverman.*

### AN HONEST MAN.

The indignation with which a colored gentleman met his accuser.

One of the strongest characteristics of the negro is to feel great indignation upon being accused, when he has reason to believe that no proof can be produced of committing a theft. The other day, Colonel Billings, meeting old Sandy, said:

"Look here, old man, can't you find work to do?"

"O, yas, sah, plenty o' it."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"Does he do it, sah?"

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some of the bad results of Superstition and Carelessness.

"Tis we, not they, who are in fault. When all the world seems wrong. So many of us are apt to pass unjust sentence upon the world at large if one little factor of it happens to cross our paths in a way unpleasant to us. Indeed, there are not a few of us who are so choleric as to believe that our best friends are plotting against us, if they dare take the liberty of differing from us on any subject, and unless we can have this thinking, active, throbbing world narrowed down to fit our own slings, we pronounce it going to the bad. Now, this is an unhealthy state of mind, and is traceable in a large degree to selfishness; for the view we get of the world depends much upon the spectacles through which we look at it. If we peer out at it through our bitterness, selfishness, or uncharitableness we will seem to see those unlovely qualities in others, while in reality we are the faulty ones, and not our fellow-creatures; and if, instead of condemning others, we would look more impartially into the causes of the unhappy state of affairs, we would find that our proneness to impute unworthy motives to others in their actions toward us has been at the root of much of the trouble. Observation has taught me that the two chief reasons for mental misery are oversensitiveness on the part of half of the world, and lack of thought, or tact, on the other half. It is those afflicted with oversensitive natures who are quick to take offense at all imaginary slights. They are forever on the lookout for something to feel injured about, and invariably persuade themselves that the motives which would have actuated them in a certain course of conduct must have influenced the one who has offended them. This inclination to fix unkind motives upon the words and deeds of our friends and acquaintances has caused us more real heartaches than it was ever intended we should suffer. The motive is, after all, the thing to be weighed, and if we know that the unkind word which wounded was not premeditated nor intentional, are we not wrong to ourselves and others to invest it with a harsher meaning and take it to heart as much as though it were spitefully said? Indeed, there is no sense nor reason in our harrowing up our feelings by imaginary thrusts and stabs while there are so many stern realities which make the old world seem out of gear.

If, then, the sensitive part of the world suffers, it is the thoughtless half which is in most instances to blame, for more sorrow is caused by the carelessly thoughtless than ever was wrought by the wickedly heartless; and yet many plead this self-made mischief-making, "I did not think," as an excuse for their wrong-doing. Our prayer-books teach us that "sins of omission" rank in enormity with "sins of commission." No one who is not possessed of a certain amount of thoughtfulness or tact can attain to that degree of perfection which endears her to the heart of every one. In the society world it makes the successful hostess, for what is more charming to meet together with those whom a nice discrimination has selected because of compatibility of tastes and acquirements. The same thoughtfulness guides the conversation from topics which would prove embarrassing, and invests the hostess with the happy faculty of always saying the pleasantest thing possible and making her guests satisfied with themselves as well as her.

This is an attribute which may be cultivated by those who have gone so far through life heedless of the feelings of others, for there will come times when this uniform carelessness will testify against them in the absence of their fast departing friends. But the exercise of a kind thoughtfulness is not limited in its province to the center figures of the social circle, as the home is, above all places, the one in which it should never be forgotten. Each member of the home knows what is the sensitive point of each of the others, and remembering this, and avoiding always these reefs of danger, the daily intercourse of families might be more harmonious than we frequently find it. But the most careful person may at times unconsciously touch a hidden spring of sorrow or bitterness in another by some light allusion, and immediately the wounded one feels anger and contempt for the speaker, so quickly does she believe an unworthy motive suggested the remark. Thus, in all the world, these two griefs play into each other's hands, stirring up strife between the dearest friends, estranging the members of one household, and making this lovely world, with its beauty and sweetness, appear as wholly unattractive.—*Baltimore American.*

Connubial Sarcasm.

Husband—Belle, your feet suggest a capital paraphrase to me of these two lines contained in Goldsmith's "Village Schoolmaster:"

And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew.  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Wife (sweetly, expecting a compliment)—How so, my pet?

Thusly, (edging toward the hole the carpenter left):

"And still I gazed, and still my wonder grew,  
That big 'B' hoods could wear a small 'B' shoe."

The piece of bric-a-brac that he grabbed from the mantel did not hit him, but it cracked a panel in the closing door as he vanished.—*Siftings.*

Slippers, to be cozy and comfortable, must be several sizes larger than the boots a young man wears when he goes to see his best girl. This is a hint thrown out to those who are making slippers.—*Boston Post.*

### THE GRANT BROTHERS.

Two Anecdotes of the Originals of Charles Dickens' "Cheerful Brothers."

Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" need not be reminded of the "Cheerful Brothers." The originals were the Messrs. Grant, whose extensive if somewhat eccentric benevolence was well known, to whom Dickens was introduced, in company with Mr. John Morley, by Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, at a dinner given by Mr. Gilbert Winter in 1858. The survivor of the brothers used always to put a sum of money in his pocket to give away in the course of the day. A clergyman asked him for a subscription.

"Put your hand in my side pocket and you shall have all you can find in it." The parson did so, and fished up a sovereign. "You are welcome to it," said Mr. Grant, "only mind it is the only coin I have left."

He once asked the same clergyman at dinner what his education had cost him.

"A matter of £2,000," was the answer.

"I'm afraid," said the questioner, "education is not a good investment. Here you spent £2,000 on your education, and, as you tell me, your curacy is only £150 a year. My education cost me nothing, and I am making a good many thousands a year. But I dare say you will get some interest somewhere else"—looking upwards—"and as I believe you are doing good, whenever you are in want of a couple of hundred pounds, or so, come to my warehouse and I'll oblige you."

But they were shrewd men, their benevolence notwithstanding. A master one day wanted some work done which could only be managed by a certain kind of workman. Unfortunately the man was given to drink. So a bargain was struck that, besides his wages, he should have gin-and-water *ad libitum*.

"Now mind," said the master, "you promise to drink up what I first give you before you touch a drop more."

As the work went on, the man asked for his gin.

"How much will you start with?"

"Sixpenn'orth."

"Now gin-and-water, mind you; and you must drink it all before you drink again. Hot or cold?"

"Cold."

"All right. Here goes. Bring me a pail of water."

It was brought, and into that the gin was poured. The man was dumfounded, but he was held to his bargain and the work got done. As he went away—sober, of course, and with his wages in his pocket—he turned round and faced his employer:

"Master," says he, "there's no one can get the better o' thee but one, and that's th' old chap hisself."—*Temple Bar.*

### TRAINING YOUTH.

Why Parents Should Never Forget to Keep Up a High Standard of Principle.

As the boys grow older why let them seek companionship away from home? With mother their best friend—father a companion in youthful ideas, none others will be found necessary to contentment. If children—girls and boys alike—must give their overflowing spirits an outlet, need the noise always be hushed? Is not their happiness as important as some older body's petted nervousness? As each one develops seek out and encourage the tastes and qualities that vary so indefinitely in each young character, though all be the children of the same parents. Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own and to express them; what need that they should be mere echoes of the past generation? Direct an improvement on the parent stock if possible, bearing in mind that from *pater et mater familias* come all the "quips and pranks and wanton wiles" as well as the "muds and becks and wreathed smiles." The older members of the family are largely responsible for the circumstances that develop the inherited character; have patience—oh! that beautiful patience of motherhood—with their faults and failings. It can not be impressed too early on the infant mind that each fault, each naughty action, must have its effect on the future. They can not escape consequences, even by being sorry, when they have acted wrongly. Each child should be cultivated separately; what reason in expecting them to grow up like so many wheat stalks, all in a row, and cutting them by machinery?

There is no need that they should grow through the different phases of childhood and youth, blinded by rose-colored spectacles, only to have the storms of life come upon them with unexpected fury as they reach mature years. Let them know the actual facts of living as soon as they are told enough to understand; give them the sense of responsibility, and that without saddening. It is wrong to depress them because old hearts have suffered. Let the conversation and loving warning be always tempered with hope; speak cheerfully of all the possibilities lying before each active mind. Keep up a high standard of principle; never forget that in years to come the children will be the judges of the parents' actions. Give them reason to say: "And their children shall rise up and call them blessed."—*Chicago Herald.*

"Would you believe it, dearest, that on the eve of our marriage I have a terrible dread about this step we are going to take?" "Really?" "I love the city, the world, the noise and activity, while you, on the contrary, do not care for any of these things. Will we be able to agree?" "Certainly. We shall see so little of each other!"—*French Fun.*

### THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

In Kentucky this year nearly five million bushels more of corn were raised than in 1885.

Omaha reports the erection of over 1,600 buildings last year at a cost of \$5,024,000.

The average catch of lobsters on the Maine coast has been 15,000,000 yearly for thirty years.—*Boston Herald.*

Generally the person who is most fond of a secret is the very one who doesn't think enough of it to keep it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

During the year 1886 American mills produced 1,350,000 tons of steel rails, valued at \$40,000,000. The prospect for 1887 is still better.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

The amount of capital and capital stock put into new industrial enterprises in the South during 1886 is reported at \$129,000,000 as against \$66,000,000 in 1885.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Watson Car Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Mass., has voluntarily increased the wages of its employees ten per cent. A number of voluntary advances will be made during the coming winter.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Reed, the spruce-gum man, of Byron, Me., employs twenty men to gather gum for him. He has just filled an order for a ton and a half for a Portland firm. He expects to get out about ten tons this winter.—*Boston Journal.*

There is money in wood pulp, judging from the demand. One mill in Brunswick, Me., has had work to keep ahead of its orders, running night and day, and pulp made there has gone to Boston and returned in the shape of newspapers within forty-eight hours.

Carnegie Brothers & Company have decided to erect a new steel rail mill at Braddock, Pa., and work on the structure will be started within thirty days. The plant will cost upward of a million dollars, and will give employment to a large number of men. The company's works will then have a capacity of 400,000 tons of rails per annum, or about one-third of the entire product of the country.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Another new town is to be started four miles from Birmingham, Ala., with a contributed capital of \$10,000,000. It will have water and gas works and electric lights, and large manufacturing establishments will be built at once. A Jamestown, N. Y., edged tool manufacturer will move his \$100,000 plant to Birmingham. Huntsville, Ala., is after 6,000 feet of 6, 8 and 12-inch gas and water pipe. Three blast furnaces are to be built at Florence, Ala.—*St. Louis Post.*

The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall of China 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party there some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known.—*Milling World.*

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Farmer Bates, of Hand County, Dakota, has started an order to be known as the Knights of Agriculture.

A cyclone is like three school-girls walking abreast—it doesn't turn out for any thing.—*Waterloo Observer.*

There are some great composers that are deserving of their name. Their works can compose an audience to sleep with the utmost ease.—*Boston Post.*

The difference between a journalist and a newspaper man is that the former writes with a pearl-handled gold pen and the latter with any thing he can get hold of.—*New Haven News.*

A Coe's 37½ CUB.—Reporter—"I understand you have a coaching club stopping here." Hotel proprietor—"Yes; they came last night." Reporter—"Can you tell me the names of some of the professors, and who they are coaching?"—*Harper's Bazar.*



### BILIOUSNESS

Is an affection of the Liver, and can be thoroughly cured by that Grand Regulator of the Liver and Biliary Organs, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

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I was afflicted for several years with disordered liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had as good medical attendance as our section affords, who failed utterly to restore me to the enjoyment of my former good health. I then tried the favorite prescription of one of the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but to no purpose; whereupon I was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health.

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Proceeds from a Torpid Liver and Impurities of the Stomach. It can be invariably cured by taking SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Let all who suffer remember that SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their symptoms indicate the coming of an attack.