MOTHER-LOVE IN HEAVEN.

Once I met a little child astray
In the wet and windy winter street.
He'd been wandering the long, cold day;
Oh, so weary were his little feet!

But a baby of four summers old,
In a small straw hat and cotton dress.
"What's the matter, little one?" "I's cold."
"Where's mamma?" "She's gone away, I guess.

"I's been looking for her all the day;
Oh, I's 'fraid she'll never come again!"
Then the pent-up anguish had its way,
And the baby's tears fell down like rain.

Once he had been shielded safe and warm,
A pet nurseling in a happy nest,
Dreaming not of cold or pain or harm,
In the shelter of a mother's breast.

Now he had but cold and hireling care;
No one missed him from his little place;
No one taught him childhood's holy prayer;
No one kissed his patient, pleading face.

Oh, clasp tenderly the little hands
That no mother's hand again shall hold.
Do not doubt his Angel pleading stands,
Mother-love in heaven will not grow cold.

Be afraid to wrong the motherless,
They have guards invisible but strong!
They have pleaders in their sore distress,
That will right, with mighty hand, their wrong.

HEARTFELT THANKSGIVING.

It was the 26th of November, the day before Thanksgiving, and of all our pleasant old "Thanksgiving Days" at the farm at home, I remember this one as the most gratifying and delightful. Not that we had a merrier time, or a better dinner; but that day we had special cause to be thankful. We were thankful that we were alive to eat any sort of dinner, so narrow had been our escape but a few hours before from a sudden and terrible death.

Up to the 26th the weather had been warm and bright almost every day. No snow had yet fallen, which was unusual at this season of the year in Northern Maine. November, it was said, had been all "Indian summer."

But that day—the 26th—there came a change—The Indian summer softness and brightness had disappeared. The air was very still, but a cold, dull-gray haze mounted into the sky and deepened and darkened. All warmth went out from beneath it. There was a kind of stone-cold chill in the air which made us shiver as we got out of bed that morning.

"There's snow coming, boys," father said to us at breakfast. "I can feel it. Bank up the house this afternoon, warm and snug, so that the cellar won't freeze. And this afternoon you must go up to the back pasture and drive down the sheep."

The back pasture was on the northern side of a mountain, nearly a mile and a half from the farm. It contained two or three hundred acres, including several straggling clearings which extended over the adjoining hills and ridges.

So, after dinner, we muffled ourselves in thick jackets and "comforters," and taking the salt-dish, set off across the now bare fields for the back pasture. Alvin Green, a boy of about our own age, the son of a neighbor, went with us.

It had grown colder than it was in the forenoon, and the sky was completely overcast. It seemed as if night was coming on, the air and the landscape looked so dim and drear.

We went round the mountain to the pasture and called the sheep; but they were not there, and were not in sight on the hills. It was then about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we spent at least an hour more going round the pasture looking in the little openings along the edges of the woods and calling the sheep.

"They're not in the parster," said Al. "They've gone over into Dunham's open.' Had we better go after 'em?"

Dunham's open was a clearing about two and a half or three miles to the eastward of the back of the pasture, where a man named Dunham had cleared land for a farm six or eight years before, but afterward abandoned it. There were fifty or sixty acres of it, and the grass was good there.

We knew that the sheep used sometimes to go through the woods to this open when the "feed" was not good in the pasture; and following one behind another, they had made a path which it was easy to trace in the summer. But now all these paths were covered with dry leaves.

We stood for some minutes on one of the hills in the pasture and looked down upon the wide extent of forest to the east.

"What say? Shall we go? Al asked. Ben thought we might as well. "It is going to storm," said he. "It storms now way over on the mountains. We shan't want to search for them to-morrow. The sheep ought to be got home. Let's go." And we set off at a run down through the pasture, and entered the woods for the shortest cut across the valley.

We had not gone more than a mile before snow began to fall, not in large flakes, but thick and fine as meal. It came with a sudden gust, which seemed, in a moment, to darken all the woods, and a strange sound accompanied it—not like the roar of a shower, but as of a vast, dreary sigh of all the mountains. The wind stirred the great bare tops of the trees overhead; and the snow, like powdered ice, sifted down through them and rattled inclemently on the beds of leaves.

It's going to be a tough one!" said Al, "a real no'theaster.

"Seems to me we ought to be near Dunham's brook," Al. exclaimed at length.

Ben stopped. "I'm afraid we've got too far down south," said he.

At this we took a tack, more to north, as we thought, and then ran on again. It was snowing so thickly and everything looked so odd, that we had to guess as to the course. On we run for ten minutes at least, and must have gone a mile, but we did not come to the brook. Then we stopped again; and by this time all three of us were a little frightened.

"We've run off below the bend," Ben exclaimed; and then we tacked farther to the north.

I should think we hurried on for ten minutes again, as fast as we could run, when we came suddenly on the brink of a deep gorge, which opened up to the left on a broad, frozen pond.

For a minute or two we stood completely at a loss. "That can't be Stoss pond, can it?" Ben exclaimed.

"Well, it is!" said Al. "For there's the log dam; and look, right down here in the hollow's the camp where Adger lumbered winter before last. I know it by three big pines on the bank above it."

"Then we're seven miles from home!" said I.

"Yes; and four or five miles north of Dunham's open—instead of south of it!" exclaimed Al. "And here Ben thought we were south of it!"

"How could I tell?" muttered Ben.

"Well, we cannot get the sheep and get home to night," I said.

"We can't even get home," Ben said. "It'll be pitch dark in half an hour."

Al was already running and sliding down the steep side of the gorge. "Come on!" said he; "let's get into the old camp."

This camp stood on the bank of the brook, a little below the dam, and was built of fir logs, with a roof of split shingles. It was fourteen or fifteen feet square, and had sufficed to lodge ten men two winters before. Since then it had been deserted.

There was no doubt that this was Adger camp; for I remember the three big pines which stood on the bank, up fifteen or twenty feet above the camp. The reason the lumbermen had not them was because of the great "scalds" on the trunks, caused by forest fires years before. Either of the three trees was from four to five feet in diameter; and they were of great height. Besides these trees, there stood with them the great bare stub, forty or fifty feet tall, of another large pine.

Inside, the old shanty looked dark and cheerless; and it had an unsavory odor. It did not have windows; a strong cleated door, on wooden hinges, shut closely enough to keep out the storm.

A rusty stove stood in one corner, with a still rustier funnel running up through the low roof. There was a greasy table, made of rough boards; and along the back side extended a bunk of old yellowed fir boughs, on which the men had slept.

But any sort of shelter looked inviting to us that night, with the storm increasing and the wind rising. We entered, and then began searching to see what the former occupants had left behind them in the way of "supplies," eatable or otherwise.

There were a number of old axes; and in a salt box there was a nearly entire quarter-gross of matches. In another salt box there was a little salt; and in an old nail cask there were two or three quarts of "yellow-eyed" beans. That was all; no flour, no pork.

"Well, then, we'll have boiled beans and salt!" Al exclaimed.

Ben split up three old benches, got some branches outside, and built a fire; and Al ran out to the brook and dipped up water in the stove kettle. We soon had beans cooking, but it took nearly two hours to boil them soft.

It was a plain supper, beans and salt; yet I have eaten far less savory dishes. By eight o'clock in the evening our appetites had grown sharp enough not to be squeamish.

It was rather cosy, too, round our hot stove. We were a little anxious because our folks at home would be alarmed at our not coming back; otherwise, we should have felt rather jolly; for in the morning we had only to follow the brook down to Dunham's clearing and could be at home by noon. We little knew of the peril we were in.

As there were no coverlets or blankets in the bunk, we decided that it would be more comfortable to keep a fire. So we gathered branches outside. Al agreed to keep awake and tend the fire for three hours, as nearly as he could guess, then he was to call me. After taking my turn, I was to call Ben.

It was growing cold fast, and the snow beat into the camp, under the door, and through chinks betwixt the logs where the moss "stuffing" had fallen out.

When Al waked me to take my turn at tending the stove, I was shivering in spite of the fire, and the first thing I noticed, on waking, was the fearful rate at which the wind was blowing. The woods roared, and now and then came a gust which made even that little low camp shake and crack, and which sent the fine snow sifting in all over us.

"It's an awful night," said Al. "I've heard ever so many trees fall, off in the woods."

Suddenly, in the midst of a tremendous gust, there came with great distinctness a loud, startling crack. It was followed by a creaking, rushing sound.

Involuntarily I jumped to my feet, and Ben and Al both sprang up. "What's that?" they cried out together.

It had flashed to my mind in an instant that it was one of those great pines; and though the tree could have been but a second or two falling, I had yet had time to realize and feel that it was coming down on us.

The next moment it struck—seemingly on both sides of us—with a tremendous crash and a shock, which made the ground jar beneath us.

The stove-funnel came rattling down and the fire and smoke gushing out into the camp. We had lively work for the next ten minutes in putting it back into its place. It was not until daybreak that we saw and realized how near we had come to death.

One of these great pines had broken off at a "scald," close down to the ground, and had fallen. In falling it had swept down with it the great dry stub.

Both had fallen on the camp from the high bank above. The huge pine trunk with its great branches had broken off and driven deep down into the frozen earth, and lay within a foot of that side of the shanty in which the door was; while on the other side, lay the great, dry stub, splintered and split by its fall.

There was just the width of the little camp between them! If either had fallen on it, the camp would have been crushed like an egg-shell! It was an escape the very sight of which made our hearts jump.

It blew furiously all the rest of the night, or rather morning, but slackened somewhat as the forenoon advanced. By ten o'clock we climbed out of our camp and set off down the brook. But it was slow walking. Fully two feet of snow had fallen since five o'clock the previous afternoon.

We were fully two hours getting down to Dunham's open. There we found the flock of eighty odd sheep in the shelter of a fir add hemlock thicket, on the east side of the clearing, and with the sheep were two deer—a doe and a half-grown fawn. They were not caribou, but common red deer, which had joined the sheep either during the storm or previously.

We attempted to start the sheep homeward; but the snow was so deep that we were obliged to leave them there for that day.

The deer did not run away, but kept huddled in with the sheep, moving as they moved, and we left them in the flock.

It was about two in the afternoon when we reached home. So furious had been the storm, out in the cleared land, that though a good deal concerned at our not returning, our folks had not deemed it prudent to start out in search of us till afternoon. Mr. Greene had come in, and he and father were about setting off to look for us.

The Thanksgiving dinner, "spare-rib," turkey and plum-pudding, was cooked, and we three boys, at least, were ready to eat our share. But all that day I recollect having a peculiar sense of release from danger, as when one draws a long breath of relief; and even now I never think of that night without a throb of thankfulness for the kind Providence that seems then to have watched over us. —Youth's Companion.

Something about Colds.

What is the most common of all diseases in our climate? A cold.

Are colds curable? Strictly speaking, no. After it is fully developed, I have never known a cold to be cured by medical treatment. The disease runs through a certain course, and in the popular phrase, "cures itself" after a greater or less degree of suffering on the part of the patient. It is, in the scientific phrase, one of the "self-limited" diseases. But sometimes, when a damaged organ is attacked, a cold may terminate less favorably—sometimes in pneumonia or pleurisy, or even in consumption. More frequently a succession of neglected colds brings on chronic catarrh, a complaint that is particularly frequent in our trying climate.

But if we cannot actually cure a cold after it is fully developed, it is all the more important that we should be able to do one or two things with it—first, to cut it short at the outset, before the disease has time to develop itself; or second, to prevent its running on into any of the bad consequences that I have named.

We will look at these cases separately. And first, what is the nature of this disease which I have called incurable, but which can still be checked in many cases at the outset, or even, if it should run its usual course, may be controlled as to its consequences?

A cold is an inflammation, attended by more or less fever; its usual cause is exposure to a draught, and especially exposure of the feet or of the throat. It attacks the lining membrane of the nostrils, the fauces and pharynx, or the trachea and bronchi, or more than one of these regions; and we ordinarily speak of these three forms as cold in the head, sore throat and cold in the chest. A cold in the head begins with sneezing and "defluxion," or a discharge from the nostrils; a cold in the throat, with hoarseness and sore glands; a cold in the chest, with a cough. Either form often runs into one or both of the other forms, but it is important to distinguish them at the outset, as I shall point out in speaking of the treatment.

1. To cut short a cold at the outset: When the cold begins "in the head," with sneezing, watery eyes and defluction, the following treatment will cut it short four times out of five; but it must be taken at once, or at the latest within six hours after the first symptoms occur. I don't say it is a pleasant treatment, but it is an effective one: Fill a tumbler half full of tepid water (four ounces), add to it twenty drops of laudanum, close the left nostril with the forefinger of the left hand, incline the head to the right, and holding the glass in the right hand, press the edge of it against the right nostril, inclining the glass, then sniff up very slowly a quantity of the solution, until you feel it beginning to run down at the back part of the throat. Reverse the operation for the other nostril. Do not blow out the laudanum and water at once, but let it remain a minute, or until the stinging that it causes grows less. Immediate relief is generally given by this simple treatment. It must be done deliberately and thoroughly; if the symptoms are not checked by the first trial, repeat it a few times at intervals of half an hour, and keep within doors, if possible, for a day. I have often practiced this operation on myself and on patients; if carefully done and promptly, it will break up a cold in the head before it has a chance to get a fair start. A sniff in time saves nine. But if this treatment is put off later it is of no use, for the inflammation of the nasal passages soon takes hold, and the cold passes on into what I have called the incurable stage, in which there is little to be done except to palliate the sufferer's discomforts.

When the cold commences in the throat, what shall we do? Tie up the throat in a piece of flannel (red or any other color—the color makes not the least difference) and by all means stay at home, if possible. If you know by experience that the cold promises to be a severe one, take ten grains of Dover's powders, and some warm drink (the better if gently stimulating, though I do not urge this upon total abstainers) and go to bed as early as may be. You have an even chance of being well or much better at least in the morning. A good perspiration always helps the cure.

If the cold begins in the bronchial tubes, the above measures should be taken without delay, and, in addition, a mustard poultice should be applied to the upper part of the chest and kept on until the skin is red, but not long enough to blister. A towel or a linen bandage around the throat, wet with tepid water, often does much good; it should be kept on through the night, and covered with a piece of flannel to prevent the escape of moisture. In winter keep the room at an even temperature of about 70 deg. —not higher.

So much for treatment at the outset. Now a word upon the other point mentioned.

2. How to prevent a cold from running on indefinitely, or turning into something worse: Many persons find relief by a tonic treatment from the start, as by quinine or iron. But a physician's advice should always be had by those who find that their colds are likely to to hang on. No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down. The main points are, first to avoid unnecessary exposure to cold; second, to get competent treatment adapted to the individual case; and third, as a means of prevention, to give special care to the question of how to clothe one's self winter and summer, in this most trying climate. I will only say, on this point, that there is no greater superstition among intelligent people than that of going with the neck unprotected in cold weather. This exposure will do for the very robust, but for nobody else. But the question how to dress in our variable climate is one that requires a paper to itself.

Coarse Bread, or Fine.

Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert communicated a paper to the Journal of the Chemical Society, several years ago, on the use of coarse and fine flour in bread making, from which we extract the following, as giving a summary of the results of their investigations:

"The higher percentage of nitrogen in bran than in fine flour has frequently led to the recommendation of the coarser breads as more nutritious than the finer. We have already seen that the more branny portions of the grain also contain a much larger percentage of mineral matter. * * * It is, however, we think, very questionable, whether, upon such data alone, a valid opinion can be formed of the comparative values, as food, of bread made from the finer or coarser flours from one and the same grain. * * * Again: it is an indisputable fact that branny particles, when admitted into the flour in the degree of imperfect division in which our ordinary milling processes leave them, very considerably increase the peristaltic action, and hence the alimentary canal is cleared much more rapidly of its contents. It is also well known that the poorer classes almost invariably prefer the whiter bread; and among some of them who work the hardest, and who consequently would soonest appreciate a difference in nutritive quality (navvies, for example), it is distinctly stated that their preference for the whiter bread is founded on the fact the brown passes through them too rapidly, consequently before their systems have extracted from it as much nutritious matter as it ought to yield them. It is freely granted that much useful nutritious matter is, in the first instance, lost as human food, in the abandonment of fifteen or twenty per cent. of our wheat grain to the lower animals. It should be remembered, however, that the amount of food so applied is by no means entirely wasted. And, further, we think it more than doubtful, even admitting that an increased proportion of mineral and nitrogenous constituents would be an advantage, whether, unless the branny particles could be either excluded, or so reduced as to prevent the clearing action above alluded to, more nutriment would not be lost to the system of this action that would be gained by the introduction into the body, coincidentally with it, of a larger and actual amount of supposed nutritious matters. In fact, all experience tends to show that the state, as well as the chemical composition of our food, must be considered; in other words, that its digestibility, and aptitude for assimilation, are not less important qualities than its ultimate composition.

"'Of course,' says the Boston Journal of Chemistry, 'the anterient action of the branny portions of the wheat has a value of its own in the case of persons of constipated tendencies; but this is a medicinal rather than a dietetic use of the coarse bread.'

"The discussion of the subject has been of great service to the community in leading to improved methods of making flour, by which the fineness is secured, without the excessive weight of nutriment that the old process involved. It would be interesting to enlarge on these improvements in the manufacture; but they are probably more or less familiar to the majority of our readers, and to describe them in detail would make the present article too long."

The Bereaved Grandpapa.

"Isn't it pretty?" said a little old man as he wheeled a baby carriage to the place where a reporter of the World was sitting in the park recently.

"It must be pretty," said the reporter, looking into the carriage and seeing a creature, snugly nestling in a downy nest with its face covered by a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted, his little old chin went twit-a-twit-a-twee, and he chirped like a bird.

"They keep its face covered," he said, with a sigh, "since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But I—"

The little old man stopped and looked all around with his twinkling little eyes.

"I will show its face to you, sir, it's so very, very pretty."

And the little old man's chin again went twit-a-twee.

"They will be angry," he continued, "but I'm so proud of its pretty face that I must show it."

Suddenly the little old man took the lace that covered the baby's face in his trembling fingers and the reporter prepared to burst into exclamations of delight even if the face should prove to be the homeliest face in the world.

"Musn't," a little child said, coming from behind the bushes and seizing the coat-tails of the little man. "Danpa musn't."

"The flies will annoy Rose," a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the little group and carefully replacing the lace.

Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eye as the little old man wheeled away the carriage, with the little child dancing by his side.

"Oh, it's such a deception," she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands. "Baby Rose died last week," she continued, "and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak and she was his idol, so we put a doll in the carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see its face, and let him wheel it around. But it is so deceptive."

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back to where the girl was seated.

He put his face close to hers and whispered:

"What was it," he asked, "that they carried away in the little white hearse?"

The poor girl turned away her face.

"Flowers," she said, "only flowers, grandpa."

"I wonder," the little old man mused, "Why they all turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in the little white hearse."

Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

"Flowers, only flowers," the reporter heard him murmur, as he wheeled the doll away.—N. Y. World.

The Way He Plays It.

He is a young man with a thorough understanding of the leading traits in human nature. He dresses well, carries an extra cigar, and he drops in and presents a card to the effect that he is engaged in canvassing for an embryo work to be known as "The Encyclopedia of States."

"Y es; but I guess I don't care to subscribe," replied the citizen.

"Oh, but I don't want you to. The book will be sold on its merits. I am calling upon a few of the most eminent—"

Here he makes a pause to allow the shot to strike, and then continues:

—"Citizens of Detroit—the most eminent and prominent citizens of Detroit, to secure brief sketches of their lives."

"Ah," says the other, as he begins to melt.

"We desire to take five of the most prominent citizens of this country. In the sketches we desire to show they have risen from poor boys to great and honored men."

[Here comes another pause to allow the victim to tickle himself.]

"Well—a—well—"

"You were the first of the five selected," chips in the young man. "My mission is to secure your photograph in order to make a steel engraving. In the course of ten days I will be followed by a gentleman who writes the biographies. Have you a photograph?"

"Well—ah—I think so."

"We want one which does you full justice. The engravings cost us $55 each. This we pay out of our own pockets, but are compelled to make a charge of $5 each for the tint paper and the reference of the index. Let's see. What does the initial of your middle name stand for?"

It invariably stands for a $5 bill, and the young man leaves behind him such a pleasant impression that the victim keeps grinning for two weeks. At the end of that time he becomes suspicious, and in course of a month he becomes a dangerous man to society.—Detroit Free Press.

Billy M'Glery's Friend.

Billy McGlory of Armory Hall, Hester street, after putting his horses through an afternoon on the road last week, says the New York Times, walked pensively down Broadway about 5 o'clock in the evening. He was attired in a sober frock suit and wore a silk hat, and his overcoat concealed his diamond brooch, as his gloves did the gems on his fingers. His appearance was that of a well-to-do gentleman from out of town, and such was he taken to be by a well dressed young man with a dark mustache, whose profession is to lead countrymen against the pleasant and seductive game of bunko. The young man rushed up to McGlory, his face expressing the utmost gratification and delight, and seizing his hand shook it warmly.

"Why, Mr. Harris," he shouted, with unaffected pleasure in his tones, "when did you get in from Cleveland?"

For a moment Mr. McGlory was speechless with surprise and mortification that he of all men should be picked out for a "sucker," and the black mustached young man proceeded:

"I saw your brother last week, and he told me I must expect you any day, but I hardly thought I should see you so soon."

Mr. McGlory recovered his powers of speech and replied:

"Yes, I met your brother as I was comin' in on the railroad track. He told me that—"

But the young man failed to note the sarcasm in his tones, and interrupted:

"I was just going to the hotel to look for you. Shall we take a little stroll?"

"This is the first time I've ever been in New York," replied the proprietor of Armory Hall somewhat irrelevantly, glaring up at the Gilsey House. "What awfully high buildings they have here."

"Yes," replied the black mustached young man affably. "Some of them are as much as ten stories high. I shoud—"

"Would you drop if one of 'em fell on you?" inquired Mr. McGlory, quietly.

The youth of the black mustache cast one searching glance into the countenance of the gentleman in the forck suit, and then vanished into the infinite azure up Thirtieth street.

Romance associations are revived by the death, at Folkstone, at the age of 83, of Wm. Bruce Wills, one of a famous band of smugglers whose deeds excited the sympathy of the seafaring population to which they belonged. Wills was one of the crew of the Four Brothers—a notorious smuggling craft which, in the year 1812, had a desperate fight with the Badger, a famous revenue cutter. Four of the smugglers were then killed and six men wounded. The survivors were tried in the admiralty court, but Henry Brougham had them acquitted. An English journal remarks sententiously: "The race to which he (Wills) belonged is extinct because a wiser fiscal policy has withdrawn from the seafaring community a great source of temptation, and has, in fact, put an end to the smugglers' trade."

A little boy carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off of some of 'em."

Mr. H's Reason.

A life insurance solicitor asked me to insure my life; I replied that I had already set by $10,000 at interest for my family. He then showed me how, with interest on this $10,000, I could set by, at once, $30,000 for the same purpose, and still have the $10,000 in addition. I saw the superiority of his plan of investment, and insured my life for $50,000, and have never regretted it.

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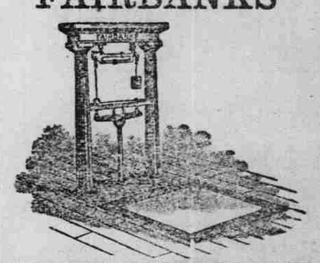

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