

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

"Them Yankee Blankits."

WHERE SUFFERING AND BROTHERLY KINDNESS
BRING HEARTS TOGETHER IN LOVE.

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis
A-workin' around at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'asis
An' a loadin' her onto the floats.
I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wak-
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I git ter long law.

Well, while I was down thar the fever,
As yaller an' pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' of you'll believe her,
Wharver she hit she struck in,
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jes' fairly bred in the air,
Till a hospital camp warn't a patchen'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards—
I thought that my duty was clear—
An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
An' went ter my work 'thout fear.
One day, howsomever, she got me
As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
A bunk tell my life-race was run.

The doctors and nurses they wrest'd,
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the druggar he poundid and pest'd,
But he didn't git up the right food.
No blankits ner ies in the city!
I heard 'em say that from my bed—
An' some cried: "O God! who'll take
pity
On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
Come in with a smile on his brow;
"Old boy, jist as yit we hain't knocked
her,"

Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the
Nor'war.

He'd heard us afore we called twice
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
Of them much needed blankits an' ies.

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the war,
An' agin' reconstruckin' was solid-
Not kearin' for Kongries ner law;
But, John, I got onder that river,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it sav'd me frum fordin' the river,
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, ther's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm—
It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us
An' fetch us together in storm;
We may snarl about "niggers an' fran-
chisee."

But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot—
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The samejas they do at the roof.—E.C.

Jim's Circus.

"Let's play circus!"
"Why, Jim Peter, I'm just going
right in to tellmother," said Jim's little
sister Mabel.

"What for?" said Jim.
"Circus is such a awful wicked
thing," replied Mabel. "Men just
stand on their heads and ride horse-
back without siting down; and it
costs twenty-five cents, too."

"Suppose if you got in without pay-
ing anything it wouldn't be so wicked,
would it?" said Jim.

"I don't know. Praps that is it,"
replied Mabel; "only I thought it
was the horse with nothing on 'em,
and the monkeys and things."

"First," said Jim, "I suppost we
shall have to choose a president."

"Are you sure circuses have presi-
dents?" said a little boy who couldn't
sound his p's."

"Of course," said Jim, and as they
voted for him, he was elected without
much trouble.

"Well, we've got to have a tent any-
way," said Mabel, "cause I saw it in
the picture like a tremendous big
umbrella made out of sheets or some-
thing."

Many and varied were the plans
suggested for his tent, but the presi-
dent finally settled the matter by
ordering them all into the wood-shed
where they soon cleared away the
chips, and had plenty of room for the
performance.

"I tell you what," said Mabel, "I
will be the whale, and sit on this little
wood-pile and bark."

"Now, see here, Mabel Peters, I'm
president, and I don't want a whale

at all; and if I did I wouldn't let him
bark, because whales don't bark."

"What do they do, then?" said
Mabel.

"They only upset boats with their
tails," said Jim.

"Then I tell you what," said Mabel,
you let Tommy Mace be the boat, and
I'll upset him; see if I don't."

"Mabel," said the president, sternly,
"if you don't stop talking at once, I
shall make you audience; but I don't
think she would have stopped if the
log on which she was sitting hadn't
rolled over and tumbled her up so that
she had to go into the house for a
clean apron."

"I suppose," said the president, "the
first thing to do is to choose a monkey.
Has any here ever been a monkey be-
fore?"

"I never have been one," said a
little fellow with cheeks as red as sun-
set, but I can soon learn, I guess. Is
it easy?"

"Why, all you have to do," said the
president, "is a sort of run 'round."

"Don't monkeys eversay anything?"
the president couldn't tell him, and it was
decided that he should say, "I'm a
monkey, I'm a monkey," once every
minute to distinguish him from the
other animals.

"Well, if I can't be a whale," said
Mabel, who had just returned, "I'm
going to be a polar bear, or I shan't
play. Polar bears is nice and soft.
What do they do?"

"They don't do anything all day,
but just sit on the ice and shiver,"
said the president.

"Then I won't be him," said Mabel.
"What is some real nice respectable
animal, that does nothing but eat
candy all the time? I'll be him."

"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" shouted
all the little girls, and about half the
boys.

It was some time before the list of
animals was complete, and I don't be-
lieve Barnum himself ever had such a
collection in his life.

"Is there any one here who can
stand on their head?" asked the presi-
dent.

Two small boys, with very big
heads, held up their hands.

"As the performance is about to
commence," said the president, "any
animal except the monkey who speaks
a word till he's spoken to will be put
into the corner."

So the two little boys with the big
heads came forward and tried to stand
on them. They tumbled this way and
that, and dug their fingers into the
dirt, and kicked their toes so hard
that they went completely over.

"I guess their heads ain't flat enough
on top," said Mabel.

"The next time that animal speaks
without permission she will be severely
punished," said the president.

Either the heads were too big for the
boys, or the boys too small for the
heads, I don't know which, but it was
evident from the first that they couldn't
stand on them, and they withdrew
from the arena, after having worked
so faithfully that their collars came off.

"The next thing," said the president,
"will be—"

"The next thing?" interrupted Mabel.
"Why, they haven't done that yet.
Want to see me do it?"

"Mabel Peters, go this minute and
stand in the corner by that black bear,
and don't you whisper to him, either,"
said the president.

So Mabel went and stood in the
corner.

The next thing proved to be a horse-
race between four boys, and was so ex-
citing that the entire collection of ani-
mals got up and clapped their hands
and shouted so loud that Bridget, the
cross cook, come out and boxed one of
the horse's ears, and the only way
they could console him was to say that
he had won the race, which wasn't so
at all; but as the three horses ahead
of him agreed to it, it was all right.

"Is there any one here," said the
president, "who has good strong patch-

es on the knees of his pantaloons?"

A little boy got down from the wood-
pile and came forward.

"Oh, what splendid big patches,"
said Mabel. "If I was a boy it seems
to me I should have pantaloons with
patches just like those. Wouldn't
you?" she whispered to the black
bear. But the black bear didn't answer.
He had patches, too, but they weren't
on his knees, and he didn't care to con-
tinue the subject.

"My mother said that these are the
last patches she's going to make me,
and if I wear 'em through I'd have
to go so, that's all."

The president told the boy to get
on his hands and knees, and then he
called the monkey down, and told him
to ride three times around the shed on
the boy's back.

"But he's got such little legs," said
the monkey, "he'll surely slump," and
a shade or two of sunset went out of
his face.

They went for a little way very well,
but pretty soon the pony began to
tremble, around the knees, and the
monkey was the scarest looking
monkey you ever saw.

"Can I stop?" said the pony.

"No," said the president.

"Why don't you whip him up?"
said Mabel; that's all he needs."

"That's a first-rate idea," said the
president, which took every bit of
strength out of the pony's legs, and
when they picked the monkey up he
was rubbing so many parts of himself
that Mabel said he must have the
rheumatism.

By this time the animals all said
that if they didn't do something too
they should go home; and the kangar-
oo, who had been asleep with his
head in the parrot's lap, said that
animals at circuses was no fun at all.

"All right, then," said the president,
"we will now have a grand procession
of animals and all the rest of the cir-
cus." So they got down from the
woodpile.

"Can't we have some music?" asked
Mabel.

"Let's sing 'Twinkle, twinkle, little
star,'" said the elephant; and so they
started off, making really quite a re-
spectable show.

It so happened that the sleepy kangar-
oo was last, and as he had instruc-
tions from the president to hop as high
as he could, he was trying to do his
best at it. But he was more than half
asleep, and they hadn't been once
around the shed when he hopped on
the heel of the guinea-pig, who was
just in front of him. The guinea-pig
gave a tremendous jump, and knocked
over the gentle lamb, and the gentle
lamb was so mad that, I'm ashamed to
say, he kicked the guinea-pig three
or four times; and just as they all ran
up to stop the fight, Bridget, the cook,
appeared with a broom, and the ani-
mals rushed out the door, and the
guinea-pig, who lived in the next
house, didn't stop until he was safe
in his mother's arms; while nearly all
the other animals said that if that
was a circus they needn't have to go
to Sunday-school to find out that was
awful things.—N. Y. Tribune.

An investigator says that the cus-
tom of kissing the Pope's toe began in
this wise: Formerly it was the custom
to kiss his hand, but a certain woman,
whose biographical record did not
please his holiness, not only kissed
his hand, but squeezed it, which pro-
ceeding was so offensive to the good
Leo that he cut off his hand. After
that the toe was kissed instead of the
hand. The hand, which was cut off
centuries ago, is said to be still pre-
served in the Lateran at Rome.

There is too often a burden of care
in getting riches, a burden of anxiety
in keeping them, a burden of tempta-
tion in using them, a burden of guilt
in abusing them, a burden of sorrow
in losing them, and a burden of ac-
count at last to be given up for
possessing and either improving or
misimproving them.

Select Reading.

A modest man feels his own super-
iority, a proud man makes others feel
it.

I never seemed fit to say a word to
a sinner except when I had a broken
heart my self.—Payson.

The extreme pleasure we take in
talking of ourselves should make us
fear that we give very little to those
who listen to us.

The man who violently hates or
ardently loves, can not avoid being in
some degree or sense a slave to the
person he detests or adores.

Be thyself blameless of what thou
rebukest. He that cleanses a blot
with blotted fingers makes a greater
blot.

Style is only the frame to hold our
thoughts. It is like the sash of a
window—a heavy sash will obscure
the light.

A woman's head is always influenced
by her heart; but a man's heart is al-
ways influenced by his head.

A woman's heart is just like a
lithographer's stone—what is once
written upon it cannot be rubbed out.

He who gains the victory over
great insults is often overpowered by
the smallest; so it is with our sor-
rows.

In the cities of the dead the houses
are small and close together; and a
thistle is as liable to grow from a rich
man's grave as a daisy is from the
mound that covers a beggar.

Miss Georgie Hamlin is a member
of the editorial staff of the Boston
Transcript, and her leaders are very
well received by the Bostonians.

Good breeding shows itself where,
to an ordinary eye, it appears the
least.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand;
but it has wings, and they can fly far
and wide.

Courage, the commonest of virtues,
obtains more applause than discre-
tion, the rarest of them.

Great souls are always loyally sub-
missive to what is over them; only
mean souls are otherwise.

Lady Burdett-Coutts is a good and
kindly woman as well as a wealthy
one. She has lately refused all invi-
tations, and stays quietly at home,
altogether engaged in nursing an old
companion, who, after many years'
faithful attendance on the good
baroness, has become very ill and
blind.

Men who make money rarely saunter;
men who save money rarely swagger.

Misfortune does not always wait on
vice; nor is success a constant guest
of virtue.

Make the most of time, it flies
away so fast; yet method will teach
you to win time.

Stillest streams oft water fairest
meadows, and the bird that flutters
least is longest on the wing.

Innocence is a flower which withers
when touched, and blooms not again,
though it be watered with tears.

The true end of freedom is to de-
velop manhood and womanhood, not
to make authors, mechanics or states-
men.

The common string telephone has
been used in India from time im-
memorial. A specimen, made of two
pieces of hollow bamboo, with paper
diaphragms connected by a linen
thread, has been brought to this
country by Mrs. Bunker, wife of a
Baptist minister to East India.

Nothing can constitute good breed-
ing that has not good nature for its
foundation.

Envy no one who knows more than
yourself, and pity all of those who
know less.

It is the confession of a widower,
who has been thrice married, that the
first wife cures a man's romance, the
second teaches him humility, and the
third makes him a philosopher.

Notes for the Kitchen.

Put a bit of butter in a dish in
which milk is to be cooked, and it
will be less liable to burn.

When about to poach eggs, grease
the vessel before putting in the water,
and they will not stick.

Cayenne pepper, sprinkled around
the shelves and other places where
ants congregate, will drive them away.

Cabbage, when cooked by boiling,
should be boiled in two waters. This
destroys the "essential oil," which is
unwholesome.

Padding cloths should be square of
new Russia sheeting. For dumplings,
squares knitted in coarse cotton will
give a pretty effect.

A heavy chalk mark laid a finger's
distance from your sugar box and all
around, (there must be no space not
covered), will surely prevent ants
from troubling.

To make vinegar: Boil potatoes,
drain off water, and strain one pound
sugar, two and one-half gallons of
water, a little hop yeast or whiskey.
It is sour in a short time.

Shakespeare's recipe for cooking
beefsteak is found in Macbeth:

If it were done when 'tis done, then
'Twere well it were done quickly.

To prevent being annoyed by fleas
at night, put two under-sheets on the
bed, and lay fresh tansy leaves be-
tween. This will not stain, and is
not as unpleasant as the wee ter-
mentors.

Good food, properly cooked, gives
us good blood, sound bones, healthy
brains, strong nerves and firm flesh,
to say nothing of good tempers and
kind hearts. These are surely worth
a little something to secure.—Juliet
Corson.

If those interested in blacking
stoves will try greasing them with
fresh grease before blacking, they will
find that it prevents them from rust-
ing. Add a pinch of brown sugar to
blackening just before applying. This
causes it to stick, and it polishes
much easier and with half the usual
rubbing.

HOME-MADE CANDLES.—Lamps are
good to remain stationary. But
candles are best to use when moving
about the house with a light. By im-
mersing the wicks in lime-water in
which a little saltpeter has been dis-
solved, drying them before using, the
light will be much clearer and the
melted tallow will not run.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM
CLOTH.—Wet the spot with cold
water, and place the cloth in the sun-
shine. Then mix equal quantities of
cream-tartar and table salt, and
sprinkle the mixture upon it until the
dampness has absorbed a great deal;
then lay on enough to hide the spot.
Wet the spot with cold water every
half hour, and if the stain is then
seen, cover it again with the cream-
tartar and salt. Keep it in the sun-
shine, and continue these applications
till the stain is gone. If recently con-
tracted, two or three applications will
remove it.—Mrs. Appgar.

There are three things that most
people assume to know: Just what
the preacher and his wife ought to do
on all occasions; just what they'd do
if stich and such a "young 'un" was
theirs; and just how to manage a
paper. And there are not three cir-
cumstances under which they could
be placed, where a majority of men
and women would make greater fail-
ures.

A love of home is a thing not ac-
quired.

It is doubtful if any man could by
possibility do his noblest or think his
deepest without a preparation of suffer-
ing.

In seeking wisdom thou art wise;
in imagining thou hast attained it
thou art a fool.

Never let your zeal outrun your
character. The former is but human,
the latter is divine.