

## IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls  
And brown eyes, full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled;  
His cap pulled down upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hands light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because—'—the brown eyes lower fall,—  
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child face is showing;  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him,  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## JANET'S WAGER.

WOULDN'T MARRY A MAN WITH RED HAIR.

"Well, I know one thing," said pretty Bessie Carleton, decidedly, "I never shall marry a man with red hair. May Brown doesn't know how she has lowered herself in my esteem by marrying such a red-headed fellow as Clem Weston. I wouldn't have believed it of her. But the deed is done; she really has married him; here are her wedding-cards, Janet," and she tossed them across to her friend. "No, indeed," she went on, leaning back in her comfortable lawn-chair, "my mind is made up, mark my words, Janet. I never shall marry a man with red hair." Janet laughed most provokingly.

"Don't be too sure," she said in a warning tone, "there's no telling what you may do before you die; as old Miss Gaylord is always saying, 'we're born but we're not buried.'"

Bessie laughed and then asked seriously, "But why shouldn't I be sure? I never could marry a man with red hair, because to begin with, I never could fall in love with him. Think how unromantic it would be. In novels the heroes always have 'waving auburn curls' or 'jet black locks.' I have never come across any endowed with my pet abhorrence, red hair.

"I regret to express my feelings, Bessie," said Janet, coolly, "but I feel it my duty to tell you that you are making of goose of your-self," and while her friend stared at her in a mixture of surprise and indignation, she continued calmly; "To begin with, you are not in a novel, so you can hardly expect young men with 'auburn tresses, and 'jet locks' flying to the wind, to be always hanging around doing nothing, as seems to be the aim of the impossible romances that you refer to, and to end with, you are only a girl doomed to live a useless, unromantic life, like all the rest of us, until some kind creature with black or red hair, I don't know which, shall take pity on you and marry you. So I wouldn't be so vehement against the unknown red-haired if I were you. Do you know," she cried, starting up, "I will wager a box of French bonbons that you marry a man with, not golden brown, not auburn, but real downright red hair; what will you give me if I win?"

"This diamond," answered her friend, lazily touching the beautiful jewel at her throat.

"O, no," remonstrated Janet, "I won't take anything so handsome; you are too generous."

"Not at all," was the reply, "because I am sure that I never shall have to give it up."

"Eh bien! nous verrons, was the quick retort. "Ah," changing her tone, "here come the boys," as across the lawn toward them came two handsome young fellows.

"What's the row," called one of them as he came up; "we heard your excited voices as we rode up the avenue, and with our customary courage flew to the rescue. Whose life is in danger?"

"It is just this," explained Janet. "Bessie declares she will never marry a man with red hair." Upon this Laurie passed his hand complacently over his own blonde curls. "And I have wagered a box of bon-bons against her diamond pin that she will. Won't you take it down in black and white, Fred?" turning to her cousin.

"Certainly." And after a prolonged search among his numerous pockets, he produced a diminutive note-book where-in he made a most business-like record

of the bet and the stakes put up by both girls.

"And now we shall see who wins. I am all anxiety, although I think with Janet, that you are doomed to lose your bet, Miss Carlton," he said, turning to her.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow and Janet's cousin, while his companion, Laurie Edwards, was only a friend down on a fortnight's visit.

Laurie was Miss Carlton's devoted slave, and now he cried eagerly: "I don't see why she should lose. I am sure she has every opportunity to win."

"Oh, yes, we all know she has every opportunity," laughed Fred mischievously, causing Miss Carlton to blush and Laurie to vow vengeance against him; "but I doubt whether she will avail herself of these opportunities, even to save herself from losing."

"What a beautiful sunset," said Bessie desperately; "the country is always beautiful, but especially so on summer evenings."

"The rays of the departing sun have affected your cheeks, my dear," said Janet; "won't you take this seat? It is more in the shade than the one you have. This vine will screen you entirely."

The answer to this kind offer was a stony glare, which so amused her that she could not resist laughing a proceeding which infinitely disgusted Laurie and Bessie. Fred restored the peace of the party by saying quietly, as if nothing had happened:

"By the way, Janet, if you don't object, I think I'll ask Dick Lansdale down for a few weeks."

"Of course you may ask him—any one that you choose; why, where are you two going?" as Laurie and Bessie were strolling off.

"Just for a walk on the beach," answered Bessie over her shoulder.

"Won't you join us?"

"Two is company, four is none," called Janet. "Who is Dick Lansdale anyway?" she asked, turning to her cousin.

"That's just the joke," he cried, eagerly. "He is the nicest fellow going, but he has the reddest hair you ever saw. He is fascinating, handsome and intelligent—just the man for Miss Carlton to fall in love with. Now this is my plan; I shall insist upon his wearing a wig over his objectionable hair while visiting here."

"But," interrupted Janet, "do you think he will be willing?"

"Oh, yes, I know Dick," was the reassuring answer. "Then I shall expect him to fall in love with Miss Bessie, and trust her own stony heart will be touched; then when they are engaged he shall appear with his natural red hair, the plot shall be disclosed, I shall beg forgiveness, you shall win your bet, and the curtain will go down on the villains, you and I, Laurie, the disappointed lover, and the happy pair, Dick Lansdale and Miss Carlton."

"That would be splendid," cried Janet; "but suppose she doesn't fall in love with him, what then?"

"Why, nothing. There will be no harm done, only a crushed plot. But I am sure she shall like him."

"Poor Laurie," said Janet, "I feel sorry for him!"

"Well, you needn't, she doesn't care a snap for him. You can see that he bores her awfully, and he'll get over in no time—I have been along there myself. Come now, let us join them on the beach. Remember, mum's the word."

A few evenings after, as Laurie and the two girls were standing on the gallery, preparatory to taking their customary evening ride, the dog-cart came bowing up the avenue, drew up at the steps and out of it sprang a Fred Miles, followed by a tall, dark-haired, gray-eyed young man with an intelligent face and distinguished. After the usual introductions, Janet, with her most gracious smile, turned to the newcomer, saying:

"If you are not too tired, Mr. Lansdale, we will be happy to have you go and ride with us."

"I have already ordered my horse, so he will have to go whether he wants to or not," interrupted Fred, before his friend could reply.

"There, Laurie," as the groom brought around the horses, "you, Miss Carlton, and Mr. Lansdale will go together, while we two jog along behind."

Laurie frowned a little at this arrangement, but, as it could not be helped, he submitted to his fate though glowering darkly at his friend. No sooner were the three ahead, out of ear-shot, than Janet bent forward, crying delightedly:

"He's very handsome, just as you said, and his hair is beautiful. I never would have guessed it was false if I had not known all about it."

"Yes," said Fred in a satisfied tone of voice, "I am sure our plot will succeed; I think she fancies him already. See how attentively she listens when he speaks. Poor old Laurie; I am almost sorry for him. I don't think he will stay much longer after this; he'll learn his fate and depart."

Nor was Fred mistaken. After two weeks of protracted misery, Laurie could stand it no longer, so he declared his love, was told calmly by the object of his adoration that she would always be his friend, but nothing more, and the following day departed, at war with all man, or rather all woman-kind. With the conspirators all went well. Bessie, unconscious of Janet's treachery, expressed to her without any scruples, her admiration for Mr. Lansdale's good qualities.

"He is so intelligent," she said one evening after a long discussion on the subject of "Woman's Rights."

"Yes, dear, I agree with you," was the sympathetic reply, encouraging Bessie to go on.

"And so handsome. Don't you think he is handsome, Janet?"

"Very," said Janet enthusiastically; then, glancing up, with a mischievous look in her dark eyes, which Bessie remembered too well afterward, "don't you think his hair is beautiful?"

"Lovely," cried her friend. "Ah Janet, I think I shall—"

She stopped short, overcome with confusion, for she was going to say, "win my bet."

Janet understood, pretended not to notice, finished the sentence off in her own mind and told her fellow-conspirator that night that she thought that things were turning out very well.

At length the crisis came. They had been rowing on the lake all the evening Bessie and Dick in the front boat, Janet and Fred in the one behind. It was quite warm rowing in spite of the pleasant breeze hovering about, and Dick had dropped his oars and stopped for a while to rest. Strange to say, silence had fallen upon him and his companion. He broke it by saying, abruptly:

"I am going away to-morrow. Aren't you sorry for me, leaving all this beauty and pleasure for a dusty desk in a dusty office?"

She had been leaning over the side of the boat, letting the water run through her fingers, but now she started up, glancing at him with a hurt pained look in her big blue eyes.

"You are not really going so soon?" she said slowly, as if she couldn't believe it.

"Yes, really," he answered, picking up the oars and beginning to row with unwonted zeal.

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said, "I won't go right yet. I will wait awhile, then take you back with me. I am not a rich man," he went on, hurriedly, but I have enough to make my wife happy; "Will you come, Bessie?"

He dropped the oars, and held out his hands for answer. She put out her own dimpled white ones in his big brown ones.

Just then the boat ran into the wharf, bringing them back to their senses.

The walk home was very quiet and rather embarrassing. Bessie wondered whether it was exactly right to accept a lover without so much as asking her father's leave. To be sure, his indulgence and weakness to her were proverbial. Still she thought she ought to have gained his permission first. She expressed her fears to Mr. Lansdale, who set her mind at rest by producing a letter from her kindest of parents, giving him permission to try his fortune, winding up with, "She's a dear girl, Lansdale, and, as I like you, I hope you will succeed."

By this time they had reached the porch. With a hasty "good-by" she sprang up the steps and rushed away to her own room, where Janet, on her return, found her, vainly trying to cool her tell-tale cheeks.

"Won't you come out on the lawn for a game of croquet?" she said pretending not to notice.

"No, thank you; I have a raging headache. You go down like a dear girl. I will come down to-night. I may feel better then."

"Perhaps you may; it will be dark," with which farewell shot she departed to inform Fred she thought "the blow was about to fall."

With the night and the moonlight came Bessie out on the broad front gallery, blissfully unconscious that Fred and Janet were ensconced behind the blinds, waiting as Fred expressed it, "to see the fun." She looked, surprised to see no one, and had half determined to go back, when some one stepped out from the shadow of the pillars and came toward her.

"Is that you, Dick?" she cried, darting forward; but no—she drew back with a hasty "I beg your pardon," for the moonlight shone down on as red a crop of curls as ever were owned by a man. "Excuse me," she went on, "I took you for Mr. Lansdale."

"And so I am," answered a familiar voice; "surely, Bessie, an absence of two hours can't have made you forget my face?"

"I haven't forgotten you, Dick," she cried, piteously, "but what," she hesitated—then desperately, "what's the matter with your hair?"

"Now don't be angry with me, darling, and I will tell you all about it," he said, persuasively. "You know you said you would never marry a man afflicted with red hair so I adopted this rule to make you love me. 'Tis true I began it all as a joke, but soon I was terribly in earnest." And then he told her the history of the plot. When it was finished the blinds flew open, and out rushed the conspirators.

"Pity and forgive, most beautiful lady, the humblest of your servants," cried Fred, falling on one knee, while Janet overwhelmed her friend with kisses, crying at the same time; "Oh, I have won, I have won!"

As for Bessie she forgave them; then, with tenderest smile, said, laying her hand on her lover's, "I think I would have loved you anyway Dick, in spite of your red hair."

There are 2,380 co-operative societies in Germany, with a membership of over 1,000,000, and last year they purchased over \$375,000,000 worth of goods.

There are 250 female physicians in Russia, but under no circumstances are they allowed to treat other than women and children patients.

## Shakespeare and the Bible.

The Nineteenth Century.

Many of the best known and most frequently quoted passages are parallels or paraphrases of Scripture morality or of some part of that large body of moral axioms and worldly wisdom and justice which belongs alike to the Bible and to other systems of religion and philosophy. Instances are so numerous and well known that they will occur to every one. It is generally and carelessly assumed that these didactic passages convey the nature and extent of Shakespeare's relations and obligations to the Bible. But this is far from being the fact. His didactic use of Scripture history and morality, though it is the noblest and most valuable, is by no means the only result, nor is it the personal and distinguished mark of Shakespeare's close acquaintance with the Bible. Many other people have freely employed Scripture for serious and didactic ends, from Milton down to Montgomery. What distinguishes Shakespeare is the perfectly free and playful and every-day use he makes of scripture by putting it into the mouths of all sorts and conditions of people on all sorts of occasions. Surely these keen huntsmen of "low and pernicious enormity" in innocent places, those play-goers who strain at the gnat of a solitary Scriptural allusion in a modern play, can have no notion what herds of camels they swallow every time they witness a play of Shakespeare's in its integrity. How utterly subservient Shakespeare deems the treatment of religion upon the stage to the preservation of dramatic truth and reality may be seen in "Richard III.," where religion and morality become the fimsiest child's baubles in the mercilese intellectual grasp of the tyrant. Iago, besides being an authority on the efficacy of baptismal grace, is "full of most blessed condition" in his reference to Holy Writ, and his constant display of wise and moral maxims. Poor Bowdler can not understand it, and smells irreverence. Richard II. so far allows his sense of human injury to get the better of his sense of religious propriety that he institutes a comparison in the matter of treachery between himself and Christ, and earlier in the play he cries out upon Bagot, Husly and Green as "three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!" Poor Bowdler can do nothing but hold up his hands in horror and will certainly excise the passage, and Bishop Wadsworth shall smilingly pat his approval. No possible testimony to the efficacy of baptismal grace to be squeezed out of such a line! Away with it! Shylock has several allusions to Old Testament personages and facts, whose use is not very apparent to the dim, bewildered, tender-conscience, narrow-visioned Bowdler. While what can family respectability and piety make of such a speech as "Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazirite, conjured the devil into?" a speech in which the heights of dramatic propriety and religious inpropriety are simultaneously reached at one bound. Bowdlerism can only sorrowfully shake its poor bewildered head at the dramatist's readiness to sacrifice every rag of deference to its pet prejudices, and, at all costs, to give the full and exact truth of Shylock's manner of speech.

Standing by an Editorial Opinion.

We were in Al Bodge's saloon this week giving our views on Cleveland's cabinet, and in other respects minding our business when Gringo Baker came in and said we were a liar. We denied the charge and told him he was no gentleman. At this juncture, had we not quickly dodged, he would have knocked us down; as it was he only grazed our nose. Knowing him to be drunk and therefore helpless, we darted out of the saloon and ran to our office with as much celerity, as our game leg would allow, and locked ourselves in our sanctum. Had we not thus nobly refrained from combat, we would soon have wiped the floor with Gringo Baker. And yet we understand that he calls us a red-nosed coward. We are quite content to be misunderstood by such men, and we reiterate in this public manner our views on the cabinet, for which Gringo called us a liar. We believe it should contain a man who will recognize literary ability in giving out the post-offices. And there is a loaded shot-gun in our sanctum which says so, too.—Extract from an Arizona Editorial.

## Mr. Parott's Large Family.

Correspondence of the Lockport Journal.

While in Wilton, Vt., I was in the postoffice, and among others that were there was an old Frenchman. The postmaster said to me: "Mr. Shaw, I want to introduce you to Mr. James Parott, who is the father of a quarter of 100 children." I said: "Mr. Parott, I am happy to make your acquaintance. But really are you the father of twenty-five children?" He assured me that he was. "Well," I said, "you beat all the parrots I ever saw." He said: "I can tell you more. They are all by one mother and there were no twins, and each child was well and healthy at birth. Mr. Parott said he was 76 years old; that his wife was the same age, and that they had been married fifty-two years. The postmaster and Mr. O. B. Landon and other gentlemen that I am acquainted with told me that the statement of Mr. Parott were correct.

News venders in Paris are sent to jail for crying out items of news not contained in the papers they sell.

## THE EFFECTS OF POISON!

Some Startling Statements—Dangerous Drugs—Worse Than Opium Smoking. VIEWS OF MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

The Washington Post says:

For centuries it has been contended that a cough medicine, to be effective, must contain morphia, opium, or some other equally dangerous drug, and today nearly every cough medicine in the market has for its base some one of these deadly poisons. In every State of the Union physicians and coroners are constantly reporting innumerable cases of poisoning and death resulting from such compounds. One authority states that these have done more injury than opium smoking. A purely vegetable and at the same time efficacious cough cure has been considered an impossibility. It is for this reason that eminent medical authorities and public men everywhere like Dr. James A. Steuart, Health Commissioner of Baltimore, and Dr. Samuel K. Cox, of Washington, have spoken so enthusiastically of the discovery of Red Star Cough Cure which is absolutely free from poisons or narcotics. Dr. O. Grothe, of the Brooklyn Board of Health, and heads of similar boards in other cities, are also among those who have issued official certificates in its favor.

Prof. John J. Caldwell, M. D., member of the Electro-Therapeutic Society, New York; Medical Society, Kings County (Brooklyn); Medical Society Baltimore; for six years in civil and military hospitals; assistant surgeon U. S. Volunteers; author of "Electro-Therapeutics," etc., certifies that a very desirable new departure has been made by the introduction of Red Star Cough Cure; that in addition to the rare quality of being entirely vegetable and harmless, he finds it to be an ingenious compound, pleasant to take and of remarkable efficacy.

Who Have Used It.

To THE PUBLIC:

From personal experience as well as from observation of its marked efficacy in other cases that have come under our notice, we cheerfully recommend RED STAR COUGH CURE as a safe and reliable family medicine.

Combining the power to relieve and cure promptly, with the rare quality of being entirely free from opiates, poison and narcotics, as demonstrated by the analysis of recognized medical authorities, it may justly be termed a valuable discovery.

We concur in the official opinion of the Commissioner of Health of Baltimore, that it happily supplants the objectionable and not unfrequently harmful features of other cough mixtures.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 9, 1885.

R. M. McLANE,

Governor of Maryland.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS,

Attorney-General.

F. C. LATROBE,

Mayor of Baltimore.

A. P. GORMAN,

United States Senator.

HARRISON ADREON,

Postmaster, Baltimore.

THOMAS S. WILKINSON,

City Commissioner.

JAMES R. HORNER,

City Comptroller.

EDWIN H. WEBSTER,

Collector of the Port.

J. H. SELLMAN,

Collector U. S. Internal Revenue.

HART B. HOLTON,

Member of Congress.

H. CLAY DALLAM,

Judge Appeal Tax Court.

SAM'L A. CLAGGETT,

Sanitary Inspector.

JAMES S. MORROW,

Chief Judge Appeal Tax Court.

Over fifty physicians of Baltimore, including those of leading hospitals, charitable institutions, colleges and schools, have voluntarily endorsed Red Star Cough Cure, not only as the best thing of the kind ever discovered, but as being entirely free from the harmful features of other cough mixtures. Every one will find it a safe, sure cure. It is entirely free from opiates, narcotics, emetics and poisons. It leaves no bad effects. It does not derange the system. It is pure, pleasant, prompt. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine throughout the United States at fifty cents a bottle. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Maryland.

Queen Victoria has just invested £1,000,000 sterling in ground rents in London.

The Best Butter Color.

The great unanimity with which dairymen of high reputation have adopted, in preference to anything else, the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., is remarkable. It shows that the claims of imitative colors are baseless, wise dairymen will use no other.

First Assistant Crosby, of the postoffice department, has resigned—ahead of Botkin.

Sudden Changes of Weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found than in the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. Price 25 cts.