

LOVE AND DEATH.

Life may hold sweetness yet; I would not die;
For He might come with smiles upon his lip;
Then from my heart the weary years would slip,
And I should greet him with a joyous cry,
Forgiving and forgetting all the past,
Just for the sake of love come back at last,
Oh, life may yet be sweet; I would not die.
Child, Fate has not been kind to you and me;
Your baby kisses could not ease my pain;
While in that other face I looked in vain
For signs of what I knew could never be,
Often I drew away your clinging grasp,
To seek again that cold and careless clasp,
No; life has not been kind to you and me.
And Death is coming. Ah, will Death be kind?
Will he, some day, bring me my truant love?
Or shall I float in ether pure above,
Passionless, sexless, and not hope to find
Him who made life a blessing and a curse?
Will Death bring better, happier times, or worse?
Ah, Death is coming fast; will he be kind?
Love, have you never known one bitter hour?
Never looked back with tender, sweet regret
To that past happy summer when we met,
When first I knew my beauty—fatal dower!
Had chained your roaming fancy? What a chain!
Woven in madness from despair and pain,
And idly worn to kill an idle hour.
Child, listen to me: Love is worse than Death;
For Death takes all, but Love takes fruit and bloom,
And leaves the worthless husk to rot in gloom,
It takes the crown from life; the weary breath
Must labor on until Death brings relief,
And blots out all the weariness and grief,
Ah, Love is cruel; merciful is death.
—Chambers's Journal.

CRUISE OF THE ICICLE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"Eugene, come down to Mr. Turner's boat-house. He has just fastened his ice-boat up, and I want to see how it is made."
"Do you mean that queer looking thing we saw flying over the ice yesterday, Steve?"
"Yes; did you ever see anything go so fast? I wish I had one."
"So do I. How splendid it would be to go skimming over the ice before the wind like that!"
Eugene Bently and Stephen Hules lived in the little village of Mossbank, on the Hudson. The winter had set in very early that year, and already the river was frozen hard for miles.
The boys had enjoyed themselves greatly skating near the shore, until one day Mr. Turner, a gentleman who owned a handsome house close to the bank, purchased a strange-looking craft, half sled, half boat.
It moved over the ice with such ease and swiftness that Eugene and Stephen, who had never seen an ice-boat before, became quite disgusted with their slower mode of progress, and Stephen secretly determined to have one like it if possible.
When the boys reached Mr. Turner's boat-house there was no one in sight, so they felt free to examine and comment on the boat at their leisure.
"Why it is nothing but a three-cornered frame on runners," said Stephen Hules, after he had walked around the ice-boat several times.
"And the sail is exactly like your father's yacht-sail, only smaller," exclaimed Eugene.
"I tell you what I mean to do, Eugene," cried Stephen, excitedly. "I mean to ask father to let me use the spar, boom and sail of the yacht, then we can make an ice-boat for ourselves."
"Do you think so?" said Eugene, doubtfully. "See here, Steve, the runner in the stern moves on a pivot, and is guided by the helm."
"I see," replied Stephen, admiringly. "In less than an hour the boys were busy selecting materials for their ice-boat, as Stephen had received permission to use the yacht-sail, providing he did not in any way spoil it for the yacht.
It was not until five o'clock the next day that theirs was completed; then when they hauled the frame out of the shed to step the mast and put a few finishing touches here and there, Eugene brought out a small pot of red paint and a brush.
"Well, now, Steve," said he, "what are you going to call it?"
"I've got it!" cried Stephen. "Call her the Icicle."
"First-rate," exclaimed Eugene, kneeling down, and proceeding to form the letters across the bow.
When this was finished it was quite dark, and the boys were obliged to defer their trial-trip until the next day.
The next day as soon as they had finished breakfast, Eugene and Stephen made haste to pull their ice-boat down to the river. The wind was fresh, the sky cloudless, and the ice as solid as stone.
The boat proved a grand success, and flew over the surface of the frozen water of the Hudson River with astonishing velocity. Eugene managed the tiller, while Stephen took charge of the sail and sheet line. The Icicle could sail before the wind, tack, and come about just like a sail-boat, only with much more ease and swiftness.
They had been out less than an hour when Mr. Turner appeared on the shore. After looking at the Icicle earnestly for a moment, he climbed into his own boat and drew rapidly toward them.
When he was within a few yards he called out:
"Why, boys, who made your ice-boat?"
"We made it ourselves, Mr. Turner," replied Stephen. "It is only a rough-looking affair, but it seems to work all right."
"It is a little rough, it is true, but

that is of no consequence at all," said Mr. Turner, inspecting the boat closely. "You have built it for speed, I see. You carry rather more sail than I think exactly safe. You had better drop the peak when you catch a gust. Will you try her against the Ice Queen?"
"Yes, sir, thank you," cried the boys in concert, for they were greatly flattered and pleased by Mr. Turner's proposal.
Mr. Turner brought the Ice Queen within a few feet of the Icicle. The two boats presented a great contrast—one with its lily-white sail, smooth, red frame and shining gilt letters, and the other of a uniform gray color, her sail old and patched in many places, though large and strong.
Eugene felt rather dismayed as he noticed the difference, but Stephen whispered, encouragingly:
"We will beat, I am sure."
"I think," said Mr. Turner, "it will be safer to go up the river, for down below the bend the ice is thin."
"Yes, sir," replied Eugene. "Father told me it was dangerous down there this morning."
"Then," said Mr. Turner, "we will go up as far as the fisherman's house, and back to my grounds. I am sure of the ice so far. Now, boys, when you are ready I am."
They started, and before many minutes Stephen and Eugene learned the truth of the proverb "All is not gold that glitters," for the little gray Icicle soon shot ahead of its fine rival.
The boys felt as though they would never grow tired of this delightful sport. The keen wind whistled about their ears and brought the bright color into their cheeks as they rushed past the snow-covered banks over the shining ice. And, besides, there was the Ice Queen behind them, urging them on to greater exertions.
The two boats went up and down several times, and always with the same result.
When they reached the boat house for the fifth time, Mr. Turner sprang out and said, laughing:
"It is very plain to see which is the better boat. But we will try it over again to-morrow."
Then he bade the two boys good-bye and returned to his house.
The next morning they were out again, and so was Mr. Turner. He taught them several things about the management of their boat, and Stephen and Eugene thought him very kind and friendly.
In this way a week passed. But one night it grew quite warm and rained hard. Then it was found that the ice had broken up at many points along the river, so the boys were obliged to wait for colder weather before venturing out again. After a little while, however, another cold spell came, and the ice seemed as hard as ever.
Stephen and Eugene were rejoiced at this, and prepared the Icicle for a good long trip. When they reached the center of the river they found that the wind blew a perfect gale, and the Icicle skipped and hopped along as though she might at any moment be lifted bodily into the air; so, at last, for fear of an accident, they were obliged to follow Mr. Turner's advice and drop the peak—that is, loosen the rope that supports the upper corner of the sail and allow the gaff to fall down, which reduces the size of the sail considerably. The Icicle ran along very smoothly after this.
They had sailed a long distance down the river, when Eugene called out:
"I say, Steve, I can see clear water ahead."
Steve stood up cautiously. Then he said:
"Put her about, Eugene! I see water, too. The ice seems to have been driven all over to the east shore."
Eugene obeyed, and they turned back. When they reached Mossbank, Stephen said:
"There is Mr. Turner. Suppose we go and ask him if he will have another race to-day."
As they drew near the shore, however, a little girl came running down toward the boat-house.
Stephen stopped the Icicle by putting down the brake, which was a sharp iron spike fixed for that purpose near the center of the frame, and which, by driving into the ice, checked the speed of the boat. This was an invention of the two boys.
"I will wait until the little girl has gone," said Stephen, hesitating, and looking toward Mr. Turner.
But the little girl seemed to have no intention of going away just yet. She came skipping and sliding down the bank like a snowflake, her yellow hair streaming out from under her little white fur cap, and her small hands thrust into a tiny white muff.
"Uncle James! Uncle James! Is that your ice-boat?" she cried. "Please let me have just one little bit of a slide. mamma said I might ask you."
"That's just like a girl," muttered Eugene. "They are always teasing to go where they are not wanted. Now our fun is spoiled. Of course Mr. Turner won't race with that midget in his boat. The wind would blow her away."
Stephen laughed.
"I don't think much of girls myself," said he, "but I suppose they have as good right to go out as we have. And perhaps Mr. Turner would rather take her with him than race with us."
At that moment Mr. Turner looked up at the little girl coming toward him, and said, with a smile:
"Madge, it is terribly cold out here. I am afraid you will suffer."
"I love the cold," replied Madge, laughing. "May I go, Uncle James?" and she stepped into the Ice Queen and seated herself close to Mr. Turner.
Mr. Turner, instead of answering Madge, looked toward the boys and called out:
"Is it very windy?"
"Yes, sir," replied Stephen, raising his cap. "Windy and cold, too."
"Is that another ice-boat?" asked Madge, standing up on the seat to get a view of the Icicle.
"Yes," replied her uncle.
"What a funny boat!" said she, with a laugh. "I don't believe it can slide as fast as yours."
Mr. Turner looked at Stephen and Eugene and smiled.
"Why don't they wash their sail?" observed Madge, trying to whisper.
"Come, Madge, sit down," admonished Mr. Turner. "And sit still until I

come back. I shall have to go to the house for a robe to wrap you in."
He went up the bank quickly, leaving Madge alone in the boat.
"Come, Steve," said Eugene, "let us go."
He cast a frowning glance at Madge as he spoke, for he had not quite forgiven her for her remarks about his boat.
Stephen pulled up the brakes, and they started off once more, but they had gone only a short distance when they heard a loud cry from the bank, and looking back they saw Mr. Turner running toward the river.
"The Ice Queen has broken loose," exclaimed Stephen. "And oh, Eugene, the little girl is in it all alone. See, she is stretching out her hand to Mr. Turner!"
"Hoist the peak again," cried Eugene. "Perhaps we can catch up to it."
He turned the boat quickly as he spoke.
"Then began a race; but this time it was for life, as the wind blew directly down the river toward the open water. Mr. Turner, in hoisting the sail, had cast one end of the sheet line about the cleat. This was safe enough so long as the boat remained with its head to the wind.
But some frolicsome movement of the little girl's had shifted the position of the light craft. It had swung around, and straining hard at its fastenings, finally broke away. It rudder had been jammed among the mass of ropes, carelessly left in the boat, so that it held firm, and away went the Ice Queen at headlong speed, with the Icicle in pursuit.
In a few moments the news of the accident spread through the village and people came hurrying to the bank, gesticulating wildly and pointing to the open water in the distance.
Eugene and Stephen watched with beating hearts the boat moving before them. Never had she appeared to fly so fast. The sail of the Icicle was strained and trembled before every new gust, as though it would snap apart.
At last, much to the boys' relief, they found that they really did gain upon the Ice Queen. Now they could plainly see the frightened look upon Madge's face as she crouched on a seat close to the helm, both hands clutching the side of the ice-boat.
"Put her about!" shouted Stephen to her. "Don't you see you are making right for the water? You'll be drowned."
Madge looked wildly round, but did not move.
"She doesn't understand!" exclaimed Eugene despairingly.
"Push the helm away from you!" shouted Stephen, making the motion with his hands.
But Madge only looked more bewildered than ever.
"She don't know anything," cried Eugene in horrified surprise.
"Let the sail fly, then—quick, quick!" yelled Stephen. "There's the water in sight. Oh, she doesn't even understand that! Untie the rope!—untie the rope!"
Little Madge turned her head and stared at the sail. As she did so she caught sight of the water and seemed to comprehend all her danger; for she gave a pitiful cry, and, crouching down, hid her face in her hands.
"What shall we do now?" asked Eugene desperately.
"Steer so as to run close against the Ice Queen; but don't strike, or we will all be killed," replied Stephen.
And he crawled along the frame of the boat until he reached the bow, and kneeling down by the mast took a knife from his pocket and opened it.
"Now," cried Stephen, as he bent forward, the knife firmly grasped in his right hand, and his left arm tightly clasping the mast.
In a second the two boats almost touched, and Stephen's knife came down with a swift, sharp movement upon the strained sheet-line.
The Ice Queen gave a shudder, slid on for a few yards, and then stood still.
Eugene soon slackened the speed of their boat, and Stephen jumped out and ran to the little girl.
"Are you hurt?" he cried.
Madge looked up at Stephen through her fingers and shook her head; then she glanced at the water into which she had so nearly been plunged.
"I couldn't let the sail fly out," she sobbed, "because I don't know how, and I did not know where the other thing was. Oh, please take me home! I am so cold and tired."
"All right!" replied Stephen. "I'll take care of you now."
Then he took a blanket from his own boat and wrapped it around the shivering little creature; and tying the severed sheet line of the Ice Queen, he turned her bow up the river. In a few moments both boats were moving rapidly toward Mossbank.
The chase had led them a long distance from home—so far that they were quite out of sight of the village. But presently they saw a number of people, some running along on the bank and others skating toward them on the river.
The first to reach the boats was Mr. Turner. He looked very pale and excited, but when he ascertained that Madge was uninjured, he seized a hand of each of the boys and shook it warmly.
Soon they were surrounded by a crowd, who praised and applauded Eugene and Stephen for their bravery until they made their escape.
The next morning Mr. Turner met the two boys. After thanking them again and again, he said:
"Will you do me the favor of taking the Ice Queen away from my boat-house and using it yourselves? I shall never enter it myself after this."
The boys changed the name of their new boat to the Madge, and day after day, as long as the ice lasted, the Icicle and the Madge might be seen skimming along side by side.
Little Madge and her uncle often came to the bank to speak to Eugene and Stephen; but they never could be persuaded to take another trip in the ice-boat.—Golden Days.

One who had faith in the concrete is sure to have it in the abstract and the effect is that of optimism in the world.

A TROOP OF WILD HORSES.

One of the Grandest Sights Ever Witnessed.
I had camped near the forks of the Platte, and was aroused just at daylight by footsteps around me. After listening for a moment, I felt sure that they were the footsteps of horses. They seemed to be circling around me, not at a canter nor at a trot, but at a moderate walk. It was well that I had secured my horse in a thorough manner, for I never saw him so excited. He tugged and pulled at his lariat, stood up on his hind legs, neighed and snorted, pawed and pranced, and it was his actions that gave me a clue to the identity of my visitors.
They were wild horses!
Had they been Indian ponies, my trained horse would have remained as dumb and silent as a post. Indeed, Indians would not have approached me in that manner.
I remained very quiet, hoping the horses would remain in sight until daylight should give me a good view of them. I had to wait for a full hour; but when the light grew strong, the spectacle was one to make a man's blood tingle. The circle had been enlarged until it was half a mile across, and my little camp was the center. Every horse, and there were 129 of them, stood with his head to this center, and soldiers could not have taken positions on the skirmish line in a more precise order.
I pitied my own animal. He stood with the lariat drawn taut, and trembled in every limb, and he was as wet with sweat as if I had galloped him twenty miles. I realized how he must long to break away and join the wild rovers, and forever end his drudgery.
I dared not rise to my feet for fear of alarming the drove, but, nevertheless, I had a clear view of each horse. Most of them were magnificent animals. Manes down on their shoulders and tails on the grass. They were of various colors, and they ranged in age from the yearling colt to the veterans twenty years old. The bays predominated, but every color was present.
We had been observing each other about ten minutes, when a jet-black stallion, who was the leader of the herd, gave a snort, threw up his heels into the air, and broke off at a gallop, followed by the drove in single file. They ran in a true circle, and they made the circuit five times before stopping. Then, at another signal from the leader, the circle broke and the horses wheeled into a long single line, or "company front."
Troop horses could not have done better. I thought at first that the line meant to charge me, but at a signal it made a left wheel and galloped straight off on the plain for a mile. Then it broke, assumed the shape of a triangle, and returned. When the leader was within pistol shot he wheeled about and the horses formed in a square, with the four yearlings in the center. They galloped off for a mile, broke again, and returned in two ranks.
I had an almost irresistible desire to kill the leader with a bullet. Indeed, I reached for my rifle with that intent, but then came the reflection that it would be little short of murder. Such another perfect horse I had never seen. His black coat shone like silk, his limbs and body were perfection, and he had the speed and bottom of a race horse. Not a halt was made for a full hour, and then it was only preparatory to taking a swift departure. The last maneuver was a circle at a slow trot, and each horse whinnied in a coaxing manner to my own steed. Poor Selim! He struggled in the most frantic manner to break loose, and when finding all his efforts of no avail, he threw himself down on the grass and actually groaned his disappointment.
I rose up then and waved my blanket, instead of rushing off in fright, as I expected, the leader of the band deliberately approached me a few rods and stood and snorted and pawed as if sending forth a challenge. Then I set up a shouting, waved the blanket some more, and he took his place at the head, formed the band at "company front" and they went off at a gallop, and maintained it as long as I could see the waving line.—Detroit Free Press.

A Burrowing Bird.

A quiet picture is afforded by the hill where the auks brood. They resemble the eider-duck in shape, except that their bills are sharp and not flat like those of the latter. There are three species of them, which are distinguished from one another by the length of their bill and its curvature. All three species live and brood in the same places. I was told of a mountain where a million of them had built their nests. I am sure of one thing—that no man has ever seen a million of birds, even though he has travelled over half the earth. Doubting the accounts, I visited the described mountain. On a bright summer day my companion and myself took a boat and rowed toward it, over the smooth, transparent water, between beautiful islands, followed by the screeching of the startled gulls. High above us, on a towering ridge, we saw the watchful ospreys; by our side, on right and left, along the shore-cliffs, the sitting eider-duck. Finally we came to the populous part of the mountain, which is from 320 to 330 feet high, and saw really immense numbers of birds sitting on the ridges. The higher parts of the cone were covered with a brown spongy-moss, and as we approached the shore the birds drew back thither, and suddenly disappeared from view as if by concerted agreement. When we had reached the shore and landed, and were wondering what had become of the hosts of birds, we found the ground burrowed all over with holes that looked like common rabbit holes. We soon learned that they were the entrances to the nest chambers of the auks. The holes are large enough to permit the birds to pass through, and then widen on the inside so as to give room for the nest and the two birds. As we climbed toward the height, the tenants first carefully and anxiously peered at us, then slipped out and threw themselves screaming into the sea, which was soon covered, as far as the eye could reach, with birds whose cry resembled the noise of a gigantic surf or of a raging storm.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Pretty Baby.

"Isn't he a pretty baby, John? See, just look at him," and the mother holds up the tiny creature to papa, who kisses and fondles him lovingly.
"Yes, Kate, he is a pretty baby, but Tom was a pretty baby, too, you remember."
"Yes, Tom was a pretty baby—everybody said so," and she glances across the room at a sunny-faced 4-year old, "but Willie is not like Tom. Willie's hair is light and his eyes, 'looking wistfully into the baby's face,' 'are dark and so deep that, when I look in them I am almost afraid, they have such a far away light, they seem to see something we cannot."
"Oh, nonsense! Don't think that. He'll grow up to be a fine fellow. But, Kate, I wouldn't think so much about him. He's a dear, good, little fellow, but I wouldn't worship him; it isn't right."
"As if I could help it," the mother says, reproachfully, pressing the slight form closer and looking into the dark eyes yearningly.
A month passes away, and one day they stand beside a small, white casket, within which the pretty baby is sleeping. Ah, the mother's eyes were sharp, and when friends said, "what beautiful bright eyes he has," she saw the far away look and knew it as the light that never was on land or sea.
"Oh, John, John!" she moaned, "I knew he wasn't long for this world. I could see it in his eyes. Oh, my pretty baby!"
"Yes, dear, you were right," says papa, and there is a quiver in the firm voice; "if it had pleased God to have left him with us we would have cared for him the best we could; but we must give him up, for it is His will, and He knows what is best for us."
"Yes, I know it," and she stoops and cuts a tiny wisp of hair from the baby's head. "Oh, John, you said I worshipped him. I did, oh, I did, and, God forgive me, I can't be sorry for it now, it was such a dear, pretty baby."
Years pass on. Other babies are born. They are all pretty babies, every one of them say that, but none are like the baby with the far away look. As they grow up they love to gather around mother's chair, and she never tires telling of the dark-eyed baby who went to live with God. And when, with childish curiosity they open the Bible to look at the pictures, they find beneath the leaves a tiny wisp of hair tied with a white satin ribbon, they touch it reverently and whisper beneath their breath: "The pretty baby."
Years still pass on. The children grow to be sturdy men and women, and as the mother watches them she sometimes thinks, "If he had lived he would have been such a beautiful man," and then she smiles and is glad that in Heaven there is no time, and no matter how the others may change he is still the pretty baby.
One day they gather around her bed, and looking in each other's face mournfully whisper:
"She is dying."
She stretches her thin hand toward the table on which the old Bible rest, and they say:
"The baby's hair."
They place it in her hand. She kisses it tenderly and a bright light comes into the dim old eyes, and they say:
"What does she see?"
She smiles and whispers: "The pretty baby."
They place the wisp of hair on her breast and fold the wrinkled hands upon it, and tenderly lay her beside the pretty baby.

Scotch Dinners.

In Scotland, after the slaughter of the mart (bullock) at Martinmas, a well-to-do farmer used to give a "spare-rib dinner" to his neighbors, served in the spare, or best room. At other times dinner was served for the whole household, gudeman, gudewife, the children, maid-servants and farm laborers, known as hands.
But on the occasion of the spare-rib dinner the farmer and his wife abandon the society of their servants and dined with their guests. Preparations for cooking began at early morn, and everything was in profusion. Stacks of bread, heaps of vegetables, piles of chicken, loins of mutton, loads of pork, and a prodigious haugis flanked and faced the principal dish—roast ribs of beef.
The guests arrived a little before one o'clock, at which hour the dinner was served by the maidens, who placed the meats and vegetables all on the table, and then stood back and smiled.
When the guests were seated the mistress stood at her husband's right hand, whence she directed the gudeman and maidens.
As the first course was being served, she exhorted her guests to "stick weel to the skink, and no trust to the castacks"—that is, indulge freely in broth, and do not expect much to follow it.
Pressing to eat was considered good manners, and the wife was expected to urge the guests so long as the meal lasted.
"I say, minister, what ails ye at the swine that ye're no tastin' pork?" the gudewife would say to the clergyman. The parish schoolmaster would be addressed with—
"Dominic, dinna crack [talk] yersell out o' yer dinner, my man; free [taste] the goose, and dab it weel wi' mistard."
"Mayerscauber and Glenliehan," naming two farmers by their farms, "ye maun tak' a spaul [leg] o' the cluckie [fowl], or a weng o' the jenkie [duck], or a big seklie o' the bulbiock [turkey]. Tak' a bit o' the mert [bullock], Saunders Tamson; o'd man, was felled by Jock, yer gudewife."
When the meat viands were removed, which was done by huddling them together in a large wicker basket, the gudewife took her seat opposite her husband and served cheese and pudding.
"How many times have I got to climb up three flights of stairs to collect this bill!" said a bill collector to Gilhooly. "You can suit yourself about that. I'm not going to move down in the cellar, for the accommodation of bill collectors."

A Brave Child.

During the temporary absence from his house of John Gunderson, an employe of the Woodville Lumber Company, at Baldwin, Wis., his wife, after putting her youngest child in bed, left two others, one about five and the other four years of age, and went to the stable to milk the cow. In some way unknown the children overturned the lamp, exploding it, and the clothes of the youngest child were set on fire. It would have been burned to death had not the older one carried it out doors and extinguished the flames with snow. The mother was very badly burned trying to rescue the baby, and would have perished in the flames had not the neighbors prevented her making the second attempt. The house with the contents was entirely consumed. In the debris the charred body of the child was found.
Hydrophobia may be prevented by applying internally half an ounce of lead to the dog's head.

BANKRUPT ROADS OF LAST YEAR

A Discouraging Report of Railway Foreclosures and Receiverships.
The Railway Age presents a discouraging record of railway foreclosures and receiverships for the year 1885. Referring to its tabulated statement the paper says:
"It will be seen that during the past year twenty-two railways in the United States, with 3,156 miles of main line, and with a bonded debt of \$141,550,000, and a capital stock of \$136,000,000, making a total bonded debt and capitalization of nearly \$278,550,000, have been sold under foreclosure and transferred to new ownership, the result being that the capital stock is generally wiped out entirely and the bonded debt charged into the form of new securities, sometimes of less and sometimes of greater amount.
"The totals of this table are sufficiently impressive in themselves, but they will be found still more so by comparing them with the summary for previous years, which makes the assertion that during these ten years 328 railways with a total length of 20,000 miles, or 2 per cent. of the entire railway mileage of the country at the commencement of 1885, and with an aggregate capital stock and bonded debt of \$1,778,000,000 or nearly 24 per cent. of the total stock and bonded indebtedness at the same date, have gone through the disastrous experiences of default in interest, passing into the hands of receivers, with the long list of expenses and losses involved in this, and finally of forced sale which has wiped out the entire interest of many of the holders and compelled the other to accept new securities and generally advance more money in order to maintain the existence of the property in the future.
"A table of the receiverships during 1885 shows that the forty-four railway companies, having 8,386 miles of lines with a bonded debt of \$108,432,900, and representing a capital stock amounting to \$187,027,200, or an aggregate apparent investment of nearly \$388,500,000 have failed to meet their obligations, and have been taken possession of by the courts for the benefit of their creditors."
Spartan Discipline.
During the last century Spartan ideas of discipline prevailed in English and American families. Dr. Johnson once tested against washing babies in cold water, which was practiced in his day the idea being that it would make them rugged. The purpose to make children robust dictated the method of governing them.
An English boy, while playing about some river craft, tumbled overboard. His face was badly cut by striking against something in his fall, and it was with great difficulty that he was saved from drowning.
He was put to bed. Two or three days afterward his father said to him:
"Well, Harry, how do you feel?"
"Quite well, sir," answered the boy.
"Nothing amiss?"
"Nothing, sir."
"Then get up and take your flogging for giving us all this trouble."
And flogged he was.
Another English boy, being badly treated at school, ran away, and presented himself at his father's house many miles distant. He stated his complaints against the school, and his father, listening until he had finished said:
"Well, my lad, you must be tired after your long walk; you had better go to bed, for you must be up early to start for school again."
"But mayn't I have some supper?"
"No, my lad," replied this Spartan father. "I pay your board at school and you cannot have it here."
Such stories as these two—they are related in the "Reminiscences" of the Rev. T. Mosley, an English clergyman—may account for that reaction in family discipline which has no sympathy with Spartan ideas.—Youth's Companion.

The Big Dakota Farmer.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says:—I had a conversation yesterday with Mr. Dwight, the manager of the great Dwight farm in Dakota. He has sixty thousand acres of land to till, one of the largest tracts in Dakota, or the country. I asked him if the India wheat crops affected Dakota and was surprised at the prompt answer in the negative. He explained his reply by saying: "The wheat raised in Dakota is harder than any wheat grown in quantities anywhere on the face of the globe. It will always bring a higher price than any other wheat because it makes better flour. As long as some men are richer than other and will have the best of everything that money can buy, so long Dakota wheat will have the best of every market. I attribute the quality of the grain to the coolness of the climate and the large quantity of alkali that it finds to absorb in Dakota soil. The Indian wheat is soft and pulpy. It is not a good article of food. Right alongside of us, Montana and Washington Territories are unable to produce such wheat as we do."