MUD PIES.

Under the apple trees, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the shadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her brown apron and bright, drooping head,
Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir,
While she is busy, are busy with her;
Cheeks rosy glowing, and bright sparkling eyes,
Bring they to Fanny, while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day,
Under the blue of these sweet summer skies,
Nothing so pleasant as making mud pies.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look,
"Making believe" she's a true pastry cook;
Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes,
Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play,
Clean soap and water will soon wash away.
Many a pleasure in daintier guise,
Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud pies.

—*Petersburg (Va.) Index.*

My Midnight Peril.

The night of the 17th of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant down pour of the rain?

"This comes of 'short cuts,' I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible condition. Why had I not been contented to keep in the high road?

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was a light, and no ignis fatuus or copse gleam to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Hallo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged onward through the tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, hideous old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips, that seemed to leave his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R — station?"

"Yes; R— station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Yes!"

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No!"

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so. Folks do stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very, about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights of some habitation gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place with the windows all drawn to one side as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow-traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations, but I was welcome to them, such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly."

The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no."

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table with two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. when shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk to R— station in time for the seven o'clock express."

I'll be sure and call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought, "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone beneath, my companion, and the woman sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trowsers.

I asked for writing materials and returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice."

I paused, and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not till both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper, I happened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the cracks of the board partition, or was it but my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through all my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow and quiver through the room—no light of moon or star was ever so soft or penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long, golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but, as I reached the window, the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self-same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow—straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumped some eight or ten feet into the tangled rose bushes below, and as I crouched there recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half closed eyes.

"Of course he is," cried a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran through me. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape.

With a speed that only terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I knew not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own tracks, or how close I stood at the brink of the deadly ravine, but some merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint rays of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high-road, seven miles from R——.

Once at the town, I told my story to the local police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching, and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"Its Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though they'll come back here just at present!"

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise:

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been so well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending for the doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly about her.

"'Alice!' I exclaimed, 'how you have terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"'Not ill,' she answered, 'but I feel so strange! Gracie, I have been with my husband!'

"And all of our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of the 17th of October, or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where, and how, she can not tell; but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths and apparitions, but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England, in the body, the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood beside me in New York in the moment of that deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

The friends of Senator Morton—who returned home on Saturday—will be glad to hear that he is looking and feelIng better than he has for several years, and his physicians entertain strong hopes that he will entirely regain his health. The Senator will remain here for a few days, and as soon as Mrs. Morton is able to travel will proceed to the hot springs in Arkansas.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

What Shall we do With our Daughters?

Apropos of Mrs. Livermore's late lecture on the above important question, the Davenport *Democrat* thus sensibly makes answer:

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Give them a good substantial common school education.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them how to make shirts.

Teach them how to make bread.

Teach them all of the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor.

Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

Teach them the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the Poor-house.

Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.

Teach them that a good round rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Teach them to do the marketing for the family.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight-lacing will improve the model.

Teach them, every day, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them that a good, steady, greasy mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them to climb apple-trees, go fishing, cultivate a garden and drive a road-team or farm-wagon.

Teach the accomplishments: music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them not to paint and powder.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to regard the morals—not the money—of the beaux.

Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time let them marry.

Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends, in a great measure, the weal or woe of their after-life.

Why They're Going to Strike.

A labor strike is said to be impending. The carpenters say they don't get enough to pay their board.

Shoemakers, that it takes their awl to keep them at work, and their sole dependence is often in their last job.

Painters say they have become literally hue-ers of wood.

Upholsterers complain that hangings have gone out of fashion.

Boilermakers aver that Congress has kept the country in hot water to such a degree that they have no chance.

Blacksmiths complain that all the forging is done on Wall street, and there is no chance.

Tailors say they mean to give their customers fits.

The hatters have kept ahead.

The gas-fitters will go in for light work.

Printers say they are tired, and can't "set up" any longer—that's what's the matter.

Bakers say they knead more, and don't like to see so many rich loafers.

Butchers complain of being asked to work at killing prices.

Candlemakers urge that wick-ed work ought to be well paid for.

Wheelrights say that all the spokesmen in Congress voted more pay before retiring, and they expect to do as well as their fellOes.

The paper-makers say their business is such that it brings them to rags.

And, finally, the plumbers propose to have their customers do the work, and charge double prices for superintending it themselves. Each superintendent will have three tenders, one to fill his pipe, another to hold his hat, and a third to act as substitute when he goes out "to see a man."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE MORMON DEAD-LOCK.

The Mormon question is rapidly ripening, and its solution is not by any means so near at hand as the designing knaves who want mines and improved lands, and the happy-go-lucky religionists who insist that all men shall go to heaven over the sword-blade of their own peculiar dogma, would persuade us to believe. With the constitutional aspects of the question we shall not meddle, since these are soon to be decided upon by the Supreme Court of the United States; but with the social, economic, and moral aspects of the question we think it necessary for us to deal at once, and to do so from the standpoint of those facts which the President's advisers consistently conceal, and of which the President himself is easily ignonant.

It is easy to laugh at Mormonism, but not easy to account for it. Here is a religious body, which in 1850 had sixteen churches, 10,880 members, and $84,789 worth of property; in 1860 twenty-four churches, 13,500 members, and $891,100 worth of property, found to possess in 1870 171 churches, 87,838 members, and a property returned at only $656,750, but which in fact amounts to just what real estate there is in Utah exclusive of that held by the Gentiles. * * * — Now, what is the test of a true religion, if there is any test? Is it the inward consciousness of the members? The Mormons believe just as fervently as the Catholics believe. Is it the vitality, the aggressiveness, the proselyting power of the church? Look at this table from the census:

		Methodists.	R. Catholics.	Mormons.
1850	Churches,	13,302	1,222	16
	Members,	4,345,519	667,863	10,880
1860	Churches,	19,883	2,550	24
	Members,	6,259,799	1,404,437	13,500
1870	Churches,	21,337	3,806	171
	Members,	6,528,209	1,990,514	87,838

The Methodists increased a little less than 50 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and only about 5 per cent, from 1860 to 1870; the Catholics increased about 120 per cent from 1850 to 1860, and only about 30 per cent. from 1860 to 1870; whereas the Mormons increased 30 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and then, after having been warred upon by the United States government, between 1860 and 1870 they increased over 650 per cent! Hence, if present vitality were a test of future growth, Methodism and Catholicism are dying faiths, and Mormonism is a thriving and living one. If the same relative rates of progression were to subsist for a few decades the table would stand as follows:

	1880.	1890.	1900.
Methodists,	7,000,000	7,400,000	7,800,000
Catholics,	2,500,000	3,750,000	4,800,000
Mormons,	550,000	3,500,000	22,750,000

But suppose we take an educational test. Why should the religious opinions of Utah be regulated upon that ground any more than the religious opinions of Massachusetts? The population of Utah is 86,786, or six and a quarter per cent. of that of Massachusetts, which is 1,457,351. But Utah sends 21,067 children to school, one-fourth of her whole population. While Massachusetts only sends 268,000, or one sixth of her population. There are in Utah 7,363 persons who cannot write, being one person in twelve. There are 97,742 such illiterates in Massachusetts, being one person in fourteen. It is said that the favor with which polygamy is received by the Mormon women proceeds from the fact that they are kept in a state of gross ignorance. This also the census refutes. Of the 21,067 school children in Utah in 1870, 8,844 were boys, while 11,223 were girls, showing an access of female scholars of over fourteen per eent. The school children of Massachusetts in 1870 were boys 134,777, girls 134,560, the boys being a fraction in access. The churches and church-membership of Utah are ten per cent. of those of Massachusetts, while the population is only six per cent., showing that Utah is forty per cent. ahead of Massachusetts in respect of devotion to religious duties. By every test, therefore, which public authorities as such can employ to decide upon the comparative moralities of sections and the comparative benefits of dogma, the polygamists are superior to the Methodists and the Catholics, and the people of Utah to the model people of Massachusetts. Upon what data will the President act when he attempts to treat the Mormon question forcibly, with a view to the suppression of profligacy? Whether he takes the point of view of relation to births to popu-