AS TO SPRING.

I love the Spring; it is so free
From ardor and activity
It predisposes man to think
All his memorable work
When grasses start and buds burst
The thousand by the way they send
When frozen streams dissolve into air,
Getting their dwellings in repair;
When eggs and bugs and flowers and weeds
Are all a-hatching, Nature sends
A little space there is to think
To make her enterprises mink.

For man is can't but foolish be
To come with her for energy.
Give in to her; give over wishing
To overcome her. Go a-fishing!
Find a fit season and take my
If angle or-war will pretty
Their kin. For the time ignore
Remote results. Consider more
The regnant impulse of the present,
And what it offers that is pleasant.

Brief is the season of transition—
The poetical semester has its session.
In its force can you duck and toss,
To close its best becomes a loss
Then turn off Fancy and come back again
And Nature's work is finished. Then,
When green as length is harvest comes,
The energy that the season
Comes back to man and holds his mind
Down to the work of humankind.
Spring is some the time of choice,
Respect her then, and heed her voice.

—*Edward L. Martin, in May Scribner.*

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

TWO SADDENING PICTURES OF INSANE JOHN RUSKIN.

The Famous Critic in an English Railway Carriage and as a Prisoner in His Own Home—Glimpses of Brantwood and an English Gipsy Camp.

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BURNLEY, England, May 18.—The entire year of 1890 was passed by me in wandering among the peasantry of Ireland, with the exception of a few days' visit with friends in northern Lancashire, England. Journeying from Carlisle to Ulverston I secured a private carriage in which sat a man ruffled in his ears in wraps and rugs.

My presence, and especially my having left open the window of the close compartment, made him uneasy. He muttered and fidgeted for a time, conveying by unfavorable token his intense displeasure. Then making a deliberate grab at the window strap, he hurtled the sash back to its place with a crash, and as he gave his wrappings a tempestuous swirl to replace them emerged as one.

"Do all Americans like out of doors?"

"All," I responded cheerily, "save those living in tepees and tents. We haven't time to build houses. We like it. It's our way."

My companion instantly shot two open eyes wide again out of the rugs, fixed a thin body and face far forward, as if to make his passionate plea the more effective, and cutting a swift large circle in the firmament of the musical compartment with the index finger of his skinny right hand, piped in a vociferous treble:

"It is not your way, sir! It is God's way. You Americans would assume the credit of creation's mosaic plan. Even if you lived as you falsely assert, you would be unaware of the dignity you unconsciously or impudently assume. Supreme intelligence worked to supreme simplicity are alone competent to the realization of eternal Truth."

I acceded to all this so quickly and eagerly that it seemed in a manner to shatter my nervous companion. He said back upon his seat in such a fashion, and in such way that I sat one, without apology, gathered the rugs and his wrappings together, nothingly adjusted the latter, and was relieved of some anxiety to find in a little time, as evidenced by certain rhapsodical mutterings, that he had passed over, if but temporarily, into the purgatorial of dreams.

This gave me opportunity to gratify an almost imperative curiosity. I went so far as to examine his hand luggage. The plain brown, foldable "J. R." were all I found stamped upon antiquated portmanteau and rusty handbag. But over in the corner of his seat was a bad brown paper parcel, which might have held a bit of unclothed lunch, and I saw on this the startling legend:

"For Mr. Ruskin."

When John Ruskin awoke we could both look out of the compartments window and see the tide sweeping in from the Morecambe bay across the level sands. It seemed to pinse him, and his large gray eyes fondled brightly under the grizzly brows with a light that transformed his pinched gray face into something like kindly radiance.

Some impulse of companionship led him to question me about Ireland and wishes of my country regarding myself and my then 18 every work in Ireland. I answered him honestly, addressing him by his name, and expressing regret that Englishmen like him would not do as I had done—visit the lowly of Ireland in every part of Ireland with an honest purpose of discovering improvement and its deplorable results, and protesting against it in high places where it would be heard. This threw him into another paroxysm of rage, in which he gave vent to language I would not care to repeat, the same of which may be shown by his closing objurgation, repeated again and again.

"Guns, not government, for Ireland!"

Mr. Ruskin, or as Mr. Ruskin, I would not at about under this, and at all risks denounced his barbarous. Tortures as recently, pointed out his own inexcusable and wholly ignorant malignity with such daring, and yet with such lack of humanity, while famous before the world as a prophet of illimitable tenderness and charity, the foolish outgrowth of his endless battle for the worship of truth and God, with such whipping recklessness, that its very nobility, or some manner of kindly intercession, would seem, just as the train slackened its speed at Ulverston. Here, when I hastily left the carriage with a curt "Good day, sir!" he called to me to wait a bit. Having his little hand out to me, he gave my own a hearty grasp, and said more graciously and friendly:

"Dear away a kinder thought of me. You have been very polite, sir, but you have been not good. I am not well, sir; not well at all. But I like you very much in not afraid of you. I'll think about you back. Come to my home at Brantwood, my time at your pleasure."

The grizzled lion had everything brusque and good in it as he spoke. I thanked him, and I would come, and hurried away in the crowd, but with the then many new fleeting emotions in my mind, I said to my wondering friend at Ulverston, as I mounted my ride that the famous English man, "It is not his home, John Ruskin! I should have regarded the sum insane."

"John Ruskin!" he replied emotionally. "Oh, everybody up Lancashire way knows he's always been crazy."

Before I could visit Brantwood it was known to all that the hand which is so often lifted had dissent the great mind limited. But a little time ago the cabin hunted a tale of his own life. Though he was invitation had been repeated by others who stood for him in the

stick—with their starting pots beneath. While here and there, but always facing each other and the fine terraces, were the cool tents of the Bessemer—beds rather than tents, wooden blankets, likewise grandmothers' stools, the cooking utensils over embers burn and farmed with painted cotton flowers; all so some not strong that the ordinary stock can stand, this tiny gipsy home. And I know that my bed this night would be beneath one of these, on piles of sweet rushes from the adjacent river, mingled with fragrant fronds of larch and fir.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

White Squaw Very Brave.

The early annals of the west abound in anecdotes of fortitude under suffering and heroism in circumstances of peril among the wives and mothers of the early pioneers. Many were the incidents of a kind which, when their cabins were attacked by the savages, show brave women displayed wonderful courage and presence of mind. In December, 1791, a small party of Indians attacked the dwelling house of Mr. John Merrill in Nelson county, Ky.

Mr. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of his dog, and opened the door to see what was the matter, when he received the fire of seven or eight Indians, by which his thigh and arm were broken.

The Indians at once attempted to enter the house, but Mrs. Merrill and her daughter shut the door against them. Then they breed and kicked in the door, and one of them wedged himself part way through the opening. The heroic mother dealt him a fatal blow with an ax, and buried him through the passage into the house.

The other savages, unaware of the fate of their companion, and supposing that they had now easily succeeded in their object, rushed forward. One by one they pushed themselves through the door, and were dispatched as fast as they came in, until the 10 five dead Indians were in the house. Then the others seemed discovered what was going on.

They retired for a few minutes, but soon returned and renewed their efforts to force an entrance. Despairing of succeeding as the door they attempted to demand the storming. Mr. Merrill heard them, and anticipating their design, ordered his small son to cut open a feather bed and throw the feathers on the fire.

Two of the Indians were already descending the wide mouthed chimney. The smoke and heat from the burning feathers greeted them with suffocating effect. Choking, coughing and well nigh suffocated, they came tumbling down into the room.

Mr. Merrill seized a billet of wood and dashed out the brains of one of them, and Mrs. Merrill in the meantime was defending the door against the efforts of a single savage. Finally, he, being mortally wounded, retired, and the family were not disturbed again that night.

A prisoner who escaped from the Indians some afterward stated that the wounded savage was the only one of his party of eight braves that escaped. When he returned and was asked, "What news?" he replied, sorrowfully:

"Bad news for Indian; me lose son, me lose brother. White squaw very brave; she fight better than Long Knives!"—the name given to the white men by the Indians because of their long swords.—Youth's Companion.

She Rents Furnished Flats.

The conditions of life in New York give rise to numerous occupations peculiar to a great city, among the most novel of which is that of a woman who was called as witness in a case in court. She testified that it was her business to hire unfurnished flats, fill them up with second hand goods, furnishing them with enough to pay the owner of the house the rent and to meet all other expenses, enough remaining besides to give her a neat profit for her labor.

She drifted into the business because her husband owned an apartment house and had more of the difficulty in getting suitable tenants. The wife conceived the idea of furnishing the suites of apartments, and found that her plan was so admirable that she rented the entire house at terms which made the venture exceedingly profitable.

Her success led her to extend her operations. She rented one flat after another, fitted them up and let them again, until now she has about forty which she supplies. She obtains furniture from from the landlord, so he runs no risk of losing the rent and does not have to bother with collecting from the various tenants separately.

The woman would not have done so well were she not possessed of uncommon business ability and shrewdness. So many families live right up to their income and find it difficult to get enough aside to buy furniture and furnishings that they are glad to rent furnished flats. Her flats are in all fitted up then for one which is not.

Besides, New York people are the most addicted to the habit of moving, and the arrangement saves them of bother and worry on moving day. Families with migratory habits find the woman's business a great boon, and others will no doubt be attracted to it in time.—New York Tribune.

Made Over Millinery.

When is millinery most attractive to the feminine mind? When it can be hard to decide, for such season brings its own beauties, which, coming in all their freshness and beauty when the glories of the preceding fashion have begun to pall upon the taste and fade before the glare of more a brilliant sun, always make the new more appear the most attractive and desirable. But it can hardly be denied that fall and winter hats and bonnets exhibit the richest materials, the deepest colors and the most striking effects, and it cannot be denied that to any one season inclinably belongs a certain fabric or feather.

Velvet was wear velvet all the year around with perhaps a good deal of satin, and the same velvet, nor in the same style, that would not be in keeping with the fashions, and would be in the true propriety of the millinery business. In studying the styles, season after season, of these goods, as well as of millinery, one soon becomes interested in the ever changing ways in the fashions often means just change enough to make the material more marked in season when was worn and what is to be worn. And that change is often so slight as to be a constant aggravation to those who wish to keep up with the mode and "get the most," as they phrase it, out of all that they purchase.

Many a lady has been baffled into purchasing a hat on the plea that it is of such good material that it will do to press over again. But who ever heard of a hat that would press over into a fashionable shape? And any one who ever made the process of hats over to send back a hat pressed into the desired shape? No one with a stock of millinery some would expect such a thing. A hat always comes back just the opposite of what one was led to expect—it's either raised so to look, or a guy so to shape.—Mrs. Vernon in San Francisco News Letter.

A large assortment, or simultaneous distribution of the wrong fibers, has run in the United States, receive a salute of eleven guns.

Members of the royal family, i.e., the heir apparent and consort of the reigning sovereign of a foreign state, are saluted with twenty-one guns.

Members of the cabinet, the chief justice, the speaker of the house of representatives, the governors within their respective states or territories receive a salute of twenty-one guns.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

Arrivals, Releases and Appointments in the European Mission.

The following is taken from the *Millennial Star* of May 14th:

The Union steamship "Wisconsin" arrived at Liverpool on May 7th, having on board the following Elders for the British mission: James Kirkham, Newel A. Brown, Lehi; Joe McMahon, Fillmore; Samuel J. Robinson, Timothy Jones, Lewis W. B. Write, Joseph D. Stark, Payson; David Williams, Morgan D. Warner, Charles A. Evans, R. Argyle, Samuel Brockbank, John Moore, Spanish Fork; Ezra W. Robertson, Aaron Gay, John P. Yoed, Job Memmen, Lake Shore; Joseph S. Lindsay, John J. Williams, Taylorville, Utah; and John S. McMurray, Liberty, Idaho.

There were also among the passengers Elders Joseph W. Lewis of Ogden, and John Banks of Spanish Fork, on genealogical business.

RELEASES AND APPOINTMENTS.

Elder Charles W. Booth is released from his labors as traveling Elder in the Nottingham conference, and is appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the London conference.

Elders James Kirkham and John S. McMurray are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Sheffield conference.

Elders James McMahon and Joseph S. Lindsay are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Irish conference.

Elders Samuel J. Robinson and John Moore are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Nottingham conference.

Elders Timothy Jones is appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Leeds conference.

Elders Lewis W. B. Write, David Williams, Morgan D. Warner and John J. Williams are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Welsh conference.

Elders Ezra W. Robertson, Aaron Gay and Charles A. Evans are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Scottish conference.

Elders John P. Yoed and Samuel Brockbank are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Liverpool conference.

Elder Job Memmen is appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Norwich conference.

Elder R. Argyle is appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Birmingham conference.

Elders Joseph D. Stark and Newel A. Brown are appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the London conference.

NOT IN A CONVENT.

GENERAL AUDENRIED'S DAUGHTER AND HER ROMANTIC LIFE.

Miss Florence Audenried, daughter of the late General Audenried United States army, who, within the past few months, has married a count though one of the youngest of Washington beauties, has already had an unusually eventful life, replete with romance and adventure. Born in the highest of a successful season, surrounded by admirers, says the Washington correspondent to the New York Herald, she became unusually popular because of the gay world of fashion, and deciding upon a venture of religious enthusiasm, without warning she joined the Roman church and became an ardent devotee of the Church of Rome.

Hardly had society recovered from this sudden announcement before it was startled by the intelligence of a still more unaccountable move on the part of the young debutante. Renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil, Miss Audenried, under cover of night, slied her to a convent, leaving behind as the sole clue to her action the time-honored note and the phenomenon. In vain Mrs. Audenried wept and implored her daughter to come home. In vain she appealed for help to the mother superior of the convent. From both alike came the same answer, namely, that the young girl having entered of her own accord, and pronounced a desire to remain, she was not to be coerced into leaving those walls within which she had sought shelter.

Then it was that her mother decided upon a vigorously bold plan of action, and, accompanied by the family lawyer, proceeded direct to the Cardinal Mc Closky in New York formally demanded that her daughter, as a minor, should be at once delivered to her guardianship. At first it began to look as though the church and State would enter into a conflict over the matter, which was, however, after a few days successfully compromised, there being considerable money at stake, and the mother departed alone once in the possession of her daughter.

A romantic attachment most engaged the young lady's attention, and upon its termination a season of European travel was decided upon. Miss Audenried appears to have found favor in the eyes of the royal bridegroom, for cablegrams received by the leading American journals shortly thereafter published the second bride of some great nobleman of the fashionable suburbs of London at which the Prince of Wales throughed her several times about the grounds in a wheelchair.

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