CONEMAUGH.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

"Fly to the mountain! Fly!"
Terribly rang the cry.
The electric soul of the wire
Quivered like sentient fire.
The soul of the woman who stood
Face to face with the flood
Answered to the shock
Like the eternal rock.
For she stayed
With her hand on the wire,
Unafraid,
Flashing the wild word down
Into the lower town.
Is there a lower yet and another?
Into the valley she and none other
Can hurl the warning cry:
"Fly to the mountain! Fly!
The water from Conemaugh
Has opened its awful jaw
The dam is wide
On the mountain side!"

"Fly for your life, oh, fly!"
They said.
She lifted her noble head:
"I can stay at my post and die."

Face to face with duty and death,
Bear is the drawing of human breath.
"Steady, my hand! Hold fast
To the trust upon the cast.
Steady, my wire! Go say
That death is on the way.
Steady, strong wire! Go save:
Grand is the power you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand
Behind the trembling hand.
Grander the woman who dares
Glory her high name wears.
"*This message is my last,*"
Shot over the wire, and passed
To the listening ear of the land.
The mountain and the strand
Reverberate the cry:
"*Fly for your lives, oh, fly!*
I stay at my post and die"

The torrent took her. God knows all.
Fiercely the savage currents fall
To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
The June sky smileth overhead.
Good-by will we neither read, nor
Poorer by one mere hero less
We bow the head, and clasp the hand.
"Teach us, altho we die, to stand."

East Gloucester, Mass.

The above lines are copied from the *Independent*. They are a spirited expression of a thrilling incident of the Conemaugh disaster; that of a noble woman who perished at her post, while sending messages of warning over the wire. On the same page is a longer poem to a heroic rider who sped down in the valley urging the people to run to the hills, while he himself rushed to death.

Daniel Pentton knew that his doom was nigh.
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the ogre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death
Beneath him the horse gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the coop!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fatal Johnstown!

A Wasted Life

BY MRS. A.

The town of Orton was in quite a stir, for a grand wedding had been announced, and the preparations were already under way. Pretty Rose Dorset was to be married to handsome Harry Chase, and all their little world looked on and smiled approval. He was book-keeper in a large mercantile house, and had a fine reputation for probity and efficiency. And Rose, sweet Rose, she was so gay and winsome that half the young men, even those who worshipped at other shrines, envied the happy young fellow as they saw him with his lovely charge leaning so confidingly on his arm, as they went out together, to catch glimpses of his dark unmatched face close to her blonde one, with its crown of soft, wind-blown curls, as they bent over the same book, or loitered about in cosy nooks of the colonnade or shrubbery.

There was a deal of concussing at corners by Harry's masculine friends as they discussed and arranged the details of the grand social event. A gay bevy of girls flocked often to the best dress-maker's, and the "effects" of soft silks, and creamy laces, were studied assiduously; and pretty brows were puckered in deep perplexity over the momentous question of what to buy as a bridal present.

Tired at last of the tedious preparations, Harry took it into his head to put an end to it all.

"I want my Rose *now*," he said to her, as they were out riding one Saturday afternoon, "and they can have their parties and receptions at pleasure. Let us see the minister, and to-morrow after the services, we will astonish the natives."

There was a charm of novelty in such a freak, and Rose found it easy to yield when Harry pleaded. So, on Sunday morning, she entered church dressed in a soft white mull, with clusters of white roses at her throat and belt, a vision of radiant loveliness. Harry Chase sat beside her, and if his gaze lingered oftener on the dainty, flower-like face, with its soft color flushing and paling, than on the solemn countenance of the minister, where is the wonder? When the services were ended, the preacher came down from the pulpit, and quietly announced that he was about to perform a marriage ceremony. Expectation was on tip-toe. Then these two came forward, to the intense surprise of all save their own families, and were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. There followed a noisy fusillade of exclamations, reproaches, congratulations, and the light-hearted young couple were hardly able to make their way through the crowd of talkative spectators.

"Happy! That scarcely expressed the exultation of Chase as he pressed the dear little hand and arm close to his throbbing heart, and looked with proud fondness into the tender eyes lifted so trustingly to him.

And Rose, her heart overflowed with love and pride! When did a woman ever have such a royal lover? His splendid physique, his noble bearing, his manly strength, were all glorified by the tender devotion he showed to her.

Ah! It was June, the rose-time of the year, and to this Rose, it was like a foretaste of heaven to feel the great tide of the sunlight of love and joy as it flowed over the soul, transforming, glorifying her whole being.

The elaborate preparations that had been going on at the cottage Chase had been getting ready for his bride, were brought to a summary conclusion. They began their housekeeping with the *debris* of unfinished plans all around the pretty rooms, but when people are so happy they do not care for trifles. And so, like the birds, they build their nest together, he bringing up the 'sticks and straws,' and she, combinding, arranging, harmonizing, planning, till home-making seemed the most delightful work in the world.

Rose's parents had always given her what she wanted of pretty cloths, and dainty seasonal belongings, and had cultivated a taste for luxurious surroundings, and yet had very little money to give her to supply these wants in her own house. They had always lived up to their income. Their idea was to make her home so bright and happy, that she would always hold the memory of it as the sweetest place on earth. A natural desire for parents, but if carried out to the letter, it frequently leads to selfishness, and bitter disappointment, and heart-burnings. It is far better to teach children self-denial; let them learn the right use of money, and cultivate the good habit of laying aside something for the proverbial rainy day that comes to us all. Those young folks who have started out in life with no capital save youth, good looks, and mutual admiration, are destined to find some very rough sailing if they have not learned self-denial and patience, for money is hard to win by daily toil.

The young man accustomed to use his salary on his own tailor's bills, and in cigars and scented note paper, has the quality of his manhood tested when said salary must go for bread and butter, and the daily sugar and tea. The young lady, whose highest care has been the curling of "bangs," and the shade of her ribbons, finds some heavy burdens laid on her dainty shoulders when housekeeping, that demands all the skill, industry and patience of an adept, comes to her inexperienced hands. Parents ought to have prescience enough to fit their sons and daughters for such a strain. In this democratic country, who is so far uplifted in affluence as that they may scorn to know the details of every-day life. Nor, on the other hand, need any loving young men and maidens defer their wedding for the lack of money, if they have been taught how poor is that use of it that looks only to ostentation, and the gratification of selfish pride.

A spirit of cheerful contentment in the lot in which we find ourselves, and a habit of faithfully performing the duties that come to us, is a legacy that any parents may aspire to leave to their children; and its richness and value can never be taken from its happy possessor.

Harry Chase and his bonnie Rose found much of happiness in their little home. Their expenses were not very heavy, and they were so taken up with each other, that they did not worry much over the little annoyances that came to them. He was a good accountant, and his employers raised his salary as a testimonial of his worth. One thing worried him frequently. He was accustomed to take his books home with him and work at night, but Rose would not let him do so now.

"Harry, I do wish you would leave those horrid books at their own places. I detest the sight of them! I want you to myself," she was wont to say.

"Yes dear; but it makes it so much lighter during the day to have this posted at night. I take quite a pride in having it said that my work is always done in season, and there has never been a mistake on my books."

He surveyed the long, neat columns with pride.

But Rose pouted: "I think when you give your whole day to your employers, you might give me a little time at night. I wish I could never hear the scratching of that old pen again. I want us to practice together; I have some new songs. I don't believe you know half the time what I am saying! I like to be entertained just as much now as when you came courting, and spent such delightful hours."

She put up her mouth for a kiss, and he loved her too well to resist her pretty pleading. He had thought it pleasant to work, but his Rose must not be neglected for prosaic columns of figures. It was so delightful to have her all to himself; to feel that he was essential to her very enjoyment. Often gay young friends spent the evenings with them, and it thrilled him with joy and pride to see how she shone among them, a very queen of love and beauty.

Rose's housekeeping was subject to all sorts of crises. She made no study of what she needed, and the tradespeople soon learned to take advantage of her slack management. She paid for porter-house steak and got stringy beef; she ordered fresh vegetables, and had what was left over from the previous day; she left her parlor windows stretched wide, and strong sunlight and sudden showers ruined her curtains and carpets. Pretty vases and bric-a-brac left carelessly were overturned and broken, or defaced. The servants wasted provisions and fed their friends at her expense. Her chief desire was to hurry through with all these worries—such duties were a "horrid bore"—so that she might have as much leisure as possible, to spend in "having a good time." She made no attempt to identify herself with her husband's work: it was regarded more as a rival that kept him away from her, than as the one dependence for all their comforts.

As the years crept on, and little children came to them, and the expenses grew heavier, and Harry fell further and further behind he too began to regard his business as a weary drudgery.

"I work like a slave, and have nothing. It does seem that I might find some other way to live.

He became more and more careless about paying his debts, and this made debtors suspicious, and so led to increasing annoyances. Like a man in quicksands, he was gradually but surely, sinking deeper, and the fine sense of honor that had once been a distinguishing characteristic, no longer marked his dealings with his fellow men. He quite the struggle with debt, and began to drift with the current of extravagance.

He was very fond of music, and was a fair performer on the flute, and although he had been content with a modest little organ for his wife, he purchased a fine piano, and they gave numerous entertainments, eminently successful as social events, but dangerous luxuries to a poor man. He loved a good horse, and would hire the best in the stables and take Rose and the children out miles in the country and was happy in seeing their keen enjoyment. He smoked cigars of the same brand as his employers, and, in short, gave himself up to the popular creed, "We have but one life to live; let us get what good we can out of it, no matter who pays."

A fine German music master came to Orton, and he must have his little Amy to begin lessons. Rose took a fancy to flowers, and he had a professional to lay off her garden beds, and he filled them with expensive roses, hyacinths, carnations. He would not suffer himself to ask where the money was to come from. When bills came in, he tossed them into his desk, and bought elsewhere. He chafed inwardly when he saw the best business men avoided dealings with him, and he gave a morgage on the little home to raise money to bolster up his failing credit.

He began to study the daily papers, and to buy cautiously of cotton futures. At first his ventures were small, but a rise in the market gave him a clear profit of a neat sum, and he became bolder. And one day he found himself the pleased possessor of several thousand dollars. His delight was intense! He had often assured himself that if he could only make enough to pay his debts he would be glad to give up speculation. But, instead, he continued to buy expensive luxuries for his family. The plodding routine of business had become so distasteful to him that he almost lost his place by carelessnes.

The baleful fire that gets into the blood of the gambler, kindled in his veins and burned out the noble traits that had distinguished his young manhood. His face, once frank and open, darkened with anxieties, furrowed with misgiving, was growing old before its time. The light laugh, the hearty hand-grasp with which he had once greeted his friends was changed; a pre-occupied look, a careless nod, was his usual answer to a salutation. He studied stock exchanges and waited daily with feverish interest the news that depressed or elated him according to the fluctuations of the market.

Rose became aghast. Her heart felt the change before she knew the cause. With the quick intuition of a fond wife, she knew he was in debt, and in some sort of spasmodic effort, she endeavored to curtail expenses. Her conscience reproached her for many an extravagance, but little good came from such reflections. Harry became more and more restless and nervous. Sometimes he would come in and toss a roll of bills into her lap, and tell her to gratify her own or the children's wishes. But when she questioned him, he would always say it was from a lucky trade.

While he was thus drifting, now up, now down, on the uncertain waves of speculation, a day came when the mortgage on his home had to be met, or the home must go. And in that hour he fell before his temptation. He used the funds of his employers, and changed the figures to balance his books. When once this fatal step had been taken his downward course was rapid. He gambled more wildly in speculations, and embezzled the money of his employers until concealment was impossible. Then the end came. It was the same story, told over and over in every city and town.

In the hour of discovery groups of his quandom friends might have been seen talking earnestly, in low tones of deep excitement. Harry Chase! That man whose record had once been so clear and fair! He whose proudest legacy had been an untarnished credit, and a name synonymous with honor and integrity! Not only to drag down his own reputation, but to lay up a store of shame and disgrace as an inheritance for his children! Alas! they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." And Solomon tells us, "He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent."

Rose had tried various devices to keep her husband at home, but in vain. He usually bolted his food without seeming to know what he ate. Often when she spoke to him, he was so pre-occupied that he made her no answer. She had never been accustomed to slights and wounds, and she nursed her grievances till heart was ready to break with bitterness and sorrow. She hugged her little ones closer, but drifted further from her husband.

He had kept his bed on this sad day. After a night of restless tossing, his head throbbed, his heart ached, his conscience stung him, and a great and horrible dread of exposure oppressed him. He must face the consequences of his sin. How could he bear the injured, astonished gaze of his outraged employers. He knew the law would have to be satisfied. Must he go to prison? Could he look out on the scenes of his former life through iron bars? Must he walk through crowds of his fellow-townsmen, and sit to be condemned to a felon's doom? The last remnant of his strength failed. He who had fallen so low had yet one other crime before him, and in haggard, wild-eyed misery, he set himself to accomplish that fearful deed.

Within a closet he knew his wife kept a little case of medicines, carefully labeled in large, black letters; for with all her unsystematic methods, this was one thing Rose was extremely careful about. He could make no mistake here. While she was out, he secured a vial of laudanum. When she returned, he was sitting dejectedly beside an open window. Little Amy was at the piano playing her simple tunes, to show him how well she had learned to keep time, but he did not notice her performance. Baby Louise and little Hal plied him with questions, and got no answers. Presently he took them both in his arms in an almost frantic embrace, and kissed them so passionately that the baby cried and reached her arms to her mother. He put them down and stood beside Rose, his once lovely, cherished, but now drooping Rose.

"My darling" he said brokenly, "my precious Rose, I am a ruined man. Why have we gone on so recklessly in extravagance? Did not we see what it would bring us? I never meant to do you a cruel wrong. Do not teach our children to despise their unhappy father!

She looked quickly into his worn and haggard face, and caught the fumes of whiskey as his hot, panting breath smote her cheek. With a bitter sobbing, she kissed him and taking her baby, she hid her face in the folds of its white dress. He stooped a moment and strained little Amy, his favorite, to his heart and walked hastily up stairs.

Rose thought he was drunk; she put her baby down, and went out and tried to forget her pain in tending some flowers she had recently potted. As she bent over them, hot tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and sparkled like dew on their dainty petals. A softer mood stole over her, the sweet perfume of a lovely white rose carried her back to that other summer day when she had just put her hand so proudly into Harry's, and became his happy bride. Why had life been such a disappointment? If only she had foreseen, she would have begged him to go elsewhere and live, oh! so plainly, she had not helped him as she ought. But she had always loved him! Could she love him still, or teach her children to honor him, if he should become a drunkard?

She shivered all over, as if in an ague. She plucked the rose, inhaled its sweetness for a moment, and mused:

"What made Harry go off up stairs? He must have known I could not bear to see him drunk."

After an hour or so, she went softly to where he was, he lay on the bed, his face concealed, and seemed asleep. She went back to her duties, wondering in the meantime, what strange odor it was that mingled with the sweet breath of the rose. She had noticed it upstairs, but as she had come back so quickly she did not think much about it. After another hour such a spirit of unrest came over her she went upstairs again; a throbbing of pain filled her heart. She would talk to Harry, and beg him to go far away, he was under evil influences here, Orton was a bad place, somewhere else he could be like himself again, and she would try, oh so hard to help him. Yes, they must go away.

When she opened the door he had moved, and lay quite flat on his back, a heavy, sobbing sound gurgled up with his labored breathing. The same strange odor was there. The awful truth flashed over her, and with a wild scream for help, she made frantic efforts to arose him. A panic stricken servant flew for physicians and neighbors, but the drug had done its fatal work, and soon he lay beyond the reach of creditors, beyond the execrations of an outraged community, beyond the law, aye, and beyond mercy!

The capital crime of self-destruction had filled the measure of his evil doing? The seeds of mismanagement, extravagance, and self-indulgence, sown through years, had at lest sprung up, budded, bloomed, and borne its peaceful harvest of sin, shame, sorrow and death. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Christian Index.*

Ben's Room.

"What a hideous green you are putting on that tidy!" said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," said Kate, good humoredly. "You see I bought it one night, and began to work on it by lamp-light, and thought it looked pretty well. But some colors are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it!"

"O, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there." And Kate gave a short little laugh, then flushed suddenly, as she saw Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly in the parlor as into Brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"O well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion.

And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother; and O, how thankful she felt for the difference!—thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in the other.

"You must do something to try and keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending his time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was a great overhauling of the furniture up-stairs, and by supper-time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos, an I one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare; dainty white mats on the bureau, fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it.

"Now," she said, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his door that evening, and saw him sitting with his head bowed between his hands.

"O no," he answered, "only thinking of going down town; but it looks so pleasant and home-like up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it was'nt the last time either. By and bye he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step" up to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand, good thing to have a home and be worthy of it?—*Selected.*

As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or greyness.

Courage Mother!

Bear up, brave heart! Let peace get hold of thy heart-strings. Your boy is not yet saved, but give him over to God as guardian for you; then keep on praying. It took twenty-four years of prayer to get me to the Cross, But I got there. Mother prayed me, the Prodigal, in. I met a young man in Atlanta whose mother had been praying for him for thirty years—since the day of his birth. She was put in her coffin without seeing her son saved; but one day, from the other side, she looked down on a scene that broke my heaat for joy. He took my hand, held tight while he prayed for forgiveness and salvation; then said: "Mr. Yatman, I'll meet my mother in heaven."

Don't get discouraged, mother. He whom you love may get away from you, but he cannot get away from your prayers or your God.

Just the other day another boy, for whom a mother had been praying for nineteen years, yielded to the Spirit's call. I asked him why he did it then. Said he: "I can't stand it to fight against mother's prayers."

Don't get your eye on evengelists, pastors, meetings, or anything else to reach him. Look straight to Jesus. He is the "mighty to save."—*New York Observer.*

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