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THE CLOUD.

The cloud lay low in the heavens,
Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast.

Send over the sleeping water,
Where the light lay low in the West,
And gray as innocent rest.

While the gold shroud it gleamed,
It looked such a harmless cloudlet,
Send over the sleeping water.

Yet the keen-eyed mariner took his head,
As surely it crept o'er the dusky red,
"S' it the rocket lines are dead!"

And his lips set stern and grave,
And of ever the eye was midnight.

This cloud was lowering black,
Dimming the light of the star away,
Dimming the flash on the furrowed spray.

As the breakers crashed in the northern bay,
Wide heaving from their foam and spray,
So, in life's radiant morning,

May a day care care or cross
Just trouble the peaceful course of love,
As if the strength of its way to prove,

As if to whisper, "My surface may move,
But my soul can't creep at the bow."
To sever the closest ties.

It may seem such a little jarring,
Only separation signs,
For with time's lead learning to sharpen the glance,

He sees the "rift in the late" advance,
Knows how late may seize upon circumstance
To sever the closest ties.

Alas, in the fiercest tempest,
The lifeboat is wrecked with all its gear,
But what can courage or skill avail,

When the heart is wrecked by passion's gale,
When change or death have faded the scale,
When treason has bribed the crew?

Then watch, O hope and gladness,
Watch for the rain cloud,
Sun may, frank with youth,

Blow it away, bright breeze of youth,
For, oh, there is neither mercy nor truth,
Should it once your heaven enshroud.

—All Day Around.

The Brooklyn Boy.

Bennie acquires himself to the ad-
miration of all, and is invested with
the graduating "honors," and his
mother that day was a proud and
happy woman.

Bennie soon obtained employment
in a store in New York, with every
prospect of speedy advancement; his
future prospects seemed to be
now fully assured.

As his habits were clean and good,
having no low or bad associates, that
the age of manhood would find him a
useful and respected member of society,
was what all had a right to expect.

Are you prepared for the picture
that I am now about to present to
you? declaring, as I do, that I shall
not give to it one line of coloring.

In the fall of 1874, just six years
after those graduating exercises,
which gave me so much pleasure to
witness, and in which this boy, Ben-
nie, took so prominent a part, I called
on his mother one morning on my
way to New York. Finding her in
tears and in great distress, I in-
quired: "What's the matter?"

The answer came in words that tore
her heart strings:

"My God! Bennie came home early
this morning" (he had been out all
night) "almost dead drunk. He is
in the next room lying on the lounge."

Stepping into the little room, there
was Bennie, the bright boy who
had graduated at our public schools,
from whom so much had been ex-
pected, sleeping off his drunken debauch.

Partially aroused him, I asked if
he was not ashamed of himself?

He staggered to his feet and hic-
coughed for the words:

"Give us a rest, I beg alone; my
mother has been jawing me ever since I
came home. Can't a fellow enjoy
himself once in a while?"

I closed the door and left him to
his drunken slumber.

"How long has this been going on?"
I asked of his mother.

"It is about a year since I first
discovered that he had ever tasted spir-
ituous liquor. I smelled his breath
one evening when he came home
from that billiard saloon round the
corner. I had a long talk with him,
told him it was drink that killed his
father, and made him promise to
never again touch a drop."

I said I had been expecting this,
for I also had seen him several times
coming out of or going into that very
respectable and fashionable billiard
saloon round the corner.

That's what did the mischief. It
was there that the first glass was
drunk.

Our winter evenings are long, and
Bennie not having much taste for
reading, but liking social company,
when this enticing billiard saloon got
started, was induced by the young
men of the neighborhood with whom
he was acquainted to go there with
them to have a game of billiards.

At the conclusion of the play the correct
thing to do is to step up to the bar
and order "drinks."

Bennie having, by his mother's
advice signed the pledge, for some
time refused to drink anything but a
glass of soda or lemonade; but one
night he did drink his first glass of
liquor, and then that same devil that
had slain his father took possession
of him and, as the sequence will
show, went out no more forever.

Who is responsible? "Why, inher-
ited tendency!" to be sure. The love
of liquor was inherited. It formed
part of the boy's nature—it was his
right of birth. I shall be told by
those who make "inherited tendency"
the scapegoat for one-half the crime
and depravity of the present day.

But who is responsible for fanning
this demon, "inherited tendency,"
into life and action? and which now
and evermore will cry: "Give! give!"

Who is responsible? "Why, you
and I; every man and woman in our
city, who have not done their very
best to create a public opinion which
shall be strong enough to close up
those attractive haunts of dissipation
which are nightly luring our young
men to destruction."

But what was the end of this boy?
The sequel is soon told. Just one
short year from that morning that I
saw him on the lounge endeavoring
to sleep off his midnight intoxication,
there was another funeral. Again I
heard the words: "I am the resurrec-
tion and the life, saith the Lord." "It
is appointed unto all men once to
die." But the words of this coffin
lid told that Bennie M. had only
reached the age of twenty-two years
and six months. The same thought
came to me as I stood by his fa-
ther's coffin flashed again to my
mind: "This, surely, is not depart-
ing this life in the way of God's own
appointment."

My tale is told. In our beautiful

Greenwood Cemetery father and son
are sleeping their last sleep. On the
tomestone affection has reared its
way may read:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath
taken away. Blessed be the name of
the Lord."

But had the chapel of truth graven
the stone, the startling words would
have appeared:

"VICTIMS OF RUM"
—Brooklyn Orbit.

How Birds Fly.

Did you ever look at a bird's wing
carefully, and try to find out from it
the way in which it is used? People
usually suppose, either that a bird
flies because it is lighter than the air,
like a balloon, or that it rows itself
along as a boat is rowed through the
water. Neither of these suppositions
is true. A bird is not lighter than
the air, and does not float; for when
a bird is shot on the wing it falls to
the ground just as quickly as a squirrel
on the contrary, a bird flies by its
own weight, and could not fly at
all if it were not heavier than the air.

Look at a quill feather, and you
will see that on each side of the cen-
tral shaft or quill, there is a broad,
thin portion, which is called the vane.
The vane on one side of the shaft is
quite broad and flexible, while that
on the other side is narrow and stiff,
and by looking at a wing with the
feathers in their places, you will find
that they are placed so that they over-
lap a little, like the slats on a win-
dow-blind. Each broad vane runs
under the narrow vane of the feather
beside it, so that, when the wing is
moved downward, each feather is
pressed up against the stiff narrow
vane of the one beside it, and the
whole wing forms a solid sheet like a
blind with the slats closed. After the
down-stroke is finished and the up-
stroke begins, the pressure is taken
off from the lower surface of the wing
and begins to act on the upper sur-
face and to press the feathers down-
ward instead of upward. The broad
vanes now have nothing to support
them, and they bend down and allow
the air to pass through the wing,
which is now like a blind with the
slats open. By these two contrivances—
the shape of the wing, and the
shape and arrangement of the feath-
ers—the wing resists the air on its
down-stroke and raises the bird a lit-
tle at each flap, and each up-stroke
allows the air to slide off at the sides,
and to pass through between the
feathers, so that nothing is lost.

You will find, if you carefully ex-
amine a bird's wing, that all the bones
and muscles are placed along the front
edge, which is thus made very stiff
and strong. The quill feathers are
fastened in such a way that they
point backward, so that the hind
edge of the wing is not stiff like the
front edge, but is flexible and bends
at the least touch. As the air is not
a solid, but a gas, it has a tendency
to slide out from under the wing
when this is driven downward, and
of course it will do this at the point
where it can escape most easily.
Since the front edge of the wing is
stiff and strong, it retains its hollow
shape, and prevents the air from slid-
ing out in this direction, but the
pressure of the air is enough to bend
the thin, flexible ends of the feathers
at the hinder border of the wing, so
the air makes its escape there and
slides out backward and upward.

The weight of the bird is all the time
pulling it down toward the earth; so,
at the same time that the air slides
out upward and backward past the
bent edge of the wing, the wing it-
self, and with it the bird, slides for-
ward and downward. If the con-
ditions are right, the bird will con-
tinue to do this, so that the state-
ment that a bird flies by its own
weight is strictly true.

This is true, also, of insects and
bats. They all have wings with stiff
front edges, and flexible hind edges
which bend and allow the air to pass
out, so that flying is nothing but slid-
ing down a hill made of air. A bird
rises by flapping its wings, and it flies
by falling back toward the earth and
sliding forward at the same time. At
the end of each stroke of its wings it
has raised itself enough to make up
for the distance it has fallen since the
last stroke, and accordingly it stays
at the same height and moves forward
in a seemingly straight line. But if
you watch the flight of those birds
which flap their wings slowly, such
as the woodpecker, you can see them
rise and fall, and will have no trou-
ble in seeing that their path is not re-
ally a straight line, but is made up
of curves; although most birds flap
their wings so rapidly that they have
no time to fall through an appreciable
distance to be seen. Birds also make
use of the wind to aid them in their
flight, and by holding their wings in-
clined like a kite, so that the wind
shall slide out under them, they can
sail great distances without flapping
their wings at all. They are sup-
ported, in a paper kite is by the
wind, which is continually pushing
it upward and forward, and sliding out
backward and downward, thus lifting
or holding up the bird, and at the
same time driving it forward.

The birds are not compelled to face
the wind while sailing, but by chang-
ing the position of the wings a little
they can go in whatever direction they
wish, much as a boy changes his di-
rection in skating by leaning a little
to one side or the other. Some birds
are very skillful at this kind of sail-
ing, and can even remain stationary
in the air for some minutes when
there is a strong wind; and they do
this without flapping their wings at
all. It is a difficult thing to do, and
no birds except the most skillful fly-
ers can manage it. Some hawks can
do it, and gulls and terns may often
be seen practicing it when a gale of
wind is blowing, and they seem to
take great delight in their power of
flight.—St. Nicholas for September.

A coachman having a female friend
for whom he was anxious to obtain a
situation, called on a lady and stated
his case thus: "She's a little green,
ma'am, and had to leave Kansas on
account of the grasshoppers."—Brook-
lyn Union Argus.

What Came of William's Lunch.

At 8 o'clock, the other morning, a
second-story wife followed her hus-
band down to the gate, as he was
starting for down town, and kindly
said to him:

"William, you know how sadly I
need a blue bunting dress."

"Yes, dear," he remarked, "but
you know how hard up I am. As
soon as I can see my way clear you
shall have the dress, and a new hat
to boot. Be patient, be good, and
your reward shall be great."

Forty minutes after that he emerged
from a restaurant, with a big basket
and a fish pole, bound up the river.
In the basket was a chicken, pickles,
sauce, fruit, pie,

