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At Japan Tea, new season, usual price 50c, for 40c lb.
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Big bargains in fancy kitchen flower pots, decorated in fancy colors, 15c each.
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reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book, when in reality they are far from it. Listen, and I will tell you what it is.

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She shops!
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She shops!
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For long experience makes him wise.
He knows wherein her weakness lies.
She shops!

She shops!
She hurries to and fro.
And when the sun is setting low,
A thousand captured samples show
She shops!

—Pearson's Weekly.

BLUE BELLS AND JONQUIN.

Out in the dear old garden, under the hawthorn hedge, where Willie and I stood sorrowfully, on that Tuesday morning in June, just before he started for the Black Hills to seek for gold.

"Give me a bunch of those lovely flowers, Carrie," he said, "for their blue blossoms will remind me of your eyes, my darling."

And as I stopped to gather a handful of blue-bells and jonquils that grew at my feet, he caught me lovingly in his embrace, and pressed me tenderly to his heart, whispering in my ear:

"Darling, will you be true to me while I am absent—will you think of me alone when I am gone? Oh, Carrie, my darling love, will you wear my image in your heart during those long, weary months of waiting, while I am wrestling the precious ore from the mine—doubly precious, my darling, since its possession will break down the barriers that divide us—for, Carrie, dearest, it is not my want of a name, but my want of gold, that stands in the way of our union?"

Ah! little did my Willie think that it was not for the want of gold or a name that Uncle Nathaniel had forbidden him ever again "to darken his doors." No, he had learned that I had given my heart to Willie Vanderbeck—for this was the name my hero had borne ever since that early May morning twenty-two years ago when old Dr. Vanderbeck, going out to visit a patient, had found my Willie—then a wee, chubby infant—with one little rosy fist crammed into his mouth, while his eyes were smiling up into the astonished face of the good old doctor from out of the wicker basket.

But now Willie was going to brave the dangers of those horrid Black Hills that he might return and make me his wife. Only a few short hours remained before our parting and heaven alone could tell when he would return to me again.

"Ah, Carrie! sweet love!" he whispered, trying to cheer me, "when I come back with the 'yellow bags' your uncle's doors will be open wide to welcome me, for it is gold, sweetheart, that is the 'open sesame' to hearts and homes in these days of mammon worship."

"You are mistaken, Willie," I answered. "It is not your poverty nor the want of a name that closes Uncle Nathaniel's door on you. Listen, and I will tell you what it is."

Then I went on, and told him how father had made his will two years previous to his death, when Uncle Nathaniel first came to live with us, giving all his wealth to me, with the proviso that I should marry George Hammond, Uncle Nathaniel's only son. But shortly before his death, and after George had behaved so badly toward poor Nellie Benson, our seamstress, father made a new will, in which he left everything to me without any restrictions, and this will father put in a little tin box which was always locked up in his desk; but after his death this last will could not be found, and Uncle Nathaniel says that father destroyed it before he died. The first will leaves me the entirety in my own power, and his heart is set on George and me marrying. "And now, Willie, dearest, you know the cause of this determined opposition to our union, and why I cannot banish the gloomy forebodings that haunt me, causing my heart to sink when you speak so hopefully of returning with gold to remove the barriers which Uncle will always oppose to our union. But no matter whatever it will cost me, I will be true to you."

Eleven little months have passed since then, but, ah! such months of agony to me!

Scarcely was my darling's back turned when my Cousin George returned from the city and formally proposed for my hand; but I had only one answer to give him:

"Cousin, I am already engaged to marry the only man I can ever love."

Then followed a stormy scene with my uncle, until, blinded with tears, I fled from his presence and stole out here to weep, where none but the blue bells and jonquils could witness my wild grief. Oh! how I longed for the touch of the dear hand and the sound of the dear voice, to calm the tumult in my aching heart, which my uncle's angry and cruel words had aroused!

For long hours I sat there beneath the shade of the fragrant, blossoming hawthorn, listening to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, that seemed to echo the sad voice of my aching heart. The sun went down behind great banks of gold-colored clouds, while I sat there in the gloom of the twilight trying to school my undisciplined heart, and gain fortitude to meet my cousin without looking the longing which I felt when in his presence.

The stars came out silently, one by one, and the breeze began to stir the branches of the trees, fanning my hot, fevered cheeks with its dewy freshness.

Still I lingered until I heard a step

on the walk which I recognized as once as my uncle's. I crouched close under the branches of the trees until it had passed; then, creeping under the shadow of the hawthorn, I reached the house unperceived and stole to my chamber. There I cried myself to sleep, with the miniature of my absent darling clasped closely to my bosom.

But why do I linger—why do I struggle to keep the dead past unburied? Oh, Willie, my beloved! you can understand why I am marrying my Cousin George!

When the sad news of your death first reached me, I thought my heart was broken; but I prayed—ah, darling, how fervently I prayed that I might die, too, and join you in that world where neither sin nor sorrow ever enters. But it was not the will of heaven to take me then. I had a duty to perform. My dear father's commands were ever before my eyes. Love was buried in my breaking heart forever; but duty—ah! the duty against which my sinful heart had rebelled, now cried aloud for my submission to the will of Him who gave me being, and I have yielded. Oh, Willie! loved and loved, my own angel loved look down and strengthen me to bear my cross with patience!

Yes; out in the dear old garden for the last time. When I am "Mrs. George Hammond" I must never revisit this spot, where Willie and I parted only eleven little months ago, never to meet on earth. I wonder do our angels still retain their bright, earthly smiles. And will the tunes which we loved on earth sound in our ears when we meet again as they did when we listened on earth to their low, tender cadences? But why should I shrink from asking that which is ever in my heart—"I wonder will my Willie greet me with the same loving smile and press me to his heart with the same impassioned fervor as he used to in those dear, past days, before he crossed the dark river to the beautiful summer land?" But I must not pause to think; duty calls me to the side of him who will be my husband ere this time to-morrow. But surely there is no sin in lingering here, near the flowers my darling was so fond of, for, to-morrow, blue bells, you and I must part forever. One kiss, lovely flowers, that my Willie loved so well. I will wear your blossoms in my bosom this evening for the last time. But what is this that glimmers in the rays of the crescent moon, where I have uprooted the beautiful flowers and hastily plucked great handfuls of the sweet blossoms? Ah! see, as I lift it from the brown mold, how it glitters! Yes, it is still the little tin box which held, and perhaps still holds, my father's last will!

Ah, heaven! had this been found only eleven months ago!—yes, here is the will, stained and damp, where the winter's snows have lain above it; but yet every word of the well known writing is visible, even in the faint glimmer of the young May moon.

"Oh, my lost love!—oh, my poor, broken heart!" I cry, while I weep pitiful tears over my young, wasted life.

But it is growing late, and I hear a step coming up the long, graveled walk, under the lindens that grow on either side of the road leading from the turnpike up to our old mansion.

"Some late visitor," I tell myself, "who is coming to witness my marriage on the morrow. But shall I bet? No, thank heaven! No duty compels me now to no father's voice, reaching back from the clay, demands my im-molation."

But, hark, the sound of angry voices is borne toward me on the evening air. I hear Uncle Nathaniel ordering someone to leave "his grounds"—his grounds no longer, but my own now.

"But what voice is that which replies: 'I will not go on my own lips repeat her and heard her own lips repeat what you have spoken?'"

Oh, joy! joy! Can I believe my senses or am I only dreaming? Is that a voice from the dead, or is it my darling Willie's voice I hear? I grasp the little tin box with a firmer clutch and fly as fast as my trembling limbs will bear.

Yes, there stands my Willie alive, and oh! so grand and beautiful—face to face with my uncle, a look of firm determination shining in his large, dark eyes. But now he sees my white robes and the stern look fades on his face, as he rushes forward and catches my fainting form close to his dear, dear bosom.

"Oh, my lost love!" is all I can utter. But Willie, all unthinking, upon the lawn, in his upturned face, happy kisses upon my upturned face.

Blue bells and jonquils are in my bosom and peep out shyly from the misty folds of my bridal veil, and Willie, too, wears them in his buttonhole. I hear one young lady whispering to a bevy of her friends:

"Good gracious! what singular taste those are! blue bells and jonquils! I vow those are blue bells and jonquils! How dreadfully shocking!"

Willie, too, hears her remark, as she shrugs her pretty shoulders and titters audibly; but he only twines his dear arms more closely around me, while the loving light in his dark eyes grows deeper and far more tender, as he whispers in my willing ears words of love, which banish every care and sorrow from my heart.—New York News.

Aunt Ethel—Well, Beatrice, 'were you very brave at the dentist's? Beatrice—Yes, auntie, I was. Aunt Ethel—Then, there's the half crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you. Beatrice—He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!—Punch.

War is no picnic; you can't always come home from places looking as if they had been to war.

LIES TOLD BY FOOTPRINTS.

Telltale Shoes Worn by a Man in a Searching Party.

"Showing how misleading circumstances may be," said a railroad man, "a remarkable affair happened a good many years ago in south Georgia. The keeper of a little store near the Florida line was murdered one night and the place set on fire. Several negroes were suspected, and the whole countryside turned out to search for evidence. In the rear of the burned store was a marshy place, in which the footprints of the murderer were plainly discernible, showing that he had worn a pair of heavy brogans, the right heel of which seemed to have been split in a very peculiar manner directly across the middle.

"Among the searchers was a well to do farmer, and as chance as he saw the footprints he was horrified to recognize the marks of his own shoes which he had on at that very moment. The split heel was the result of a chance blow with an ax while cutting wood, and the impression in the marshy soil was absolutely unmistakable. The crowd was worked up to a pitch bordering on frenzy, and, realizing his extremely critical position, the young man had presence enough of mind to make some excuse and slip away. He went straight home, put on another pair of shoes, hid the old ones and rejoined the party.

"Two or three days later the crime was traced by certain evidence to a negro who worked on his farm. The fellow broke down and confessed and incidentally cleared up the mystery. On the night of the murder, according to his story, he had noticed the brogans on the porch of the farmhouse and appropriated them, intending at the time to merely rob the store and fly the country. After killing the storekeeper he changed his plans and came home, thinking to divert suspicion by remaining quietly at work. Consequently he returned the shoes where he found them.

"After he had made this confession the farmer told his own story and produced the telltale brogans. He then only knows what might have happened had he been caught with them on his feet the first day of the search."—Exchange.

How a Kentucky Preacher Turned a Desperate into a Riddle.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it look ridiculous. It was by this means that dueling was stopped in a certain district in Kentucky. A traveling preacher named Bowman—a strong, muscular fellow—was conducting services in Kentucky. At one of his meetings a well known desperate character created a disturbance, and, being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight. Bowman, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes, as big as his fist, for each man, and stipulated that his opponent must stand 15 paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted, and made an indignant protest, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged man, and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time.

As there was no way out of the fix but to fight, the desperado consented. The encounter took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place was on hand to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with large hard Irish potatoes. Bowman threw the first tuber. It struck his opponent and flew into pieces.

A yell of delight went up from the crowd, which hurried the desperado and his points flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another hit him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him, and doubling him up on the grass. The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bowman looked as solemn as if he had just been preaching a funeral sermon. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and said there for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of the Irish potato duel.

Turkish Police Justice.

A trifling dispute between a Kurd and an Armenian on a street in Constantinople led to an amusing instance of justice as it is dispensed by the Turkish police:

A tobacco box was found on the sidewalk, as alleged, by a Kurd. An Armenian claimed the box as his own. Neither would give in, and the dispute waxed warm. From words they were near coming to blows when a policeman came up. But he could not decide the question of ownership.

At last the Armenian suggested that the policeman ask what was in the box. "Tobacco and cigarette paper," said the Kurd promptly.

"The box contains nothing but a 25 cent piece," said the Armenian, smiling. The officer opened the box and, finding the Armenian was right, settled the dispute by giving him the box.

"The Armenian is the owner of the box," he said. "The Kurd is a liar." Here he smote the Kurd over the head. "Allah be praised! For my trouble in deciding this complicated affair I will keep the 25 cents."

Heliographs in 1500.

In "The Art of War," by Nicholas Machiavelli, dated 1500, and translated by Peter Whitehouse, at the end of the book the translator has added some original matter. Here is "How to write and cause the same that is written to be read afar off without sending any message."

"A captain besieged in any town or fortress unable to communicate without by letter may, by night, so far as light can be seen, and by day, as far as a burnished glass can cast the sun on a hut or suchlike, may be described—be having arranged with his friends the order of signal—one or two lights being flashed, hidden or displayed again." What is this but the heliograph of the present day?—London Chronicle.

A Remarkable Canal.

Running from Phillipsburg to Newark, N. J., there is a remarkable canal. It is 60 miles long and was built in the state. At times it runs side by side with the Lackawanna railroad. Locks are not used, the boats being drawn up and down elevations on great cars on a track 15 feet wide.

Shifting the Malady.

"Is your cousin sensitive about her deafness?"

"Oh, no; she says she isn't deaf, but that people nowadays mumble awfully when they talk."—Indianapolis Journal.

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