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**Life is Too Short.**  
Life is too short to waste  
In unavailing tears,  
Too short to spend in bootless grief,  
In onward doubts and fears,  
Too short to give it up  
To pleasure; or to sow  
One hour in guilt, to yield at last  
Eternity of woe.  
Time lags not on its way,  
But spans our days in haste;  
If life should last a thousand years  
'Twere still too short to waste.  
For, short-lived as we are,  
Our pleasures yet, we see,  
Evanish soon; they live, indeed,  
Even shorter than we.  
But ever with us here  
Bides sorrow, pain and care;  
The shortest life is long enough  
To 'tossed grief to bear.  
To the old the end is nigh;  
Yet the young far off it seems;  
Yet neither should dare to toy with life  
Or waste it in idle dreams.  
For by each Time's servant waits,  
Though not for servant's wage;  
And the same woe nibbles the bud of  
youth  
That gnaweth the root of age.  
—Live, therefore, as he lives  
Who earns his share of bliss;  
Strive for the prize that Virtue wins,  
Life's not too short for this.  
—London Reader.

**The Story of Jones & Co.**  
I guess pa, and ma, was pretty rich  
one time, for when they came to Cali-  
fornia it was on their wedding tour,  
and cost lots—they came by the way of New  
York and Washington and Panama city,  
in a steamboat; and ma brought a maid  
to wait on her, and pa had a servant  
named Jim; and when we got to Cali-  
fornia—I say we, I'm only fourteen  
now, but I was not born then, though  
that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots  
of money. I was born at the Lick House,  
Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods  
that we was, because Maud has drag-  
ged them all to pieces. Maud is the  
baby. Six years old Maud is, and it  
won't be long before she will be a clerk  
in Jones & Co. First babies always  
have the finest things. Ma says first  
babies are like second wives.  
But I keep getting away from Jones  
& Co.  
Well, I am of the opinion that after  
pa went into his house on Van Ness  
avenue, he went into stock, whatever  
that means. Going into stock must be a  
curious business, and sometimes pa came  
home looking splendid, and wanted to  
buy everything, and laughed at ma for  
being so mean, and not getting better  
clothes, and then he wanted to drive in  
the park and to the theater. One day  
he came home with a bran-new car-  
riage and a span of long-tailed horses,  
and a coachman and footman. Then  
sometimes pa came home and looked  
very blue, and talked about stocks, and  
I began to watch pa, and noticed that  
sometimes when he laughed loudest  
he looked as if he wanted to cry, and  
then he sold the horses, and then the  
house, and the furniture was sent to  
auction, and ma she felt very bad, and  
pa wasn't like himself any more, and  
never told me stories nor kissed me,  
and once when Maud was asleep in his  
arms he kissed her and cried, and when  
I told ma she said she guessed pa did  
not feel very well, and then she cried.  
After this we went to a boarding-house  
—a nasty, musty boarding-house. Every-  
thing was well enough, only a boarding-  
house ain't like home.  
Then the baby came, and it died, and  
ma almost died; and I heard pa say to  
the man that kept the boarding-house  
that he was pretty tight up, but it was  
all coming out right; and the next day  
pa didn't have any watch nor any sleeve-  
buttons. I didn't seem to notice it be-  
cause I seen that maybe he had sold  
them to pay his board; and I heard pa  
and ma talk away in the night, and  
sometimes ma cried, and pa would look  
in the morning just as if he hadn't slept  
a wink, and I don't believe he had.  
Once it was dreadful. Pa came home  
tipsy, and I never seen ma feel so bad,  
and then they talked it over, and  
finally ma went home to grandpa's,  
in New York, with Maud, and I stayed  
with pa to go to school.  
Then pa kept getting worse and worse,  
and we went to live in rooms and eat  
at restaurants; and pa stayed out late  
nights, and I guess he drank more than  
was good for him, and I thought some-  
thing had to be done. So I said to pa  
one day, "Pa, let's go into business and  
open a store."  
And he laughed and said, "What kind  
of a store?"  
And I said, "Oh, a candy store, or a  
stationery store, or a thread and needle  
store, just such as women keep and little  
girls help in."  
And pa laughed and said he would  
think of it, and when he came home  
that night I asked him if he had thought  
about it, and he said he hadn't, and I  
said he had better, and he said he would.

and that morning he didn't go out, but  
stayed at home and wrote ma a long  
letter.  
So next day I went into a store on  
Polk street kept by a nice lady who  
had a bad husband, where they sold  
everything, and she said in French they  
called it *lingerie*.  
I did not know what she meant, be-  
cause it was French, and I asked if she  
didn't want to sell her store, and she  
said:  
"Do you want to buy a store, little  
girl?"  
And I said, "My pa does." And she  
smiled and said she guessed the sheriff  
would have a store to sell in a few days.  
I said I would tell pa, because he knew  
Mr. Nunan, the sheriff. It was one of  
Mr. Nunan's men that sold pa's house  
and furniture for him.  
And the next day I told pa about the  
store and what a nice one it was, and he  
said he had been a dry-goods man once,  
had had a large store, and sold silk dress  
goods, and velvets and furs, and laces,  
worth ever so much a yard, and India  
shawls worth more than a thousand dol-  
lars apiece.  
I don't know exactly what pa did; but  
I think something "turned up" a few  
days afterwards, for I heard him say he  
had made a "raise," and he showed me  
more than a thousand dollars in gold  
notes, and for a day or two he carried  
them in a side pocket and mostly kept his  
hand over them, for fear they would  
jump out of his away; and pa bought  
me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for  
aprons, and I made them myself, and I  
never saw pa look so happy since ma  
went away, and one day he said to me:  
"Vevie, I have bought the store on  
Polk street, and you are to be my sales-  
woman and partner."  
And sure enough, in a few days we  
went into the store, and over the door  
was a great big sign of "Jones & Co.,"  
and pa said I was the "Co." And when  
I said, "And so, pa, you're 'Jones,' the  
blushed, and I guess he didn't like his  
old friends to know that he was selling  
needles, and thread, and tape and things.  
We had two snug little rooms in the  
back of the store to sleep in, and I made  
pa's bed and swept out the rooms and  
tidied things. At first pa shut up the  
store when he had to go down town on  
business, but after a little while I tended  
it, and when there was two customers in  
the store I waited on one, and it wasn't  
long before I could make change and sell  
things and add up almost as good as pa  
could; and by-and-bye when we went  
down town I tended store, and we had  
splendid times. We went out to a nice  
place across the street for our meals. I  
tended store when pa went, and pa  
tended store when I went.  
One-day pa came in and looked dread-  
fully troubled, and then I said: "Pa,  
ain't I a partner, and don't partners have  
a right to know everything, and ain't  
you hiding something about Jones &  
Co.?" And then I found out that pa  
had bought too many things for the  
store, and that a note for a thousand dol-  
lars had to be paid, and there wasn't any  
money to pay it with; and that's what  
made pa feel bad. And then I thought  
and thought and wondered how I could  
get a thousand dollars; and I kept on  
thinking over everybody that I guessed  
had a thousand dollars, and every one I  
guessed had it I guessed wouldn't lend it  
to pa. And then I thought about Mr.  
Flood, and said: "I'll go down to his  
bank and get it, for he's got more than a  
thousand millions; and down in the  
Bank of Nevada the cellar is full of gold,  
and of course he don't use it all the time,  
and I'll borrow a thousand dollars for  
pa, and before Mr. Flood wants it I'll  
take it back and pay the interest." And  
then I jumped up and hurrahed for  
"Jones & Co.," took my best bonnet and  
put on my gloves, and took off my store  
apron, and combed my hair, and got into  
a car, went to the Nevada Bank and told  
the clerk I wanted to borrow a thousand  
dollars; and he laughed and said he  
guessed I had better see Mr. McLane.  
And I asked who Mr. McLane was. The  
clerk said Mr. McLane was the president,  
and was in the back room; and I went  
into the back room, and Mr. McLane  
said:  
"Well, little girl, what can I do for  
you?"  
And I said: "I want to borrow a  
thousand dollars."  
Mr. McLane opened his eyes and  
screwed his chair around and looked at  
me, and said, "A thousand dollars!" with  
as much surprise as though a thousand  
dollars was all the money he had in the  
bank. Then I began to get scared and  
cried; and then I told Mr. McLane all  
about pa and "Jones & Co.," and what  
we wanted to do with the money, and he  
looked kinder puzzled and asked me  
what my pa's name was; and I told him,  
and where the store was, and all about  
ma and Maud, and how the baby died.  
I guess that was not very much like busi-  
ness, and I don't know what Mr. Mc-  
Lane wanted to know all that for. Then  
he looked at me again, and I guess he  
wasn't going to let me have the money,  
when a gentleman at the other desk came  
up to where I was sitting on a chair, and  
Mr. McLane said: "Well, Flood, what  
do you think of this young merchant?"  
And then I knew it was the rich Mr.

Flood; and I looked into his eyes, and  
they kind of laughed, and he said: "Let  
her have the money; I will indorse her  
note." Then I jumped up and kissed  
him, and he kissed me back; and Mr.  
McLane made a note for ninety days, and  
I signed "Jones & Co.," and Mr. Flood  
wrote his name on the back of it. I took  
the money away in a canvas bag that  
Mr. McLane said I must bring back, and  
I took the money to pa and didn't he  
look surprised when I poured out the  
great big gold twenty-dollar pieces on the  
counter?  
Then I told him what had happened  
at the bank; and when I asked him if he  
didn't think I was a pretty good business  
woman after all, I guess he felt real  
ashamed.  
After this, I never see anything like it  
—such lots of carriages and such nice  
ladies kept coming every day, and most  
all of them traded with me, and pa was  
just as pleased and happy as he could  
be. Jones & Co. was making lots of  
money. When I took Mr. Flood's  
money back, I just marched right  
through the bank, past the big coun-  
ters, into Mr. McLane's room, and I took  
very good care to let the clerk that  
laughed at me before see the bag. Mr.  
Flood was in there, and Mr. McLane,  
and I opened the bag and turned out  
the money on Mr. McLane's desk, and  
Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and  
Mr. McLane laughed, and I heard Mr.  
Flood tell Mr. McLane they would have  
the lunch to-day. And then Mr. Flood  
told me if I wanted to borrow money  
again not to go to any other banks,  
but come to his, and I thanked him,  
and Mr. McLane brought my note  
canceled by a great blue "Paid"  
stamped across the face, right over  
where I wrote "Jones & Co." Then I  
told Mr. Flood that perhaps when we  
felt able to send for ma I should come  
and borrow some more money, because  
I wanted to buy a house for ma and  
Maud, so that they wouldn't have to  
go into any more nasty boarding-  
houses, and Mr. Flood said I should  
have all the money I wanted.  
When we sent for ma and Maud,  
grandpa gave me the money to come,  
and so we didn't have to borrow any  
more; and we took a nice cottage, not  
very near the store, for pa didn't want  
ma to know about Jones & Co., though  
I was just crazy to tell her.  
For several days we fooled her. She  
thought pa had a store down town,  
and I was going to school. I told lots  
of fibs about being detained at school,  
going down town, and all sorts of  
stories to account for being home late.  
One day who should I see coming  
into the store but ma,  
"Have you any pearl shirt-buttons,  
little girl?" said ma.  
"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her  
right square in the face.  
"Goodness gracious!" said ma. "Is  
that you, Vevie?"  
I said: "Beg pardon, ma'am, what  
did you want?" And then ma looked  
at me again.  
I had a store-apron on, and a small  
cap like a French girl; and because I  
wasn't very high, pa bought me a pair  
of wooden brogans, with felt on the  
bottoms, into which I slipped my feet,  
and they made me four or five inches  
taller; and ma stared at me, and then  
laughed and said:  
"Oh, I beg your pardon, little girl;  
you look so much like my daughter  
Genevieve that I thought you was her."  
Then I heard pa snicker down behind  
the counter. He had seen ma come in  
and hid. Just as soon as ma went out  
pa jumped up and laughed, and said:  
"Snatch off your apron and cap, Vevie,  
and run round the block and get home  
before your mother."  
I did, and when ma got home she  
was the most surprised woman you  
ever seen. We knew this thing couldn't  
last, and so that night we told ma  
all about the house of "Jones & Co.,"  
and ma kissed pa and said he was a  
"splendid, noble fellow, and just as  
good as gold," and that she "never was  
so proud of him in her life," and fell to  
kissing him and to crying and taking on.  
I never saw ma act so foolish in all her  
life, and pa said she "was making love  
to him over again."  
Well, now the story is about over.  
Ma came down to the store to help. At  
first she looked kinder sheepish, espe-  
cially when some lady came in that  
she had known at the Lick House; but  
soon she got over all that and began to  
make bonnets, and we had a milliner  
store; and then she insisted upon saving  
the expense of separate house, and we  
moved into a larger store next door,  
with nice rooms fixed up to live in;  
and a nice show-window for bonnets;  
and little Maudie is beginning to be handy  
about, and all of us work, and we are  
just as happy as the day's long, and have  
lots of money.  
I have never seen Mr. Flood but once  
since, when I went down to the bank  
unknown to pa, and told Mr. Flood  
and Mr. McLane that any time they  
wanted to borrow a thousand dollars  
"Jones & Co." would lend it to them;  
and they laughed and said "they  
couldn't tell—st-cks might go down."  
And then Mr. Flood said "If all the peo-  
ple he had given and loaned money

would pay it back as I had, he didn't  
think he would get lusted in a long  
time."  
And then I saw the clerk that laughed  
at me, and I smiled at him and bowed;  
and since then he has been buying all his  
gloves at the store. I told him I thought  
he used a great many pairs of gloves, and  
he said they wore out very fast counting  
money. He is dreadful particular about  
his gloves, and if there is nobody in the  
store but me he is sometimes half an  
hour picking out just the kind he wants.  
Pa has bought a splendid gold watch  
—a real stem-winder; and we—"Jones  
& Co."—have bought a nice large lot out  
on Gov. Stanford's new cable railroad,  
and paid for it; and if the times are good  
this summer, as pa thinks they will be,  
we shall have a house of our own again,  
where we shall all live in peace, die in  
Greece, and be buried in a cake of tallo-  
w.  
—San Francisco Argonaut.

**A Drunkard's Body After Death.**  
A post-mortem examination of nearly  
seventy persons who had died from the  
excessive use of ardent spirits showed the  
following facts:  
1. Congestion of the scalp and of the  
membranes of the brain, with much  
serous (watery) effusion; the substance  
of the brain white and firm, as if it had  
lain in alcohol for one or two hours.  
2. The lungs not always, but frequent-  
ly, congested or inflamed.  
3. The heart flabby, enlarged, dilated  
and loaded with fat on the outside, the  
blood in it of a cherry-red color, and with  
tendency to coagulate.  
4. The stomach perfectly white, and  
thickened in some cases; in others, hav-  
ing patches of chronic inflammation.  
In the worst cases the larger portion of  
the stomach covered with that species of  
inflammation which causes the blood to  
be poured from the minute veins.  
5. The liver enlarged—in old drunk-  
ards weighing from six to twelve pounds.  
6. The omentum—a sort of apron  
which immediately covers the abdomen  
in front—loaded with a gray, slushy fat.  
7. The kidneys enlarged, flabby and  
infiltrated in numerous spots with a  
whitish matter.  
8. The small intestines filled with bile  
and coated with tenacious mucus.  
9. The blood in a very fluid condi-  
tion, having but little albumen and fat.  
10. The whole body except the brain  
decomposing very rapidly.  
Is it a wonder that "a drunkard hath  
woes"?

**Unselfishness of Farmers.**  
The Springfield Republican calls atten-  
tion to a trait of farmers, in which it  
thinks they differ, as regards each other,  
from the members of any other guild.  
"Each man is eager to show his neighbor  
any new discovery or acquisition which  
he has possessed himself of that is likely  
to help on the business of farming. If  
he thinks he has a 'good thing,' he wants  
others to know about it, whether it be  
the result of some successful experiment  
in raising a crop, an improved breed of  
cattle or variety of vegetable, or a pack-  
age of superior seed which has come from  
a distance. Apparently he does not for  
a moment entertain the idea that it  
would be to his profit to keep such  
knowledge or specimens to himself. And  
if another farmer comes to see him, he is  
pleased to show all his possessions; and  
there are no corners of the place by which  
the visitor is hurried because some ex-  
perimenting is going on there which the  
owner does not care to have seen, as is  
often the case when a visitor makes the  
grand rounds of a factory. Contrast this  
habit of the farmers with the way that  
neighboring merchants and manufactur-  
ers do their business. Why, when it  
was first proposed to connect the paper  
mills in Holyoke with their offices in  
this city by telephone, objection was at  
once raised that the papermakers might  
possibly learn each other's secrets as a  
consequence."

**A Cure for Dyspepsia.**  
We have never experienced the mis-  
eries of dyspepsia, but those who have  
"gone through the mill" tell us the dif-  
ferent stages of the ailment are far from  
being enjoyable. Of course, for that, as  
for every other disease, there are one  
hundred and one remedies, more or less  
effective. We copy from an exchange  
the following cure, which is said to be  
infallible, and as it is very simple, those  
who are afflicted may be glad to try it.  
On the first day take from the time of  
rising, once an hour, one tablespoonful of  
skim-milk, omitting it one hour before  
and one hour after dinner. For dinner,  
rare roast beef—all the patient desires—  
and half a cup of clear coffee; nothing  
else. After dinner resume taking the  
tablespoonful of milk once every hour for  
the rest of the day. On the second day  
let the dose of milk be two teaspoonfuls.  
On the third day take three spoonfuls of  
milk each hour, and after that a little  
bread may be crumbled in if desired.  
This diet should be continued fifteen  
days, at the end of which time the worst  
case of dyspepsia will be cured—so it is  
said. Don't take our word for it, how-  
ever.—Boston Courier.

**TIMELY TOPICS.**  
There is a tremendous dispute raging  
in Madras, India, over a hair from the  
Prophet Mohammed's beard. This holy  
relic is inclosed in a case, guarded by an  
official, who has a government pension  
of 100 rupees per annum, and six fanat-  
ical Mussulmans are disputing for its  
possession. The dispute has been taken  
before the Madras High Court.  
It is unfortunate for men who have  
been condemned unjustly that they do  
not reside in Denmark, for there, in ac-  
cordance with an old law, a man unjust-  
ly condemned is, on his innocence being  
proved, driven through the streets in  
one of the king's state carriages, pre-  
ceded by a herald, who proclaims that  
the sentence is annulled, and then a pen-  
sion is settled on him.  
Cincinnati is making great prepara-  
tions for an exhibition of the industrial  
and fine arts next fall. Two large wings  
are to be added to the Springer Music  
Hall for the purpose of the exhibition,  
making the building four hundred feet  
square. The grounds for the extra  
buildings have been donated by the city,  
and already about \$1,000,000 have been  
contributed to insure the success of the  
enterprise. The loans already secured  
for the fine art department promise to  
make the exhibition equal, if not super-  
ior, to anything of the sort thus far  
held in this country.  
The American rifle shot, Dr. F. W.  
Carver, accomplished a wonderful shoot-  
ing feat in England. He waged \$500  
that he would hit an apple held upon the  
end of a knife by his colored attendant,  
riding on horseback at full gallop, at a  
distance of thirty yards. A large apple  
was procured and stuck on the end of a  
pruning knife. The jockey mounted a  
horse, and held the target with his left  
hand as far as possible behind his body.  
The start was made about one hundred  
yards away, and when the rider came  
within range, riding at a furious gallop,  
the doctor fired. The first attempt was  
a failure, and odds of \$50 to \$100 were bet  
against Carver. The second time he  
struck the apple, knocking it into half a  
dozen pieces.  
The commissioners of emigration ex-  
pect a large increase in the emigration to  
America this year. The American emi-  
grant societies and similar organizations,  
which have branches in Norway and  
Sweden, report that unusually large pre-  
parations are making for a Scandinavian  
movement in this direction. The same is  
true of England, where thousands of  
mill operatives declare that they cannot  
make a living and must emigrate. In-  
quiries are also pouring in from Ger-  
many, particularly from the southern  
part, where much distress prevails, and  
large emigration companies are forming.  
A large influx of Russian Mennonites is  
also expected this year, owing to the  
fact that a Russian law, recently passed,  
will compel them to do military duty  
after 1880. In short, the commissioners  
expect that about 150,000 emigrants will  
come to America through the port of  
New York during the coming year.  
Side by side with the recovery of her  
prosperity, France has kept in view the  
recovery of her military position. Out  
of a population of 37,000,000, about 704,  
000 men are in the active army, 510,000  
in the reserve, 582,000 in the territorial  
army, and 625,000 in the territorial re-  
serve—making a total of about 2,400,000  
men, all of whom have received some  
amount of military training. Besides  
these, there are about 1,330,000 men who  
though nominally belonging to the army  
and liable to serve in certain conting-  
encies, have received no training. Against  
these figures the Germans have to show  
in the active army 401,000, in the re-  
serve 500,000, in the landwehr 580,000,  
and in the landstrum 1,030,000—making  
in all 2,511,000 men who have received  
some amount of military training, be-  
sides 3,345,000 men who have received  
no training. In cavalry the Germans  
have the advantage, the figures for the  
two countries being 91,000 and 70,000  
men. In artillery the numerical ad-  
vantage is with the French, the figures  
being, for France 2,442 guns, and for  
Germany 2,134 guns. The immense  
drain of labor which the maintenance of  
this army must impose upon France is  
in addition to, not in lieu of, a drain of  
money. The army estimates now reach  
\$142,500,000 yearly.  
**Equal to the Emergency.**  
A young lady was sitting with a gal-  
lant captain in a charmingly-decorated  
niece. On her knee was a diminutive  
recess. In the adjoining room, with the  
door open, were the rest of the company.  
Says the little niece, in a jealous and very  
audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I  
leaves you to imagine what had happened.  
"You should say twice, Ethel dear, two  
is not grammar," was the immediate re-  
joinder. Clever girl, that.—London  
World.  
A gentleman late one evening met his  
servant. "Hallo! where are you going to  
this time of night? for no good I'll war-  
rant." "I was coming for you, sir."

**The Sexton.**  
Nigh to a grave that was newly made,  
Lensed a sexton old, on his earth-worn spad  
His work was done, and he paused to wait  
The funeral train through the open gate;  
A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea  
And these words came from his lips so thin,  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"  
"I gather them in! for man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy,  
I've builded the houses that lie around  
In every nook of this burial ground.  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Come to my solitude, one by one—  
But some they strangers, or come they kins;  
I gather them in! I gather them in!"  
"Many are with me, but still I'm alone!  
I am king of the dead and I make my throne  
On a monument made of marble cold,  
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold.  
Come they from cottage, or come they from  
hall,  
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all!  
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilsomly  
I gather them in! I gather them in!"  
"I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in the Earth's dark breast  
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train  
Would nately over that solemn plain;  
And I said to my heart—when time is told,  
A mightier voice than the sexton's old  
Will sound o'er the last tramp's dreadful din  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**  
Contempt of court—A breach of promi-  
se—House cleaning refrain: "Get up a  
dust!"  
The snake is not much of a beauty, but  
he always travels on his shape.  
New taxes, to the amount of \$150,000,000  
a year, have been imposed on France since  
the war.  
Working hours are being rapidly exten-  
ded from fifty-one to fifty-four hours a we-  
ek in Scotland.  
The cynic of the New Haven Register has  
a notion that the "N. B.'s" at the end of  
lady's letter mean new bonnets.  
A one-armed street singer was lately as-  
saulted in Paris and his body followed  
to the grave by three hundred beggars.  
An Ohio farmer was lately annoyed  
the inroads of sheep upon his grain field  
and raised the height of his fence. A re-  
sult was the only one of the flock that could  
leap it, but he enabled his companions  
do so by placing himself alongside a  
offering his back for them to jump on  
fore clearing it.  
Stout calico is made water-proof by  
Chinese with a preparation which pro-  
efficient in any climate, and is supposed  
be composed of the following ingredients:  
Boiled oil, one quart; soft-soap, one ounce  
and beeswax, one ounce; the whole to  
boiled until reduced to three-quarters of  
quantity when mixed. The calico treat  
with this mixture answers well for  
saving apparatus.  
Down Millcreek's fair and fertile vale  
A swift canal-boat sped,  
While on the bank a granger tilted  
His fragment onion bed.  
"Man! man! man! he!" the captain cried.  
"Well, ain't I hoeing?" the man replied.  
Up spoke the sturdy captain then:  
"Bring forth the hoe, ye men!"  
"It ain't no hoe, sir, but a 'noodle,"  
"That pulls your boat along."  
The granger said: "He was radder green  
You see, in the terms of the marines."  
—Cin. Sta.

**Curious Phenomena at Pike's Peak.**  
Some curious natural phenomena  
witnessed from the summit of Pike's  
Peak. Electric storms are so remark-  
able there that those who have witnessed  
them are eloquent as to their splen-  
dient thunder accompanies them; the  
whole mountain seems to be on fire,  
and the top one sheet of flame. E-  
lectricity comes out of every rock, and  
here and there with indescribable ra-  
pacity. An observer says that it plays  
around him continuously; shot de-  
lighted him, glanced out of his feet, and  
completely filled him that he be-  
came like a Leyden jar. He could  
retain his foothold; he bounded and  
bounced from the rocks after the man  
of an India-rubber ball; he felt  
though a powerful battery were thir-  
ing and thrilling through his fra-  
m, and, fearing consequences, he hur-  
ried into the signal station. The signal  
cous stationed at the peak seemed ve-  
dellful sights, and if they had as m-  
agination and rhetoric as they I  
patience and power of observation,  
could furnish some very vivid de-  
scriptions of what they witness. Several  
of science, who have watched elec-  
trical storms from the top of the moun-  
tain, think the phenomena the grandest  
most imposing, and that they can be  
surpassed anywhere. The peak of-  
fords a view of one hundred miles  
dus, a wild mountainous region, con-  
ing many lakes, and the sources of  
great rivers—the Platte, Arkansas,  
Grand and Colorado of California.  
agine that broad, picturesque  
kindled and glowing with electricity  
you have an ideal picture of subli-  
which no poet has begun to paint.