POETRY.

THE RECORD ON THE STONE.

"Here She Lies."

I

"Here she lies." This is the sole inscription
On the stone,
Grey with age, with weeds and moss and lichen
Overgrown
Yet I long to know more of thy story,
Poor unknown.

II.

Years have passed since gentle loving fingers
Nursed thy tomb
Now above thee but the lonely bramble
Sheds a gloom;
Yet thou wert a flower, perchance, and perished
In thy bloom.

III.

Wert thou maiden, fair and purely crystal?
In those eyes
Looked thy lover—earnest, hopeful, longing
For his prize?
When death came—broke the lone heart that uttered:
"Here she lies!"

IV.

Wert thou gentle wife and loving mother,
From thy home
Passed all sunshine when thy angel spirit
Flitted home?
Did thy little ones, bereft, implore thee
Still to come?

V.

Then, perchance, the palled, stricken mourners
Dried their eyes.
Led them here, when a sweet sunset splendor
Draped the skies,
And while Heaven's glory robed thee, whispered
'Here she lies."

VI.

What if unbeloved? (And this were saddest)
If unblest
By human ties, thy poor soul wandered lonely
Here a guest;
Then the grave's cold arms were kind that clasped thee
To her breast.

VII.

And some gentle heart, thus moved to pity,
Who had known
All thy life's sad trial, carved this record
On the stone,
And with benediction left thee sleeping
Here alone?

VIII.

From thy silent resting place there cometh
No replies;
But the whip-poor-will lamenteth nightly
With his cries.
And the broken stone alone repeateth
"Here she lies."

A. M. A.

A doubly pious way consists when we our thanks would bring,
In recognizing God exists in every living thing,
That when or beast or man we touch with pity-helping care;
'Tis known in Heaven just as much, as if we did it there;
That when our voice in kind behalf of any grief is heard,
Heaven's wondrous gold-foiled phonograph is taking every word.

WILL CARLETON.

When in some happy, future hour—God grant it may be given—
We by his mercy's boundless power shall find our way to Heaven,
When we shall see the streets of gold gleam through the pearly portal
And realize the wealth untold of joys that are immortal,
Backward shall turn the echoing scroll, vocal with love here spoken;
And hallowed accents fill the soul with melody unbroken.

L.

SELECT STORY

THE TRANSFERRED GHOST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

AUTHOR OF "RUDDER GRANGE," "THE LATE MRS. NULL," ETC.

The country residence of John Hinckman was a delightful place to me, for many reasons. It was the abode of a genial, though somewhat impulsive, hospitality. It had broad, smooth-shaven lawns and towering oaks and elms; there were bosky shades at several points, and not far from the house there was a little rill spanned by a rustic bridge with the bark on; there were fruits and flowers, pleasant people, chess, billiards, rides, walks, and fishing. These were great attractions; but none of them, nor all of them together, would have been sufficient to hold me to the place very long. I had been invited for the trout season, but should, probably, have finished my visit early in the summer had it not been that upon fair days, when the grass was dry, and the sun was not too hot, and there was but little wind, there strolled beneath the lofty elms, or passed lightly through the bosky shades, the form of my Madeline.

This lady was not, in very truth, my Madeline. She had never given herself to me, nor had I, in any way, acquired possession of her. But as I considered her possession the only sufficient reason for the continuance of my existence, I called her, in my reveries, mine. It may have been that I would not have been obliged to confine the use of this possessive pronoun to my reveries had I confessed the state of my feelings to the lady.

But this was an unusually difficult thing to do. Not only did I dread, as almost all lovers dread, taking the step which would in an instant put an end to that delightful season which may be termed the ante-interrogatory period of love, and which might at the same time terminate all intercourse or connection with the object of my passion; but I was, also, dreadfully afraid of John Hinckman. This gentleman was a good friend of mine, but it would have required a bolder man than I was at that time to ask him for the gift of his niece, who was the head of his household, and, addording to his own frequent statement, the main prop of his declining years. Had Madeline acquiesced in my general views on the subject, I might have felt encouraged to open the matter to Mr. Hinckman; but, as I said before, I had never asked her whether or not she would be mine. I thought of these things at all hours of the day and night, particularly the latter.

I was lying awake one night, in the great bed in my spacious chamber, when, by the dim light of the new moon, which partially filled the room, I saw John Hinckman standing by a large chair near the door. I was very much suprised at this for two reasons. In the first place, my host had never before come into my room; and, in the second place, he had gone from home that morning, and had not expected to return for several days. It was for this reason that I had been able that evening to sit much latter than usual with Madeline on the moonlit porch. The figure was certainly that of John Hinckman in his ordinary dress, but there was a vagueness and indistinctness about it which presented assured me that it was a ghost. Had the good old man been murdered? and had his spirit come to tell me of the deed, and to confide to me the protection of his dear——? My heart fluttered at what I was about to think, but at this instant the figure spoke.

"Do you know," he said, with a countenance that indicated anxiety, "if Mr. Hinckman will return to-night?"

I thought it well to maintain a calm exterior, and I answered.—

"We do not expect him."

"I am glad of that," said he, sinking into the chair by which he stood. "During the two years and a half that I have inhabited this house, that man has never before been away for a single night. You can't imagine the relief it gives me."

And as he spoke he stretched out his legs, and leaned back in the chair. His form became less vague, and the colors of his garments more distinct and evident, while an expression of gratified relief succeeded to the anxiety of his countenance.

"Two years and a half!" I exclaimed. "I don't understand you."

"It is fully that length of time," said the ghost, "since I first came here. Mine is not an ordinary case. But before I say any thing more about it, let me ask you again if you are sure Mr. Hinckman will not return to-night."

"I am as sure of it as I can be of any thing," I answered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hundred miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am glad to have the opportunity of talking to some one who will listen to me; but if John Hinckman should come in and catch me here, I should be frightened out of my wits."

"This is all very strange," I said, greatly puzzled by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of Mr. Hinckman?"

This was a bold question, but my mind was so full of other emotions that there seemed to be no room for that of fear.

"Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied, "and yet I have no right to be. And this is what makes me so uneasy, and so much afraid of him. It is a strange story, and, I truly believed, without precedent. Two years and a half ago, John Hinckman was dangerously ill in this very room. At one time he was so far gone that he was really believed to be dead. It was in consequence of too precipitate a report in regard to this matter that I was at that time, appointed to be his ghost. Imagine my surprise and horror, sir, when, after I had accepted the position and assumed its responsibilities, that old man revived, became convalescent, and eventually regained his usual health. My situation was now one of extreme delicacy and embarrassment. I had no power to return to my original unembodiment, and I had no right to be the ghost of a man who was not dead. I was advised by my friends to quietly maintain my position, and was assured that, as John Hinckman was an elderly man, it could not be long before I could rightfully assume the position for which I had been selected. But I tell you, sir," he continued, with animation, "the old follow seems as vigorous as ever, and I have no idea how much longer this annoying state of things will continue. I spend time trying to get out of that old man's way. I must not leave this house, and he seems to follow me everywhere. I tell you, sir, he haunts me."

"That is truly a queer state of things," I remarked. "But why are you afraid of him? He couldn't hurt you."

"Of course he couldn't," said the ghost. "But his very presence is a shock and terror to me. Imagine, sir, how you would feel if my case were yours."

I could not imagine such a thing at all. I simply shuddered.

"And if one must be a wrongful ghost at all," the apparition continued, "it would be much pleasanter to be the ghost of some man other than John Hinckman. There is in him an irascibility of temper, accompanied by a facility of invective, which is seldom met with. And what would happen if he were to see me, and find out, as I am sure he would, how long and why I had inhabited his house, I can scarcely conceive. I have seen him in his bursts of passion; and, although he did not hurt the people he stormed at any more than he would hurt me, they seemed to shrink before him."

All this I knew to be very true. Had it not been for this peculiarity of Mr. Hinckman, I might have been more willing to talk to him about his niece.

"I feel sorry for you," I said, for I really began to have a sympathetic feeling towards this unfortunate apparition. "Your case is indeed a hard one. It reminds me of those persons who have had doubles, and I suppose a man would often be very angry indeed when he found that there was another being who was personating himself."

"Oh! the cases are not similar at all," said the ghost. "A double or doppelganger lives on the earth with a man; and, being exactly like him, he makes all sorts of trouble, of course. It is very different with me. I am not here to live with Mr. Hinckman. I am here to take his place. Now, it would make John Hinckman very angry if he knew that. Don't you know it would?"

I assented promptly.

"Now that he is away I can be easy for a little while," continued the ghost; "and I am so glad to have an opportunity of talking to you. I have frequently come into your room, and watched you while you slept, but did not dare to speak to you for fear that if you talked with me Mr. Hinckman would hear you, and come into the room to know why you were talking to yourself."

"But would he not hear you?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" said the other: "there are times when any one may see me, but no one hears me except the person to whom I address myself."

"But why did you wish to speak to me?" I asked.

"Because," replied the ghost, "I like occasionally to talk to people, and especially to some one like yourself, whose mind is so troubled and perturbed that you are not likely to be frightened by a visit from one of us. But I particularly wanted to ask you to do me a favor. There is every probability, so far as I can see, that John Hinckman will live a long time, and my situation is becoming insupportable. My great object at present is to get myself transferred, and I think that you may, perhaps, be of use to me."

"Transferred!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I mean," said the other, "is this: Now that I have started on my career I have got to be the ghost of somebody, and I want to be the ghost of a man who is really dead."

"I should think that would be easy enough," I said. "Opportunities must continually occur."

"Not at all!" not at all!" said my companion quickly. "You have no idea what a rush and pressure there is for situations of this kind. Whenever a vacancy occurs, if I may express myself in that way, there are crowds of applications for the ghostship."

"I had no idea that such a state of things existed," I said, becoming quite interested in the matter. "There ought to be some regular system, or order of precedence, by which you could all take your turns like customers in a barber's shop."

"Oh dear, that would never do at all!" said the other. "Some of us would have to wait forever. There is always a great rush whenever a good ghostship offers itself—while, as you know, there are some positions that no one would care for. And it was in consequence of my being in too great a hurry on an occasion of the kind that I got myself into my present disagreeable predicament, and I have thought that it might be possible that you would help me out of it. You might know of a case where an opportunity for a ghostship was not generally expected, but which might present itself at any moment. If you would give me a short notice, I know I could arrange for a transfer."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "Do you want me to commit suicide? Or to undertake a murder for your benefit?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said the other, with a vapory smile. "I mean nothing of that kind. To be sure, there are lovers who are watched with considerable interest, such persons having been known, in moments of depression, to offer very desirable ghostships; but I did not think of that kind in connection with you. You were the only person I cared to speak to, and I hoped that you might give me some information that would be of use; and, in return, I shall be very glad to help you in your love affair."

"You seem to know that I have such an affair," I said.

"Oh, yes!" replied the other, with a little yawn. "I could not be here so much as I have been without knowing all about that."

There was something horrible in the idea of Madeline and myself having been watched by a ghost, even, perhaps, when we wandered together in the most delightful and basky places. But, then, this was quite an exceptional ghost, and I could not have the objections to him which would ordinarily arise in regard to beings of his class.

"I must go now," said the ghost, rising: "but I will see you somewhere to-morrow night. And remember—you help me, and I'll help you."

I had doubts the next morning as to the propriety of telling Madeline any thing about this interview, and soon convinced myself that I must keep silent on the subject. If she knew there was a ghost about the house, she would probably leave the place instantly. I did not mention the matter, and so regulated my demeanor that I am quite sure Madeline never suspected what had taken place. For some time I had wished that Mr. Hinckman would absent himself, for a day at least, from the premises. In such case I thought I might more easily nerve myself up to the point of speaking to Madeline on the subject of our future collateral existence; and, now that the opportunity for such speech had really occurred, I did not feel ready to avail myself of it. What would become of me if she refused me?

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Beautiful Story About a Shipwrecked Sailor on a New Found Island.

News received from San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica, says that in a recent return cruise from the coast of Patagonia to the port of Santa Cruz, the Argentine revenue cutter San Juan sighted and came to anchor off an island hitherto unknown, fifty miles from shore, three miles long by one mile wide, averaging probably thirty feet above high tide, with a rocky, almost perpendicular coast line, extremely tedious of ascent. In the interior, however, it was found to be well wooded, and the Captain of the cutter reports having encountered in his rambles many species of wild animals and thousands of birds. A number of clear, sparkling fresh-water springs were seen. Besides one of these a human footprint was discovered. A search of the vicinity led to the finding of a man asleep upon the ground, close by the beach. He was perfectly devoid of clothing but a snow-white beard and hair reached nearly to his knees. When first awakened he attempted to escape and acted like a wild man, but, being captured soon recovered his speech.

He was a native of Spain, 48 years old and gave his name as Mariano Rodriguez. He said he had shipped from Montevideo in 1880 in an American schooner from New York, bound around the Horn. A violent storm had cast the vessel upon the rocks, and he alone of all the crew had succeeded in gaining shore in safety. No other ship had been sighted since the day he landed until the San Juan come. He had lived on raw shellfish and birds eggs, which were obtainable in abundance; but his sufferings from exposure to the weather at times variable and bitter cold, had been terrible and almost unbearable.

The island has been named "Isle de Rodriguez," after this new Robinson Crusoe. Rodriguez was sent back to Spain a few days ago at the expense of the Government of Costa Rica. Congress will be asked at its coming session to vote a gold medal to the Captain of the San Juan for having discovered the island and rescued its solitary shipwrecked occupant.

THE WAR ON LIQUOR.

The women of Missouri are again commencing the anti-drink crusade. The movement was re-commenced by one of the women attacking saloons single-handed with an axe, after which the ladies of the town served notice on the saloon-keepers to close or be closed by them. The saloon-keepers, in return, swore out warrants for the women on the charge of conspiracy, but if with the intention of frightening them it had but little effect, for this morning, Mrs. Jennie Foster, Mrs. G. W. Williams, Mrs. Howard Jerrold, Mrs. William Adgers and Mrs. Finlay met at the Presbyterian church during prayer meeting with an axe hidden under their heavy shawls. When they left the church they were joined by a dozen other women similarly armed, some even carrying rifles, and marched down the road to Delossus, singing temperance hyms. Half a mile from this place they met August Tomson driving a waggon-load of beer. On their rather threatening invitation he dismounted, aided them in unloading the kegs and and was a witness to their work of destruction and the manner in which the crusaders, unaccustomed to the characteristics of the beverage, bedraggled themselves as it spurted up through the newly made bungholes. Mrs. Foster now assumed command and drove her troops in the beerwaggon to the Delossus railway station, where twenty-six kegs and twenty-five cases of beer were destroyed. The saloon men are highly excited about the matter and are arming themselves for the purpose of taking the law into their own hands should the women try to carry out their threats to destroy all the beer in Farmington.

A TRAVELLING PULPIT.

A curious colonial relic, known as the "open-and-shut" pulpit, was sold by auction at Danielsonville, Conn., last week. One report of the sale says of the relic:—"It had been in the Read family for 160 years, and was the property of Rev. Amos Read, the first Baptist minister in the state. Mr. Read had to travel great distances in order to 'spread the gospel,' and had this pulpit made to take with him. It opens and shuts with hinges like a chest whose lid is very much larger than the box part. When the pulpit is shut up it is seemingly a fair sized box; opened, the solid lid stands straight before the preacher, a pulpit standard, on which the minister lays his Bible and hymn book, and behind which he discourses, standing on the other part of the box. Rev. Amos Read, when he set forth to preach in distant parts, just strapped up his pulpit, balanced it on his horse's back, and trotted forth, carrying church as well as gospel along with him.

AFRICAN AMAZONS.

Dahomey is again at war with an European power, and some of the famous amazons or female soldiers of the king have been killed in a battle with France's Sengalese troops. The king's regular army is a permanent establishment, all the soldiers being enrolled for life or until incapacitated for further service. For special needs the regulars are reinforced by large auxiliary bodies, but these irregular troops are disbanded as soon as the particular occasion that made them useful has passed.

The amazons belong to the regular army, and they are recruited in a remarkable manner. If a woman in Dahomey is found to be unfaithful to her husband she is at once sent to military headquarters and enrolled among the amazons. If she has an acrid temper or fails to bear children, or if her husband wants to get rid of her, he honors himself by presenting her to the king, who, if she has the requisite physical qualifications, turns her over to his army officers to be drilled as an amazon.

The amazons accompany the king on all his expeditions, but they do not usually play a very active role. They guard the baggage and the camp, but are not often taken into action if it can be avoided. The garrison of Abomey, the king's capital, is composed almost exclusively of amazons. A recent visitor to the capital says there were only thirty male soldiers in the garrison. The amazons are also trained to fill the peaceful role of ballet girls. One of the big sights of Dahomey is to see the amazons on gala days frantically brandishing their weapons, uttering their war cries and going through their dances before the king.

GLADSTONE'S HALE OLD AGE.

Nothing could be more charming than the relationship all round of the Gladstone family. The term "happy family" is thoroughly realized. A friend of mine, a rather distinguished sanitary engineer, has frequent occasion to visit Hawarden, and is therefore brought into personal contact with the Cladstones, young and old. He (my friend, I mean) speaks in glowing terms of the Grand Old Man. As for his physique it amazed him. "He could walk me off my legs and he is very nearly twice my age." My friend was sent for to cure the draining defects of Hawarden Castle, and it was a long and tedious operation, for the system was radically wrong, and when that was reformed the problem of disposing of the sewage had to be taken in hand and practically solved. This latter business involved many consultations with the Gladstones, and in all of them the sanitary doctor found that he had at least one marvellous man to deal with. He appeared to have a knowledge of everything.

RAINING ASHES FROM THE SKY.

An American has arrived in this city from Guanajuata, where he was during a rain of ashes that fell in the city. The peculiar phenomenon, according to a statement made to a reporter, began at about 10:30 o'clock in the morning, when ashes started to fall from a coudless sky, and when there was no wind prevailing near the earth. The lower classes were badly frightened, thinking that the strange phenomenon was the precursor of some dire event. The churches were sought by them, where they offered up prayers to the Creator to save them from destruction.

At times the fall of the gray material from the sky was very thick, resembling materially a snowstorm. The buildings, streets, trees and people were covered with ashes at the conclusion of the peculiar storm. The ash storm was very general in the state of Guanajuata. It is the general opinion that the ashes were wafted by a northeasterly current of air across hundreds of miles of country from the active crater of the Columa volcano.—Two Republics.

BLACK HOSIERY IN DEMAND.

Every once in a while some prophet of evil will arise and announce that black stockings must go. It's all absolute rubbish. Women will not give up the hosiery that makes the feet look small. The black silk stockings are not going, but growing. They are having their apotheosis. I was shown some the other day which have left the stocking age behind and have become full fledged tights. Yes, the swell girls wear now with their riding habits and tailor-made frocks nothing less (or more) then black silk tights, which cover feet and limbs to the hips and are there joined to a yoke of flesh-tinted silk. Some very beautiful black hose were also shown with stripes of various colors running horizontally up the back and sides, leaving an inch or two of the plain black on the front of the stocking. This is a much prettier effect than where the stripes are in front, and is much newer.

TERROR IN ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, April 4.—It is impossible to ascertain the exact state of affairs in St. Petersburg. The censorship, applied with more than usual rigor, stifles authentic information. All kinds of wild rumors prevail in consequence and cause alarm here. It is evident danger again hangs over the house of the Romanoffs.

The latest conspiracy against the Czar, revealed by the letter of the dying naval officer who committed suicide, is thought to have led to the Czar's illness, which has disquieted every market in Europe.

This letter, it is said, disclosed the fact that the plot was not directed against the life of the Czar alone, but threatened the lives of his daughter, the Princess Zenie; his uncle, the Grand Duke Constantine, and Elizabeth, the wife of the Grand Duke.

In view of these disclosures it is not surprising that a reign of terror prevails in the Russian capital.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

French and Russian politicians try hard to persuade themselves that with Bismarck's retirement the Triple Alliance has fallen to pieces. If their assertions could create facts, then undoubtedly this would be the case, but, for the present, at least, the Triple Alliance is rather stronger than ever. Bismarck was far more pro-Russian than the Kaiser is, and far more anxious to preserve the Czar's good will, even at the cost of pocketing affronts and submitting to injustices. William will do neither and, moreover, he is bound by his great personal friendships with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, while he and the Czar are not at all well affected toward each other.

JOAN OF ARC.

M. Lesigne has given a new turn to the modern Jeanne d'Arc cult in France by issuing a learned book studying the whole subject dispassionately by the light of all the available historical documents, including many hitherto unknown. He seems to make it tolerably clear that so far from being burned, she was happily married, and lived to old age. It was only afterwards that the legend about her was built up to fit the fabulous prediction of Merlin. This fatal blow at the aureoled figure over which Republicans and Clericals are fighting for possession is resented by both parties, and papers of all shades deplore the attempt to weaken faith in the patriotic and inspired maid.

A Matter of Fashion—"The shopping district seems unusually quiet." "Yes. You know the bustle has gone out."

FOUND THEIR WEAK POINT.

Cowboys (in graceful chorus)—We've got you now, you villain, and you are going to swing.

(They prepare the rope and select a convenient tree.)

The Villain—Hold on, boys. I'll bet you the drinks you don't stretch my neck.

Cowboys—Oh, won't we, just!

(They pinion his arms.)

The Villain—I can put you up to some valuable secrets.

(They tie his feet together.)

The Villain—I know where $60,000 in gold is buried.

(They adjust the noose to his neck.)

The Villain—I can put you on to a new silver mine.

(They commence to hoist him up.)

The Villain—And I've got six new tricks at cards.

Chorus of voices (excitedly)—Hold on! Let him down.

(He is let down, released and pardoned).

HE SETTLED IT.

The following good one is told of a now famous London lawyer:

When he was a young man his father retired from practice leaving the business to him. Within a week the young lawyer came home and proudly proclaimed:

"What is that, my son?"

"I have settled the Noa estate case."

"Settled it, my son. Settled it, did you say?"

"Yes, father, I settled it in three days, and I could have settled it in one if the Judge had been at home."

"Young man," said the astonished parent, "you are an ass, a consummate ass. Why, sir, four generations, of your ancestors have lives on that case and grown rich, and you and your children's children might have done the same if you had not been an egregious ass."

ATTRIBUTED TO THE KAISER.

A telegram from Berlin which was delayed by the press censorship, announces the publication of a pamphlet entitled "He Goes-What Now?" It is reported Emperor William himself was the author. In any case it betrays an intimate knowledge of affairs of state. It states that a secret society, including among its members the Emperor, Chancellor von Caprivi and Gen. DuVernois, the Minister of War, proposes to reconcile the democratic parties alienated by Bismarck and that the Emperor has adopted the social theories of La Salle and Taine. It compares him to Savanarola and Constantine and says he has taken the new social doctrine into his own hands to save the tottering thrones of Europe. The pamphlet has caused a sensation.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"You seem to be greatly annoyed." "Yes, I am." "What is the cause?" "I can't find anything to complain of."

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

Don't fret what your reputation will be after death. Tombstones are mighty charitable.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind.

Sassy.—He—"I never laugh at an inferior." She—"It would be impossible for you to do such a thing."

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

NAUGHTY, BUT TRUE.

Young Curate (on a parochial visit) You go to Sunday-school, little girl? Little Girl.—Yeth, thir.

Y. C.—I hope that the little girls and boys whom you meet there never do or say anything naughty.

L. G.—Well, thir, Bobby Brown said yesterday that Billy Thomas was a damn fool, but then he ith, you know.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

It is as easy to tell the truth to you wife as to tell a lie, but it is not always so expedient.

The most popular dentist is the one who extracts teeth without payin'.

Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertisedn in aother column.

Men use the same rule in judging champagne that women use in judging men. If it is good it pops.

OLD MAIDS.

"As for unmarried women," says the Bishop of Rochester, "what a dreary wilderness this world would be without them. In thousands of homes the maiden sister or aunt is the very angel of the family, the children's idol, the secret wonder and delight even of those who too unscrupulously use her; by sick beds and death beds, a divine consoler; the depository of the tender secrets of blushing hearts; the unwearied friend of the old, the poor and the lowly. Old maids, indeed! With certain obvious exceptions, they are the very salt of the earth; the calm and clear light of the household that is blessed as to own them; their distinction to be wanted by everybody; their reward to be useful to everybody; their home the snuggest, warmest place in the hearts that can love."

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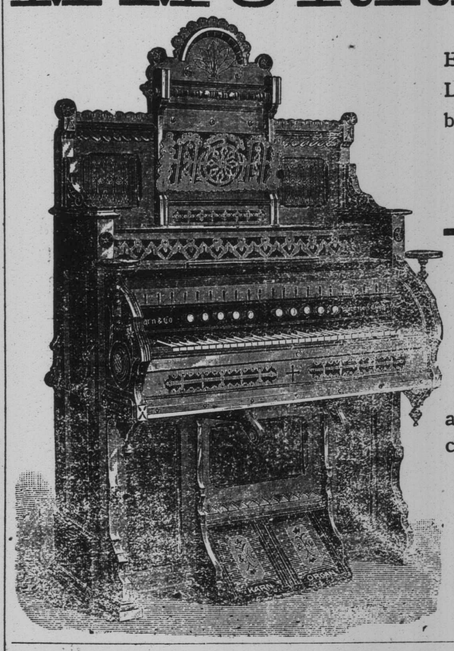

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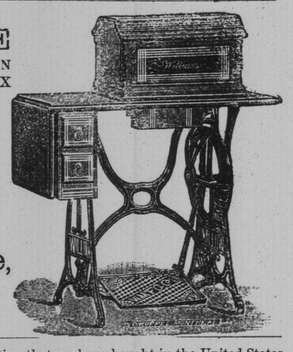

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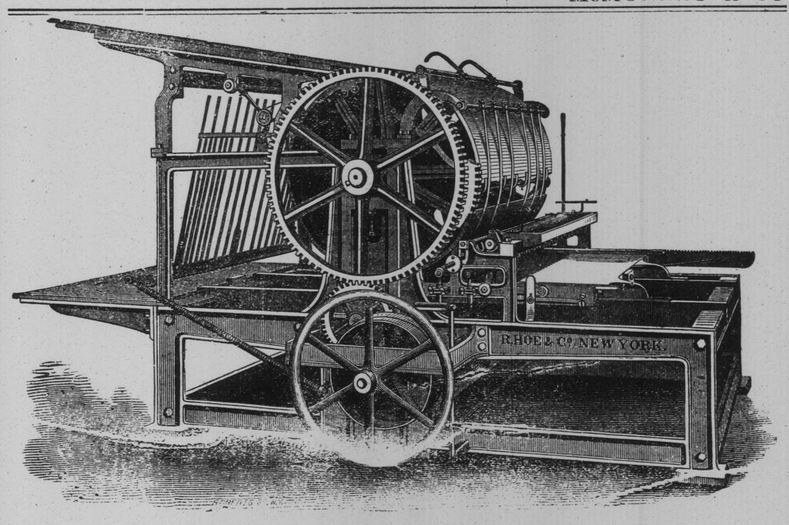

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