

### J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor.

# VOLUME I.

.

orm

Funny Uncle Phil. I heard the grown folks talking last night when

I lay abed, So I shut my eyes they said; And first they said

coming here, And a good old soul was Polly, but Phil was

always queer.

And they never, never, never, in all their live could see

How Polly came to may could agree: For she was just as bright and sweet

flower in May, But he was tight as a dr

as a stormy day. And his nose was always poking into othe

tolk's affairs. And he was altogethe

Roys this morning, both of which Sarah hands to Miss Janet, who hurriedly hairs reads the addresses. One is for herself And he had so many

the other is for her brother. "'Here is a letter for you, sir, if your name is Horatio,'" she quotes, reaching it to him across the table. come near Without your hitting s constant fear

"But my name is not Horatio," he Well, I listened very hard, and I 'men replies, correctingly, as he takes it. "Are you aware that to paraphrase is perfectly allowable? 'If your name be every word,

And I thought it was ever heard; Richard' would be much more appropri-ate, and would sound far better." And in the evening, when I heard the chais

Janet scarcely listens to the prattle come down the hill. her brother: the letter that has come for I almost couldn't wait to see my funny Uncle her is edged with black, and she is

Phil. But, oh ! what stories grown folks tell ! wasn't black at all !

And he hadn't any corners, but was plump and fair and small;

His nose turned up a little, but then it was How it could poke so very much I reall

couldn't see

And when he saw me staring, he nedded hard and smiled; And then he asked them softly if I was Elsie

child: And when grandma said I was he too

gently on his knee, wound my longest curl about his finge

earefully. And he told me 'bout my mamnia when

was a little girl, And all the time he talked he kept his fir

on that curl Till at last I couldn't stand it, and I slippe

down by his chair, And asked him how he came

splitting hair. and is about to begin again, "what Nel My ! how he stared ! and Jimmy laugh has to say that is so very interesting?

and granduna shook her head, And grandpa had his awful look, and Unc

he hurriedly crumples the missive into his pocket. Sam turned red: And then the clock ticked very

"Nell!" he repeats. "How-did you now it was from Nell?" "I know her handwriting." "But it's just like hundreds of others, Aud I knew 'twas something dreadful I has

evertheless

marks.

nent

in-law

ontinued Dick, buttering a hot ontinuance of his breakfast. not rol

A slight flush mounts to Dick's face as

brought, whose death it has come to an-

Surely he must have bequeathed some-thing to his brother's grandchildren." Dick is in his study now-a neat, cozy which is in reality the library, but which is to call his study. He is sitting at his to call his study. He is sitting at his to make one sad. Rather a cause for re-oicing, I should say. Poor fellow, he was so old he couldn't enjoy it, and I dare say he's better off where he is; that is, if he was as good as his will makes to the think he was." "It is all true," says Dick. "There is to a the nutruth in the whole letter: the this really grieved. Her nature is this eatly grieved is the tooy did breathe his this all true," says Dick. "There is the boy did breathe his very long; but I'm glad you've come, for I'm deucedly hungry. Rather a good sign, isn't it, Jean?" "To be hungry? Yes; very good"— sitting down at the table and tapping sitting down at the table and tapping the call-bell. "But it won't last very long. I'll venture to say that in fifteen minutes from now your appetite will be considerably diminished." "Yery likely," said Dick, as Sarah en-ters from the kitchen, bearing the cof-steak in the other. "At any rate, I will so how for steak coffee and hot his-

see how far steak, coffee and hot bis-cuits will go toward diminishing it." Presently there is a violent ring at the you

'Who can that be?" exclaimed Dick, inquisitively. "I wonder if any of the boys could have come out to see what has become of me?" and are you so elated at having attained gray beard. your majority that you are above visit-ing your friends? I cannot think that "It sounds very like the postman," adds his sister; and the postman it is. Two letters are his contribution to the

because you are now a man you have given up all the friends of your childhood. Please call soon, and tell me all about your presents. Ever your friend, NELL." That is it; and in it Dick is trying to find traces of something more than friendship

""Nell is an awfully jolly girl," he says to himself, leaning back in his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets; "just as full of fun as ever she can be. I wonder whether she really does care any-thing for me? I'm not altogether a bad-looking fellow, if I do say it myself, and I fancy I can talk quite as well as the most of 'em. How is one to tell whether a girl cares more for him than for another, when she persists in being jolly nervously tearing open the envelope in her haste to see what ill news it has with every one?" Then he gets to thinking of some means to solve the problem. How shall he prove her? Presently an idea comes

nounce. Dick notices her agitation as she draws out the inclosed sheet, and wonders, even as she is wondering, what can be its message. onche Artnur is dead," she says, the next moment, giving a sigh of relief. "I saw it was in Harry's handwriting, and so feared it was Convin Marting, ous over his discovery ous over his discovery. He opens one of the drawers in his

"I saw it was in Harry's handwriting, and so feared it was Cousin Margaret." "Uncle Arthur!" repeats Dick. "Un-cle Arthur! He's one of my respected great-uncles, whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing: a California mil-lionaire. I wonder did it ever strike him that a little of his wealth would be Janet comes in. "Oh, Jean!" she says, going to meet writing-table and takes out a packet of letters. Through them he searches until her, and premnting a countenance that for signs of weeping is not a whit better off than Miss Roy's, "I do so sympathize he finds two that Janet wrote him while he was away on his midsummer vaca-tion. These he spreads open before him, and taking a sheet of note-paper he be-gins to write, now closely studying his sister's letters, now slowly putting words with you!' acceptable to his great-niece and greatacceptable to his great-niece and great-nephew, who are battling with the world far away over here in the East?" "Oh, Dick!" exclaims Miss Roy, greatly shocked, "how can you talk o, the poor man's money when he is just dead?" upon the paper. Half an hour and he has finished. He folds the sheet, incloses tears. it in on envelope, and addresses it as carefully as he has written it. Then he rises, and, unlocking the door, meets Janet in the hall. She sees him take "Poor man!" says Dick, laughing. "I always thought he was a rich one." "May I inquire," asks Miss Roy, meekly, when her brother had twice read the epistle he holds in his hand, us some time, you know. down his hat to go out.

"Had you not better wear your over-coat?" she asks. "I'm afraid you might take cold again."

"I'm not going far," he answers; only to post a letter." "To Nell?"she asks, teasingly. "Are you not rather prompt in answering your

orrespondents Dick, making no reply, goes out, while she, laughing to herself, hurries away to her numerous household duties.

The next morning is the 1st of April-

"DEAR DICK,—I have been looking for you to call, as you promised, and am much surprised at not having seen you. Your birthday, I think you told me, is about this time. Did you have a party? and are you so elated at having attained boy is no more; the boy did breathe his last. I am a man now. Thursday was my twenty-first birthday." "But you forged my name," says Janet.

"I put my initial below, if you notice," replies Dick. And sure enough, there it was. "And our wedding will All through the morning, as, thinking All through the morning, as, thinking thus, she sits diligently sewing, tears ever and anon well up in her eyes and go trickling down her cheeks before she is aware of their presence. As a natural consequence, twelve o'clock finds her with very red eyes and nose, and a genthus, she sits diligently sewing, tears ever and anon well up in her eyes and go trickling down her cheeks before she is aware of their presence. As a natural consequence, twelve o'clock finds her with very red eyes and nose, and a gen-eral appearance of having gone through a most heart-rendering affliction. This is her condition when Sarah knocks at the door, and on entering announces that Miss Taylor is in the drawing-room.

the door, and on entering announces that Miss Taylor is in the drawing-room. "Oh, what shall I do?" exclaims Janet, in perplexity, as soon as the maid is out of ear-shot. "She will see that I

### **Restless** Nights.

some persons "toss and tumble" half the night and get up in the morning weary, unrefreshed and dispirited, whol-ly unfit, either in body or mind, for the duties of the day; they are not only in-capacitated for business, but are often rendered so ungracious in their manners, so irrite ble and fratful as to unread have been crying, and will want to know all about it; and I really can't talk of it now. I wonder where Dick is; he might go and see her, and explain that I'm not well; but dear me"—getting up and smoothing back her hair with both hands—"I suppose he's out somewhere. He never is about when he's wanted, but so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom and a cloud over the whole house-hold. To be able to go to bed and be in

He never is about when he's wanted, but is sure to be here when he's not." So, wiping her eyes for the hundredth time since breakfast, and giving her nose the fiftieth gentle blow, she goes softly down to the drawing-room in search of her visitor. Nellie Taylor—a rather short, plump girl, with a charmingly pretty pink and white face—rises quickly as Langt comes in. in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an incalculable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that beneficent Providence which vouchsafes the same through the instrumentalities of a wise and self-denying attention to

Restless nights as to persons in ap-parent good health, arise chiefly from, first, an overloaded stomach; second, within three days 300 shares of Root's

Janet is much surprised at these words. On what account does she sympathize with her? Surely she cannot know why muscular activities proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner at midshe has been spending the morning in day, and nothing after that except a piece of cold bread and butter and a cup or two of some hot drink; any thing beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, dough-nuts and the like, only tempt nature to "Come and sit down by me," Nell goes on, taking her hand and drawing her to a sofa. "Trouble comes to all of eat when there is really no call for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its

"But," begins Janet, thoroughly puz-zled, as they sit down together, "my dear Nell"— "There, now," interrupted she, "don't speak to me of it: don't tell me how

speak to me of it: don't tell me how much worse you feel than I. I know you think so; but, indeed "—and the tears began to trickle down her cheeks again—" you don't know how I loved him." "Nell, what are you talking about?" Janet asks, excitedly, her grief having given way to astonished curiosity. "It is evident there is a misunderstanding.

But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as much thereof as will produce moderate fatigue, is spent in steady work in the open air, or on horseback, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleeping in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour. and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it is at two, four, or six o'clock in the

TIMELY TOPICS.

There are so many curious turns of fortune's wheel on the Comstock. One would hardly deem these strin-gent times when, upon scrutinizing the report of the commissioner of internal revenue he learns that during the past heard only yesterday of a case where cold-blooded persistency of purpose and tenacity of grit in face of most discourfiscal year no less than 1,905,063,000 cigars aging circumstances won a big fortune: were smoked, which at ten cents each amounted in value to \$190,506,300. In and the case is the more remarkable and the case is the more remarkable because, knowing the parties, meet-ing them almost every day, being fami-liar with their surroundings, etc., I never before heard of it. It leaked out only by accident. Mr. Root is the man who designed all the machinery, laid all the plans, made all the contracts, and superintended the work of building Gor addition to this there was also consumed 25,312,438 pounds of tobacco of the ag-gregate value of \$15,000,000.

An Austrian clockmaker named Jean Writz is said to have invented a rifle with which from 400 to 450 shots can be fired each minute. The mechanism of the weapon has some resemblance to the superintended the work of building Gov. Stanford's famous wire-cable street-rail-road in this city, which runs a distance movements of a watch, and the cartridges are so arranged as to form a part of lengthened ribbon. The handling of the piece is said to be a very simple affair; and the inventor is engaged in perof two miles through the richest and best part of the city, and is to-day the model street-railway of the continent. fecting those parts proved by experi-ments to be defective, in order, that the arm may be used in war.

A singular instance of human credulity is reported from Munich. The actress, Adele Spitzeder, who was sen-tenced there about six months ago to a term of imprisonment for having swin-dled the public out of many millions by her banking institutions (the Dachauer Banken), conducted, as she asserted, for the furtherance of the interests of the old friend, and said: "Dan, guess we'd better get rid of some of this now," and he handed over two certificates, one of 500 shares and the other of 100. "Dan" took them, looked them over, and noticed that the backs of both were perfectly covered with receipts for assessments.

The late ameer of Afghanistan was uni-versally called the "madman" through-out his dominions, and so great was the awe in which he was held by his sub-jects, the *Times of India* says, that no one dared tell him of the defeat of his troops on the Beijwar Khotal hu the Ens troops on the Peiwar Khotal by the Eng-lish invaders. Shere Ali sat in his coun-cil-room waiting for news, but no one ventured to tell him the result. At last, 'and the mother, of Abdulla Jan sent her lit-tle girl to tell her father. He was talk-ing cagerly as the child entered, and she tried hard to blurt out her message, "My mother says I am to tell your highness —" but the ameer kept putting his hand on her her mouth, as the discussion was important. At last he turned to her, "Well, what is it, little one ?" The child california, so many into Belcher. Pay for them, let the mother, of Abdulla Jan sent her litcame sidling up, all eyes upon her, "My mother says I am to tell your highness the Sahibs have crossed the Khotal." An instant stampede from the neighbor-hood of the ameer closed the council.

Yuma, Cal., has a famous rooster, and wait. But sooner or later some one or the other of those stocks will make me a fortune."

Some persons "toss and tumble " half a sound, delicious sleep, an unconscious deliciousness, in five minutes, but enjoyed

ments ever since religiously, and the whole lot stands me in about \$5 a share.

the laws of our being.

from worldly care; third, from want of

train of evils. Worldly care. For those who cannot

sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their

"Where in the world did you get these?" asked Dan. "Bought 'em four years ago," said Root. "Had 'em lying in my trunk ever since. Paid, I think, fifty cents a share for some, six bits for some more, and got some for two bits. Been paying assess

I want you to sell half of it now, for I guess it's time to 'call the turn,'" and

stock found a market at from \$200 to \$220, and his broker passed to his credit

many into Belcher. Pay for them, let them lie; and when assessments come pay on them." "But," said the broker, "you may

have to wait, and" "That's just what I expect to do-

And this is the spirit that our average And this is the spirit that our average working Californian goes into specula-tion on the Comstock with. Few-here buy Comstock stocks for dividends. Let a mine there begin to pay dividends and be or be o divide ds, and I ly the egg began to warm up to the situunless they are very big, or the mine has a prospect of keeping them up, not a dollar is added to the value of the stock. In curiosity by the store people. About Our quiet buyer, our business man, our the time the mercury reached 124 de Shrewd capitalist, are all actuated by the same idea. "Buy them when they are cheap, lay them away, and sooner or later if any mine within a mile makes a tribe of the time the mercury reached 124 de-grees in the shade the chicken began to peck its way out of the shell, and it emerged as defiant an infantrooster as cver wore spurs. It grew apace, and tolater if any mine within a mile makes a strike we may make 500 per cent. If the strike should come in our own mine we may make from 5,000 to 10,000 per cent., and, perhaps, if we have stock enough, walk off with the fortune we expected to have to work all our lives for." up his foot, and straightway the bird will fly at him viciously. We have heard of many ways of hatching chick-

certificate. Yet one day when Sierra Nevada was booming along at 200, Root walked into the office of a leading broker, an

A Lucky Holder.

San Francisco correspondent writes

trophe will occur.

# NUMBER 80.

SUBSCRIPTION .... \$2.50 per Annum, Payable in Advance.

said to Uncle Phil

kitchen was so still."

But I couldn't help it then, so I told him every word, And he listened very quietly; he never spok nor stirred.

Till I told him 'bout the corners, and said didn't know

How he could have so many when thore didn' any show. wear none.

And then he laughed and laughed, till kitchen fairly shook:

And he gave the frightened grown folks such bright and funny look, And said. "Tis true, my little girl, when Poll

married me I was full of ugly corners, but she's smooth

your them down, you see."

And then they all shook hands again, and Jimmy gave three cheers.

And Uncle Sam said little pitchers had mo monstrous ears:

And grandma kissed Aunt Polly; but then sh looked at me,

And said I'd better "meditate" while she getting tea.

That means that I must sit and think who

naughty things I've done;

It must be 'cause I'm little yet-they to think 'twas fun.

I don't quite understand it all; well, by and I will

Creep softly up to him, and ask my funn

Uncle Phil. -Amelia Dailey-Alden in Wide Awake.

# AN APRIL HOAX.

Looking at it from without, it does not appear very unlike its fellows, this little suburban cottage of the Rosy with its unpretending hooded porcl over which the ivy trails its dark foliage, its two parlor windows in front and its bay-window at the side; but within there is nothing commonplace Every room, every corner, reflects the reflect taste of Janet Roy, and the quaint fancies of her brother Dick. "' 'Can the love that you're so rich in Build a fire in the kitchen ?

Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit Dick, the handsome, the talented, the gentlemanly-he is all this and more in his sister Janet's eyes-is sitting on the I should hesitate, I think, to ask any one to marry me, for fear of having that window-seat, the sun bathing his couplet thrown in my face. Now if that shapely figure in its impartial rays. He is reading the morning paper; with more interest probably than most men dear old great-uncle of ours had only taken it into his aged head to leave us a few of his many thousands, then perhaps I might think of engagements and dia-mond rings and mothers-in-law; and you might begin to speculate on the comare wont to have, for he recognizes the mannerism of each writer on the editorial page-he is on the editorial staff himself-and takes pleasure in seeing how Smith treats the Eastern question, what parative advantages of my various lady riends as a sister-in-law. "Poor, dear old man!" Janet con-tinues, kindly. "I can just remember sitting on his knee and playing with his long beard at the time he was on from Jones thinks of the condition of the Indians, and what Brown has to say on the presidential policy. He has not written a stroke for over a week himlong beard at the time he was on from the West. It's really a shame, Dick, our self. He has been quite ill; a heavy

being so lively, and Uncle Arthur, grand-father's own brother, lying dead." "Well, my dear, I should be lying alive if I said I was sorry he's gone; for cold threatening pneumonia has kep him a prisoner at the cottage, and for seven mornings has the public been de prived of the pleasure and profit of pe-rusing his timely and caustic remarks knows but he may have thought of us?"

upon general topics. Only yesterday he stepped across the threshold into manhood; it was his twenty-first birthday to-day he is a citizen of the republic. The clock on the mantel-shelf tinkles

forth eight silvery notes. Dick looks up from his paper with some show of imly acquiescing in his sister's views. "I am sure we all do. Don't you think, Where can Janet be?. As if patience. Jean, we had better bow the shutters and hang out black bombazine?" in answer to his thought, the door opens, and Miss Roy, tall and graceful, in a dress of olive-green serge, in charm-ing contrast with her light golden hair,

comes softly in. "Have you been waiting long, Dick?" asks, in a pleasant, kindly voice. she

'I must have overslept myself.' 'No," replies Dick, throwing down his paper and yawning languidly, "not he;

practical jokes and its myriads of little " All innocent lies, when every one does his best to make a fool of his dearest friend adies write in the same style now-a-days. The letters are all very tall and all very

as well as his direct foe. It is a bright. sunny morning, that swells the buds to "Each lady's hand has a peculiarity, oursting, and draws up the blades of Dick Roy is in the very best of spirits; he has persuaded Janet into believing that he has taken a fresh cold; has as-"' Which nobody can deny,'" Richard. Some hands are pink and some are white, some are fat and some are lean, some wear diamonds and som sumed a voice as hoarse as a veteran bull-"How you trip one up!" exclaimed Janet, smiling. "You know very well what I mean. Would you have me stumble over the whole length of 'chir-ography' every time?" "By no means. It would only be a frog; and has been looking the very pic-ture of distress, until the arrival of the postman—just as he is creeping in to breakfast and adding to his sister's anx-

iety by his distressed countenancecauses him to brighten up, and in the clearest tone remark, "'Pon my word, Jean, my cold's gone. Did it strike you By no means. It would only be a vaste of breath, and would seem as prise. though you were intentionally airing your knowledge of Webster's Unathis was the first day of April?" An expression of relief mingled with ibrary.

annoyance mounts Miss Roy's counte-Dick is beginning to congratulate him self on the masterly way in which he has nance You awful boy !" she exclaims. "You turned the subject and escaped rudely telling his sister that the contents of Miss Nellie Taylor's letter are not for her should be ashamed of yourself, trying to smiles. fool your own sister."

"And succeeding, too," laughs Dick. ears, when she again refers to his re-The only letter this morning is one for him. It is hidden by a large yellow en-velope, and addressed in a bold heavy maining tears. "By-the-bye," she says, as she draws from the urn her brother's second cup of velope, and addressed in a bold heavy hand that gives one an impression of im-portant business at once. As Dick opens it and catches sight of the heading, his coffee, "speaking of some hands with diamonds and some without, Nell doesn't

wear one, does she? When do you pro-pose presenting her with one of the face brightens in expectation, and continues brightening until he has read it "I was not aware" (with mock grav quite through, when he is wearing the ity) "that young men are generally ex-pected to provide their lady friends with broadest of smiles. "Hurrah !" he shouts, his boyishnes

making its appearance through his new-ly acquired manhood—"hurrah for Uncle Arthur ! Hurrah ! Jean, we've been liamond rings." "Did the fact that there is such a thing as an engagement ring ever present itself to your enlightened intellect?" left a fortune !' Janet looks at him unbelievingly.

"Engagement?" repeats Dick; "did I understand you to say engagement? Since when, pray, did you conclude that your respected brother had given his She has been fooled once this morning, and does not intend to submit tamely to what she considers her brother's second heart to another? I know of no engage attempt.

"If you must joke, Dick," she says, calmly, her voice and manner strangely "Oh, dear!" says Janet, sighing melo-dramatically; "have I really been mis-taken? And here I was already congrat-ulating myself on so soon having a sistercontrasting with his excitement, "pray don't take such a subject. You are play-ing your part very well, I admit; but still I remember now what day it is." "Do you remember the nursery rhyme?" asks Dick: "But I'm not joking; it's a fact. Here

is a letter from the dear old boy's lawyer. Look at the postmark; look at the letter-head; read the message," he goes on, excitedly, running around to his sis-ter's side of the table and spreading the envelope and its contents before her. He is certainly not fooling her now, as she is compelled to admit when she is thus presented with the evidence. The same heavy style of writing that was

without is within.

"Richard Roy, Esq.: "DEAR SIR" (it begins),—"I have pleasure in informing you that the will of the late Arthur Roy, Esq., of this city, bequeaths to his great-nephew and great-niece, Richard and Janet Roy (yoursel and sister), each the sum of fifty thou sand dollars. These amounts are in vested in United States government bonds, and shall be forwarded to you in

due course 'I have the honor to be your obedi-

ent servant, "J. MADISON PERRY, Executor." while there's death there's hope, and who

The effect of the reading on Janet is "Oh, Dick!" beseechingly, "please don't joke about it. I really do feel badquite the reverse of that on her brother. Instead of breaking forth into joyous shouts, her sensitive nature causes her to. ly, and Cousin Margaret and Harry must be so grieved." "So they must," says Dick, apparentburst into a flood of tears. Dick looks at her in astonishment

What can she be crying for ? he thinks. A legacy of fifty thousand dollars he does not consider a cause for weeping, and concludes that his sister has become mystified in regard to the time to weep

"I shall bow the shutters," adds Janet, feeling rather angry at her brother's con-tinued joking. "It is the least we can do, and it shows some respect for our and the time to laugh. "What is the matter with you ?" he asks, when the first outburst has subsided into occasional suppressed sobs. "Oh, Dick !" eries Janet, wiping her grandfather's brother," rising and leav-

ing Dick still at the table. "Our grandfather's brother!" repeats eyes, "I believe you have no feeling at all. Just to think what a dear, kind what an awfully near relative!

somewhere. "Nell looks at her curiously. "Are you angry?" she asks, in a hurt one; "would you not have approved of one his making me his wife?"

"You marry Uncle Arthur "Uncle Arthur!" repeats Nell. she who is surprised now. 'Who Uncle Arthur

is a m

"The dear, kind old gentleman has just died. "But I have been talking of Dick.

You must have known I was. Poor dear Dick." and again she is weeping as though her heart would break. But Dick is not dead? Nell looks up in incredulous, glad sur-

There is a movement of the portiere which covers the entrance to the 'Nor likely to be soon," shouted Rich-

ard, running forward from his hiding-place, where he has heard all the conversation, his pleasant face wreathed i

The next moment he has caught Nell in his arms and is kissing away the re-

"You darling good girl!" he says, pas-sionately, "now I believe you do care a little bit for me." "But I cannot understand it."

Janet, in wonder. "What ever could have caused you to think Dick dead?" was "The idea of asking me, after the letter you wrote!" replies Nell. "Didn't you tell me so? I didn't think, Jean, that

you could perpetrate such an awful oke "But I wrote no letter," adds Janet

Nell puts her hand in her pocket and draws forth an epistle. "If you didn't "Read it," she says. "If you didn write it, who did?" And Janet read:

" Friday morning. "My DEAR NELL .- I have very sad news for you. Our darling boy is no more. At twelve o'clock Wednesday night he breathed his last. Oh, how can write it? I can scarcely realize that he s gone. Please do come out and see me. know you thought a great deal of him, and can sympathize with me.

"Ever yours, JANET ROY." Suddenly it comes to Janet that perhaps her great uncle was related to the

haps her great uncle was related to the Taylors also. "Was he"—she begins: but before she can finish the question Nell answers her: "Yes" (sobbing). "Didn't you know it? Oh, why didn't some one let me know that he was so ill? I would have so liked to be with him!" Janet looked pityingly at her young friend. Surely her uncle must have been a very lovable old gentleman to innati Enquirer.

been a very lovable old gentleman to inspire this affection.

'But how strange it is," she thinks. that I never knew we were even disantly connected with the Taylors. Perhaps Dick knew it, but I'm sure he never told me." Then she begins sobing again for mere sympathy, and for a moment not a word is spoken.

"Was he so very dear to you?" asks Janet, bringing the cambric into play again

away the tears, "you cannot imagine how we loved each other. There was no time set, but then it was understood that it was to come off as soon as his salary was sufficient for him to "-and then she burst into tears again. "What do you mean?"—in surprise.

What was to come off?" 'We were engaged, you know," Nell

ays, looking up. "Engaged!"—with great actonishment. "Did you not know it?"

"But it is not my writing," says Janet. "I never make my e's like that, nor sign myself 'Ever yours," and, be-sides, there was no black on the door." "It is very like your writing, and I never thought of the black. Who could have sent the letter if you didn't?"

morning. In less than a week each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no nore.-Hall's Journal of Health.

Moving Day.

"Moving day, with all its attendant horrors, is at hand," said James, yester-day evening, " and I don't see how I am ever to get through with it. It brings

nothing but work, work, work. "Why, yes," replied Grandfather Lickshingle, "it is a terrible day for us poor men folks, and no mistake. Seein' as how this dre'ful day has rolled around an' battered me over the bald an' beetling pate upward of a hundred times, I ought to know a little somethin' about it. Work! Well, I should say so. Git up in the mornin' before breakfast, sit around till it's ready, then eat an' off down town after a wagon. And right here I want to say that the standin' premium of a million dollars in gold offered by the United States government to the man that finds a wagon when he wants it has never been claimed. No mortal man ever finds a wagon without hoofin 'round a whole square, an' jest this kind of work is knocking years and years of usefulness out of some of our best young men. Well, after the doggoned wagon is found, you must give the driver your old as well as your new address, as the papers say, and that's enough to break any ordinary man's back. By this time

you're pretty well fagged out, an' you send the wagon to the house, while you go off down town about your business, an' your wife finishes up whatever little odds an' ends there may be to do about

the movin' Oh, its dre'ful, dre'ful! an it raises the blisters on my hands to think And grandfather bowed his aged of it." head on his cane and groaned.-Cincin-

## Words of Wisdom.

It requires more power to control fortune than to control kings.

Flattery is a sort of bad money which our vanity gives currency. Hard words have never taught wis om, nor does truth require them.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves. Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of

"Oh, Jean," Nell answers, also wiping It is extraordinary how long a man

may look among the crowd without dis-covering the face of a friend. There is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions en-tirely with any man in the world.

He that hath really felt the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy

will fear to offend it. It is better not to expect or calculate

consequences. Let us try to do right actions without thinking of the feelings they are to call out in others.

travel, telling him to take notes and write as it is cheap. It is the favorite prehome what he saw. He crossed a Spanish river dry shod, and wrote: " It would be impossible to carry on the milk business in this part of the country."

### The English Language.

Mr. John Albee lectured in New York on the English language. The transla-tion of the Bible by King James' translators and the writings of the Elizabethan dramatists were the most powerful in-

previous experiences.

ens, but a rooster hatched by

Where False Hair Comes From.

ing commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can

never be sure whether these are redolent

of the sepulchre, the gutter, or the ser-vant girl's comb.-Scientific American.

For an Obstinate Cough.

the following to a druggist, and have

Pix liquida, 20 drops.

him prepare it:

Health and Home.

R.

M. S.

If you have an obstinate cough, take

Spts. nitr. dule., 1 drachm. Syr. Symplex, 2 ounces.

He should charge you but little for it.

sician, who says that he has obtained

very flattering results from its use.

Teaspoonful night and morning.

heat in a tin can is a little ahead of our

natural

fluences, Mr. Albee thought, in mould-ing and fixing the language. It was for-tunate that the Bible had been trans-False hair having come to be recoglated when the best style of language-that of the great dramatists-was i in existence, it may be of interest to learn vogue. The translators, too, had been inspired, and inspiration found voice, beauty and vigor in the simplest ex-(to use the technical term of the trade), pressions. The Bible, then, had met the necessities of those who objected to parts of the stock in market, as there are few of the drama. "Note the difference,' said the lecturer, in conclusion, "be nce," women who are willing to part with "be- their locks for money, and those who said the lecturer, in conclusion, "be-tween the unaffected simplicity and power of the writings of those times with the obscure, affected style of to-day Now we do not ask but inquire; a woman is a female; a father a paternal rela-tive; we do not give but donate; we never go, begin, eat, get, but proceed, commence, partake, receive; when vounger we had rooms be now apart commence, partake, receive; when mand, however, greatly exceeds the sup-younger we had rooms, but now apart- ply, and it is asserted that Paris alone vocalists; and it is pleasant to believe that no one now gets drunk, but intoxi-center of traffic in hair) deals with Spain, cated. See the contrast, In the Bible, the Orient and the two Sicilies, for forty the most thrilling and best written of all tons a year of dark hair, of which she books, ninety-six per cent. of the words are Anglo-Saxon; in Shakespeare, eighty-six per cent.; and in Tennyson's 'Ar-thur,' 3,000 of the 3,500 words are monothur, ' 3,000 of the 3,000 words are mono-syllables. And so the rank of all writers of fame unquestioned is graded by the proper use of more or less of the Saxon proper use of more or less of the Saxon language. The union of powerful thought and perfect words is like the clearest water in the clearest glass; the water and the glass seem but one subward washed with bran and potash,

Jests from French Papers.

stance.

carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, A gentleman finds himself in the hands of two highwaymen, with which Paris has been infested for several weeks, who vainly search his pockets. "What an ass you are," they exclaim, made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best cus-" to go out at night without your watch. The idea of your believing these stupid tomer, and America almost as good.

tomer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swa-tow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1873, dur-ing which year 18,600 pounds were ex-ported to Europe. In 1875 the export of this refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over \$25,000. It is an undoubted fact too, that pauper newspaper reporters A well-known politician was formerly a doctor, and poor one at that. He was talking the other day of people's ingratitude:

"You can't imagine," he said to an acquaintance, who remembered his being a doctor, "the number of people that are is an undoubted fact, too, that pauper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an increasindebted to me for their positions." "Their horizontal ones, you mean ?" Extract from a new novel: "Takin,

a pen he sat down and wrote to a friend rubbing his hands sleepily together as he proceeded." One of the new Republican officials saw

in his room a big, well-dressed fellow standing with his arms crossed and doing nothing. The third day he went to him

and asked : "What are you doing here ?"

"I am your second secretary," replied the young man, not in the least disturbed. Indeed, and what are your duties

" Always to be on hand in case you may want me A retired milkman sent his son