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**Songs of the Soul.**  
 Oh! the wonderful songs that never are sung  
 With words for an outward token;  
 But go singing themselves for aye in the soul,  
 In a language that never is spoken.  
 Songs that are sweeter than poets' or penmen;  
 All their power and their beauty exceeding;  
 With a melody purer and tenderer far  
 Than the notes that their numbers are swelling.  
 Songs every true love sings to his love,  
 Born on his deep-hidden feeling;  
 Such as sing themselves low in the pure  
 Maiden's breast,  
 For fear of an outward revealing.  
 Songs that the mother-heart sings to the babe  
 In peace on her bosom reclining;  
 That give spirit voice to her hopes and her fears,  
 Tender beyond all defining.  
 Wild, thrilling songs, that awake every chord  
 When the soul is exultant with gladness;  
 That sigh through its chambers like voices of light  
 When they utter its burden and sadness;  
 That breathe through the spirit with soft  
 Whispering notes,  
 Like winds over June roses sighing,  
 When passion is stilled and peace reigns  
 Within,  
 And the heart hushed and tranquil is lying.  
 Such songs are sung through all the wide  
 World,  
 And never once known are the singers;  
 But their music is echoed from heart unto  
 heart,  
 And its sweetness and power ever lingers;  
 And but for the singing of such voiceless  
 songs,  
 In souls filled with hoping and longing,  
 Oh! dreary indeed would be the dark road  
 Earth's children are hurriedly thronging.  
 For many the poets whose numbers are  
 formed  
 In the unwritten language of spirit,  
 While few are the ones who in words the  
 lips issue  
 The power to express them inherit;  
 And none is the voice that is perfectly toned  
 When words are the outward token.  
 But a never a soul but can sweet music make  
 In the language that is never spoken.  
 —W. S. Knapp in Boston Transcript.

**The Trials of a Schoolmistress.**

When "the inhabitants in, and legation of" school district number one of the town of Westcastle, in the State of Massachusetts, chose Deacon Samuel Carter and Ross Wallace directors they rather congratulated themselves on having made the best possible choice for all parties had been situated. Deacon Carter was an old, and Mr. Wallace a young man. The venerable deacon was a married man, who rejoiced in the large family of sons and daughters that gathered around his table. Mr. Wallace was unmarried, and to tell the truth rather transgressed over a somewhat vixenish housekeeper. He was, however, something more than bashful, he was actually afraid of the girls and never went into society, and, it was said, always left the church before the benediction, so as to get rid of passing through the ordeal of having to bow, perhaps even to speak to a score of what he termed "giggling girls."

The principal duty of a school director is to select the teacher, and Mr. Wallace anticipated little trouble on that score, as Deacon Carter had been one of the directors for many years, and was a man always willing to take the responsibility.

"Ross," observed the deacon to his young associate in official honors, as they met in the store one morning, "I'll call around this evening and see you about the district. That is unless you'd rather come over to my house and spend a social hour. Mrs. Carter an' the girls would make you welcome I've no doubt," and the deacon smiled blandly, as fathers of good-looking daughters are apt to smile on a well-to-do and moral young man desirable in every way as a son-in-law.

"Oh, call over and see me," said Wallace. "It would be a great deal more convenient for me if you would."

"All right," replied the deacon, "only you must be a little more neighborly than you have been," he added with another benevolent smile, and the two parted, the deacon to return home to hasten and superintend the preparations that were being made for a visit of at least four weeks that he was about to make to a brother who resided in Central New York, and the unsuspecting Ross to return home to eat a "picked up" dinner and to listen to the complaints of his housekeeper.

"Mr. Wallace, have you got my starch?" demanded the housekeeper, a spinster of fifty winters; there had evidently been no summers in her life.

"Miss Hart, I must—I—that is," stammered Ross.

"That is, you've forgotten it ag'in," snapped the spinster.

"I'm afraid I have, ma'am," replied Ross, dolefully.

"Which that same being the case you won't get your shirt front done up for Sunday as I can see," said the housekeeper with a look of ill-concealed triumph.

Ross winced, for like many another bashful man he was particular in regard to his personal appearance and the meal proceeded in silence till the spinster broke out afresh.

"Mr. Wallace, I calculated that it wouldn't be convenient to let me have Len an hour or two to-morrow, would it?"

"Len" was Mr. Wallace's right hand man in all farming operations, and he carried on farming on quite an extensive scale.

"No-o, that is, not very—"

"Then I calculate you'll have to drive down to the depot and take up my niece yourself. They'll come up on the ten o'clock train in the forenoon, and leave at eight o'clock in the evening," said the housekeeper.

"Drive down yourself," suggested Mr. Wallace, "the drive will do you good."

"Ross Wallace," said the spinster in a severe tone, "I do believe that you'd be glad to have me killed. Me drive one of them get-up-and-get horses of yours, 'as Len calls 'em, though I don't know what he means by the slang."

"I'll let Len go, I guess," observed Mr. Wallace, as he rose from his seat.

"That woman will be the death of me yet," said the farmer to himself as he made his way to the back lot where his men were at work. "Well, I may as well go down to Boston to-morrow as to go down next week for the matter of that, I suppose."

"Me an' the girls will have the day to ourselves," chuckled the ancient, as her employer left the house, and she heard the door "bang" after him. "I'll bet a dollar that he'll be off for somewhere bright and early to-morrow morning."

"Evening came and with it came also the deacon.

"Ross," observed the pillar of the church, "you'll have to attend to gettin' the teacher."

"What did you say, deacon?" inquired the horrified Ross.

"My brother John is sick, pretty low, in fact, an' I haven't seen him for now goin' on twenty years I thought it my duty to make him a visit. John ain't got no near connection but me, an' maybe he'll come back an' stay with me till he's called, that's what he hinted at in his letter, an' he's my brother an' I'm well off, an' so I'm goin' to Central New York to see him," replied the deacon.

"How long will you be gone?" asked Ross, with a last gleam of hope.

"Well, John thought him an' me might get his affairs righted in about a month."

"When must school commence, deacon?"

"The district voted to have it begin a week from next Monday, Ross."

"When do you go?" anxiously inquired Wallace.

"To-morrow," calmly replied the deacon. "The mistress'll board at Mr. Frye's. (He gets too much for it; three dollars a week is a big price, as it stands to reason that she won't eat much, bein' a woman,) an' all you've got to do is to get the right kind of a girl," he added.

Wallace groaned.

"Has any one applied?" he asked.

"Well not exactly applied," said the deacon, cautiously. "There's the Brown girl, Julia, she told her man to tell Mrs. Carter to tell me that she didn't know but what she might take the school if she didn't take some other, an' Mary Liscomb called before the meetin' was held to say that she might teach this summer, and ag'in she might not."

"What shall I do?" said Ross, despondingly.

"Well, you'd better harness up an' ride around for a day or two an' see if you can't pick up a good passable kind of a girl that wants to teach," replied the deacon, as he rose to go.

Never in the whole course of his life had Ross Wallace been in such a fix. The idea of being put in such a position almost drove him mad. He, Ross Wallace, who had never even called upon one of the young ladies, even of his immediate neighborhood, now asked to ride around and hunt up a "passable kind of a girl," who might "want to teach." The thought was maddening.

Ross went to Boston the next day.

The day after he was uncommonly busy on the farm and found no time to attend to the hunting up of the required "passable kind of a girl" somewhere needed by school district No. 1, of the town of Westcastle. The evening found him in his room reading Hallam's Middle Ages, when the housekeeper knocked at his door and made the—to him—fearful announcement—

"A young lady's in the sitting room waiting to see you Mr. Wallace."

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" exclaimed Ross. "I wonder if she's the Brown girl, or the Mary Liscomb, that the deacon told me about?"

"Plainly there was nothing to do but to go down and meet his unwelcome visitor.

"If she's anyway fit to teach the school I'll engage her," thought Ross as he entered the sitting room.

His visitor was not so imposing a one

after all. It was not the "Brown girl," and it was not Mary Liscomb; that much he decided on at the first glance. A graceful lit le lady, small and slender, with a sweet face framed in masses of curls, black and shining. Hair that recalled to the mind of the school official a little curl that lay upstairs among his papers. A curl cut from the head of the mother who had died before his remembrance. The thought sent the moisture to his eyes, and the little lady in black had won her suit before it was proffered.

"This is Mr. Wallace, the school director, I presume," she said, breaking the silence that was getting embarrassing to both.

Mr. Wallace bowed.

"I am Kit Freehan, and I called to see about taking your school; I graduated at Vassar. I am out of work—and my mother is dead, and I am all alone in the world."

"Poor little girl," thought Mr. Wallace, as he noticed the tears gather in her eyes as she caught the trembling at once of lip and voice, and Miss Kit had lacked anything of having gained the place she sought that would have secured it. Old deacon Carter might not have thought her "a passable girl," but Mr. Ross Wallace did. Twenty-five will differ from sixty-five on such subjects.

A long—yes, actually long—conversation followed, and Miss Kit was not only engaged, but left the house feeling quite well acquainted with Mr. Wallace, and wondered how any one could call him "odd," saying to herself with just a little blush, "I'm sure he's just splendid, and not odd at all; and I'm sure, too, that I shall have a splendid time teaching the school."

Poor, self-deceived Miss Kit! Foolish, confident Miss Kit! To expect a "splendid time" as the mistress of a country school. Deacon Carter, the author, or almost any other old man, could have told her better; and yet to what purpose? Why not be merry while we may? Why not take pleasure in anticipation while there is so little pleasure in the reality? Surely there is no harm and some little good done.

CHAPTER II.

"There's a snarl of uncommonly bad children in this district," observed the boarding mistress to Miss Kit. "A snarl of 'em, an' if anything is worse than the other, if possible. You must be firm and let 'em know you're master," she continued with a calm disregard of the sex of the party addressed.

"I think that I can manage them," said Miss Kit.

At school, she found that the task would be a hard one indeed. The scholars kept reasonably quiet while the teacher was taking their names and assigning classes, but the trouble commenced in earnest then. A set of boys attended who reported themselves as "too big to go to a woman's school," as the ring-leader informed Miss Kit, and she quite agreed with him, and only wished that his parents would think so also. Miss Kit had no peace in her life whatever hope she might have in her death, which she declared to be near, as the children were bound to kill her.

A worse school could hardly be imagined. Miss Kit had led in repeating the Lord's Prayer, a part of the regular scholastic exercises, for a few days without bowed head and closed eyes. A set of boys found that the assuming of that reverent attitude was the signal for raining a shower of paper balls on her devoted head, and she concluded to "watch as well as pray," and led that portion of the school exercise with eyes wide open and head erect.

The children acted worse and worse, as days went by, and little Miss Kit, who tried the best she could to keep order, was sorely perplexed. As Mrs. Deacon Carter expressed it, "Them critters at the school-house act as if possessed with witches," and Miss Kit felt that she would gladly have exchanged them for the whole company of the servants of the "prince of the power of the air," that of old time so sorely afflicted the good people of the ancient town of Salem.

Such a state of affairs could not of course long escape the notice of the only remaining school director, and Mr. Wallace had frequent interviews with the perplexed teacher, and he found himself thinking of her in a way that he had never even dreamed of thinking of a woman, yet I suspect he would have been astonished if any one had suggested that he was in love. He was interested in Miss Kit—and in the school—because it was his official duty to be. Only that and nothing more. It was his duty to attend to the school and he discharged that duty in the most painstaking manner.

By the advice of the director Miss Kit took a firmer stand and punished one or two pupils, but a rebellion is much more easily suppressed in the commencement than after some time has passed, as all history teaches, and Miss Kit found.

The school had been running two weeks.

Deacon Carter was expected home Monday night, and the people predicted

that he would at once bring order (which is heaven's first law) out of what pretty evenly resembled chaos as far as law was concerned, by the discharge of the teacher, and the hiring of either the Brown girl or Mary Liscomb who, it was said would thrust the rebels into instant and unconditional submission.

Saturday evening Mr. Wallace called at the school-house after the school had been dismissed. It had rained more or less all day and the road was rather muddy.

"If Miss Kit is here I'll take her home," Mr. Wallace had thought as he drew up his horse in front of the temple of knowledge.

Miss Kit was there.

And Miss Kit was in tears.

And naturally Mr. Wallace inquired what fresh trouble had occurred; inquired, he it said, with a sad heart, for he could not disguise from himself the fact that Miss Kit must go.

"They are getting worse and worse," sobbed Miss Kit, "and to-day when I put Tom Dyer under the desk to punish he cut my rubber to bits," and the little teacher held up the fragments of what had once been a dainty little rubber. "And now," she added, "they tell me that cross old Deacon Carter will make me leave, and where can I get another engagement?"

"I'll tell you," said Ross Wallace.

She looked up and read the love story that his eyes told, and her own black eyes fell again.

"Take me for a life-long pupil. Be my wife," he said.

Miss Kit looked up shyly and whispered something that probably was not a refusal, as Mr. Wallace gave—and received—his first little kiss.

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Deacon Carter returned home on Monday, and "the Brown girl" was at once installed as mistress of the district school, and succeeded in keeping the term out in peace, and Miss Kit was installed as mistress of the home of Mr. Ross Wallace some few weeks later.—*Portland New Era.*

Bonanza Farming in Dakota.

We spent an evening in the comfortable home of one of the superintendents, and heard him explain the system of bookkeeping. Every man is engaged by contract, for a certain time, to do certain work, for certain wages. He receives his money on presenting to the cashier a time check certifying the amount and nature of his labor. The average price paid to hands is \$18 a month and board. In harvest they get \$2.25 a day. A record is kept by the foreman of the amount of wheat turned out by each thresher, by the driver of each wagon of the amount of wheat loaded by him, and by the receiver at the elevator of the amount of wheat brought in by each team. All the farm machinery and the provisions are bought at first hands for wholesale prices. Mules and horses are bought in St. Louis. Wheat is not stocked or stored, but shipped to market as rapidly as possible. Everything is regulated by an exact system, and this is what makes the farms a success.

Brains and energy in the man who controls them and in those whom he chooses as his subordinate officers—this is the secret of the enormous profits which have been made on the Dakotian farms. The cost of raising the first crop is about \$11 an acre; each subsequent crop costs \$8. The average yield for this year was about nineteen bushels to the acre. This could be sold at Fargo on October 1 for eighty cents a bushel. A brief calculation will give you \$4.30 per acre profit on the new land, and \$7.30 for all the rest; or, say, \$130,000 gain on one crop. These figures I believe to be too small, rather than too large.

But does this large farming pay for the country? It absorbs great tracts of land, and keeps out smaller farmers. It employs tramps who vanish when the harvest is over, instead of increasing the permanent population. It exhausts the land. The cultivation is very shallow. There is no rotation of crops. Everything is taken from the ground; nothing is returned to it. Even the straw is burned. The result of this is that the average crop from any given acre grows smaller every year, and it is simply a question of time under the present management how long it will take to exhaust the land.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Stinging Reply Checked.

As a woman in Whitehall township, Lehigh county, in this State, was scolding her children, the neighbors, a hired girl and everybody in general, her husband entered and interposed a mild word. She opened her mouth for an angry reply, but a spasm contracted her cheek, her lower jaw fell, and she could neither speak nor shut her mouth; her tongue hung out, and her eyes nearly started out of their sockets; she had dislocated her jaw bone in her violent effort to make a stinging reply to her husband. A surgeon was called, who reduced the dislocation, bound up her head and prescribed a quiet diet.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**Hints on House-Cleaning.**  
 Where hard-finished walls have already been kalsomined, the soiled coats should be washed or scraped off before a new one is put on. This is the most disagreeable part of the process. The furniture should be covered, as lime makes spots that are removed with great difficulty, especially upon black walnut. Those who have tried paint on the walls of rooms speak very strongly in its favor. It closes up the pores of the plaster so that it cannot absorb ill odors, it can be easily cleaned with soda water, (soap and water make it spotty) and it can be made of any desired tint. In washing painted walls it is a good plan to remove from the room everything that can be injured by steam, and then hang sheets wrung from hot water in the room. The vapor condensing on the walls softens the dirt and it may be wiped off with woolen cloths wrung from soda water. Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water. If the wall about the stove has been smoked with gum shalac and it will not strike through either paint or kalsomine. Furniture needs cleaning as much as other wood-work. It may be washed with warm soap suds quickly, be wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it, rub it with rotten-stone and sweet-oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin. For ordinary wood-work use whitening to rub the dirt off and ammonia. Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot, sharp vinegar. Grained wood should be washed with cold tea. Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water. If paper has been laid under the carpet all dust may be easily removed with it without raising any. The warmth of floors is greatly increased by having carpet lining or layers of paper under it. Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water, copperas water or carbolic acid. Copperas mixed with the whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away. Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads; hot alum water is also good for this purpose. Oil of lavender will drive away the fleas. Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night destroys cockroaches; they eat it and are poisoned. Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is good also for mice. If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish all specks can then be washed off with water without harm. Good fires should be kept up during the house-cleaning time even though the doors and windows be kept open and more than usual attention should be given to the provision of a nutritious and generous diet. Under the most favorable circumstances house-cleaning makes immense demands upon the nervous system as well as on the muscular, and good food at regular intervals will be a great help in enabling one to be patient.—*New York Tribune.*

Recent Signs of the Sky.

The superstitiously inclined might regard the signs of the sky for the last month or six weeks as ominous. Meteors and shooting stars have been unusually plentiful. The newspapers in all parts of the civilized world have contained accounts of their appearance. Not a week has passed without one or more brilliant fire balls having been seen in England or on the continent of Europe. One night, several weeks ago the people of some parts of Northern New Jersey were startled by a sudden illumination out of doors, followed by the rapid flight of a large meteor across the heavens. Two or three fire balls have been seen recently in the Western States. The other day the residents of two towns in Connecticut were astonished to hear a noise like thunder overhead, although the sky was serene and cloudless. It is reported from Sicily that recently a shower of meteor dust, containing a large amount of meteoric iron in small particles, fell there. Any one crossing the ferries at night, especially in the early part of the month, if he watched the sky, was pretty sure to see one or more shooting stars before the trip was ended, reminding him of the fact that the earth is continually being

"Pelted with star dust; stoned with meteor balls."

The astronomers have succeeded in locating most of these aerial batteries that are trained upon the earth so that their discharges can be predicted, but there are yet a great many random shots that cannot be referred to any of the radiant points. This is especially true of the large meteors, of which so many have been seen of late. The direction of the small fire is pretty well known, but the great blazing balls that shine like a flying moon, leaving trails of fire, and then burst into fragments, come so unexpectedly as bombs from a hidden gunboat.—*New York Sun.*

**Beautiful Hands.**  
 Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
 They are neither white nor small,  
 And you, I know, would scarcely think  
 That they were fair at all.  
 I've looked on hands whose form and line  
 A sculptor's dream might be;  
 Yet these are aged, wrinkled hands,  
 Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
 Though hearts were weary and sad,  
 These patient hands kept telling on,  
 That the children might be glad.  
 I almost weep on looking back  
 To childhood's distant day;  
 I think how these hands rested on  
 When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
 They're growing feeble now;  
 For time and pain have left their mark  
 On hand and heart and brow.  
 Alas! alas! The nearing time,  
 And the sad, sad day for me,  
 When 'neath the daisies out of sight  
 These hands will be laid.

But oh! beyond this shallow land,  
 Where all is bright and fair,  
 I know full well these dear old hands  
 Will palms of victory bear.  
 Where crystal streams through endless  
 years

Flow over the golden sands,  
 And where the old grow young again,  
 I'll clasp my mother's hands.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is estimated that 250,000 people in Europe are engaged in sea fisheries.

Dr. Erasmus Bailey, of Compton, R. I., makes \$1.75 per hen per annum from the efforts of over 1,800 hens.

A Kansas weekly publishes "forteen rules to be observed during a tornado." Only one is necessary. Be somewhere else.

The savage process of obtaining a fire by the friction of pieces of wood is daily performed in London by a company of Zulus.

In the United States 100,000 bushels of hemp seed are annually consumed for bird food alone. Much of it is imported.

The total amount already disbursed for arrears of pensions is over \$34,000,000, and the claims for arrears on file number 230,000.

"Help from an unexpected quarter," as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five-cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."

Colonel Wright, of New Haven, Conn., has just made a clean \$75,000 in Arizona mining stocks, which reminds us that we'd better be Wright than President.—*Boston Post.*

The poor, guileless Indian can be induced by the shrewd white man to trade his pony for a rifle not worth \$8. But it takes a deal of vigilance to prevent his stealing the pony back when it comes night.

At Bowling Green, Ky., Jesse Thomas lost nine good hogs. Just sixteen days thereafter he found them. The ground where the beds were had suddenly sunk and they were entombed fifteen feet below the surface.

The sunny skies of Raleigh, N. C., were recently overclouded by a shower which fell softly and lightly like white snowflakes, but the "snowflakes" were dull gray bugs almost the size of a grain of corn. They fell thickly and for some time.

The German empire has now twenty universities, all having the same constitution. As they are partially supported by the state, it claims a general right of control. But at present each university virtually manages its own affairs, even the appointment of the professors depending in the main on the faculties to which they belong.

One Hundred Canary Birds.

On West State street in Ithaca, N. Y., there lives a lady who has as many as 100 canary birds in one room. Mrs. Ellis is the lady's name. The floor of the room is covered with nice, clean sawdust, and there are two pretty trees, in the boughs of which the birds swing and sing and swing until one might suppose that their little heads would become dizzy, and their musical little throats wear out. What is very interesting is that ninety-eight of the birds are the children and grandchildren of one pair. And such children! Some of them are as yellow as a ball of yellow saphyr; others are green, many black, a few nearly white, and almost all variegated. Mrs. Ellis knows every bird in the room, for every one of them has a name—Rob, Chick, Keet, Queck, Chewie, or some such name—and she can tell the exact age to a day of every bird. The only door opening into the room has a wire screen in the place of glass, so that the little fellows may have plenty of air, and in summer time a fire-screen takes the place of the panes of glass. All around the room are little boxes or cages with doors open and covers off, and in them the members of the family sleep, with heads under wings, all night. Perhaps Mrs. Ellis has the largest bird-cage in the United States.





"In Memory of Cash Down."

He is at rest. Cash Down is dead and buried, and the mourners are home from the funeral. He was a well-known man, but of late years he was not half appreciated.

There was a time when Cash Down was met with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand. If he wanted his buggy repaired the blacksmith would figure fine and depend upon his pay the hour the work was finished.

The old man entered a grocery where he had paid out hundreds of dollars in ready money and asked the price of sugar. Slow Pay sauntered in after him and asked the same question, and both were given one figure.

Cash Down went to a dry goods store to purchase a dress for his wife. Bad Debt was ahead of him. Cash Down pulled out a \$20 bill and paid for his goods on the spot.

Cash Down wanted a new pair of boots. He went to his old shoemaker and was surprised to hear that he would be charged fifty cents more than for the last pair.

"Has there been a great advance in the price of leather?" he asked. "Oh, no."

"Do you pay your workmen more?" "Not a cent. You see, Slow Pay, Bad Debt and Dead Beat are into me pretty heavily, and I must make it up by charging cash customers a little more! That's a way we all have of doing."

Cash Down must then pay the same prices as Dead Beat, and help make good Dead Beat's indebtedness in addition! He went home, sick in mind and body.

Congressional Better. Two members of Congress disputed one day as to whose chain was the heavier. Each one bet ten dollars his chain was the heavier, and they settled it by weighing the chains in the scales at the House postoffice.

Very Delicate Indeed. A lately an inhabitant of Naples informed his friends that he was about to make a trip to Paris. Immediately he was overwhelmed with commissions.

According to Mr. Potter, United States consul at Stuttgart, Germany, the number of beet sugar mills in Germany is 399; in 1880, 181. Pounds of sugar made in 1878, 850,000,000; in 1880, 1,180,000,000.

Every inhabitant of Wisconsin has twenty-three acres to move around in. At least there are that many acres to every resident.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes. Ruffs are much prettier than collars for mantles.

Plaitings in the lower edge of a skirt are considered indispensable.

White lace ruchings are now considered absolutely necessary for the necks of all mantles.

The proper way to use lace flounces this year is to make panels of them on the side of the skirt.

The perfection of half mourning is a black bunting dress embroidered with gray and white violets.

The coolest wool dresses for summer wear have no trimming, but rows of stitching on the bottom of both skirts.

Arabesque designs are preferred to the vine and foliage in gimp. Some patterns look like polka dots of broad or gimp.

Long satin strings are attached to the waist and neck of most summer mantles, but economical girls replace them by bows.

Handkerchief costumes are preferred, suggesting that they have been made up of the contents of one's handkerchief case.

The present style of dressing the hair in narrow coils at the back of the head must not be used if the forehead be high, or the head large.

The foulard gowns are lighter than grenadines because they need no lining, but some women do line them with silk in pale, soft colors.

Light blue and white checked gingham is trimmed with dark claret color, making suits fit for the Goddess of Liberty, but rather showy for ladies.

The spikes are made into fringes as well as used for tassels. They are stiff and ugly in either capacity, but expensive and therefore "stylish."

Mummy cloth is more used for draperies and covers than any other stuff, for it wears exceedingly well, and hangs in graceful folds, and the two attributes are not united in any other material.

Some of the new skirts have the front breadth of figured goods, the side breadths plain, the next breadth figured and the train of one figured set between two plain breadths. The effect is hideous.

Bright colored mantles contrasting with the dresses are fearfully ugly, but it is to be feared that they are inevitable. Moreover they are trimmed with plaitings of a different hue, and are sometimes embroidered at that.

Director collars of dark velvet, trimmed with Languedoc lace, are worn both with dark and light gowns. These collars are fastened by scarfs of silks, which are sewed to their front edges and knotted on the front of the waist.

Some Matrimonial Conjectures. A St. Louis young woman enters into some interesting statistical and matrimonial conjectures. She figures out that she knows perhaps 100 young men, in round numbers.

A Proper Marriage. "Little Brown Wren" writes from Elmira, O., to a Michigan journal: I do not think it sad for a woman to be a "bread-winner," unless there are little children to be fed, who cling to her skirts, and then it is pitiful indeed.

Can a Man Break His Neck and Live? Can a man break his neck and live? This question admits of an affirmative answer; for cases are on record in which the neck was very badly dislocated, if not broken, and the victim lived.

Every inhabitant of Wisconsin has twenty-three acres to move around in. At least there are that many acres to every resident.

Macaroni Eating in Italy.

A Rome correspondent of the Hartford Evening Post describes macaroni eating on its native heath, as it were:

A long, rough board table, destitute of covering, runs almost the center length of the apartment. At this table men and women seat themselves on small three-legged stools. A wooden bowl is placed before each seat, but further than this other table utensils are not apparent.

The enormous sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has had the effect of bringing out numerous similar remedies, but the people are not so easily induced to make a trial of the new article, when they value the oil and reliable one—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

In Powder Form. Vegetine put up in this form comes within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself you can, for a 50c. package containing the barks, roots and herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine.

A Household Need. A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Day Trial."

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Thoroughbred Sympathy.

An accident occurred on the Columbia river a few days ago which strikingly illustrates the humane instincts and sympathy that exists in animals.

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In the softly fall of the weary, With a quiet step, With the cheer of I was brooding, That had met When a little word, Me is creeping

Oh! it touched it With a breath And such melod As words can As I turned to s As I forgotful o When I saw the Slowly creepi

Step by step she On her little h Keeping up a co Like the magu Till at last she When o'er all She delighted, s After a gimp, Fainting heart, Of man's bliss Whose best priz With an earw Bowing to the Hoping, fencin We go creepi

On the steps b By their side H n is and knee Sill above the Which no sin With its rest an After creepi

The Deacon W

The sun had hills of New Bet light on the bou lac from the Pincin at our d h in front of the was "Surrey by New, Bethany Letour, and sh and energy. TI drove and fashion of small from railway a ters.

"Wha. Mary with unnessa the reins on the springing to the But the despa already ceased h sheer force of h vice with the perfectly famili round of stoppi night it was th day, the church night, invariab as a late variety house of Mrs. milliner, who h with head-gear fully made.

The moment side of the offic usual buzz of th thing extrordin "Heard thea one of the villa The deacon l "Miss Kezia' of luck."

"It's been r streak of luck e returned the, e best farm in to interest in't what is."

"Yes, but th brother. Yo common. Yo his only child up? Wa! w, Miss Kezia too of the property, of a rovin' tu thousands of p and invested every cent he blamed him hasty, and the tion like hast it turns out n road square est where. Mis onto eight l lands, and th much more if "You don't 'I dew! it' "She'll hov deacon; "a bounde out her to that e

Instead of village gossi postoffice on the purpose c on seemed home.

It was the sal, and in going up whipped up