

A Little Study in Anatomy.

How many bones in the human face?
 Fourteen, when they're all in place.
 How many bones in the human head?
 Eight, my child, as I've often said.
 How many bones in the human ear?
 Four in each, and they help to hear.
 How many bones in the human spine?
 Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.
 How many bones in the human chest?
 Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
 How many bones the shoulders bind?
 Two in each—one before, one behind.
 How many bones in the human arm?
 In each arm one; two in each forearm.
 How many bones in the human wrist?
 Eight in each, if none are missed.
 How many bones in the palm of the hand?
 Five in each, with many a band.
 How many bones in the fingers ten?
 Twenty-eight, and by joints . . .
 How many bones in the human hip?
 One in each, like a dish they dip.
 How many bones in the human thigh?
 One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones in the human knees?
 One in each, the kneecap, please.
 How many bones in the leg from the knee?
 Two in each, we can plainly see.
 How many bones in the foot strong?
 Seven in each, but none are long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot?
 Five in each, as the palms are put.
 How many bones in the toes half a score?
 Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
 And now altogether these bones may wait,
 And they count, in a body, two hundred and eight
 And then we have in the human mouth,
 Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.
 And now and then have a bone, I should think,
 That forms a joint or to fill up a chink.

—Select
 W. W. W.

THE LAND WE LOVE THE MOST

Can be sung to any common melody.
 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land—
 The land we love the most.
 O guard our shores from ever foe,
 With peace our borders ble.
 Our cities with prosperity,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth and Thee,
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.
 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend.

John R. W.

About Children.

"I, I, I,"
 Some little people cry:
 "I won't, I can't,
 I shall, I shan't!"—
 Oh, what a naughty I!

—Little Folks' Reader.

"Why must I learn to sing?
 Why learn to fly?"
 Said a young bird to its mother—
 "Why, oh, why?"
 "All birdies learn to sing,
 All learn to fly,"
 To the young bird said its mother,
 "And that's 'why.'"

—Harper's Young People.

—A paradise fish in a tank in a show in New York is surrounded by a hundred or so of the young, that appear as mere bubbles darting here and there. If a finger be held near the surface the fish snaps at it viciously; if the fry sink to the bottom they will take them in its mouth and lift them to the weeds at the top. "That's a great fish," said the owner. "It's an excellent parent, and takes as much care of the little fellows as creatures of more alleged intelligence. We had to take away the mate and put it into a separate tank because it was taking care of young ones. No, it isn't a she. This is the father. The mother is over there by herself."

—Florida shipped her first phosphate in 1889 and in 1891 mined 181,448 tons. Algiers and Tunis have newly found phosphate deposits away from rail or water communication estimated at 15,000,000 tons, and Nelson county, Virginia, has a small area of high grade phosphate ten miles from rail.

—Some notion of the vastness of the western forests may be had from the fact that a new logging camp just established at the headwaters of the Skagit river, in Washington, is under contract to turn out an average of about a million feet every month. Five camps on the Skagit will turn out 25,000,000 feet.

A Sweet Politician.

"Who'll vote for me?" asked Dora,
 Love's fairest politician—
 She tossed her head as straight I said:
 "I will—on one condition—
 And that is: Dora'll give her note
 To kiss me for each vote—each vote!"
 And then I saw her blue eyes glaze,
 And voted early—voted late.

—Constitution.

ONE hundred years ago the beautiful and familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages," first appeared in the *Gospel Messenger*. It is appropriate, therefore, as a Centennial relic, and is the most beautiful hymn in the English language.

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CHURCHES.

PPAPTIST.—Preaching 1st Sunday in
each month, and Saturday before. Eld.
H. F. Vermillion, Pastor.

CCHRISTIAN (1 mile east of town).—
Preaching 2nd Sunday in each month.
Eld. G. W. Spurlock, Pastor.

CCUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—Preach-
ing 3rd Sunday in each month. Rev. P.
M. Jeffery, Pastor.

MMETHODIST, SOUTH.—Preaching 4th
Sunday in each month. Rev. T. W.
Fisacke ly, Pastor.

The Kansas Hen.

We have read of Maud on a summer day,
Who raked, barefooted, the new-mown hay,
We have read of the maid in the early morn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
And we've read the lays that the poets sing
Of the rustling corn and the flowers of
spring.

But of all the lays of tongue or pen
There's naught like the lay of the Kansas
hen.

Long, long before Maud rakes her hay,
The Kansas hen has begun to lay,
And ere the milkmaid stirs a peg
The hen is up and has dropped her egg;
The corn must rustle and flowers spring
If they hold their own with the barnyard
ring.

If Maud is needing a hat and gown
She doesn't hustle her hay to town,
But goes to the store and obtains her suit
With a basketful of her fresh hen fruit;
If the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday call
She doesn't feed him on milk at all,
But works up eggs in a custard pie
And stuffs him full of a chicken fry.
And when the old man wants a horn,
Does he take the druggist a load of corn?
Not much! He simply robs a nest,
And to town he goes—you know the rest.
He hangs around with the cliques and rings,
And talks of politics and things,
While his poor wife stays at home and scowls,
But is saved from want by those selfsame
fowls;

For, while her husband lingers there,
She watches the cackling hens with care,
And gathers eggs, and the eggs she'll hide
Till she saves enough to stem the tide.

Then hail, all hail, to the Kansas hen,
The greatest blessing of all to men!
Throw up your hats and emit a howl
For the persevering barnyard fowl!
Corn may be king, but it's plainly seen
The Kansas hen is the Kansas queen.

Kansas Board of Agriculture Report.

SECRETARY

MAIDEN MAY.

From "Lyrics and Legends."

Oh, what's the day, and where's the way
That brought you hither, sweetening?
The hills were brown as you came down,
The skies with tears were greeting.

But as you pass, the sodden grass
Takes on a sudded splendor;
And April dries her weeping eyes,
Then smiles in sweet surrender.

Oh, whereaway did you delay;
In what near nook, my sweetening,
Did stily stand, so close at hand,
While April stood a-greeting?

No breath of you was in the dew,
No hint of you before us;
The winds were wet with April yet,
And sobbing in a chorus,

When, swift and strong, you came along
As if nowise belated,
Your face alight with blushes bright,
Your arms with blossoms freighted.

You lifted up each flowry cup,
Yourself a flowry vision;
At April fears of April's tears,
You laughed in gay derision.

For what were fears, and what were tears,
To you, my merry maiden,
As you came down the hillside brown
With rosy May-flowers laden?

Brother and Sister Marry.

In 1838 Alexander Taylor, his wife and two children, located at Richmond, Ind., having moved there from Noble county, Ohio. Soon after taking up their residence there, the father went as a volunteer to the Florida Indian war, leaving his wife and children in Indiana. He took the fever on the expedition and died, and Mrs. Taylor dying soon after, left her two children, Peter and

Rachel, age 6 and 8 years, to the care of strangers. Isaac Ashton and Robert Wilson, friends of the Taylors, adopted the children, Ashton taking the girl and Wilson the boy. Shortly after they moved away, Ashton settling near Sioux City, Iowa, and Wilson in northern Missouri, and they lost all trace of each other. It seems that the orphans never knew their name was Taylor. When Peter Wilson was 17 years old he went to Sioux City to become a carpenter, and at a temperance meeting met Rachel Ashton, a charming miss just entering her teens. Three years later they were married and shortly after settled near Mulvane. On their recent anniversary celebration Wilson sent for his aged father to be present, and it happened that Isaac Ashton was passing through the town on his way to visit a son in Oklahoma. Mrs. Wilson heard of it and had him remain to the feast. During the evening he and old Robert Wilson met, grew reminiscent and it took but a little while to develop the fact that Peter Wilson had married his sister Rachel. They have nine children, three of whom are deaf mutes, and the oldest son has a club foot, and one of the daughters is cross-eyed. All are now married except one of the deaf mutes, and two of the younger children. They have eight or ten grandchildren.



Alice Cary Phoebe Cary

THE POET SISTERS.

Before proceeding to the branches composing this consideration some observations on the scope, and object of the work will be not thoroughly understood by many people in this country. It is the duty of this Department to be prepared for our individual farmers and a blessing which this country has some other countries than us certain difficulties which will move. The absence of labor in our agricultural industry is an experiment and investigation the solution of which the future will show.

It is the duty of this Department and in this work it is entirely the part of the experimenters to be recipients of the national necessities necessarily be differentiated enough to meet the wants of the various cases of animals and diseases to be studied and investigated the condition of soil and adapted to this or that soil. This Department on certain lines in certain cases, and, on the other hand, for information in regard to the condition of agriculture, the condition of the demand, and the extent, not only as to extent, but also familiar with the conditions, appreciate the vast breadth of the Department to adequately

The commission of this work was originally established in the judgment of its value to this country; but in its progress it is limited by the extent of its distribution by their distribution which I have estimated on a nomical basis adequate

In the town of Mount Healthy, Ohio, eight miles from Cincinnati, lived two sisters, who afterward became famous and well-known as the "poet sisters." Their family had removed to Ohio from Connecticut, and were people of some cultivation. Still, the advantages in the new country were so few that they could not give their children much education. There were other children in this family, but we have to do only with Alice and Phoebe.

Alice was four years old when Phoebe was born. The two girls grew up in the quiet home, studying all they could and making attempts at writing. At the age of eighteen Alice published some poems which attracted local attention. Under the pen-name of "Pattie Lee" she published some prose sketches which were also well received. All this time Phoebe had been using her pen, and, in 1850, she and Alice collected their poems and published them in a volume.

This venture was so successful that two years later the sisters decided to go to New York to make their living by literature. After some struggles and disappointments, they were able to maintain a very pleasant and comfortable home. On Sunday evenings they gave receptions to which many literary and cultured people came. Among these was Horace Greeley, who had been one of their first friends in a strange city.

Though happy in their pretty home and congenial surroundings, they did not forget their country home, for in one of her poems Alice says:

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth the best of all."

Alice's published work comprise "Cloverbrook," "Married, Not Mated," "Pictures of Country Life," "The Lover's Diary," "Snowberries", etc., besides several volumes of poetry. Her poetry is graceful and pleasing, and her prose is equally good. She was a very diligent worker, notwithstanding she was a great sufferer during the last years of her life. Her death occurred in New York, February 12, 1871. Phoebe's style was quite different from her sister's. Her writings were of a humorous turn, and many of them were parodies. She was very bright in conversation, and was noted for her witty remarks. She published "Poems and Parodies,"

oems of Faith, Hope, and Love," and a number of
uns. Some of these, especially the one beginning,
"The sweetly solemn thought," are general favorites.
Phoebe was so worn out with watching her sister
through her illness, and with grief over her loss, that she
only survived her a few months. She died at Newport,
July 31, 1871.

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do ;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while ;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

—ALICE CARY.

Don't you be afraid, boys,
To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters
Shall call it rude or wrong.

Keep yourselves good-natured,
And if smiling fails,
Ask them if they ever saw
Muzzles on the quails.

So don't you be afraid, boys,
In spite of bar or ban,
To whistle— it will help you
To be an honest man.

—ALICE CARY.

Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robe of beauty drest,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest.

Come and overblow them softly
With the sweet breath of the south ;
Drop upon them, warm and loving,
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

O years, gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy.

—PHEBE CARY.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good ; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—ALICE CARY.

'Tis not a wild chorus of praises,
Nor chance, nor yet fate ;
'Tis the greatness born with him and in him,
That makes the great man great.

—ALICE CARY : *The Measure of Time.*

We tread through fields of speckled flowers,
As if we did not know
Our father made them beautiful
Because he loves us so.

—ALICE CARY.

How They Do.

After a Creek Indian once mar-
ries and is left a widow or a wid-
ower they are compelled by law
to wear the same clothing they
have on at the time of their
mate's death, and not wash their
face nor hands for one year and
one day, and they also have to
sleep upon the grave of the de-
ceased, which is made in the cen-
ter of a hut and has a mat made
of small canes to make it com-
fortable for the sleeper. If the
one that is left to do this gets
married the penalty is to cut her
or his ears off close to the head
for the first offense and for the
second they lose their nose. An
Indian that had lost his ears that
had married a woman in the same
shape, and the man had soaked
too much fire-water and was
found under a tree with his bride
by his side by a lot of his own
tribe. Their noses were cut off.
The woman died from loss of
blood, and screw flies killed the
man.

TERESA

Lullaby.

From the sunset land on rippling wing
Come wind of the rosy West,
Slumber and dreams to my baby bring—
Hush my own, lie still and rest.

Up from the South in chariot gray
Oh dusk, ride swift and straight,
Nor tarry long at the Isle of Day—
Hush, my own, lie still and wait

Till the wind and dusk and vesper star
Shall come and the twilight fill
With echoes of fairies' songs afar
Hush, my own, my sweet, lie still.

My arms are softer than wind o' the West,
Close into their shelter creep,
My eyes the stars that shall guard thy rest—
Hush, my own, lie still and sleep.

MAY MOORE JACKSON.

The Origin of the Proverb.

It was in the days of the dawn of folk-lore.
"What," one asked, "is a fool?"
"A fool," replied the Professional Wise
Man, "is one who asks questions I cannot
answer."—*Exchange.*

THE TWENTY-FOUR PRESIDENTS.

Washington first of the Presidents stands,
Next placid John Adams attention commands;
Tom Jefferson's third on the glorious score,
And square Jimmy Madison counts number four.

Fifth on the record is plain James Monroe,
And John Quincy Adams is sixth, don't you know?
Next Jackson and Martin Van Buren, true blue,
And Harrison ninth, known as Tippecanoe.

Next Tyler, the first of the Vices to rise,
Then Polk, and then Taylor, the second who dies;
Next Fillmore, a Vice, takes the President's place,
And small Franklin Pierce is fourteenth in the race.

Fifteenth is Buchanan, and following him
The great name of Lincoln makes all others dim;

Next to Johnson comes Grant, with the laurel and bays,
And next after Grant then comes Rutherford Hayes.

Next Garfield, then Arthur, then Cleveland, the fat,
Next Harrison, wearing his grandfather's hat,
Adroit little Ben, twenty-third in the train,
And, last on the list, behold Cleveland again.

There! all our room is gone and our letter-box must wait.

A Tradition.

It happened that my love and I
Were riding 'neath the arches,
Whose waving boughs, all interlaced,
O'erspread the road with arches.

And, growing bold, I claimed a kiss
For each one we passed under.

"According to tradition"—
Her eyes grew round with wonder.

What could she do but meekly yield
Unto my hard condition?

(But faith, she never knew that I
Invented the tradition!)

—Leo Woodward Zeigler in Truth

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

partment, and that they are acquainted

ENTATION ABROAD.

in the interest of Indian corn shows
desirability of having this Department
ies. These representatives should be
ty of spreading information abroad in
resources and the availability of our
gn use, but they should also keep this
ned in regard to all matters relating to
ts for agricultural products in foreign
producers could be enabled to compete
To afford such representatives all the
and to secure harmonious coöperation
diplomatic representatives abroad, they
dation of the head of this Department
the Secretary of State, attached in a
eign legations in those countries where
ation them. Such a course has already
atory results in the case of the agent of

ETROSPECT.

representing to you this my fourth and last
ture, for submitting for your consider-
work accomplished in the Department
on. The passage of the law making the
ve Departments of the Government an-
r own inauguration and my assumption
griculture. In consequence, the entire
rtment in accordance with its new dig-
field of labor which I assume to be the
ation, devolved upon myself, with the
gentleman whom you selected to serve

"It is to be assumed that when Congress
partment to its present dignity and made
the intention of our law-makers was not
ficial dignity to an industry already digni-
es, but to give it added influence and power
is with that sentiment ever in mind that
charge of the responsible duties imposed
recall the fact that the work of reorganiza-
arduous for the reason that the appropria-



THOMAS JEFFERSON



JAMES MADISON



JAMES C. BUCHANAN



FRANKLIN PIERCE



JOHN ADAMS



CHESTER A. ARTHUR



GROVER CLEVELAND



BENJAMIN HARRISON



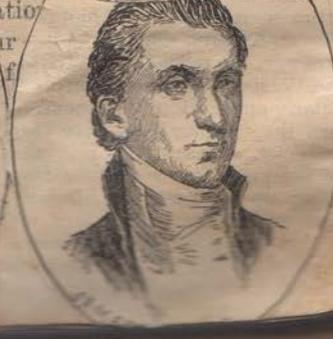
JAMES A. GARFIELD



ZACHARY TAYLOR



ANDREW JOHNSON



ULYSSES S. GRANT

OF THE AGRICULTURE

My first step in the work was to divide the country into two grand divisions, embracing all branches of agriculture, which I have divided into those of the North and those of the South. I have also divided the Department into three divisions, viz: the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, and the Department of the Treasury.

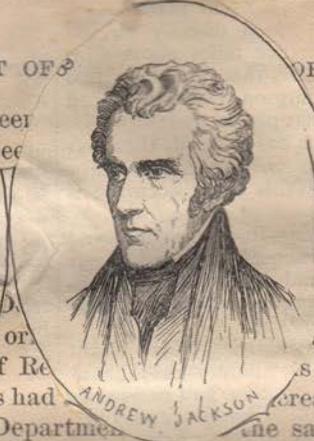
such as the Department of the Interior, the Department of the Treasury, and the Department of the War. I have also divided the Department into three divisions, viz: the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, and the Department of the Treasury. I have also divided the Department into three divisions, viz: the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, and the Department of the Treasury.

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ULYSSES S. GRANT



ANDREW JACKSON



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON



MARTIN VAN BUREN



GEORGE WASHINGTON



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



ANDREW JOHNSON



FRANCIS PICKENS



JEFFERSON DAVIS

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

has had the same to each super- modification in its publications and exaroid

of our for Execu ister th

most gratifying evidences of

valuable publications impossible within the tried, and most useful nation to the practical

Poultry.

The Hen and the Fox.

We make a digression this month from the strictly utilitarian character of the poultry department to reproduce a reading lesson from the "Young Reader," a school book from which some sixty-four years ago we learned to read. Our young readers will enjoy it, and it may strike the eyes of some who have reached their three score and ten years, who, with a dozen others, toed the crack on the floor of the old school-house of the district school, and read the dialogue between Reynard and Dame Partlett:

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

[See Conversation Corner.]

A white old hen with yellow legs,
Who'd laid her master many eggs,
Which, from her nest, the boys had taken

To put in a cake, or fry with bacon,
Was roosting in an outer hovel,
Where barrel, bird-cage, riddle, shovel,
Tub, piggin, corn-bag, all together,
Were put, to keep them from the weather,

When an old fox stole in one night,
As the full moon was shining bright,
Hoping—if he his nose might stick in—

That he might carry off a chicken;
Or, from a window-ledge or shelf,
Might jump and reach the old hen herself.

Her roost, however, was so high
He saw it was in vain to try,
By all his jumping, to get at her;
"So then," says he, "I think I'll flatter
The old fool's vanity for, look,
Have her I must, by hook or crook;
In fact I've thought so much about her,

I shall fare ill without her."
Thus thenspoke Reynard, smooth and sly,

And thus Dame Partlett made reply.
Reynard. Good evening, madam; how d'ye do?

Partlett. I'm ne'er the better, sir, for you.

R. "Better!" you need not, cannot be,
You're always well enough for me.

P. Well, if I am then, as you own,
Pray, sir, let "well enough" alone.

R. Dear madam, if you only knew
But half the love I feel for you—

P. "But half!" Nay, be it great or small, sir,

I rather think I know it all, sir.

R. Indeed! Well, madam, that has taught me

To care for you; and that has brought me

Thus late to call—perhaps it's rude,
But, ma'am, I hope I don't intrude.

P. "Intrude!" Indeed, sir, but you do.

R. It grieves me to hear that from you;
I'll therefore say no more at present,
Than just to hint, that, as it's pleasant—

(In truth, you know not, shut up here,

How pleasant 'tis abroad, my dear)—

And I delight to hear you talk,

I've called to invite you to a walk.

P. "A walk!" The like who ever heard!

A quadruped to woo a bird!

I'm sick, and early went to bed,
And scarcely can hold up my head.

R. "Sick!" my dear lady! What can ail?

Indeed you do look very pale.

I'm sure your illness can arise

But from the want of exercise;

Too much confinement fades the fair.

A pleasant walk, in open air,
With pleasant company, at night,

When the moon shines, will set all right.

And should you tire, I'll call a hack,

Or, better, take you on my back.

I'm sure, though I don't mean to flatter,

That one of us would be the fatter

For such a walk; nay, never fear

The jealousy of chanticleer.

He shall not harm a single feather

Of your fair neck, when we're together.

Your neck! ay, now I think upon it,

With your white shawl and scarlet

bonnet,

You'll be, by all, both far and near,

Mistaken for a cherub, dear.

P. Well, Mr. Reynard, have you done?

If so, I think you'd better run.

My master's coming to the hovel—

You see that broomstick and that

shovel—

You see the door that you came

in at—

If you're not off in half a minute,

Instead of fowls, or ev'n a chicken,

You'll get, as you deserve, a kicking.

The wily flatterer dropped his chin,

And out he sneaked, as he sneaked in.

Moral. The cunning seldom gain their ends;

The wise are never without friends.

Which I have enumerated within

Over in Shreveport, La., there

is a woman whose husband is in

the habit of coming home tipsy

in the night, and she decided to

frighten him into a cure. The

other night she arrayed herself

in a frightful apparel, and as the

boozy husband entered the door,

said in dread and sepulchral tone,

"Come with me. I am the devil."

"Zat sho," said the husband.

"Shake! I'm your brother-in-

law; married your shister."—Ex.

THE WOOD NYMPH'S MIRROR.

By CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

1.

The wood-nymph's mirror lies afar
Where yellow birch and balsam are ;
Where pines and hemlocks lift their spires
Against the morn's and even's fires,
And where, as if the stone to break,
Rock-clinging roots of tamarack take
Strange reptile shapes whose coils are wound
The gray and lichen'd boulders round.

2.

Across the face of that fair glass
No shallow e'er has sought to pass ;
Only the white throat of the deer
Divides its surface dark and clear,
Or breast of wild fowl that from high
Blue pathways of autumnal sky
Slant earthward their slow, wearying wings,
To try the coolness of its springs.

3.

The frame that round this mirror hangs
Was wrought by spring-time's gentle rains
And tender rains, and these have made
A setting as of greenest jade.
In winter it may often be
A miracle in ivory.
In spring the wild wood blossoms set
Rare gems, as in a coronet,
Around its rim ; and summer comes,
And still the bee its burden hums,
Straying in jeweled paths to shake
The flower-bells for their sweetness sake.

4.

Out of the seasons 'tis confessed
That Autumn's frame is loveliest ;
Or then the maple's green is lost
A crimson carnage of the frost ;
The year's heaped gold is hung in reach
In twigs of silver-birch and beech ;
The shrubs-gray-green, and gold, and red—
Ival the splendors over-head,
While all between the treasures bright
Lies dusk with shadowy malachite.

5.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere
More welcomed than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

6.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

7.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at Whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

The Discontented Rain-D

By ANNA B. BADLAM, Principal of Training
Lewiston, Maine.

"Come, all you little rain-drops,"
Cried Madam Rain, one day ;
"Come leave your home within the cloud
You must no longer stay,
But hasten to the world below
Where each some work must do,
And every creature, large and small,
A welcome holds for you."

"The brooks are all complaining,
The clover droops its head ;
The weary daisies, pale and faint,
Lie in their grassy bed,
The roads are hot and dusty,
The grass is dry and sere,
The robins cry for rain-fall
In bird-notes sweet and clear."

"Yes, yes!" cried all the rain-drops ;
At once they left the cloud
And straightway filled the air, then,
A merry, bustling crowd ;
They ran, they pushed, they jostled
In happy, joyous mirth,
And soon 'mid pattering music
They reached the thirsty earth.

They gently kissed the daisies
Within their grassy beds ;
These opened wide their weary eyes,
And raised their drooping heads ;

EASTER DAWN.

By CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

1.

Break brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Now that the wintry days are sped ;
And so deny, with splendid scorn,
That Earth is haggard, old and dead !

2.

A million-million emerald spears
Rise to proclaim her ever young ;
And hark ! her ever youthful years
On lily bells are sweetly rung.

3.

O freely swing and gladly swell,
Ye church-tower bells, with merry din ;
The shadows from our souls expel,
And let the light of the love come in !

4.

Break brightly, glorious Easter morn,
Into these gloomy hearts of ours !
That they, too, may this day adorn,
And shed a perfume like the flowers.

—Ladies' Home

The Proper Place.

New York Journal.
"Twas not beneath the mistletoe,
I kissed my darling Rose,
'Twas not beneath the mistletoe,
But right beneath the nose.

Its High Jump.

Wesley Walker: "This here paper says
propertly is advancing by leaps and bounds."
Henry Higgins: "It must have jumped
that over the top."

MY SISTER HAS A BEAU.

When you'se got a big sister, an' your sister's got a beau,
 Why, you hev to mind yer manners an' mus' act jes' so an' so;
 You'se got to pay attention to mos' every-thing 'at's said,
 An' you hev to be mos' careful er you're hustled off to bed.
 I used to hev the bestest times a rompin' 'round at night,
 A sayin': "Boo!" to sister, an' a growlin' like I'd bite,
 But there ain't no fun in nothin', an' a feller ain't no show
 When he's got a great big sister an' his sister has a beau.
 He comes to see her Sundays an' they sit aroun' an' talk;
 Sometimes he takes her ridin' an' some-times 'ey take a walk,
 An' once he stayed fer dinner 'cause my mamma said he might,
 An' he kep' a sayin': "Thank you," jes' as soft-like an' perlite.
 Once I jes' sort o' whistled to my ma's canary bird
 An' pa said: "Tommy!" cross-like, an' I hadn't said a word.
 I tell you, but a feller's got to act jes' so an' so
 When he's got a great big sister, an' his sister has a beau.
 Ma says melbbe he'll marry sis an' take her off to stay;
 I ast my pa about it an' he said: "P'raps he may!"
 But when he comes to see her, why, I've got to be so good,
 Sometimes I get to thinkin' that I rather wish he would.
 'F I want to romp on Sundays why I've got to be so sly,
 It seems that all's so quiet, an' I feel just like I'd die.
 A feller can't do nothin' an' he hain't got any show
 When he's got a great big sister, an' his sister has a beau.
 —Roy Farrel Greene, in N. Y. Truth.

OUR COW.

WILL HUFF.

I love to wander amid the fow,
 And hear the piggies squeal
 I love the oaks and old lagoon,
 That lies beyond the field.
 I love to hear the chicken crow—
 There's breakfast in that cry;
 I love the meadows sweet with hay
 Beneath a spreading tree to lie!
 I run the cattle on the range,
 And sometimes feed the sow;
 But to save my life I can
 Not learn to milk the cow.
 For if ever cow knew how to kick
 We think our Katie do
 To switch her tail and send the pail
 To play at Skip-to-Lo!

Just as I began to write an essay on this cow the carpenter began to nail overhead. It is always that way, if you really want to work. When I am tired and would like to have a rest, no one disturbs me. Only yesterday Clint said: "I wish you would cut those sprouts in the new ground?" I did not feel that way, but had to go. I despise to sprout. But I worked bravely until

the sun stood center in the heavens, then sat down under a pin oak to rest. What a glorious thing it is to be: if I had Clint's job, and he had mine, how I would make him sit!

But to return to the cow, where we left her in the pen. For we left her. How ungrateful the animal is. We feed her every morning and sleep her at night; but as soon as I begin the operation of milking she seems to think the pen is not large enough for us both.

Clint is somewhat of a cowboy, and thought he would try his hand with ropes. So we swung her head to a sapling and made her feet fast to a stub. The plan was excellent; for Clint is a genius in his way. But that cow had a way which he had not taken into consideration; for she lay down with so many ropes around her that she looked a Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians.

So we turned her out. Now we drink coffee without milk and try to persuade ourselves it is healthy. I am sure it is, for I always felt nervous prostration when that cow came near me.

These Texas cattle, as a rule, are wild and headstrong. I am glad to see they are giving away to improved stock. One good Jersey cow is worth a round half a dozen long-horned devils, which run children, hock dogs and scamper over the ground like a western cyclone. They are like the Scripture says of the tongue, "No man can tame."

Once I knew a man that had a long-horn cow and six children. She began by fighting, and he sawed her horns. Then she kicked, and he bought a pair of hobbles. Now she began switching her tail until he thought she had discovered perpetual motion. He also cut this off, and she is a walking scare-crow, but a good milker, as some of them are.

I am glad to note the advance in the cattle market, and hope it will mean better times for us all. The low price of cotton has wrecked most everything. But every man can raise a few yearlings, and they will help to pay him out of debt.

Winchester, Texas.

WHY HE FAILED.

Within the quiet park they sat—
 The light was growing dim;
 He idly dallied with his hat,
 She fondly gazed at him.
 "And so you failed in love," she sighed;
 "Your manner tells me so."
 "Alas, I did," the youth replied,
 "'Twas many years ago.
 "I loved a maid of virtue rare
 And features fair to see;
 I loved her tenderly, I swear,
 And she was fond of me.
 "Our perfect courtship rippled past
 Like melody, but oh!
 That dream of Heaven could not last—
 It never does, you know."
 "But why," she softly asked of him,
 "Why were you never wed?"
 He turned away—his eyes grew dim;
 "We were," he sadly said.

CALEB.
BY CAPITAN.

Can't tell his whole title—I'm not good on names—
But 't was back in the sixties and down on the James,
When a young color-sergeant (from the Bay State he)
Did as fine a thing as ever I see.
We was sort of hard-pressed—attackin' queer—
And kind of advancin' (it seemed) to the rear.
The Johnnies was dre'ful saucy and pert,
As lively as crickets and thicker than dirt.
We was bein' pressed back that hot summer day,
And our guns wasn't pointing, 'fact, just the right way;
Indeed, 't was becomin' a sort of half-rout,
When this here young color-bearer a-sudden sung out—
(We was just on the edge of a wood, in a field,
And we didn't know whether to stand—or to yield):
"I say, I don't take to this sort of fun,
For, boys, I never enlisted to run!
'Pears to me we're not heading a-just the right way;
And I minds here and now that there last say,
By the old farm-gate, of my own Mary Ann:
"Caleb, live like a soldier and die like a man!"
I tell you these colors won't go to the rear
While I hold the staff!" We gave him a cheer.
I can pictur' him now as, bare-headed, he stood
A-holdin' the colors on the edge of the wood,
A burly six-footer—he was mountain-bred—
But rather too broad a target for lead.
Unfinchin' he stood 'mid the battle's rough shock,
Like a big, solid chunk of his own Plymouth Rock.
The succeedin' events I never did see—
(I was busy just then a-flidin' a tree)—
But when I looked out from the side of an oak
And peered through the rifts in the dust and the smoke,
The sergeant's dead hand was claspin' the pole
With the colors aloft—the hot tears they stole,
I'll allow, to my eyes as tremblin' I aimed,
And one shot more, keertful-wise, took at those blamed
Georgians what kilt as fine a man now
As ere shouldered a musket or drove a good plough!
Well, from noon until night of that hot, dusty day
From the edge of the forest we peppered away
Till the enemy tired of their powdery game,
Receivin' a crippin' that made 'em quite lame.
The short of it was, we just held our ground,
Whilst the fight was on we all stayed around.
One reason was this (perhaps you 'll believe),
The sergeant out there we couldn't quite leave;
The colors—and him—we cared for a bit,
And so until evenin' we just fit and fit.
In the night we scooped out a wide, shallow grave
Into which we laid quickly the blue-coated brave—
Their dirge, the guns' rumbling—coarse blankets their bier.
And for funeral service the half-hidden tear.
We'd no time for mourning (leastwise just then).
Though we'd lost more'n fifty of our very best men.
But when a bit later into bivouac we went
Many sad-burdened letters to the North States were sent,
And the chaplain wrote home to poor Mary Ann:
"Caleb bred like a soldier, and died like a man!"

THE PILGRIM VOYAGERS.
From "Lyrics and Legends."

The wind blew down a favoring gale,
The skies were clear, as they set sail,—
Those pilgrims bold, from Holland's shore,
Two hundred years ago and more.

Day after day, week after week,
They sailed and sailed, till, cold and bleak,
From icy coasts the breezes blew.
Where had they lost the happy clew

That would have brought them as they planned
Unto that fair Virginian land,—
That southern shore that bore the name
Of England's queen and Raleigh's fame?

But vainly then they trimmed their sails;
Caught in the wild New-England gales,
They yielded to their fate, and found
Their shelter on New England's ground.

Not this the haven they had planned,—
This rocky coast, this wintry land;
Yet none the less in full accord,
They blessed "the leading of the Lord,"

And built upon the rugged earth
The homes that gave a nation birth,

We are informed that Mrs. Chapman, a widow lady living in Matney township near Lone Rock was chopping wood last week while her little son was dragging it up to the house. She was cutting down a tree when her boy left with a drag of wood, who on his return found his darling mother a lifeless corpse under the tree on which she was chopping when he last saw her, with her head crushed and her leg and arm almost severed from her body. Mrs. Chapman was an industrious and thrifty lady, who depended on her own resources for the support of herself and children.—Baxter County Citizen.



A Song of Time.

"Don't wish for the time ter fly so fast,"
says dad; "why, it ain't a day
Sence yer mother an' me wuz sweethearts
under the blossoms o' May;
Sence we stood out thar by the garden
gate, happy as hearts could be,
An' I fooled her—just like we fool 'em all—
into keepin' the house fer me!

"Don't wish for the time ter fly so fast,"
says dad; "it wuz yesterday
That age, with the wrinkles an' frosty
locks, seemed ever so fur away!
Thar wuz birds in the mornin' singin', an'
blue an' bright wuz the sky;
But the evenin' bells wuz ringin' fore the
bird-songs seemed ter die!

"Don't wish for the time ter fly so fast;
it's fast enough, God knows!
Like a drap o' dew on the daisy it gleams
in the light, an' goes;
Life's like a dream that passes even with
the dawn o' light;
We only say good mornin', to sigh an' kiss
good night!"
Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

is shown by the fact that for the use
Cramp, the great ship-builder, tran
has patented a process for con- sider
verting cornstalks into a valuable e 30
material for cushioning the steel
armor of war ships. The com-
pressed fiber of the stalks, it is
claimed, has a power of absorp-
tion of water that so increases its
bulk, that if a shot should tear a
hole in the ship's side below the
water line that it would quickly
expand, close the hole and save
the ship. Thus are the waste
products of the farm being made
to valuable material for various
uses.

WHY THE DOG'S NOSE IS COLD.

B. M. Lincoln, in New York Tribune.
What makes the dog's nose always cold?
I'll try to tell you, curls of gold,
If you will good and quiet be,
And come and stand by mamma's knee.
Well, years and years and years ago—
How many I don't really know—
There came a rain on sea and shore.
Its like was never seen before
Or since. It fell unceasing down
Till all the world began to drown.
But just before it 'gan to pour
An old, old man—his name was Noah—
BUILT him an ark that he might save
His fam'ly from a wat'ry grave.
And in it he also designed
To shelter two of every kind
Of beast. Well, dear, when it was done,
And heavy clouds obscured the sun,
Noah's folks to it quickly ran,
And then the animals began
To gravely march along in pairs.
The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears,
The deer, the hippopotamuses,
The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses,
The camels, goats, cats and donkeys,
The tall giraffes, the beavers, monkeys,
The rats, the big rhinoceroses,
The dromedaries and the horses,
The sheep and mice, the kangaroos,
Hyenas, elephants, koodoos
And hundreds more—'twould take all da-
My dear, so many names to say—
And at the very, very end
Of the procession, by his friend
And master, faithful dog was seen.
The livelong time he'd helping been
To drive the crowd of creatures in.
And now, with loud exultant bark,
He gayly sprang aboard the ark.
Alas, so crowded was the space
He could not in it find a place.
So, patiently he turned about—
Stood half way in and half way out,
And those extremely heavy showers
Descended through nine hundred hours
And more, and, darling, at their close,
Most frozen was his honest nose,
And never could it lose again
The dampness of that dreadful rain.
And that is what, my curls of gold,
Made all the doggies' noses cold.

**OF THE WHOLE
WOULD BE OF SOME USE.**



He—I wish you would let me be your
valentine.
She—I wish you were my valentine.
He—Darling!
She—Because I could then send you
off to some one.—Philadelphia Press.

THE VILLAGE FOURTH.

Within the shaded doorway
The eager children stand,
For the strains of stirring music
Announce the coming band.

The roar of distant cannon
Mingles with the chime of bells,
While nearer still, and nearer,
The joyous tumult swells.

Dear grandma leaves her knitting,
And with baby on her knee
Comes and sits among the children,
Who are shouting now with glee.

For adown the street comes marching
A long and varied train,
Keeping step to "Yankee Doodle,"
The merry old refrain.

Even grandma's dim eyes brighten,
As the well-know strain she hears,
And with 'kerchief for a banner
With might and main she cheers.

As a full-rigged "Continental"
See how proudly brother Will
Bears a flag all worn and faded,
Which waved at Bunker Hill.

Round grow baby's eyes with wonder,
And she claps her dimpled hands,
Cooing forth sweet sounds whose meaning
Only grandma understands.

Now the last of the procession,
With its flags and streamers gay,
Whisks around a distant corner,
In a cloud of dust away.

Grandma's face, the noble spirit
Of old '76 shines through,
But on baby's lips are glowing
Freedom's joy of '92.

Ida D. Monroe, in Youth's Companion.

THE WASH-HOLE.

COUSIN JACK.

Ye poets who sing of the pleasures of child-
hood,
The old oaken bucket, the gourd at the
spring,
The hunting, the fishing, the grapes in the
wildwood,
The joys that a life in the country can
bring,
Why, why have you never in all of your
singing
Told once of the pool where the boys go to
swim?
There's nothing can equal the bliss found in
springing
Down, down where 'tis deepest and misty
and dim.

When days have grown sultry, ah, then how
we love it,
Our shadowy pool by the forest shut in.
The sunbeams are glancing through green
leaves above it,
How sweet and refreshing its depths seem
again,
And though we find pleasure in hunting and
fishing
And all such amusements, our chiefest
delight
We find in our pool. City boys, are you
wishing
You had just one chance to go swimming
aright?
Richmondlee, Miss.

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When Samantha Goes to Boston.

M. U. Snow, in the Boston Globe.
Samanthy, see's been tellin'
How, some time, long this fall,
She's goin' ter visit Boston;
An' goin' ter make a call
On all our rich relations
Out ter Jamaica Plain.
Says I, "Yes, I'll believe it,
When I see ye 'board the train!"

Ben savin' up her bes dress
For nigh on thutty year,
So's to hev somethin' ready—
Fer clothes is awful dear!
She's goin' ter set a flower pot
Inside her bonnet crown,
An' hev some nat'ral roses,
Like those they wear in town.

Some things I've ben a wantin'
She can send home by freight,
I'll hev a hossless carriage,
I hear they work fust rate—
I've got 'bout forty dollars—
I'll hev a bran-new suit;
Our boy shall hev a fiddle,
An' a bicycle to boot!

I'll send an' git a mower,
An' a good new cider press;
Things are cheaper'n dirt in Boston!
An' wife can spend the rest;
She'll want to do some shopin',
An' take in all the sights
From 'scursions down the harbor
To the theater o' nights.

Says I, "The laws is 'Off with hats,'
When you air at the play."
Says she, "I'll take the flower pot out;
T'will be a nice bouquet!"
Says I, "Ner you won't like it,
When the actor gals kick high!"
Says she, "When I'm in Boston
I'll be Bostony, if I die!"

Samanthy'll set the fashion,
When she comes home from town;
She'll be invited out to tea
By Smith's an' Jones' and Brown!
Fer she's bound to see the elephant,
The chutes, the dogs an' all,
When Samantha goes to Boston
Some time, fore long, this fall!

LUNENBURG SQUIBS.

Will Andrews has gone to St. Louis on business. . . . A couple of young ladies had some unpleasantness a few days ago, when one of them was fined \$5 and cost, by 'Squire Landers, amounting to \$32 Rumor says Ed. Marchant eloped with a dress in which there was a lady, one night last week, and went to Texas—to get married, we suppose. . . . Sam Majors is having some work done on his dwelling. . . . Rev. J. S. Bone preached to a large congregation at Olive Branch last Sunday. . . . Uncle George Jenkins moved into the Ed Kid house this week. . . . Some repairs are needed on the graveyard fence. . . . Will Taylor, near Anderson post-office, was up on a visit this week. . . . A 5-mill tax was voted in this district, and J. M. Shannon elected Director. G. W. Cypert will teach the school here this summer.

SQUIBLER.

MORE ABOUT THE BACHELOR BILL.

Flat Creek

The Bachelors of Flat Creek vicinity met recently and appointed the undersigned to meet with the Ellijay bachelors at their next meeting, where some very important business is to be attended to. One of the most important items is to look after the Hoa. Mr. Seay, and his wonderful measure now before the Legislature to levy a special tax on bachelors. Where is a man of more depression or law making generosity than Mr. Seay. To advocate a measure that is so much out of all reason and right. It is unconstitutional and ungodly, for a man to propose such. My understanding has been that this Legislature was to try lessen taxation and work to the advantage of the men who put them there. Well, if that is their motto they will have to send Mr. Seay back to Rome that he may go on again, for it seems that he is badly shipwrecked. It will be well enough for him to go home and have a poultice of salty dough bout to his head, and when he has had time to recover he should be allowed some exercise by going to mill, and such places, as it is well for a man to understand these things before he goes to the Capital. Besides the bill being an absurd one, we find that the more perfect a man gets in bachelorism the more tax he has to pay. Well then how about that poor fellow who happens to not be able to pay the exorbitant tax. The only chance will be to bring him with many of his class to a bachelor sale:
Then the old maidens some coming and going,
Some laughing, shouting and roaring
That by the help of the blessed Seay.
A number of old bachelors sold here to day,
Then as the Sheriff hold up Mr. C.
Cries out O! yes O yes! how much for he;
How much for a man who wants to buy.
Each maid in a twinkle responds! H
Bachelors think it naughty, maidens think it nice,
To see the poor fellows sold off in a trice
Then the old sisters some younger, some older,
Will pack an old bachelor home on her shoulder.
J. L. W.

Watching for Santa Claus.

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

(Recitation for a little girl in the lowest primary room as she points to picture above, which is sketched upon the blackboard.)

A story I'll tell of two little girls
Who thought they were very wise ;
When they went to their bed on Christmas eve,
They said, " We'll not shut our eyes ;

But lie and listen as still as we can be
Till we hear old Santa's bells ;
And then get a peep at his turnout gay
And see all the story tells,

The time seemed so long, they impatient grew :
" Perhaps old Santa had come,
And the merry sound of his tinkling bells
Could not reach our close-shut room."

So out of bed went the little bare feet,
And crept to the chimney-side ;
And Bessie looked in the stockings' top ;
" He hasn't come yet ! " she cried,

So back they went to listen again,
And when next they crept to see,
From the tiny toes way up to the top
Were as full as full could be.



" HE HASN'T COME YET."

They are wond'ring still how it happened so
That they got never a peep ;
I could explain to them *just* how it was,
They both had been fast asleep.

few million bushels larger than our own
harvested did not equal our exports, and no other country produced as
much as the United States spared of its surplus. The crop of 1891 was
not only the largest in aggregate, but the largest in yield per acre ever
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Early to rise
Preach the gospel
And advertise."

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A POEM.

Written by the late Rev. B. F. Hall, about the year 1866 or '67.

Oh, the great Eternal one!
The world by Thee was all begun;
Oh! may I ever see Thy face,
And feel the joys of Thy grace.

Oh! let Thy light on me be shed,
While loving kindness crown my head,
That I may feel Thee, day and night,
To be my ever dear delight.

When I am likely to go wrong—
For I am weak but Thou art strong—
Save, Lord, I cry, give help to me,
As Peter cried upon the sea.

And while I walk the roling wave,
My hopes in Thee to help and save;
My sea is rough, the night is dark,
The winds are howling round my bark.

I want the evidence within,
That I am freed and saved from sin;
I want to feel my heart is pure,
And that for Heaven I am sure.

I wan't Thy love, Oh! blessed Lord,
As represented in thy word;
To fill my soul in every part,
Drive every idol from my heart,

When clouds are gathering in my sky,
And briny tears diffuse my eyes,
Be Thou my comfortor and friend,
And guide me safely to the end.

And when the clods conceal my head,
My limbs are lifeless, cold and dead,
Will friends come round my dusty bed
And shed there tears because I'm dead.

Amid the beauties of the spring,
The birds then o'er my grave will sing,
When summer comes the rose may
 bloom
Upon the ashes of my tomb:

And through the watches of the night,
The glimmering stars will show their
 light,

The moon unveil her lovely face
And throw her smiles upon the place.

Proud moon! you shine above the dead,
Among the stars you lit your head.
But when you shed your tears of blood,
The righteous will assend to God.

The beauties which I now survey,
Shall, like myself, soon pass away;
The leaves are green upon the trees,
And little birds are humming praise.

But when the frost of autumn comes,
And leaves are falling to the ground,
Perhaps upon my grave they'll fall—
These are the lines of B. F. Hall,



My Mamma's Hands.

I wish you'd see my mamma's hands,
And the things that they can do,
She says they're "very ugly ones,"
But I don't believe that's true.
They're pretty, all the same, to me,
And mighty clever, too.

She says she can't do anything,
But I see her work all day,
She writes long things on paper,
Which she says are "not much pay";
She sews, knits and cooks sometimes
(And she spanked me yesterday!)

She makes nice cake and candy,
And stockings she can darn—
Why, the other day I found her
Whitewashing our barn!
And often I do have to sit
And hold great hanks of yarn!

I wonder if mamma's hands
Ever stop to go to sleep?
Why, they're busy when they hear me say,
"Pray God, my soul to keep."
Some night when she's not looking
I'll just run in and peep!
—L. Speyers in N. Y. Journal.

THE DYING COWBOY.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!"
Those words came low and mournfully
From the pale lips of a youth who lay
On his dying couch at the close of the day.

He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow
Death's shadows were gathering thickly now,
And he thought of home and loved ones there
As the cowboys come to see him die.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
Where the wild cayote and the crow sport free
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not, so I've been told,
Where the body lies, as the heart grows cold;
Yet grant, oh, grant this boon to me,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I always hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the old churchyard by the green hillside;
By my father's bones, oh, bury me!
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me where a mother's prayer,
Or a sister's tears might mingle there;
Where my friends might come and weep,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh bury me not"—and his voice there failed,
But they took no heed to the dying prayer.
In a narrow grave just six by three,
And they buried him there on the lone prairie.

Before School and After School.

(This bright little recitation can be made very effective, with a little attention paid to a change of voice at each change of phrase. The title "Before School," should be pronounced distinctly, and followed at the end of the tenth line with "After School".)

"Quarter to nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"
 "One more buckwheat, then—be quick, mother dear!"
 "Where is my luncheon box?" "Under the shelf,
 Just in the place you left it yourself!"
 "I can't say my table!" "O, find me my cap!"
 "One kiss for mamma and sweet Sis in her lap."
 "Be good, dear!" "I'll try."—"9 times 9's 81."
 "Take your mittens!" "All right."—"Hurry up, Bill; let's
 run."

With a slam of the door, they are off, girls and boys,
 And the mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

* * * * *
 "Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!"
 "O, mother! I've torn my new dress, just look here!"
 "I'm sorry, I was only climbing the wall."
 "O mother my map was the nicest of all!"
 "And Nelly, in spelling went up to the head!"
 "O say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"
 "I've got such a toothache." "The teacher's unfair!"
 "Is dinner 'most ready? I'm just like a bear!"
 Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast,
 These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last.
 A still, lonely house would be far worse than the noise;
 Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys!

—Selected.

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THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

By SARAH ROBERTS.

1.
 Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 By the dusty roadside,
 On the sunny hillside,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

2.
 Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
 All around the open door,
 Where sit the aged poor;
 Here, where the children play,
 In the bright and merry May,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

3.
 Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 In the noisy city street
 My pleasant face you'll meet,
 Cheering the sick at heart,
 Toiling his busy part—
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

4.
 Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 You cannot see me coming,
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;
 For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere

An exchange says: "It may not be generally known that General Washington died in the last hour of the last day of the last week of the last month of the year of the last century."

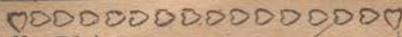
ed. All the analyses were

Who Was Cinderella?

Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the common era, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt, says the "Jewish Messenger." One day she ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammet'cus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it.

As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls 2400 years later.



St. Valentine



O MANY little gods
there be
Who help to keep
this old earth
bright!
Thanksgiving cheer,
and Christmas
glee,
And New Year's
pleasure and de-
light,
Has each its special
deity
Who sees that
things are man-
aged right.

And now comes good St. Valentine,
The merriest god, if not the best.
He helps the timid swains who pine
To put their courage to the test,
And soothes with love's delicious wine
The doubts in many a maiden's breast.

No plea of worldly maid or beau
St. Valentine's true heart can move;
For he and Cupid long ago,
Before they left the courts above,
Went into partnership, you know,
To try and keep mankind in love.

And Cupid travels far and near
To get his patrons well in trim,
Then sends his partner once a year
To finish up the work for him.
All hail the saint both kind and dear,
And may his luster ne'er grow dim!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in N. Y. Sun.

Received and Answered.

"Now, how," writes my city nephew, John,
"Are you and Aunt Sarah coming on?
How are Steve and Will and Jen and
Grace—
How's ev'rything on your dear old place?
I hope your 'tatoes and corn are hilled,
Your haying over, your barns well filled
With a heavy crop of hay and rye,
And room enough left for oats, by 'n' by.

"We're kind o' peaked, my wife and I,
The weather has been so hot and dry;
And we think there is no kind of doubt,
But that you're wanting us to come out
And get away from the dust and heat,
And taste Aunt Sarah's good things to eat.
So write me, please, that you will meet me,
My wife, our nurse and our children three
At depot, Saturday, half past two;
We're coming to stay a month with you."

And I wrote, "John, city nephew, dear,
We are all alive and kicking, here;
Our potatoes and our corn are hilled,
And our barns with hay are nearly filled.
We are looking for our oat crop now,
To cram the top of every mow;
When harvest is over, wet or dry,
There's thirty acres to plow for rye;
No time to play and no chance to shirk,
We work to live and we live to work.

"About the buildings things still go on
The same as they did last summer, John.
Your Aunt Sarah's chicken crop has shrunk
(The work of a predatory skunk).
Our youngest porkers have learned to root,
The apple orchard hangs full of fruit;
The girls are making canned fruit and jell—
Aunt Sarah attends to the dairy. Well!

"I guess that's 'bout all I've got to say;
The girls were planning to go away,
And rest a spell, and so were the boys;
But they won't go now, and miss the joys
Of entertaining the friends they love,
And the cooking for 'em on a stove
Some days in August; so come—come on,
And bring your family with you, John;
Aunt Sarah will greet you with a hug;
We'll wait on your fam'ly, nurse and pug.
We won't mind the work nor dust nor heat,
When you've a good time and enough to eat."

INC

—Will Templer.

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LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

The Sorrowful One.

The lesson was from the prodigal son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother, says the Aberdeen "Journal."

"But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little gentlemen came the chorus:

"Please sir, it was the fatted calf!"

Males and Females.

A little girl who lives in the eastern part of the town has been on a visit to her grandmother, whose home is reached by the Mayfield road, says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer." Like all good grandmothers' farms this one was a mine of delight to the little maid. Since her return her lively tongue has glibly oscillated over the wonders she witnessed.

"Say," she said, "they've got kittens up at grandma's! Three-four-five-six kittens!"

"What kind of kittens are they?" inquired the neighbor.

"Why," said the little maid, "I fink grand-ma said that some of 'em was feels an' some of 'em was Mayfel's!"

And the neighbor concluded that grand-ma was right.

The Straw Sign. If you find a blade of straw lying in your chamber, you may expect a visitor that same day. If there is one grain upon the straw, the visitor will be a gentleman; if not, a lady.

The Cat Portent. When the cat licks and trims herself, it is a sign of visitors; but this is probably known to most of our readers already.

The String Token. If your shoe-tie or apron-string breaks, your sweetheart is thinking of you.

Sign when your Nose Itches. If your nose itches early in the morning, you will on that very day hear a piece of news.

Strange Bed. Lay under your pillow a prayer-book, opened at the matrimonial service, bound round with the garters you wore that day, and a sprig of myrtle on the page that says, "With this ring I thee wed," and your dream will be ominous, and you will have your fortune as well told as if you had paid a dollar to an astrologer.

The Sign of a Sneeze. If any one tells you anything, and you are shortly after obliged to sneeze, you may be sure that what was told you is true.

The Death-Tick. If you hear a wood-tick or death-watch ticking anywhere in the house, you must try to get rid of it as soon as possible, or you will speedily hear of a death which will greatly afflict you.

The Cricket. If there is a cricket in the house, be careful on no account to disturb it. Think of Dickens' *Cricket on the Hearth*.



Playing at Housekeeping.

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

(Recitation, in character, for Friday afternoon.)

How do you like this suit of mine?
 Susy and I think it quite fine
 We two are playing house you see,
 And I the busy maid will be.

Sue is the mother and will ride
 With nurse and children by her side
 Her coach, the parlor easy-chair;
 Her span, two small ones that are

While they are gone, I'll sweep the room,
 And use my mamma's brand-new broom;
 Brother Tom makes fun of it all,
 But it is better than *base-ball*.

When he came to supper last night,
 You would think he had been in a *fight*,
 A black spot where the ball had hit
 And he couldn't use one hand a bit.

We would think it cruel, I know,
 If it were *work* that lamed him so
 But hark! I think the coachman rings
 You know we only "*make-believe*" things.

unfavorable ~~circumstances~~ resulting in the
 A white boy asked a young ne-rtant.
 gro what he had such a shortised u
 nose for. The negro replied, "Iar, and
 'spects so it won't poke itself in
 other people's business."

And sowed and reaped their scanty grain,
 With faith that conquered loss with gain.

What armed force did ever wrest
 From any country, east or west,
 Such triumphs as these gallant men
 With faith and love did conquer then?

No dreams of power, no greed of gold,
 Did tempt these men to leave the old
 And seek the new, — for liberty,
 Fair Freedom's dower, they crossed the sea;

That freedom that would give to man
 New life, and laws of simple plan;
 Where justice, mercy, love, and peace
 Should rule and reign without surcease.

With what success they builded there
 Upon this plan of freedom fair,
 We know to-day, who live to see
 The splendor of their victory.

And whoso says that we to-day
 Have lost the old heroic way,
 Shall find the hero and his deed
 To fit the very hour of need.

For somewhere yet, beneath the face
 Of pessimistic commonplace, —
 That shadow on our shining sun, —
 The ardent pilgrim blood doth run.

Such work
 of farmers or communities, and

The Lord's Reply.

I know a little girl in this city whom, for the purpose of concealment, I will call Alice Rivers, says a writer in the Kalamazoo (Mich.) "Telegraph." One night she arose from the tea table and said, "Mamma, I'm tired; I guess I'll go to bed."

Mamma took her upstairs, but the little girl was so tired from working so hard with her playing all day that she could hardly get her clothes off. Her mamma stopped her just as she was about to climb into bed, and said:

"Has Alice forgotten to say her prayers?"

"But, mamma, I'm so tired."

"But Alice mustn't forget to say her prayers."

"I don't want to, mamma."

After a long argument Alice still held out, and mamma went downstairs telling the little girl that she must say her prayers before she went to sleep, and that she should ask her about it the next morning. At the breakfast table mamma asked:

"Alice, did you say your prayers?"

"Mamma, I said, 'Dear God, please excuse me for not saying my prayers,' and he looked down and said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Rivers.'"

A TRAMP'S ELOQUENT LECTURE.

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted and when in the act of drinking she proffered beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed:

"Stop; make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentleman," he said, "I look to-night at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home, had friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artists dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup and Cleopatra-like saw it dissolve and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation resigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star and broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, with no home to call my own, a man in whom every pulse is dead. Allowed up in the saloon, I drank."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—
New Orleans Picayune.

D O P T

FAMILY REUNION.

Tuesday's Batesville Bee says:

There was a family reunion at Judge Powell's last Saturday, at which all the sisters and brothers now living were present except two sisters living in Tennessee, and all the children living of the host were present, besides several collateral relatives and relatives by marriage. The following are the brothers and sisters present: Dr. R. J. Powell, Oxford, Ark., Mrs. J. P. McQuistian, Oxford, Ark., Mrs. Sarah Deason, Trenton, Tenn., Mrs. Margaret Winston, Mtn. View, Ark.

Of the sons and daughters present besides those living in this city were the following: Dr. D. T. Powell, Thayer, Mo., R. T. Powell, Greenwood, Ark., Mrs. J. H. Woods, Melbourne, Ark., and Mrs. R. E. Kennard, Greenwood, Ark.

Others present related by consanguinity and affinity were: Mr. and Mrs. Will P. Deason and little daughter of Trenton, Tenn., J. P. McQuistian of Oxford, J. H. Woods of Melbourne. Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Baxter and daughter and Mrs. Millie Powell of Melbourne, Mrs. W. R. Sheffield and Mrs. Maloy of Mountain View.

Following the parental Tennessee custom a pig and mutton were barbecued for the occasion. A group picture was made. As may be imagined the time was pleasantly spent relating incidents of the past and singing the old songs.

Many of the visitors left Monday morning. Mrs. Sarah Deason and Mrs. Will Deason and little daughter will remain some time and visit in Izard and Stone Counties and in Missouri before returning home.

JOSEPHINE MILLER.

The war-cloud is gath'ring o'er Gettysburg vale,
Portending hoarse thunder and death-dealing hail
The solid earth trembles, and rent is the air,
With the rushing of squadrons,— the loud trumpet's blare
The clanking of arms, and the shouting of men,
And the neighing of steeds from each echoing glen;
But, unheeding the din and unhindered by dread,
Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

Now the battle is on, and they warn her away,
For her cottage it stands in the sweep of the fray;
They say 'twill be shattered by shot and by shell;—
But she answers by quenching their thirst from the well,
And breaking her bread for the blue-coated men,
And heating her oven and baking again,—
Alone in the house when the owner has fled,
Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

She hears on the roof bullets patter like rain—
Bombs burst in the road and the dooryard. The slain
By scores and by hundreds on every hand lie,—
The wounded crawl into the cellar to die.
With her cup of relief she is here, she is there;
No cry is unheard, but with tenderness rare,
Alone, all alone with the dying and dead,
Josephine watches while baking her bread.

All through the long night and the long weary day
She nurses the wounded, the blue and the gray;
And tears silent fall—for sweet visions of home
And of faces beloved to each soldier will come—
When the maiden draws nigh. And the dying rejoice
In the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice,
And pray for a blessing to rest on the head
Of Josephine Miller while baking her bread.

How wildly soever the tempest may sweep
In its pitiless wrath o'er the land and the deep,
There's a centre of calm where the bird may find rest
Secure from alarm as in sheltering nest:
So there 'mid the storm of demoniac war,
Of passion and hate raging frantic and far,
A gleam of old Bethlehem's glory is shed
Where Josephine Miller is baking her bread.

Edgar Foster Davis.

BROWN SCRAPS.

I strolled one day upon a street,
Not thinking trouble I should meet,
In any form.

Times oft I'd gone that street before,
And passed along each friendly door,
Fearless of harm.

Some persons standing on the walk
Seemed interested in a talk—
I stopped to hear.

I heard some things there boldly stated,
About a traffic that I've hated
Many a year.

The bat I hate, I cannot tell,
For this traffic, dark as hell—
The saloon sin.

It is a shame, a dark disgrace,
To any man, or any place,
That votes it in.

I did not think the theory best,
Which one within the crowd expressed;
I told him so,

When all at once the burley fellow,
Like some mad bull, began to bellow,
And curse and bloy.

For arguments, he used abuse;
Profanity flowed in a sluice
Across his lip.

It seemed to be his great delight,
Like some mad cur, to bark and bite,
And want to whip.

I never fight; its not my rule,
To fight a cripple, or a fool—
I tell them so.

Man seeks, by reason, what is right;
Dogs reason not, but oftentimes fight,
As all do know.

I hope the fellow I've described
Will yet come back to his old tribe—
The thinking man.

His fiery temper then control,
And guard his lips, and save his soul—
I think he can.

—JAMES L. BROWN.

Charlotte, Ark.

VERIFYING TRADITION.

Captain Short Is Keeping Tab on His
Pet Ground Hog.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Byington, Io., Feb. 2.—Captain I. H. Short, of the steamer Abner Gile is the possessor of a ground-hog, which has been usual, through the winter season, to say the captain resolved to note the day of the animal, to see if there was any truth in the prophetic propensities of the animal.

The animal, after having caused itself, sat up and tried to get up, but failed. It then curled up and asleep again. As the sun cast a dim shadow, it is believed that the animal perceived it, and is about to leave the tradition, and will be out in six weeks more. The matter was watched with interest.

PRATTLE OF THE TOTS.

Flossie, aged four, heard her mamma say that the new cook spoke broken English, and running to her father exclaimed: "Oh, papa, ze cookie is broked Englishman an' she tant talk plain."

Little Mamie had often watched her father shave himself, and one day when a man came to whitewash the fence, after a few minutes' silent contemplation, she asked: "Mister man, is you doin' to shave ze whiskers off zat fence?"

Little four-year-old Willie was visiting his grandparents in the country. One morning he heard a mule braying for the first time, and running into the house he exclaimed: "Oh, gran'ma, one of zem horsies has dot ze hooper tough."

THE NEW "HAIL COLUMBIA"

1

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson sea
All the world their names shall re-
All the world their names shall re-
Enrolled with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us—for all—was st
Pay our sires their children's debt
Love and honor—nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever make the circling sun,
Find the Many still are One.

2

Hail, Columbia, strong and free,
Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue
Thy march triumphant still pursue
With peaceful stride from zone to zone
And make the Western land thine own
Blest is the Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise—
Every voice its tribute lend—
In the loving chorus blend!

While the stars in heaven shall burn
While the ocean tides return,
Ever shall the circling sun,
Find the Many still are One.

Oliver W.

GRANDFATHER'S FOURTH.

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without ar
He would say, with a thump of his hickor
That it made an American right down sic
To see his sons on the Nation's day
Sit round in a sort of a listless way,
With no oration and no train-band,
No fire-work show and no root-beer stan
While his grandsons, before they were d
Were ashamed—Great Scott!!—to fire of

And so each Independence morn
Grandfather Watts took his powder horn
And the flint-lock shotgun his father ha
When he fought under Schuyler, a cou

THE 7
And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp
Ten miles to the woods at Beaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowl-
'That a decent chipmunk or woodchuck or owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.
And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,
And march to the woods, sou'east by sou'.

But once—ah! long, long years ago;
For grandfather's gone where good men go—
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,
Such short-cuts as boys have always known,
We hurried and followed the dear old man
Beyond where the wilderness began,
To the deep, black woods at the foot of the Hun
And there was a clearing and a stump—

A stump in the heart of a great wide wood;
And there on that stump our grandfather stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flint-lock gun
Once in a minute, his head all bare,
Having his fourth of July out there—
The Fourth of July he used to know
Back in eighteen-and-twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,
He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to the left and right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long;
And then our grandfather broke into song,
And scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail, Columbia!" to the breeze.

And I tell you, the old man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for word!
But he sang out strong to the bright, blue sky,
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July,
He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back,
As still as we came, on our twisting track;
While words more clear than the flint-lock shots
Rang in our ears.

And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore,
And marched off home, nor west by nor'.

H. C. Bunner, in Harper's Young P

mers pay for agricultural

A Bad Boy's Excuse.
Mother—Ernie, are you teaching that
parrot to swear?
Ernie—No, mother, I'm just telling, or su
what it musn't say.—Truth, with pr

OWN COUNTRY.

"No chilling winds nor poisons
Can reach that happy shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and
Are felt and feared no more.

The first secession flag raised in
the south was in South Carolina.
The flagstaff is still standing fas-
tened to the gable end of a store
house at Skull Shoals.

An American flag made entirely
corns is a curiosity exhibited
Baltimore man at the world's

GRANDMA MARY BAKER.

Celebrated Her 97th Birthday and May Pass the Century Mark.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.
CHANDLERVILLE, ILL., June 30.—The 97th birthday of Grandma Mary Baker, the oldest living person in Cass County, was celebrated yesterday at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Josiah Evans, three miles south of Chandlerville. There were present many children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. A bountiful table was spread, to which all the guests did ample justice. The subject of this sketch, whose maiden name was Mary Bear, was born in Shenan-



GRANDMA MARY BAKER.

dash Valley, Va., June 29, 1800. She was united in marriage to Caleb Baker, and came to Illinois in 1831 and settled in Cass County, where she has resided ever since. Her husband died February 22, 1857, leaving the mother with seven children, five of whom are now living, namely, Henry Baker of Cass County, Mrs. Mary Holiday of Iowa, Mrs. Christina Jenkins of Cass County, James Baker of Mason County and Mrs. Rhoda Wianschenk of Chandlerville. Two of her children are dead. The descendants are too numerous to mention in this sketch.

Grandma Baker is in remarkably good health for one so old. A year ago she fell and broke her leg below the knee, and her children resigned themselves to the thought that she could never survive this shock. But she did, and to-day can get around the house without crutch or cane, and can see and hear very well. Her general health is good, and her iron constitution shows she may live to celebrate her centennial anniversary. She was a member of the Baptist Church from her girlhood until a few years ago, when she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and lives a devout Christian life. She takes as much interest in family affairs as one of younger years.

BETWEEN TWO DAYS.

I hate jest like the mischief to wake up at
dead o' night,
When other folks is sleepin', 'n' I try with
all my might
To drop into a doze ag'in; but somehow it
appears
At sech times, like my senses all 've moved
into my ears.
It's absolutely cur'ous how the rustlin' o'
the leaves,
Or the sighin' 'n' the whisperin' o' the wind
around the eaves,
Will sound to me like voices—though I
know it jest can't be—
Like strange, uncanny voices callin' spe-
cially to me.
My thoughts take up the rhythm o' the
drippin', sobbin' rain;
'N' I listen to my rosebush tappin', tappin'
'gainst the pane,
Like bare 'n' ghostly finger-tips a-knock-
in' to come in—
Jest tap, 'n' tap, 'n' stop awhile, then tap,
'n' tap ag'in!
The shadders in the corners even seem to
take on eyes,
'N' stare, 'n' blink, 'n' glare at me, like
black, uncharly spies.
My nerves git all be-flustered 'n' my cour-
age sort o' sinks,
'N' my thinker gits a-goin' 'n' jest thinks,
'n' thinks, 'n' thinks.
There's somethin' right down awful 'bout
a feller's thoughts at night,
When his conscience gits to naggin' 'n'
drags out before his sight
All the skeletons o' mean things that he's
said 'n' done 'n' thought,
'N' the weepin' wraiths o' good things that
he hain't done when he ought.
I 'most believe that Satan cut the pattern
fer his blaze
From the torments that a mortal kin en-
dure between two days,
When his conscience mounts its high horse,
'n' his courage sinks, 'n' sinks,
'N' his thinker gits a-goin' 'n' jest thinks,
'n' thinks, 'n' thinks!
—Carrie Blake Morgan, in Leslie's
Weekly.

The Hand that Rules the World.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace;
In the cottage, palace, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assail it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
Infancy's the tender fountain:
Power may with beauty flow,
Mother's first to guide the streamlet,
From them souls unresting grow,
Brow on for good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep, O keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All the trophies of the ages
Are from mother earth impearled.
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
Blessing on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
In the worship of the sky—
Where no tempest darkens,
Dews evermore are curled;
The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
—Wallace.

AN EASTER LEGEND.

By LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

1.

There's a story to German children told,
That happened far back in the days of old,
When with war's grim beacons the land was red
It was then, that the Duchess of Lindberg fled

2.

From her home, to the mountain fastness, wild
There, with her little fair-haired child,
To wait till the kingdom was lost or won,
And the terrible fighting all was done.

3.

The kindly peasants welcomed her there,
And cheerfully gave her of their fare.
It was frugal enough; neither fish nor meat,
Nothing but herbs from the fields to eat.

4.

And strangely enough, in the village, I ween,
A hen, or an egg had never been seen.
But peace o'er the fair land reigned once more
And war and fighting at last were o'er.

5.

Yet, ere to her home the Duchess went,
To her far-off home a servant was sent,
To bring to the village eggs so gay,
To feast the children on Easter Day.

6.

Pretty nests were made in the juniper then,
And the tiny women and wee little men
Went eagerly hunting, until—O, what a prize
Hardly could each one believe his eyes.

7.

At sight of the nests 'neath the evergreen shad
With leaves and lichens and moss inlaid,
For there in each nest, O, wonderful treasure!
—Never before had children such pleasure.—

Little Helpers.

(Recitation for little girl in second year.)

Washing and wiping the dishes,
Bringing in wood from the shed,
Ironing, sweeping and dusting,
Trying to make well our bed,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she might fall,
We little children are busy;
For there is work for us all.

Reading the paper for grandma,
Who sits by the stove busy knitting,
Setting the table for supper,
Or on errands fast we're flitting,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
We little children are busy—
Yes, there is work for us all.

—Fannie L. Fane

MY LITTLE GIRL.

Of course the little girl was just as much of mine
as hers.
But somehow, when our wedded life got full of
pricks and burrs,
I told her that she'd better take the little one and go
And stay a spell at Newton Creek, along with Uncle
Joe,
While I'd go off to some far land, and there I'd work
and live
Until I'd quite made up my mind which one was to
forgive.

I tell you pride's an awful thing when it gets into
the heart;
I guess it was a thousand times I thought I'd rise
and start
And go right after her and that little maid of mine—
I never heard a word from them, she never wrote a
line.
Then I had a spell of sickness and counted through
my tears,
And found I hadn't seen them both for more than
fifteen years.

Oh, my pretty, laughing darling, she must be tall
and fair!
How I'd rig her out in ribbons and feathers rich
and rare.
I could almost feel my fingers upon her soft, white
brow,
That little sunny head of hers would touch my
shoulder now.
Yet the strangest thing, in all my dreams, she was
a little child,
With the yellow curls of babyhood and big eyes
round and mild.

As soon as I was better I started on my way,
And reached the town at noon time, one hot and
dusty day.
And near by, in the churchyard, I stopped to rest
and wait.
There was a little baby's grave close to the mould-
ering gate.
I pushed aside a straggling vine, kind o' curious,
no more,
Great God! my little girl lay there, dead thirteen
years before.

—Jessie Norton.

SPRING SONG.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The brook is brown in its bed,
Rain from the cloud is streaming,
And the bow bends overhead.
The charm of the winter is broken!
The last of the spell is said!

The eel in the pond is quickening,
The grayling leaps in the stream;
What if the clouds are thickening?
See how the meadows gleam!
That spell of the winter is shaken!
The world awakes from a dream!

The fir puts out green fingers,
The pear-tree softly blows,
The rose in her dark bower lingers,
But her curtains will soon unclose;
The lilac will shake her ringlets
Over the blush of the rose.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The woods are beginning to ring,
Rain from the cloud is streaming,
There, where the bow doth cling,
Summer is smiling afar off,
Over the shoulder of spring!

—Robert Buchanan.

This is no doubt, to the fact
short meter.

"Git down off dem seats,
Both white man and color;
I care no more for de one
Dan I do for de odder."

NO CROSS NO CROWN.

BY F. L. STANTON.

Sometimes I think when life seems drear,
When gloom and darkness gather here,
When Hope's bright star forsakes my skies,
And sorrow o'er my pathway lies,
It would be sweet, it would be best,
To fold my tired hands and rest;
But, then, God sends an angel down
Who whispers oft, "No Cross, no Crown."

Last night I heard the river moan
With sad and melancholy tone;
I saw its waters glancing free
And dashing onward to the sea,
I would have plunged beneath its tide,
And on its friendly bosom died.
But then, God sent the angel down,
Who whispered still, "No Cross, no Crown."

Then turned I from the river's shore,
To seek the lonely world once more;
With aching heart and burning head,
No battle for a crust of bread.
But Hunger came, who knew me well,
And fainting by the way I fell,
But still the angel fluttered down,
And weeping, said, "No Cross, no Crown."

"No Cross, no Crown!" As standing there,
The cross too heavy seemed to bear;
And for the crown—I could not see
That it was ever meant for me;
The words I could not understand
Even while I clasped the angel's hand;
But still he looked with pity down,
And still he said, "No Cross, no Crown."

Back to the world I turned again
To court life's joys, to bear its pain;
But all the sweetness that it gave,
I followed, weeping, to the grave.
And from the cold and quiet sod
I lifted my pale hands to God,
And saw the angel coming down,
And in his hands a golden crown.

Then did I laugh at earthly loss,
And, kneeling, lifted up the cross;
Though all that once made life so sweet
Slept 'neath the lilies at my feet;
A radiance from the realms of light
Flashed for a moment on my sight;
"A still small voice" came fluttering down,
The cross had then become the crown.

No 29.

TELLING SANTA CLAUS THE WAY.

If Santa Claus should stumble
As he climbs the chimney wall,
With all this ice upon it,
I'm afraid he'd get a fall
And smash himself to pieces—
To say nothing of the toys!
Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
To all the girls and boys!
So I am going to write a note
And pin it to the gate,
I'll write it large, so he can see,
No matter if it's late,
And say: "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
To climb the roof to-night,
But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
The nursery's on the right."

History of Man.

At twenty, when a man is young, he thinks he knows it all; he likes to wag his active tongue and exercise his gall; he strut around in noble rage; the world is all his own; he laughs to scorn the advice of age and lists to sea alone. He wears a window in his eye to see his whiskers grow; he thinks the ladies pine and die because they love him so. At forty, as you may suppose, he knuckled down to biz; 'tis not till sixty that he knows how big a chump he is.—Ex.

The Lady of the First Pullets.

Said the old mother hen, with a satisfied cluck:
"My children, don't fancy these eggs are mere luck;
Remember my care when you were wee things,
How I kept you all warm 'neath my motherly wings,
How I taught you to scratch and hunt worms—all the tricks
That help to make sturdy and vigorous chicks."

Crowed the old father rooster, as soon as he knew:
"Now you see what a great Cock-a-doodle can do;
You have watched me with profit, from morning till night,
As I strutted and scratched to your mother's delight;
And I've crowed by the yard, when you sat on the nest,
And explained all the methods considered the best."

Quoth good Farmer Brown, when he came in that day,
"Wife, the early Minorcas are startin' to lay;
Well, I've given 'em powders, an' ground bone an' meat;
An' watched 'em right smart, an' kept the nests sweet;
They're good stock—but then I've a 'knack,' an' I say,
I ken beat all creation at makin' hens lay!"

But the proud little pullets paraded the sheds,
And turned up their combs, and flirted their heads,
And laughed in their feathers, and said saucy eyes—
"We know that we laid those eggs all by ourselves!" —Mary L. C. Robinson.

"Clara," said the mother of a little five-year-old miss, who was entertaining a couple of neighboring girls of her own age, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?" "Why, mamma, we is playin'," was the reply; "we's playin' that we's growed-up womens."—Chicago Daily News.

Spelling "Kitten."

(Recitation for primary pupil.)

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spell.
"K-double i-t-
T-e-n," said she,
And thought she had done very well.
"Has kitten two i's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and impatience was blent.
"My kitty has two,"
Said Marjory Lou,
And she looked as she felt—quite content.

—St. Nicholas for December

Wanted.

(Recitation for third year children.)

There's a junior partner wanted
By Will Succeed & Co.,
Who do a rushing business
Way up in Fortune Row.

I've seen their advertisement—
"No capital required;"
But boys with pluck and courage
Are just the kind desired.

They want a boy who has no fear
Of steady, plodding work;
Who does not wait for luck or fate,
Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely digs his way
Through problems hard a score,
And still has grit and courage left
To try as many more.

Who takes each school-time lesson
And makes it all his own;
Thus laying up his future
On good foundation stone.

Who does not wait for help to come
From fairy, witch, or elf,
But laying hold on Fortune's wheel
Turns it around himself.

And if it grinds and will not move
With all his care and toil,
He rubs each shaft and gearing well
With "Perseverance oil;"

Who knows that luck is but a myth,
And faith is but a name;
That plod and push and patience
At last will win the game.

And lads like this are just the kind,
For Will Succeed & Co.,
Who are wanting junior partners
Way up on Fortune Row.

—Select

Grandma's Mistake.

(Recitation for boy in second year.)

Poor grandma! I do hate to tell her!
And yet it does seem very queer,
She's lived so much longer than I have,
And I—why, I've known it a year!
Even Alice begins to look doubtful,
And she is so babyish, too,
And mamma slyly laughs at the nonsen
But *grandma* believes it is true.

I did it all up in brown paper,
And laid it just there by her plate;
She put on her glasses so slowly,
I thought that I never could wait.
But when she had opened the bundle,
"My patience!" she said, "how complete
A dear little box for my knitting—
Now isn't old Santa-Claus sweet?"

"To think that the funny old fellow
Should notice I needed just this,
If he should come in here this morning,
I think I should give him a kiss!"
She never once looked at me, never.
Of course, I had nothing to say.
But I was so mortified, truly,
I just had to run right away.

Poor grandma! I do hate to tell her!
But some day, of course, she'll find out,
And then she will laugh to remember
What once she was puzzled about.
But as for that beautiful work-box,

AMERICA FOR FREEDOM.

America for freedom!
That was the old-time cry;
The word for which our fathers stood
To battle and to die,
From thronged oppression fleeing,
They felt the galling chain
A tyrant held within his hand,
To pluck them back again.

The word with which they started
The globe has girdled round;
Across its seas and deserts
The wild man knows its sounds;
And something of the story
That lifts our hearts to-day,
How one heroic handful barred
The old Wrong from its way.

When ours it was to struggle,
All good men wished us well;
To them our crowned conquest
A prophecy did tell:
"That beauteous land doth promise
Joy to the troubled earth,
With welcome wide and peaceful
For all of human worth."

O friends, we owe this promise
To all the world to-day:
The children of the fathers
Who for our weal did pray;

A Coon Tree.

In a copy of THE TIMES dated January 22, was an article headed "A Curiosity." The writer (Dr. Didymus) says that he has on exhibition at his turnip patch a curious tree. Not doubting his word at all, but we have a few curious things in this part of the county. Among them are snakes with corns on their toes. We also have a breed of hens when set on horse chestnuts will hatch a fine breed of Indian ponies, but the greatest of all curious things is the coon tree. Probably the readers have not learned of such a tree, so I had better give the history of it. We have one of the stingiest men that ever lived down here. One day last summer he wanted to go hunting and was too stingy to buy any shot. So he loaded his gun with cherry stones, and while looking over his corn he saw a large coon eating an ear of corn. He shot him but did not want him, so he covered him up in some grass and dirt to keep him from smelling. Last spring there was a curious plant come up in his field, and he would not cut it down. It grew very rapidly, and in a few weeks it bloomed, the blossoms being of a fuzzy look. In a short time it bore nothing but live coons. In a few minutes work, by the help of his dog, he killed forty-four coons.

Now, Dr. don't be discouraged, but come again. Show the readers that you have sand in your craw.

Now, Mr. Editor, please publish this, as I am a young one at the business, and I will do better as I grow older.

I also have a complete history of the tree called coonology.

RAMBLER.

Mt. Olive, Ark., Feb. 8, '97.

KALKO ROKITS.

DAVE:—Bob Lackey got mad dog bit at Mrs. Harbor's, and has gone to Baxter county to apply a mad stone.

We have had a master rain. G. W. White, who took Mrs. Miser and family to West Plains and started home with a load of flour, had to leave his wagon an flour an walk an lead his team from near Mitchell—the road was so soft.

Steamers Ozark Queen an Tycoon went up to McBee's Landing, loaded with cotton and went on to Newport. Senator South and Representatives Jones an Hopper were passengers on the Tycoon, on their way to Little Rock, ter begin ter draw six dollars per day day and pass dog laws.

Whar's Wyler? The last I hearn of him he was somers in Hervauer, killin galls an babys.

Old Bill Aiken sleeps with eyes open, fear a mad dog will bite him. He wants a law passed ter kill all the dogs, and kill every man who raises any more dogs.

We've three bachelors in our delegation at Little Rock. The galls will hafter keep outen their way or get kotched.

Mighty still hereabouts since Christmas, and boys toes still sore from dancin so much.

Bizards missed us up ter this time.

J. N. Seay has a mad caf, and still they cum.

Bro. Skoggins beet your hog tale. He says Dr. Josh Hinkle killed two sows that weighed 1398 pounds. Big tale, ain't hit?

R. H. Miser sent Wm. Caple after his wife and children—tired keepin bach, I rekon.

How is Kongress gettin on ac knowledgin Kuba's independence?

The W. E. Maxfield's saw mill in Hixon township is sold, and will go South of Mountain View,

good.

G. H.

OLD AND ... deep ... to breed rapidly and to prey ... with the fluted scale of Cali ... ts have been accomplished as ... at a meeting of fruit-

All of you, who are not children, have at some time or other experienced childhood's happy hours. One who has not gloried in the peculiar narrative of "House that Jack Built," and felt the thrill of delight when in the story, the fact appeared that the dog was mean enough to worry the poor cat, was tossed by the cow with the crumpled horn?

Now, in this little book, we tell of a house built by Helme, which is a great deal more wonderful than any Jack ever dreamed of. If the rat that ate the malt had only possessed such good stuff as HELME'S SNUFF, what a "high rolling" time he would have had. Besides, the cat would never have caught the rat, for the latter would have thrown some fine RAPPEE in Pussy's whiskers, which would have so delighted her that the rat would not have been "in it."

But to compare facts with fancies: These great mills have been in existence since 1825, yearly turning out tons of its celebrated product, which is positive proof of its popularity.

The story needs little further comment, as you have read of the passage of tobacco from field to factory, thence to the world. In conclusion, we would say that though seemingly John and Martha Pinch are not connected with the story, their old age shows the helpfulness of our goods.

Respectfully yours,

THE GEO. W. HELME COMPANY,

Manufacturers of Railroad Mills Snuff,

HELMETTA, N. J.

of the European parasite of ... will result in benefit to ... years before the presence ... manifest.

It is the discovery of the ... tion of the hitherto un- ... burrow directly into the ... which they emerge when ... us, and the subcutaneous ... settled that the ox bot

various insects have been ... e larva damages potatoes ... scale insect infesting the ... and warning the spread ... ted. A careful study has ... and bean weevils and a ... fic points have been ascer-

the life histories of two- ... ests have been studied to ... One of the most interest- ... cked the sugar beets at the De- ... at Schuyler, Nebr. Experiments have

l poison. ... d. A number ... e proved that ... e case of this ... er, trap crops

e of the Euro- ... e grub, which ... erally. The ... several tubes ... in the labora- ... Lincoln, Nebr. ... d, the disease ... gus. At the ... such grubs to ... se inoculated ... The life



Your Birthday will always be green in the memory of your friends.

... were combined in the same breeding jars with healthy grubs. The life

To visit me was his own plan;
He was a rich and traveled man,
I but a plain Canadian.

He wondered how I could live here,
He looked about with eye severe,
And thought my neighbors "very queer."

My house was built "wrong way about,"
He said, "Had I not found it out?"
Whereat my wife began to pout.

We gave him of our very best,
Our kitchen gave my wife no rest;
He ate, but without any zest.

Some pictures decorate our home;
He told us we should see the Dome
Painted by Angelo at Rome.

He bore our ways quite patiently,
But did not fail to make us see
That he was more refined than we.

To church he went with us one day,
We heard our parson preach and pray,
He said that darkness on him lay.

Our landscapes he scarce cared to view,
Their beauties really were so few,
Mere forest scenes were nothing new.

Over the atlas one wet day,
He said, if he could have his say,
He'd plan the world another way.

At last, he grew so bored he went,
Having, by fate malevolent,
Sowed many seeds of discontent.

And, as I think of him, I say,
"Good riddance," and, "Alack the day
When he first turned his steps this way."

II.

There came another to my cot,
I scarce can tell how there he got;
He many blessings brought, I wot.

The sun shone out the day he came,
Said he: "We've nothing quite the same,"
And praised the sunset's "dying flame."

"How fresh and new your life," he said,
"Already my bewildered head
Grows clearer; hope is never dead."

He praised my horses and my cows,
And asked me, while he watched them browse,
Of how we sow and reap and house.

"Your father was a pioneer,
This house he built; how very dear,"
He said, "must be this roof-tree queer."

An artist he, and finely strung;
One day, when shadowed sunshine flung
Its charm, he painted it, and hung

The finished picture on the wall.
We crowded round, and on us all
Our other pictures seemed to pall.

He brought us books, and as he read,
There seemed a halo round his head;
"How beautiful," we gently said.

He taught us that, through valiant strife,
A busy man and busier wife
Might reach at last a nobler life.

When the day came for him to go,
Our eyes were wet, our hearts were low,
We hated him to leave us so.

And now we say: "O friend, come back!"
His words we keep, his ways we track,
And with fresh zeal our tasks attack.

—New York Independent.

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and special observers de-
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COST AND COLD-WAVE WARN-

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Rest.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,

Have ye found that happy city in all your weary quest?

Tell me, from earth's wanderings; may the heart find glad surcease,

Can ye show me as an earnest any olive branch of peace?

I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin and toil and care;

I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless prayer.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,

Can you tell me of that city, the name of which is Rest?

O little birds, fly east again; O little birds, fly west;

Ye have found no happy city in all your weary quest;

Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,

And still like you the human soul must wing its weary way.

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's bound,

Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found;

We are but children crying here upon a mother's breast

For life and peace and blessedness and for eternal Rest!

Bless God, I hear a still small voice above life's clamorous din,

Saying, "Faint not, O weary one, thou yet mayst enter in."

That city is prepared for those who well doth win the fight,

Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed their garments white;

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower

Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying power,

It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-giving breast,

Its walls are called salvation, the city's name is Rest.

—From *Foster's Cyclopaedia of Practical Illustrations*

valley region, where altitudes varying from above sea level are in such close proximity; zones of the country, animal specimens and birds and mammals beneficial or harmful to

From the Botanical and Horticultural Department, of medicinal, forage, and other economic herbarium methods of work and treatment.

From the Division of Forestry: A classified collection of sections of trees of the United States, with demonstrations of their economic uses; apparatus (in oper-

THE SINGER'S TRIUMPH.

"The greatest triumph of my life?"

The singer softly said,
" 'Twas in a city hospital,
Beside a fair girl's bed.

"They called her 'Sister Madeline,'
An orphan and alone,
And 'Mother, sing! oh, mother, sing!'
Was her unending moan.

"The cruel flame had spared her face,
'Twas heavenly to see,
I took her ice-cold hand in mine,
And sang to old 'Dundee.'

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

"The moaning ceased, up into mine
She lifted eyes that shone
With something more than mortal love,
Or beauty's light, alone.

"I sang of Heaven's perfect rest,
Of Christ, the dying Lamb,
And 'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
To dear old 'Amsterdam.'

"Then 'Jesus, lover of my soul'—
The fluttering fingers led
The tender cadence of the song—
'O singer sweet!' she said.

"Then, kneeling there, I chanted low
The 'Gloria'—my eyes
Were closed, and as a dreamer sees,
So I saw Paradise.

"I knew that death was coming fast,
And kissed her tenderly.
The smile her lingering spirit gave
Was Triumph's height to me."
—Mary A. Denison, in *Youth's Companion*.

When Mollie Bathes the Baby.

When Mollie bathes the baby
I lay my book aside
And watch the operation
With deep paternal pride;
I scan the dimpled body
Of the struggling little elf
For undeveloped points of
Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby
She always says to me:
"Isn't he just as cunning
And sweet as he can be?
Just see those pretty dimples!
Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?"
And then, "You precious darling,
I could bite those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby
I always say to her:
"Look out, now, don't you drop him,"
And then she answers back, "No, sir!"
Then I talk about his rosy cheeks,
The muscles in his arms,
His shapely head, his sturdy legs,
And other many charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby
The household bends its knee,
And shows him greater deference
Than ever it shows to me.
But I feel no jealous godding,
As they laud him to the skies,
For everyone assures me
That he has his father's eyes.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

My Best.

I may perform no deed of great renown,
No glorious act to millions manifest;
Yet in my little labors up and down
I'll do my best.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confest
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
'Tis on the page of common life imprest;
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my best.

Sometimes I sing a very simple song,
And send it onward to the east or west;
Although in silentness it rolls along,
I do my best.

Sometimes I write a very little hymn,
The joy within me cannot be repress;
Though no one reads, the letters are so dim,
I do my best.

And if I see some fellow traveler rise
Far, far above me; still with quiet breast
I keep on climbing, climbing toward the skies,
And do my best.

My very best, and if, at close of day,
Worn out, I sit me down awhile to rest,
I still will mend my garments, if I may,
And do my best.

It may not be the beautiful or grand,
But I must try to be so careful, lest
I fail to be what's put into my hand,
My very best.

Better and better every stitch must be,
The last a little stronger than the rest.
Good Master, help my eyes that they may see
me do my best.

—Julia H. May

A Tribute of Silence.

A poet read his verses; and of two
Who listened, one spake naught but open
praise;

The other held his peace, but all his face
Was brightened by the inner joy he knew.

Two friends, long absent, met; and one had
borne

The awful stroke and scathe of blinding loss.
Hand fell in hand; so knit they, like a cross;
With no word uttered, heart to heart was sworn.

A mother looked into her baby's eyes,
As blue as heav'n and deep as nether sea.
By what dim prescience, spirit-wise, knew she
Such soul's exchanges never more would rise?

Oh, deep is silence—deep as human souls,
Ay, deep as life, beyond all lead and line;
And words are but the broken shells that shine
Along the shore by which



And Patent Rollers for Base Sliding.

When Mother's Cookin' fer Company.

I.

When mother's cookin' fer company,
We got to keep out of the way;
If we even peek in the kitchen door
She's sure to turn an' say:
'Don't come botherin' now, you boys;
Haven't you eyes to see?
I can't have young ones under my feet
When I'm cookin' fer company!'

II.

When mother's cookin' fer company
Our girl just has to fly,
To rake the fire an' wallop the eggs,
An' baste the meat right spry;
She'd like to flare, if she did but dare,
Fer cranky an' cross is she—
But that wouldn't go with mother, you know,
When she's cookin' fer company.

III.

When mother's cookin' fer company,
An' pap comes home from the store,
He stops his whistlin' on the porch
An' steps real soft on the floor;
He eats cold vittals an' kind o' smiles,
An' says, 'Don't bother fer me—
I ain't pertickler, mother, a bit,
When you're cookin' fer company!'

IV.

'When mother's cookin' fer company,'
Sez I to Sammy Crane,
'She lets us take the parlor chairs
To make a railroad train;
The table covers fer Injun tents—
She's good as good can be,
But you bet we got to keep out of her way
When she's cookin' fer company!'

V.

When mother's cookin' fer company,
We know what's in to bake,
Just by smellin'—thout any tellin'—
Cruellers, spice beef, or cake.
But when mother gets on her beady dress,
An' the minister comes to tea—
You'd never know her fer the woman that
A-cookin' fer company!

—Kate M. Cleary in P

Sun. THE DEBTS OF

Why Did We Marry?

Why did we marry—you and I?
Ah, me! why did we? In our youth
I vowed I loved; and your reply,
Heart-sung, yet silent, seemed the truth.

Beside our love's now swelling tone
How faint was the first throb, dear heart!
It was a babe that since has grown
Big as the world of which we're part.

Ay, bigger yet, like Paradise:
For when you told me to your breast,
Or I drank deep from your dear eyes,
The world's forgot, with all the rest.

Give more, dear nobler half! I thirst
For all the love you once kept hid.
What, if we did not love at first?
Thank God, sweet life, we thought we did.

JULIAN RALPH

Woman's Foot Growing Larger.

The Victory.

He stood with a foot on the threshold,
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.
"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits you a royal welcome
From lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.
"You'd think it was Bluebeard's closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there is naught to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—
"It's only a game and a drink!"
And his lips made bold to answer:
"But what would my mother think?"
The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision
The shadows of night within.
Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away! in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God!
On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.
And he stood by his home in the star-
light—
All guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field.

New York Observer.

2,460.—Some "Trees."

1. There is a tree we all admire
That revels in the sun.
2. There is another we desire
When we would get work done.
3. There is a tree that young men use
When they would be polite.
4. There is another one whose muse
Affords us great delight.
5. There is a tree within the house
That near the kitchen stands.
6. And others in the barns carouse
And flutter 'round in bands.
7. There is a very useful tree
That's used in building blocks.
8. And there's a very silly tree
Used by pretentious folks.

AIDYL.

Rain on the Meadows.

BY PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

["He shall come down like rain upon
the mown grass." Psa. lxxii. 6.]

Afar I hear a joyous sound,
The welcome rain is drawing nigh;
The mist-wreathed valleys echo round,
The gladdened hills reply.
The fields, whose golden locks were shorn,
The meadows, by the scythe swept bare,
The glad up-springing of the corn,
Reach out new joy to share.

Soft hands that tap the rose's cheek,
And draw forth perfumes for the breeze,
Lift up the tender grasses meek
While bending down the trees.
And spread their circling green again
O'er all the meadows parched and brown,
Till peace and plenty, with the rain,
Seem sent in showers down.

Like rain upon the parched-up grass,
Descends the Saviour's bounteous grace;
He bids once more his goodness pass
Before the downcast face.
Soul, withered 'neath sins' deadly blight,
His blood was shed in showers free;
To cleanse thy guilt, though black as night,
His blessing drops for thee.

Soul, that the scythe of death has swept
Of all its hopes, once blooming fair;
Eyes that so long in pain have wept,
Hearts clouded with despair—
For thee new gladness shall revive,
Fresh hopes from desolation spring,
Called from the dead, and made alive
A Saviour's love to sing.

Soft falling rain that wakes to birth
The harvest of each tiny seed,
That will not trample to the earth
The swaying, broken reed—
Like thee, glad boon of summer hours,
Our only source of gladness true,
Send down thy blessing as the showers,
And all our hearts renew.

My Wife's Brother.

My wife's brother's Efen vie'tin' us.
An' he's th' excit'nest little cuss
'At ever drowed the breath of life
Er whittled my desk with a big jackknife.
Fust day he kim he tuk the cat
An' hitched 'er to my ol' silk hat;
He bored a hole right thro' the brim
To make a hoss an' cart fer him.

When he got out, fust thing he did,
He licked our next door neighbor's kid;
An' bled his nose an' blacked his eyes—
An' then I had ter 'pologize.

Nex' day et rained. He tuk his ball
An' played a game in our front hall;
He used the hat-rack fer first base
An' smashed the hall clock in the face.

Then, yesterday, he went ter play.
An' first we knowed, he runned away;
A p'liceman found 'im arter dark
Up with the monkeys in the park.

For seven days he's been our guest.
An' each day's been the excit'nest;
To-morrow he's a-goin' hum,
An' nex' time—we won't hev no room!

ARE YOU SHORT AND FAT?

By L. F. ARMITAGE.

"Turkey, how mad you grow!"

Said little Tommy Snow.

"You seem to think this place belongs to you.

You want no one about,

But you'll not drive me out,

My grandma owns this yard and owns you, too.

"You look so very proud,

And with a voice so loud,

You scold at me where'er I come this way.

You needn't feel so grand,

We'll soon take you in hand,

For very soon will come 'Thanksgiving Day.'"

And soon the day had come,

And at his grandma's home

The uncles, aunts, and cousins all did meet.

Mr. Turkey was on hand,

No longer proud and grand,

But stuffed and roasted brown for them to eat.

Such puddings, pies, and cakes

No one but grandma makes,

And Tommy ate, and ate of every one.

But when 'twas time for bed

He had an aching head,

And this he did not think was any fun.

And when he closed his eyes,

He heard, to his surprise,

The sound of "gobble, gobble," near his bed.

And looking up, he spied

The turkey, big with pride,

With spreading wings, and angry, shaking head.

"Now, Tommy Snow," said he,

"You thought you'd eaten me,

But once, you see, you thought what wasn't true

My day, at last is here.

Well have you cause to fear,

For soon a dinner fine I'll make of you."

Then Tommy gave loud cries,

And opening his eyes,

He saw his mother standing by his side.

"Oh, mother," Tommy said,

"Where is he? Is he dead?"

The turkey did not eat me, but he tried."

"Ah! Tommy, do not fear,

There is no turkey here,

You were but dreaming then," his mother said.

"And next Thanksgiving Day,

Don't eat so much, I pray,

And then you'll not see turkeys round your bed.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their foreheads
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the Statehouse,
So they surged against the door;
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me see!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the Statehouse,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the bluffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-scepted sway.
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
Where his eye could catch the signal
The long-expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring, grandpa,
Ring, oh ring for liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal

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Christmas Morning.

Christmas morning, and broad daylight!
Who do you think was here last night,
Bundled in furs from top to toe?
I won't tell, for I think you know.

Who was it came from cold Snowland,
Driving gaily his eight in hand,
Sleigh piled up with wonderful toys?
Who was it? Tell me, girls and boys.

Who was it down the chimney crept
While everybody soundly slept,
Filled the stockings, and tapped them all
With "Merry Christmas, one and all?"

Who went back 'neath the bright starlight,
Reindeer scampering with all their might
I won't tell, for it's very clear,
If you are good, he'll come next year.

Christmas Bells.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I heard the bells on Christmas-day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The bellfries of old Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Christmas Roses.

I gave into a brown and tired hand
A stem of roses, sweet and creamy-white.
I know the bells rang merry tunes that night,
For it was Christmas time throughout the land,
And all the skies were hung with lanterns bright.

The brown hand held my roses gracefully;
They seemed more white within their dusky vase;
A scarlet wave suffused the woman's face.
"My hands so seldom hold a flower," said she,
"I think the lovely things feel out of place."

O tired hands that are unused to flowers;
O feet that tread on nettles all the way!
God grant His peace may fold you round to-day,
And cling in fragrance when these Christmas hours,
With all their mirthfulness, have passed away!

—May Riley

office of the Assistant Secretary, subject
The Botanical Division, and the Sect
The Pomological Division.
The Microscopical Division.

"I Don't Care."

Girls and boys, I wish to tell you
Of a foe you entertain.
I have seen him with you often,
And the fact has caused me pain;
For he only seeks the ruin
Of your lives so young and fair—
He's a foe, cool, sly and cunning,
And his name is "I don't care."

Have you ever thought, dear children,
That "I don't care" is a thief,
Taking from you time and order,
Candor, friends, and all ~~good~~
Don't you notice the bold falsehoods
That he daily tells to you,
And that make you say, "I don't care,"
When at heart you really do?

He at first will only cause you
To forget yourself, and dare
To answer parents, friends and strangers
With the rude words, "I don't care."
But be warned! He'll plant within you
The true spirit of his name;
Then he'll disappear like magic,
Leaving you to bear the shame.

Break the habit, children, break it;
Do not use the common phrase;
Smaller things than this have started
Many a life in reckless ways.
Guard your words, your thoughts, your
actions;

To yourselves be true, and dare
Not let the good of life slip by you
With a reckless, "I don't care."

—The Little Christian.

Nancy.

When Nancy donned her brocade gown,
Piled up her powdered hair
And put a patch upon her cheek,
There was no maid so fair!
I longed to be a gallant knight,
Her colors for to wear,
When Nancy donned her brocade gown,
And piled her powdered hair.

When Nancy on the tennis court
In rough serge met my view,
I thought the loveliest frock e'er made
Was just of flannel blue;
And tennis seemed the fittest sport
For maidens to pursue,
When Nancy on the tennis court
In rough serge met my view,

When Nancy in a gingham gown
Stood at the kitchen shelf,
And, with her careful, housewife air,
Put by the kitchen deft,
Upon a sudder, then I knew

'Twas she who charmed—herself—
When Nancy in a gingham gown
Stood at the kitchen shelf,
—Anne O'Hagan in Puck.

An Awful Story.

There is a little maiden
Who has an awful time;
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine.
She has an awful teacher;
Her tasks are awful hard;
Her playmates all are awful rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,
Who often shows her claws;
A dog who jumps upon her dress
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an awful little nose,
With awful cunning dimples,
And such awful little toes!

She has two little brothers,
And they are awful little boys;
With their awful drums and trumpets,
That make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common sense;
Come and this little maid defend;
Or else, I fear, her awful life
Will have an awful end.—*Selected.*

Very Good Times.

"The best time I can recollect,"
Said the boy from across the street,
"Was when we played the Spartan nine—
The day that our side beat."

"My best fun was a year ago,"
Said the boy who never will fight,
"When father and I went fishing once,
And slept outdoors all night."

"Well," said the boy from the corner house,
"The jolliest time for me
Was the summer they took me on a yacht,
And we lived six weeks at sea."

"And the greatest fun I ever had,"
Said the boy who lives next door,
"Was sailing down the river once,
And camping out on shore."

"The very best time I ever had,"
Said the boy with the reddish hair,
"Was in Chicago, last July—
The time I went to the Fair."

"It seems to me," said the lazy boy
(And his cap he thoughtfully thumps),
"That the very best time in all my life
Was the week I had the mumps."
—E. L. Sylvester in *June St. Nicholas*.

increase in the amount of printing done
in amount of appropriation. For
printing done in 1892 was five times
of the appropriation available in 1892
great as in 1888.

This increased number and variety
possible by increased appropriations

A VERY BUSY WOMAN.

She pronounced in sounding platitude
Her universal gratitude
For men of every latitude
From the tropics to the poles;
She felt a consanguinity,
A sisterly affinity,
A kind of kith and kinity,
For all these foreign souls.

For Caledonian Highlanders,
For brutal South Sea Islanders,
For wet and moist and dry landers,
For Gentile, Greek and Jew;
For Finns and for Siberians,
For Arabs and Algerians,
For Tierra-del-Fuegiens,
She was in a constant stew.

O, it worried Miss Sophronia
Lest the men of Patagonia
Should die with the pneumonia,
With the phthisis or the chills;
Yea, indeed, she worried daily
Lest the croup or cold should waylay
Some poor Soudanese or Malay,
Dying for the lack of pills.

And she toiled on without measure,
And with most unstinted pleasure,
For the good of Central Asia
And the pagan people there;
But meanwhile her little sister
Died of a neglected blister,
But Sopronia hardly missed her,
For she had no time to spare.

Lucy and the Mouse.

"Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock."

Alas! that clock
Was one of those
Embroidered on
Sweet Lucy's hose.

If it "struck one,"
It struck me, too,
As rudest deed
A mouse could do.

A swish! a swirl
A shriek suppressed!
And snow-white skirts
Were manifest.

And mouse and I
Can truly swear
That dainty hose
Doth Lucy wear.

"Run, little mouse!
Run quick!" I say;
"For he who frights
And runs away
May live to fright
Another day."

—W. D. Ellwanger in *Life*.

Hand in Hand.

When spring was young and life was new,
 Love was our only friend and guide;
 Sweet were the bowers he led us through,
 And sweet our going side by side.

Then summer came, a golden flood,
 And still we followed hand in hand;
 Love was the music in our blood,
 And love the glory of the land.

Rich autumn fall, and winter drove
 The fruity ripeness from the air;
 But wrapped in warm, soft robes of love,
 What recked we if the world was bare?

So round again we come to spring,
 Strong for another year's embrace;
 The birds are whist to hear us sing,
 The sun is dazzled by our eyes.

For, hand in hand, wh'er'er we go,
 Earth under foot and heaven above,
 Love is the only life we know,
 And every breath we breathe is love.
 —Maurice Thompson in the Independent.

ALL THE SCHOOL IN CONCERT.

Welcome, welcome is the greeting
 Which this night we give our friends;
 Joyous, joyous, is the meeting
 Which your kindly presence lends.
 Love is still our richest treasure,
 Casting out all earth-born fear;
 Let the smile of heartfelt pleasure
 Beam on all who gather here.

Singing.—"Beulah Land."

Recitation.—(To be selected by teacher or pupil)

Address.—"The History of Thanksgiving De-
 the teacher or some guest.

Tell us Something About November.

1. The wild November comes at last,
 Beneath a veil of rain;
 The night wind blows its folds aside,
 Her face is full of pain.
 The latest of her race, she takes
 The Autumn's vacant throne;
 She has but one short moon to live,
 And she must live alone.

—STO

For what are we thankful?

8. For the wealth of pathless forests,
 Whereon no axe may fall;
 For the winds that haunt the branches
 The young bird's timid call;
 For the red leaves dropped like rubies
 Upon the dark green sod;
 For the waving of the forests,

All: I thank Thee, O our God!

* * * *

9. For the earth and all its beauty;
 The sky and all its light;
 For the dim and soothing shadows
 That rest the dazzled sight;
 For unfading fields and prairies,
 Where sense in vain has trod;
 For the world's exhaustless beauty,

All: I thank Thee, O my God!

* * * *

10. For the hidden scroll o'er written
 With one dear name adored;
 For the Heavenly in the Human;
 The Spirit in the Word;
 For the token of Thy presence,
 Within, alone, abroad;
 For thine one great gift of being,

All: I thank Thee, O my God!

—LU

How shall we be thankful?

11. Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done
12. To receive honestly is the best thanks for a
 thing.
13. With joyful praise we come again,
 Our harvest treasures bringing;
 Thanksgiving hymns from grateful hearts
 Through all the land are ringing.
14. Out in the by-ways let us go,
 Thanksgiving cheer in either hand,
 And shed the glad thanksgiving's glow
 More freely o'er our Christian land.
 Let those who boast "a thankful heart,"
 Yield others cause for thankfulness:
 Why put sweet Pity far apart
 From us, the while we praise and bless
 The father of us all, who came
 To help the poor, the sick and sad
 Better for us if in His name
 We help to make our brother glad.

PRESENTATION OF FRUIT AND GRAIN.

The Bashful Boy's Piece.

There were never two people exactly alike—
 At least so philosophers say—
 And I know if the teacher and I were alike
 All would not speak pieces to-day.

I like to hear Jennie get up and recite,
 She does it in such a fine style;
 Her hair is so smooth, and her hands are so white,
 And she has so complacent a smile.

You hear every word, and each motion is grace,
 An actress could scarcely do better—
 She'd as lief do all of the speaking, I guess,
 And I know I would cheerfully let her.

But oh, when John Wilson or I get the floor
 We seem to have come here to stay;
 Our hearts beat like hammers, our feet weigh a ton
 And our hands are right square in the way.

—Cincinnati Public School Journal.

Charge, whether they really need it or
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 olications are made through a Senator
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USE HELME'S
RAIL ROAD MILLS SNUFF



THE FLIGHT OF THE HEART.

The heart soars up like a bird
From a nest of care;
Up, up, to a larger sky,
To a softer air!
No eye can measure its flight,
And no hand can tame;
It mounts in beauty and light,
In music and flame.
Of all the changes of Time
There is none like this;
The heart soars up like a bird
At the stroke of bliss.

The heart soars up like a bird,
But its wings soon tire;
Enough of rapture and song,
The cloud and the fire:
Its look, the look of a king—
Of a slave, its birth,
The poor, tired, impotent thing,
Sinks back to the earth,
And the mother spreads her lap,
And she lulls its pain;
"Oh, thou who sighed for the sun,
Art thou mine again?"
—Dora Reade Goodale.



The Young Fox Hunter



American Negroes.

The prevention of this disease will probably not be absolute until Congress enacts some legislation that will compel railroad companies to comply with the regulations for cleaning and disinfecting cars

The Sister of Charity.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

"She once was a lady of honor and wealth
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold.
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride,
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul."

—G. Griffen.



HIS was my first visit to the city. All my life had been spent in a quiet country farmhouse, far removed from the noise and bustle and din of the outer world. The most exciting events of my life were my first parasol and my first beau. So it will not be wondered at that I was completely bewildered with delight at the ever-varying scenes and faces I met in my new home. There was a vast difference between passing my evenings quietly knitting

or sewing, or reading, as I had formerly done and going each night to balls, and parties, and concerts, and operas, as I did now.

Among the many new acquaintances I made there, there was one who particularly struck me from the first. This was a young lady, the only child and heiress of a Southern millionaire, the reigning beauty and belle of the city. No queen on her throne could receive the homage of her subjects more proudly than did Alma Vernon; and truly, no queen could look more regal than she. I close my eyes and see her now standing before me, as I did the first night we met; her gorgeous robe of purple velvet sweeping the carpet with its rich folds; her diamond necklace and cross glowing in a blaze of light around her snowy neck, and flashing like imprisoned sunbeams from her ears and on her fingers. A long, glittering circlet of gems encircled her long, silky, jet-black tresses, that would persist in coquettishly breaking from their imprisonment, and flow in long spiral ringlets on her neck.

I think she was the proudest girl I ever knew. How gloriously her splendid oriental eyes would kindle, and her beautiful lip curl sarcastically, as she listened with scornful indifference to the prettily-turned compliments ever poured in her ear by her admiring train of followers.

I used to stand in some distant corner, and watch her for hours together with a sort of subdued rapture; she evinced over me a sort of strange fascination, for which I cannot account. Of me, she never took any notice. I was too small and insignificant; I was only one among the countless numbers who regarded her as a being belonging to a higher sphere.

Among the most devoted of her followers there was one, a dashing young officer, the handsomest man I have ever seen. Captain Travers seemed in every way fitted for the peerless "Flower of the South," as she was called. Rich, handsome, *distingue*, of an old and aristocratic family, there seemed nothing likely to impede the course of his wooing; and the world was not surprised when it was announced that Captain Travers and the "Flower of the South" were engaged.

About this time, matters over which I had no control rendered it necessary I should leave home for another land. I departed in the hope of speedily returning again to witness the nuptials that were soon to take place. But fate ordered it otherwise; and three years elapsed ere I again set foot on my native shore. My first inquiry was for my old friends, and among the rest for Alma Vernon; but, to my surprise, no one knew anything of her. She had left the city shortly after my departure, accompanied by Captain Travers, and, since then, had not been heard of. All my endeavors to learn further were in vain. I could hear nothing more of her.

One day I repaired to the house occupied by the Sisters of Charity, being anxious to place a

poor, friendless orphan under the charge of the good Sisters. My business concluded, I arose to go, when the Superior, noticing the curiosity with which I eyed the chapel—which I could see from the parlor where we were—said:

"Perhaps, miss, you would like to see the chapel? If so, vespers will commence presently, and we will be happy to have you remain."
Having eagerly signified the pleasure it would give me to do so, I followed the nun to the chapel. The profound stillness that reigned here, the perfume of the flowers with which it was adorned, the beautiful pictures and statues around, made the place seem very lovely indeed. Involuntarily I fell to speculating on the lives the nuns must lead, and wondering if being confined here was not terribly irksome, when a lay sister entered to light the candles on the altar—as Catholics always do before service. In a few moments after, the nuns entered in procession, two by two, and noiselessly took their places. Suddenly I started; I almost exclaimed aloud, as, amid the numerous black-robed figures that glided past me, I beheld the tall, graceful form and beautiful face of the "Flower of the South," Alma Vernon!

Like one in a dream, I saw her take her place at the organ to sing vespers. For a moment I fancied my eyes were deceiving me.

The thought was bewildering, and yet she it was! There could be no mistaking that pale, but still exquisitely lovely face—lovelier, I fancied, than I had ever seen it before; for the old, scornful, sarcastic look of pride was gone, leaving in its place one of calm, earnest, heartfelt peace which cannot be described, but which those who have seen nuns can understand. Yes, there she stood: the velvet robes exchanged for her black nun's dress; her diamonds gone, and in their place a rosary and crucifix; the long, silken curls shorn off, and their place supplied by her long black veil—the badge of her eternal separation from the world.

There was something, I thought, almost seraphic in her face, as with the others she chanted the "Evening Hymn to the Virgin." When the vespers concluded, she fitted past like a shadow among the rest, and disappeared.
It was one of the lay sisters who came to show me out, so there was no opportunity of having my curiosity concerning her gratified. I stepped out, the heavy door closed behind me, and I shuddered as I heard it—it seemed so like shutting in those fair young nuns in a living tomb.

I visited the convent many times after that, but still no opportunity occurred of my seeing Alma Vernon again. I shrank from asking the Superior—might she not think it impertinent by among the Sisters, so I could not ask to see herself. And even if I had known it, what motive could I say prompted me to ask for her? I had no doubt she had forgotten me long ago. So weeks passed on, and my curiosity was still unsatisfied. Where was Captain Travers? Why had those two, who seemed formed for each other, parted? Why had she become a Catholic? I wondered and wondered, and worked in my own mind a romance concerning them, but still the wish to hear the story haunted me night and day.

One evening as I, with some friends, were out driving, a sudden storm of thunder and lightning arose, with such violence that our horses took to flight, and all our efforts to restrain them were vain. On, on they went, dashing madly through the crowded streets, while the appalled crowd strove to check them in vain. I closed my eyes, expecting instant death, when suddenly a cloak was thrown over the heads of the furious animals, a powerful hand grasped the reins, and we were safe. A loud shout from the crowd followed the deed, and numberless hands were now outstretched to restrain the still restive horses. I ventured to look up to thank our deliverer, but he cut me short by lifting his hat and disappearing among the crowd. Somewhat chagrined by the indifferent way in which he had treated the pretty speech I was about to make, I turned to one of the by-standers and inquired who he was.

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"A Catholic priest," was the reply. "He was just leaving yonder cottage, where there is a sick woman, when your carriage came dashing down the street. Quick as lightning he sprang forward and threw his cloak over the horses' heads, and so saved your life."

"You had better go into one of those cottages for a few moments," said a gentleman of our party, approaching me. "The shaft has been broken, and must be repaired before we can go any farther."

I sprang to the ground, and making my way through the crowd, approached one of the humble-looking cottages, and entered. It was a wretched, squalid place, totally devoid of furniture, and rendered almost unendurable by the dense smoke with which it was filled, that came from the black, smouldering fire in the hearth. Two or three dirty, half-naked children sat cowering over the miserable fire, striving in vain to warm their chilled limbs. But my attention was soon drawn from them to another sight. In the farthest corner, stretched on a heap of straw, and covered only by a single ragged quilt, lay the worn and wasted form of a woman, whose livid face, purple lips, and glaring eyes betokened the rapid approach of death. Kneeling by her side, and holding one of the dying woman's hands in hers, was a Sister of Charity. In her other hand she held a prayer-book, from which she read, in a low, sweet, soothing voice, the touching prayers for the dying. I approached softly on tiptoe, and, with a feeling of awe, such as the presence of death can never fail to awaken, I knelt down. As I did so, I caught sight of the nun's face, and beheld for the second time the beautiful features of Alma Vernon. I cannot describe the feeling that stole over me as I recognized her. She, the once flattered heiress and belle, the sole attendant of a poor, wretched pauper—she, who had lived all her life in the grandest and most aristocratic of mansions, kneeling now in this wretched hovel alone. Surely some motive higher and nobler than any other earthly consideration, must have induced her to leave riches, and comforts, and all the pleasures that wealth and beauty can bring, to become a servant of servants, to become the attendant of paupers forgotten and despised by all the rest of the world—to become, in a word, a Sister of Charity. I had always looked upon nuns as degraded beings, sunk in superstition, and blinded by fanaticism; but in this moment some of my old prejudices were swept away. Alma Vernon, enlightened and accomplished, surely could not be a victim of priestcraft; and yet, the old romance came again before me, *how* had she left the world? Had she married Captain Travers? What had become of him—so young, so noble, so handsome? How many heartaches those two must have suffered ere they parted! What would I not give to know the whole story?

Lost in my own reflections, I almost forget where I was, until a noise that made my blood run cold, smote upon my ear. It was what is called the death-rattle—the sure forerunner that life is going. I looked up; the woman lay back on the pillow, her features already growing rigid in death, while the nun clasped her hands, and exclaimed, fervently: "May God have mercy on her soul!"

For a few moments she remained absorbed in profound prayer, while her beautiful face wore a look of such wrapt devotion that she resembled an angel. I scarcely dared to breathe, until at length the nun arose, and, turning round, beheld me. A slight bow was the only notice she took of me; and she began to compose the limbs of the dead woman in the attire of the grave. She then whispered to the elder of the children, who went out, and reappeared with two or three women from the adjoining cottages. Very profound and respectful was their courtesy to the Sister, who gave them a few directions in a low tone, and then approaching the little porch where I stood, she held out her hand, saying, with a smile inexpressibly sweet:

"We are old friends, I believe. I saw you that day at vespers; and the little orphan Ellen, whom you brought us, is never done speaking of you. So you see I am well acquainted with you."

"I believe I have a still stronger claim to your friendship," said I, raising her hand to my lips. "Long ago I knew you as Miss Vernon, though I know not now whether to address you by that name or Mrs. Travers." She grew very pale, and drew her hand away, while she said, hurriedly:

"As neither—as neither! to one I have no right, the other I have left behind me in the world, together with all the empty vanities that were mine when I bore it. I am now Sister Mary Teresa. But you—who are you?"

"Don't you remember a little awkward country girl, who used to follow you like a shadow?" said I, laughing.

"Little Susie! Oh, I remember her perfectly! And are you that little thing? How you have grown!"

"Yes; I have shot up wonderfully these last three years," said I. "And you—you have changed greatly, too."

She sighed first, then smiled. "Yes, I have grown old and worn out. Did you recognize me that day in the church?"

"Recognize you! Oh, of course I did! Though I could scarcely believe my senses."

"I suppose you hardly expected to see Alma Vernon, the most worldly and thoughtless of girls, in a veiled nun," said the Sister.

"Indeed, I did not. Ah! Miss Vernon, what could have ever induced you to leave the world for a convent!" I exclaimed, earnestly.

"N't that name—call me Sister," she said, with a slightly impatient movement. "And so you would like to hear my story, Susie?"

"Oh, indeed I would, Sister Teresa!" said I, eagerly. "Do tell me why you left all the numberless pleasures that were yours for a gloomy convent. And Captain Travers, where is he?"

Her voice faltered a little, but she answered, calmly: "He is dead!"

I was shocked, the announcement came so suddenly and unexpected. I had seen him last full of life and radiant with beauty, glowing with hope and light-heartedness; and now—I raised my eyes to the still lively face of the nun, who stood with her large, dark eyes fixed on the floor, while the nervous twitching of her mouth betrayed that the old memories had again risen before her with saddening power.

"And this is, why you became a nun," said I at length.

"Partly; but I have not time to tell you now. Come to the convent some day, and I will tell you all. Perhaps the story may do you good. I must go now. Good by."

She pressed my hand, and, drawing her thick veil over her face, she hurried away, and was soon out of sight.

I went several times after that to the convent, but some weeks passed ere I found an opportunity of hearing Sister Teresa's story. At length, one day, she came to meet me in the parlor, and without preface began her story:

"Shortly after you left the city I started for New Orleans, my birth-place, accompanied by papa, Captain Travers and my Cousin Lulu. As you know, we were engaged to be married in a few weeks, but I, ever whimsical and capricious, and taking a strange delight in tormenting others, suddenly changed my mind, and positively refused to fulfill my engagement until we had made a tour through Europe. Captain Travers and the others rebelled, but the more they urged me the more determined I became, and at last, much against their will, they consented. There were a large number of passengers on board, and I soon made many acquaintances, and resumed my old business of flirting, with the amiable design of making Travers jealous. In this I succeeded to perfection. He grew morose and sullen, scarcely ever speaking to any one; but I kept on in my mad career, not caring a straw for him or his jealousy—for I had never really loved him as a woman should the man she intended to marry. I liked him well enough; he was rich and handsome and

polite—and that was all I fancied any one wanted in a husband; and as for sacrificing any whim of my own to please him, I had no idea of it.

“Still, there were times when I did not flirt; when I was as quiet and subdued as even Captain Travers could wish. This was when conversing with one of the passengers, a Catholic priest. At first, when I met him, I took him to be a professor, in his plain black suit. Had I then known what he really was, I would have shrank from him as from an Eastern leper. But I did not know; and there was a strange charm in his discourse that often drew me to his side. One day he accidentally mentioned who he was, and, to my own surprise, I found myself listening without the horror I once thought I would have felt at meeting a priest. From that day I sought Father John—as he called himself—continually. It was such a relief—after listening to the tawdry compliments and insipid nothings of the brainless fops that hovered around me—to hear Father John’s grave, earnest, but gentle words. By degrees, partly to pass the time at first, I began to question him concerning his religion; and became so enraptured with his explanations that, before our arrival in England, I became an enthusiastic convert to his faith. For a few weeks I managed to keep my change of religion a secret from the rest of the family; for I had not courage to brave the storm of anger which I feared would follow its avowal. But they soon learned it; and then my father stormed and raved, Captain Travers absolutely entreated me on his knees, Lulu wept and implored; but all was in vain. I remained firm. Seeing I was not to be moved, my father at last sternly bade me leave his house. With a heavy heart, indeed, I left my home—the last words I heard from Captain Travers being a terrible oath that he would be revenged on the wily Jesuit who had reared me from the faith of my father’s. I sought and found a home with the Sisters of Charity, and for awhile heard nothing of the others; until one day I read in the paper that “Richard Vernon, Esq., and his niece, had left in the Water-Witch for New Orleans.” I had not expected my fault would be so severely punished. I never dreamed for a moment they would have left me alone in a strange land; and for awhile I was inconsolable. But the kindness and affection of the good sisters somewhat consoled me; and at length I grew, if not happy, at least content. Of Frederick Travers I had never heard since the day we parted.

“One evening I repaired to a neighboring cathedral, and feeling a delicious pleasure in the holy quiet of the place, I did not leave until near dark. As I went out, I overtook Father John, and, wishing to consult him about some-

thing, we walked on together. Suddenly, there as the report of a pistol behind us. With a roan, Father John fell at my feet, waltering in blood. My piercing shrieks soon collected a crowd, and the assassin, who had turned to fly, was soon captured. As he was led past I looked up, and, to my unspeakable horror, recognized Captain Travers.

“Father John was borne to a neighboring house and a surgeon sent for—who, to the great joy of all, pronounced the wound dangerous, but not mortal. The constant care and attention of the good people of the house soon restored him to health once more. The trial of the assassin came on; but as Father John refused to appear against him, he was discharged, and, as it was reported, quitted England immediately for his native land.

“Three months more passed away, and I still remained with the good Sisters of Charity. I had not taken the veil, but I often assisted the nuns in tending the hospital patients and visiting the sick.

“One night a man was brought to the hospital horribly mutilated and in a dying state. He had been engaged in a brawl in a gambling saloon and was stabbed by his adversary. Some charitable persons brought him to the hospital, but it was too late. Every breath pumped the life-blood from a ghastly wound in his head. I knelt by his side to wipe the clotted gore from his face. He slowly opened his glazing eyes and fixed them with a wild maniac glare on my face. Suddenly he raised himself, with a last convulsive effort, on his elbow and shrieked, “Alma!” then, with a choking gasp for breath, he fell back dead. But I had recognized him. It was Frederick Travers.”

The nun covered her face with her hands, while her slight figure quivered convulsively at the remembrance of that terrible scene. Then, lifting her pale face, she went on hurriedly:

“There is but little more to tell. They buried him in a little English churchyard, and I—I became a Sister of Charity. My father died a year ago, leaving all his wealth to Lulu. May Heaven grant her a long and happy life to enjoy it!”

“And oh, Sister, can you be happy here, always by the loathsome bedside of dying paupers, leading this self-sacrificing, this laborious life?” cried out.

“Yes, my dear, I am happy; for I know I am doing my duty,” she answered, earnestly.

“And Father John?” I inquired, after a pause.

“Saved your life just now, my dear,” she said, smiling.

She stooped to kiss me. The next moment she was gone. We have never met since.

... since reported by the British inspec-

	te.	Cases.
—When a twister, by twisting, would twist a twist, With three twists of his twister, he twists the twist, If, in twisting the twist, he untwists one twist, The twist that's untwisted untwists the whole twist.		
—Why are bells used to call people to church? They have an inspiring influence.	22	1
—Why don't they charge policemen on the horse cars? Because they can't get a nickel out of a copper.	11	2
	21	1
	25	3
	25	1
	6	1
	9	1
	12	1
	15	1
	22	2
		3
		6
—Why does a bricklayer shun high society? Because he is mortified.	5	1
—What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.		3
—Why is a bridegroom often more expensive than a bride? Because the bride is given away, but the bridegroom is often sold.		
—What did the tea-kettle say when tied to the little dog's tail? “After you.”		32
—Why should a man named Benjamin marry a girl named Annie? Because he would then be Bennie-fitted—she Annie-mated.		

THE ORGAN GRINDERS.

Where did Harry Clark live? (In a large city.) What was not near his home in the city? (A park.) Where did he have to play? (In the street.)

What did Harry own? (A pretty velocipede.) What might he have been seen doing day after day, up and down, on the sidewalk, in front of his home? (Riding on his velocipede.)

What pet did Harry have? (A kitten.) What was the kitten's name? (Trotty.) As Harry rode his velocipede where was Trotty often seen? (Sitting in his lap.)

One day what did Harry and his little sister, Gracie, do? (Played a new game.) How did Harry fix his velocipede? (Turned it bottom side up.) How did one of the wheels stand? (Up in the air.) What could Harry do with this wheel? (Turn it round and round.)

When Harry turned the wheel round and round what did little Gracie do? (Made sweet music with a piece of paper and a comb.) What did they then have? (A hand-organ.)



What did Harry put on Trotty and tie a string to? (A collar.) What did he fit nicely on Trotty's head? (A little red cap.) What was Trotty turned into? (A monkey.)

Who went up the street? (The organ-grinders.) What did they do before every house? (Stopped.) Who turned the crank of the organ? Who made music on the comb? Who stood on the fence and looked as wise as any other monkey? After each tune was played who took Trotty's little red cap and passed it round for pennies?

As Thou Wilt.

O Lord, at Joseph's humble bench
Thy hands did handle saw and plane;
Thy hammer nails did drive and clinch,
Avoiding knot and humoring grain.

Lord, might I be but as a saw,
A plane, a chisel, in thy hand!
No, Lord, I take it back in awe;
Such prayer for me is far too grand.

I pray, O master, let me lie,
As on thy bench the favored wood;
Thy saw, thy plane, thy chisel, ply,
And work me into something good.

—George Macdonald.

The Pig and The Hen.

The pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out.
"Mistress Hen," says the pig,
"Don't you be quite so big,"
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You are rough, and you're fat,
But who cares for all that;
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.
"No, mistress, no longer!"
Says the pig, "I'm the stronger,
And mean to be boss of my pen!"

Then the hen cackled out
Just as close to his snout
As she dare: "You're an ill-natured
brute;

And if I had the corn,
Just as sure as I'm born,
I would send you to starve or to root!"

"But you don't own the cribs;
So I think that my ribs
Will be never the leaner for you.
This trough is my trough,
And the sooner you're off,"
Says the pig, "why the better you'll do!"

"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear;
What harm do I do in your pen?
But a pig is a pig,
And I don't care a fig
For the worst you can say," says the
hen.

Says the pig, "You will care
If I act like a bear
And tear your two wings from your
neck."

"What a nice little pen
You have got!" says the hen,
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,
And the bristles upraised
A moment past, fell down so sleek.

"Neighbor Biddy," says he,
"If you'll just allow me,
I will show you a nice place to pick!"

So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough—
They had quarreled for nothing, they
saw;

And when they had fed,
"Neighbor hen," the pig said,
"Won't you stay here and roost in my
straw?"

"No, I thank you; you see
That I sleep in a tree,"
Says the hen; "but I must go away;
So a grateful good-bye."

"Make your home in me."



16 Peach & Pear Blossoms



40 Narcissus



14 Azaleas



HUB GORE MAKERS
ELASTIC FOR SHOES

HUB GORE MAKERS
ELASTIC FOR SHOES

HIGHEST MEDAL AWARDED
GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
HUB GORE MAKERS
ELASTIC FOR SHOES



Uncle Sam, the Wonderful Edison Talking Automaton at World's Fair, delivering 40,000 speeches during the Exhibition, about Highest Award, Gold Medal, Hub Gore.

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FLAG SENTIMENTS.

Arranged by ROSE N. YAWGER.

1.

"Press onward, hurrah! that standard display
In the valley, on each mountain crest—
That flag ever true as heaven's pure blue—
That battle-scarred flag of the West."

Lesfingwell.

2.

"Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes, salute and caress it,
Planted on earth, or afloat on the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it,
Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited,
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars."

Thomas Dunn English.

3.

"Though many and bright are the stars that appear
On that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world,
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done
And they're linked in as true and as lofty a tie,
In their motto of 'Many in One.'"

George Washington Cutter.

4.

"O, thou flag that gladdenest land and sea,
What is thy meaning in the air?
Flag of the sun that glows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people one and all."

Mrs. Elder.

5.

"That flag is known on every shore;
The standard of a gallant band,
Alike unstain'd in peace and war,
It floats o'er freedom's happy land."

Franklin Sq. Col.

6.

Its stripes of red, eternal dyed with heart streams of all lands;
Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm their up-
raised hands;
Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's circled
shore.
Its stars, the print of angel's feet that burn forever more."

James Whitcomb Reily.

7.

"O, the flag of our dear country,
Let it wave on high;
May the stars and stripes ne'er perish,
And no foe come nigh."

Unknown.

8.

"Nor shall his glory be forgot,
Where Fame her record keeps,
O: Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

Captain O'Hara.

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6 Purple Gallinule



Baltimore Oriole
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Nest.

THE GREAT HAMPDEN BRAND
Doris and Galeratus

A Mother's Responsibility.

By ANNA M. PRATT.

1.

'Tis a dreadful 'sponsibility
To bring up dollies right,
And I re'lly thought this mornin'
My bang was turnin' white.

2.

My Della Carolina
Is a very lovely child,
But her brother, Alessander!
He *nearly* drives me wild.

3.

Now Della has pecoolyar hair,
'Tis quite a Teeshun red—
(I don't know how to spell it,
But that's what mamma said).

4.

And that naughty Alessander
Called his sister "Redhead" twice;
So I sat him down emphatic,
And I gave him this advice:

5.

"Respeck your sister's feelin';
You're not behavin' well."
But he made a funny face and said,
"Then I'll call her Auburn Del."

6.

And when I 'sisted firmly
He should call her Caro—my!
He said that's short for carrot-top,
And he's 'fraid 'twould make her cry.

7.

I had to play purtend and cough
Until I most was chokin',
Beau e if he had seen me laugh,
He'd kept right on a-jokin'.

8.

But I made him wear his sister's dress
Until he went to bed;
And he promised that he'd never 'lude
To *anythin'* that's red.—*Youth's Compa*

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Knoxville, Tennessee.

I PROMISE:

1. To read some Missionary Book or Magazine every month.
2. To pray daily for the coming of Christ's Kingdom in all lands.
3. To ask God to show me my duty to the nations without Christ.
4. To ask God to open my heart and understanding that I may be taught and led the Holy Spirit.

Signed.....

Date.....189...

Churn Slowly.

1.

A little maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called with half-made frown,
"Churn slowly the

2.

"Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter;
And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter—
For this is a rule wherever we turn,
Don't be in haste whenever you churn—
Churn slowly."

3.

"If you want your butter both nice and sweet,
Don't turn with nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat—
You hardly know that you're working;
And when the butter has come, you'll say,
'Yes, surely, this is the better way'—
Churn slowly!"

4.

"Now all you folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter:
And when you stand at Life's great churn,
Let the farmer's words to you return—
'Churn slowly!'"

DOLLY.

I smell the clover in the street,
The hay where dark the city frowns,
I hear the little lambkins beat
In crimplings of the ladies' gowns;
I see the golden fields of grain,
Where noisy carts and wagons rush,
And in the crowded town a lane
All tender with a country hush.
Oh, Bess, oh, Lightfoot, do you miss
The milking maid who loved you so?
Does she who milks you now-days kiss
Your soft eyes as I used to do?
Oh, Bess, oh, Lightfoot, I can hear
The tinkle of your bells sound low,
Oh, Bess, oh, Lightfoot, that I milked
Long ago—long ago!

I see the popples in the corn,
I see the pumpkins mellowing,
I hear the whip-poor-will forlorn,
As through my loom the bobbins ring—
Oh, all the city goes away,
And all the mill's hot noise, and then
I am where they rake the hay
To take some for my cows again.
Oh, Bess, oh, Lightfoot, do you miss
The milking maid who loved you so?
Do you not want the morning kiss
Above your eyes, my beauties, oh?
Oh, Bess, oh, Lightfoot, I can hear
The tinkle of your bells sound low,
Oh, Bess, oh, Lightfoot, that I milked
Long ago—long ago!

—D. F. Garrett, in Home Queen.

Teacher.—What did Daniel Webster say of him?
School.—“First in war,
First in peace; and
First in the hearts of his countrymen.”
Teacher.—How long ago did he live?
School.—Over one hundred years ago.

Washington.

1.

“Only a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby son,
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call,
Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all;
The infant Washington.

2.

“Only a boy, like other boys,
With tasks, and studies, sports and fun,
Fond of his books, and games, and toys,
Living his childish griefs and joys;—
The Little Washington.

3.

“Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling horse or gun,
Mastering knowledge that by and by
Should aid in duties great and high;—
The youthful Washington.

4.

“Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battle fought and won,
Surveyor, General, President,
A people's pride, an honored son,
The patriot Washington.

5.

“America's most honored son,—
Why was he formed above other men?
Tell me what was the secret then,
His name on every tongue and pen
The illustrious Washington.

6.

“A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to none.
A soul that was noble, brave, and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure,
This was George Washington.”

What We Know About Washington.

(For four small boys.)

st boy.

BANANA MEAL

How to be Happy.

1.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

2.

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

3.

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidden and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

4.

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Johnny's Pop-Gun.

1.

“I've got a brand new pop now,
With which I can from here,
Without the slightest effort, fetch
That tom-cat on the ear.

2.

But I will not molest the cat
That stays all night awake,
To keep the mice from eating up
The sugar and the cake.

3.

But woe unto the Shanghai, if
By him my garden's scratched!
I'll pop him till I make him wish
He never had been hatched.

Harper's You

The Department has received during the past year numerous letters making inquiries respecting the use of banana meal as food. A sam-



PAINTING COMPLETED 1892 AMBUCKLE BROS.

[Written for the CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.]
THE WORLD KEPT MOVING ALONG.

BY REV. F. M. MOORE.

Old Cynicus, seated upon a stone,
 Gave vent to his thoughts in a querulous tone:
 "The churches are losing their strength," said he;
 "And preaching is not what it used to be;
 The pulpit is losing its power all the while;
 And the pew's given up to fashion and style.
 The fervency's lacking in prayer and song"—
 But the world kept busily moving along.

"Our gover'ment's not what it ought to be.
 It's the strangest thing that the people can't see
 They're being oppressed and mistreated like
 slaves

By the worst of all tyrants, political knaves.
 There's treason and treachery abroad everywhere;
 The spirit of anarchy floats in the air;
 The nation's machinery is all running wrong"—
 But the world kept peacefully moving along.

Old Cynicus clung to his seat on the stone,
 But 'twas noticed his voice had a far-away tone.
 He had made on the world his final attack;
 And the moss grew rapidly over his back.

There chanced a geologist hunting around,
 Who exclaimed, "What a splendid old fossil I've
 found!"

So he placed him with care on a shelf good and
 strong--

While the world kept smilingly moving along.

Wagstaff, Kan.

Just Obey.

Do as you are told to do
 By those wiser far than you;
 Do not say,
 "What the use of this may be,
 I am sure I cannot see"—
 Just obey!

Do not sulk and do not sigh,
 Though it seem in vain to try;
 Work away!
 All the ends you cannot see;
 Do your duty faithfully—
 Just obey!

When at length you come to know
 Why 'twas ordered thus and so,
 You will say,
 "Glad I am that when to me
 All was dark as dark could be,
 I could trust and cheerfully
 Just obey!"

—Presbyterian Journal.

upon the heels of science



MARRIED:

Near Lunenburg, Thursday
 evening, September 3rd, 1896, at
 the residence of the bride's father,
 S. C. Cooper, by John F. Landers,
 Esq., MR. O. C. HALEY to MISS
 VIRGIE COOPER The REGISTER
 join friends in congratulations.

specimens of diseased larvae, the larger
 resist the disease even in the laboratory, while in the field the proportion
 of affected larvae is considerably less.

THE RAINBOW LESSON.

BY WILBUR WINTERS.

The day had been one of vexation—
A rainy Sunday in June;
The children were fretful and noisy,
Jarring life's even tune.
So I wearily sat in my rocker,
Bemoaning a mother's hard lot,
Seeing only in life the shadows—
The sunshine all forgot.

I thought of a fortunate neighbor,
Who lived just across the street—
She was never worried nor bothered
With the patter of little feet.
And in envious mood I pondered,
My nature all dwarfed and bent,
The sky of my life all clouded
With the gloom of discontent.

Just then a burst of sunshine
Illumed indoors and out.
"Oh, what a boofal grape vine!"
I heard the baby shout.
He was standing near the window,
His little face all aglow.
"Come, bubber, quick and see it—
It's hanging des as low."

With a rush they reached the window,
While I followed in the rear.
"Oh, 'tis the rainbow, mamma,
You 'splained about last year."
And so, for baby, I told them
The story over again,
How the beautiful rainbow there was formed
By sunshine and by rain.

"And the sunshine couldn't make it
Without the rain," I said.
"That's why Dod lets 'em bof tum
I weckon," said little Ned.
Ah, there was my Sabbath lesson
From the lips of my baby boy;
There is need for rain and sorrow
There is need for sunshine and joy.

Hereafter I'll take up my sorrows
Bravely one by one,
And I'll let the light of submission
Shine on them like the sun;
And they'll form a beautiful rainbow—
A promise in my sky,
That he'll reward his children
Some day, bye and by.

Frederick, Miss.

INGRATITUDE.

By T. B. ALDRICH.

1.

Four bluish eggs all in the moss!
Soft-lined home on the cherry bough!
Life is trouble, and love is loss—
There's only one robin now.

2.

O robin up in the cherry tree,
Singing your *soul* away,
Great is the grief befallen me,
And how can you be so gay?

3.

Long ago when you cried in the nest,
The last of the sickly brood,
Scarcely a pin-feather warning your breast
Who was it brought you food?

4.

Who said, "Music, come fill his throat,
Or ever the May be fled?"
Who was it loved the low, sweet note
And the bosom's sea-shell read?

5.

Who said, "Cherries, grow ripe and big,
Black and ripe for this bird of mine?"
How little bright bosom bends the twigs
Sipping the black-heart's wine!

6.

Now that my days and nights are woe,
Now that I weep for love's dear sake—
There you go singing away, as though
Never a heart could break!

Printed at Los Angeles, Cal.

Ned and the Horse.

By LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

1.

Come up to the bars, good horse;
I have brought some clover sweet;
No, not *that* hand, that is candy, Jack;
And that is for *me* to eat.

2.

You want some, too; good horse?
You may take just a tiny bite.
Oh, mamma, just look! he has taken it all;
He is not a bit polite.

has enabled us during the season to send out living specimens in considerable numbers to South Africa, New Zealand, and Egypt, as indi-

BESIDE THE SEA.

I sit beside the quiet sea,
Its gentle wavelets touch my feet,
In whispers soft they speak to me,
Caressingly my presence greet.

My eye spans but the narrow bay,
My ear hears but the wavelet's voice,
Yet as I sit here day by day
Thoughts come which make my heart rejoice.

For while the bay alone I see,
Girt with its belt of golden sand,
Beyond, I know, rolls the wide sea,
And still beyond "the fatherland."

A thousand leagues of trackless deep,
A thousand more of vale and hill,
And hearts which love's sweet vigil keep,
Beat true to mine through good or ill.

The sea may roar, the waves may rise,
And break in fury on the lea,
No storm can rob me of my joys—
Those loving hearts beyond the sea.

I sit beside the sea of thought,
Its wavelets breaking o'er my soul
Sweet messages of truth have brought,
Which I sought not, nor can control.

For as the waves which touch my feet
By some great hidden power do move,
These thoughts which come my soul to greet
From vester thought their source do prove.

Short is my sight, deaf are my ears,
My mind is but a little boat,
Which hugs the shore, too full of fears
To try the ocean of God's thought.

Yet there it rolls, a mighty deep,
Unfathomed by the light of sun,
Unmeasured by the stars that keep
Through endless ages circling on.

There lies God's thought, his wondrous love,
No bounds, no shore, no barred gates,
Can keep from him who looks above
The Father's welcome which awaits.

The storms of passion fierce may blow,
The waves of doubt rise mountain high,
They cannot move me for I know
God's love shines on eternally.

—M. L. Gordon, D. D., in the *Congregationalist*,
Kyoto, Japan.

TO-DAY.

By JAMES BOYLE O'REILLY.

Only from day to day
The life of wise man runs ;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns ?

To climb the unreal path
We lose the roading here,
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best ;
To-morrow forever dies,
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life,
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

The Boys We Need.

1.

George Washington was not afraid
To do his share of work ;
He never was by toil dismayed
And never tried to shirk.

2.

A boy whose heart was brave
To meet all lions by the way :
Who was not discouraged by defeat,
But tried another day.

3.

And if we boys would grow to be
The men whose hands will guide,
The fortunes of our land : and we
Would be our country's pride.

which has been previously
rises from the track of its
itself. Unlike the pea
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to breed in confinement. STORED DEARNS WILL, OF COURSE,
ruined unless remedial measures are instituted. The
tions depends upon the temperature, and is
soon noticed in storage, and all stages of

The Rose.

Kissed by each sportive breeze that blew
It at my window blossomed fair ;
A lovely rose of crimson hue,
Shedding its sweetness on the air,
A regal rose ! No fairer flower,
E'er bloomed in Flora's fragrant bower.

Alas ! the tempest fierce and loud
Swept o'er the smiling tranquil vale ;
The stately trees their proud heads bowed
Before the rushing, forceful gale ;
With tossing wrath, with angry dart ;
It smote my rose's glowing heart.

The storm passed with the morning tide,
And radiant shone the golden noon,
From tree and flower and meadow wide,
Gone were the sadness and the gloom ;
The light flashed on the dancing stream,
That dimpling glanced with answering gleam.

But, ah, the rose ! The glowing rose !
What power shall make it bloom again ?
Crushed by the tempest's cruel blows,
It droops upon its broken stem ;
No more the zephyrs in their play
Shall kiss the rose's tears away.

So with the radiant dreams of youth,
So with the hopes of latter years ;
The dream that bore the stamp of truth
May vanish in a mist of tears ;
And hope's fair flower, with fragrance sweet,
Lie crushed and broken at our feet.

—Household Words

(*Loxostege stictici*)

Order LEPIDOPTERA

[Plate VI, Figs.

The present season has been marvellous numbers in parts of Nebraska to the sugar beet. Our first intimation the Division of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, Colfax County, Nebr., and in the mental plat at the station was small caterpillars, which riddled the alarm. The fact was at once reported sent to spray with Paris green by an assistant, Mr. C. B. Edson, during the absence of Mr. Walter Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell gave the history of it seems that the caterpillars were

What the Term means, says an exchange ;

Many persons are puzzled to know what the term four penny, six-penny, and ten-penny means, as applied to nails. Four penny means four pounds to the thousand nails, and six-penny means six pounds to the thousand; and so on. It is an English term, and meant at first ten pound nails, (the thousand being understood), but the English clipped it to ten pounds, and from that it degenerated until penny was substituted for pounds.

A Mean Remark.

"Yes," said Homelyman, "she is positively the most disagreeable girl I ever met."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she told me yesterday that she never believed a comic valentine could come true until she saw me."—
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Mistaken Youth.

He labored o'er it, line by line,
It was for her, this valentine.
His prudent rival hired one writ
And he it was who made a hit.

—Washington Star.

An exchange truthfully says:

"It's a violation of the postal law for post-masters to let non-subscribers read subscribers papers and then put them back in the office. This is one of the causes of subscribers, now and then, failing to get their paper.

His Modest Role.

The fond mother of three children was obliged to remonstrate with her oldest boy because in the children's games he would always take the lead and assign subordinate positions to his little brother and sister, says the New York "Commercial Advertiser." The boy promised not to be selfish in the future. A few days later the mother, happening to go into the nursery, saw the two younger children engaged in amateur theatricals. The elder boy stood aside with arms folded, moodily watching them. "We are playing Adam and Eve," said the youngsters. The mother was much gratified, as she supposed that in this instance at least the boy had allowed his brother the principal role. She turned to the silent figure in the corner, about to praise him. "Who are you?" she asked. "God," was the answer.

The Home.

His Mother's Songs.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

Underneath the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Firing of games and idle jests
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I can not please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing,
At home long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We all are true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb."

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves;
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear,
With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all; good-night my friends;
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain, "Sing one more;"
The soldier bent his head;
Then, smiling as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call,"
"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought,
As on and on he sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall,
The "everlasting hills" called back
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard,
But ah! the depths of every soul,
By those old hymns were stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
Rises in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught the boy,
At home long years ago.

Sedalia, Mo.

The Impatient Hen.

This is the tale of a queer old hen
That sat on eggs exactly ten.
She made her nest with pride and care,
And weather foul or weather fair,
You always found her at her post,
For impatience was her daily boast.
Alas! how oft it is our lot
To brag of what we have n't got!
This will apply to hens, and men,
And boys and girls.

Days passed, and when
The sun began to warmer grow,
The grass and leaves began to show
Their twinkling green on hill and vale;
When sweet and pleasant was the gale,
This queer old hen began to long
To join once more the noisy throng
Of idle gossips—half a score—
That strutted by the old barn door.

"O dear! O dear! here I am tied!
A weary lot is mine," she sighed.
"No gleam of pleasure do I catch;
Why do n't these tiresome chickens hatch?
It worries me in heart and legs
To sit so long upon these eggs,
I'm sick of pining here at home;
O chicks, chicks, chicks, why don't you come
Your little houses white and warm,
I've sheltered from the angry storm.

"There's Mother Dominique, next door,
Her darlings number twenty-four,
And they've been out a week or more;
And now she wanders at her ease,
As proud and happy as you please.

So stir your pinky little pegs,
My yellow bills, come out and walk,
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,
And think they are but lumps of chalk."

Then something rash and sad befell;
This old hen pecked each brittle shell,
And not so wonderful to tell,
Her treatment, which was very rude,
Killed on the spot her tiny brood!
And now, despised by fowls and men,
She lives a broken-hearted hen.

This is the moral of my lay—
To reap success in work or play,
Why spoil whatever you've begun,
Through eagerness to have it done?
Remember poor Dame Bartlet's fate.
Do n't be impatient—learn to wait.—*Ex.*

Explanation to Plate II.

THE ON WARRBLE.

Fig. 1. *Hypoderma lineata*: a, second stage of larva from back; b, c, enlargement of extremities; d, ventral view of third

My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home;

'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom.

While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;
By'm-by hard times come a-knockin' at the door,

Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!

We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home,

For my old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon,

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,

With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,

Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,

Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the troubles all will end,

In the field where the sugar-cane grow.
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it never will be light;

A few more days till we totter on the road.
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

punctures made by snout of beetle on petals—*c, d, f, g*, enlarged; *e*, still more enlarged (after Chittenden).

Fig. 2. *Anthonomus signatus*: Spray of strawberry showing beetles at work—natural size (after Riley).

Fig. 3. *Anthonomus signatus*: Adult beetle—enlarged (after Chittenden).

Fig. 4. *Anthonomus signatus*: Adult beetle from side—enlarged (after Riley).

Fig. 5. *Catolaccus anthomi*: Enlarged (after Chittenden).

Explanation to Plate V.

NATURAL ENEMIES OF IMPORTED ELM LEAF-BEETLE.

Fig. 1. *Campybrochis grandis*: Adult from above enlarged showing still greater enlargements of head and hind tarsus (original).

Fig. 2. *Campybrochis grandis*: Nymph—enlarged (original).

Fig. 3. *Eriphia* sp.: *a*, adult female from above—enlarged; *b*, head of male from the front; *c*, antennæ; *d*, mouth-parts—still more enlarged (original).

Fig. 4. *Cyrtoneura stabulans*: *a*, larva—enlarged; *b*, head of same from below; *c*, same from side—still more enlarged; *d*, thoracic spiracles of same still more greatly enlarged; *e*, anal stigmatal plate—enlarged; *f*, adult female from above; *g*, head of male from front—enlarged; *h*, mouth-parts of same; *i*, antennæ of same—still more enlarged (original).

LARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Explanation to Plate VI.

Fig. 1. *Loxostege sticticalis*: Adult moth—enlarged (original).

Fig. 2. *Loxostege sticticalis*: *a*, eggs *in situ* on leaf of sugar beet—natural size; *b*, outline of same—enlarged; *c*, pupa in open cocoon; *d*, hibernating larva in its cocoon—natural size; *e*, anal segment of pupa—enlarged (original).

Fig. 3. *Loxostege sticticalis*: *a*, full-grown larva from above—enlarged; *b, c*, dorsal and side views of middle segment of same—still more enlarged (original).

Fig. 4. *Xyleborus perforans*: *a*, adult beetle from above—enlarged; *b*, antenna of same—still more enlarged (original).

Explanation to Plate VII.

Fig. 1. *Bruchus obtectus*: *a*, eggs in natural cluster within pod; *b*, portion of pod showing point of oviposition; *c*, full-grown larva; *d*, head of same; *e*, adult beetle from side; *f*, antenna of same; *g*, prothorax and scutellum of same; *b, natural size*; *a, c, e, g*, enlarged; *d, f*, still more enlarged (original).

Fig. 2. *Bruchus obsoletus*: *a*, adult from side; *b*, antenna of same; *c*, prothorax and scutellum of same; *a, c*, enlarged; *b*, still more enlarged (original).

Fig. 3. *Tephrosia virginiana*: food-plant of *Bruchus obsoletus*: *a*, flower; *b*, seed pods and foliage; *c*, open pod—natural size (original).

Explanation to Plate VIII.

BEAN AND PEA-WEEVILS.

Fig. 1. *Bruchus obtectus*: *a*, first larva from side—greatly enlarged; *b*, thoracic processes of same; *c*, head from front; *d*, same from side; *e*, antenna; *f*, thoracic leg; *g*, rear view of tarsus; *h*, same, front view—still more enlarged (from Insect Life).

Fig. 2. *Bruchus obtectus*: *a*, adult beetle; *b*, infested bean, enlarged (after Riley).

Fig. 3. *Bruchus pisi*: *b*, adult beetle; *c*, full-grown larva; *d*, pupa—enlarged; *g*, pea showing exit hole—natural size (after Curtis).

Fig. 4. *Bruchus pisi*: *a*, egg in natural position on pod showing outline of tunnel to *b* between walls; *c*, young larva entering interior of pea; *d*, points of oviposition upon pod with dotted line indicating course of mining larva; *e*, first larva; *f*, antenna of same; *g*, thoracic processes of same; *d*, natural size—*a, b, c*, enlarged; *e*, still more enlarged; *f, g*, still more greatly enlarged (from Insect Life).

Explanation to Plate IX.

INSECTARY OF THE DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY—View from southeast.

Explanation to Plate X.

INSECTARY—Interior view of conservatory.

Explanation to Plate XI.

INSECTARY—View from northwest

Explanation to Plate XII.

INSECTARY—Ground plan.

As You go Through Life.

HE KNEW A GAME, TOO.

He Called It a One-Handed Hold-Up,
and It Was.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
To look for the virtue behind them;
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadow hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.

Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
Fit bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Things must go wrong your whole life long,
The sooner you know it the better,
To fight with the infinite,

And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wisest man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

GE "As the train sped along, over the Texas prairie a drummer for a St. Louis house came back into the parlor car and asked me to come forward into the smoker and take a hand in a game of euchre. I found two other chaps, belonging to the profess, and we had the car to ourselves. After a few minutes, however, a young man got on at a small station. He was a native, but he didn't seem to be over bright and not at all dangerous. He watched the cards with much attention for two or three games, and one of the men finally observed:



"Stranger, do you play this game?"
"No, I don't," he drawled. "What do you call it?"
"This is called four-handed euchre."
"Y-o-s."
"Lots of fun in it, and you ought to learn to play. It's good to take hayseed out of the hair." The young man removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, as if expecting to come out a lot of hayseed, and it was three or four minutes before he said:
"So, that's four-handed euchre, eh?"
"Yes; nice game, isn't it?"
"Pears like it, but I've got one to beat it."
"Have you? What do you call it?"
"I call it a one-handed hold-up, and here's lookin' at you!"
He was not only looking at us, but his two guns were doing the same thing, and the man looked bright enough and carried a smile at the corners of his mouth.
"Yes, your game beats this," said the drummer, after a look. "Boys, he wants four bowls." We put down our watches and four swabs of greenbacks, and the young man reached for them with the remark:
"I guess I take all the tricks in this game. I sit on here, and if you want to raise a row go ahead."
We didn't. We sat right there until the train started up and left him behind, and when the conductor came in and saw the cards on the floor and four men looking tired, he exclaimed:
"Well, well! But you fellows seem to need something to brace up on."

Potassium ferrocyanide (yellow prussiate).....
Water.....

6. CUPRIC HYDRATE

Cupric sulphate (bluestone)..... 14.90
Potassium hydrate (caustic potash)..... 14.90
Water.....

(The cupric sulphate and potassium hydrate in 1 quart of water, and after mixing until black before drying.)



Cupric sulphate..... 14.90
Sodium phosphate..... 26.07
Water..... 1 gallon

10. CUPRIC POLYPHOSPHATE

Cupric sulphate (bluestone)..... grams... 14.90
Potassium sulphide (liver of sulphur)..... do.... 14.90
Water..... gallon... 1

* These two mixtures do not differ essentially, because of a miscalculation in the amounts of KHO added. Intended to have been 14.90: 7.45, not 14.90: 20.80; and 14.90: 8.27, not 14.90: 26.82.

Washington Birthday Exercise.

For Lower Grades.

ALIDA McALLISTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Flag March.

(Children march bearing flags and singing to the tune of "John Brown's Body," the following)

1.

"Children of the Union, let us sing one and all;
Cheering those who volunteer at our country's call;
Fighting for the banner that never shall fall
As they go marching on!"

Chorus.

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Hurrah! hip! hip! hurrah!

2.

"Raise up the banner, let it float wide and free,
O'er every valley, every hill, and every sea,
Victory shall crown it wherever it may be
As they go marching on!"

Chorus.

3.

"When men and women let us think of those who fought,
Bravely for the blessings of freedom and right;
Putting all the armies of error to flight,
As they go marching on!"

Chorus.

4.

"Sing, let us sing now of the union of our land,
Throw high the stars and stripes abroad on every hand;
Firm and united forever let us stand,
As they go marching on!"

Chorus.

Preparation of the various mixtures.

HOMOLOGY.

229

E.
.....grams.. 22.94
.....do..... 91.76
.....gallon.. 1

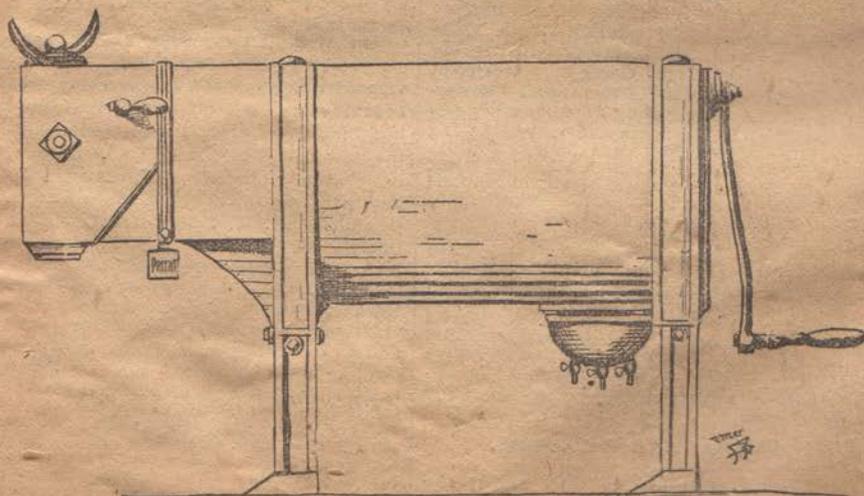
.....grams.. 33.36
.....do..... 33.36
.....gallon.. 1

E.
.....grams.. 33.36
.....do..... 66.72
.....gallon.. 1

.....grams.. 33.36
.....do..... 58.38
.....gallon.. 1

.....grams.. 33.36
.....do..... 66.60
.....gallon.. 1

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The Oleomargarine Cow.

—From the Fliegende Blaetter.

A BIG MAINE BEAR THAT WAS GOOD AT SPRINTING.

Reprinted from the Washington Post and illustrated by The Republic.

Silas N. Locke, the Roxbury (Me.) bear hunter, was telling stories the other day.

"This," said he, as he took a skull from the shelf, "is the skull of the largest bear I ever caught.

"Look at his teeth and you will see how the tusks are entirely worn off, showing that he was a very old settler. When lying on his side, in a natural position, he measured eight feet from his nose to the paws of his hind feet.

"I do not know how much he weighed, but all who saw him said he was the largest bear ever seen in these parts. All his feet and legs were perfect, showing that he had never been caught in a trap before, although it is unnatural to catch a full-grown bear in this vicinity that shows no marks of some previous encounter with man.

"I had a novel and exciting adventure in connection with the capture of this bear. About six years ago I set a bear trap, the one I called 'Old Reliable,' on the mountain you see on the east side of the house, the place where I caught almost all my bears.

could not run so fast as I could, so I slackened my pace.

"I had no rifle or other weapon, except a short-bladed knife.

"When the bear found he could not catch me he turned and went in another direction. I followed him at a distance, so that I could watch him part of the time.

"The bear had gone only a short distance when the clog caught on a tree, and in struggling to get away he wound the chain around the trunk. I supposed this fastened him securely.

"But the bear, after his furry was over, stopped and looked at the chain as if studying the situation, then he deliberately turned and walked around the tree the other way till the chain was unwound from the trunk, after which he moved the clog with his paw so it would pass by the tree.

"This was the most remarkable exhibition of intelligence in a bear that ever came within the range of my experience.

"Soon after this episode the bear came to a sort of pinnacle on the mountain. After looking down the precipitous slope a moment the bear doubled himself up into a sort of ball, and went rolling down, with the trap, chain and clog flying and bouncing against the stones, making a noise as if a loaded carriage had gone crashing down the side of the mountain.

"I thought the bear had killed himself,



THE CHAIN WRAPPED ABOUT THE TRUNK.

"As I was busy at that season on my farm I did not visit the trap for about a month. Then it was gone, and I was puzzled to trace it.

"You understand that bear traps are not fastened, for the great animals are so strong and cunning they would break the trap or chain or pull off his paw in the trap, or bite off their foot, and thus escape in the first paroxysm that follows their capture. Consequently, the chain of the trap is fastened in the middle of a clog, which is a piece of wood about three inches in diameter and five feet long.

"When caught, the bear starts off easily at first, but the clog soon begins to catch on projecting stones, bushes, stumps, trees, etc., and causes the bear to continually change its course, bewilders him and pre-

but when I got where I could look down the precipice he was not in sight. A moment later I caught a glimpse of him moving across a partially open place below.

"At this point I gave up the chase, took a bee line for home, marking the bushes as I went, so I could find the spot again. When I reached home I found my wife had become alarmed at my prolonged absence and aroused the neighbors, who were searching for my body on the mountains.

"The next day I started with my rifle, found and shot the bear. The iron jaws of the trap had worn the skin and flesh from his leg, leaving only the bone and cords, but he had kept the injured leg in cold water so much that there was no swelling or inflammation."

The Cat's Concert.

1.

Three musical cats
Once joined in a glee,
They invited their neighbors
To hear and to see.

2.

Each pussy was dressed
In his very best tie,
And their voices ranged sweetly
From low up to high.

3.

'Twas Tommy sang tenor,
And Scratcher the bass;
Tige warbled an alto
With ease and with grace.

4.

They sang "Three blind mice,"
And "Pussy-cat mew,"
Then handed round saucers
Of milk and mouse stew.

Crossing the Delaware.

1.

Washington sat that night in the prow
Among his soldiers brave,
On a river filled with ice and snow,
And rocked by wind and wave.

2.

But the hero's thoughts were wandering
Away to the distant shore,
Where the enemies' lights were gleaming
Through the fog, and the tempest's roar.

3.

Then he turned his eyes to his comrades,
And tears fell on his hand
As he noticed their tattered garments
And felt how small were the band.

4.

And when again he looked and saw
The lights on the farther shore,
And felt how great was the number there,
His courage gave almost o'er.

5.

Ah! sad it was for the warrior;
And sad for his starving men;
And sad would it be for us to-day
Had his task defeated been!

6.

But the flag still floats o'er our land,
Which was dark in early years.
The dauntless heart of Washington,
Saved us from bitter tears.

7.

Honor the man, so noble and true,
Who was unknown to fear;
Who sought the Right at any cost,
And left us our country clear.

Make Somebody Glad.

1.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

2.

Though of the world's wealth
We have little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door.
With a hand that is kind
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

3.

A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer;
Each day to our lives
Some treasure would add,
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Tommy's Wishes.

1.

No fairyland I care to know,
This world is good enough for me,
I like it very much although
Some changes I would like to see.

2.

I wish that study were like play,
And school a circus of delight.
And that 'twas summer every day,
And all the rain would fall at night.

3.

I wish that luscious as ice-cream
Were castor-oil and ipecac,
And that the dentist's chair would seem
To me my frisky pony's back.

4.

I wish that whippings made me gay
And happy, and would never hurt,
And that I had ten meals a day,
And each nothing but dessert.

—Harper's You

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The Lost Key.

Jet was only five years old, but she was a busy little girl and wanted to do everything her mamma did; so she had learned to sew quite nicely. One day there came a tiny hole in the pocket of Jet's dress, and mamma said, "Jet, be sure to mend that hole."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute," answered Jet.

But she was a forgetful little girl like some others that I know, and after a while, when cook gave her the pantry key to carry to mamma, she did not think at all about the hole, but put the key into her pocket. It was not long before the key was needed, and mamma said, "Come, Jet, quickly, and help me look for it; I need it right now."

Tears came into Jet's pretty brown eyes and a bright red spot showed on both her cheeks. "Oh, mamma, I put it into my pocket, and now it is gone."

Up stairs, down stairs, Jet ran, looking for the key, but it could not be found. At last, the little girl sat down on the nursery rug, and hid her face in her hands, for the tears came so fast she could not see. She did not even notice kitty playing about the room, until the merry puss came and sprang right into her lap.

And what was that in kitty's mouth? Jet looked down with her tearful eyes. What was kitty playing with? Just think! The dear little puss had found the lost key, and was amusing herself by dragging it after her and biting the string to which it was tied.

Up sprang Jet and ran with the key to mamma. Then she sat right down and mended the hole in her pocket, thinking, "I will never, never, never again delay doing what mamma tells me."—*New York Observer.*

The three noted Bald Knobbers of Missouri, Dave Walker, his son, William, and John Matthews, who have been under sentence of death at Ozark some time past, ended their earthly career by a tight-rope performance last Friday.

A MODEL CHRISTIAN.

I was in a great machine shop some years ago with a party of friends. The superintendent said;

"Come here, I want to show you something."

On a little track about ten inches wide stood a locomotive about two feet long and one foot high.

"Isn't that a beauty!" we all exclaimed.

But after we had looked and admired, I ventured to ask: "What does this splendid piece of machinery do?"

"Oh, nothing, of course," was the reply. "It is the model. It just stays here to be looked at and copied. Sometimes we get up steam in its boiler and send it to and fro on the track just to show our workmen how their engines ought to work."

I thought of that model the other day when I was listening to an eloquent speech in a Christian convention. Someone near me said, when the speaker sat down:

"Wasn't that splendid?"

Yes, it was. I never heard more about what I ought to do, and how I ought to do it, in the same number of minutes in all my life. But what did it amount to unless we, the hearers, use it as the workmen in the machine show use that engine, which is before them day after day, not for admiration, but for imitation? A model is of no practical value save as it helps in the building of working locomotives. One such on the track, drawing its train of cars, is worth more to the world than all the models in the patent office. It is very easy to present in glowing words and figures the theory of a true Christian life. But to live that life, day after day, up grade and down grade, drawing our load of care, carrying with us multitudes in the straight and narrow way—that is not so easy.—*Young People's Weekly.*

"Well, wife, I've found the model church
 And worshiped there to-day;
 It made me think of good old times
 Before my hair was gray.
 The meeting-house was finer built
 Than they were years ago,
 But then, I found when I went in,
 It was not built for show.

"I wish you'd heard the singing, wife.
 It had the old-time ring;
 The preacher said with trumpet voice,
 'Let all the people sing!'
 Old 'Coronation' was the tune;
 The music upward rolled
 Till I thought I heard the angel choir
 Strike all their harps of gold.

"My deafness seemed to melt away,
 My spirit caught the fire;
 I joined my feeble, trembling voice
 With that melodious choir;
 And sang as in my youthful days,
 'Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem
 And crown Him Lord of all.'

"I tell you, wife, it did me good
 To sing that hymn once more;
 I felt like some wrecked mariner
 Who gets a glimpse of shore.
 I almost want to lay aside
 This weather-beaten form,
 And anchor in the blessed port
 Forever from the storm."

none of them recovered. At the same

WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER.

Teach her that one hundred cents make one dollar.

Teach her to say "no," and mean it, and to say "yes," and stick to it.

Teach her to wear a calico dress, and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her to observe the old rule—a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information, in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later school life.

FUN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Every live boy and girl who is fond of having "loads of fun" should write for our large 24 page illustrated catalogue of novelties, tricks, games, etc. There are also useful articles therein, such as guns, revolvers, musical instruments, watches, clocks, knives, jewelry, purses, pocket printers, ribbons, laces, and many other things too numerous to mention. Send a postal card giving the names and addresses of six of your companions and state you want our new illustrated catalogue, and it will be sent you by return mail.

STANDARD MANUFACTURING CO.,
 45 VESEY STREET, N. Y.

CENTENARIAN'S DEATH.

Mrs. Anna Maria Brust Was Within Eight Days of Being One Hundred Years Old.

Just eight days before she would have reached the century mark in age, Mrs. Anna Maria Brust died Monday morning at the residence of her granddaughter, Mrs. Imbs, at 2019 Meramec street. Her relatives and friends were arranging to celebrate her one hundredth birthday September 8.



ANNA MARIA BRUST.

(She died Monday. Had she lived until next Tuesday she would have been 100 years old.)

Mrs. Brust was born in Mahren, Prussia, and claims to have seen the great Napoleon when he marched through that country. Among the most vivid recollections of her life in the old country was that of the great excitement following the news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. She married Christian Brust, a tailor, when she was 24 years old, and came to St. Louis in 1842. She had six children, of whom two, John Brust and Mrs. Catherine Eberle are still living.

Mrs. Brust's death was painless and peaceful, old age being the cause.

to determine whether the use of plum roots will be reported on later.

BAB ON A GOOD NOVEL.

SHE CHATS AIRILY ON BOOKS WORTH READING.

Mr. Gladstone's Way of Reading—Success of Romance as Popular Literature—Woman's Aid in Making a Book Popular—Bab's Friends Between the Covers.

Special Correspondence of The Republic.



OW at Florida, Orange County, New York, Sept. 3.—In one corner of the piazza is a large table, and on it reposes the various work-baskets attached to the estab-

lishment, for we are all very feminine, and either sew, or knit when we gossip about the literature which is approved of at the present time. When I say "approved of" at the present time, "I mean that which is being read just now. Aunt Maria, the busy housekeeper, is devoted to what she calls "a good novel"; she says she wants something that will make her forget what was cooked for dinner. The consequence is, she does not choose for intellectual food either the problem novel, the analytical novel, or the historical novel, but she takes, instead, an out-and-out love story, and gloats over it. The fact that Aunt Maria is nearly 60 does not prevent her being interested in the pain suffered by the lovers separated, for the time, by harsh parents, or the wiles of villains, but unlifted at length in the perfume of orange blossoms, with white satin and black broadcloth, diamonds, and five bridesmaids, to make the scene picturesque.

Nanny is having the one great joy of her life, from an intellectual standpoint. She is reading for the first time the immortal works of the late Alexandre Dumas, pere. The consequence is that Nanny is transported to France, has forgotten entirely about everyday people, and only wakens up to the life around her when young Jim Johnson appears on the scene; then she tries her best to think that she is Louise de la Valliere, and he is Louis the Fourteenth. Certainly, the famous Louis was never shyer than is young Jim, and, after all, is there much difference between a King and an ordinary country boy when it comes to the question of first love?

Household.

Address all letters for this Department to Mrs. S. E. Buchanan, Dallas, Texas.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL

With kingle, klangle, kingle,
'Way down the dusky ding'e,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or pattering of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolangkling,
Way down the darkening dingie
The cows come slowly home;
An old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De-Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her too oo,
And clang her silver bell:
Go-ling, go-lang, golangkling,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish tears,
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazle glade
Throws down the path a long'r shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toranglingie,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet breath of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tangle, tinkle,
Through ferns and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-leitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun rays glance and gleam,
Starrie, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to lank, t'kanklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a twinkle.
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old time sheen
And the crescent of the silver Queen,
When the cows are coming home.

With a kingle, klangle, k'ingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Meriin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venu' shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolangklingie,
With a ting-a lug and jingle,
The cows come slowly home:
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.

Canine Danger Signal.

There is a dog on Folsom street that surpasses all other dogs in the vicinity in discernment, if not in all-around intelligence, says the San Francisco Call. Blaine he is called, and is owned by nobody knows who. He is a spaniel, with a large intermixture of Newfoundland, and is noted particularly for his vocal performances at night. He will sit for hours upon an un-

coupled stoop and howl without cessation from dewy eve till morn. What interests the whole neighborhood in Blaine is the fact that has been observed any number of times of his seeming to know the exact purpose of pound-catchers, who perambulate Folsom street very frequently. Whenever Blaine observes the fated wagon he gives a prolonged howl and then starts up the street barking as if possessed, and every dog when he hears Blaine's peculiar racket immediately makes himself scarce and hides, and until the poundkeeper is gone cannot be induced to become visible again. So sure are the people that disaster threatens their pets when Blaine comes dashing down the street that there is a simultaneous rush to the doors and a search for the family dog. Blaine is absolutely infallible as a danger signal and owes his living to the bones which his beneficent services have earned from grateful dog-owners.

A BICYCLE CAT.

Struck With the Craze and Continues to Ride.

Danville probably has the only bicycle fiend in the shape of a cat in the United States. It is a black cat—as black as the hinges of midnight—and belongs to W. G. Proctor. This cat enjoys a bicycle ride as well as any wheelman in America, and never misses an opportunity of taking one. The route is never too long and the pace never too warm for him.

The cat does not, to be sure, sit upon the saddle and do the pedalling, but it rides upon the shoulders of the boys in the neighborhood. In the evening, when the boys start out on their spins, one of them will place this cat upon his shoulder, and there Tom will sit through the entire journey, if permitted to do so. The cat never falls from its perch. Sometimes it is partially dislodged by the boys in mounting or by a sudden turn or bump in the road, but its claws are ever ready to catch a new hold.

When the cat sees one of the youngsters starting out for a ride it runs after him, and if he does not offer to take it up Tom rubs against his legs and "meows" in a very supplicating



manner to be taken along. The cat is about a year old, and has been a victim of the bicycle fever for several months.—Philadelphia Record.

leaf-blight fungus of the almond, and p important subjects investigated during t work, some interesting physiological d

MANY GENERATIONS AT ONE TABLE.

Special Correspondence of The Republic.
Macon, Mo., Sept. 4.—One of the old settlers with an interesting history who will appear at the coming reunion of the pioneers of this county is Grandma Naoma



Grandma Naoma Wright.

Wright. There are older ladies in this county, but none who have such an extensive connection. Grandma Wright was born in 1804 in Burke County, North Carolina. When she was 15 years of age she moved with her parents to Kentucky, and was married there in 1823 to Summers Wright. In 1829 Mr. Wright and several of his neighbors decided to emigrate to Missouri. Six families formed the caravan to explore the "Great West." Mrs. Wright was a good horsewoman and she rode most of the distance on horseback, carrying her baby in her arms. She preferred that to the old jostling ox cart then in use. The experiences of this little band of hopeful patriots on their long journey are worthy of a place in history. Yet every member possessed excellent health and enjoyed the hardships of the trip. Grandma Wright is inclined to turn up her nose when the modern woman refers to the delight of Pullman cars and reclining chairs. She says that method of traveling is nothing compared to the pleasures of riding a spirited pony while passing through a country untouched by the feet of white men. The most pleasant feature of the year is her birthday anniversary, at which time her numerous descendants regard it a sacred duty to call upon her and make merry at her generous banquet board. At a recent one five generations of the family sat down at the same table—5 children, 34 grandchildren, 90 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great-grandchildren. It looked almost like a regular picnic, and the happiest and brightest one of the lot was Grandma Wright herself. Every Sunday she drives six miles to church and is a frequent attendant at midweek services. She personally supervises the care of her large farm and is an expert manager. Her husband died seven years ago, leaving this charge upon her shoulders. Her oldest living child, Mrs. Eliza Moody, is 72 years and her youngest, Robert C., is 63

BAND OF ROAMING HORSES.

What to Do With Such Numbers Is at Present a Puzzle.

Imagine a herd of horses aggregating 125,000, for which no practical use can be found. Stockmen of the Northwest are today considering what disposition can be made of this immense number of animals.

This great herd roams the prairies of Montana, North Dakota, Washington and Northern Idaho. They are grazing upon grass that is required for the sustenance of cattle and sheep, and are practically worthless for any purpose. The cause of this condition is due to the bicycle and to street car systems operated by electricity and by cable, the use of which within the last few years has so largely done away with the employment of horses. In some of the districts named the horses are increasing so rapidly in numbers that they are actually crowding live stock, used for supplying the meat markets of the country, off ranges where they find grass on which to subsist.

The men who own this vast number of horses, ranging, as they do, over such a large expanse of territory, can devise no means of relief, and they are practically helpless. Excellent horses, unbroken, can be bought for from \$5 to \$15 a head, but even at this low figure no buyers can be found, while the horses, too valuable to be destroyed, and at the same time too expensive to keep alive, continue to multiply.

This surplus of 125,000 horses consists not alone of bronchos or cattle horses, but in it may be found such stock as coach and Clydesdale horses, nearly all of which, however, are unbroken. Among them are the descendants of some very high priced stallions. One rancher near Walla Walla, Wash., has 3,000 horses on his range, all of which are finely bred. These he is willing to sell at \$10 per head, "big and little," as the saying is among cattle men, which means colts as well as the grown animals. He can find no purchaser for his stock.

The question which is now agitating these stockmen is, "What can be done to rid the ranges of this immense number of horses in order that pasturage may be provided for the large herds of cattle and sheep?"

In 1895 an experiment was tried with a view of providing a way out of the trouble. A plant was established at Portland, Oregon, for the purpose of slaughtering horses and canning the meat for export to France.

The plant was operated less than one year, however, but it did not succeed. Horsemen then sought to induce beef slaughtering, packing and rendering establishments in the United States, to take horses for slaughtering purposes, but the attempt failed. The packing house owners absolutely declined to add horse slaughtering and canning to their beef slaughtering industry, on the ground that if it became generally known that they were canning horse meat the sale of their canned beef would be materially affected, if not entirely destroyed.

Proprietors of rendering establishments refused to go West and buy horses "from the range" for the reason that they were able to obtain in the cities all the discarded horses they needed at a few dollars per head, or at the slight cost of hauling them from different parts of the cities to their establishments. Horse owners in the West were thus again disappointed in finding a market for their stock in large cities, as they had expected.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Whales Attack a Vessel.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 15.—With great dents in the plates on each side and with some of the delicate machinery in the engine-room disarranged, the steamer Seminole of the Clyde Line arrived here from New York yesterday. The damage to the vessel was the result of an encounter with monster whales. Soon after passing Sandy Hook, Purser R. E. Morton says, the steamer ran into a school of whales. Soon six of the monsters appeared almost under the ship's bow, and she crushed into one of them. The impact apparently broke the whale's back and it began to spurt blood.

Then the officers and passengers witnessed a remarkable sight, when, as if in a rage, the five other whales drew off a short distance and dashed madly against the vessel, causing her to tremble from stern to stern. The whales repeated this performance four times, and at each collision the Seminole quivered as if about to go to the bottom. Many of the passengers were hurled to the deck and bruised. Several women fainted. So terrible was the shock that some of the furniture in the saloon was broken from its fastenings. The whales were badly injured by the collision, and after the fourth rush drew away spouting blood. They tried to come again, but moved slowly on account of their injuries, and the vessel soon distanced them.

It was feared the Seminole was badly damaged, but examination shows only the superficial injuries mentioned. The passengers say the whales were nearly 100 feet in length.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The practice of a woman changing her name on marriage originated from a Roman custom and came into use after the Roman occupation. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of

A ROUGH HUG.

It Was Bestowed on a Man by a Big Black Bear.

A large black bear has been seen on the Dryden road, near Walton, N. Y. Marshall Cole was one of a party that went blackberry picking on the mountains on Wednesday, and as he was



moving among the bushes he saw the beast ahead of him. Cole ran, but the bear overtook him, caught him and hugged him tightly. Mr. Cole lustily yelled to his friends, and when they came rushing up the bear loosened his hold and made off through the bushes. Cole's clothing was torn off through the bushes. Cole was badly scratched. The bear is still at large, and people now avoid traveling on the Dryden road.—New York Press.

St. Nicholas.

Ten little troublesome fingers,
Ten little finger nails,
Pattering over the piano,
Scattering over the scales,
Clicking and clacking and clattering,
Each in the other one's way.
What trying and sighing and crying
To teach little children to play!

To play? I call it working,
When ten little fingers like mine
Are bumping and clumping and thumping
And never will fall into line.
They tumble and tumble and stumble;
The trip, and they skip, and they hop.
And just when the music is gayest
They come to an obstinate stop.

A Giant Southern Lizard which has an Unfairly Bad Name.

The basilisk is a lizard common to South America, says the Philadelphia Times. The name,

basilisk, a "king," was given it because of the fanciful resemblance of its pointed occipital crest to a royal crown. It is from 25 to 30 inches in length, including its tail, which is much longer than its body. It is of a cinerous brown color, and is distinguished by a broad, wing-like expansion, rising from the occiput and inclined backward, and furnished at certain distances with the intervening radii analogous to those in the wings of the flying lizard.

Although it is formidable in appearance, it is a harmless creature that feeds on insects and a mouse is said to be a monster to be greatly dreaded. According to popular opinion, its breath fills the air with a deadly poison and it is fatal to both man and beast.

By ancient and mediæval writers it is frequently called "cockatrice" and "king of dragons." It was believed to stand in great awe of the cock, and it was said that the cock was the only creature that could face it and live. Therefore, travelers were advised to carry "loud-crowling cocks" with them to frighten away the basilisk, should one happen to be even in hearing distance of them.



Cat and Thrush Attend to Their Maternal Duties Side by Side.

Last week I really thought that the millennium must be near at hand, for when I went to call upon some friends in the country there in the corner of the veranda was a thrush and a cat sitting out of the same dish. The thrush's nest that was in the cat's basket and the little thrushes were sometimes put with the cat to keep them warm. I was naturally very much interested in this amusing bird and the gentleman in whose house I am a constant visitor told me the following history of her life and habits: When she was quite a young and giddy wife she was brought with her first nest into the greenhouse and there she hatched and fed her children. I believe last year she produced 26 children at different periods. Unfortunately, her mate was killed by being shut in a spring door. Fearing that she might be lonely Mr. Dash, with whom she lodged, bought her several nice new husbands, but she would not have anything to say to them. She severely flouted no less than three bought husbands, but at last chose a mate for herself that she had met on her ramblings out in the garden. This year she is very busy with her new families and she and her friend, the cat, are now engaged in their maternal duties. This remarkable thrush is not the least afraid of humans and allows her host to carry her on her nest about the house and does not even resent a little playful shaking of her back. Sometimes the cat is seen picking the bits of hard-boiled egg, the remains of her dinner, off the bird's back.—London Gentlewoman.

A Feathered Veteran Which Acts as Fish Warden and Protector.

Upon the placid inland waters of Titusville, N. J., an emaciated and benevolent gander floats double, goose and shadow, and is a credit to its commonly rather stupid generation. Its special merit is that it is the friend and preserver of the fish inhabiting the waters beneath it, and it is not only always ready to do battle in their behalf, but brings them the food provided for its own sustenance, thus laying the foundation of its own physical decline and attenuation. When its owner goes fishing the gander goes with him, and as fast as the farmer lands the fish the latter pulls them off the hook and carefully commits them again to the native element. If the farmer catches the bird "lumps on him," and at once abolishes the pretension that he is boss of his own poultry yard. The only way in which the local fisheries can

Army Worms Are Slaughtered by Colorado Potato Bugs.

Reading, Pa., July 25.—Cosmus Eckenrode of Pike Township, was in Reading yesterday and gave the details of a most extraordinary occurrence which happened upon his farm this week. Mr. Eckenrode has a potatoe patch of about an acre and one-half near the western line of his farm, adjoining the land of Samuel Kenderdine. This place was so infested with potato bugs that several weeks ago he gave up any hopes of having a crop, and allowed the bugs to have their own way. In spite of their numbers, however, they had not succeeded entirely in eating up the rapidly growing vines. In the latter part of last week the army worms invaded the farm of his neighbor, Mr. Kenderdine, and by Sunday the worms were crossing over into Mr. Eckenrode's land. Early Sunday morning Mr. Eckenrode went out to observe the progress of the pests, and in doing so came to the potato patch. He found potato bugs assembled in countless thousands on the edge of the patch nearest to Mr. Kenderdine's land, and facing the direction from which the army worms were coming.

When Mr. Eckenrode first came to the potato patch the advance guard of the worms were arriving. As soon as a worm would come within reach of the bugs one of them would fasten itself upon its back and begin to eat him, just as if he were a succulent potato vine. The result would be that before his wormship could advance a yard he would begin to writhe and wriggle in the agonies of death, and would soon be hors de combat.

The worms, whose appetite is a most voracious one, appeared to be all unsuspecting of the hostile design of the bugs, and upon their first approach invariably attempted to eat them, supposing no doubt, that they were some new kind of vegetable, but the hard shell of the bugs served as an impenetrable armor, rendering them perfectly safe against any weapon the worms could bring against them.

It is needless to say that Mr. Eckenrode watched this curious battle with intense interest. In a short time after his arrival the worms began to come by the thousands and tens of thousands and the battle raged most furiously. The army of potato beetles was apparently numberless, and as fast as the army worms came on they were attacked and killed in the way before described. Sometimes, when there was an unusual rush, a sort of Pickett's charge as it were, the inflow of worms would advance for a yard or two within the line of the bugs, but only to add their dead bodies to the wriggling, writhing mass. The slaughter went on at such a rate that in a few hours a strip of ground about ten feet wide along the edge of the potato patch was covered to an average of a foot in depth with dead worms.

In the meantime the neighbors for quite a distance around had heard of this unique battle and had assembled to watch it. From early morning until late in the afternoon it kept up, when not only did the advancing army worms begin to thin out but the barrier raised by the dead bodies of their companions prevented further advancing in that direction. Then by some sort of an apparent understanding among them, the worms changed the direction of their march and ceased to advance upon the demesne of the bugs. The latter shortly after this took place scattered back again among the potato vines and resumed their usual occupation thereon.

There were to all appearances but few casualties among the bugs, although many of them were caught in the crush of the advancing worms and smothered or trampled to death.

On Monday hundreds of people from all over Pike and adjoining townships came to view the results of this strange battle. Mr. Eckenrode estimates that the dead worms will weigh probably eight tons. He intends to use them for fertilizing purposes.—Philadelphia Press.

Rosie Williams and
Mr W O Merchant was
married March the 29th 1896
by J F Landers Esq

Lumburg. N.C.

June 4th 1905

The Children's Harvest Song

Happy are the children ;
Harvest time has come.
Sweet their merry voices
Raise the harvest song.
Listen to the music ringing ;
Clear as silver bells their singing.

Soft the sunshine, sweet the air ;
We will wander everywhere.
Golden fruits for us are growing,
Autumn flowers for us are blowing.
O'er the meadows, through the land,
We will wander hand in hand.

Rosy apple, purple plum,
You will know us when we come ;
Mellow pear and glowing peach,
You are not beyond our reach.
O'er the meadows, through the land,
We will wander hand in hand.

On the hill the sumac burns,
In the wood the maple turns,
Chestnuts brown and squirrels fleet
Hear the coming of our feet.
O'er the meadows, through the land,
We will wander hand in hand.

Happy are the children ;
Harvest time has come.
Sweet their merry voices
Raise the harvest song.
Listen to the music ringing ;
Clear as silver bells their singing.

—Our Little One

LITTLE ROCK LETTER.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 19, 1897.

DEAR REGISTER:—We are legislating very slowly, but hope it may move more rapidly. This morning we elected that time-honored son of Arkansas, the Hon. J. K. Jones, to succeed himself to the U. S. Senate. We will address us to-night.

Twenty daily papers and twenty-five cents worth of stamps was voted us this morning. I voted "no" on the question, as I had promised to do, but as we now have them, I shall proceed to send them out as fast as they are apportioned to me. Of course I will not be able to send each of my friends and constituents a paper first, but will do so as fast as is possible.

Would be glad to hear from any of friends at any time.

Most sincerely,

WILL B. HAMM.

KALERKER ROK EYETUMS.

DAVID:—Ozark Queen went down last night. Tycoon Sunday morning.

OMC
We're having singing Sunday evenings and prayer meetings Sunday nights at Cedar Grove School House, and are talking of organizing a Sunday school. Wish they would, as children ought to go to Sunday school, if only to keep 'em out of mischief.

Have a weddin now and then, and dance the hind feet often the galls.

Mrs. Miser an family are home from West Plains. Mrs. George Boillot came with her, and went down on the Tycoon to Batesville.

Our old friend, John H. Brown, who lives in Newton county, and married up there, is sending lots of cedar rafts down on the rise.

Dr. Goodman and son, H. H., are home from Choctaw Nation.

O. S. Goodman is on the sick list.

C. R. Aiken has a very sore thumb.

Wm. H. Stoner took his cotton and went to Batesville on the Tycoon. He has still 80 or 100 head of cattle to sell.

Our Legislature is busy passing dog and road laws, and drawing \$6 per diem.

John Grimmitt, of Newburg, is here on a visit to his sisters, Mrs. Aiken and Miss Alice Grimmitt.

I hear Dr. Schenck has traded his farm on Spring creek for a farm in Fulton county. Have not heard the name of the man with whom he traded.

M. M. Creswell will farm for Dr. Schenck near Pineville.

were I to omit mention of theleton, which is 8 miles south of ary upland, and it is neither flat several directions, principally to ears ago to apple, pear, plum, and trees. The remarkable thing is is orchard except a very little the airly vigorous growth every year. tly heavy crop of fruit for trees so ge as if irrigation had been prac- ad been no rain of any consequence owed no signs of drought. Plate in this orchard, showing apple row. Just across the fence was esert, as it was almost devoid of

NUMBER ONE.

"Look out for number one, my boy," said his father as the baby held up his bread and milk for mamma to eat.

"That's what he never will do," laughed mamma. "He'd far rather look out for number two. Not a spoonful will he take till he holds it up for me to taste."

Just as mamma had taken her sip baby caught sight of papa's curling beard and laughing eyes. Holding up the spoon to him, he made a little coaxing sound.

"The generous darling!" said mamma. "Number two and number three both come before number one in your arithmetic; do n't they, baby?"

"We'll call him 'Number One,'" said auntie from her easy chair in the corner; and ever after that she playfully called him Number One, although he soon had another name. Auntie had a way of proving that her choice of a name was a good one, however, for as the baby grew older his father was continually repeating the saying, "Look out for number one," but it was with a proud feeling that his boy never could be selfish, after all. He was so forgetful of self that he always thought of all other numbers before number one.

He chopped kindlings for mamma as cheerfully as if it were the best fun in the world, and often and often he scoured the knives, or even washed the dishes, if she did not feel well. He helped papa in many other ways. His sick auntie called herself "number four," for she came in for a large share of his loving thoughtfulness.

As Number One grew older he had a darling baby sister—number five; then by and by came numbers six and seven—another sister and a brother.

How could Number One look out for himself when there were so many other numbers?

He kept finding out new numbers, too. There were Grandpa and Grandma Grey, Grandma Eaton, and aunts, uncles, and

cousins—so many that when he counted the numbers they went all the way from number eight to number forty-seven. He did not see them all every day, to be sure; in fact, some of them lived so far away that the visits were few and far between. But when they did meet they were all sure to feel very soon that Number One was not looking out for himself, but wished rather to make them happy.

Number Forty-eight was poor old Darby, who had to sit in his chair from morning till night, year in and year out, poor, lame, and blind. How Number One did delight to carry him a pailful of mother's broth, and perhaps sit and read a psalm to comfort him!

By and by he was strong enough to shovel snow for Miss Patty, who lived in the lane close by, or to dig up her little patch of a garden in spring time. So auntie called her Number Forty-nine.

Then there were numbers fifty and fifty-one—Tom Hanson and his little brother. They had never a sled to their names. How could Number One help lending them his for a ride every other time? True, Dick Jones and Jack Harvey did not lend theirs, but perhaps they did not think. Yet, somehow, Number One did think, and he could not enjoy his all by himself, seeing the little fellows look on with such hungry eyes.

And so the numbers kept adding up day after day and year after year. At first auntie kept account to amuse herself in her weary hours of sickness, but by and by there were so many that she gave it up.

"I believe there never was a more unselfish boy," she said; "and he's the happiest boy I know of, too."

The numbers counted up pretty fast when Number One grew to be a man, for he was married and had boys of his own. But he often thought how much he should love a little daughter, and he soon found

out a way to add two new numbers to his list. A poor woman died leaving twin girlies without father or mother, and Number One adopted them. He took them to his home, where his wife was all ready to welcome them. The twins were old enough to remember their own dear mamma, but before long they found that they loved their new mamma and papa just as much. Their names were Catherine and Tabitha, but their new papa called them Kitty and Pussy for short. In a few years they were old enough to go to boarding-school.

When they came home for their first vacation they found that papa had added a new number—a splendid great tabby-cat with yellow eyes. He had been sent out to sail on the harbor in a basket by some cruel boy; and their papa, standing on the wharf, had heard him crying, and saved him from a watery grave.

"I've named him Moses," he said, "because I took him from the water. He pays me well by catching mice."

The next day was papa's birthday, and Kitty and Pussy each had a gift for him. As they were talking them over together Kitty said, "The trouble is, Puss, I always want to do something, my very own self for papa, he's so good to us and to every body. I do believe every body loves him; even Moses purrs on his knee and catches mice for him. But all we can do is to buy something for him with the money that he gives us."

"O no," said Pussy; "that is n't all. We can try to please him every day, and I'm sure he will understand from that how much we love him."

"But then I want to say it somehow, and not just act it out," said Kitty. "O I know what I'll do; I'll write him a birthday note."

Half an hour after Pussy was just putting the last stitch in the pretty watch-hook which was to be her gift, when Kitty held out the note for her to read.

"That's nice," said Pussy. "And I'll add a little."

Then they folded the note, wrote upon the outside, "For Papa's Birthday," and placed it with their gifts under his plate at table. When he opened it he read:

"He stood alone upon the wharf;
A wail came o'er the water,
'Can that be Moses' voice?' he cried;
Then I'll play Pharaoh's daughter.
And, lightly springing to a boat,
He rowed to reach the casket;
But, lo! 't was only Tabby-cat
In cast-off butcher's basket.
Now, tabby-cats catch mice and rats—
Thus daily doeth Moses;
But Kitty Cat, who can't do that,
Her love in rhyme discloses.
With many sincere purr-r-rs, KITTY CAT."

"Next, Pussy Cat, with grateful purr-r-rs,
A birthday greeting adds to hers;
And wishes every day to try
To show her love. So now good-by.
Purringly, PUSSY CAT."

When papa first began to read he smiled, but soon the tears came into his eyes, and he put his arms around both little daughters and told them how sure he was that they loved him as he loved them.

Say, boys and girls, would you wished to be loved by every one? Then do not be so careful to look out for number one, but think of the other numbers first.—
Lillian Payson, in S. S. Times.

Young Woman Saved From Death in the Water by Her Dog.

The Herald, N. Y., July 12, 1888.—When John Tape, Albert Luce, Lizette Marks and Sadie Bowker started on an outing this morning Miss Bowker insisted that her pet dog, Mascotte, should accompany the party. The young men objected, declaring that the dog would be a nuisance, but the young women said that if the dog could not go they would not go, so the men consented that Mascotte should be one of the party.



Hooker's pond, five miles from here, was the party's destination, and when all entered a boat to row out for water lilies, Mascotte went along in the center of the pond the men threatened to throw the dog overboard.

In the excitement which ensued the boat was capsized and the occupants were plunged into the water, which was 20 feet deep. Not one of the four could swim, but the two young men finally succeeded in getting Miss Marks to the boat, to which she clung. They then looked for Miss Bowker.

Mascotte had gone to her assistance, and by this time had nearly reached the shore with her.

Tape and Luce gained the shore with Miss Marks in the boat 10 minutes later, and were greeted by Miss Bowker and Mascotte. At a near-by farmhouse the members of the party dried their clothes and then went home.—New York Herald.

The Story of a Little Red Hen.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

This is the story my grandmother told,

One day, when the wind and the weather were cold;
You have read it before, perhaps dozens of times,
Will you hear it again in the simplest of rhymes?

"Who'll sift the flour?" cried the little red hen,

"We need some more bread."

"I w-o-n-t," "I w-o-n-t," all the rest of the ten
Quite lazily said.

"Well, then I will!" To the pantry she went
That very same hour,
And merrily sang, on her task still intent
Till she'd sifted the flour.

"Who'll stir in the yeast?" cried the little red hen,

"And who'll knead the bread?"

"I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the ten
Rather angrily said.

"Well, then, I will," and she worked so fast
That the loaf looked light,
When placed in its shining pan, at last,
To rise through the night.

"Who'll kindle the fire?" cried the little red hen,

"Who'll bake the bread?"

"I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the ten
Quite sullenly said.

"Well, then, I will," and she wiped the dust
Till the oven was clean.
And the loaf, when baked, had the nicest crust
That ever was seen.

"Now the work is done," cried the little red hen,

"Who'll eat the bread?"

"I will," "I will," all the rest of the ten
Very eagerly said.

"No, indeed, you WON'T, as you've said before;
I'll eat it myself."

And she left the loaf, after locking the door,
On the closet shelf.

Then the nine who'd been lazy and sullen and cross
Went up to the attic, and wept o'er their loss.

A Valentine from Her.

See yonder lad a-footing free,
How joyfully he vies!
The morning's tingling ecstasy
Is dancing in his eyes.
A flowery way becomes his path,
The skies a golden blur,
The earth a paradise—he hath
A valentine from her!

A sudden solace escapes his lips,
A joy-reverberant thing;
Through love's divine companionship
He feels himself a king,
He dreams of no sad aftermath,
This buoyant worshiper,
And all, forsooth, because he hath
A valentine from her!

—Clinton Scollard, in Washington Home Magazine.

Lost—Another Link.

Where, where is the time-honored apron,
The apron our grandmother knew?
It was ample and checked, it was ribbon be-
decked,

Nay, 'twas every known fabric and hue,
And the linen ones whiter than snowdrifts,
So glossy with patience and starch!
Now where have they vanished or has Progress
banished
Them all in her fin de siècle march?

Say, where is that cute little apron
With pocket adorned with a bow?
(Fascinations untold did that small pocket hold
For the fingers and eyes of such beau.)
Such daintily, such furbelowed aprons,
Each ruffled or ribboned or laced,
With strings most alluring, embracing, securing
It safe to her trim, slender waist.

Ah, where is that dearest of aprons,
So snow, so soft and so cool,
When "mother's lap" cured every sorrow en-
dured.

Every heartbreak of playground or school?
It is folded in lavender, yellowey
With time and with kisses and tears;
Her sweet face recalling, her fond caress falling,
It summons from long, lonely years.

And where is that old-fashioned apron,
The apron no new woman wears,
Since her smart tailor gown most correctly would
frown

On such feminine frippery and snares?
Then what earthly occasion to wear it
Would office or clubroom allow?
No small hands detaining, no home cares con-
straining.

No apron strings tether her now.
Dainty Fashion, restore the lost aprons,
Make womanly homelife the style!
Our ball gowns neglect and our tailors reject,
Reverse Folly's wheel just awhile
And bring back the old days when only
The home seemed the dearest, the best.
When Cupid completely each manly heart neatly
Bound fast with those apron strings blest!
—Ella M. Sexton, in San Francisco Chronicle.

—Thanksgiving.

TEXAS LETTER.

BLUFF DALE, TEX., }
Jan. 30th, 1898. }

DEAR UNCLE DAVE:—Allow
me a few lines in your paper,
which is a welcome visitor to our
house, and is just like a letter
from a friend.

Health is good here. People
are farming right along. This is a
good farming country, and as fine
a stock country as I ever saw—a
good county for business.

I would love to speak to the
people at home, through the paper,
of the peacan crop this year, which
is the largest in several years. I
have bought and sold twenty
thousand lbs. They are only
worth 80cts per bushel and are
still coming in. I bought fifteen
hundred lbs Saturday.

J. S. Gray and R. W. Foster are
located here, doing the largest
business in the shop they have
ever done.

Hoping you success and a pros-
perous New Year, I remain,

Yours truly,

WM. JENKINS.

Weeds, it is in the best possible condition

Harvey Jacobs

Gennie Marchant

Orin Haley

Nellie Cooper

Berry Harvey

Bertie Marchant

June Shannon

Hayden Sanders

Bob Shannon

Dellie Byler

Bob Rose

Lavinia Gray

Zoe Cooper

Ellie Walker

Hand of B. L. Morehead



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ELLA—"I heard something mean about you to-day." Stella—"I thought you looked pleased."—Town Topics.

SHE—"Was there any particular thing about the town which struck you?" He—"Yes; a bicycle."—Yonkers Statesman.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by PISO'S Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '04.

WHEN you have another man's money in your pocket, it is so hard to remember that it is not your own.

EVERY little man who becomes suddenly great should buy a bicycle, in order to conceal his strut.

WHEN we are good in the right way we are good for something.—Chicago Standard.

ALMOST all old women wear their dresses too short.—Atchison Globe.

"I DON'T want to catch you out so late again, young man," said the shortstop to his eldest. "I don't see how you did it this time," answered the child. "I never knew you to catch anything out for a long time before."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'M afraid that when Yappy and that Miss Prettyold are married she will run the whole establishment." "And why not? She will be the senior partner by at least ten years."—Detroit Free Press.

"WELL," said Mrs. Wiffles to the tramp, "I suppose you want something to eat this morning?" "No, kind lady," replied the wayfarer; "I called to see if you had a cast-off bicycle to give a deserving man."—Harper's Bazar.

MR. FLOORWALKER—"Why is a baby suffering with colic like a conservatory?" Mrs. Floorwalker—"Because they are too sweet for anything." Mr. Floorwalker—"Naw; they are both full of windy pains."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

WHEN in the brassy skies above
No hope nor help I see,
I gladly seek the girl I love—
She's always cool to me.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN one woman hears a burglar, every woman in the neighborhood remembers that she heard noises about her own house at the same hour.—Atchison Globe.

"WILLIE TADDELLS," said the school-teacher firmly, "you have a piece of chewing-gum in your desk. Bring it to me instantly." "Yes'm," replied Willie, "but it ain't the flavor you use. Yours is orange, an' this is wintergreen."—Harper's Bazar.

Looking Ahead.

When ye sorter git discouraged 'cause the weather's grown so hot,
When the perspiration's droppin' an' the mercury is not,
When the sun jes' keeps a grinnin' while he tortures you on high,
There comes a gleam of comfort ter console ye while ye sigh.
Fer it's cheerin' to remember
That 'we're bound' ter have November;
Ef we can't enjoy the present, we kin wait fur by-an'-by.
We're a-waitin' fur November with the frost and scarlet leaves;
When the cider's gittin' sharper an' they've gathered in the sheaves;
When the air is crisp an' bracin' an' the mountains far away
Seem ter smile an invitation fer ter jes' cut loose an' stray.
When the breeze is kind o' meller,
Tempered jest ter suit a feller—
Them's the thoughts that chirks ye up some, even on an August day.
—Washington Star.

An Old Man's Dream.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king!
Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
A way with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page
And dash its trophies down!
One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!
My listening angel heard the prayer
And calmly smiling said,
"If I but touch thy silver hair
Thy hasty wish had sped.
"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift reasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?
Ah! truest soul of womankind,
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind,
I'll take—my—precious wife!
The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again
And be a husband, too!"
"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."
Why, yes, for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys.
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!
The smiling angel dropped his pen:
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!"
And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke
To please the gray-haired boys.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Good Advice.

How foolish is the pessimist,
Despondent and forlorn,
Who always, when he gets a rose,
Goes hunting for a thorn.
The optimist has better sense;
The charm of life he knows,
He doesn't mind a scratch or two,
If he can get the rose.
So do not be a pessimist,
Cankered with discontent;
The optimist has heaps of fun
That doesn't cost a cent.
—Somerville Journal.

The Old Home.

You'll keep the old house, darling,
When I am lying low,
For when I married Bessy Lee,
I brought her here, you know.
Though it's homely and old-fashioned,
In every stick and stone,
There never was a spot so sweet
As this we called our own.

Each in its corner fitting,
Her arm-chair stood, and mine;
Here is her little knitting-stand,
With polish warm and fine;
And everywhere her presence
Seems angel-like to glide.
There were not such a home and wife
In all the country side.

There's moss upon the shingled roof,
There's mold upon the eaves;
But cooing doves have made their home
Among the woodbine leaves.
And on the hearthstone, broad and deep,
The firelight shines as bright
As when I brought my treasure home,
Upon my wedding night.

We've welcomed all our children,
As precious pledges given;
And some have lain within these arms
When beckoned back to heaven.
They sleep just near the little church,
Away from noise and strife;
But here they seem to gather still,—
My babies and my wife.

So keep the old house, darling,
It was not made to sell;
Its memories are full of joy:
Your mother loved it well.
Though it's homely and old-fashioned,
I never wished to roam;
I could not find a spot so dear
As this, our own sweet home.

THINK OF IT!

A MIRACULOUS change in treatment of horses would instantly occur if all owners and drivers were treated exactly as they treat their horses; for example:
Jerking the bit would cease.
Whips would be scarce and "not needed."
Cursing, pounding and kicking would stop.
Check reins would be very slack.
Blinders would disappear.
Big loads would no longer "pay."
Racing and fast driving would go "out of style."
Axle grease would be in great demand.
Better roads would be indispensable.
Horses would be watered freely and fed regularly, on a variety and sufficiency of food.
Clipping would lose its "advantages."
Docking would never be attempted.
Stables would be light, clean and ventilated.
All which shows how mean and cruel some men are.

HE FOUND HEAVEN

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town and he met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where it was."

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hilltop yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say 'my sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour,' then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray, if you don't see heaven before you get through I'll pay the bill."

The next morning he said: "Pastor, I saw heaven, and I spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certainly as you are listening.—Christian Inquirer.

Good Advice and Friendly Counsel—
"Look Up," "Lend a Hand."

Strive to make the world grow better,
Strive to strike off every fetter,
Daily, ere the sun goes down,
Add a bright star to thy crown.
Help to save a tempted brother,
He in turn will help some other;
Thus the work of truth will win,
Right will triumph over sin.
Dost grow weary of thy lot,
Almost feel God hath forgot?
Not a tiny sparrow dies
That our Father did not prize.
So much better than the sparrow,
God can cure thy keenest sorrow;
Wilt thou trust him day by day?
Help to put the wrong away?
Kindly deeds—a timely word,
Off a sinking soul hath stirred.
Oh! could we but see the sun
That God's faithful ones have done!
Tis the ones who will not doubt,
That must put the wrong to rout.

Every Year.

[This exquisite poem has a tone of sadness which is almost pessimistic—yet many hearts will recognize in its sad notes the truth.—EDITOR CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.]

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.
It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
And the heart and soul grow older
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.
Of the lives and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.
Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.
But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.—*Albert Pike.*

What Is Good.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
"Order," said the law court:
"Knowledge," said the school:
"Truth," said the wise man:
"Pleasure," said the fool:
"Love," said the maiden:
"Beauty," said the page:
"Freedom," said the dreamer:
"Home," said the sage:
"Fame," said the soldier:
"Equity," said the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly:—
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I hear:—
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it should n't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play:
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"
True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house,
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.
And so, your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white;
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning,
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence;
The mother so true and dear.
Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim:
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.
And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk.
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair.
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me is n't fair.

—*Margaret E. Sanaster.*

In case of a nail or other sharp instrument being stuck in the foot of human or animal, and lockjaw is threatened, take a bucket of unleached wood ashes, put in a tub and pour on two buckets of warm water, stir well and place the wounded foot in the mixture. Let it remain an hour or so if necessary. Another remedy is to burn a flannel rag under the foot, but the latter applies to any cut that is painful.—*Ex.*



RICHARD DALE.

Our Candidate.

W. J. Bryan is going to win
For he's holding our interests as his;
Yes, the grand, matchless orator got into the race
In a manner that simply means bit.
He'll govern in wisdom, we know he will lift
The nation and laborer up,
We believe he's the man for he reached out his
hand
To the one with his sleeves rolled up.
EYE WITNESS.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

Several weeks have passed since our last look into the Corner letter box. After a journey of more than a month across the Rocky Mountains to Oregon, California, and Washington, and back again to Nashville, we are glad to sit down once more to talk with our Cornerers. Some of you have crossed the continent in the cars, and know what it is to live a whole week on wheels. You take your meals on the train, or swallow them in a hurry while the train waits. The porter comes along at bed time and pulls down a sort of swinging shelf over your head, and changes your seat and the one in front of it into a lower shelf, and then curtains these two shelves off into a sort of cupboard. He makes a bed on each shelf, one above and the other below. The upstairs shelf is called the upper berth, and the one downstairs the lower berth. So you lie down where you have sat all day, or climb on a step ladder to the upper shelf and do your dreaming there. Perhaps you will not dream much the first night. The strange surroundings may keep you awake. But after a night or two the swaying of the train will rock you to sleep and the noise will hardly wake you in the morning. When you get awake and look out from the window you see a hundred things in a minute which you would like to stop and look at, but before you get a second glance, or even a good first glance, the thing you are looking at has whirled past, and twenty new things have come and gone. You get a confused picture of many objects, but a good photograph of nothing.

It was not so with the men who crossed these plains and mountains

in ox wagons forty or fifty years ago. Some people still cross in wagons. We saw some of them moving leisurely along. We almost wished we could change places with them for a day or two. They have plenty of time to look at things. It used to take from three to six months to make the same journey that we now make in as many days. What did we see in this long journey? There were hills, and grassy prairies, and plains, and rivers, and rocks. You see towns small and large, and scattered homes; but sometimes you go on and on for miles and do not see a house or field. Then you come to a settlement. Children stop playing to watch the train pass. Men and women are at work in their fields, or shops, or homes. You see tramps, or "Coxey" men, trudging along or waiting at the station to steal a ride. One tramp rode a hundred or two miles clinging to the front axle and air-brake of our car. When we were going over the mountains between Portland and San Francisco we saw two tramps who looked like two dead bodies lying on their faces on top of one of the cars in front of us. There was a mountain storm raging with cold wind and drenching rain, yet our tramps kept their places through it all. They could not help it. They dared not try to get down while the train was moving. Do you not think these two men had a harder time than if they had settled down somewhere to honest work? Nobody works harder than a tramp or gets poorer pay. Better get a job at half wages and stick to it than to start out on the road to find a place where you can live without work. But we must now look once more into our letter-box. We have room left for but two letters. The first one comes from a new member of our Memory Band. She sends her own name and six others. All are duly enrolled:

The Old and the New.

BY W. H. B.

The old year passes and the new
Crowding his heels appears in view;
That, a decrepit, humpbacked sage,
And this, a youth untamed by age.

Upon the sea wave follows wave
To break upon the shore they lave;
The murmur of the one scarce dies
Ere roarings of the other rise.

Germ follows germ and flower, flower;
Each lives its brief appointed hour,
And whether change comes slow or fast,
Each finds the common goal at last.

Just as the years successive rise,
As wave succeeds to wave and dies;
As night succeeds each shining day,
So human kind doth pass away.

The years that hasten in their flight,
The wave that vanishes from sight,
The germs that swell, mature, and rot,
Are emblems of our human lot.

We're born, we live; alas, we die!
How quick the years appointed fly;
Life's old year hides his shriveled face,
The endless new year takes its place.

But change however rapid brings
No injury to material things;
Be careful, friend, or thou mayst rue
What life's last change may bring to you.

Beaumont, Texas.

Who kept his little hatchet bright
And never told a lie!
He won us many a battle, boys,
And set our country free,
And wouldn't we be glad to have
Another such as he?"

2.

"Thrice fifty years and more, have sped,
Since for mankind this man was born;
Such souls die not. He is not dead.
We celebrate his natal morn.
All loyal souls foreknew the time,
The birthday of our Washington!
Ring joyous bells, in chorus chime!
Awake the echoes, morning gun!"

3.

"When I hear of Washington,
Brave and true and noble one,
I'd be like him if I can
While a boy and when a man.
But of all the ways I see
In which like him I would be,
One—I long the most to catch it—
Is, he had a little hatchet!"

4.

"I love the lofty spirit,
Impelled our sires to rise,
To found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful,
As that where sets the sun,
No land so fertile, free and fair
As that of Washington."

"O, first in war and first in peace,
Our Washington, the true, the brave,
We'll ever keep thy memory green,
And ever guard thy honored grave."

2d Week in May.

A Night Scene from "The Golden Legend."

"The night is calm and cloudless,
And as still as still can be;
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns
As a voice that chants alone,
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond
In snow-white robes uprising,
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voices sing on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison!"

What I Would Do.

1.

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!

2.

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child,
On whom the sunshine ever smiled;
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

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The Time to Be Pleasant.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming at into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she. "That would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross, and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned her face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—

The Young Reaper.

THE HOME.

Motherhood.

When the tasks of the day are ended,
And work is folded away,
I sit by the window and study
A picture over the way.

In a room with undrawn curtains
A mother comes every night,
And sits with a dimpled baby,
In the softly flickering light.

The little one's chubby fingers
Wander over her face,
And it smiles and coos and dances
With a sweet, unconscious grace.

I know the mother is saying
Something tender and good,
By the way in which she caresses
This atom of babyhood.

Then, as the twilight deepens,
The golden head sinks to rest,
And a beautiful head bends over
The sleeping child on her breast.

And my own sad heart is throbbing,
Yearning with sudden pain,
For a touch of the dainty fingers,
I never shall clasp again.

But I know the time is coming,
At the end of life's eventide,
When hushed will be every longing,
And mother-love satisfied.

So now I sit by the window,
And take what comfort I may,
Watching the dear little stranger
In the firelight over the way.

—Selected

here Malinda, weary, rained to the ground.

For a Girl of Modest Means.

Absolute simplicity is the best and safest rule for the girl of modest means. Let her have but few dresses, but these good and neat, so as to look well to the last. In the quietest life, however, it happens that occasions arise when something more festive is required. Very useful at such times it proves to have a pretty collar-ette or front easily adjusted over a plain gown, and while not costly, yet smart and becoming. For a home dinner or a small evening party, or any modest and unpretentious entertainment for which full dress is not de rigueur, something of the kind is essential.

DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Day after day I see her climb the stair,
My dear old mother, to the attic room,
As tho' a tryst to keep with someone there
She sits within the anise-scented gloom.

You are so young that you would smile to see
The queer old things her wrinkled hands
unfold,

Moth-eaten, worn, and yet endeared to me,
Because she loves them so who now is old.

With dust upon her gown, her cap awry,
Silent she sits in her rush-bottomed chair,
Her dim eyes searching for the days gone by
Midst those old things that she has garnered
there.

To-day I went to her. A summer rain
Fell softly on the shingles overhead.
I spoke to her, she called me by the name
Of one she loved, a daughter long since dead.

With tears upon my cheeks I turned away;
A bit of silken hair was in her hand,
And as she smoothed it out I heard her say:
"I have forgot, but God will understand.

"She was my child, and this her shining hair.
Sometimes I seem almost to see her face.
We laid her in the earth, I think, somewhere,
I have forgot, but God doth know the place."

As motionless I stood there by the door,
I heard, and yet I heard not what she said;
A patch of sunlight lay upon the floor,
And soft the summer rain sung overhead.

The thought went through my heart how I
would miss

My mother's faltering footfall on the stair;
What if to-day I could not stoop to kiss
That blessed face and sorrow-whitened hair?

Could it be near, that empty, pulseless day?
(For when it comes, God help the child she
bore).

And then I put the chilling thought away,
Let down the latch and shut the creaking door.
—*New York Independent.*

SIX WITCHING EYES OF GREY.

Especially for THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME
by CORA A. MATSON.

I met her in the springtime,
Her fingers, rosy fair;
A spray of apple blossoms
Were twining in her hair.
As in the yellow ringlets
She bound the cluster sweet,
A shower of loosened petals
Went floating to her feet.

Oh, "eyes of blue
Are ever true;"
As oft, so oft, we say,
But those witching eyes of grey,
Ah! those witching eyes of grey,
They won my heart,
They won—
Ah! they won my heart away.

And when, one summer even,
The fields were wet with dew,
In answer to my pleading
She gave me promise true.
Oh, when the grapes shall purple
In clusters on the vine
Before the frost has touched them,
She'll be forever mine.

Oh, "eyes of blue
Are ever true;"
As oft, so oft, we say,
But those witching eyes of grey,
Ah! those witching eyes of grey,
They won my heart,
They won—
Ah! they won my heart away.

Home.

When daily tasks are done, and tired hands
Lie still and folded on the resting knee;
When loving thoughts have leave to loose
their bands

And wander over past and future free;
When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled,
Bring weary eyes a spark of olden fire;
One castle, fairer than the rest we build,
One blessing more than others we desire;
A home, our home, wherein all waiting past,
We two may stand together and alone;
Our patient task work finished, and, at last,
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our own.
Some little nest of safety and delight,
Guarded by God's good angels day and night.

We can not guess if this dear home shall lie
In some green spot embowered by arching
trees,
Where bird notes joined with brook notes
gliding by.

Shall make us music as we sit at ease.
Or if amid the city's busy din
Is built the nest for which we look and long,
No sound without shall mar the peace within,
The calm of love that time has proved so
strong.

Or if—ah! solemn thought—this home of ours
Doth lie beyond the world's confusing noise,
And if the nest be built in Eden's bowers,
What do we still but silently rejoice?
We have a home, but of its happy state
We know not yet. We are content to wait.

—*Unknown.*

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

You are about to start in life, and it
is well that young men should begin at
the beginning and occupy the most sub-
ordinate position. Many of the leading
business men of Pittsburgh had a series
To-day.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eyes ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Thomas Carlyle.

The High Level.

"Why, my dear friend, we should hardly know ourselves if we went to live up where Paul lived.

"I've heard folks who've come from California say that out there the air is so pure that you can see miles an' miles, everything is so clear, an' 'tis all so still that you can hear singin' miles off; an' 'tis always summer over there, so that the bees don't lay up any honey, because there's no winter, and no need for it.

"Now that's the high level to heaven, 'zactly. 'Tis up where you can see ever so far, where you always catch sight o' the golden gates, and see the shinin' o' the Father's house, and where 'tis so very still you can almost hear the singin' inside. I wonder we don't emigrate right off, 'tis such a pretty country, and no rate of taxes. And like the bees, you've got honey up there all the year round.

"Why, 'tis down here for us as well as up there, if we would only have it—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

"And if you like to ask why we don't live there, the answer is plain enough—

"Say, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

"Seems to me that Paul made short work with self. He gave self notice to quit, an' gave up the freehold to his blessed Lord. And I mean to try and follow his example, and say to my own self: 'Dan'el, I won't have you for a tenant any longer; you're more trouble to me than all the world besides. You're so hard to please an' so uncertain that if you happen to be all right to-day, there's no knowin' what you'll be like to-morrow. I shall turn 'e out, neck and crop, with all your goods and chattels.'

"Then when anybody knocked to the door and said, 'Dan'el Quorm live here—does he?' I should dearly love to say, 'Dan'el's gone away, an' he's dead an' buried; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'"—*Daniel Quorm.*

This Lioness Protects a Small Bull Terrier as Foster Mother.

Animals form very strong and very strange friendships. Thus, for instance, a lioness from Somaliland has recently taken under her protection a youthful bull terrier, which she treats as well as if he were her own son and heir. Curiously enough, she will have nothing whatever to do with her young friends—affectionate brothers and sisters, and while the favorite reposes securely under her protecting paw, she has nothing but a very suggestive snarl for all the rest.



Again, there is a young Maltese cat, which, on finding out in some mysterious manner that a nestful of tiny chickens were left motherless, took the orphaned family at once in hand (or, rather, paw), and the fluffy party made themselves immediately at home in the warm fur coat of the strange foster mother. If, we are told, one of the babies ever happens to stray too far afield, the furry foster-mother recalls it at once with a plaintive mew.

An equally curious case is told by M. Bellet of a terrier and a cat, both of whom were the mothers of happy families in the same stables, exchanging their progeny and nursing and tending their adopted children with the utmost care. At the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, a lioness and a hound live in the same cage in perfect peace and friendliness, and in North Germany a game-keeper has recently reared a mixed litter of pups and fox cubs.

Tree-Climbing Crabs Are Among the Pests of South Africa.

An Ohio man, Mr. T. B. Newcome, who has recently returned from South Africa, tells this story about that country which is unfortunately not accompanied by affidavits:

"They have a crab out there that climbs the cocoanut trees and bites off the nuts and lets them fall to the ground. Then he backs down the tree and eats the fruit."

"The natives who inhabit the regions infested by this ill-conditioned crab are well aware that the lower portion of the crab's anatomy is soft and sensitive, and they believe that the crustacean was thus constructed in order that he might know when he had reached the ground, and when, consequently, he might with safety release his grasp of the trunk."

"So what they do in order to stop the depredations, which often ruin the cocoanut crop, is this. While the crab is engaged in nipping off the cocoanuts they climb half way up the trees and there drive a row of long nails right round the tree, allowing an inch or so of the nails to project."

"The crab has no knowledge of disaster, nor yet of the fitness of things. As he descends the sensitive part of his body suddenly touches the nails. Thinking he has reached the ground he naturally lets go. Instantly he falls backward and cracks his own shell on the ground."—*New York Mail and Express.*

is genus have been mistaken west and

My Crust.

I have always had my crust to eat,
It was sometimes bitter and sometimes sweet
But I never have lacked it yet;
So why should I sit to-day and sorrow,
For fear I shall miss my crust to-morrow?
Why should I worry and fret?

The King knows well my urgent need,
The King has promised my wants to heed,
So will I wait and trust;
For somewhere, to-morrow, I know, I know,
On the heights or in the vale below,
I shall find my daily crust.

—*Emma C. Dowd.*

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

GOOD HEALTH.

There Is No Greater Blessing This Side the Tomb.

But, Says Sam Jones, There Are Worse Things Than Sickness—The Duty of the Strong Toward the Weak.

There is no greater blessing this side the tomb than good health. There may be worse things than sickness. Dishonor, the loss of character, the disruption of home and the breaking of the hearts of those who love us; these are worse than sickness. Yet it is true that some of those who enjoy the best of health make our most consummate vagabonds and most useless citizens; while in some cases the invalid, those who have never known what vigor and good health was, have been giants in usefulness and accomplishments. Very few people are well all the time. More than half of the human race are sick or in pain nearly all the time. A person over 40 years of age with perfect health is hard to find. The sick beds and aching bodies and invalid chairs can be found on every street, and frequently in almost every house. It is either father or mother, son or daughter, who is physically unable to bear the pain or endure the pressure. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." No finer trait in strong manhood than that which becomes a support to those who need support. How helpless the sick are! How little sympathy they get from the world! On lightning express, on trolley cars, driving or walking, a thousand times a day we may pass the home where suffering is, without a thought of the lonely suffering inmate within. Lately I have sat beside loved ones who seemed near the grave. How helpless they were and how helpless I was to help them! Comforts I could give them, but a downy bed is hard to one who has lain there long. The most dainty food nauseous, the most effective remedies powerless. How stubborn disease is! How steep the hill we pull as we come back from sickness to health; from weakness to strength! An aged mother in her invalid chair or confined to her room, how she deserves our sympathy and kindness! We cannot do too much for her, for when we were helpless she did all for us.

A suffering invalid wife—the highest type of manhood is shown in the tender care and patient watchfulness of the husband as he watches and waits by her side. Not only the ties of blood shall control us here, but he is a neighbor

indeed who is first to the bedside of the suffering one across the street or down the way. A friend in need is a neighbor indeed. We need others' help when we cannot do for ourselves. The well neglect the sick; the strong neglect the weak; the rich neglect the poor; the prince neglects the pauper.

What a benediction an institution like Johns Hopkins' hospital, of Baltimore, and the various institutions of other cities to care for the sick and weary. I hail with pleasure whatever institution and whatever hand is extended to help the suffering, to cure the sick and protect the weak. Only when sickness comes to our own home, only when we suffer ourselves, or those whom we love better than ourselves suffer, are we drawn towards the sick, or brought to realize how unsympathetic we have been towards the world about us. You frequently hear the strong and vigorous one say, I am no nurse, I am of no account about the sick. It is a shame on anyone to make such a declaration, for it is a confession of selfishness which disgraces the author of such words. I have known strong, vigorous women who never lend a helping hand about a sick bed. I have known invalid women who were angels of mercy by the bedside of the sick and the dying. There is more real pleasure in the life of such an invalid than in the life of 1,000 vigorous women and men who are not conscious of having done a single kindly deed to others.

King David said that it was good for him that he had been afflicted. I have no doubt whatever that it was good for others that he was afflicted, for it made him more kindly to the afflicted and more helpful to others in distress.

We should be ready to visit and willing to help and anxious to relieve every case of distress in the world.

Let those whose eyes run over this article ask themselves the question—have I done right toward those who suffer about me? Let every husband with an invalid wife; every son with an invalid mother; every brother with an invalid sister; every neighbor with a sick neighbor, say, I will be more useful to those who need me and more helpful to those who need help in the coming days of my life.

It is bad to be poor, but to be sick and poor; it is bad to be helpless, but to be helpless and poor; it is bad to suffer, but to suffer and be neglected—these things bring the frowns of God upon men and make life unendurable.

Let us be ready to do a kindness, remembering that little words of kindness, little deeds of love, will make this world an Eden like the one above.

SAM P. JONES.

TRUE MANHOOD.

It is not always the coat that tells,
 Nor the collar your friend may wear;
 It is not always the shine of the shoe,
 Nor the finished touch of his hair.

It is not all in a silken hat,
 Nor the fitting neat of his gloves;
 It is not merely his cultured air,
 Nor the circle in which he moves.

It is not his temper, his pride nor smile,
 Nor yet his worshipful mien;
 It is not even the name he bears
 In a world that is shallow and mean.

Ah, no, after all, 'tis the man himself,
 As he stands with his God alone,
 'Tis the heart that beats beneath the coat
 The life that poits to the throne.

The eye that cheers with its kindly glance
 'Tis the arm 'round a brother cast;
 The hand that points to a hope beyond,
 'Tis a love that endures to the last.

—Normal In-
 (Edible.)

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Mrs. Jorkins' Plan Generally Adopted by Delegates to the Convention.

"Are you going to the convention, pa?" asked Mrs. Jorkins, as they sat down to supper.

"Yes, Mrs J—, I start to-morrow morning."

"Well, I have the pictures all ready."

"What pictures, Mrs. J—?"

"The family portraits," answered Mrs. Jorkins, serenely.

"Is thy servant a traveling art gallery that he should do this thing?"

"I put in the silhouette of Great-Grandmother Smith, and the ambrotypes of Grandmother Jones and Aunt Sally Ann Green, and one of her husband, who went to congress, and the photograph of Mother Jorkins and yours when you were a baby, and again when you were five years old, and all your grown-up—"

"Mrs J—, will you stop? Now, will you allow me to ask what in thunder you mean?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you might be elected for something before you got back and the newspapers would want to print all the family likenesses, and it would save express rates if you had them with you."

"Thunder!" said Mr. Jorkins, "but you are thoughtful! Chuck 'em in with the rest of the baggage," and he vainly tried to look as if he objected to the plan.—Chicago Post.

In His Own Watermelon Patch.

Hon. Champ Clark's reputation as an orator has brought with it its trials and responsibilities.

Frequent requests that he be heard in other districts than the Ninth come to the Democratic headquarters, and on Friday evening one of the secretaries turned the documentary evidences of the ex-Congressman's popularity over to him. Mr. Clark read them with attention.

The number and the laudatory nature of the communications could not but be pleasing to one of the untortured. Mr. Clark went through the pile of vari colored and sized epistles with evident interest and unreserved appreciation.

When the pleasant task was done someone said:

"Well, where will you go, Champ?"

"Nowhere," was the prompt answer.

"Why?"

"Because I shall follow U. S. Hall's example. He says he was elected Congressman from his district, which adjoins mine, because he stayed in his own watermelon patch."

And the tall Congressman strode into the next room and greeted a number of friends who were looking for him.



Irish Wit.

The well from which Irish stories are drawn is inexhaustible. Here is a good example of Pat's



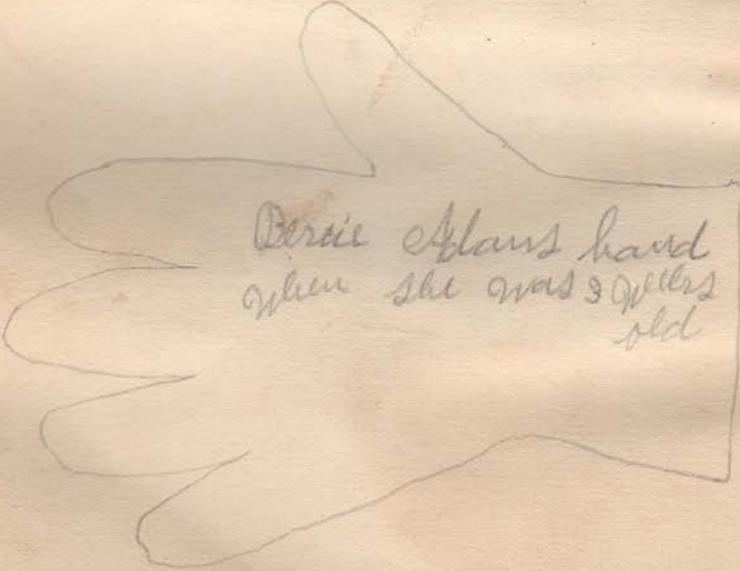
wit and readiness. An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the Magistrate asked. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the Magistrate sternly.

"Stand down!" The witness turned round to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The Magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your Honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the late reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the Magistrate.—Westminster Gazette.

A Walking Fish.

After a storm in Rungpore recently a walking fish was seen making its way across a distance of nearly 200 yards. It was a well-conditioned fish, probably weighing about three ounces, and it propelled itself by means of its tail in a straight line toward the water ditch on the side of the public road.

John F Sanders and
family left Arkansas for
Texas Monday morning
Oct 19 1896



Bessie Adams hand
when she was 30 ^{years} old

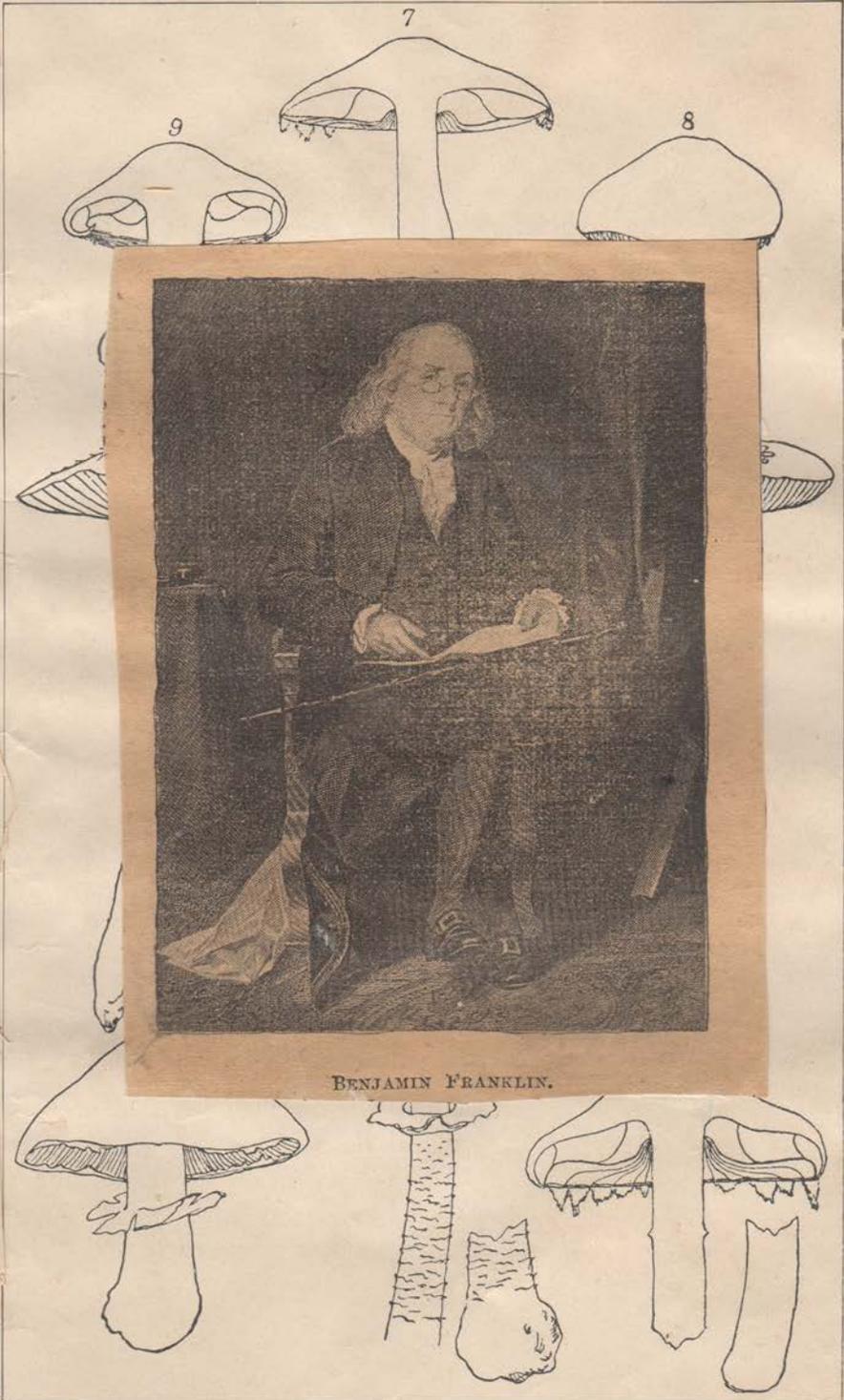


MR. GLADSTONE ON TURKEY.

[FROM A DRAWING PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.]



ALMA
WE
FOR
THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE
PUBLISHED 1855



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

L. KRIEGER, DEL.

FORMS AND POSITION OF THE ANNULUS OR RING.

This Birthday.

'Twas not considered extraordinary,
At least 'twas nothing new,
When on that chilly day in February
In seventeen thirty-two

The news went round, told by the doctor maybe,
(For surely they'd employ
A doctor), that there was a brand-new baby
At Washington's—a boy,

Old Auntie Prue, the nurse, it is related,
Drank Apple Jack and water,
And said "Miss Mary" had anticipated,
Instead of him a daughter.

But since the boy was strong she wouldn't grumble,
(Aunt Prue could quickly forge
A story, though her station was but humble),
And they would name him George.

Down in "the quarters" there was fun and frolic
The livelong afternoon;
While each old Auntie vowed he'd have the colic,
Till way along in June.

And there would be no end of fuss and bother,
At sundry other dates,
And no one dreamed they were talking of the father
Of these United States.

MARGRET HOLMES BA

I've been thinking to-day about Washington,
America's best beloved son,
Honest and truthful, bold and brave,
He taught old England how to behave!

2.

I would like to be great like Washington
And go out to war and carry a gun,
I think it would be a splendid thing
To free a land from a cruel king!

3.

I would like to flourish a sword and say,
"We will fight and drive our foes away,"
But I tell you what, I would hardly dare
To cross as he did, the Delaware!

4.

My mother tells me that every one
Cannot become a Washington.
But even a little boy can be
As great a hero for truth as he!

5.

So I have determined that I will try
To be good and noble and tell no lie,
And then, tho' no daring deed I've done
I'll be a little like Washington!

A LIVE FIRE DOG.

When an Alarm Sounds He Responds
Without Any A-do.

There is a dog in Newport, R. I., that is never
seen until the fire alarm strikes, and then he



travels some little distance to the truckhouse. He makes the run with that apparatus, and at the fire takes position right in front of the horses, returning with them and seeing that they back the apparatus

in all right. Then he is missing, never lingering around the house. It cost his master the price of a new light of glass the other day for laughing to himself when he heard the alarm strike, knowing that the dog was shut up in a room. There was a crash of glass, and the dog was soon on his way to the fire.

Lazy White Man.

The Western Indians, although not fond of
work, do not approve of indolent white men.



The "heap good white man," in their estimation, is the white man who works hard; and to sit by and watch him as he toils seems to afford them never-failing pleasure.

Some young "warriors" of the Blackfoot tribe sat in the shade one day watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a branch railroad in Montana. They were commenting upon the workmen and their work, when a bicyclist

came riding along the newly completed grade. He had got off the train at the last station, and was going to the fort a little further on.

The Indians watched the wheelman without a word until he passed beyond a knoll, which hid him from view—then they expressed their sentiments concerning him.

"No good white man!" one remarked.
"No," answered another, with great scorn, "heap lazy white man—sits down to walk!" — Youth's Companion.

"Speaking of cows," said the confident looking man. "My grandfather had more horned cattle than any other living man I used to have to milk a hundred as a daily task and I was but a boy. A hundred and fifty was allotted to a regular milker. And as for butter, I never saw anything like it. We kept two four horse teams on the road all the time loaded with it."

At this juncture one of the listeners whispered to a near neighbor something which caused the speaker to turn around and say:

"Well, it does sound pretty big, but there sits Mr. Jones, who was our nearest neighbor, and I can prove it by him."

All eyes were now on Jones, who snapped the ashes off his cigar and said:

"I know nothing about the number of cows the old man had, nor about the amount of butter he made, but I do know that he owned seven saw mills and they all run by buttermilk."

THE SITUATION.

"I managed to get to th' bank somehow an' set to work to find a log or bit of plank to float down on. I thought I see just what I wanted, an' put my shoulder to it to heave it into th' water. Suddenly th' darned thing give a jump at both ends an' whaloped off inter th' water. I'll be blowed ef it wa' n't a pesky alligator a-lyin' there quite still an' lookin' fur fish, I suppose!

"You better believe that I wuz more keeful how I tackled th' next log! At last I found a bit of plank 'bout ten feet long, an' sailed off down stream.

"I must have floated an' paddled for two hours or more before I ventured to land. I then crawled up inter th' bushes, an', wet an' cold as I was, I quickly fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"Th' next mornin' I waked with th' sun a shinin' full in my face, an' I heered some one a choppin' close by me. I looked cautiously out from th' bushes, an' I see an old gray-headed darkey choppin' wood.

"I riz up an' sez, I sez:

"Uncle, ken yer get a feller somethin' ter eat?"

"He kep' right on choppin', choppin', an' never took no notice. I thought he must be deaf as a cat in a hay-mow. So I hollered out right loud. Then I heered him kinder er talkin' to himself, while he never looked up nor nothin', but kep' right on choppin', choppin':

"I knows you's dere! Don't be hollerin' like dat an' a-rousin' th' whole country!"

"By and by he stopped choppin', an' says:

"You foller me!"

"I got up an' follered him, an' in a short time we kum to er hut built of logs an' slabs, with a chimney made of sticks of wood plastered over with mud. He knocked on th' door, an' it was opened by th' ugliest, humliest-lookin' woman ever yer see.

"What yer got here, Dave? sez she.

"One of Massar Lincumb's soldiers, missus, sez th' old darkey.

"You kum right in here!" sez she.

"There ain't no time ter fool away. They will be after yer with th' dogs soon!"

"Well, she give me a bite of corn-bread, some bacon an' a stone jug of water. Then she lifted up a trap-door in th' floor an' sez:

"You git right in here an' keep quiet till I tell you to come out!" I crep' down into th' hole an' she shet the door down, an' I found myself in a place dug out in th' ground, 'bout six by four; jest deep 'nough to sit up in. I set down an' eat my corn-bread an' bacon an' dranked my water. I heerd th' woman an' th' darkey makin' a great noise overhead a-draggin' a wash-bench over th' trap; an' then they set a wash-tub on't, an' th' woman went ter washin'.

"I could see out between some of th' chinks between th' logs under th' shanty, and by and by I heerd th' barkin' of dogs in th' distance. It drew nearer an' nearer. Presently six or eight horsemen rode inter th' yard, followin' a pack of hounds all leashed together.

They dismounted, swearin' an' a-yellin' at th' dogs, who were wild an' a-jumpin' in at th' door, an' a-sniffin' about. Th' woman sings out:

"What's you uns after here?"

"I heerd th' leader say:

"We're on th' track of an escaped prisoner. We saw his tracks in th' mud on th' shore of th' river this mornin', an' we started th' dogs down both banks, an' they struck his trail 'bout a quarter of a mile away an' brought us in here."

"It wa' n't no man's trail they struck!" sez th' woman. "It's a fox that my man Dave shot this mornin'. Here's his skin," sez she, a-holdin' up a fox-skin that I see a-hangin' up in th' shanty when I entered.

"That's so," sez the leader. "Come, boys, we're on th' wrong scent. Let's go back to th' river an' start ag'in."

"So off they went, an' I laid down in th' hole an' went ter sleep ag'in. I waked up 'bout four 'clock, an' th' woman gave me some more corn-bread an' bacon, then shet th' door down ag'in.

"Shortly after dark she opened th' door softly an' says:

"Come, now, git up out of that an' be off with yer! Dave, he'll pilot yer as fur as he's agoin'."

"I looked up inter her face by th' fire-

Out of the vast virgin forest area of there have been cleared for farm use di or 400,000 square miles, leaving about 300,000 square miles actually or nominally with forest growth, or waste.

Timber being a great obstacle to the settlement of the land, and the

DREAMLAND.

WANDERING BACHELOR.

She is dead, the watchers softly murmured,
As one by one they sadly turned away.
They little knew the cruel words they uttered
Darkened my life forever, that sad day.
I saw her eyes like violets with dew laden,
Looking their last on home, and earth, and
sky;
I saw her rose-leaf cheeks grow cold and
waxen,
I heard her lips breath out their last faint
sigh.

They clasped her hands above a heart as
loyal
As ever throbbed within a woman's breast,
They filled her snowy hands with roses
royal,
And then they bore her to her dreamless
rest.
They laid her gently where the sunbeams
linger
In golden gleams, where sinks the god of
day,
And when the earth from mortal eyes con-
cealed her,
Forlorn and desolate, I sadly turned away.

Why does the heart the lost affection treas-
ure
Of happy days, alas, long past and fled,
As the perfume of roses still will linger
After the blossoms are withered, brown and
dead?
Can we forget, or would we if we might,
The loving words once so gladly heard,
The parting kiss in the cold, pure starlight,
The snatch of song that once our hearts
have stirred?

In memory's garden still we love to wander
With our lost loves, and buried hopes and
joys,
Our hearts are never lonely while we linger
In that dear dreamland of unclouded skies
There we again meet those whose faces haunt
us,
Whose loving voices linger in our ears,
And love-lit glances again in dreams ar-
rours,
From sparkling eyes undimmed, unstained
by tears.

Then let me in that mystic dreamland lin-
ger;
The world is lonely, sad and desolate.
My heart and I grow sadder still, and sadder,
And yearnily the final summons wait.
Shall it be long till in his tender mercy
The master bids this weary heart be still,
And rest forever in that land of glory,
Never again to feel a painful thrill?

I know that at the beautiful peirly gate
Of that bright land beyond the narrow sea,
My bright-eyed darling patiently does wait
Till death will kindly give her back to me.
'Twill not be long, the sunset skies grow
brighter,
And longer grow the shadows of life's way,
A few more days, and the blissful future
With my lost love in realms of endless
day.

CALHOUN, TEXAS.

Mules for Bear Hunters.

The proper beast for a grizzly bear hunter to ride is a good mule. Dr. W. F. Edgar, U. S. A., tells in Recreation why a mule is best.

The doctor was wandering near a camp up in Washington State on a mule. He had his rifle with him, and, seeing a big bear in the trail, fired. The bear tumbled over and out of sight. It looked like a clean kill, and the doctor started toward the place, and was nearly in sight of the hollow where the bear had disappeared, when the bear climbed up over the edge and went at him.

It was then that the mule was of the utmost service. The mule rose on its hind feet, turned sharp around and headed for camp. A horse or a Mustang wouldn't have been quick enough, the bear was so close, but all the hunter had to do was to harrow. The mule knew what to do without being



Mr. C. SHALER SMITH has read a valuable paper on "The Extreme Pressure of Wind and its Effects." The highest pressure he has noticed was 93 pounds per square foot, which blew over a locomotive at East St. Louis in 1871. A jail was destroyed at St. Charles, Mo., in 1877, by a pressure of 84.3 pounds, and a brick house at Marshfield, Mo., in 1880, by a pressure of 58 pounds per square foot. Trains may be blown off the track and bridges blown down by pressures of from 24 to 31 pounds per square foot. These calculations are based upon the estimate of the smallest pressure capable of producing the effect. The real pressure may actually have been much greater. Mr. Smith does not consider it necessary to build bridges competent to resist the extreme pressures he has mentioned, for all trains would be blown away at far lower pressures, so that no practical benefit, except the preservation of the bridge from a contingency that might not occur during many times its natural life, would be gained. Only one case has been observed in which the path of a pressure of more than thirty pounds to the square foot was more than sixty feet wide.

THE MAGIC OF A SONG.

Eben E. Rexford, in The American.

When trouble comes, don't let despair
Add to the burden you must bear,
But keep up heart, and, smiling, say:
"The darkest cloud must pass away."

Don't say, "why is it?" with a frown,
And go with heart and head bowed down,
But lift them both, and let your eyes
Behold the sunshine in the skies.

Don't sit and brood o'er things gone wrong,
But sing a hopeful, helpful song,
Or whistle something light and gay,
And thus drive half your cares away.

Sing of the pleasant things life knows;
Not of the thorns, but of the rose;
Each life knows some joy every day,
Sure as December leads to May.

The man who sings when troubles here,
From trouble has not much to fear;
Since it will never tarry long
When stout heart meets it with a song.

But brood o'er care and we can make
This life a burden that will break
The stoutest back. But sing, and lo!
The load is lifted. Let it go!

Then don't forget when things go wrong
To try the magic of a song,
For cheerful heart and smiling face
Bring sunshine to the shadiest place.

—The world is but a vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.—Chagren.

A MODEL SERMON

It should be brief ; if lengthy , it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep;
The dull will yawn, the chapel loungers doze;
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm—a living altar coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul;
A sapless dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical and clear;
No fine spun theory to please the ear;
No curious lay to tickle letter'd pride
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate;
The fiery laws with words of love allay'd,
Will sweetly warm and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just and rational,
Wisely conceived and well expressed withal;
Not stuffed with silly notions, apt to stain
A sacred desk and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well adapted grace
To situation, audience, time and place;
A sermon formed for scholars statesmen, lords,
With peasant and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens or at Rome
While some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,
A gracious Saviour is the Gospel theme!

It should be mixed with many an ardent prayer,
To reach the heart and fix and fasten there;
When God and man are mutually addressed,
God grants a blessing, man is truly blessed.

It should be closely, well applied at last,
To make the moral nail securely fast;
"Thou art the man", and thou alone, will make
A Felix tremble and a David quake!—Anon.



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C. P. PUB. HOUSE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

THE TIRED WIFE.

All day long had the wife been toiling,
From an early hour in the morn,
And her hands and her feet were weary
With the burdens they had borne.
But she said to herself: "The trouble
That weighs on my heart is this—
That Tom never thinks to give me
A comforting hug or a kiss."

I'm willing to do my duty,
To use all my strength and skill,
In making the home attractive,
In striving my place to fill;
But though the approval of conscience
Is sweet, I am free to say,
That if Tom should give me a hug and a
kiss
'Twould take all the tired away,

Then she counted over and over
The years she had been Tom's wife,
And thought of the joys and sorrows
She had known in her married life;
To be sure there was money plenty,
And never a lack of food,
But a kiss now and then and a word of
praise
Would have done her a world of good.

Ah! many a one is longing
For words that are never said;
And many a heart goes hungry
For something better than bread;
But Tom had an inspiration,
And when he went home that day
He petted his wife and kissed her,
In the old time lover-like way.

And she—such enigmas are women!
Who had held herself up with pride,
At her husband's display of fondness
Just hung on his neck and cried;
And he, by her grief, reminded
Of troubles he might have spared,
Said: "Bless my heart, What a fool
I've been!
And I didn't suppose you cared."
—C. H. L.
Wild Cherry, Ark.

Technical in many instances as well

Wanted to Pester.

There had been a feud between Asa Jones and Rube Tully near Bakersville, N. C., for a good while, and mutual shots had been fired.

I had heard all about the trouble from Jones a year before, and being again in the neighborhood, asked Jones how it was coming out.

"The derned cuss air ahead, an' I reckon he'll stay so now," was the reply, and Jones looked very lugubrious.

"So you don't think you can get even?"

"I reckon not. I don't see how. But I shore despise a man who sits ahead of a feller in the night when he kain't help hisself."

"How did he do it?"

"Waal, yo' see, th' sherif' war arter 'im fer killin' a feller down at Asheville, an' ef he'd cotched 'im he'd hung 'im, shore, so he jess cum down to my house an' drowned hisself in my spring, makin' me tote water a mile. Reckon he thought it war smart ter git even." Then, after a pause, he said: "Kin' yo' tell any way ter pester a 'ha'ant'?"

I could not, and he said:
"Mus' be some way. 'Tain't right that a feller kin drown hisself in my spring an' me not hev no chance ter pester 'is 'ha'nt.'—Washington Star.



This Dog Did Not Enjoy the Sight of a Horse Making a Leap.

Canine intelligence is a something that has oftentimes been the subject upon which fiction



has been founded. The queer antics of the dog, and its seemingly keen perception at divers occasions, is a thing that has brought many a philosopher to conclude that this species of the dumb brute is well nigh human.

At one of the evening entertainments of the Carver a combination of a common poodle dog, if it did not show a true understanding of the situation, certainly verified the sympathetic qualifications that have so often been attributed to its kind, says the Memphis Tribune. During the entire performance he seemed as interested as any of the spectators. It closely watched the athletes mount the tower and make their high dives, followed them in their airy flight before striking the water, and seemed to smile all over when they arose unharmed to the surface of the water. But what seemed to attract its sensibilities most was the act of the diving horses. As soon as it saw that one of the horses was being led around the incline at the back of the tower, by which they ascend to their place, it became restless, and commenced to whine pitifully. It seemed to strike it that this was not as it should be; it grasped the unnaturalness of the feature, and expressed sympathy the best it could. It panted, and the whine grew stronger the nearer the horse came to the platform. When the horse stopped and waited a moment, the dog actually seemed to lose its breath. And as the horse fearlessly made the plunge the

dog actually shuddered and seemed to be on the point of collapsing. The horse, of course, arose safely and swam to shore. Upon seeing that the horse had escaped uninjured the joy of the dog knew no bounds. It barked and wagged its tail and was as happy as could be, and but for its master would have run to where the horse was, presumably to extend congratulations upon a remarkable escape.

These Parrots Are Extraordinary Because They Can Sing Duets.

An Italian by the name of Rassoni, who lives in Savannah, Ga., has two parrots who sing in duet all the popular songs of the day.

Rassoni raised the birds, and began early to teach them to speak in Italian and English. No thought was ever given to their musical education until they began later to develop some ability to sing. Then Rassoni, being a musician of local note, began to teach them short and simple songs. They were apt and learned rapidly. In addition, they caught the popular airs that were sung and whistled by street gamins, who never passed the house without stopping and singing to the parrots.



It was not long before the two birds could carry an air with perfect ease, in time and with distinctness. Finally both began to sing together, and now they sing in duet with the finesse of artists. The birds are male and female—Henry and Polly. Henry has a voice between a mezzo-soprano and alto, while Polly's is a well modulated soprano of pretty high range. Both are stronger than one would imagine and possess volume and sweetness. With all their accomplishments, however, Henry and Polly are like all parrots—they will never sing or talk when you are most anxious to hear them—you must await their pleasure and convenience. But for this perversion of their nature Rassoni would have already made a fortune with them.

The writer sat in the lobby of the Putaski House in Savannah and heard the parrots sing the famous piece, "Say, A Revivir, but Not Good Bye." Others heard. All endeavored to locate the music. Finally one asked the hotel clerk who were the singers. He replied they were parrots and pointed toward the closed glass door of Uhle's cigar store adjoining the lobby. All gathered about the door in wonderment, but the birds stopped singing. We left the door and they resumed the same piece and sang it through beautifully and in perfect time and accord. Polly took the high notes with remarkable ease. Then they sang "Maggie Murphy's Home," "Fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket," "Swane's River" and popular ditties of the day. No one was in the store at the time, and Henry and Polly gave a concert that was as remarkable as it was unique and enjoyable.

Between the songs they would talk in Italian or English.

The parrots sometimes hold a conversation with Rassoni, but never with strangers.

CHAPTER I.

MY name is Estabrooke—Tobias Estabrooke—and the boys call me “Toby” for short. I went to sea when I was a youngster, but when I married, twenty-five years ago, I settled down as a retail grocer in a country town.

I often tell my wife that it is all foolishness for folks to put themselves to the trouble of inventing stories, when there are stranger things in real life than imagination can conceive or pen describe.

I was never more convinced of the truth of this sentiment than after hearing a romance of real life from the lips of Captain Hardluck, of the schooner *Truro*, last summer.

It has been one of my fancies for many years to take a trip down the coast of Maine on a sailing-vessel some time, and last July, tired out with my winter's work, I determined to do it.

I packed my bag, kissed my wife and baby, took the early train for Boston and made my way to the ship-chandler's store of my old friend and former shipmate, Tompkins. Arriving there, I was told that Tompkins had not yet made his appearance. Therefore, I lit a cigar, sat down on a coil of manilla rigging and gave myself up to the fullest enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Presently in came Tompkins, and with him the veriest old sea-dog I have seen for many a day.

“Well, Toby, is that you? Why, bless your soul, man, where did you drop down from?” said Tompkins.

It did me good to hear those cheery tones once more, and reminded me of the old days on the *N. B. Palmer* during that voyage to Hong Kong and back, which was the beginning of my sea-experiences.

“Cap'en Hardluck,” he said, turning to the old sea-dog, “let me introduce you to my old friend and shipmate, Mr. Estabrooke. He's an old shell-back like you an' me, cap'en,” he added, with a hearty laugh, giving my back a thump that quite knocked the wind out of me for a moment.

The captain grasped my hand and gave me such a squeeze as caused me to wince

with pain. At the same time, though he did not smile, his hard old face lit up in a manner very peculiar and pleasing. It was to be compared only to the sunlight breaking out of a fog-bank and resting on a rough, weather-beaten headland. The captain's scraggy, iron-gray locks heightened the illusion by appearing as a superincumbent growth of gnarled and twisted cypress-trees.

His eyes were a pale and watery blue and filled with the wideness of the sea. They never looked straight at you, but beyond, far, far off to some distant horizon. His tall form was bent and bore indelible marks of hard tugging at sheets and hal-yards. In fact, his whole appearance was so suggestive of the ocean that if I had sighted him in Kansas City I should have begun involuntarily to sniff the salt air.

“Cap'en's goin' down to th' Kennebec to load the ice for Baltimore,” said Tompkins, after a moment's pause.

“Is that so? Why, it is just the chance I am looking for!” said I eagerly.

Tompkins laughed uproariously.

“Wall, Mr. Estabrooke,” began the captain, with a slow, drawing tone, “ef you're mind ter fare as I do, kum 'long, an' welcome! But I must tell yer at th' start we don't hev ice-cream an' roast turkey more'n twice a week 'board the *Truro*—haw—haw—haw!” and the captain laughed long and loud at his witticism. Tompkins and I joined in. It was settled that I was to go. The passage money was to be a dollar a day, and as the captain added:

“Ef you want piany playin' you must do it yourself.”

The *Truro* was a well-built three-masted schooner of about three hundred and fifty tons. She had just discharged her cargo of coal at the New England R. R. docks, and when I stepped on board the crew were washing down decks, and making her ready for sea.

I went down into the cabin and put my bag into the stateroom assigned me by the captain, and when I returned on deck we were moving rapidly down the harbor in tow of a steam-tug.

The wind was light, and from the north-

une specimens of rare and beautiful ~~flowers~~ ~~plants~~ ~~in~~ ~~condition~~ ~~but~~ ~~also~~ ~~to~~ ~~extend~~ ~~their~~ ~~number~~ ~~so~~ ~~as~~ ~~to~~ ~~introduce~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~varieties~~ ~~which~~ ~~will~~ ~~thrive~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~climate~~.

DWARD STOWE.

west. All hands were engaged in hoisting sail, and I was soon pulling and hauling with the rest. Just abreast the beacon off Dear Island the tug cast off our line, and with a fair and freshening breeze the *Truro* was rapidly moving out into the bay.

"'Spose you're pretty well 'quainted in these parts, Mr. Estabrooke?" said the captain, filling his pipe from a well-worn tobacco-pouch.

"No, I never sailed out of Boston harbor before, but I have been wishing to make this trip for a long time," I replied.

"So! So!" says the captain, lighting his pipe. "Wall, off here to wind'ard's Nahant, and them islands yer see down there to lu'ard's called th' Brewsters. That reef over yonder where you see th' surf breaking is called th' Graves. I 'most fetched up on that reef one dark winter night nigh on twenty year ago. There wa'n't no whistlin' buoy in them days. I waz in a little schooner named th' *Lizzie* comin' with a load of brick frum Castine. The wind was light frum th' north'rd when we sighted th' Londoner off Thacher's Island. I hauled her up 'bout east by no'theast. When we wuz 'bout off Eastern P'int th' wind backed round to th' no'theast, and blowed like th' divel. It was thick and squally, and begun to look nasty, I tell yer! I wuz particular anxious to git into Bostin, so I kep' her off; reefed her down right snug; took th' bonnet off th' jib, an' by that time it wuz snowin' hard 'n blowin' nuff to take th' sticks out of her!

"Wall, when I wuz over on th' tother shore, I kep' th' lead agoin'; an' 'bout two or three 'clock in th' mornin' I begun to git three an' four fathom of water, 'an concluded I must be somewhere off Harding's ledge, so I wore her 'round and put her on th' tother tack.

"I thought that I should pass well to wind'ard of th' Graves, but I must hev made a mistake, somewhere. Just before day-break I took th' helm myself, fur th' poor feller who had been a-standin' there wuz gittin' kind of frost-bitten. Jim Townsend, who wuz with me as mate that trip, wuz on th' lookout for'ard. All of a sud-

den I heerd him a-singin' out at the top of his voice: 'Hard-up with your helm! Hard up, put her hard-up, cap'en.' You better believe I made them spokes fly! At the same time I felt her a-thumpin' and a-grindin'. I tell yer what it is, Mr. Estabrooke, that's jest th' meanest sound a sailor man ken hear. In a minute she struck somethin' solid, and I felt it go a-raspin' and a-bumpin' alongside. It wuz th' old bell-buoy, all coated with ice and froze up solid. We had jest cleared th' Northeast Graves. In all my forty-five years at sea I never had a closer call than that."

"Well, that was a narrow escape," I exclaimed.

"You see that beacon to wind'ard?" continued the captain.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"That's Half-way Rock, and Eastern P'int's way down yonder; yer can't see it yit."

"Where is that other rock you spoke of?" I asked.

"Th' Londoner, yer mean?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that's off Thacher's Island; we sha'n't be there fur some time yit, unless this wind freshens. Mr. Rodgers," he said, calling to his great hulking, down-east mate, "Mr. Rodgers, git them rollin'-tackles on th' booms, an' see if yer can't keep some wind in them sails."

"Did you ever lose a vessel, captain?" I asked, after a long pause.

"Lord, yes! Be'n cast away four times; but that's nothin' to hevin' your vessel took by pesky pirates."

"Taken by pirates! Why, where did that happen—in th' China seas?" I asked innocently.

"China seas be d—d!" said the captain, with offended dignity. "It wuz in New York harbor."

"In New York harbor?" said I, with amazement. "Taken by pirates in New York harbor! I never heard of such a thing."

"True, nevertheless," insisted the captain.

"Do tell me about it!"

"It wuz durin' th' War, in th' summer of

instead of good; the percolation
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eked is such as to prevent rapid
the upper sand strata acting as a
indicated by the experiment of
ay. The report is that no differ-
d and unmulched plats. Hence,

5 reach! Well, we took in a cargo of lime fur New York, an' we made steamer time—jest one week frum Rockland.

"It blew a stiff no'ther when we kum out, an' we kep' it all th' way to Highland light."

"You mean Cape Cod?" I asked.

"Yes, Highland Light on the cape. I 'member I hed a Bangor chap 'long with me as mate that trip—Bill Nye. Wall, Bill, he wuz tickled to death, an' he'd kum aft, rubbin' his hands an' sayin':

"'Beats th' divel, cap, don't it? Beats th' divel, don't it?'"

"Poor Bill! Th' divel beat him at last.

"Wall, we got inter New York, an' 'fore we's discharged, a feller kum 'round to git me to carry a cargo of guvernment stores 'round ter Washington. I wuz not one mite ag'in' it, fur I knew it wuz good pay.

"They loaded us up with flour, oats and one stuff an' another; an' jest as we wuz waitin' fur the tug-boat I see three young fellers kumin' down th' dock, dressed up 'mazin' smart. One on 'em steps up ter me, as I wuz stan'in' there, an' sez:

"'Cap'en Hardluck, I believe?'"

"That's what they call me ther hum,' sez I. 'You've kinder got th' 'vantage of me. I don't recollect to hev seen any of you gentlemen before.'

"Then he sez:

"'We're clerks off on a vacation, an' we wish to take a sea-trip. We have taken a fancy to your schooner, and would like to sail with you if you have no objections.'

"I told 'em jest what I told you—that I didn't make a practice of carryin' passengers, but if they wished to sleep as I slept and eat as I eat, they might kum aboard and welcome.

"They wuz mighty lively an' kep' th' laugh agoin' frum th' time they stepped aboard.

"It wuz late that evenin' when we towed out inter th' stream an' got under way. Th' wind wuz light frum th' sou'east, an' by th' time we got abreast th' Dry Romer it had pretty much died out. We managed to git over under th' Hook an' kum to an anchor. Bill said he'd stand th' fust anchor-watch, so th' rest on us turned in. We wuz three for'ard—two foremast hands an' a cook, all niggers—an' me an' Bill aft.

"I set in th' cabin fur a spell, readin' th' paper, an' th' passengers wuz playin' poker an' drinkin' punch.

"'Bout ten o'clock I turned in, an' one on 'em kum to my room, knocked on th' door, an' say: 'Hev a drink, cap'en?' I drinked what he give me, thanked him, rolled over an' went ter sleep.

"I can't say how long I slep'; but I must hev be'n drugged, fur when I waked, the schooner wuz under way with a fresh nor'wester a-blowin'. I suspected something wrong, an' sprung up, an' found th' door locked. I dressed myself an' set down to see what would turn up next. I could see the water from my room winder an' by th' color I knew we wuz well out ter sea.

"'Bout an hour, some one opened th' door, an' sez:

"'Good mornin', cap'en, hope yer rested well?'"

"It wuz th' feller that introduced himself as Sanderson.

"'Well, what th' divel you fellers up to now, a-lockin' my door?' sez I, kinder cross.

"'Nothin' but what is in our line of business,' sez he. 'I am Lieutenant Pickens of the Confederate Navy, the two gentlemen with me are midshipmen under my command, and your vessel is a prize, and you're a prisoner.'

"'Well,' sez I, 'I suspected something of th' sort; but where is Mr. Nye?'"

"'I am sorry to tell yer, cap'en,' sez he, 'that Mr. Nye was accidentally killed in the scuffle last night when we took possession of th' vessel. We tried to get him to drink and he refused, and seemed to suspect something wrong. We had smuggled in drugged liquor among th' niggers for'ard, so that we had only him to deal with, but he fought like a tiger, an' I believe he would have laid us all out if one of my men had not cracked him over th' head with a handspike. I am very sorry. We did not mean to kill him; but it is only the fortune of war.'

"Then I asked him where he meant to take me. He said that he should try th'

Austrian pine	1,300	25			
Red pine	300	15			
Douglas spruce	375	5	17.7	53	100.0
Arbor-vitae	200	53	48.9	110	100.0
	225	110			
	5,118	2,568	49.2	2,759	3,601

Tree-planting experiments.

"The fourth day of August, 1864, I found myself a prisoner of war in th' old Roper Hospital in th' Charlestown jail-yard.

"Th' young feller meant to treat me kindly, I s'pose. It wuz by his influence I wuz put among th' commissioned officers. He give me twenty-five dollars in Confederate money; 'nough to buy a plug of tobacco, a pipe an' a few matches.

"We had a terrible time, packed in that prison like sardines! Th' guards wuz as saucy as a house full of pigs, threat'ning to shoot us if we did not toe th' mark every minute. There was a great crowdin' fur th' shady side of th' yard, an' some poor devils wuz always out in th' sun a-bakin' an' a-frizzlin'. In spite of it all, there wuz some fun among us. There wuz a German colonel who wuz smart as a steel-trap, an' he give us a course of scientific lectures. Some fellers from th' blockade-runners set up a kind of broker's office in th' prison, and bought gold drafts on Northern parties and paid for 'em in Confederate money.

"I drew a draft for thirty dollars in gold on one of the parties that wuz interested in th' schooner with me, an' sold it fur 'bout one hundred an' twenty-five dollars in Confederate money. I paid out th' whole hundred an' twenty-five dollars fur a pair of shoes that I could buy in New York city fur a dollar an' a half any day. Those Confeds' who sold supplies to prisoners could charge 'most any price they chose.

"One day there wuz a rumor that they meant to take a lot of us down to Fort Sumter an' put us under fire, 'cause one of our generals had done it to some of their men. It was not done however, an' in October we wuz all moved to Columbia an' camped in th' open field without any building or stockade. There wuz a dead-line set, an' ef a feller got onter it, pop would go a sentinel's musket. Some poor devil wuz shot at 'most every day. We dug holes in th' ground, an' stole th' grain-bags that our rations of meal wuz brought in, to make tents. This made th' Johnnies mad, an' they kum around a-tearin' an' rippin' 'bout their bags. 'Hez you uns got any of we uns' bags? Some of th' bags wuz marked, an' them they carried off; but my tent wuz made of new bags that had never be'n marked.

"I got tired of th' hull business, an made up my mind to give 'em th' slip at th' earliest opportunity.

"They had dogs that had be'n used to hunt niggers, an' as soon as ever a feller escaped they would set th' dogs on him."

"What sort of dogs did they use for this purpose?" I asked. "Were they Cuban blood-hounds?"

"Cuban blood-hounds be d-d!" said the captain, contemptuously. "When niggers wuz worth from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars apiece, do you suppose that they would want to hev 'em all chawed up by blood-hounds? That's one of them foolish yarns that folks is always tellin'. They had a kind of little fox-hound with a mighty keen scent, but not savage. All they would do when they come on a nigger wuz to bark like the mischief. You could keep off a whole pack of 'em with a little stick as big as your thumb.

"We wuz camped out on th' bank of th' Congaree, jest where another stream flows inter it—th' Saluta, Saluda—some sech name. I laid my plan to slip past th' sentinel-line some night, an' take to the river an' float down on a log er a bit of a plank, an' so put th' dogs off th' scent. I knew that the mouth of th' Savannah River, where th' Union fleet lay, wuz 'bout one hundred an' thirty miles due south. I meant to travel at night an' guide myself in a southerly direction by th' stars. I wuz sure I could trust th' niggers, specially the old ones, for they were all ready to help one of Massa Lincumb's soldiers. I, of course, would pass for er Union soldier.

"There were camp-fires usually kept burning at night along th' sentinel lines, to prevent any attempt at escape. I waited fur a rainy night when th' camp-fires were out, an' crep' to th' sentinel-line on all fours. I waited my chance when th' sentinel turned his back to walk in th' opposite direction, then I riz straight up an' bolted. My toe caught in a pesky root, an' down I kum with a noise like a fallin' log. I heered the sentinel cock his musket an' fire, an' th'

The expectations from the jack pine seem to be sustained, this species being reported in the lead with a growth of 12 to 14 inches during the summer. It must also be remembered that these plants were dug from the forest, while the others are nursery grown.

HOW WILL BECAME A DRUNKARD.

Will was the brightest boy in school—the smartest child his father had; and there were six others. Every body liked Will, and his mother loved him almost to distraction. He was as good as he was bright, ever ready to help a friend, ran errands for all the neighbors; was easily at the head of his class at school whenever he tried to be, and he generally did. The minister thought he was cut out for a great man, hoped he would be a preacher, but was sure if he was not that some public work and honors awaited him.

Will joined the Young Men's Christian Association when he was sixteen, and they made him secretary. He got along very well until he went to college. There he joined a secret society. One evening he was out with five or six of his fellow students. One of them proposed a bottle of champagne. Will had never tasted a drop of wine or liquor in his life, and he would not take any; but they persuaded him, telling him it was only like so much soda-water, and he took a glass and liked it. The next time he was out with them one said, "Will, it is your treat now." He had the money, so he ordered a bottle of champagne, and liked it better than he did before. He did n't write an account of it to his father and mother. About a week later something was taken again. In a month or a little more one of them proposed a glass of whisky. Will hesitated at that, but one of them told him he was "afraid of his head," and said, "Any one with as good a head as he had need n't be afraid to drink any thing." Will felt flattered, and said he could "drink as much as any of them." They took it, and all became more or less drunk.

Will soon ceased going to the Young Men's Christian Association meetings and to church. In three months after he entered college he was before the faculty for dissipation. This checked him, but he had already come to like the taste and

effects of liquor, and went on from one thing to another until he became what he now is—a drunkard; a disgrace to his family; a wretched being whom no one loves, and who is never mentioned in the circle in which he used to move, except when some old friend recalls his case and speaks of it as we do now.

There was laughter, and the boys thought they were having a good time when they called for that first bottle of champagne. There was more laughter the next time; but there is none now, except the wild, maniacal laugh of the drunkard.

No one ever yet became a drunkard who did not take the first glass. No one ever took the first glass who did not take the first taste. No one who begins can be sure how he will end. The smarter and brighter the boy, the better-hearted and more flattered, the more likely he is to be ruined. Will is a real case, but every boy that reads this, every girl that reads it, needs only to look around in the town where he or she lives to see many just such cases. I can recall six of the most promising boys I know who have either died of drunkenness or are living the mere wrecks and ruins of their former selves.—*Christian Advocate.*

A Dog on the Witness Stand Proves His Rightful Owner.

One of the main witnesses in a case in Chicago recently, which was to determine the ownership of a valuable Great Dane, was the dog itself, who, apparently knew several different languages—at least he answered one of the parties to the suit when called in half a dozen foreign tongues, but when the other side called him in plain English he paid no attention whatever, seeming to be more interested in the doings of a fly travelling up and down a window pane.

There were two parties to the suit, named Radell and Hines, and each of them some time ago lost a dog resembling the one in question, and when Mr. Hines found this one in Mr. Radell's possession there was trouble. When the case came to trial Mr. Radell claimed the dog because he had lost one just like him, and because the animal had come to his apartment and manifested the utmost familiarity with the surroundings. He called the dog in English several times, but no attention was paid to him by the animal. Then Mr. Hines whispered a word in Spanish and the dog bounded to him. Again was the call repeated, this time in German, and again the dog manifested joy. For the third time the animal was called, this time in French, and he answered it by almost knocking Mr. Hines over in his rush to him.

Mr. Radell once more attempted to win the dog's attention by calling him in English, but the only answer he received was a stare. This closed the case, and Mr. Hines was told to go home with the dog.—*Chicago Tribune.*



Vinegar and Goose.

Dr. Lenigar, a titular Archbishop, a man of great wit, happened in a mixed company to be



introduced to a Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn of mind, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some of the company. They sat near each other at table, where the Doctor engaged general attention by his sprightly manner.

Mr. Swan, to silence him, said:

"Doctor, I forget your name."

"Lenigar, sir," returned the Archbishop. "I ask your pardon," replied Swan; "I have usually the misfortune scarcely ever to recollect names. You'll not be offended, therefore, if in the course of conversation I call you Dr. Vinegar."

"Oh, not at all, sir," returned the Doctor. "I have the very same defect; and it is probable, though I now name you Swan, I may by and by call you Goose."—London Answers.

"DO IT."

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, in New York City, had a hard struggle. As a boy, his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year in his life, and during that year he could go only every other day. But when he was eight years old he was earning his living by pulling hair from the skins of the rabbits his father shot, to make hat pulp.

He had not "half a chance." It seemed almost literally that he had no chance at all. He went to New York when he was seventeen years old. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage maker for five years for his board and two dollars a month.

He had neither time nor money for what the world called pleasures, but he had the pleasure of hope.

While he was working for fifty cents a week he said to himself, "If I ever get rich I will build a place where the boys and girls of New York may have an education free" and so he did.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say: "Do n't talk of what you want to do—do it."—Sel.

Torn From the Star of His Heart, a Monkey Commits Suicide.

A monkey in the big zoo at Glen Island committed suicide Sunday. Dogs have been known to seek death under car wheels, but this is the first instance on record in which a monkey has taken his own life. He deliberately hanged himself, and when discovered was too far gone to be resuscitated. Behind the sad self-murder is a tale of unrequited love.

There are more than sixty monkeys in the Glen Island zoo. Some are rare and have interesting pedigrees, and come from far off countries. This monkey, whose name is Franko, the principal figure in yesterday's tragedy, was only a mangy-looking, ring-tailed Brazilian monkey, without pedigree and without value in the monkey market. He was born in a William street animal shop, and was sent to Glen Island with half a hundred others of his kind. A test demonstrated that he was possessed of mental powers far in advance of his companions. He could cut more pranks in a shorter space of time than any other monkey in his cage, and his quickness usually secured for him the choicest morsels thrown into the cage by visitors. With the children he was a prime favorite and was not in the least vicious.

In the same cage with Franko was a female to whom he paid great attention. He would grasp from his fellow monkeys the biggest nuts and tender them to her, and in various ways showed that he was desperately in love. He kept up an incessant chatter, and would swing from the bars by his tail and wink at her. Last week Walter Bannister, the keeper, put Franko in another cage, and it was soon seen that the change was not satisfactory to him. No more would he swing by his tail and wink. He hopped in a corner. Finally Bannister gave orders that he should be restored to his old cage. This was to have been done to-day, but Franko did not know it.

In the morning when the attendants made their rounds shortly after daybreak, Franko was found hanging by the neck from a rope, which had been passed through one of the upper bars of his cage. His heart was still beating and his little body was still warm. He was at once cut down and restoratives applied, but without success, for just as the surgeon was fired from the military headquarters at Willets Point his spirit fled to the monkey paradise. An hour later his hide was hanging in the laboratory in the Museum of Natural History.

It appears that the grass in the rear of the monkey cages had grown quite long, and was customary to allow the sacred cow to browse there in the early mornings before the first boat arrived. A rope with a noose knot was attached to the animal's foot to prevent its getting too far from the cage. The cow was tied to Franko's cage Saturday, and when it was released the rope was left attached to the bars of the cage. The monkey must have drawn it in and passed the noose over one of the upper bars. Then it was only necessary to place his head in the noose, draw it tight, swing off and choke to death.

GOOD STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

An Interesting Exhibition of Amphibians in Central Park Museum.

Seven minutes is a long time for an air-breathing animal to hold his head under water, but



that is what Caliph did yesterday. Caliph—recently a happy father—is the larger of the hippopotami now in the Central Park museum.

To determine how long these river horses may remain under water, they timed them for nearly an hour and gained some interesting information.

There were four of the animals timed, ranging in size from the smallest to baby Iris. The ticking seconds showed two minutes to be the average that they held their heads under water, and frequently the breathing nostrils would appear in the air at shorter intervals. Again, three or four minutes would elapse while one of the crocodile heads was under water. Even little Iris was once out of sight for three minutes and forty seconds. When she reappeared, it seemed as though a broad grin of satisfaction was on her face. Fatima frequently held her breath for three minutes, and once Mrs. Murphy enjoyed a submergence of exactly four minutes.

But Caliph took the first prize for a long submergence. For nearly an hour his time varied from thirty seconds to nearly four minutes. Then, with a long breath and a switch of his diminutive tail, he sank, leaving only about ten square feet of his rounding back in sight, which looked like a portion of a huge, partially submerged granite boulder. One, two, three, four minutes passed. His record for that day was broken. Five, six minutes went, and not even his ears appeared. Then seven minutes and one second, and he came up for a fresh supply of oxygen. He had done his best.—New York Press.

light an' it seemed real beautiful. She looked so good an' kind-like.

"She wuz th' humliest woman ever I see, yet her face looked beautiful when she smiled on me.

"I hed four five-dollar gold-pieces sewed up in th' waistband of my trousers. I cut one out with my knife an' give it to 'er.

"She wa'n't agoin' to take it at first, but I 'sisted on 't, an' she took it.

"We had a bag filled with corn-bread, bacon an' two broiled chickens. Dave hed his gun an' a tent made frum old bags but big 'nough to keep th' rain off.

"I found out that he wuz a runaway nigger, an' that his master wuz in th' Confederate army. His mistress was in Columbia. He had be'n a-livin' in er hut in a big swamp near Orangeburg 'bout thirty or forty miles south of where we wuz.

"He roamed over th' whole country pretty much, an' hed a pass from his mistress to go an' kum as he pleased.

"He hed an old canoe hid in th' bushes by th' bank of th' river, an' we got in an' floated down stream. We travelled fur two weeks in that fashion. In th' daytime we crawled up inter th' bushes an' slept. Dave wuz mighty keeful 'bout firin' his gun, on 'count of th' noise; but he caught a 'coon an' snared a rabbit frum time to time, an' then we would raid a sweet-potato patch whenever we got a chance, an' so we lived pretty well.

"Finally, we left th' Congaree one night, an' paddled up a shallow creek that ran to th' west'ard, as near as I could judge from th' stars. We paddled up th' creek fur a week or so, an' then we hid th' canoe in th' bushes an' took to th' land. We travelled in a sou'westerly direction, movin' very slow, as th' country wuz badly overflowed an' it wuz no easy matter to git along sometimes.

"Sometimes we lay hid fur days at a time near negro huts, but we wuz well cared fur an' fed. I wuz a great curiosity as one of Mars'r Lincomb's soldiers, an' they would creep up to hev a look at me.

"Near as I could reckon, we hed b'en a-livin' after this fashion 'bout two months. Dave said that we wuz pretty near his old campin'-ground, but that th' water wuz so high that he wuz 'feared that it must be overflowed. I asked him, one day, ef he knew where we wuz, an' he said 'bout fifteen miles north of Orangeburg.

"I found out afterward that we wuz much farther to ther south and west than

(figuring 100 cubic feet solid to the cord), and produced during the last decade. This firewood is inferior material, brush and small fagots, but is of the best class of trees.

he thought.

"Wall, one night we wuz creepin' along kind o' slow an' cautious-like. Suddenly we see th' gleam of firelight on th' trunks of the trees in front of us. There seemed to be er row of fires 'long th' swamp fur some distance. We crep' 'long an' 'long still more keeful to see what it was we 'd struck. Jest at that moment I stepped on th' branch of a fallen tree to cross a little stream of water, an' th' branch broke an' down I kum, with a big splash, inter th' water.

"Who goes there? I heered some one sing out, an' at th' same time he cocked his musket an' I heered th' clickin'.

"It's a darned mean sound, that cockin' of a musket. I thought my day was kum, sure. An' Dave he wuz crouchin' in th' bushes, a shiverin' an' a shakin' like a whipped dog.

"Come on here an' give an account of yourself, sez th' feller behind th' musket, or, by ginger, I'll drill a hole in yer!

"I surrender! Don't fire! sez I.

"Who be yer, anyway? sez he.

"We're out a-huntin', sez I.

"Oh, that's it, is it? sez he. 'Well, you don't need to hunt no further; we've got all you need right here!'

"It wuz a darned sight truer than he thought. We had stumbled right inter th' Union lines, an' this was one of th' pickets of Gen. G. A. Smith's division of Blair's command, advancing on Orangeburg. I learned of th' capture of Savannah on reachin' th' guard-tent where I wuz took to give an account of myself.

"Dave wuz jest wild when he learned that th' man with a musket wuz one of Lincoln's soldiers, an' tried to kiss him. Th' old chap did not kum to his senses till th' feller cuffed his ears an' told him to behave himself or he would send him back to his old master.

"To cut my yarn short, I managed to git to Savannah and found a transport bound for New York and got passage 'board of her an' kum hum hevin' hed 'bout all th' pirates, war, prison an' swamp-business I wanted."

It was after ten o'clock when the captain finished his story.

"That's Eastern P'int!" he said, pointing to a revolving light on the shore.

I went below and turned in, to dream of pirates, Confederate prisons and dark nights in South Carolina swamps.

THE END.

12
wood

WHAT IT MEANS,

The continuance of the "pres-ent gold standard" means

Ruin,
Rags,
Riots,
Debts,
Crime,
Strikes,
Tramps,
Poverty,
Mortgages,
Hard times,
More panics,
Sheriff sales,
Less churches,
Eight cent oats,
Closed factories,
Fewer preachers,
Business failures,
Fifteen cent corn,
More soup-houses,
Homeless families,
A debauched ballot,
Less improvements,
Uneducated children,
Suffering and misery,
Crowded alms houses,
Two dollar a ton hay,
A dearth of marriages,
Two cent a pound hog,
Illness and stagnation,
Ten dollar a head mules,
Three cents a bushel coal,
Five cents a pound butter,
Five cents a bushel apples,
Ten cents a bushel potatoes,
Pauper prices for vegetables,
Two dollar and a half horses,
Hungry women and children,
Twenty-five cent a day labor,
A contraction of the currency,
Falling prices for all products,
A dear dollar and a cheap

man,
Half clothed women and children,

The downfall of our free institutions,

Coxey armies marching through the land,

A new batch of gold bonds every 90 days

Taxes, interest and public salaries not reduced

That you won't have a gold coin once a year,

A big fat time for the coupon clipping bondholders,

That the rich are to be made richer and the poor poorer,

That the farmers are to become tenants at the will of eastern landlords,

That a few coppers will be all the pocket change you will have,

That the greenbacks are to be burned up and bonds issued on their ashes,

A government of the millionaires by the millionaires and for the millionaires,

That railroads, express companies, corporations and trusts will continue to rob the people,

Federal troops overawing the people and shooting down the laborers who protest against slavery,

That the money lenders are to live in palaces and the money borrowers and to exist in squalid hovels,

That only the children of the rich are to have opportunities—the children of the masses are to go through this world hopeless,

That the millions are to toil and spin day in and day out that a few millionaires may live in palaces, and spend their lives in lavished luxury.—

White County Citizen.

A Love Letter.

When you are dust, and I am dust,
And time has passed away,
What profit that in sudden pride
You kissed me not to-day?
When you are dust, and I am dust,
Our spirits in the wind
Will wander weary through the world
For love they cannot find.

Or if, perchance, in whirl of snow,
Upon some lonely hill,
Our frustrated spirits meet and know,
And shudder and are still;
What power to soothe our ceaseless pain,
What hands or lips or eyes,
Before, forever torn in twain,
Our hope forever dies?

So when I come to you to-night,
I pray that at the door
I find you standing warm and bright,
As you have stood before;
I pray you let me kiss again
Your hands and lips and eyes;
For us, the life of love, and then
The death that never dies!

—Herbert Miller Hopkins in *The Bookman*.

**Swift-Winged Swallows Do Battle
With Pert Little Sparrows.**

A month ago English sparrows swarmed about the City Hall and zealously guarded the building and grounds against all other birds, says a dispatch from Waco, Tex., to the Galveston News. Not a feather was to be seen except the busy, bustling imported sparrows, who were masters and monarchs of the field. There is not now a single one of the host left. All are rooks, and every nest they built in the eaves and the tower projections has disappeared. The cause of the disappearance of the sparrows was a sudden invasion of the habitat by the swallows, the latter bird appearing in force and opening war on the English sparrow. The sparrows held their own for a few days.



Aerial battles were fought, sometimes in regular order, generally in combats of two or more, in a bunch. The City Hall sparrows did not appear to be able to enlist colonies in their war, while the swallows constantly brought up fresh detachments from the suspension bridge towers and other points, and, in the end, with re-enforcements, they put their motley foes to ignominious flight, tore up their nests and appropriated the material for use of the mortar with which they constructed their cone-shaped dwellings in the nooks where the nests of their foes had been destroyed.

Having cleared out the sparrows from the City Hall, the swallows are reconnoitering with a view to further conquests. The janitor of the Federal building has noticed them circling around that roof, eyeing the sparrows, which show nervousness as soon as the swallows approach their nests. An advance guard of swallows appeared at the Central School building and the sparrows there seem to be uneasy.

**Hooked a Sea Lion and Shark While
Angling for Fish.**

A sea lion story comes from San Diego, Cal., that is substantiated by the skin of the lion, now at the home of the captor. An angler on the Government jetty at the harbor mouth baited his hook with a smelt.

The hook was swallowed by a small leopard shark. A large sea lion happened by and was attracted by the furious antics of the captive shark as the angler endeavored to break the line. The lion paddled up and swallowed the shark and hook. The barb of the stout hook became firmly implanted in the vitals of the lion. Then there was fun for the angler. The line was tied to the jetty. Several men aided the angler in playing the lion. For more than an hour there was a furious fight. The lion resorted to all the cunning known to his kind to get away. It was useless. His strength was exhausted. The beast was drawn to the shore and slain.



Lemon Pudding.

Put six ounces of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, juice and rind of a lemon, one-quarter pound of butter into a saucepan and stir them gently over the fire a few minutes. Let the mixture cool, and stir in the yolks of four eggs, with the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture into a buttered pie dish, and bake for an hour in a moderate oven.

Lemon Pie.

Line a pie tin with rich pastry and bake. The juice and grated rind of one large lemon, one cup of cold water, two table-spoons of cornstarch, one cup sugar, butter the size of an egg, yolks of two eggs, stir all together to boil, stirring until done. When cool fill in the crust and frost with the whites of two eggs and four table-spoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven.

Chocolate Almonds.

Blanch and brown as many almonds as you wish. Have sweetened melted chocolate prepared, and in this stir the almonds. When they are thoroughly coated take out with a fork and drop on buttered white paper to harden. Melt the chocolate over hot water, sweeten by adding some chocolate cream fondant.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That too much money is sometimes as distressing as not enough.

That Sunday dinner parties are happily confined to a few.

That "fashionable Christianity" is the kind that does no good.

That there is a great deal of non-sense written about "old families."

That fashionable people ought never begin to call the kettle black.

That this year's Christmas will be a dismal one for many city families.

That mercantile failures incident to the close of the year are now in order.

That benevolent entertainments were never so numerous as this season.

That more people than ever write for magazines who have nothing to say.

That nobody ever hears of some brides after their very gorgeous weddings.

That many elegantly dressed women show they are not fitted for their clothes.

That a cold winter at the North will be a good one for the Southern resorts.

That the authorship craze is extending among the women of fashionable society.

That a little less athletics and some more study would be best at some colleges.

The Presidents.

Come, young folks all, and learn my rhyme,
Writ like the ones of olden time.
For linked together, name to name,
The whole a surer place will claim:
And firmly in your mind shall stand
The names of those who've ruled our land—
George Washington,
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison, and James Monroe,
John Quincy Adams—and below
Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn;
Martin Van Buren next we learn,
Then William Henry Harrison,
Whom soon John Tyler followed on,
And after Tyler, James K. Polk;
Then Zachary Taylor ruled the folk,
Till death. Then Millard Fillmore came;
And Franklin Pierce we next must name.
And James Buchanan then appears,
Then Abraham Lincoln through those years
Of war. And when life was lost
'T was Andrew Johnson filled his post.
Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes,
James A. Garfield, each had place,
And Chester Arthur—and my rhyme
Ends now in Grover Cleveland's time.

—Wide Awake.

A Song Game.

TUNE—Yankee Doodle.

[boys with hatchets march in a circle in time to music
appropriate motions.]

1.

One time there was a little boy
Who had a little hatchet,
He ran all round with roguish joy
To find a tree to catch it.

Georgie! Georgie! no, no, no,
Naughty little sinner,
He ought to go to bed, and go
Without a bit of dinner.

2.

At last he found a cherry tree
Within his mama's garden,
He laughed and laughed with wicked glee,
See how his heart did harden!

3.

He chopped and chopped the cherry tree
With that bright little hatchet,
He never thought that some time he
Would surely have to catch it.

9.

"Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results."
James T. Fields.

10.

"O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew;
Such was he whom we deplore,
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World's-victor—victor will be seen no more."
Alfred Tennyson.

11.

"Hail! hail! happy day! Hail! sweet morning day!
Burning in brightness, from ocean to ocean.
So down the course of time,
Far may thy glory shine,
Fair hand of freedom, forever endure."
Benedict.

12.

"Weak was the Old World,
Wearily war-fenced;
Out of its ashes,
Strong as the morning,
Springeth the New."

HUNGARIAN DROME (B
well-known "rescue gras
manent character and its
It starts into growth with

A bad thing for small trades
men to be out of—Temper,

The Little Feet.

Across the lonely chamber floor,
And down the passage, through the
hall,

The little feet resound no more!

There cometh through the open door
No merry voice, no laughing call
Across the lonely chamber floor;

But where the sunlight flashes o'er
Gray tapestry and pictured wall
The little feet resound no more!

Perchance upon a distant shore
They wander now—no more to fall
Across the lonely chamber floor.

Why comes the summer to restore
Bright hollyhocks and lilies tall?
The little feet resound no more!

Alas for hope's deceptive lore!
Her words are desolation all;
Across the lonely chamber floor
The little feet resound no more!

—Christian at Work.

cattle are kept in the South,
bled the Southern farmer
ODE TO WASHINGTON

BY JENNIE D. MOORE.

Illustrious patriot, we
Would gladly yield to thee
All homage due.
Thy name shall ever stand
First in this mighty land,
Loyal, as Freedom's band,
Our hearts are true.

Thy glorious name is known
In every land and zone
The wide world o'er.
Round it we would entwine
Laurel and eglantine,
Effulgent it shall shine,
For evermore.

We hail thy natal day,
To thee our tribute pay,
Brave Washington.
Wreathed in eternal fame
Thy proud and honored name

Lowell. the more promising of

A NAUGHTY LITTLE PAINTER.

How old was little Dora Collins? (Five years old.)
What am I sorry to say that Dora was not always? (A
good little girl.) One Thursday what was she? (Very,
very naughty.)

Who was painting the walls in her mamma's kitchen?
(Mr. Brown.) Where was Dora's mamma? (Gone out to
see a neighbor.) What did Dora do for a long time?

Corinth, Miss.—I am going to write about a peculiar little bird. She builds her nest out of moss and spider-webs and a little straw. It is found usually in the fork of a limb. The bird is called a gnat-catcher. The nest is about the size of a half dollar inside, and the bird is about the size of an English sparrow. They lay three eggs and then set. The eggs are very pretty. Your friend,

WILLIE TOM YOUNG.

Who can tell us something more about this bird which Willie describes? What is its true name? We ask other boys and girls to send letters about birds and animals.

The King's Horses.

A good story is told of a purse-proud old nobleman who was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country the people do not have quite as much respect for the titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the continent.

One day the nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern; and, as he stopped his carriage, he called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord, horses at once!"

"I am very much pained to inform

you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately."

Then, observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones which were being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They are ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man," called out the nobleman, "will you let me have these horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man, "I intend to use them myself."

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am," reared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.—*London World.*

Deprived of Her Young a Little Mother Bird Feeds a Child.

Elijah is the last person whom history records as having been fed by birds, but near Morton, Pa., there is a little girl who is regularly fed by a robin. The bird has built its nest in a tree back of the humble cottage of John Leonard for several years past.

Members of the family are certain that the same robin has come successive seasons, and they have grown warmly attached to it, feeding it bits of cake and bread and supplying a little saucer of water for it to drink from. Nothing ever happened to the nest until this year, when a windstorm blew it from the tree and killed the young robins. The mother bird was seemingly unconsoled until one day it brought a crumb of cake and lit on the hand of 3-year-old Lula. The child ate the cake and the little girl. The robin has brought food to get it easily, and as yet nothing has been brought in that could be deleterious to the child.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



Fanned by a Snake That Had Many Accomplishments.

"About five years ago," said C. T. Muckman, a well-known resident of Visalia, "while I was spending a summer in the mountains northeast of Visalia, I captured a large bullsnake.

"Being alone in the mountains and having lots of spare time on my hands, I was able to teach slippery Dick tricks. I taught him to come at call, to coil up, to dance, and many other tricks. He would coil up on the table, his head in the center of the coil, elevated about six inches in the air. I would place the handle of a small fan in his mouth and then Dick would gently wave the fan to and fro, and thus keep the flies and insects away from my face when I slept.

"He was as good as a cat to keep the house free from mice. I often saw him bring in 10 or 12 in a day. His fondness for mice was his ruin. It happened this way: One day I missed Dick, and though I hunted and called all day, I could not find any trace of my pet. One day, about a week after his disappearance, having occasion to explore the loft of the cabin in which I was residing, I came across the remains of my old friend. Apparently he had been more than ordinarily mouse hungry, and in his haste to satiate his appetite had swallowed a live mouse, and the mouse had done the rest. Poor Dick! I can imagine his surprise at the strange commotion in his inside, but it was a case of reward for gluttony. No doubt he repented when it was too late."—*San Francisco Call.*



TEMPERANCE.

A Drunkard's Appeal.

The liquor business of necessity blunts the finer sensibilities of the man who engages in it. His heart becomes adamant. His conscience is hardened. His soul becomes imbruted. But occasionally the sting of remorse arouses him to a proper view of the awful situation in which he has placed himself.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord; "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those two young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck—body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, it is the last drop I will sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

—Selected.

How a Dog With a Wooden Leg Manages to Get Along.

A living dog, even with a wooden leg, is infinitely better than a blind lion. That is what Mr. Garrett of Pulaski County, Kentucky, thought when his watch dog Boze limped into the house one day with his left foreleg barely hanging by the skin. Boze had a foolish antipathy to railroad trains, and the inference was that he had scraped up an argument with an express which had gone through about half an hour before.



Mr. Garrett, who is something of a surgeon—like most good Kentuckians—decided that he might better keep three-quarters of Boze than to lose him altogether. So he completed the work of amputation, bound up the stump of the leg and gave the dog first-class care. Boze himself seemed to think life was worth living and in three or four weeks he was up and about. But his gait was wobbly and Garrett set to work and made a wooden leg to straighten him up. He whittled and scraped and polished it and fastened it to Boze with a clever arrangement of straps. At first trial the dog didn't take kindly to the addition that had been built for him, but he couldn't shake it off and finally concluded to make the best of it. Within a week he was walking about with all the four-cornered dignity imaginable. When he wants to jump a fence or chase an invading cat out of the door yard he folds the wooden leg up under him. And a railroad train is something he has no longer any possible use for.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Common Story.

The pastor went to call at a house. He rang the front door bell. It was not answered. He tried the lock on the front door, but the door did not open. Presently a child came from the back entrance. "We cannot open the front door to-day," she said. "Mamma would like you to come around to the back door." He obeyed. He found "mamma" over a washtub, washing with her right hand, holding her baby in her left hand. The hand that she was using in washing had one finger done up. "What is the matter with your finger, Mrs. Sorrowful?" At first she hesitated to answer, but by degrees the pastor learned that her husband in his drunken rage had bitten the finger savagely. "Where is your husband to-day?" also the pastor asked. The little child answered, "He is lying on the floor in the front hall up against the door. Papa is sick to-day." Oh, what a curse is this curse!—*Christian Instructor*.

Four Years to Get Wood.

Robert Winn, an old and eccentric character, died at his home on Hargis Creek, this county, yesterday, says a correspondent to the Louisville Evening Post. "Uncle Bob," as he was familiarly called, lived to bury two wives, and not wishing to slight either, on his dying bed he asked that his remains be buried by the side of his faithful old dog that had but a few days ago preceded him. The request was granted. The death of "Uncle Bob" recalls an incident in his life that is decidedly out of the ordinary. During the opening scenes of the late Civil War "Uncle Bob" was anxious to join the Confederate army. His wife was opposed to his doing so, and used every argument and effort within her power to prevent it. One cold winter morning, after "Uncle Bob" had abandoned the idea, as Mrs. Winn supposed, of joining the army, she asked "Uncle Bob" to go to the wood yard and gather some wood with which to rekindle the fire. "Uncle Bob" started, but instead of "gathering wood" he walked to Mississippi and joined the army, and for four long years fought for the cause of the Confederacy. At the close of the war he returned to the home he had suddenly deserted. Entering by way of the wood yard, he gathered up an armful of wood, and entering the room, he found his faithful wife, who had continued to remain at the old home. Walking up to the fireplace, he carelessly threw down his armful of wood, and looking into the face of his now dumfounded wife, coolly remarked, "Here's your wood," after which he proceeded to make himself at home, as of yore.

Pogram Advises Son Sammy.

Ye've b'en a-moppin', Sammy,

Fur wal nigh o' a week;

An' har behind the poultry house

I wait fur ye ter speak.

Wal! I'll be d'erned! now, Sammy;

Ye say ye air in love?

What? w' th'et pesky city gal?

So, she's yer tertile dove?

Now, lissen ter me, Sammy,

An' lissen ter me straight;

Them tucker gowns an' furbelows

I don't recount az great.

Now, I wuz like ye, Sammy;

'T wuz many years ago—

One o' them purty city gals

She got my heart in tow.

She put her purty halter

Around yer daddy's neck,

An' kept me gailvantin', too,

At every call an' beck.

An' when the summer ended

I plucked up courage bold—

But when I asked hur fur hur hand—

She turned the shoulder cold.

An' then she went an' left me;

This one the same'll be—

Wi'out a tremble in her heart,

Or second thought fur ye.

She's jist a-foolin', Sammy;

The thing's plain az day;

She won't remember ye a week

When she has gone away.

H. S. KELLER.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—

Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;

A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly

From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch

Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;

You do not prize this blessing overmuch—

You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is a blessedness! A year ago

I did not see it as I do to-day—

We are so dull and thankless, and too slow

To catch the sunshine till it slips away.

And now it seems surpassing strange to me

That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly

The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,

You miss the elbow from your tired knee—

This restless curling head from off your breast—

This hissing tongue that chatters constantly—

If from your own tae dimpled hands had slipped,

And ne'er would nestle on your palm again,

If the white feet into their grave had tripped

I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret

At little children clinging to their gown;

Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,

Are ever black enough to make them frown,

If I could find a little muddy boot,

Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—

If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,

And hear it patter in my house once more,

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,

To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,

There is no woman in God's world could say

She was more blissfully content than I.

But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own

Is never rumpled by a shining head;

My singing birdling from its nest is flown—

The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

An Old Tabby Cat Adopts and Cares

for an Ugly Duckling.

In the rear room of a saloon just on the southern border of Woodlawn is a handsome and

matronly young "tiger" cat, whose family consists of a downy young duckling of the white

Alcibury breed and a skinny black kitten upon which has been bestowed the appropriate name

of "Topsy."

Among all the freaks which have been credited to the maternal instinct in the feline family the eccentricity of the Woodlawn tabby is unquestionably entitled to first place, and the Chicago

Post. But to her credit, it may be truthfully said that, like the conscientious foster mother

that she is, she throws the burden of her partiality in favor of the "ugly duckling," and never

loses an opportunity to stroke its downy breast with her pink tongue.

Happily the affection of the foster mother is fully returned by the buff biped, and when the

little kitten is in a nursing mood and when the maternal breast for nature's nourishment

"Duckie" invariably seeks the same retreat, cuddles close against the striped coat of tabby and

flies which assail its adopted kindred. There it

represents the Evening Post the old cat's 3 forearms were folded close about the duckling's 5

breast and her tongue was busily smooching the 6 downy neck of the young bird.

John McFadyen and his wife are the proprietors of the place at 6703 Madison avenue, and 2

take an unbounded interest and pride in the cat 3 and her strange family.

"Just a month ago," said Mrs. McFadyen, 13

"seven duck eggs were hatched by one of my 16

75 hens. Another hen came off the nest with a 53

32 brood of chicks at the same time and the result 70

55 was a fierce fight, in which six of the clumsy 10

71 little ducklings were trampled to death. That 55

69 I was so annoyed by the misfortune that had 78

56 come upon the old hen's family that I took the 80

57 solitary remaining duck away from her and 80

brought it into the house to see if I could raise 80

it by hand.

"As soon as I had placed it on the floor I was 80

80 recalled away and forgot all about it for the time 80

80 being. When I returned to the room, however, 80

80 I ever, I was astonished at the sight which met my 80

80 eyes. There was the old mother cat playing 80

80 with the duckling, exactly as if it were her 80

80 kitten—and the little duck was to all appearances, 80

80 enjoying that kind of treatment as thoroughly 80

80 as if, resulting under the wing of its natural 80

80 mother. At first it seemed to me the oddest 80

80 sight I ever saw."

SOME SONGS OF THIS CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska.

I.
Ah! my friends, there's no denyin'.
Democrats have named a lion,
And his name is Mr. Bryan.
Mr. Bryan of Nebraska!

II.
Keep the silver banner flyin';
Ah! the "gold bug" now is sighin',
For he sees his cause is dyin'—
Here's his death knell from Nebraska!

III.
Then three cheers for Mr. Bryan!
Keep the Silver Banner flyin'!
All McKinley's host defyin'!
Hail! the victor from Nebraska.
Prof. D. P. Stoner, Los Angeles, Cal.

Campaign Song.

(Tune: Baby Mine.)
To the city by the lakeside,
When a great cause called for action,
Illinois, Illinois.
Came the freemen stout and strong,
Fighting to redress the wrong,
Heaped upon the nation's throng.
Illinois, Illinois.
Heaped upon the nation's throng.
Illinois.

Then a voice spoke as of old,
Illinois, Illinois.
"Give us silver with our gold."
Illinois, Illinois.
Then our platform did declare,
Giving silver equal share,
In its travels everywhere,
Illinois, Illinois.
In its travels everywhere,
Illinois.

So the land will be reclaimed,
Illinois, Illinois.
From the power of money kings,
Illinois, Illinois.
In this land from sea to sea,
Slavery shall no longer be,
For this people must be free.
Illinois.

When the autumn leaves are falling,
Illinois, Illinois.
And you hear young country calling,
Illinois, Illinois.
Vote for Bryan at that call,
Silver, income tax and all,
And you'll see the gold bugs fall,
Illinois, Illinois.
And you'll see the gold bugs fall,
Illinois.
—S. T. Robinson, Hartford, Ill.

Billy Boy.

Oh, where have you been,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh! where have you been,
Charming Billy?
I have been to seek my fame
And I got there, just the same,
I'm a young thing,
And a power in my party.

Are you fond of gold bugs,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are you fond of gold bugs,
Charming Billy?
No! I like the silver best,
For it will stand the test;
I'm a young thing,
And work for my party.

Presiden't you'd like to be,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Presiden't you'd like to be,
Charming Billy?
Yes, I'd like to have that place,
Else I wouldn't make the race.
I'm a young thing
And stick to my party.

Did you come from the West,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did you come from the West,
Charming Billy?
Yes, but votes have so increased
That I'm going to the East,
I'm a young thing
And bank on my party.

"Willie of the West."

We have found from day to day,
Our Willie of the West,
"Common people" have no say,
Our Willie of the West,
"Mac" will have a large-sized fit,
And in Canton he will sit,
For we'll elect him—nit,
Our Willie of the West.

"Mac and Hobart" don't sound right,
Our Willie of the West,
And we'll vote them out of sight,
Our Willie of the West,
Free silver is the cure,
Single gold we can't endure,
Bryan will effect the cure—
Our Willie of the West.

—J. B. Pither, St. Louis.

Silver Is Queen.

Bryan and Sewall are on the track,
They can't beat Ohio Mac—
Nebraska's son has a silver tongue
While McKinley's lips they are dumb.

Ta-ra-ra-boom-the-day,
Ta-ra-boom-the-day,
Silver is our queen we say,
We'll crown her on election day.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-six
We won't stand Mark Hanna's tricks.
He may seal McKinley's lips
But can't buy us with golden tips.

Chorus.

Silver is our choice we say,
We'll vote it straight election day.

"Billie the Kid" has lots of grit
And his wife has made a great hit—
They're not afraid of all the gold bugs
That can be swarmed by Hanna's slugs.

Chorus.

They're in the race to stay
And will prove it election day.

The Republican party has gone to smash
Because Mark Hanna wields the lash—
He drives his workmen into line
With the yellow dust so fine.

Chorus.

Silver is our pure X ray
To show them up on election day.

We are fighting for silver free,
So good-by old G. O. P.
Our Western man is honest and true,
And Bryan is a Populist favorite, too.

Chorus.

See the Pops are making hay
For Bryan to reap election day.

I feel so sorry for "Bill the still,"
He had to swallow that St. Louis pill;
Yes! Boss Hanna said he must—
And gave him a slice of some big trust.

Chorus.

Poor little man! he's sick they say,
And will die on election day.

McKinley and Hobart, fare-you-well,
We'll ring for you a silver knell;
Poor Mark Hanna will need a pall
For he'll never hear the country's call.

Chorus.

Bryan and Sewall and silver white,
They are sure to win the fight.
Carthage, Mo. —Agle Garsed Brown.

Good Time A-Coming.

Oh, there's good old times acoming
Don't you hear their voices humming
In the air?

Just live 'till next November,
And our trials we won't remember,
And the scare

That McKinley's party gave us
Ere our Willie came to save us
Won't be there.

Oh, there's silver in his voice,
And the people all rejoice
In its ring,

For we've pinned our faith to Bryan,
And he'll prove our trust sublime
In the spring,

When syndicates galore
Make for the British shore,
On the wing.

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

Marion Simons and Lucy Leonard had been to hear a discourse on "Friendship." There were wide-awake, progressive girls of sixteen or thereabouts, and were sufficiently advanced in their studies to have translated Cicero's *Amicitia*, and, better still, to have appreciated thoroughly the noble sentiments of this charming essay. When they found that a distinguished lecturer were to speak on the subject in which they was so much interested, they determined to take notes and to make a careful comparison of his matter with Cicero's thought on the same subject. This they did successfully, and, while the eloquent old Roman still held his ground in the matter of poetic imagery and subtle insight, the modern orator came closer to their individual needs, their faults, and their virtues.

One point which the lecturer elaborated and which touched them deeply was the necessity of absolute truthfulness in friendship. Truth was the indispensable bottom plank without which the superstructure, however fine and elaborate, could not have a permanent existence.

"Truthfulness," the speaker said, "often necessitates criticism, and there are very few persons noble enough to accept pleasantly an unflattering opinion."

"I think that is a slander," Marion remarked to her companion, in an indignant whisper.

"So do I," Lucy replied, with quite as much spirit; but as they talk over the matter afterward the latter retracted a little. "I am afraid it is more than half true," she said. "Last evening mamma criticised the arrangement of my hair, and I found I was both angry and hurt. Surely, Marion, if one can not accept an unflattering opinion from such a source, there is small hope for friendship."

"Lucy Leonard, I am ashamed of you," Marion responded. "The idea of going over to the enemy in that fashion! I do n't see how it is possible for one to be hurt by the honest expression of a friend's thought. That may be true of men. Perhaps Damon never dared to say any thing

of Pythias that wasn't complimentary. Say, Lucy," the impulsive girl went on, "let us make a compact. We will agree from this henceforth to speak nothing but the absolute truth to each other. There shall be no glossing over of criticism, but we will speak frankly whenever it is necessary, and be as unsparing in our words as in our thoughts."

"O Marion, we take a great deal of comfort as we are," Lucy responded. "I have all I can do to criticise myself. I am willing to take for granted that, as you love the truth, and that if I am ever in doubt and ask your opinion you will give me your honest convictions even if they do hurt my feelings."

"But, Lucy, do n't you see that we should be above being hurt by the truth?" Marion asked.

"Yes, but your truth may not seem like truth to me, and my criticism may seem unjust to you."

"O Lucy, do let's try and refute this accusation, and prove—to ourselves, at least—that we are neither babies nor ninnies."

"Very well," said Lucy; "it is a bargain. But from the bottom of my heart I wish the experiment was over."

"It'll be real fun," Marion replied, with a hearty laugh. "I feel exhilarated already."

Now these girls had more pursuits and tastes in common than most friends. They cared for the same authors and the same studies, and were usually attracted to the same people.

As Lucy canvassed the situation on her way home and tried to revive her former mental criticisms of her friend she found that there was but one subject that she needed to fear. She had always been able

to evade it, but now according to promise, if her friend called attention to it she could dodge no longer. It was so disagreeable even to think about that Lucy felt her face flushing and her eyes filling with tears. Congenial in every thing else, these girls had no common ground in music. Lucy was a talented musician and a natural critic; Marion aspired to music as she did to every thing else that wa

beautiful, and had been instructed ever since she could read, but her time was faulty, and her ear was poor. Many times in the past, when Marion had finished a study or a sonata, she had turned to her friend and asked if it was not beautiful. Lucy had invariably responded in the affirmative, speaking always for the author and never for the "executioner," as a witty paraphraser once put it. But she could do this no longer and keep her promise. There was but one thing to do, she told herself, and that was to insist on being excused from the compact.

But even as Lucy thought the enemy was upon her. She was on her way to school when Marion overtook her.

"O Lucy," said she, "I am so glad I met you. My music teacher is going to have an exhibition, and I have just bought a lovely duet, only it's awfully hard, and I want you to play the *secondo*. Will you?"

Lucy hesitated a moment, and then she replied, in a voice that trembled in spite of herself, "I had rather not, Marion."

"But you'll have time to learn it, will you not?"

"I suppose I could find time."

"Well, then of course you will. You have played with Maud Evans lots of times. Will you come and look it over with me this afternoon?"

"Thank you, Marion, but I think I had better not attempt it."

"You must have some reason," Marion replied, thoughtfully. "Perhaps you don't like Prof. Berkeley?"

"O yes, I do, very much."

"And you can find time to practice, and yet you won't play with me? I don't believe you have ever refused to play with Maud Evans. Did you ever?"

"Not that I remember."

"Then there must be some personal reason. I hope it is unnecessary for me to remind you of your promise?"

"I had made up my mind to ask you to excuse me, Marion, because I foresaw just such a time as this," Lucy answered, with burning cheeks; "but, since the issue has come before I had time to do so, I will give you the truth in the shape of an unflinching opinion. But remember, Marion,

you said you could bear it. I am not willing to play the duet with you because, in my judgment, you do not keep good time. Dear Marion," as her companion turned suddenly away, "I think you are just splendid in every thing else, but I never thought you could play; and now you have got it."

Lucy stopped a moment to wipe her streaming eyes, and when she turned again Marion was rushing down the street as fast as her feet could carry her. And so the truth, instead of cementing friendship, had broken it all to pieces.

Three days passed, and Marion's silence was unbroken. Lucy was more miserable than she had ever been in her life, and Marion looked pathetically pale and ill. On the fourth day Lucy, who felt that she could bear her misery no longer, was on the point of writing to Marion, when she received the following note:

"DEAR LUCY: I have proved myself a coward, but try and forgive me. It seemed so easy, but O how hard it has been! And I feel in my heart that you have suffered as much as I have. As soon as I could find courage enough I went to my teacher and demanded his opinion. He did not like to give it, but when he did, it coincided with yours. So, you see, your truth has got to be my truth. Thank you! In future you shall make music enough for both; and I have fought it out, dear Lucy, so I know I shall never be envious. I asked Prof. Berkeley to give me his opinion of your ability as a musician. He said that your *tempo* is most accurate, your touch most sympathetic, and that your musical future is better assured than that of any other young lady he knows of. No wonder you did not want to limp along with me! Come and see me after school. Your true but weak friend,

"MARION SIMONS.

"P. S.—Our compact remains intact."
—Eleanor Kirk, in *Congregationalist*.

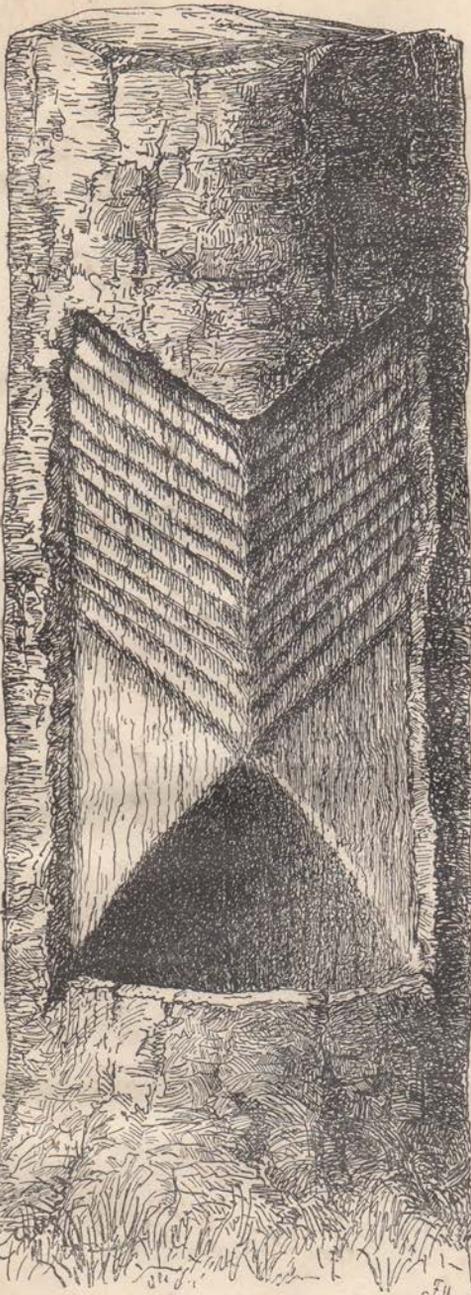
Then farmers go to planting,
The while your wives are chanting
Of his praise,
And we'll feast on milk and honey,
And we'll have good silver money
All our days,
Until our plan of riling
With no humbuggery or fooling,
Will be praised.

Oh, we'll make a fresh beginning,
And forget the wrong and sinning
Of the past.

*Bell Reynolds the blind girl
made this*

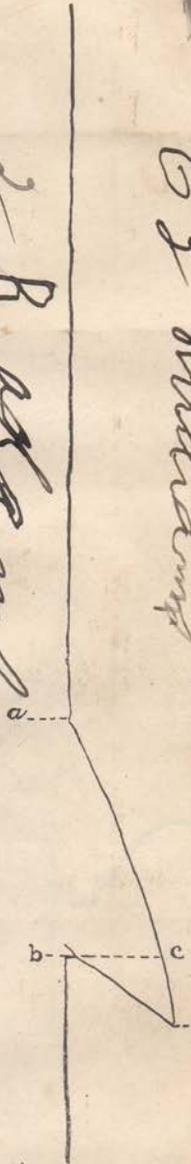
shortly afterward, caused by the new demand for spirits of turpentine in the manufacture of India-rubber goods, and turpentine orcharding was rapidly extended to the south and west of its original limit. As early as 1832 rectified spirits of turpentine was used for an illuminator, and for that purpose came into general use in 1842, either alone in the rectified state or mixed with a certain quantity of strong alcohol, under the names of camphene and burning fluid, furnishing the cheapest light until replaced by the products of petroleum. The large consumption of spirits of turpentine in this way caused such an increase in its production that the residuary product, rosin, was largely in excess of the demand, leading to a great depreciation of this article. The consequent reduction of the profits of the business caused the transfer of the still

First lumbering 1828



J. R. Adams

*January 25th 1900
O J Williams*



*John ...
c. E. Miller*

AMERICAN PRACTICE OF BOXING AND CHIPPING.



LION

26



28 Kingfishers



SEA OTTER

17



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP



Bullfinches

20



WALRUS

4



BADGER

5

MARRIED:

In LaCrosse township, September 1st, 1895, at the residence of the bride's father, George Turner, by Eld. G. W. Spurlock, MR. JAMES FOSTER and MISS MAY TURNER.

MARRIED:



VERMILLION—GRAY.—Eld. Henry F. Vermillion and Miss Kate Gray at the residence of the bride's father, Robert Gray, were, on Thursday evening, May the 28th, 1896, united in the bonds of Holy matrimony, Eld. J. L. Brown officiating.

Eld. Vermillion, though a young man, has won a place in the front rank of the ministry, not only in this county, but in this part of the state. He has about him a mental and moral force that always wins for him warm and true friends wherever known.

The bride is a member of one of the best families in the county. She possesses beauty, industry, culture, Religion—four charming graces that adorn a noble womanhood and makes her a suitable companion to walk beside her noble husband in his chosen life work. They have the good wishes of a host of friends—that their life may be one long and pleasant journey, ending at the great white throne where the light of life and bloom of heaven rest eternal. B.

MARRIED:



In Melbourne, August 13th, 1896, at 9 o'clock, a.m. at the residence of Wm. M. Stroud, by Rev. H. F. Vermillion, Mr. G. W. JENKINS of Lunenburg, to Miss LUCY S. CLAIBORNE, of Claiborne township. After the contracting parties were pronounced "man and wife," they left for the groom's home. This was a romantic affair—"love on first sight," when the contracting parties did then and there agree to become "one." The groom is 55 and the fair bride 22 years. The REGISTER join friends in hoping their "honey moon" may never go down, that their pathway may always be pleasant, and that they may live long, happy and prosperous—never regretting the hasty step they have taken.

MARRIED:



In Lunenburg township, Dec 22, 1895, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Jerome Cypert, MR. WILBURN WILLIAMS to Miss ELIZABETH SHEFFIELD. After the ceremony, the happy couple and about 100 guests partook of a sumptuous and beautiful dinner, prepared by the bride's parents. After which, the remainder of the day was spent in social conversation, boat-riding, etc. All enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, and hope the bright, sun-shine days of the happy couple will be many and prosperous. FRIEND.

In Newburg township, Wednesday night, December 25th, 1895, at the residence of the bride's father, Willis Smith, by Miller Hays, Esq., MR. HENRY FRANKS to Miss ROSA SMITH.

After a ten days visit to his parents, Richard Walker left yesterday for Tennessee. He is a son of George Walker of LaCrosse.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1896

John F. Landers and family, of Lunenburg township, pulled out for Texas last Monday, where they will make their future home.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10, 1896

Mr. J. F. Walker, of Lunenburg township, left last Tuesday for Eulogy, Texas, where he and his family will make their future home. He had been a resident of old Izard 47 years, and was a good citizen and neighbor. Texas should feel proud of such a valuable accession.

Our "Willie of the West."

A star has just arisen
 In Nebraska's azure sky,
 Let us watch it, O, my people,
 Lest it fade away and die.
 See, it sparkles, sparkles brighter,
 As the evening shades appear,
 Growing bolder every moment,
 Showing naught of sign of fear.

CHORUS.

Awake, my friends, and rally with the rest;
 Awake, for it is the time of danger;
 Awake, my friends, and rally with the rest,
 For the star that has arisen is our "Willie of the West."

"You shall not cruelly mankind
 Upon a cross of gold."
 Have ever words more beautiful
 From other's tongue been rolled?
 In all the galaxy of names
 Of those who did their best,
 Not one was there who could outshine
 "Our Willie of the West."

Some say that he is far too young
 To guide the ship of state;
 Some say his speech alone it was
 Changed his opponent's fate,
 It matters not, my people,
 What others may attest,
 We've got our man, we call him now
 Our "Willie of the West."

He is as solid sily r man
 As was ever in the field;
 "Free coinage" is his motto bold—
 With that our fate is sealed.
 Then shall we not support him
 And make the nation blest
 By electing him who bears the name,
 Our "Willie of the West?"

November next will tell the tale
 Of someone's cruel fall;
 Of one who tried to reach the goal,
 And failed in spite of all.
 But have no fear, my people,
 There's one who'll ride the crest,
 And it will be our own bright star,
 Our "Willie of the West."

MISS WILLIE MAUD CHARTRAND.
 St. Louis.

Order in the Kitchen.

Shelves, nails and cupboards in the kitchen enable one to keep everything neat. It is impossible to have a tidy kitchen if you have insufficient room to store the china, and lack of shelves for the pots and pans, and no nails from which to suspend brushes, and brooms. Where there is disorder there is always waste of time, an educated hindrance to true economy. Young housewives who seek to ek out the husband's income to best advantage should remember that it is no true saving to grudge kitchen requisites, and the construction of a place for everything so that everything may be in its place.

cutting trees and for removing the course for

A Prayer.

Forgive us each his daily sins

If few or many, great or small

And those that sin against us, Lord

Good Lord, forgive them all.

Judge us not as we others judge;

Condemn us not as we condemn

They who are merciful to us,

Be merciful to them.

And when the cruel storms shall

And let thy heaven of peace ap

Make not our right the right or m

But make the right shine clear.

Discharged Dr. Jamison.

It was at Kimberly, in the heart of the diamond producing region, that my host made his home for many years. He knew Dr. Jamison and Cecil Rhodes and Barney



He invariably read while being driven on his rounds.

Barnato in the nadir as well as zenith of their fame.

"Jamison was a good physician, but a gruff fellow when I knew him first," he said, "and I remember dispensing with his services because of that gruffness. My wife fell ill one morning and I sent my brother-in-law post haste for Jamison. The doctor was going into the house for tiffin and he answered impatiently: "Why can't people take some other than meal time for getting sick?" and turned on his heel. I sent my brother-in-law for another physician and told him to stop on his way home and tell Jamison we would dispense with his services in the future. Jamison had a peculiarity that did not serve to endear him to anyone. He hated children. If anyone spoke of the death or serious illness of a child he was likely to be answered testily that there were plenty more. He did not possess any qualities that would make him a star in

the social firmament. He invariably read while being driven on his rounds by a Kadiri boy. There were plenty of Kimberliytes who declared that this was done to avoid the unbecoming task of raising his hat to acquaintances. He belonged to the Kimberly Club and was a Mason."

Fall Fashion Guide.

A fashion plate of Republic dress patterns has just been issued, illustrating over 70 different patterns for late summer and fall.

A copy of this pattern guide of latest styles will be mailed to any address upon receipt of a one-cent stamp to prepay mailing. Address Pattern Department, Republic, 636 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

um the queerest sort of boy the world has ever seen—

fact, I don't suppose before my like has ever been.

because, from early dawning to the setting of the sun, I always want to do the things that really can't be done.

For instance, when the summer comes, I sit down by the gate

And almost tear my hair with rage because I cannot skate.

And through the heated August nights I often lie in bed

And moan and groan because I can't go coasting on my sled.

Then when the frigid winter's here, and things begin to freeze,

I feel as though I'd like to climb up in the apple trees

And pluck the blossoms from the twigs; but blossoms none are there

When winter winds are blowing and the apple boughs are bare.

At breakfast time I sit me down, and often deeply sigh

Because there's toast and buckwheat cakes instead of pumpkin pie;

Yet, when at dinner time we've pie, my tears come down like lakes

Because by that time I've a taste for toast and buckwheat cakes.

And I would say to other boys who think it's fun to be

Contrarywise, that they would best take warning now from me;

Because I find the habit leaves me always dull and sad,

And makes of me a very drear, ill-natured sort of lad.

is said to yield more and purer resin, than any other account

"Running Over His Accounts."



TREES WHICH...

A Brave Little Battle Dog That Saved His Master's Life.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, in her story of "The Guard," a body of young men who followed "The Pathfinder" into the Civil War and made a brilliant record



for their courage and gallantry, tells a pathetic little story of a dumb beast who also was loyal and courageous.

While the guard—a body of cavalry—was drilling one day near St. Louis, a little fox-terrier followed one of the men, Herr Wisa, a Hungarian officer, going with him to camp. He

could not be driven away. The men all made a pet of him and named him the "Corporal"; but, though he was affable to them all, he made the Hungarian soldier his companion and friend, sleeping at his feet at night and following him by day.

When the guard made their memorable charge at Springfield, Mo., the "Corporal" charged with them, keeping beside his master's horse throughout the battle. Herr Wisa was wounded and fell, apparently dead in a thicket. The corps swept past, his horse fled, wild with terror, but the little "Corporal" nestled close beside him, licking his face and trying to rouse him.

There the dog remained through the bitter cold night. When morning came he ran to the distant road, and by his frantic barks and cries induced a passerby to enter the thicket.

The man, seeing only a cold, stiff body, supposed the soldier to be dead and would have hurried on, but the "Corporal" furiously drove him back and would not be silenced until he saw his master move and speak, when he crouched, dumb and contented, at his feet.

and conducts the liquid resin into a glazed

It Comes! It Comes!

The day of days is near at hand—
The day we celebrate;
The day when men recall again
The grandeur of our State.

All hail the glorious days of days,
That brings again to mind
The thought of what the patriots wrought
For waiting humankind.

Hurrah for the great, the glorious Fourth,
Fair Freedom's natal day!
The day when men are brothers again,
And caste is pushed away!

The day of days is near at hand,
Its signs are everywhere!
And the bad boy scoots as his cracker shoots
Off underneath your chair!

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,
If our door is wide open he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin:
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin:
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door.

—Exchange.

About 200 miles from Sidney, New South Wales, is a place called Wingen, and in one of the mountains there is a coal mine which has been burning for over 100 years. It was on fire long before white men ever reached the spot, according to the stories of the natives, and when it was discovered, about 100 years ago, they said it had been burning time out of mind.

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

MRS. EFFIE J. MONTS.

"Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And rest in peace at Home."

Once, when I was racked with pain and burning with fever, it seemed that the long, long night would never end. Though partially delirious, I remember thinking that if one certain thing could be done for me the pain would cease and I could sleep, but what it was I did not know. Puzzling over the matter until after midnight, so tired I could only whisper a little prayer for rest, I began to doze. At once I heard my father's clear voice as plainly as ever in childhood, singing the above hymn, and thought myself a little child in his arms as he sang and rocked me to sleep. Instantly the pain left me and I went to sleep like a satisfied child, believing this to be the one remedy for which I longed. Only a feverish dream, of course, but very sweet to the motherless girl, so far away from the loving father, who always sung one or more of his little ones to sleep at night. His singing is one of the sweetest memories of my childhood. So we sing to and with our children, hoping when the day comes that our voices are forever stilled they will remember the songs we loved, and sing them to their own little ones. Sisters, we may not feel able to buy some musical instrument, but we can all sing, or try to. Only good can come of music in the home.

I hope dear Stella has recovered, and that we shall soon have another beautiful letter from her.

I like E. P. Roe and Dickens, and any other author that writes good, reasonable stories. I think Miss Mamie Dickens has written some very poor stuff for a time, but became tiresome. Lowell's Literary Passions interested me for a time, but became tiresome. One of the best books I ever read for young girls is, "Breakers Broken."

Matron's letters are excellent, and her cure for the "aching void" a perfect one.

Sisters, how many of you know of the Hephzibah Home for Fallen Girls, in St. Louis? Dont you think Mrs. Otto is doing a grand work? Can't you help her?

Daingerfield, Texas.

HIS WAY.

Who is it ever slow in ire?

Your Uncle Sam,

Who takes long aim before he'll fire?

Your Uncle Sam,

Who is it, when no other means

Present themselves, his foemen cleans
From Cuba to the Philippines?

Your Uncle Sam.

And then when war's red sun has set

O'er Uncle Sam,

Who is the readiest to forget?

Why, Uncle Sam,

Who! having millions and to spare,
For friend and foe removes all care
And pays the damage, then and there?

Your Uncle Sam.

—Washington Star.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

Thomas Lewis' Recollections of Lincoln in Leslie's Weekly.

While still a young man Mr. Lincoln became known as "Honest Abe," and it was no nickname. I have often been associated with him in State and Federal courts. He was noted for taking small fees. When Douglas was in the United States Senate Mr. Lincoln had a note of \$500 sent him for collection on Douglas. He sent it to a correspondent in Washington. The money was paid and draft returned to Mr. Lincoln, who remitted, retaining \$2.50 for his fee. When asked how he came to retain so small a fee, Mr. Lincoln replied: "I had no trouble with it. I sent it to my friend in Washington, and was only out the postage."

It is not known to everyone at this date that while Stephen A. Douglas was in the Senate he introduced a bill praying Congress to make a donation of public lands to the State of Illinois for the purpose of having a railroad run from the south to the north of the State. The bill passed, donating to the State the alternate sections of land, six miles in width, on either side of the road. It passed on the last day of the session. I was in the Senate lobby when it passed. The next morning I called on Mr. Douglas at his house and congratulated him on the passage of the bill. Mr. Douglas replied: "I was offered \$50,000 by officials of the Cairo Company to have the donation made to that company, and I could have had it made to whom I pleased." I

J. ON

Wider.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The boy is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tons of saintly lore;
Pray if you must in your full heart,
But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice,
But the generous souls who aid
Mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a christian—speak in deeds,
A noble life is best of creeds,
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives 'em a lift when they
are down.

—Ex.

FRANK H. MORGAN.

How st'll the room is, sweetheart;
The moonbeams shine so bright—
Brightly, as though they'd turn apart
The sable robes of night.
I know that I am dying,
I feel the chilly breath,
And on my restless heart is weighing
The heavy hand of death.

The room is full of shadows—
Pale spectres of the past;
They come from out the by-gone years
To haunt me at the last.
I have loved you fondly, truly,
Better than tongue can tell;
But you knew not how madly
I kept my secret well.

I know I've wandered sadly,
Far from the path of right,
And now I'm going gladly
Beyond the realms of night.
I've sadly missed a woman's love
To guide me o'er life's sea;
That precious gift from God above
Was never given to me.

Had I but met thee years ago,
When youth was in its prime,
I had not had alone to go
Beyond the shores of Time.
What! Are you weeping, sweetheart?
Nay, shed no tears for me;
It is far better thus to part
Than live away from thee.

Another claims you for his own;
Another won your heart.
Could I live on without a moan,
E'en you for e'er part?
Nay, better far to be at rest,
Where heart-aches never come,
Nor sorrow fill the aching breast,
And cause the water to moan.

Kiss me, and let no blush of shame
Mantle thy youthful brow.
I clasp the hand I could not claim;
Death has no terrors now.
Come nearer, still, my darling,
Life's stream is ebbing fast,
And my heart is slowly beating
The death knell of the past.

Think of me kindly, sweetheart,
When Death has claimed his own;
Remember that the wayward heart
Was true to you alone.
The room is growing strangely dim;
How dark the shadows fall;
I hear the sound of rustling wings
That come for one and all.

Draw near to me, my darling, my love,
'Tis pleasant thus to die.
Perhaps in that bright land above
I'll meet you, bye and bye.
Farewell once more—my eyes grow dim—
I hear the funeral knell—
I hear my mother's evening hymn—
Darling, I die—farewell.

—Houseley, Texas.

Their Maiden Names.

The following is a complete list of the maiden names of the mothers of the Presidents of the United States: Washington, Mary Ball; John Adams, Susanna Boylston; Jefferson, Jane Randolph; Madison, Nellie Conway; Monroe, Eliza Jones; J. Q. Adams, Abigail Smith; Andrew Jackson, Elizabeth Hutchinson; Van Buren, Maria Hoes; Harrison, Elizabeth Bassett; Tyler, Mary Armstrong; Polk, Jane Knox; Taylor, Sarah Brother; Fillmore, Phoebe Millard; Pierce, Anna Kendrick; Buchanan, Elizabeth Spear; Lincoln, Nancy Hanks; Johnson, Mary McDonough; Grant, Hannah Simpson; Hayes, Sophia Birchard; Garfield, Eliza Ballou; Arthur, Malvina Stone; Cleveland, Annie Reily; Harrison, Elizabeth Irwin; McKinley, Nancy Campbell Allison.

We Are Seven.

A SIMPLE CHILD,
WHAT SHOULD I KNOW OF DEATH,
THAT LIGHTLY DRAWS ITS BREATH,
AND FEELS ITS LIFE IN EVERY LIMB.

I met a little cottage Girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, wooden air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the church-tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings here I often knit,
My kerchiefs there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them."

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away."

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together 'round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"Oh, Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

—William Wordsworth

DIED:

In Melbourne, Sunday night, May 31st, 1896, infant child of Thomas and Lillian Lawrence—aged 1 year, 5 months and 27 days.

“Why should we weep when the weary ones rest
In the bosom of Jesus supreme?
In the mansions of glory prepared for the blest;
For death is only a dream?”

Near Union, Wednesday, May 27th, 1896, J. M. BUTLER—aged about 62 years.

Near LaCrosse, Tuesday, May 26th, 1896, infant child of James McDaniel.

In Bell county, Texas, May 15th, 1896, E. J. ALEXANDER, wife of Joe Alexander.

Near town, Monday night, June 8th, 1896, WILLIAM BRUCE—aged about 56 years.

Died, July 27th, 1896, WILLIE MAJORS. He leaves a wife, two children, a father and mother, four brothers and two sisters, and a host of friends to mourn his loss. Willie was a good neighbor, a kind and devoted husband, a loving son, and an esteemed friend. Weep not, dear wife and mother, for Willie is gone to rest, and is standing at the golden gate, waiting for you.

The grave is sad, dark and deep,
In which my buried treasure lies;
With an aching heart and bitter tears, I weep.

—A FRIEND.

DIED—Of consumption, in LaCrosse, Tuesday night, December 31, 1895, MRS. LIZZIE McDANIEL, wife of James McDaniel—aged 25 years.

Near Melbourne Tuesday September 10th, 1895, infant child of William and Lizzie Arnold—aged about 7 months.

MARRIED:



In Lunenburg township, Sunday, August 23, 1896, by John F. Lauders, Esq., WM. F. WALKER, of Lunenburg, to MISS LILLIE HORTON.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. M. E. ROSE, daughter of Hill and Eliza Dillard, was born in Izard county, Arkansas, on Jan. 12th, 1837.

Under the Methodist ministry she professed conversion and joined the M. E. Church South when quite young.

On Nov. 15th, 1855, she was married to B. F. Rose, who survives her, along with their only child, Miss Fannie Rose.

About 1888, “AUNT BETTIE,” along with her husband, “Uncle Frank,” who had not before been a professor, united with the Church of Christ at Mill Creek, in which she continued a faithful member till her death—attending on its meetings and worship, whenever able to do so.

After about seven months prostration, with heart disease, she died on the 25th day of July, 1896, at home, near Mill Creek, and was buried in the Mill Creek grave yard.

“AUNT BETTIE” was a good woman—faithful, patient and kind always, and in all relations, and will continue to be so remembered by many friends. A FRIEND.

Died, at the home of her parents in Melbourne, on Oct. 16, 1896, RUTH, the little daughter of W. K. and N. E. Estes—aged 1 year 8 months and 21 days. Congestion of the brain was the disease that, after two days of intense suffering, caused her death.

She was just beginning to talk, and her innocent prattle was a source of pleasure to all who knew her. But now her voice is still in death; from her rosy lips the color has faded; her bright eyes are dimmed, to shine on earth no more. She is a beautiful flower that budded on earth to bloom in Heaven.

To the bereaved ones, I would say, look up; she is on the other shore—beautiful, happy and free. She will never suffer more, but with Jesus ever be. Let us resolve that, though she cannot come to us, we will, some day, go to her. Not a sparrow falls without the notice of God, and He will surely care for us in all our grief. HENRY F. VERMILLION.

Died, near Melbourne, Oct. 16, 1896, WALTER, little son of William and Willie Cooper—aged about 3 years.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

MARTH R., (nee "Patty" Langston) wife of R. B. Reynolds, died of dropsy, 4 miles south-east of Talehquah, Indian Territory, August 15th, 1895. She kept her bed, most of time, for 17 months. She joined the M. E Church South at Pleasant Grove, IZARD county, Ark., in the 18th year of her age, and lived a consistent christian until her death. She never moved her church membership, and always said: "Pleasant Grove is good enough for me."

She was born in IZARD county, Ark., July 10th, 1846; and was married to R. B. Reynolds March 14th, 1867, by Rev. Ben Hall.

She leaves a husband and 5 children to mourn her loss, and four children crossed the River before her. She is now waiting many friends to greet her, when God calls them to come up Higher. Her constant prayer was, "I want to see all my children able and large enough to know right from wrong, and see them all living in Christ."

She was laid away to wait the Judgment Day, in the cemetery, on the bank of the Illinois river.

Oh! the footsteps of my mother;
How they shaped my early course;

How they steered me and my brother,

With their strong, yet gentle, force.

How my days are swiftly fleeing,
But the memory naught can shake.

Yes, my mother left this world very happy, and her last request was: "All live right, do God's will, and meet me in Heaven, where we will part no more."

J. F. R.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ANNA M. DIXON.

MRS. ANNA M. DIXON, wife of O. H. Dixon, and daughter of Rev. P. M. Jeffery, was born July 31st, 1869, at Mt. Olive, Arkansas; died May 1st 1896.

She was converted to the Religion of Jesus, and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church while very young; lived a true, consistent member till death, always ready and willing to defend her Master's cause.

She leaves a husband, two children, a father and mother, four brothers, and a host of relatives, who mourn, but not as those who have no hope. Blessed assurance, how joyful, how strengthened in the love of God it should make us when we stand by the side of our loved ones in their last hours and hear them say, as Anna said: "I am not afraid to die." It does give us comfort. It seems as though heaven is closer and dearer than before. There she has met with her first child again, whom we had with us just long enough to become greatly attached to.

Seven years constituted her married life, and O, how short a time this is when devoted in peace and happiness. Yet, during this period, there have been stamped on our minds memories of this dear one which time will never efface.

May God help us to raise the little motherless ones, that they may finally reach that city where "mama" has gone. O.

BROWN SCRAPS.

Holeman Brown has come around;
He's one week old to-day;
A noble boy, weighs 12 lbs troy,
He's pretty too, they say.

He soundly sleeps and seldom weeps,
His hair is fine as silk;
His face is red, black is his head;
He always dines on milk.

His eyes he winks, perhaps he thinks
This is a funny world;
He never cries, he never sighs,
Because he's not a girl.

J. L. BROWN.
Charlotte, Ark., July 25th 1896.

Died, very suddenly, in Athens township, Saturday night, August 1st, 1896, LILLIA, daughter of Columbus and Mary Hargis—aged about 16 years. She started to church Saturday morning, and when about a mile or two from home, was taken so seriously ill that she had to be carried back home, where she reached, perfectly helpless, and died in seven or eight hours.

Naughty Kitty.

KITTIE BURT.

Do you know what has happened to Kitty,
My dear little kitty cat?
Oh! it was the most dreadfulest pity,
And all on account of a rat.

Do you b'lieve she was saucy, the sinner,
And slapped her mamma on the ear,
Just because there was rat for her dinner,
Instead of a mouse! Do you hear?

When there wasn't a mouse in the cellar,
Nor even a bird on a tree,
As her ma was a-going to tell her,
When Kitty was naughty, you see.

So I've shut her all up in a closet,
As dark as a pocket at night,
And I think it's the safest deposit
For kittens that slap and that bite.

And if she was folks, I would make her
Learn verses 'bout parents and things;
And likely as not I would shake her,
Or tie up her fingers with strings.

Baby's Rose-Leaf.

E. L. B.

He smiled as he opened the letter,
The look of weariness fled;
He held up a tiny pink blossom—
"My baby's rose-leaf," he said.

For the little maid out in the country
Thought of poor, tired papa in town,
And each day had a flow'ret ready
When the letter was folded down.

She could not write him a letter,
She was too little, you know;
So to fern-spray, pansy and rose-leaf,
'Twas given her great love to show.

She brought these small off'rings as proudly.
As though they were jewels rare;
She knew that to him who received them
They were all exceeding fair.

Shall we withhold from our Father
Our gifts, because they are small?
Rather, with sweet and childlike faith,
Bring to Him, lovingly, all.

—Presbyter.

Counting Apple Seeds.

Beside the hearth one winter night,
Made rosy by the great log's light,
That, flaming up the chimney dark,
Hit every cranny, every nook,
Upon the rug a little maid
Sat curled, in pose demure and staid.

In pensive mood, with dreamy eyes,
She sits, while up the chimney flies
A thought with every fiery spark,
Glinting and flashing through the dark,
Till with a sigh profound and deep
She moves as one moves in her sleep.

A rosy apple in her hand
A weight of thought seems to demand,
She taps it with a finger light,
Then carefully she takes a bite,
Another bite, now one, now two—
The core is thus exposed to view.

Another sigh! what can it be,
My little maid, that alleth thee?
Ah! What is this? Some incantation,
Muttered with such reiteration?
Hark! as each seed her bright eyes see,
These are the words that come to me:

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say!
Four I love with all my heart,
Five—I cast away."

Here a tear rolls brightly down;
What the secret she has won?
Who can say? But just behind
Sounds a voice so soft and kind:
"Look again! Thou must indeed
Find for me another seed!"

Rosier her bright cheeks grow,
In the firelight's ruddy glow.
Sure enough! a culprit seed
Finds she in the core indeed—
"From thy lips I fain would hear
What the sixth one means, my dear."

"Six he loves," she murmured low,
And the firelight's flickering glow
Two happy faces now disclose,
With cheeks a-glowing like the rose,
But here we'll let the curtain fall,
For the end is best of all.

—Sacramento Union

The Doctor Who Brought Us the Baby.

BY MARY NORTON BRADFORD.

There's one whom the little folks look on to-day
As a friend philanthropic: there may be
Other men who're as kind, but the children all
swear

By the doctor who brought us the baby.

Other friends bring them dollies that cry and have
eyes

Which open and shut; but who'd play be
A mother to e'en the best doll that is bought
When the doctor has brought us a baby?

A doll must be pressed e'er 'twill cry, and e'en
then

Its cry can't—whatever ads say—be
For a minute compared—as to length or to
strength—

With the unbidden bawl of the baby.

O, what can the givers of dollies—that all
Of the same size and color must stay—be
By the side of the doctor who brought us a red
But constantly bleaching-out baby!

We are told he stands high 'mong M. Ds.; but to
Fame

Whatever his title to-day be,
The children remember and hail the great man
As "the doctor who brought us the baby!"

GOOD-TIMES SEED.

There was once a little boy who had such an appetite for good times that he was called Good-Times Freddy.

Now, what do you think was his idea of good times? Why, pleasing himself, playing, eating, reading fairy tales, getting gifts at Christmas, and stuffing himself till his buttons flew off, at Thanksgiving time!

One way of having a good time, according to Fred's belief, was to "knee it" up and down and across the lawn. Another way was to make taffy on the kitchen stove ironing day. Freddy had a most delightfully good time whenever a homeless cat crossed his path. To see his little terrier frighten timid Mrs. Tabby, and send her flying over the high board fence, caused Good-Times Freddy to fairly bubble over with delight. Or if an ugly little mongrel specimen of a dog happened to stray into Fred's domain for a social call upon the elegant terrier, to see that same dog go scuttling off over the pavement with a tin pail banging and bouncing at his tail, caused Fred the most intense joy.

There were little sisters in Good-Times Fred's family, and a baby boy. Sometimes mamma wished Fred to amuse these little people while she was making good things in the kitchen for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and the same thing over again. (O such a lot of goodies as it took for the stomach of Good-Times Fred!)

But when Fred was asked to stay in the house and play with Patty and Matty and Toddlekins, he would throw himself flat upon the floor, and utter wailings like unto this:

"Ow, wow, wow! I never can't have no good times!"

Now you know there are only just so many good times in the world. It seems a pity that there are not more, but probably things are best as they are in this respect. There being a limited quantity of good times, if one boy gets more than his share, somebody else must do without. On account of the good times "kneeing it" over the lawn, mamma was obliged to sit

up nights and patch and darn till she had bad times with her aching head.

Because Good-Times Fred was determined that he would n't help take care of Patty and Matty and Toddlekins, mamma could n't go out and get as much fresh air as she needed. Because he would climb scraggly nut-trees and peaked picket fences, his new suits cost so much that mamma sometimes had to do without new gloves or a new gown. At last this poor overworked mamma fell sick. The headaches got worse and worse till there was not much but headaches.

A tall, sharp-eyed, Roman nosed doctor was called. He was the kind of a doctor who can see right through little boys, and he saw through Good-Times Freddy at the first sharp glance. He saw through the gentle, tender hearted mother too.

"See here," he said, holding up a long bony forefinger. "See here, madame! You are worn threadbare. Now you might take a barrel of pills and powders; you might dose your liver, and dose your stomach, and brace your nerves, and rectify your heart—for they're all ailing—but it would do no good. Madame, you must have **change**; you must leave every chick and child behind you, and go off and enjoy yourself. Tone, madam, tone, is what you need."

So the patient mamma went away for her share of the good times, and a housekeeper as tall, as bony, as grisly, as the doctor, came to take her place.

It is well known that housekeepers like good times almost as well as little boys. The very first time that Mrs. Toothacre caught Fred on his knees out of doors she called him in and sent him to bed.

"No place like bed for boys," she said. "They're out of sight and hearing, and their clothes last twice as long if you keep 'em in bed."

So hungry was our little Piggy Wee! But in vain did he squeal for more cake, pie, or bread and butter.

"You sha'n't stuff while I'm here," said the grim, slim, trim Mrs. Toothacre.

"You'd be hungry anyway, however much you ate."

And the hours that Fred spent shut up with Patty and Matty and Toddlekins! Why, it was beyond belief!

"Good times!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "O you will have good times when your poor mother's quite gone from you!"

You see, Fred had been complaining, as usual, that he never had any good times, and in the midst of his moanings had jingled the postman's bell. A letter from mamma was handed in, which Mrs. Toothacre hastened to read.

"When's she a comin' home; say, Miss Toothachre, when's my mamma a comin'?" said Fred.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, she won't come home at all. She's very sick. Your papa writes that she seems to grow weaker instead of stronger."

"And shall you stay here allers?" inquired the grief-stricken boy.

"Mebbe, an' mebbe not," said Mrs. Toothachre.

A great wail went up that no scolding and no threats could stop. Good-Times Freddy had a heart after all. That night he could n't eat his supper. Something swelled in his throat that kept him from swallowing. Pretty soon after that a dimple-cheeked young aunty came to stay with the children. Fred began to love her the moment she stepped into the house.

"What made mamma sick?" he asked wistfully, the day she came, leaning on her shoulder, with her soft round arm clasped about him.

"I think your good times helped to make her sick," said gentle Aunt Grace. "And now all those good times have changed into one big bad time; the very saddest and sorrowfulest kind of a time."

"Do good times always make bad times?" asked the tearful little boy.

"Not always. But your good times, my boy, were like seeds that make ugly, prickly, stinging things; and that's because they were selfish good times, which really are no good times at all."

"I see," said Fred, who was a very bright boy; "I've been a plantin' thistles an' nettles an' burs, an' now they're a stikin' into me."

"But suppose we begin planting some of the right kind of seed," said Aunt Grace, smiling, "the kind that comes up in genuine good times."

Fred was curious to have Aunt Grace tell him about the wonderful seed, but she said they had talked long enough. There was work to do, and Patty and Matty and Toddlekins must be attended to.

"I'll tell them that story about the mouse mother and the baby mice," said Fred. The poor things really don't have any good times."

"There's hope for little Good-Times Fred," said Aunt Grace to herself. "He has really begun to think about making good times for other folks."

Quite patiently Fred went over and over with the story till the little folks had had enough. At the end they threw three pairs of fat arms around his neck, and printed a dozen baby kisses upon his round red cheeks. His face sparkled with pleasure as he went to give an account of himself to Aunt Grace.

"You need n't tell me about it, Fred," she said. "I see it all in your face. You have made a good time for the babies, and the good time has stretched out so that there is enough for you. It is a kind of a miracle."

"I'd like to make another good time for somebody."

"Go help Mrs. Toothacre. She is making supper, and the fire is giving her a very bad time."

Fred ran out with an offer of help.

"Dry wood I want, if there's to be any supper to-night," said the slim, prim housekeeper.

The wood-box was filled, which so pleased and cheered Mrs. Toothacre that she baked Fred a special little cake, and covered it with red and white candies.

And so the true good times began. They grew and grew, and reached even to mamma in her sick-room. It was about this time that she began to get better, and one day, a long month later, the Roman-nosed doctor said she might go home to her children.

"I have been planting good-times seed," said Fred, as he nestled close to her side on the night of her return.

Mamma was completely mystified.

"What?" asked she.

"Good-times seed. Of course you do n't understand; but just wait a few days, and you will see."—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

THE STORIES WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN KILLED

BLUEBEARD NO MYTH.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION PROFESSOR RAKES UP ANCIENT HISTORY.

The Story That Has Made Children Tremble Is Founded on Fact—Where the "Dre'ful" Man Lived and What the Nature of His Crimes Was.

Children for generations have listened tremblingly to the horrible story of "Bluebeard," and covered up their curly heads with the bedclothes after the light had been put out, and dreamed that the awful old butcher had them in his clutch.

In after years they have laughed at it all, and wondered how they could have been so terror-stricken by a myth.

But Bluebeard was no myth. The bloody things told of him in the old French legend are more than true. The crimes set down in the chronicle are only a small part of what the real Bluebeard did. His authentic history has been raked up from oblivion, after the lapse of centuries.

Colonel Thomas Wilson, of the Smithsonian Institution, has found the true story of the true Bluebeard. Skeptical about the genuineness of the old tale, Colonel Wilson visited the French city of Nantes, where the records of the veritable Barbe Bleue are filed. He found that the dwellers in the old town were thorough believers in the story of the monster. They knew all about him.

His true name was Gilles de Retz, and he lived about 250 years before the time of Parrault, the story-teller who first wrote the tale. His family was a great one, and was allied with many of the noblest in Brittany. The famous warrior Bertrand du Guesclin was a collateral ancestor of his.

Gilles de Retz was one of the most fortunate men of his time. He inherited numerous chateaux and estates, together with immense sums in ready cash. There was scarcely any nobleman of Brittany richer or more powerful than he. His father died early; his mother married again, and he was placed under the guardianship of his maternal grandfather, Jean de Craon.

Jean de Craon married his grandson, Gilles de Retz, to a very charming young woman whose name was Catherine de Thouars. She brought to him several valuable estates, among them the Chateau de Macheoul, where he afterward lived and where many of his horrible crimes were committed. The chateau was situated not far from Nantes.

with cover and lip. (See Plate vi

The life story of de Retz is a huge contradiction. From a loving husband he became a fiend; though the bravest of brave men, he was yet a coward in superstition; a patriot, yet he could murder innocent children wholesale and apparently without remorse.

The old man Jean de Craon was a gallant fighter, and he took his grandson with him in his campaigns. When Gilles was only 16 years old the two took their seats together in the great military council at Vannes. Those were troublous days for Europe, when England was trying to wipe France out of existence and the Hundred Years' War was in full swing. From 1420 to 1424 the grandfather and grandson fought side by side. In 1424 came a meteor across France—Joan of Arc, who landed at Orleans, not far from the residence of Gilles de Retz. Gilles became Captain of Joan's own guard and did duty as her escort through the siege of Orleans and on the march to Rheims, where the King was to be crowned.

On the occasion of the coronation the baton of a Marshal was bestowed upon de Retz. He went back to his estates in Brittany and lived a peaceful and happy life with his wife and daughter. Unfortunately his nature was a restless one and his fondness for display excessive. Though his fortune was immense, his expenditures greatly exceeded his income. Foremost in rank among the nobles of his province, he considered it necessary to outshine all rivals.

Religious superstition was firmly grounded in the man's character. It was about this period that he became engaged with the science of chemistry, through the aid of which he hoped to discover a means of converting base metals into gold. Success in the enterprise, he expected, would relieve him of his financial embarrassments.

With this end in view he brought from Italy two unrocked priests who had gained fame as alchemists. The more renowned of the pair was one Francois Prelati. Over the credulous and superstition-haunted mind of De Retz these charlatans gained complete influence, and egged him on to the crimes which were to make his name the by-word of horror. They made him believe that they had intimate relations with the devil, and among the papers preserved in the archives at Nantes are a number of written agreements which his Satanic Majesty signed in their own blood by Gilles and his ingenious advisers.

At length they induced him to think that he was independent of all law, human or divine, and in this notion he was persuaded to enter upon a veritable saturnalia of crime. The clerical fakirs assured him that indispensable ingredients of the chemical mixture required were the blood and heart of a human being who had never had an impure thought. It was to satisfy this requirement that a regular system of abduction was inaugurated, agents being employed to steal children in the neighborhood and fetch them to the castle.

As subsequently appeared from the confessions of the guilty men, the children were killed in every way that imagination could suggest. Shut up in stone-walled rooms, where their appeals for mercy and cries of agony could be heard by nobody save their diabolical captors, they were subjected to inconceivable tortures.

At last certain rumors induced the Bishop of Nantes to set on foot an investigation, which traced the mysterious abductions to the chateau of De Retz. He was arrested in September, 1440, and thrown into prison at Nantes, together with the two priests.

He was condemned to be burned alive with two of his criminal assistants. These, however, were not the priests, both of whom escaped punishment through clerical influence.—New York Journal.

God has ever favored woman as an instrument in his hands of spreading the gospel. Lydia, the first European convert, was one of the instruments used in Christianizing Europe, and to Mary was granted the sweet privilege of first proclaiming a risen Lord. Anna, the prophetess, spoke to all who were in the temple, and the women of Samaria went about the streets telling of Christ. Paul, the greatest apostolic missionary, was assisted by noble, brave, consecrated women. Woman is by nature admirably adapted to fill the position of a missionary worker. We should not thoughtlessly put aside this all important thing for the vain frivolities of a worldly life, and the gratifying of those human passions which tend to debase and dechrone the nobler aspirations of the soul.

"What shall be our word for Jesus?
 Master give it day by day;
 Ever as the need arises teach thy children what to say.
 Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility,
 That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of thee;
 Give us zeal, and faith, and fervor, make us winning, make us wise,
 Single hearted, strong and fearless—thou hast called us, we will rise!
 Let the might of thy good spirit go with every loving word,
 And by hearts prepared and opened, be our message always heard!"

Litchfield, Ky.

God's Goodness.

I would not if I could repeat
 A life which still is good and sweet;
 I keep in age, as in my prime,
 A not uncheerful step with Time,
 And, grateful for all blessings sent,
 I go the common way, content
 To make no new experiment.
 On easy terms with law and fate,
 For what must be I calmly wait,
 And trust the path I can not see—
 That God is good sufficeth me,
 And when at last upon life's play
 The curtain falls, I only pray
 That hope may lose itself in truth,
 And age in heaven's immortal youth,
 And all our love and longing prove
 The foretaste of diviner love!

—John Greenleaf Whittier

Placing the little hats all in a row:
 Ready for church on the morrow you know:
 Washing wee faces, and little black fists,
 Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
 Putting them into clean garments and white—
 That is what mothers are doing to-night.
 Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
 Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
 Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
 Who but a mother knows where to begin?
 Changing a button to make it look right—
 That is what mothers are doing to-night.
 Calling the little ones all round her chair,
 Hearing them lisp forth their evening prayer,
 Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
 Who loves to gather the lambs to his fold;
 Watching, they listen with childish delight—
 That is what mothers are doing to-night.
 Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
 After the little ones all are asleep;
 Anxious to know if the children are warm,
 Tucking the blanket around each little form;
 Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
 That is what mothers are doing to-night.
 Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
 Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
 Praying as only a mother can pray
 "God, guide and keep them from going astray."

—Selected.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits land,
 And piles of brick and stone and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old,
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.
 The rich man's son inherits cares:
 The bank may break, the factory burn;
 Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
 And soft white hands would hardly earn
 A living that would suit his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.
 What does the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.
 What does the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned by being poor;
 Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
 A fellow feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.
 Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both children of the same dear God;
 Prove title to your heirship past,
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—When I heard the drums this morning,
 Saw the soldiers dressed in blue,
 I could not help thinking, children,
 Of the times that once I knew.

Long ago, in our own country,
 In the southland bright and fair,
 Where the summer stays forever,
 And the flowers bloom everywhere,

Once a dreadful war was going
 On between the South and North;
 And the men and boys by thousands
 From their homes were going forth,—

Leaving all the friends who loved them,
 For the dangers of the fight;
 Trusting in the God above them,
 As they fought for home and right.

But, at last, the war was ended;
 Home, the soldiers marched again,
 Leaving in the graves behind them
 Many of their bravest men.

But they never could forget them;
 So, each Decoration Day,
 To the graves of the dead soldiers,
 They have brought the flowers of May,
 Of
 al
 impairing the quality of the resi-
 rosin are still retaining a consid-
 erable
 such loss distillation by steam h

HAD A LONG RUN.

Fifty Dollar Counterfeit Bill Which Had Been in Circulation Thirty-Six Years.

Detective Callon of the United States Secret Service Bureau received one of the most unique curiosities Thursday which has appeared at the Custom House for a long time. It was a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill, 36 years old. The bill had traveled thousands of miles and passed through innumerable hands before it was finally detected at one of the St. Louis banks. The bill is seamed and weather-worn and looks genuine in every respect.

The history of the bill, could it tell tales, would be an interesting one. It has been through many banks and accepted as legal tender by some of the shrewdest counterfeit detectors in the country. The bill has but one defect, the two signatures in fac simile at the bottom, L. E. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury, and F. S. Spinner, Treasurer, are slightly 'oo near one another. In every other respect the bill is excellent, the portrait work being remarkably similar to the original. The bill was brought into this State by Calvin Black, a farmer who located in Ripley County, having come here from Hardin County, Ohio. He sold his Ohio farm and the purchaser of the property gave him a check on the Kenton National Bank of Kenton for the full amount. Black presented the draft at the bank, which was duly cashed. The money was paid him in large bills, which he carefully stowed away in a large bag for safety. When he came to this State he selected Ripley County as the best place to settle, and in April of this year he purchased a fine farm there from W. C. S. Lackey. He paid Lackey out of the money he had brought from the Kenton bank. Lackey placed the money in the county bank and was informed a few days after that one of the bills was a counterfeit. The fifty-dollar bill was handed back to him with the news that a St. Louis bank had detected it in the Ripley County Bank's regular remittance of the previous week. Lackey confronted Black with the fifty-dollar bill and Black gave a clear explanation of where he got it. The bank at Kenton was notified immediately, with the result that the bill came into the hands of the Government. Affidavits were taken from all the interested parties, and Thursday, in company with the bill, were sent to Mr. Callon, who will forward both to Washington. In his opinion it is the most interesting piece of counterfeit money he has ever seen or heard of. He said it was the only specimen he ever heard of which had fooled bank experts for such an extraordinarily long time.

Natural Habits of Cattle.

It is easy to see that cattle are at home in a moist and wooded country. The feral cattle of Texas and Australia never from choice stray far from the woods. Out on the Western ranches there are, of course, few trees, and the beasts thrive fairly well; but, for all that, the conditions of their life are artificial, and are not such as they would select if free to choose their own dwelling place. All cattle love to stand knee deep in water and under the shadow of trees. Their heads are carried low, even when they are startled, so that they can see under the spreading branches of the forest. Compare the habitual position of the head of a cow with that of the heads of the horse, pronghorn or guanaco, which live in the open and have to watch the horizon for the approach of enemies.

Then the split hoofs of the cattle are wonderfully adapted for progress over soft ground. In galloping through bogs or deep mud an ox or a buffalo will easily distance a swift horse. Their toes spread wide, and so they do not sink in so far as the solid-hoofed animal. What is even more important, the open cleft between the toes allows the air to enter the hole in the mud as the foot is withdrawn; whereas, a horse's hoof sticks like a "sucker," owing to the partial vacuum below it, and can only be dragged out by a great muscular effort. Mounted hunters have been overtaken and killed by buffalo-African and Indian—owing to this fact.—North American Review.

Geese and Pigs That Had a Lively Time Gathering Plums.

A gentleman living in Eastern Georgia owned a pair of geese and some half-grown pigs, both of which resorted to a small plum thicket on the roadside to pick up the fallen fruit.

A small branch of one of the trees was broken and bent down to the ground, and the geese had somehow discovered that by catching the end of the branch in their bills and shaking the tree by means of it, they could bring down the plums.

The pigs, seeing what was going on, soon found it to their interest to follow the geese to the plums.

The geese would shake the tree, and the sound of a grateful shower of fruit would be heard, but before they could get to the plums the pigs would have greedily gathered up most of them. Greatly exasperated, and with good reason, one of the geese would seize a pig by the ear, while the other marched on the other side of him, screaming and scolding. In this way, beating poor pigging with their wings at every step, they would escort him to the top of the hill and there let him go. Then they would return to shake the tree again, with a similar result.—Youth's Companion.

As stated by one operator, it differs all the way from 5 to 18 per cent, according to the

- Why does a bricklayer shun high society? Because he is mortarified.
- What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.
- Why is a bridegroom often more expensive than a bride? Because the bride is given away, but the bridegroom is often sold.
- What did the tea-kettle say when tied to the little dog's tail? "After you."
- Why should a man named Benjamin marry a girl named Annie? Because he would then be Bennie-fitted—she Annie-mated.

She will wake in fairer lands,
 Where the angel voices sing;
 There the floweret shall expand,
 There shall love perfection bring . . .
 "What I do thou knowest not now; but
 thou shalt know hereafter." (John xiii. 7.)
 W. G. BEAIRD.

Fiber Report, U

PLATE I.



1. U. S. EXPERIMENTAL FIBER FACTORY, COCOANUT GROVE, FLORIDA. 2. CARGO OF SISAL HEMP LEAVES ON FACTORY WHARF. 3. FACTORY INTERIOR, EXTRACTING SISAL HEMP FIBER. 4. LOFT OR DRYING ROOM OF FACTORY.

When you are sitting
all alone Reflecting
Of the Past remember
that you have a friend
will forever last.

written the

Sunday in 18

May

OBITUARIES.

MRS. JEANNETTE RICHARDSON was born 42 years ago, the 22 day of January 1896. She was married to J. B. Richardson on March 26, 1884. She was to him a loving, faithful wife until his death in 1888. During his life time they moved to Texas, stayed there a while and returned to Melbourne where she resided until her death. While in Texas Sister Richardson professed faith in Christ and united with the Baptist church, in which she lived a consistent member until death came and called her from our midst.

For a long time she kept the Millinery Store in Melbourne, and many people learned to know and love her, because of her honest, straightforward manner of conducting her business, and for the courtesy and kindness with which she treated her customers.

Perhaps nowhere, save by Warren Wolf, her brother, was she missed as much as by the Baptist Sunday School, in which she had charge of one of the principal classes.

On July 20, she died very suddenly of heart failure. Faithful in church, in her home, in her business, and in her Sunday School, she has gone to reap the reward of the righteous. Let us not grieve with a hopeless grief, but live to meet her in a better world than this, where the ruthless hand of death never snatches the breath of life.

A LOVING FRIEND.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

BERTHA ELIZABETH BILLINGSLEY, daughter of D. W. and Mary Billingsley, was born Nov. 3rd, 1879, and died at Franklin, Izard county, Ark., July 4th, 1986—aged 16 years, 8 months and 1 day.

BERTHA was a member of the Christian church, having united with it Dec. 10th, 1895, where she lived the life of a pure, consistent christian until her death. She also took great interest in Sunday School, being an active member of this, the Franklin Sunday School, when the Great Superintendent called her up higher. She is greatly missed, both by her brothers and many friends; and her memory will long live in the hearts of our people. Her pleasantness was remarkable, and her beauty and intelligence favorably impressed everyone with whom she came in contact. We lament the loss of sister BERTHA in the work of this Sunday School, but congratulate the angels upon the beautiful addition to their ranks. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of sister BERTHA this Sunday School has sustained an irretrievable loss, and

Resolved, That this Sunday School extend to the brothers, Edmond, Albert, Austin and Roscoe, in their great common loss, its sincere and heartfelt condolence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of our Sunday School, and a copy be sent to the IAZARD COUNTY REGISTER for publication.

ANNETTA SIMPSON, }
ELSIE BEAVER, } Com
T. W. SIMPSON, }

CATCHING A DEER.

A Hunter's Unsuccessful Attempt to Capture a Fawn Alive.

Catching a wild deer by the tail is not to be recommended as a first-class way to get venison, but it is a good way for a conscientious man while shooting deer is prohibited by law.

The process of grabbing deer by the tail is full of difficulty, but it is not to be compared, in that respect, with hanging on after getting a grab on the tail. The deer is wary. The deer is fleet and its tail is short, but in spite of all difficulty a man who is not a hundred feet from me as I write caught a young deer by the tail a few days ago and remained a sort of tail attachment over windfall and slough and stump for a considerable distance, says a Glen Flora special to the Milwaukee Sentinel.

The man was out in the forest on his big farm looking for wildcats with an especial eagerness on account of the bounty of \$6 a cat offered by the authorities. As he was wading up the creek with a pair of old shoes protecting his feet from the rocky bottom he espied a fawn at a lick. While he was looking at the little spotted beauty it lay down beside a log and the hunter resolved to get the little animal alive. He

knew that if he could get hold of one or both of the fawn's hind legs he would succeed.

Luckily the cows of the farm appeared at that moment on the way to the creek for a drink, and the fawn, evidently a frequenter of the pasture, seemed to be unconcerned after a quick glance at the cows. Seizing the opportunity the hunter, while the cows were coming and cracking branches and sticks, stole up to the log. A moment later the fawn passed directly in front of him and the hunter made a quick thrust of his arms to catch the deer by the hind legs. He partly succeeded, but in the struggle that followed, with the staring cows and yearlings as spectators, the delicate limbs of the fawn began to slip out of the vise of the human hands and somehow or other in desperation the man grabbed the fawn's tail.

The little animal began to run and the hunter, who is a very strong man, held desperately to the tail. Down an old logging road they went a little way and then the fawn turned in. It could not run very fast with a man attached to its tail, but the first quarter of a mile was done in good time nevertheless. About the beginning of the second the fawn went over a log and headed for a thicket. In spite of all the little beauty reached the brush and plunged in. The hunter was scraped off, and he had the pleasure of seeing the fawn join its mother on the other side of the thicket and dart off with her into the depths of the forest.



HE HELD DESPERATELY TO THE TAIL.

one of which is reproduced. (Plate II.) The plants being young and small, cuttings of course will not be made for several years to come,

TEXAS LETTER.

BY THE REV. W. B. PRESTON.

"Behold! how great a matter a little fire kindleth." If they thought of any scripture at all, this was probably one of the verses which came into the minds of those who saw the burning of the Texas Spring Palace at Fort Worth last week. It was half past ten o'clock on the evening of May 30th. Five thousand people were in the Spring Palace, admiring the exhibits and listening to a concert by the famous Elgin Band. The band was just concluding a concert, and a grand ball was about to begin. The people were surging this way and that, when some one walking on the second floor of the building dropped a match. Somebody else stepped on it. There was a little flash, and some light, combustible material, grass or moss, used in the decorations, took fire. Quicker almost than thought it leaped up and began to spread. Efforts were made to stop it, but all to no effect. The whole building, inside and out, was covered with decorations made of grain, straw, moss, cotton, and other inflammable materials, and in less than five minutes the whole structure was on fire, and in less than thirty minutes the costly building, with all the exhibits, was a heap of smoking ashes. Aside from other serious losses, there were many precious historical relics, whose value is not to be estimated in dollars and cents, which went down in the flames. Nothing was saved except the lives of the people. It seemed almost a miracle that hundreds were not burned to death. A large number were injured, and one brave man, A. S. Hayne, a Fort Worth contractor, was killed in trying to save others, but with this exception there was no loss of life.

I am moved to moralize upon this calamity, and I can not restrain myself, even at the risk of bringing upon my head the wrathful criticisms of the *Fort Worth Gazette*. The Rev. W. B. Allen, of Longview, in a sermon last Sunday night, undertook to draw some moral lessons from

the conflagration, and forthwith the *Gazette* pounced upon him for insinuating that God had any thing to do with it. But whatever a man's theory of special providence may be, there are some lessons which this fire teaches us which are plain and undeniable.

The far-reaching results that may flow from a little thing, even so little a thing as stepping on a match, the suddenness and unexpectedness with which the pleasures and festivities of this life may be cut short, the nearness of death, oftentimes when we are least conscious of it, these and other lessons are so plain that he must be blind indeed who can not read them glaring in those flames, and he must be insensible indeed who can not feel them in the hot breath of those smoking ashes. But this is not the first time men have been reminded of these truths, and the sad probability is that many if they think of them at all will only think for a moment and then go on heedless as before.

I have always believed that men ought to mix religion with their politics, but some of our Texas politicians carry the idea into effect in a way that makes a farce of it. A brother writing from Lampasas to the *Church Helper* says that when the executive committee of the leading political party of this State met in that town recently to select a place for the next State Convention, a number of cases of champagne were sent in from one of the cities competing for the convention, and that the committee wound up its meeting with a grand drinking carousal, in which they "sang spiritual songs and shouted glory hallelujah. The champagne used may have been very fine, but the religion mixed in under such circumstances was doubtless not of very good quality. Less whisky and champagne and more genuine religion would, in my humble judgment, go far toward solving many of the political problems which vex us, and relieving us of many of the evils which oppress us. In the present constitution of affairs politics and politicians are needful, but carousing committees and whisky-soaked conventions are certainly

not safe machines to which to intrust the political welfare of the country.

The managers of the Texas Chautauqua Assembly at Georgetown cordially invite every body to attend the Assembly which is to be in session July 1-29, and offer to every preacher free admission to the grounds. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, is to lecture July 2, and many other things of interest will be presented. Information may be had by addressing the Rev. C. C. Armstrong.

The ladies of the Jefferson church have recently undertaken a thorough renovation of our Sunday-school and prayer-meeting room. The walls and ceiling have been freshly painted and kalsomined, the floor newly carpeted, and other improvements made, all of which adds much to the attractiveness of the room. The main audience-room will next claim attention, and we hope soon to have it thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

The Commencement exercises of Trinity University have just been held, and, from all I can learn there was a large attendance and a fine interest.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. R. M. Tinnon, of Fort Worth, on Sunday morning, June 1, and on Sunday evening the Timothean Society, composed of young preachers, had their annual celebration. One of the pleasantest features of this occasion was the presentation to Dr. J. L. Dickens, the president of the university, of a fine gold watch-chain, as a testimonial of regard from the members of the society. Monday evening there was a celebration by the literary societies, Tuesday evening a grand concert by the music department, and Wednesday evening the alumni celebration. There were three graduates—Miss Bettie Bennett, Mr. W. L. Williams, and Mr. J. L. Kell.

The Board of Trustees of the university met during Commencement. Greatly to every body's surprise, Dr. J. L. Dickens offered his resignation as president of the university. It was accepted with

great reluctance and regret. The past year has been a prosperous one and the board was loth to give up Dr. Dickens, but he insisted, and they were forced to yield. Active negotiations are now going on to secure another president. A full report of the board's doings has not reached me, but I learn that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. J. M. Halsell and the Rev. R. M. Tinnon.

Work is being pushed on the university building and it is hoped that it will be entirely completed by September. Mr. W. M. Saunders, for many years prominent as a member of the Board of Trustees, and known all over the State for his large-hearted liberality, has been quite sick at his home in Austin for some time, but is now improving. The Lord spare him many years.

TWO WEEKS AGO (*sisalana*) gave an

THE GRIP.

Out last night,
Lots of fun,
Bed all right,
Half past one,
Nine o'clock,
Feel so sick,
Fetch the doc,
Hurry quick!
Aching bones,
Head'll split,
Horrid groans,
Never quit,
Hardly speak,
Try again,
Feel so weak,
Darting pain,
Spinal cord
Gives a twitch,
Oh, good Lord,
What a stitch!
Flat in bed,
Gone this trip,
Soon be dead,
Got the grip.

—New York Sur.

WHERE ADVERTISING PAYS.

DICK NAYLOR.

Two dealers, who in conclave met
For mutual advising,
Discussed the means by which to get
The most from advertising.

Said Mr. Close: "My idea is
To spend but little money
In advertising, for it is
Sometimes to me quite funny,



THIS IS MR. CLOSE.

"How some men waste their hard-earned
cash
To see their names norated—
I wouldn't give a 3-em dash
To be like them paraded.

"'Tis true they sell a lot o' stuff,
The se advertisin' fellers;
But then they pay out cash enough
To set up Col. Sellers.

"I have a lot of hand-bills struck
To hand out to the grangers;
Then for the rest I trust to luck
To steer me clear of dangers.

"And yet, I really cannot say
That I have gained a dollar;
From money I have spent this way
No business seems to follow.

"In confidence (to tell the truth,)
My trade is getting lighter;
While your prospects, my friend, for-
sooth,
Are daily growing brighter."

Then Mr. Practical arose
And said: "'Tis not surprising—
The man that's wise is he that knows
WHAT'S PAYING ADVERTISING.

"Those ha' d-bills, you, friend, Close send
cut.
Are cast aside—discarded;
But you need never have a doubt
MY ADS. ARE WELL REGARDED.

"They often pay a hundred fold—
(I know whereof I'm speaking.)
For many carloads they have sold,
And trade they're ALWAYS SEEKING.

"To thousands happy rural homes
MY ADS. each week are going;
No hand bill thus the country roams,
The seeds of traffic sowing.

"Then, if your money you would cast
Like bread upon the waters,
That will return with profits vast
From many distant quarters,

"GO ADVERTISE AT ONCE, my friend
As scores of business pages
Have done, and will do to the end,
IN FARM AND RAN. H'S PAGES!

Writing Mean Letters.

Mr. Robert Burdette, the genial humorist of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has again been taking the public into his confidence by telling how he sits down upon his enemies. We think if his plan was generally adopted there would be a great deal of friction overcome between buyers and sellers. Flying into a temper over some business error or mistake frequently leads to the writing of a harsh letter that will soon after place the author on the stool of repentance or in the valley of humiliation. Burdette says:

"Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Some time, when a man has pitched into me and cut me up rough, and I want to pulverize him and wear his gory scalp at my girdle, and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him! Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say: 'I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer.' The next day I read it again. I laugh, and say: 'Pshaw!' and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy!"

Here is something odd as practiced from the lux-
tical. It is suggested as a method by which a girl can get rid of a beau whose presence has ceased to be desirable. She gives him a paper and pencil, with one of her sweetest smiles, and says: "Now make a row of eleven ciphers; now make a perpendicular mark downward on the right side of the first cipher, upward on the right of the fourth, downward on the right of the fifth, upward on the right of the seventh and eight, downward on the tenth. The marks be half an inch long." Ask him to read what he has written. The effect is electrical.

No wonder. For it then reads: "Good God do go."—Ex.



"AND, NOT SEEING ANYONE, ANGRILY ORDERED FIDO TO BE QUIET."

HOW TWO BOYS PLANNED TO VISIT A CIRCUS.

Written for The Republic.

He had grizzly gray hair and a grizzly gray mustache and his face was bronzed from constant exposure to wind and weather. He wore a brown sack coat and a heavy gold watch chain, with a huge seal at one end and a large gold watch at the other. He had a deep bass voice and large, bright blue eyes and he had the appearance of a man who was accustomed to commanding men. His name was Robert Hodson, and he was captain on a steamboat when Grant be-

sieged Vicksburg. He has quit the river now and lives in comfort and ease at Oquawka, Ill., an ancient town just above Burlington. He was at the Planters the other day and told an amusing story of how he and Colonel Grif Prather raised money enough to go to a circus when they were boys together.

"It was shortly after the Fourth of July," said the Captain, "and Grif and I had, like all the other boys of the town, expended all our funds for powder—fire crackers were scarce in those days—and lemonade and root beer. While we were in this financial distress a man entered the town and placarded all the dead walls with gorgeous bills, announcing that G. G. Grady's mammoth circus and menagerie was coming. The circus was to arrive the following

week. The day of the bill posting I started over to Grif's to get him to go swimming. I found him lying on his stomach in the shade of a big beach tree in a very despondent mood. I thought he had been getting thrashed for something and asked him if his dad had been lickin' him. 'Nope, 'tain't Bob,' he answered gloomily. 'Its a durned sight more serious. You see, Bob, here we've all blowed in every copper we could raise having fun on the Fourth. Not a one of us dreamed that a circus was coming. Now we've got to miss it.' Then he shook his head sadly and looked as glum as an undertaker.

"I hadn't thought of our distressed financial condition before and I became as woe-begone as he. We were counciling together in an effort to find means of relieving the financial depression when along came old Deacon Ebenezer Wilkins with his dog Fido. Now Deacon Wilkins hated all small boys and naturally enough they all hated him. He had a two-acre watermelon patch back of his house. Fido entertained the same hatred of small boys as did his master and the boys disliked the dog because he belonged to Wilkins and because he maintained too close a watch over the melon patch. Fido used to bark savagely at every boy who passed the deacon's house and the boys would go a block out of their way to pass in front of his house and they always carried a supply of sticks and stones which they hurled at Fido. The result was that the deacon's front yard was in a constant litter.

"The hated deacon and his no less hated dog had scarcely passed by when Grif brightened up and exclaimed: 'I have it Bob.' Thinking he meant the money I asked where on earth he got it. 'No, not that,' he answered, 'but a scheme that will bring us enough money to go to the show.' Then he explained that we could poison old Wilkins' dog some night and drag him out of town and bury him. You see the village had an ordinance that whoever found a dead animal within the village limits and dragged it outside the limits could go before the town clerk and make oath to the fact and would then receive 50 cents.

"We spent the whole afternoon plotting and planning. I obtained some rat poison at home and Grif got a piece of beef. We

...as to the quantity of
factory, though its capacity
McLain at Nassau that the Van

argued that by poisoning the dog we would be avenging the scores of boys who had at one time or another felt his teeth as they clambered over the fence of the deacon's water melon patch, and at the same time prevent future interference in that direction. That night we crept out of our beds at midnight and met in front of the old Presbyterian Church. It was a bright, moonlight night and I must say we were

both very nervous and timid. But each was afraid the other would call him a coward if he backed out, so neither dared give in.

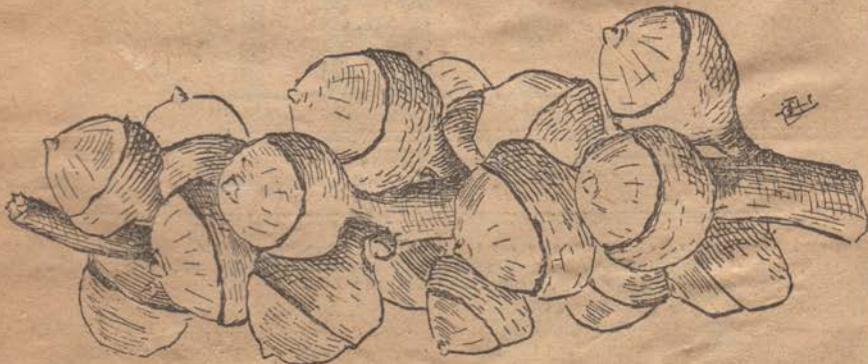
"We went down in front of old Wilkins' house and as we had supposed Fido came out with a rush and we climbed up into a big sugar maple tree and each of us then threw out a piece of poisoned meat. Fido barked so furiously that old Wilkins came to the door and not seeing anyone angrily ordered the obnoxious Fido to be quiet. Fido went back to the house growling discontentedly, but as soon as the old man shut the door the dog came down to the fence and began nosing around. He soon found the meat and devoured it. By this time we were both terribly alarmed. I said I wished we hadn't done it and Grif was of the same mind. We both felt like murderers. But we were in for it. Presently the dog became uneasy and started for the house, but when half way he fell over in a fit and I felt so terribly I began to cry. I wanted to go home, but Grif said we'd both get found out and licked if we left the deceased Fido there, so I roused up and we soon had a rope around our dead enemy's neck and half an hour later we had him buried in a hazel brush thicket half a mile beyond the limits of the town.

"Next day old Ebenezer made a furious uproar. Somebody had stolen his dog, he declared. As none of the neighbors thought very kindly of the deacon or his dog, he got little sympathy. He made an extensive search and finally decided that a strolling band of gypsies, which had passed through the town the day before, had stolen the animal.

"A day or two later we went before the Town Clerk, made oath that we had buried a dead animal, received a quarter each, and went on our way. But we felt like criminals and were awfully depressed until the circus arrived. Then we forgot all about Fido and his untimely death. We went to the show and enjoyed it and to the day of his death old Deacon Wilkins did not know what became of Fido."

Buren machine is extensively employed

EMBER 7, 1896.



MR. AARON McMULLIN SENDS THIS STRANGE BUNCH OF ACORNS TO THE REPUBLIC FROM POCAHONTAS, ARK. THERE ARE SIXTEEN LARGE ACORNS ON THE BUNCH TO ONE SMALL ONE.

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DIED—At his home, near La-Cross, on the 10th inst., Mr. WILLIAM DILLARD; aged 75 years. Mr. Dillard was a good neighbor, worthy citizen, honest and upright; was a member of the M. E. church South; raised a family of his brother's children, and partly raised the children of his wife's sisters—the Edmondsons. He has been a resident of Izard county about 50 years; was living with his nephew, G. A. Dillard, on his old homestead, at the time of his death. He set an example worthy to be followed by any one.

Died, of conjection of the brain, after 3 days of intense suffering, Oct. 16th, 1896, WALTER, little son of William and Willie Cooper—aged 2 years, 6 months and 1 day. WALTER said he was going to meeting by himself, and was not coming back any more; and now he is gone. His bright eyes are dimmed to shine no more on earth. To the bereaved parents I would say, cheer up; he will never suffer more, but with Jesus ever be. Not a sparrow falls without the notice of God, and He will surely care for us in all our grief. Weep not, but remember

“There is a power
That makes each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam
To bring it home,
For few there be that find it.”
COUSIN MINNIE.

“UNCLE” DAVY” MORROW IS DEAD.

A Barren Fork correspondence to last week's Batesville Guard, and dated Oct. 27th, says:

“Our little town and community received quite a shock this evening upon learning the death of Rev. David Morrow, who departed this life early this morning. ‘Uncle Davy,’ as he is best known to the people of this community, is one of our oldest citizens. He spent his last days at the home of his son in Fulton county. ‘Uncle Davy’ was a noble man, a pure man in his daily life, with strong attachments personally. He leaves many relatives and a host of friends to mourn his decease. He has passed through years of great pain, but bore his suffering with a beautiful Christian patience. We leave him now, his career well rounded, his life work done, the stripe of this arena forgotten, all cares rolled away, all pains soothed, secure from worldly chances and mishaps. May we all be prepared to join ‘Uncle Davy’ when, like him, we are called to pass over the river.”

“Uncle Davy” was 85 years, 1 month and 4 days old. His remains were buried near Barren Fork.

Shun a fault-finding, gossiping, strife-stirring man or woman, like you would the poisonous reptile.

MILL CREEK ITEMS.

Thinking a few lines from our little village will find a welcome place in the columns of the REGISTER, I herewith send them... We have a very nice little Sunday school, with an average attendance of 30 scholars. Price Lantz, superintendent; Jimmie Bussy, assistant superintendent; Tommie Thompson, secretary, Miss Laura Hodge, treasurer.... We have preaching twice a month—1st Sunday by Uncle Henry Hays, at 3 o'clock; and Saturday night before the 4th Sunday, by Rev. P. M. Jeffery.... Farmers are all done planting.... Will Arnold is building near his father's, W Jo Arnold. Success to Will. I think there will be several more houses built in the near future, from the way the young people promenade every Sunday.
STRANGER,
May 12th, 1889.

A Fair Farmer.

Fanny's going in for farming,
And it's not a ‘fad’ she claims;
Fanny's pretty, Fanny's charming,
With her ‘isms’ and her aims,
Since she studied agriculture,
And she can tell you beans from hops
She's been hungry as a vulture
For all treatises on crops.

Fanny's going in for farming,
Or she'll know the reason why;
Some would deem my case alarming,
No such doleful sultor I.
Opposition would repel her;
Sooth, I rather like her plan,
And, I'll call to-night and tell her
That I'll be her husbandman.

The Palm-Tree Christian.

LETTERS BY GORAIDE.

NUMBER ONE.

Be a palm-tree Christian. This tree abounds in Palestine. A Syrian woman once went to England as a servant. She remained four years, and then returned. Her people gathered around her to hear about the far-off land, and they sighed as she described the beauties of England. "What a favored land," they said. "We are full of envy. Would we were blest as those far-off islanders!" "But," said the woman, "I must tell you they have no palms." "Are you sure?" they asked, in amazement. "Yes, sure; for four years I looked up and down, high and low, but all in vain." "Poor English wanderers," they said; "they have no palms; but God is good, and has given us the palm-tree." When the weary caravan sees in the distance a grove of lofty palms, how do their hearts rejoice! For how grateful is the shade, and how refreshing the little fountain that gushes from its roots. This tree is not only beautiful (so beautiful that the Royal Palace was once located in its shade), but how useful! It has three hundred and sixty uses. It is so lofty that it seems nearer to heaven than to earth. It is as green in the arid desert as by Elim's gushing springs. Its fruit is delicious. Camels feed upon its date-stones. No wind or weight can sway it. They rise eighty feet in the air, crowned with tuft, forming a shelter from the sun, and as the desert pilgrim throws himself beneath it, he declares such rest is worth all the fatigue of the journey.

We have briefly sketched the value and beauty of this tree, but we hope you are desiring to be like it. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." You love the story of redeeming love, do you not? Poetry tells of a tree on which grew golden apples and silver bells, and when breezes came the apples fell and the bells tinkled forth their music. But you are 'neath the shadow of a still lorbier tree, and sweeter bells than those that mingle with pomegranates on Aaron's vest. You rejoice in the shadow of a great rock in this mercy-land; and who has not felt it a land of weariness? No

wonder we long for His banquetting house, where His banner over us will be love. Gird your armor on, for Satan will meet you at every point. The conflict will be sharp; you can conquer only through grace. Salvation is all through grace. If you think you had any part in your own conversion, you are fatally mistaken; for we were born in sin, and enemies to God. So how could it be that anything but grace could change our hearts?

"It is thy work, alone,
And that divinely free."

We do not come to Christ, but He comes to seek and save the lost. Is there any innate grace to bring us to Christ? Pause and consider, and you will begin to realize the deprav-

ed hearts. He pardons, not for your sake, or your prayers, but for His own name's sake. And do you pray for your enemies? Forgiveness is the odor of trampled flowers; without it you are "none of His." Just here we generally come short. If you desire to be useful, learn to measure your own abilities correctly. There is no vanity in this; and in our own particular sphere we can all accomplish something for Christ. Do good to every one you meet. Lately I heard a poor woman say, "Miss M. clothed the needy and fed the hungry." Sweet epithet! That dying lady had said, "My only regret is, that I have done so little for Christ." Josephine, Empress of France, once said, "I have wept myself, but never made another weep." What a life was hers! With loving hand she scattered the sweet flowers of love and joy. Cheer some heart every day, and if so, how many will you cheer in a life-time!

More Oiled Gardens.

The wide, fair gardens, the rich, lush gardens,
Which no man planted, and no man tills;
Their strong seeds drifted, their brave bloom
litted,

Near and far over vales and hills;
Sip the bees from their cups of sweetness,
Poises above them the wild free wing,
And night and morn from their doors are borne
The dreams of the tunes that blithe hearts sing.

The waving gardens, the fragrant gardens,
That toss in the sun by the broad highway,
Growing together, gorse and heather,
Asper and goldenrod all the day,
Poppies dark with the wine of slumber,
Daisies bright with the look of dawn,
The gentian blue, and the long year through
The flowers that carry the seasons on.

And the dear old gardens, the pleasant gardens
Where mother used to potter about,
Trying and pulling, and sparingly culling,
And watching each bud as its flower laughed
out:

Hollyhocks here, and the prince's feather,
Larkspur and primrose, and lilies white,
Sweet were the dear old-fashioned gardens
Where we kissed the mother and said "Good-
night."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

She thinks long years have passed
And
And sitting in her old arm chair
Aunt Chal has alder green
And grey becomed her hair
And as she at this volume looks
With many a sigh and tear
At this old page she stops and
says

Who could have written here
your niece

Lattil Vannatta
Mamma Mamma

THE OLD COUNTY PAPER.

How dear to my heart is the town of my childhood,
The drowsy old village so quaintly uncouth,
Where I played all the pranks that a boy who was wild would,
And knew all the fun that is common to youth.
Its fond recollections so strangely amusing
I'll never forget though I sadly may roam;
They come back refreshed every time I'm perusing.
The old county paper they send me from home.
The mossy old paper, the slow going paper,
The old weekly paper they send me from home.

It is always the same; there is nothing to change it,
And woe to the budding young journalist who
Its pages would dare to despoil, and arrange it
To make it appear more refreshingly new.
The town never alters—the years that roll o'er it
Are all quite alike as the teeth of a comb—
So I happily find as each week I explore it
Through the old county paper they send me from home.
The quiet old paper, the plain-plodding paper,
The old weekly paper they send me from home.

In the same old-time columns are "Births," "Deaths" and "Weddings"
And the "General News gleaned from far and from near,"
I know where to look for the never changed headings
And the medical ads. that are run by the year.
There's the verse by the bard who will go on ascending
The temple of fame 'till he reaches its dome,
And the serial story that runs without ending
In the old county paper they send me from home.
The lazy old paper, the calm, tranquil paper,
The old weekly paper they send me from home.

Its "Short local tales," are the first I devour,—
"Bill Jones is the 'Pa' of a bouncing big boy."
"Farmer Johnson called Monday and chatted an hour
And brought us some fruit that a king might enjoy."
"Our good townsman, Olson, is painting his stable."
"Doc' Smith has gone West: O 'Doc' why will you roam?"
"Some nice new potatoes repose on our table,
The gift of Tom Black," says the paper from home.
The easy old paper, the self-possessed paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

"Again let us state," says the head of the journal,
"Our course can't be changed by a threat or a bribe,
We shall stick to the truth—that alone is eternal—"
"We're wanting some wood. Now's the time to subscribe."
"Dan Coon, of Brush Creek, who is running for Sheriff,
Has our thanks for some honey brought fresh in the comb.
We hope Dan will win, though his views on the tariff
Are hardly the thing," says the paper from home.
The drowsy old paper, the good-natured paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

And yet that old paper to me is far dearer
Than big city dailies; I prize it above
The journals whose pages are larger and clearer—
It comes from the naunts and the friends that I love.
The glad scenes of youth with blue skies arching over,
The friends where the bees and the butterflies roam,
Sweet thoughts of them all with the scent of the clover
Steal back with the paper they send me from home.
The gracious old paper, the dearly-prized paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

Dolly's Lesson.

(This should be recited by a little girl with a doll, and letters made on the black-board as recited.)

Come here, you nigoramus!

I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter,
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you—

This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in,
It makes Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C.
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and its G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me.
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P.
And E, without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O dolly!
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

—*The Youth's Companion.*

FOREST-LEAVES should be collected and used as bedding in the stables.

DECAYED grain of any kind is highly injurious to stock, often producing paralysis and death.

SPINACH should have a slight covering of leaves or half-rotted straw as soon as the ground begins to freeze.

SILICATE of potash is recommended in France as manure for asparagus, "greatly increasing the size of the shoots."

For the hot-beds next spring, a quantity of dry, rich soil should be put under shelter adjoining the hot-bed frames.

GRAPE-VINES ought, as a rule, to be pruned in the fall. If the work is deferred until spring, the hurry of the work may cause it to be put off too late.

AN orchard should never be planted in a clay soil unless the latter is underdrained, after which it becomes one of the best soils for apples and pears.

CABBAGES may be kept in a dry cellar by simply hanging them to the joists, stalk up. The coarse leaves should be pressed close around the head.

TENNESSEE LETTER.

ED. REGISTER:—In compliance with your request, I herewith drop you a few lines:

Myself and family arrived safe at home several days ago, from a most pleasant and enjoyable visit to my brother, Jackson Gray and family in old Izard—our former home seventeen years ago. While in your midst, we were glad to meet many old friends and acquaintances. I noticed great improvement in Melbourne, and was glad to see her citizens prospering.

Among other pleasant and enjoyable features while in old Izard, was a family fish-fry on the beautiful old White river—a grand feast indeed, which all partook of heartily, especially the ladies, who ate like hungry tramps—thick fat bacon, as well as the fish, the said, was sweeter than pound cake.

With best wishes for all of my Izard friends and all other citizens, I am

Yours truly,
M. F. GRAY.

Ripley, Tenn.

Campaign Song.

(Tune: Baby Mine.)

To the city by the lakeside,
When a great cause called for action,
Illinois, Illinois,
Came the freemen stout and strong,
Fighting to redress the wrong,
Heaped upon the nation's throng,
Illinois, Illinois,
Heaped upon the nation's throng,
Illinois.

Then a voice spoke as of old,
Illinois, Illinois,
"Give us silver with our gold."
Illinois, Illinois,
Then our platform did declare,
Giving silver equal share,
In its travels everywhere,
Illinois, Illinois,
In its travels everywhere,
Illinois.

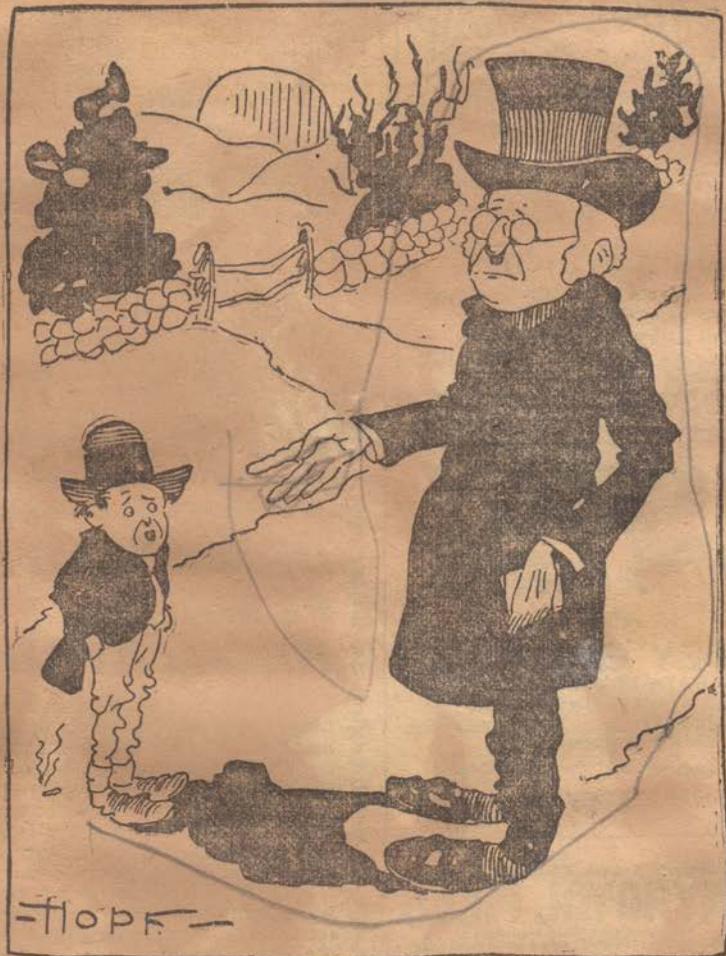
So this law will be reclaimed,
Illinois, Illinois,
From the power of money kings,
Illinois, Illinois,
In this land from sea to sea,
Slavery shall no longer be,
For this people must be free,
Illinois.

When the autumn leaves are falling,
Illinois, Illinois,
And you hear your country calling,
Illinois, Illinois,
Vote for Bryan at that call,
Silver, income tax and all,
And you'll see the gold bugs fall,
Illinois, Illinois,
And you'll see the gold bugs fall,
Illinois.

—S. T. Robinson, Hartford, Ill.

John F. Landers Returned to
Texas from Ark on Jan 23

AN EXAMPLE.



Dad: "Now, my boy, you should follow the example of one of our great men. Take Washington, for instance, and you will profit by his example. (The next day Dad was amazed to see every tree in the orchard chopped down—and little Willie in the distance crossing the creek in a tub.)"

OBITUARY.

JAMES A. CARNEY died at the residence of R. L. Landers, in Melbourne. Ark., May 6th, 1895—aged 21 years, 6 months and 4 days.

His parents had both passed on before him; but he often said that he had found parents in the love and care of R. L. Landers and wife, who did everything in their power to make him comfortable and happy in their home.

I formed his acquaintance about the first of March, 1893, and from that time I found in him a friend, faithful and true. During his long illness he was patient and cheerful. Before his death he manifested a willingness to go, and said that he was prepared to die. He said that only one thing could make him wish to live—that was, that he might render some service to his Savior, who had done so much for him.

He was followed to his last resting place by a great number of friends and relatives, who wore a deep expression of grief. Services were conducted at Lunenburg graveyard, by the writer.

Let us trust in the love of a Savior, and live as **JIMMIE** would, could he have lived longer in His service. **H. F. VERMILLION.**

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

LILIAN JEFFERY, daughter of T. M. and S. A. Jeffery, was born July 19, 1895 and died July 26th, 1896—aged 1 year and 7 days. She leaves a bereaved father and mother, many relatives and friends, to mourn her loss. She was loved by all who knew her. Though it grieves our hearts to give her up, yet we know our loss is her eternal gain; and we can truly say:

"A precious one from us has gone,

A voice we loved is still.

A place is vacant in our home

Which never can be filled.

God, in His wisdom, has recalled

The boon His love has given;

Though the body slumbers here,

Her soul is safe in heaven."

She is forever safe at home, in the arms of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

A LOVING FRIEND

Mt. Olive, Ark.

Of measles, at her home in Drytown township, June 18th, 1896, **MRS. JOSEPHINE SIPE**, wife of Thomas F. Sipe, and daughter of W. T. and E. E. Moser—aged 30 years, 2 months and 28 days.

She professed religion when young, and joined the C. P. church, in which she lived a faithful christian until November, '95, when she moved her membership to the Missionary Baptist church, and was baptized.

She leaves a husband and five little children, a father, mother two brothers and two sisters to mourn her loss. But our loss is her eternal gain. She was a kind affectionate wife and mother, a loving sister and a good neighbor and loved by all who knew her. It is hard to give up our dear sister, never to see her no more in this world; but we have a promise, if we live right, to meet her in a brighter world than this, where there will be no more parting. Then

Why should we weep when the weary ones rest,

In the bosom of Jesus supreme,
In the mansions of glory prepared for the blest,

For death is no more than a dream.

Then farewell, dear sister, a long farewell!

A LOVING SISTER.

Died, near Melbourne, July 29th, 1896, **FANNIE MAX**, daughter of Henry and Louiza Phillips—aged 6 years, 2 months and 6 days.

Weep not, dear "papa" and "mama," for your darling **FANNIE** has gone to heaven.

A little mound, on the hillside,
Angels do watch over;

A sad and desolate home to us.

Hearts that are almost broken,

Mourning the absent one.

A little mound on the hillside,

A little one fallen asleep;

Death is only eternal life;

Alas! why should we weep?

A FRIEND.

all courage, read

A Novel Suit.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bills, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to the local custom, and his authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and, as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No," said Peter, "I hired you to speak in my case; now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," replied Peter, "if Boddy Toombs won't be too hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began:

"*Gentlemen of the Jury*: You and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together, these 'ere lawyers and doctors will git the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come and doctor my wife's leg. And he come, an' put some salve truck onto it, and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; but if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro as was worth \$1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't," thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with slow accents of a judge with the black cap on. The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, nohow."

The physician again put in with, "Look at my diploma, if you don't think I am a doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheep-skin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man that now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I'll p'int out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out, "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"This is a hard sayin', gentlemen, of the jury, and one that requires me to die or have powers as I've hearn tell ceased to be exercised since the apostles. Does he expect me to bring the angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time, and cry aloud, 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely church-yard, and rap on the silent tomb, and say to um as is at rest from physic and doctor-bills, 'Get up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up some by doctors?' He says 'ask my patients,' and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beazley's man Sam? Go ask the worms in the grave-yard where he lies. Mrs. Peake's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was app'nted, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephens? She are where doctors cease from troublin', and the infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et chicken enough at my house to pay for the salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for making of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, and I am humbly thankful he never gave her nothin' for her inwards, as he did his other patients, for somethin' made um all die mighty sudden!"

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and, in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the doctor lost and Peter won.

One Too Many.

An old lady from Arkansas went to Chicago to spend a couple of weeks sight-seeing and visiting her nephew and family.

The first evening her relatives, desiring that she should see and hear as much as possible, took her to hear Bob Ingersoll on infidelity.

Wishing to give her as great a variety as possible, on the second evening they took her to hear a lecture on dress reform for women.

The old lady never said a word; but on the morning of the third day she was discovered quietly packing her trunk.

"What are you doing, auntie?" asked Mrs. Kohlsaak, her voice betraying her surprise.

"Packin' my trunk," answered the old lady, "gittin' ready to go back home."

"Go back home!" cried Mr. Kohlsaak, hastening to the reinforcement of his astonished wife; "why, you came to stay two weeks and you've been here only two days. Aren't you having a good time? We certainly shan't let you run away from us in this fashion!"

"I'm sorry about it," answered the old lady, solemnly, "but I've found out that Chicago is too much for me. The first night I was here they took away my God and this mornin' they took away my chemise. The best thing I can do is to get back to Arkansas as quick as I can before anything more serious happens."

In all Buddhist temples a tall and broad-leaved lily stands directly on the front of the altar. Its idea is as beautiful as its workmanship. It represents just as the pure white flower may grow out of the mire and filth, and blossom into loveliness, so may the heart of man raise itself above the wickedness and corruption of the world into a state of spotless purity.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.



THE midnight stars
shine overhead
With more than
usual brightness;
The hills and valleys
are arrayed
In robes of dazzling
whiteness;

And jeweled sprays of frost and rime
To forest boughs are clinging;
And sweet the anthem and sublime
The Christmas bells are ringing.

It wakes old memories again;
The vanished past is nigh us;
We feel anew old bliss, old pain,
And long-lost friends are by us—
Friends who have reached the better land,
Friends who have never faltered
In friendship e'en around us stand
With friends estranged and altered.

And voices silent long we hear
Sweet words of pardon speaking;
And other voices reach our ear,
Our words of pardon seeking:
The wrongs we met too trivial seem
To merit angry feeling;
The wrongs we did we greater deem
While Christmas bells are pealing.

And we forget to scheme and plan
While Christmas bells are telling
Of him who came in guise of man
On earth to claim a swelling.
The sweet bells sounding near and far
Calm, holy thoughts are bringing,
And Heaven and earth the nearer are
While Christmas bells are ringing.
—Chambers Journal.

Folled.

The cadaverous man with hair uncombed, four days' growth of beard on his chin, and wearing on his slender, caliper-shaped legs a pair of trousers that bagged at the knee, cleared his throat and addressed the young lady. "Miss Pinkie," he said, "I am forty-nine years old and look older than that. My health is not good, I have little or no money, I am subject to spells of gloominess, and I snore frightfully. Will you be my wife?" "Mr. Chunkerson," answered the maiden promptly, "I will." "I wouldn't have thought it of you, Miss Pinkie," rejoined the cadaverous man, with a deep sigh. "I started out this morning to see if I could get myself rejected by three women of marriageable age so as to be all ready for that tax on old bachelors in case it comes. And here I am—caught, hooked, and landed! Right at the beginning! I—I hadn't counted on this, Miss Pinkie!" groaned the miserable man. "Take a week's time to think it over. 'I'll call again. Good morning!'"—Chicago Tribune.

The Oldest Voter in Missouri Will Vote for Bryan.

Written for the Republic.

It seems that to William Kingsley of Bloomfield, Mo., belongs the prestige of being the oldest voter in the State. He was born in the County of Limerick, Ireland, in the year 1780, and is now, of course, 116 years old. It is hard to conceive of a life extending from the time of America's struggle for independence down to the present. At that time Wellington and Napoleon were young students.

"Old Bill," as William Kingsley is familiarly called, was destined for the priesthood, but he preferred a sailor-soldier's life. Enlisting in the British navy, he sailed the seas with Nelson and witnessed the defeat of the French at Trafalgar. He was in a



number of naval engagements against the French in the Napoleonic wars. An ardent admirer of Napoleon, he relates with pride the regret of many Irishmen at the death of the great Frenchman. Mr. Kingsley was wounded at the siege of Sebastopol; indeed, he carries many scars upon his body.

"Old Bill" once deserted from the English navy, and lent his aid to the Americans, under General Jackson, at New Orleans. He has seen many of the notables of this century, including Napoleon, George IV., Victoria, the English Admirals and William I. of Germany.

In spite of his 116 years, "Old Bill" enjoys good health, and earns his living by digging wells. Though somewhat bent, he hardly shows his great age. He says that he is entitled to a pension of a shilling a day from the English Government, but he prefers to live in Missouri and dig wells for a living rather than spend his days in England and draw this pittance.

"Old Bill" is a firm believer in the Chicago platform of the Democratic party, and will cast his vote for Bryan and Sewall.

Old Age Brings Resemblances.

"Age brings out family likenesses or resemblance as nothing else can or will," replied a scientist who has given much attention to the study of physiology and its running mate, physiognomy. "In the ordinary life of a man or woman they are so much occupied by other things—that is, with the pleasures, passions or business of the world—that they do not show any of the lineaments of their parents. When old age comes on them, however, they show many of the resemblances of the parent stock. Take your own circle, for illustration.

"If you are old enough to remember the parents of any of your friends or relatives you will notice that as they in turn grow old the family likenesses come out. There are, of course, some people who have the general features and appearances of their parents, and in many cases of both father and mother, though in most cases of but one, and that most likely of the father, in their youth and through their life. There are others, though, who had none of the

marked family likenesses until they reached an advanced age. By this I mean 50 years or so. In many cases persons have shown in their own faces none of the family likenesses until they reach very advanced ages, and it grows more and more marked as they leave the milestones of age behind them."—Washington Star.

EVEN AS I HAVE FOUND IT.

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The way is long for thee, dear one,
But 'tis the same way I have trod;
I cannot say: "This evil shun,
Or take this way that leads to God"
Find thou the way with thy frail feet,
Even as I have found it, sweet!

I cannot say: "Beware the thorn!"
Because, above it climbs the rose;
Nor whisper: "Light will follow morn."
For stars will shine at daylight close.
Find thou the light and darkness fleet,
Even as I have found them, sweet!

And yet for only thy dear sake
The tenderest prayer that thrills my breast
Is that the kind, good God shall make
A world of roses for thy rest.
But you must find with thy dear feet,
The thorn or rose—as I have, sweet!

Nothing Mean About Them.

A GENTLEMAN who was yesterday standing in front of the Opera House was approached by a tramp, who seemed to have tears in his eyes as he said:

"Say, mister, my wife is dying, and I want to get twenty-five cents to buy some medicine."

Before any answer could be made, a second tramp came from the other direction and halted and asked:

"Say, mister, can't you lend me a quarter? I've got to get something for my cough, or I'll be dead before snow flies."

"Here you are—one wants a quarter to save his dying wife, and the other wants a quarter to cure his cough. Now what shall I do about it?"

"Is your cough very bad?" asked tramp No. 1 of No. 2.

"T-terrible!" coughed No. 2 in reply.
"Well, there's nothing mean about me," continued No. 1. "This is my second wife, and no great shakes at that, and maybe the medicine wouldn't help her any. I'll waive all claims, and he may hand you the quarter."

"Oh, I c-couldn't t-think of it," coughed the other. "Maybe I'll get over this, while your p-poor wife certainly needs medicine."

"Well, here's a quarter for each of you," said the citizen, as he witnessed their unselfishness, and while he halted on the next corner to tell a friend that the world was growing better, the two philanthropists halted one block the other way to play pigeon-hole for the drinks.—Detroit Free Press.

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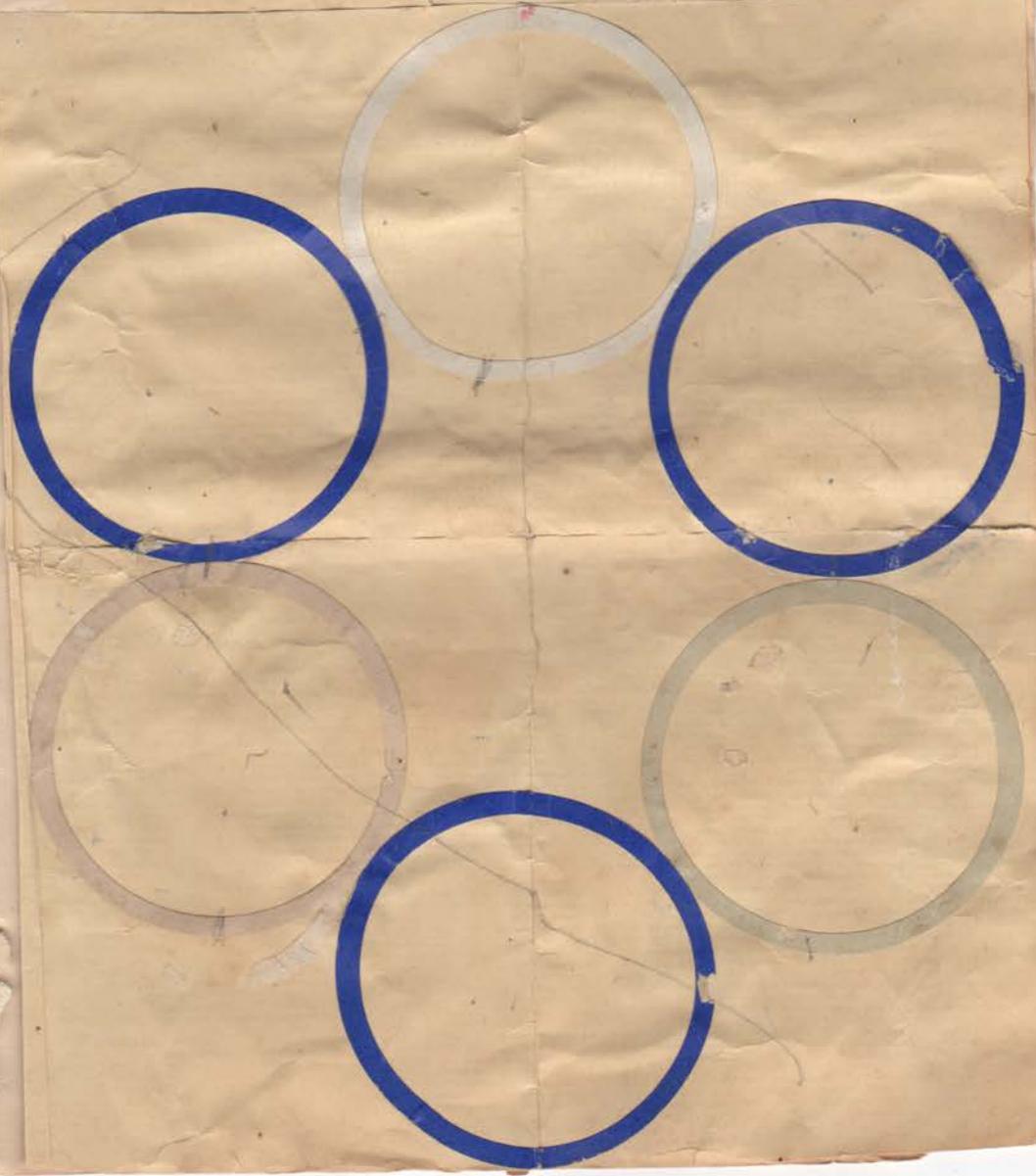
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THAT ROSE DIAMOND.

With four other fellow-sufferers—one of whom was a small, spectacled, inoffensive-looking man—Ned Girard and myself were the inmates of a vehicle drawn by six small horses, en route from the Bloemfontein diamond fields of South Africa for Wellington, thence by road to Capetown.

For 13 months Ned and I had been toiling and perspiring, taking turns in the "dump" or in our 24-foot mining claim, as the case might be.

In nearly a year of unremitting toil we had barely succeeded in washing out enough small "stones" with which to meet our running expenses; and then one stroke of the pick had unearthed a rose diamond of such size and purity that for fully 60 minutes our good fortune was the talk of Bloemfontein.

That night, after our frugal supper, Ned extended the precious gem toward me in his open palm, as we sat at our rude table in our canvas-covered cabin.

"Home?" was Ned's query.

"Home!" I echoed, with joyful emphasis.

But hardly had the word escaped his lips when a tall form dashed through the door, and, upsetting the candle by a sudden blow, seized the diamond from Ned's outstretched hand, and was off in the darkness! Of course we gave the alarm as quickly as we could, but we could regain our scattered ideas; but, though half the male population of the al-

town turned out, it was to no purpose. The robber and his plunder had disappeared.

So, being, in local parlance, "down on our luck," Ned and myself, disgusted and discouraged, had sold our claim to a couple of newcomers for about \$1,500 and, with those composing our present stage coach party, had taken passage for Wellington, intending to return home.

Beside a small, spectacled man, who represented himself as a sort of colporteur for a religious society at Capetown, our fellow-passengers composed two diamond brokers, together with a young and very boastful fellow, who called himself McArthur.

The latter had been very successful and it was with feelings of envy we heard him relate the result of two weeks' work in a deserted claim, where, as he informed us with many profane asseverations, he had struck a "pocket," from which he had taken stones whose value, he declared, was at least \$20,000. These he carried in a belt about his waist, together with a considerable sum of money from the sale of his claim, as he said, while girded to either hip was a heavy revolver, as a safeguard against possible attack from road agents.

"They wouldn't play any of their games on me," replied McArthur, touching the butt of his revolver.

The pale blue eyes of the little man, who bore the name of Smith, twinkled ever so slightly behind his spectacles.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed in deprecating tones, "you surely would not commit the awful crime of murder, even to prevent the loss of the filthy lucre which you—"

But his protestations were cut short by the sudden and abrupt stoppage of the stage and a terrified yell from the Krow-boy who drove. Almost at the same moment a man sprang from either side of the road with a leveled rifle.

The valiant McArthur dropped on the bottom of the coach with a cry of terror, which was feebly echoed by Mr. Smith. In obedience to a gruff command McArthur handed his revolvers to the smaller of the two road agents, who, seeming to be assured that no weapons were worn by any other of the party, caused us to alight.

Ned and myself had about \$750 between us, and a bill of exchange on a bank in Capetown, which the taller robber took from us. McArthur raved and stormed as he was relieved of his belt.

The little man wrung his hands and raised his voice in meek supplication, while his spectacled eyes were fixed, as though in a sort of fascination, upon the ruffian who held the presented rifle. Mr. Smith piteously entreated that the muzzle of the loaded rifle be turned aside from his affrighted face. With a hoarse laugh the road agent tossed his rifle into the hollow of his arm.

Then there was a transformation scene indeed. The small man straightened up, and with a quickness which seemed almost incredible, shoving his hands in the side pockets of his linen coat, he drew them out with a cocked revolver in each.

The shorter ruffian staggered and fell, shot through the heart, and his astounded companion, with a yell of mingled pain and rage, sprang for his rifle which lay beside him on the ground, but he was too late. Before his fingers closed upon its shining barrel he stumbled forward with a ball through his brain.

"Deadly weapons come handy sometimes, after all, gentlemen," he remarked.

I noticed a curious change in his voice and manner. So, too, did McArthur, who stood for a moment looking at him with seeming perplexity in the midst of his too evident stupefaction.

Meanwhile, Ned, who was of a practical turn, began taking from the capacious pockets of the taller of the two outlaws the valuables and money of which our little company had been despoiled, and returning them to the owners.

At last he came to a bit of wash leather in one of the pockets, from which rolled a diamond of such peculiar shape, size and color—for it was one of those rare gems, a perfect rose diamond—that both Ned and myself uttered a simultaneous cry of astonishment, and delight, as well we might, for it was our stolen diamond.

"You are in luck, gentlemen," quietly remarked Mr. Smith, who had been watching the whole procedure, while McArthur stood looking on with covetous eyes. "I see that this is the stone that you had stolen from you in the camp some days since. I had a glimpse of it, and I should know it among a thousand."

McArthur, who, with his recovered revolvers, which he had buckled on, had resumed his usual air of braggadocio, was heard to express considerable dissatisfaction. His idea was that, under the circumstances, the whole party had a sort of common interest in the diamond, to which he brokers gave ready assent.

"I'd like to see anyone try to take it!" said Ned, with a dangerous gleam in his eyes.

Little Mr. Smith nodded approvingly, removed from the dead man's body the money belt, of which Mr. McArthur had been deprived. But instead of handing it to that gentleman, he buckled it about his own waist, with an agreeable smile.

"What does this mean?" yelled McArthur, whose face was purple with rage; when, no less to his own than our astonishment, his arms were pinioned by the little colporteur, who seemed to have the strength of two ordinary men, and in another instant his wrists were adorned with a pair of shining steel handcuffs.

"It's no use kicking, William," quietly remarked his captor, removing a faded flaxen wig from his own head, and exposing to view a short-crop of stubby black hair. "I didn't mean to have pulled you until you got to Wellington, but this little affair has precipitated matters."

Mr. Smith informed us that the scowling prisoner was one William Hardy, with a dozen aliases, whom he—Dennison Hunt, the then best-known detective in England—had followed from Liverpool to the very heart of South Africa, a reward of \$5,000 having been offered for his apprehension as principal in a great London bank robbery.

GARDE



Of course she's pretty! We all admit that—as pretty as a peach! But don't waste your time looking at her. You have a duty to perform quick! The quicker the better! (See below.)

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LA

DOCTOR FORNEY.



R. CHARLES MARION had ridden a vicious horse, against the express prohibition of everybody who knew anything about it, and a broken arm was the consequence. Squire Selwyn's black horse,

Thunder, was well known in the vicinity, and his extraordinary faculty for multiplying broken heads had brought him into such disrepute that the squire was obliged to keep him because nobody would purchase him.

Charles was the squire's nephew—a young man of twenty-five or six, and as conceited as young men of that age are apt to be. He had come from the city for a month's vacation, and, having ridden Thunder, and got his arm broken, was safely housed away in the cool spare chamber to await the coming of a physician.

"How very unfortunate it is," said Kate Selwyn, entering the chamber just as Charles' small stock of patience was exhausted; "but Dr. Stone has gone out of town for a week, and left Dr. Forney to take his place."

"Send for Dr. Forney, then," exclaimed Charles, impatiently.

"I have, but I expect you will decapitate me for it. You know you detest strong-minded women, and Dr. Forney—"

"Of course I do. A strong-minded woman ought to be put in a strait-jacket. But what has that got to do with Dr. Forney?"

"Oh, here she is!" cried Kate, and the door opened to admit a rather slight young woman. She was rosy and pretty, with soft, loose curls of yellowish hair, a pair of mischievous brown eyes and a set of teeth white as pearls. She showed them when she smiled.

"A patient for you, doctor," said Kate, indicating Charles with a nod.

"Good gracious!" cried the patient, "you don't pretend to say that this young lady is a doctor?"

"Dr. Forney, Mr. Martin," said Kate gravely.

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, little brightly, "I should prefer to have my arm attended to by a—gentleman."

"I am sorry for your sake that I am not a gentleman," said Dr. Forney, bowing; "I regret it extremely, but I do not see how I can help it."

"No, no, of course not. But do you think you have courage enough to see a broken limb?"

"Try me, and then answer the question yourself."

Without more ado the doctor proceeded to business; and, though Charles was



"A PATIENT FOR YOU, DOCTOR."

as nervous as any old woman, the limb was skillfully set, and the patient quieted down to sleep before Dr. Forney left him.

I don't like sick or lame heroes; I don't think them interesting anywhere out of a three-volume novel, for they are generally fretful and cross and want more waiting on than two grandmothers and a great-grand-uncle. But I am obliged to introduce you to a broken-armed hero in order to tell you about Dr. Alice Forney.

When Charles awoke he was prepared to be very much outraged.

"I declare, it is abominable," he said, to Kate, "to think of that little bit of pink and white femininity being a doctor! Why, she looks as if she was just fit to sort worsted and work blue dogs on a yellow background. A woman with a profession is simply disgusting. And the idea of that girl going around and setting broken limbs and giving physic! Faugh!"

"She's a pretty, genteel girl," said old Mrs. Selwyn, warmly, "and doesn't spend half of her time in dawdling around and curling her hair. She means to make her way herself, she says; and so she does. She gave me something for my newrollogy that cured me right up."

"And she is so gentle, and has a kind word for everyone," said Kate.

"I can't help that," replied Charles; "she can't be a true woman and usurp the profession of a man. Goodness, I wonder how a fellow would feel making love to her?"

"Suppose you try and find out?" said Kate, wickedly.

"He? Humph! I wouldn't marry an angel if she had a profession. Heaven deliver me from your strong-minded women!"

But, notwithstanding Charles' disgust at professional females, he flourished finely under Dr. Forney's care. The doctor came every day, and her calls were prolonged. Mr. Marion had so much to tell about his sleepless nights and his weary days and the twinges of pain in his arm and the way his head felt and so on and so forth that Dr. Forney's forenoons were often half absorbed in these visits to her squeamish patient.

One day the doctor came later than usual, and seemed a little hurried. She did not give Charles' headache so much sympathy as usual, and when he began to talk about his nerves she looked out of the window and apparently did not hear him.

Charles felt wronged and insulted. What did he pay a physician for but to comfort him and give him sympathy? Especially when that physician was a woman.

"You will be well attended now," said the doctor, rising to go. "Dr. Stone has returned, and will see you before night."

"Hang Dr. Stone!" returned Charles, irreverently.

"Oh, no! I thought you had more confidence in men, as physicians, than in women."

"Who told you so?"
"I had received that impression. And I thought you would be delighted that he had returned."

"Well, I am not."
"Oh! Indeed?"
"No."

"You will do well enough now, Mr. Marion, under any circumstances. Your arm is doing very well, and in a few days—"

"I tell you it aches horridly, and my head, too. Seems as if you might have some pity for me."

"Of course I pity you very much; but I cannot stay to tell you so now. I am rather busy at this time. I have a great many things to get ready, you know."

"For what? Ready for what?" gasped Charles. "Good heavens! you don't



"DON'T GO!" SAID CHARLES.

mean to say you are going to be married?"

Dr. Forney laughed.

"No. I am going west."

"For how long?"

"An indefinite period. For all my life, if I am pleased with the country. You know I have my fortune to make, and there is a very good opening in Wisconsin."

Something rose up in Charles Marion's throat and nearly suffocated him. He put out his hand and drew Dr. Forney to his side. And the doctor looked

embarrassed and blushed, just as another girl might have done under such circumstances.

"Don't go!" said Charles, eagerly. "It is an opening you are looking for there is one nearer home!"

And he opened his arms, entirely forgetting that one of them was unfit for service.

"Mr. Marion!"

"Alice, I love you! There—it is out, thank heaven! I love you with my whole soul!"

"Nonsense!" said Alice. "How a fellow must feel making love to a female doctor!"

"You overheard my insane talk? Well, never mind. I don't care a particle. It will give you a chance to exercise your spirit of forgiveness. For Alice, my darling, you are going to forgive me, for broken hearts are worse than broken bones."

Dr. Forney succumbed to Mr. Marion's logic, and became his wife as soon as he was able to be about his business. She still practices occasionally, and Charles has quite overcome his prejudice for women who follow professions. —Selected.

One Correct Answer.

Gov. Mattox, of Vermont, was at one time chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia county. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.

"Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding judge.

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox.

in which the common varieties are

10 TOP-DRESSING IN WINTER.—Some farmers think that top-dressing with manure is best done during the winter. In the fall the manure, unless very fine and evenly spread, will cover up injuriously much of the plant. When spread in winter, on the contrary, it acts as a mulch and a protection while the plant is dormant, neutralizing the effects of freezing and thawing. An authority on the subject advises that artificial fertilizers be spread on grain lands in the fall, and barnyard manure after the snow comes.

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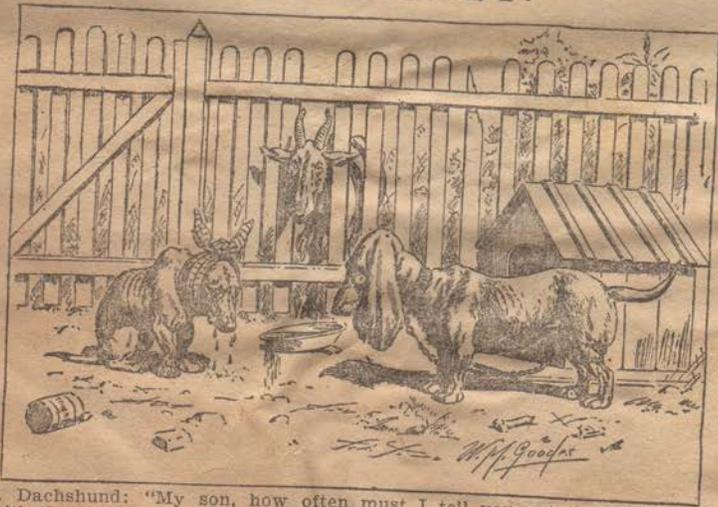


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PURE FOLLY.



Mrs. Dachshund: "My son, how often must I tell you not to get into an argu-
ment with that goat?"
Son: "Why?"
Mrs. Dachshund: "Because he's entirely too headstrong."—Harper's Round Table.

THE HEN HAWK DECEIVED.

Our readers may remember a story told sometime ago on this page of a woodpecker that was deceived by a tree stump made in stone so perfectly that the bird tried to find worms in it. Here is an account of how a hen hawk thought he had stolen a fine wood duck, but did not find it very good eating: George Boyd has a collection of birds stuffed and mounted as natural as life. He was looking them over a few days ago to see that moths were not injuring them, and left one, a fine specimen of a wood duck, standing in his back yard while he carried some others into the house. Just as he was coming out of the door again a hen hawk swooped down, pounced on the stuffed duck, and bore it away in its talons. The hawk lit on the limb of a dead tree a hundred yards from the house, and proceeded to sample his supposed prize. He struck his bill into the duck's breast just once, and then dropped it as if it had been red-hot, and took wing at railroad speed away from the place. He didn't stop to do any more hunting around that locality, although he had been circling thereabout for weeks, but kept right on going west until he disappeared in the blue distance, and he hasn't been seen since. But he spoiled the stuffed wood duck.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAMS.

Selected for the Cousins' League.

I dreamed that I never was naughty,
An' my hands were always clean,
An' I couldn't have been politer
'Dess I'd been introduced to the queen.

I dreamed that my pockets were empty,
'Cept only my handkerchief,
An' when they wanted a errand
I said "I'd just as lief."

I dreamed I sat still in meeting,
An' I walked on my tipsy toes,
An' folks said, whenever they saw me,
"There's the awfulest good boy goes."

I 'membered my fork at dinners,
An' I always shut the door,
But I dreamed it wasn't a bit o' fun,
An' I never laughed any more.

But the funniest thing I dreamed 'bout
An' the bestest thing of it all,
Was when I dreamed that mamma
Took me 'hind the door in the hall.

An' she whispered softerly to me,
So I had to stop dreamin' to hear,
But it sounded sweet like music—
"Please be naughty a little, dear.

Rooster and Rat Fight.

Mr. Eugene Polley, who lives at No. 1633 North Carey street, has a little white bantam rooster that is a fighter. The bantam has a mate, a little white hen, not larger than a pigeon.

When she went to her nest one day last week to lay her daily egg a big rat attacked her. In alarm she flew from her nest and the rooster went to her rescue. The little fellow valorously attacked the rat, and after a hard battle, which lasted for half an hour, the rat was killed.

The rat tried to escape, but Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. Polley's brother-in-law, who witnessed the combat, would not let it out of the coop, and it had to fight until its death. The rooster was the aggressor, using his spurs to great advantage and bringing his bill actively into play. The rat was almost pecked to pieces, while the rooster lost a part of his comb.—Baltimore Sun.



NOTABLE EVENTS.

- First jury 960.
- Pins made 1450.
- Needles used 1546.
- Matches made 1828.
- Surnames used 1162.
- First cast iron 1544.
- First newspaper 1494.
- Coal used as fuel 1834.
- Lead pencils used 1594.
- Window glass used 694.
- Tobacco introduced 1583.
- First gold coin B. C. 205.
- First steam railroad 1830.
- First postage stamps 1840.
- Kerosene introduced 1826.
- First illuminating gas 1792.
- Electric light invented 1875.
- First wheel carriage 1559.
- Iron found in America 1815.
- First insurance, marine, 533.
- First American express 1821.
- Musical notes introduced 1338.
- Latin ceased to be spoken 580.
- Bible translated in Saxon 637.
- Gunpowder used by Chinese 80.
- Bible translated into Gothic 82.
- Photographs first produced 1802.
- Old testament finished B. C. 430.
- Emancipation proclamation 1863.
- Paper made by Chinese B. C. 430.
- Bible translated into English 1534.

GRAN'DADDY LONGLEGS.

S. Q. LAPIUS, in Ohio Farmer.

Through the dream-like mist that floats
 Up the path of childhood,
 Like a night bird's plaintive notes
 Piping from the wildwood,
 Comes the singsong threnody
 Of a farm boy roaming
 Far adown the dewy lee,
 In the dusky gloaming:
 "Gran'daddy Longlegs—
 With yer striped trousiz—
 Take yer longes' p'inter an'
 Tell me where my cows is."

O'er the clover rank and sweet
 Floats the cowbell's tinkle
 Out beyond the rip'ning wheat
 F'rifles are a-twinkle;
 In and out among the hedge
 Nimble hares are leaping,
 And along the forest's edge,
 Dark and dank is creeping—
 "Gran'daddy Longlegs,
 Tell me where my cows is,
 R I'll pull yer p'inter off
 An' spile yer striped trousiz!"

Years of peace have come and gone—
 Crash a d blare of battle,
 Yet the farm boy still plods on
 Hunting for the cattle;
 And his singsong threnody
 Sets my pulses beating,
 Till my lips move lispingly—
 All my soul repeating:
 "Gran'daddy Longlegs—
 With yer striped trousiz—
 Take her longes' p'inter an'
 Tell me where my cows is!"

animal heat by cold winds must be co

SELECTIONS.

Pearls on the Sand.

The wave that floods the trembling shore
 And desolates the strand
 In ebbing, leaves mid froth and wreck
 A shell upon the sand.

So troubles oft o'erwhelm the soul,
 And shake the constant mind,
 That in retreating leave a pearl
 Of memory behind.

[ANNA C. GREEN.

Lively Prayer-Meetings.

If you would have people attend your prayer-meetings, make them lively and spiritual. Begin at the moment, and without any formality. Pray and speak short. If you have any long-meter people, be sure to keep them in their seats; once on their feet they will kill the meeting before they can get off. Sing frequently, a verse or two at a time. Use lively music. Singing lends animation and gives a spiritual tone to a prayer-meeting. Let your prayers and exhortations be on an experimental line. In a prayer-meeting you don't want to go back to the flood, nor to give any learned expositions on the state of the people in Jerusalem or Babylon. Talk to the present, and when you get through, stop. Devotion doesn't admit of protraction. Many a meeting has ebbed out by its everlastingness.—*Zion's Herald.*

A Child's Love.

Backward and forward in her little rocking-chair moved Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly—"I love you, pretty dolly!" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in a bay-window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly, "I am done for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly—"I'm so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am so glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote, you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together." "Yes, we had, mamma; but I got tired, after awhile, of loving her."

"And why?"
 "Oh, because she never loves me back!"

"And that is why you love me?"
 "That is one why, mamma; but not the first one, or the best."

"And what is the first and the best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "Its because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

"And we love God because he first loved us," whispered the mother.—*Anon.*

The Moss

Rose Fancies.
 I know a garden full of roses
 In a hollow, by the sea;
 Where the soft west wind reposes
 And the murmur of the bee
 Lulls one to a dream's sweetness
 Full of fancies, vague and free.

And the fancy that possesses
 All my heart, this summer hour,
 Is that one fair presence blesses
 Every leaf and bud and flower,
 Giving life in its completeness
 To this happy hidden bower.

If I seek her, will she vanish
 As a star that fades at dawn,
 As a mist—that sunbeams vanish—
 As a dream that dies with morn?
 Should I win her by my fleetness?
 Should I wait and sigh forlorn?
 Patience! Love must learn discreetness,
 There's no rose without a thorn.
 —Pall Mall Gazette

Scrofula lurks in the system now. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula.

DAVE CRAIGE, Editor and Proprietor.

MELBOURNE, . . . ARKANSAS.

A COMPLAINT.

I have a little brother boy,
But he's so very small,
I can't see what he's made for—
He's just no good at all.

No one could call him handsome;
He's only eight weeks old;
He stays in bed 'most all the day,
And doesn't like the cold.

He cannot talk as I can,
Nor eat nice meat and bread;
He cannot even walk around
Or stand upon his head!

But what provokes me most is
To hear him wail and cry:
Then mamma hugs and kisses him
And sings a hushaby.

But if I fall upon the floor
And hurt my precious head,
Nurse says: "You are too big to cry—
'I'll put you right to bed!"

And I am only three years old,
With lovely curly hair—
I only cry for kisses;
Now, do you think it's fair?
—Katharine N. Birdsall, in Outlook.

MALACOD'S FOUNDATION.

Truth, my boy, is the only foundation on which manhood can be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes! Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. Now I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you to be first thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretense, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are.

—Bishop Dudley.

WILLIAM H. CLARK passed from death unto life July 2d, 1896. Was born October 4th, 1874; obeyed the Gospel in 1890; was married in 1895. He led a good, christian life, and was an obedient son and lovely husband. His devotion to the church was beautiful—kind to everybody, and his faith was always strong. His presence was an inspiration, and he was full of the Holy Spirit. His death was a perfect triumph. He died in the full assurance of Heaven.

As a son, he was obedient, kind and good. As a husband, true and devoted. As a friend, affable, helpful and loveable. We will cherish his memory, believe in his Savior, and seek his home-
loved ones. Some bright morning he will meet us at the Gate. He leaves a bereaved wife, relatives and many other friends to mourn our loss, which is his eternal gain.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is still,
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

God, in His wisdom, has recalled
The boon His love has given,
Though the body slumbers here;
His soul is safe in heaven."

—A FRIEND.

DIED :

In Melbourne, very suddenly, Monday evening, July 20th, 1896, MRS. JEANETTE RICHARDSON—aged about 43 years. She had never recovered from a severe attack of illness in the spring, but for the past few weeks was able to be around the house and yard a portion of the time each day; and on the day of her death, she went to the dining room, ate dinner, returned to her room and lay down, and in a few minutes her brother, Warren Wolf, stepped in and discovered that she was dead.

The remains were buried at the Richardson graveyard, near town, Tuesday evening, Eld. H. F. Vermillion conducting the funeral services.

Obituary next week.



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WITH FONDEST GREETINGS

Scientific and Sanitary.

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."—If a patient seriously ill is surrounded by a number of persons, all of whom speak to him and treat him as if he is dying—well, he very likely will die. This is a matter not nearly sufficiently estimated, and many a patient owes his life to the disposition of his medical attendant. It is not merely enough for a doctor to visit his patient and take careful note of how he is; something more is desirable, namely, he should lend the patient a little of his own cheerfulness. His advent should be looked for, and he should be welcomed as bringing good fortune with him. There never was a consultant in large and successful practice who was not of a cheerful disposition.

On the other hand, certain relatives are death to the sick. If Peter Featherstone, in "Middlemarch," had had an ailment which permitted of recovery, or even of a temporary rally, he would have had no chance with his brother, Solomon, or his sister, Mrs. Waule, to say nothing of his nephew, young Cranch. With three such enlivening individuals as allies, grim Death would carry off the best of us, if ill. So it is with other persons when ill. If they are surrounded with cheerful persons, they have a fair prospect of pulling through. But let them be encircled by moping or dolesome relatives, and their chances fade out quickly. In the majority of instances these "kill-joys" are such unintentionally, and not by design. They are people of an unhappy temperament, oppressed, too, with a sense of seriousness at the emergency very often; but they are murderous all the same.

An observant, thoughtful medical man always looks to the individuals around a sick person, and weeds out the undesirable ones. Of course they object. But fortunately, the fitness of relatives for nursing an invalid is an exploded notion. The tie of blood does not constitute a qualification for a sick-room, and though such frank expression may be an offense to certain personages who like to make their way into a sick-room, it is perfectly justifiable. Why in the name of common sense has a sick person to die because some gloomy-minded individual de-

termines to nurse him? The growth of professional nurses is largely fostered by this constitutional unfitness of temperament for nursing on the part of some relations. The doctor can secure a cheerful nurse, fortunately, for nurses can be got on demand. But persons must put up with their relations; there is no changing them! And, if unfortunate enough to be seriously ill, they must take their chance with them! These croakers flock to the sick-room as gloomy as ravens. They resent any hint that they are not felt to be essential. They have come to fulfill a duty, and they are going to do it. Yes, and if the doctor cannot succeed in getting rid of them on some pretext or other, they will persist in doing their duty till the funeral is over. Family affection is a beautiful topic for the sententious, but in the sick-room it is often an unmitigated misfortune for the sick person.

A sad demeanor, a suppressed manner, funereal tones, are appropriate enough when the opportunity of showing respect to a distant kinsman by being present at his obsequies calls them forth, and then harmless; but if allowed previous to this event, they are decidedly homicidal. Nevertheless it is sometimes the duty of a consultant to banish certain objectionable individuals from a sick-room; and very injured the ejected look when the sentence is carried out. At other times it is not moral but physical or intellectual unfitness that constitutes the bar, a heavy foot, a clumsy hand, an officious manner, a harsh voice unmodulated to meet the ear of the sick person, or well-intentioned willingness linked with lack of foresight; and consequently doing fifty things far better left undone, and keeping the sick-room in a perpetual turmoil instead of that orderly quiet which is so sedative and conducive to repose.—*Dr. J. Milnor Fothergill in the "Philadelphia Medical Times."*

HURRIED DINNERS.—The London *Lancet*, a high authority in such matters, says under the above heading:

It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed mus-

cular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, the digestive organ is rendered incapable of per-

forming its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly.

We must apologize for reminding our readers of facts so familiar; but we do this in the hope that any who may chance to have influence with the managers of large hotels where dinners *a la table d' hote* are in vogue will take measures to bring about a much-needed reform in the manner in which these entertainments are conducted. At the best and most frequented establishments in places of fashionable resort, where at this season multitudes of health-seekers are wont to congregate, the hurried dinners are not only causes of annoyance, but actually go far to prevent the benefit which should be derived from a change. No sooner is one course served than another is introduced, without giving the guest time to digest or even to swallow the first. The eagerness to secure good dividends takes a particularly mischievous form when it piles food on the plate of a customer, and compels him to consume it breathlessly. The matter may seem a small one, but it is not so. Just as a man may go on for years with defective teeth, imperfectly masticating his food, and wondering why he suffers from indigestion, so a man may habitually live under an infiction of hurried dinners, and endure the consequent loss of health, without knowing why he is not well, or how easily the cause of his illness might be remedied.

There's corn in the corn crib and fodder in the stack,
 E Hogs in the goober patch, and cattle at the rack;
 f The cows from the pea field, with hair smooth as silk,
 x Come waddling to the barn with their bags full of milk.
 co The horses in the stable a-feeling of their keep,
 u The calves in the pasture a playing with the sheep;
 t, The mare in the meadow grass shows how glad she feels
 e To see her little colt a kicking up its heels.
 d There's milk in the dairy and butter in the crock,
 h There's hams in the smoke house a hanging
 n by the hock,
 l The Thanksgiving turkey is strutting in the yard—
 m Fat enough to cook himself without any lard.
 y There's fruit in the orchard and 'taters in the hill,
 n Chickens in the chicken yard fat enough to
 s kill;
 e There's truck in the garden and honey in the hive—
 pe We have plenty to live on sure as you're alive.
 rv When the candidate comes a begging for a vote,
 pr Tells me that the goldbugs have got me by the throat;
 ef That I'm poor and oppressed, and that isn't half,
 ef I'll turn loose the bull dog, and lean back and laugh.

The Dumb Spinner.

There lived a dumb spinner at Athelstane Lea,
 A spinning a magic web was she.
 She spun and she twisted it strong and tight;
 It was fair and delicate, smooth and white.
 She built her a dwelling, arched and high;
 Then the poor little spinner lay down to die.
 The magic web was her winding-sheet,
 It measured in length three fairy feet;
 And the house she had built became her tomb.
 She lay all alone in the twilight gloom;
 But when morning had come and turned to noon,
 Said the master: "Ah! 'tis a fine cocoon!"
 Then they stripped from her body the robe so rare,
 To deck the form of a princess fair.
 Now the silk sweeps over the palace floor,
 And no one thinks of the spinner more.

—Wide Awake.

TS III this country a consummation

Baby Bear.

"Buy a bear?"

That is what I heard a voice behind me say one morning while I was waiting for the boat to come along and take me up the Mississippi River to my home.

Buy a bear indeed! You may be sure that before I answered the question I gave a big jump, so that I would be out of the bear's reach, for I thought to myself that the bear would be more likely to want me than I to want him.

But when I looked around, instead of a great shaggy creature ready to eat me up, I saw the most comical little roley-poley bunch of black hair you can imagine. He looked so funny with his clumsy motions and roguish eyes that the little fellow won my heart, and, though I did not know what I should do with him when he grew up, I was determined to have him while he was a baby anyhow, so I bought him, and took him home with me.

How delighted they all were at home! Particularly Polly, a little negro servant, who made Dick, as we called him, her special care. He made himself at home without any ceremony, and was the friend of anybody who was introduced with a piece of sugar or a cookie.

He soon learned to play games with the children, who were always sure of fun when Dick was about, and when he grew a little larger he used to wrestle with the boys. At first the boys liked this sport, for they were larger than Dick and had more strength, but pretty soon Dick grew strong enough to master both the boys. He was the kindest fellow that ever lived, but he was so strong that, without meaning it, he would hug the boys till they cried out with pain.

There was only one naughty trick that Dick had. He did not like cats, because when he was a very little baby, a cat, whose ears he boxed in fun, scratched him. Dick always remembered that, and when he grew large enough, revenged himself by killing every cat that came within his reach.

He would watch slyly, making believe he was thinking of something else, until the cat came within reach of his long arms, when he would suddenly catch it with his

long claws, and after giving it a squeeze, would put it under his head, and turn a somersault on it so hard that the cat was always killed.

He grew so large and strong, and was so full of mischief, that I had to chain him up in the back yard. He did not like this at all, and was so cross about it that nobody but Polly could do anything with him. Of course it was not nice to have him there in the back yard, and at last we decided to send him away.

Poor Polly begged hard to have him stay, for he was kind to her, and he was the only pet she had ever had, and for that reason she loved him. She begged in vain, however, for one day there came along a showman, who was allowed to take Dick, after promising that he would not abuse him.

An express wagon was brought to the door; Dick was led out and into the wagon, and securely chained to it. It was too much for Polly. She cried as if her heart would break and called out, "Don' yo go, Dick."

Dick had been very sullen and ugly, but when he saw Polly crying and calling out his name, all his affection worked in his heart, and he made up his mind that he would not go. He tugged and pulled at his chain, but it was too strong and would not break. At last he gave a wild jump, and threw himself out of the side of the wagon.

He never jumped again, poor fellow! for his back came against the sharp edge of the wagon, and was so badly injured that he had to be shot. It was a sad day for Polly, who could not have cried more for a brother.

There used to be a great many bears in this country, but except in the far West, there are very few now. They are very dangerous when made angry, but, if not troubled, will usually go away from a man. They are very fond of honey and other sweet things, and will eat as much as they can get.

They need to eat a great deal, because when winter comes they shut themselves up, and eat nothing until springtime, so that if they did not get fat by winter they could not live through it. Hunters go out to shoot bears in order to get their warm fur and rich fat, which is used a great deal for hair grease; but as the bears like to keep their fur and fat, you can believe it is a very dangerous matter to hunt such strong, active creatures.—*Growing World*

Honesty Tested.

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working-season was about over, there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them, as they settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He was very sorry, he said; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to remain. So the young men returned to their boarding-house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, and neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he were the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over the week's wages, Harry said to his friend,

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.

"O! he was very busy when six o'clock came; and handling so much money he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocket-book.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the post-office and hand it to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George. "What does he care for that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted; and I am sure you have worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called, and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid each of them a quarter more than their wages on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep. He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for several months when he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management that when the work commenced in the fall he gave him the position of superintendent. Five years afterward Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner; and George worked in the same shop, but as a common laborer.

There is nothing like a good character when you want employment. Some young men can always get work, no matter how dull the times are; while others can find nothing to do, even when help is scarce, simply because they cannot be trusted.—*Kind Words.*

A Touching Dilemma.

A citizen of Montreal lately on a visit to Ottawa, while passing down the hotel corridor to his room at a late hour, happened to hear violent groans and sobs issuing from one of the rooms. As the door was open, he entered and recognized a fellow Montrealer, prominent in political and business circles, and famous for his religious and alcoholic tendencies. He was kneeling at his bedside, clinging to the side of the bed and sobbing as though his heart would break.

"What's the matter, old man?" inquired our friend, touching the sufferer on the shoulder.

"I'm so damned drunk I can't say my prayers," was the tearful response.

A BIBLE CURIOSITY.

There is a verse in the Bible which contains every letter in the alphabet except j, and it is said there is only one such. It is the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra and reads, "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you it be done speedily."

An Indian definition of a bicycle rider is a "Heap lazy man who sits down when he walks."

To sleep in clothes worn through the day is a bad practice. The clothes are filled with the effluvia emanating from the natural wastes from the body all through the day. Especially is this the case with those who labor hard, or perspire easily. The poisons of the system thus ejected or thrown off by people in vigorous health furnish a strong reason, if there were no other, for removing on retiring every article worn through the day.

"Is our doorbell an electric bell?" queried Mrs. Bowser the other evening, after tucking up young Bowser for the night.

"Out of order again, I suppose?" growled Mr. Bowser in reply, as he looked up from his paper.

"Every doorbell is liable to get out of order once in a while, isn't it?"

"No, ma'am, it isn't. Ours is the only doorbell in this town which ever gets out of order. Do you know what it has cost me to have doorbell men running up here every five minutes for the last ten years?"

"It hasn't been out of order for a year before."

"Hasn't it? That shows how little you heed what is going on in this house. To my certain knowledge that doorbell has had to be repaired 28 times in the last 12 months. That is over twice a month—once in every 13 days! Is it any wonder—is it any wonder, Mrs. Bowser—that I can't bank a dollar to save my neck? Is it any wonder that I have nightmare every night and kick and toss and groan and have dreams of the poorhouse?"

She didn't answer, and he rose up and stood before her, spectacles in one hand and newspaper in the other, and continued:

"The doorbell busted again—busted for the twenty-ninth time in a year! A thousand dollars paid out in 12 months to repair busted doorbells! We might as well quit right here and go to the poorhouse."

"You can't blame me, Mr. Bowser," she protested.

"If you are not to blame, then who is?" he shouted. "If you didn't stand on the doorsteps and jab and jam on the button until the wire melted or broke, then who did? Don't try to lay it on some caller or agent."

"I'll see about having it fixed myself. I haven't had occasion to ring it in six months. There's no reason to get excited over such a trifle."

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm not excited, but simply put out over your carelessness. You bust the doorbell; you break a pane of glass; you smash a mirror; you kick a leg off the sofa; you—"

"When did I do these things?"

"Never you mind! No wife should talk back to her husband. While your carelessness has cost me over \$3,000 the last year. I shall say nothing more at this time. The bell will not only be fixed, but I will fix it myself. In fact, I was just wishing there was something I could tinker at for an hour."

"If you will let it go till tomorrow I will get a man to do it."

"The bell will be duly repaired within half an hour, Mrs. Bowser. Is my toolbox down cellar?"

"I believe so, but I wish you wouldn't meddle with it. If anything happens you—"

"Nothing will happen, and no one will blame you. If I can save \$1,000 a year by keeping that doorbell in repair, we shall be just so much ahead of the game."

Mr. Bowser disappeared in the basement, where the batteries were resting on a shelf, and 20 minutes later he reappeared with a smile on his face and observed:

"The repairs are completed, Mrs. Bowser, and I have saved from \$10 to \$15."

"What was the matter?"

"As you know nothing about volts and amperes and alternating currents and open circuits, you could not understand if I tried to explain. I will now go out and press the button and electricity will do the rest."

There were three bells on the circuit. When Mr. Bowser pressed the button they began ringing, and when he let up they still con-

tinued. It wasn't a soft, melodious ring, as the bells gave out when a lady caller pressed the button, nor yet a quick, decisive clang, as when the Turkish rug man mounted the steps to offer his wares on the weekly installment plan. It was a continuous clatter, with a buzzsaw edge to it, and it hadn't continued over 30 seconds when young Bowser awoke with a yell, and the cook came flying from the kitchen. Mr. Bowser pressed the knob and let go, and he got out his knife and worked the point of the blade behind it, but the clatter even grew louder.

"What is it—what have you done?" demanded Mrs. Bowser as she rushed into the hall.

"Make that young un stop his infernal noise, and you go back and sit down!" he yelled in reply, as he galloped downstairs after a hammer, a screwdriver, a pair of pinchers and a whetstone.

Mrs. Bowser heard him pounding and rushing about for five minutes. Then he came upstairs and pounded and rushed some more. The cook flew into the back yard and screamed "Fire!" and "Police!" and young Bowser tried so hard to drown the noise of the bells that his eyes rolled and he exhibited every symptom of fits. Mr. Bowser finally found the wires as they led in from the front door and cut them off and pulled them out by the roots and the ringing ceased. Then he sat down on the front stairs. He was there when the frightened child finally grew quiet, and Mrs. Bowser went out to see if the hurricane had passed.

"Well, did the volts and the amperes and the alternating currents get mixed?" she kindly asked.

Mr. Bowser looked up and glared and breathed as if he had been climbing up a haystack, but he

had nothing to say. There was no need of words. She was to blame, of course, and in the morning his lawyer and her lawyer would have an interview and arrange for the divorce and settle the amount of alimony.

GEMS.

What is death? A tragic mask. Turn it and examine it. See it does not bite. The poor body must be separated from the spirit either now or later, as it was separated from it before. Why? That the period of the universe may be completed, for it has need of the present and of the future and of the past.—Epictetus.

All things on earth have their price; and for truth we pay the dearest. We barter it for love and sympathy. The road to honor is paved with thorns; but on the path to truth, at every step you set your foot down on your own heart.—Oliver Schreiner.

Every critic in the town
Rurs the minor poet down,
Every critic—don't you know it?—
Is himself a minor poet.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said the presence of some people required a glass of wine to keep one's self sober.

I think that whenever children be born that are not wanted they should be killed directly, before their souls come to 'em, and not allowed to grow big and walk about.—Thomas Hardy.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. —Wordsworth.

God has fixed this law, and says: "If you would have anything good, receive it from yourself." You say, "No, but I will have it from another." Do not so, but receive it from yourself.—Epictetus.

If a man should be able to assent to this doctrine as he ought, that we are all sprung from God in an especial manner, and that God is the Father of men and of gods, I suppose that he would never have any ignoble or mean thoughts about himself.—Epictetus.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—George Eliot.

Wit without wisdom is salt without meat.—Horne.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—Rousseau.

Blame is safer than praise. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.—Emerson.

We enter this world naked and bare,
We go through this life with trouble and care;
We leave this world for we know not where,
If we do well here, we may do well there.

In a letter to *The Lancet*, Doctor A. Paggi records the following observation: He states that in Paris he saw a case in which, under the inhalation of chloroform, the heart ceased to beat, and artificial respiration for ten minutes failed to restore circulation, when Doctor Labbe dipped a large cloth in boiling water and applied it to the region of the heart, with the result of immediately restoring the action of that organ.

Hull, Veddled Joys!

"You must not touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her 4-year-old boy. She has a soft spot up there that is very tender." The youngster gazed at it curiously for a moment and then asked:

"Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?"

"Yes."

"Did papa have a soft spot on top of his head when he was a baby?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he has got it yet."

And the old man, who had heard the conversation from an adjoining room, said:

"Yes, indeed he has, my boy, or he would be a single man to-day."—Spare Moments.

A Hint for Leap Year.

"Charlie, did you ever hear it said that if a person found a piece of clover and put it into a shoe, the first gentleman or lady the person walked with would be either their husband or wife?"

"No, never heard of it before."

"Well, I have found a piece, and put it into my shoe this morning, and you are the first one I have walked with. I wonder if it is true?"—Exchange.

An Elephant on His Hands.



Mrs. MOONEY (for the one hundred and eleventh time)—"What would you do, darling, if I should die?" Mooney—"Oh, bury you, I suppose."—N. Y. World.

A PATERNAL KICK.—"A whole set of furniture!"

Cried pa. "I think it tough! For while they did their courting here They found one chair enough."

As on his daily trip he went,
The sun exclaimed: "I vow
There's no denying that I am
The champion searcher now."
—Washington Star.

SOMETIMES a man gets a reputation for being close because he has paid all his debts and hasn't any money left to get a reputation with for being liberal.—Somerville Journal.

A Love Song.

Love, the moon is overhead,
All the misty woods are still;
What was that my lady said?—
"I will never wed until
Some great hero that I meet
Sueh humbly at my feet."
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
She would surely tell me nay;
I will wait some other day.

Once again the moon is new—
Like a broken band of gold;
New or old, my heart is true,
But my lady seemeth cold.
When the mellow planets shine,
Shall I ask her to be mine?
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
What if she should tell me nay?
I will wait another day.

Sooth I think she'll drive me mad—
Yet I thought, when passing by,
That her blossom-face was sad,
And a tear was in her eye.
Can it be if I should sue
I should find her heart was true?
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
What if she should tell me nay?
I will wait another day.

Not a shred of moon above,
And of starlight there was none;
But I met my lady-love,
And I wooed her, and I won.
Shyly, sweetly, did she own
That she cared for me alone.
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
Yet she might have told me nay
Had I asked her yesterday.
—Hattie Whitney in May Lippincott's.

A Widower's Grief.

Last April, in one of our suburban towns, there was a peculiarly sad death, that of a young woman who had only been married a few months.

Her husband's grief was excessive, indeed. Among its other manifestations was that of having her seat in church filled every Sunday with flowers, and so marked off with white ribbons that no one else should occupy it.

An old lady, wise in her years of experience, shook her head over this: "He will be married before the year is out," she said. Her grandchildren all cried, "Oh, grandmother! How can you be so unfair? The poor man is heartbroken." But grandmother only replied: "Wait and see." And they had not long to wait.

His engagement has already been announced.—Philadelphia Press.

Ladies—Send to Ruth Goldsmith, Chicago, for free package of Royal Tea. Cures all female diseases.

Across the Sunlit Land.

Come, love, across the sunlit land
And blythe as dryad dancing free,
While time slips by like silver sand
Within the glass of memory.

Ere winter, in his reckless glee,
Blights all the bloom with ruthless hand,
Come, love, across the sunlit land,
As blythe as dryad dancing free!

And all the years of life shall be
Like peaceful vales that wide expand
To meet a bright, untroubled sea
By radiant azure arches spanned;
Come, love, across the sunlit land,
As blythe as dryad dancing free!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Tribute to a Servant.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis writes to the Baltimore Sun an appreciative letter about the late Frederick McGinnis, colored, who was the personal servant of her husband. "He was an honor to his race," she says. "A man of sterling integrity, high intelligence, keen sense of justice, a warm and grateful heart, he had the fine instincts of a gentleman. Whatever he undertook he performed faithfully and well, for his mental faculties were not inferior to his moral qualities."

The past t

Equality, Fraternity, Unity in Christ.

of the



Average	Average	Average
yield per	yield per	value per
acre.	acre.	acre.

Wine and Whisky, with siren voice, allure the drunkard to an untimely grave, and surplus are thus given:

ACCOUNTED FOR.



She: "You've had that suit but two weeks, and yet it looks as if you had been sleeping in it."
 He: "I have. I wore it to church last Sunday."

THE SPELLING MATCH.

Ten little children, standing in a line,
 "F-u-l-l-y, fully," then there were nine.
 Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
 "C-l-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.
 Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of
 heaven,
 "B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.
 Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful
 fix,
 "L-a-l-d-y, lady," then there were six.
 Six eager darlings, determined each to
 strive,
 "D-u-t-l-e, duty," then there were five.
 Five hearts so anxious, beating more and
 more,
 "S-o-o-l-l-a-r, scholar," then there were
 four.
 Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose
 tree,
 "M-e-r-r-y, merry," then there was but three.
 Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen
 and true,
 "O-n-l-y, only," then there were two.
 Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,
 "T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.
 One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun,
 "H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was
 won.



Barber, barber, shave a pig,
 How many hairs will make a wig?

FUNNY IDEAS OF LITTLE FOLKS.

"What is it that causes the saltiness of the ocean?" asked the teacher. "It is the codfish," said a little girl.

Miss Wallop (the teacher)—Tommy, did I see you whispering with the boy next you just now? Tommy—No, ma'am; your back was turned.

Mamma (as she is serving the pie at the table)—What is an improper fraction, Johnny? Johnny—Anything less than a quarter, mamma.

Overheard in the Nursery—Don't lie on your back, Freddie; it will make you dream." "All right, mamma; I'll lie on my edge."

The First Fruit.

A little girl was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came. "Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat. "Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit." "Well, what of that?" "Dear father told me that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too." "Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And even if you were able to do such a thing He would not care for them." "Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes because her mother is too poor to buy them." And away ran this little girl, with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child. "I've brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin. "Dearest child, may God bless you a thousand fold for your loving gift!

Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you?"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress, and expressed her sincere thanks.—*Exc.*

WHY ONE FEELS CHILLY LYING DOWN.

The reason is simply this, says Harper's Bazar. Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart a rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture. Multiply that by sixty minutes and it is six hundred strokes. Therefore, in eight hours spent in lying down the heart is saved nearly five thousand strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke it lifts thirty thousand ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down one must supply them with extra coverings the warmth usually furnished by circulation.

WHAT'S ELECTION DAY FOR?

Probably the majority of boys all over this country gather wood for bonfires for election night. Little Jack, we are told, collected a lot of barrels. On the morning of

Who Died In the Confederate
States Service, April 6, 1863.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

In Little Rock a soldier lay
Upon a bed of pain,
And as he lay he thought of those
He might never see again.
He thought of his darling wife
And little babes so dear;
Ah! little thought he that his wife
Was then so very near.
He heard her foot-step on the stairs,
But thought it was some other,
Until they stood within the door
His wife and his dear father.
"Oh! India, have you come at last?"
He said, in accents broken,
She scarcely could believe it was
Her husband who had spoken.
She went and kneeled beside his bed,
And gazed upon his face,
She saw the destroyer written there,
In lines all plain to trace.
"Yes, my dear husband, I have come
To take you home with me,
For I know you want to go
Your little babes to see."
Yes, India, dear, I want to see
My little babes again,
But now I know the days are few
I can on earth remain."
"And if I do not live to see
My home and friends again,
I pray you take my body on
And bury it at home."
Three long, and weary days before
A furlough could be got,
The doctors saw life was almost o'er,
But they would consent.
They had not got but twenty miles
Before he begged to stop;
For Death, oh, Death! oh, cruel Death!
Was then to be his lot.
"Oh! tell my friends they must not grieve,
For I will be at rest;
Although I hoped to reach my home,
The Lord knows what is best."
And when he scarce could speak at all,
When life was almost o'er,
His weak and feeble hand he stretched
Out to his stricken father.
"Oh! father, father, take good care
Of India and my babes;
For I shall very shortly lie
Beneath the grave's cold shade.

They brought his body to his home,
The home he longed to see;
But when we went to look at him
The coffin was between.

They laid his body in the grave,
And there it will remain
Until the last, last trump shall sound;
Then we'll meet with him again.

That dear old father, too, is gone
To his last resting home,
And I've no doubt this day they are
Together round the Throne.

Come, friends, let us together march
Along the Heavenly road,
So when we end our journey here
We'll meet with those we love

--MARY E. BISHOP.

ruchus obsoletus (Figs. 1-3)..... 180

THE SAND MEN OF
CUDDLEDOWNTOWN.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville,
Where the Sand Men pitch their tents;
In Drowsyland,
You Understand,
In the State of Innocence;
'Tis right by the source of the River of
Life
Which the Grandma Storks watch over,
While Honey-bug bees
'Neath Funny-bug trees,
Croon Lullabies in sweet clover.
'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddle-
downtown,
For its people are all sleepers;
And never a one,
From dark till dawn,
Has ever a use for peepers.
They harness gold butterflies to Sun-
beams—
Play horse with them, a-screaming,
While never a mite,
Throughout the night,
Ever dreams that he's a-dreaming.
In Cuddledowntown there are Choo-choo
cars
In all of the beautiful streets:
And round bell heads
And curly heads
Are the engineers one meets;
From Piggybacktown to Pattycakeville
The cars run, hissing, screeching,
While wonderful toys,
For girls and boys,
Can always be had by reaching.
Oh, Cuddledowntown is a Village of
Dreams
Where little tired legs find rest;
'Tis in God's hand—
'Tis Holy Land—
Not far from mother's breast,
And many a weary, grown-up man,
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking.
—Joe Kerr in Collier's Weekly.

"What kind of an alarm clock have you?"
was asked of a Third avenue baker whose work
demands his presence in the wee hours. "Two
years old, fat, chubby, full of ginger, and with
lungs like a fire gong."—Detroit Free Press.

REPORT OF THE MICROSCOPIST:

- PLATE I. *Amanita caesarea* Scopoli.
 II. *Amanita muscaria* Linnæus
 III. *Lepiota procera* Scopoli.
 IV. *Cortinarius turmalis* Fries.
 V. Forms and positions of the
 VI. Forms of gill-like processes
 VII. Silver nitrate test for oils
 VIII. Illustrating the Taylor microscope
 IX. Chauliografa fat crystals.

REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE DIVISION

- PLATE I. American practice of box
 II. Tools used in American pr
 III. Turpentine orcharding in
 IV. Tools used in French practi
 1-7).
 V. Cross-sections of iron with
 VI. Fig. 1, turpentine gath
 Fig. 2, fire-safety strip

REPORT OF THE SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE

- PLATE I. (1) United States experimen
 (2) Cargo of sisal h
 Factory interior, extra
 drying room of factory.
 II. Nursery of sisal hemp plant
 III. Fig. 1, true sisal hemp pla
 IV. Fig. 1, pineapple plant wi
 Elliott's Key, Fla.
 V. Boy string hemp plants
 VI. Fig. 1, cuttings of sansevi
 and cuttings, leaves, s

REPORT OF THE

- OF THE WEATHER
 PLATE I. Chart of departures from no
 season of 1892.
 II. Chart of average daily dep
 for the crop season, Marc
 III. Diagram showing average t
 perature and weekly dep
 from April 15 to October
 IV. Diagram showing average t
 perature and weekly dep
 from April 15 to October

SPECIAL REPORT ON TEA-RAISING IN SOUTH

- PLATE I. Tea garden at Pinehurst—
 pruning
 II. Tea garden at Pinehurst—
 pruning
 III. Assam hybrid tea plant at
 showing variation in size

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of
 my childhood
 When fond recollection presents them to
 view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
 wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy
 knew;
 The wide-spreading pond and the mill
 which stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cata-
 ract fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh
 it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in
 the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
 bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in
 the well.
 That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treas-
 ure;
 For often, at noon, when returned from
 the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleas-
 ure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can
 yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that
 were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
 fell;
 Then nursery, with the emblem of truth over-
 flowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from
 the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
 bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the
 well.
 How sweet from the green mossy brim to
 receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, inclined to my
 lips!
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me
 to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Ju-
 piter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situ-
 ation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's planta-
 tion,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in
 the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
 bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, that hangs in
 the well.

—Samuel Woodworth.

THE BOY AND THE SPARROW.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
 On the ground stood a sparrow bird looking at him,
 Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad
 So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
 And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was
 glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—
 "Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird,
 please?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
 And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
 And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
 But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;
 'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
 And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
 And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

MR. TILDEN'S income is \$1,500 a day.

SENATOR MAHONE has twice been the father of triplets.

A PROMINENT physician says that flies spread small-pox.

The Old Meeting House.

We love the venerable house
 Our father's built to God;
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light has shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the eternal Spirit clear
 Their doubts and end their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found,
 Which filled their homes again.

For faith and peace and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above,
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
 But here their children pray,
 And in this fleeting lifetime trust
 To find the narrow way.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

An Oversight.

By MAY TYRRELL.

1
 "My coffee isn't sweet at all,"
 Said little Johnny Gray;
 "So put another lump in, please,
 It isn't nice this way."

2.
 "Now Johnny Gray," said sister Kate,
 "I sweetened it with two
 Great sugar lumps, which ought to be
 Enough for even you!"

3.
 "Maybe," he said; and gravely stirred
 The fragrant, steaming cup;
 "Perhaps you know, the reason was
 I hadn't wound it up."—*St. Nicholas.*

South Dakota it overlaps the range of *bursarius*), both occurring over a narrow range. Other species of *Peromomys* inhabit all of the Great Plains and range south in none occur in Nebraska, Kansas, Indiana, Texas, where *Geomys* alone holds the construction of burrows and nests and the mounds thrown up



I sat in the operating room,
 With all the paraphernalia around;
 Our cigars two red spots in
 the gloom,
 And his story that man of
 science unwound
 Like a mummy from the
 tomb.

"They brought a subject
 here for the knife
 That I, as a specialist,
 might endeavor
 To find why death got the
 better of life,

And had beaten fellows accounted clever
 At the ills to which flesh is rife.

"Outside was the fog and drizzling rain:
 In here, that form in its close wound sheet,
 So close, that every line was plain.
 From the head to the folded feet,
 Caused a something on my brain.

"I took the lighted candle round
 Beside the face, and as quickly drew
 The covering back that wrapped it round
 And had just a moment's view,
 When the light fell to the ground.

"It was the duplicate face, complete
 In eyes, hair, brows, of a woman I knew.
 With parted mouth that smiled so sweet
 When the little pearly teeth showed through—
 With memory replete.

"They found me next morning on the floor
 With my head beside the table's leg,
 And my feet a-barricading the door.
 It seems I had not moved a peg
 After falling the night before.

"'Twas a very unscientific thing
 To be shaken so by a woman's body;
 But human nature will have its fling—
 I think you are fond of whiskey toddy,
 Excuse me while I ring."

Primary Recitation.

(With Motions.)

By LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

1.
 My hands upon my head I place,
 On my shoulders, on my face;
 On my hips, then at my side,
 And then behind me they will hide.

2.
 Then I will lift them up on high,
 And make my fingers swiftly fly,
 I'll hold them now in front of me,
 Then I will clap them, one, two, three.

A Six and Nine Rhyme.

1.
 A queer little boy who had been to school,
 And was up to all sorts of tricks,
 Discovered that 9, when upside down,
 Would pass for the figure 6.

2.
 So when asked his age by a good old dame,
 The comical youngster said:
 "I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,
 But 6 when I stand on my head.—*Chatterbox*

Sue Graham stood in the south kitchen door, pinning on her great calico apron, with a very disconsolate look on her usually sunny face. Grace Dennis, so pretty and dainty in her fresh cambric, drove by in her basket phaeton, with little crippled Bessie McAllister. The frown deepened on Sue's face, and she gave her apron-strings an impatient twitch. Then she turned hastily from the doorway to the hot kitchen. It seemed hotter than ever, as she remembered how cool and fresh it looked out of doors. And there were the breakfast dishes to be washed, rooms to be swept and put to rights, cake and pudding to be made, and dinner to be prepared. She turned back to the door again, her brown eyes overflowing.

"What is it, Susie dear?" asked her mother, stopping on her way to the pantry at the sight of Sue's woe-begone face; "what is it dear?"

"Nothing much," responded Sue, trying to smile back, but succeeding in calling up only a very tearful one; "I'm so tired of all this, and discouraged," she said.

"Do you ever think of it as something your Heavenly Father has given you to do for Him, Sue?"

"Why, mother!" and Sue turned abruptly round. "You don't mean He cares or knows anything about all this work, do you?"

"Why not, dear? Doesn't He know when even a sparrow falls to the ground? 'Are ye not much better than they?' You are just where He put you, and if you do the duties He has given you to do cheerfully and faithfully, even though they are small, I believe He sees and knows, and cares too, for the faithfulness of the service."

A minute after, Sue heard her mother in the pantry preparing for baking. There was a grave, thoughtful

God will not seek thy race

Nor will he ask thy birth;

Alone will he demand of thee,

What hast thou done on earth?

—Persian.

—Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.—Selected

—Not a degraded past, but an undeigning heart, shuts out from Christ's gift of living water.—Alexander McLaren.

Treat your boys as though they were of some importance if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boys to be respectful, thoughtful and kind unless you first set them the example.

If you would have your boy make you his confidant, take an active interest in all that he does; don't be too critical, and ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of the things they should know. It is not the wholesome truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired, that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as though your boy amounted to nothing, nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbor's son to his disadvantage. Nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things. Have their rooms fixed up as nicely as possible; let them understand that they are to be kept in order, and the results will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good, wholesome reading matter. Have him read to you and with you. Discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts on

the subject. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place. See to it that the boys don't have to go somewhere else to secure proper freedom and companionship.

Take time to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friends you know nothing about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friends to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy. He will not be slow to appreciate it.—Evangelist.

What the School Bell Says.

It is wonderful what unlike things
The school bell says to the boys, when it rings!
For instance the laggard, who drags along
On his way to school, hears this sort of thing:

O—suz—hum!
Why did I come?
Study till four—
Books are a bore!
O how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! there's the brook,
Here's line and hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up—eh?
O—hum—ho!
S'pose I must go,
Study till four.
Books are a bore!

Then the boy who loves to be faithful and true,
Who does what his parents think best he
should do,

Comes bravely along with sachel and books,
The breeze in his whistle, the sun in his looks,
And these are the thoughts that well up like a
song,

As he hears the old bell with its faithful ding-
dong:

Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!
Heaven so blue,
Duty to do!
Birds in the air,
Every thing fair,
Even a boy
Finds study a joy!
When my work's done
I'm ready for fun,
Keener my play
For the tasks of the day.
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!

These are the songs which the two boys heard,
When the school bell was ringing, word for
word.

Which do you think was the truer song?
Which do you hear as you're trudging along?
Don't be a laggard!—far better, I say,
To work when you work, and play when you
play!—*James Buckham.*

D I E D :

In Claiborne township, Satur-
day morning, December 15th,
1894, Mrs. Fannie E. Claiborne,
wife of Jas. A. Claiborne, Sr.—
aged about 65 years. Obituary
next week.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

WE heard a story lately of a little
girl, three years old or less, who is
very fond of animals. When out walk-
ing with her aunt she wants to stop
and caress every dog or cat she sees.
She catches bugs and other in-
sects for playthings. One day she
came into the room with her hand
over the top of her toy-pitcher.
"What have you got, Sophia?"
asked her mother. "'Pider," said
Sophia. She had caught a large
spider and held it a prisoner in her
pitcher. Here is a story from Aunt
Daisy which will please our chil-
dren and young folks who, like lit-
tle Sophia, love the living creatures
with which God has peopled the
world all around us:

Most of the Corner readers have broth-
ers and sisters to play with and to love,
but here is a boy who is the only child in
his home:

Lunenburg, Ark.—Dear Editor: I am a little
boy by myself. I have neither brother nor
sister, but I have fifty-six cousins and I have
seen them all but three. I will tell you about
a cave I went into. It had a rock organ, and it
would play, and it had two rooms. There were
many beautiful rocks in it. There was one
that looked like a raccoon. My mamma has
five brothers and every brother has five sisters.
How many uncles and aunts have I?

ERA ADAMS.

Era has five uncles and four aunts.
The beautiful rocks he saw are called
stalactites and stalagmites. They have
been formed by the limestone water drip-
ping for ages from the roof of the cave.
Who can tell us something more about
these limestone crystals that sometimes
hang in such caverns like icicles from the
rocks overhead, or stand on the rocky
floor like pyramids and statues of marble,
or like crystal pillars joining the roof and
floor? The "rock organ" is not so easi-
ly explained. It could hardly be an or-
gan with pipes and keys such as we have
in our churches and homes.

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A FOREST REFUGE.—SEE "SHELTERED," PAGE 2.

PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Julia M. Colton, in St. Nicholas.

Six little marks from school are we,
 Very important, all agree,
 Filled to the brim with mystery,
 Six little marks from school.

One little mark, with a trailing,
 Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
 Tells you not long to pause when hailing
 This little mark from school: ;

If out of breath you chance to meet
 Two little dots, both round and neat,
 Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
 These little marks from school: .

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
 One trails his sword—takes half the measure
 Then speed you on to seek new treasure;
 This little mark from school: :

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
 "Keep up the voice—await replies."
 To gather information tries
 This little mark from school: ?

One little mark, with an exclamation,
 Presents itself to your observation,
 And leaves the voice at an elevation,
 This little mark from school; !

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
 Carefully study, write and read us;
 For you can never cease to need us,
 Six little marks from school!

THE PHONOGRAPH AT FUNERALS.

The latest kind of funeral, says a correspondent of the National Recorder, is one in which the burial service is read by a phonograph. At Gravesend, near Coney Island, several funerals have been conducted by phonograph recently. Clergy men are very few and far between in that section, and in the summer there is none at all. The undertaker of the village saw that something had to be done to supply the want of a clergyman, and, being a man of inventive genius, hit upon a phonograph as being the best way of solving the problem.

He persuaded a duly ordained minister to read the burial service into the cylinders with appropriate hymns and prayers. A huge trumpet serves to intensify the sound, and causes the voice from the phonograph to be both long and distinct. When the coffin has been laid beside the grave the phonograph, which stands where the minister would ordinarily be, is started and the ceremony begins.

First of all a portion of the Scriptures is read, then a quartet renders the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which the Lord's Prayer is recited. The phonograph's voice then reads solemnly the burial service. Committal of the dead is followed by another prayer. Another hymn is sung, and then the phonograph pronounces the benediction. The effect is very solemn, for the faraway sound of the sonorous voice seems somehow to intensify the meaning of the service.

No use, other than a religious one, is ever permitted with the phonograph and its big trumpet. It has never ground out such popular ballads as "The Sidewalks of New York" or "Uncle John." The undertaker takes a really new view of the instrument, when not in use it is kept

alongside the family Bible, with a decorous crape band depending from the flaring trumpet.

The inhabitants of Gravesend have become quite used to the phonograph and say it is just the thing for them. Some of the villagers, who make a point of attending all funerals in the vicinity, say that a funeral would not seem like a real funeral without "Abe's" machine. Abraham Stilwell, the originator of the idea, holds that there is nothing inappropriate in the idea, and several ministers have assured him that they fully approve of the plan.

A HYMN.

The following hymn was written for the 25th anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Union, and was read on that occasion, May 28, 1893, by its author, the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was the last of his poems he publicly read.

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With Faith's undying flame!

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see,—
The star of Love must light the path,
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storm of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do.

The receipts of cotton at Memphis since September 1st aggregate 700,200 bales, which is 36,923 more than the entire receipts for any previous year.

NO. 109—CHARADE.

(To Ernest.)

The time for cleaning house is near,
The carpets all must beaten be,
There is no place of peace or cheer—
How sad the sight for man to see!
No more his evening hours are free—
He must take up the carpet tacks.
No matter what his specious plea—
Alas! the Spring has painful facts!

The first of May he views with fear,
He'd like to hide behind some tree,
In some such way to disappear—
How sad the sight for man to see!
No LAST there is for you and me
But what we'll have to break our backs,
(With trousers FIRTING at the knee)
Alas! the Spring has painful facts!

We have to list with ready ear
To wives' complaints of all degree,—
I think they *like* to domineer—
How sad the sight for man to see!
The hall is full of WHOLE, which we
Must move e'en though our poor spine cracks,
(Our wives say we must persevere!)
Alas! the Spring has painful facts.

O Prince, from spring-tide cleaning flee—
How sad the sight for man to see!
The thought our poor frame sorely racks,
Alas! the Spring has painful facts.

—BEECH NUT, Newburg, N. Y.

Special Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture,
various States and Territories, according to the
received by farmers for their products have

The Birds.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their
glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly;
Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and said,
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread."

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught

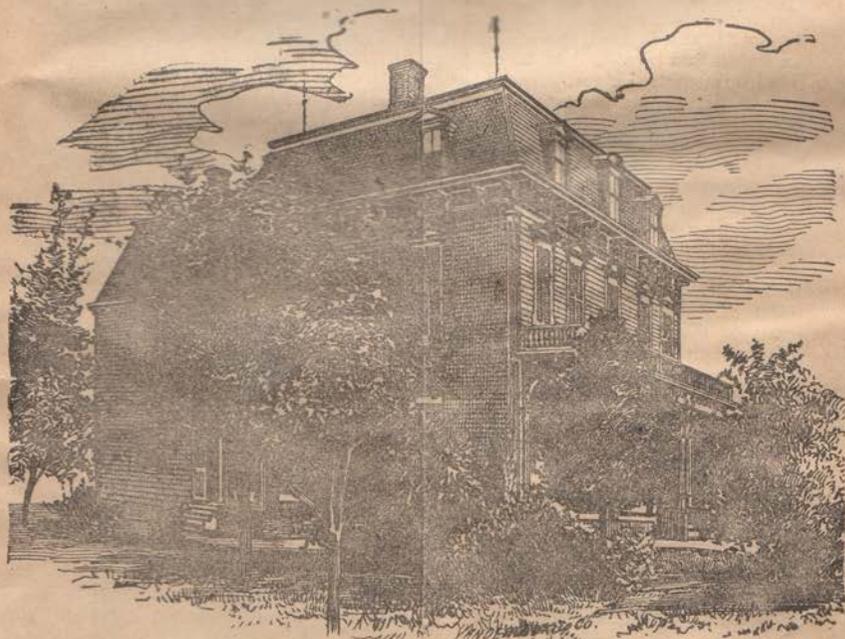
The dialect they speak, whose melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—Longfellow.

THORNTON HOME.



For Disabled Ministers and Widows and Orphans of Deceased Ministers.

Concerning Dancing.

BY JAMES L. ELDERDICE, M. D.

Dancing is one of the popular amusements of the day. "To dance, or not to dance," is a question which has presented itself for serious consideration to thousands of minds. Ought dancing, on general principles, to be discouraged? All who have ever honestly and candidly investigated the subject, have no hesitancy in answering in the affirmative.

The whole tendency of dancing is to corrupt and degrade. This harm does not lie in the mere physical action involved in keeping time to music; nor in the mere accompaniment of melodious strains. But dancing, at least as it is at present conducted, undoubtedly tends to blunt the perceptions and deaden the moral sensibilities. That the perceptions are blunted, is shown by the fact that girls will permit familiarities in a ball-room, which elsewhere they would most indignantly resent with crimson blushes on their cheeks. More especially does waltzing produce this effect. The modest and the virtuous girl who hesitatingly begins to indulge in the plain old dances, soon gives herself up deliriously to the pleasures of the waltz. By degrees she becomes abnormally developed in the unworthier elements of her nature, and from shyly and blushing returning glances, she now meets them with unflinching gaze. She dreams of sweet words whispered during the dance; she has come to know what every glance of the eye, every bend of the head, every close clasp means, and knowing that, reciprocates it, and opens the door for untold possibilities.

That girl is running a great risk, who, at the midnight hour, permits herself to be whirled in the arms of a comparative stranger. She is permitting the elephant of voluptuousness to warm his nose. Fortunate may she consider herself if the evil beast does not insert his head, his neck, and finally his body, routing out of the chamber of her heart every beautiful and virtuous element of true womanhood.

But, you say, "Dancing, like everything else, should be kept within proper limits." The bounds are either limitless in extent, or else

The love of dancing grows—it cannot be confined. The more young people dance, the more they want to dance, and every time they dance there must be something more exciting to satisfy their desires. They do not long remain on what is called the "high moral plane." They soon tire of dancing with a moral few in the parlors of the aristocratic, and are next found in the public ball-room, where are assembled a promiscuous element from all classes and from all quarters. From this, in our large cities, it is only a step further to the lowest dancing halls, where are congregated the vile the wretched and the outcast.

Let me present a suggestive fact. The New York chief of police declares that *three-fourths*, at least, of the abandoned young women of that city were first approached through the round dance by the villains who afterwards affected their ruin.

Why do people dance? The plea that it is merely for physical exercise is untenable. If that were the only object, it could as easily be obtained if the sexes danced separately. But who ever heard of such a thing? Girls do not dance together, boys do not waltz by themselves, for the reason that there is not that excitement which exists where the sexes are commingled together. More than that; even when they are together, it is not long before they tire of the plain dances, the Virginia Reel and Money Musk, because they are *too tame!* They are like the old toper who kept asking the barkeeper if he had not something "a leetle stronger." At last, in very desperation, the bar man replied: "We have some aqua fortis." "Aqua fortis! Haven't you got some aqua fifties?" Our dancers are not satisfied with aqua fortis—they would like a taste of "aqua fifties."

The habitual dancer soon comes to wonder what people can find to admire in the slow dances. But it is in the soft floating of the waltz that they find a strange, indescribable pleasure. "The pulse flutters, the cheeks grow red with uncomprehended excitement, hand is held in hand, heart beats against heart, eyes look burning words which lips dare not utter, and the waltz becomes to those who dance one lingering, sweet and purely sensual pleasure, the climax of which confusion is reached, when, folded in a warm embrace, and giddy with the whirl, a strange thrill shakes the

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lady from head to foot, leaving her weak and powerless, and really obliged to depend for support upon the arm which encircles her."

It is the experiencing of these physical emotions and sensations, engendered by the contact of the sexes, which renders dancing so pleasurable and fascinating to those who indulge in it. The picture is not over-colored nor the case overstated. There may be exceptions, but notwithstanding, the tendency is toward evil.

It is unnecessary to mention the bodily evils which so often result. Dancing is almost always carried to excess—from early night until the glimmering of the dawn.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No rest till morn, when youth and beauty meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Nor is it strange that so many dancers fall into untimely graves, when we remember that for hours they are in action, in heated rooms, from which they emerge, often insufficiently clothed, into the cool, damp air, and retire to bed, often to rise no more. To hundreds it has proved, if not the "Dance of Death," at least the dance of their moral degradation.

BARREN FORK DASHES.

Quite a little rain and hail-storm visited our town yesterday evening, doing more good than harm. People should be so thankful for the refreshing rain. Dr Jo Case was up last week, to see Sallie Shell, the young lady who is sick out at Mr. Sins'. . . . Oscar Williamson was thought to be better yesterday. . . . Eddie Bishop, Pastor at LaGrange, Lee county, was a welcome visitor in our midst last week. . . . We hear that Rev. Alexander met with a serious loss at LaCrosse, while there attending the Preachers' Meeting—had one of his horses killed. . . . The fishing party that went from here last week, to White river, returned Friday evening with a nice lot of fish, which many partook of. . . . John Bryant, the famous performer (violin), was in town Saturday night. He left the "heavy weight girl" troupe in Texas some time ago. . . . Agents strike town in crowds; some of them stay with us; some, for lack of patronage, move on rapidly. . . . We note, with real interest, the increased circulation of the REGISTER. May its banner ever wave. M.
May 13th, 1889.

Anna Gould's Husband.

A recent article spoke of the fast pace at which the young Frenchman is traveling who not long ago came into possession of Miss Anna Gould's hand, presumably her heart and a husband's share in her fortune.
The Count was well known in Parisian society,

Forgetful Borrowers.

"What! You remember to return my pencil? Marvelous! Surely, you ought to be set on a pedestal as a model for the rest of your sex." Thus spoke a man of whom a little blonde creature had borrowed a Faber No. 2.

"Well," she laughed, "I don't know whether I would have been any more thoughtful than the rest of womankind if I had any place to put it."

"Ah! that accounts for it then, for I thought there must be some good reason for the unusual honesty," went on that horrid man. "When a woman borrows, whether it is money or mucilage, I never expect to see the loaned commodities again. When she says, 'May I borrow so and so?' it is only a polite way of asking for it, and the man who thinks he will ever get it back knows nothing of feminine human nature. Umbrellas are common property for all mankind, but masculine rapacity stops right there. Not so with the members of the fair sex. They look on everything as borrowable, which is synonymous for possessable. They don't think it wrong to appropriate others' property so long as they have prefaced its transference by the polite 'May I borrow?' Books go for a day and remain for a lifetime. Money never is once mentioned after the primary transaction, and the small things of life—such as scissors, pens and pencils—are gobbled up with an unconscious naivete that staggers the lender. If a return is even hinted at one would suppose mortal offense has been given, and the only way to keep in your possession anything you really value is to say you haven't such a thing when the dulcet 'May I borrow, just for a short time, please?' falls on your ear."—*Philadelphia Times*.

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.—Naturalists assert that cabbage grew wild in Siberia; celery originated in Germany; the potato is a native of Peru; the onion originated in Egypt; tobacco is a native of South America; millet was first discovered in India; the nettle is a native of Europe; the citron is a native of Asia; oats originated in North Africa; rye came from Siberia; parsley was discovered in Sardinia; the parsnip is a native of Arabia; the sunflower was brought from Peru; spinach was first cultivated in Arabia; the horse chestnut is a native of Thibet; the quince came from the Island of Crete; the pear is supposed to be of Egyptian origin; the horse radish came from the south of Europe.

Other People's Affairs.

"What makes every one love to be with you?" the sweet, simple, unaffected and very lovely Princess Alice once asked her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent. "I am always so sorry to have to leave you, and so are all the others who come here. Won't you please tell me, grandma?"

The old lady smiled, and for a moment that was all she did.

The Duchess of Kent knew the secret of her influence over her friends, but how to explain it without vanity or egotism to this most natural and truthful little girl at her side was not altogether an easy task. Alice's sweet directness could never be put off with a pooh-pooh or a disclaimer, as the dear old lady knew from an intimate acquaintance with her character.

"I think, my child, that this is the reason," the Duchess replied at last. "I was early instructed that the way to make people happy was to appear interested in the things which interested them — namely, their own affairs; and this could only be accomplished by burying one's own grief, annoyance, satisfaction, or joy completely out of sight.

"Forgetfulness of one's own concerns, my dear, a smiling face, a word of sympathy and unselfish help, where it is possible to give it, will always make others happy, and the giver equally so."

Such counsel as this took deep root in the heart and mind of the beautiful princess, and her brief but exceptional life proves the wonderful power of unselfish regard for others.

Where could a better lesson for all our girls be found than this one, given so many years ago by the aged Duchess?

Other people's affairs? Why, our own affairs are of infinitely more consequence to us, and yet, if we take the trouble to look about us, we are sure to find that the most

agreeable and helpful persons are those who lend a ready ear to the sorrows of others, and keep a closed mouth concerning their own.

A most pathetic instance of the power of example and self-restraint came under the writer's observation only a short time ago.

A very bright and intelligent young lady had received a severe shock in the death of a pet Newfoundland dog. Those who love dogs know how bitter it is to lose a faithful friend of this kind, and this girl was passionately fond of her dumb companion. For days she was really ill and utterly refused to be comforted.

There happened to be illness in the family which necessitated a cer-

tain amount of daily service which the unnerved girl felt entirely unable to perform. About this time a young lady came to the house to board, and, discovering the state of affairs, offered her aid as nurse and general helper.

One day the girl who had so grieved over the loss of her pet came to the writer with a new kind of tears in her eyes—tears of shame, and genuine sympathy.

"I have had a lesson," she said, with quivering lip, "that will last me my life. Why did not some one tell me what a selfish and inconsiderate simpleton I was? For two weeks," she continued, "I have done nothing but mope and cry, and let Miss — do my work.

"Last night I began to feel that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and started to her room to tell her so. The door was ajar, and I was just going to rap and enter when I found the poor child was praying. This is what I heard, and how do you think I felt?

"And O dear Father," she said, "will you not send some angel to tell my dear mamma that I am trying to do as she told me, forget my own grief, my own great loss, in work and care for others? And O I am so glad that it needs no angel to tell her how much I love her."

"And I was grieving for a dog, and this sweet girl had just buried her mother! Do you think I can ever forgive myself?"

A bitter-sweet lesson, indeed, but just as valuable for all girls as for this particular one.—*Eleanor Kirke* in *Youth's Companion*.

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John Powell says that there is a walnut tree on his place at Gibson, Ga., that has been stone dead for seven years, but that it has come to life again, and is bearing sweet, delicious walnuts, as it did previous to its death.



THE NESTING OF BIRDS.—SEE PAGE 2.

O, FOR A NEW SONG,

BY W. P. WHALEY.

There is one song being sung by every singer—a wail of woe. It seems as if all men had adopted Micah's resolution: "I will wail and howl. * * * * I will make a wailing like the dragons, and mourning as the owls." I have heard it all my life, and wherever I have gone. I have tried in vain to stop my ears to it, to run away from it and to forget it. Mankind seems to be bound in its dreadful spell. "Night and day it sings the same song." I mean the universal lamentation—"Hard times." To my personal knowledge, this song has been dealt out for a quarter of a century, in the same weird, melancholly, hopeless measure, without variations. How much longer, I know not. What profit can tell us when it will cease? There seems to be a general longing for the flesh pots and good times of long ago, but in vain do we search history for anything better in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," than the present affords.

We have better food, better clothing, better houses, better churches, better schools—better everything—than any past age enjoyed. We have something to eat nearly every day. None of us freeze to death more than a dozen times in life. "The Lord is good to all." He has graciously and abundantly kept His promise to feed us while he feeds the sparrows, and to clothe us while he clothes the lillies of the field. Yet, while the anvil sings cheerfully of honest and remunerating toil, the blacksmith grumbles from morning to evening:

"Hard times, hard times, hard times."

While magnificent buildings rise, as by magic, on every side, singing to the hammer's beat of work, money and ease, the carpenters and the owners of the mansions join in the universal chorus:

"Hard times, hard times, hard times."

Though fat hogs grunt in the pen, sleek cattle low in the stalls, mules and horses are satisfied with provender, cribs are bursting with corn, the table groans with superabundance, the children are well dressed, healthy and at school, the old farmer mingles with his evening devotions, his morning meditations, and his daily work the same, sad, shameful song:

"Hard times, hard times, hard times."

The merchant, with his heavy stock, rapid sales, large profits, palatial homes, bank surplus, and eyes standing out with fatness—having more than heart should wish—daily counts his easy earnings to the mournful tune of that damnable lie:

"Hard times, hard times, hard times."

Everything—from the president of the United States to a road overseer, from the millionaire on Wall Street to the chicken peddler in the mountains—is bawling, lamenting, crying, howling, weeping, squalling:

"Hard times, hard times, hard times."

It is all false. These times are the best the world has ever seen since Adam and Eve were driven from Paradise.

Times are always hard on miserable scalawags who will not provide for themselves, but "the Lord helps those that help themselves." It is a shame that respectable people with plenty around them have come to grieve over "hard times." We bedeck, befringe, belace, befeather, bebrock and befux ourselves in a lot of foolish finery and go to church when we take up a missionary collection, to the tune of:

"Hard times, hard times, hard times."

Our nation absolutely throws away enough for tobacco, intox-



“HOW THE WEAK CAPTURE THE STRONG.”

"Halloo, Jim! Where have you been, lately?" shouted a broker, the other evening, to a portly, finely dressed man, in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied, "I've been home to see my old father and mother, for the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kind o' good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, and listen to the story of a rich man, who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down, and the man told his story:

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little, patent-inside, country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. It made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I did think of them, the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but what were all of the other houses? We rode nearly a mile

before coming to the station, passing many houses, of which only an occasional one was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped, and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?'

"He stared at me and replied, 'You've got the best of me, sir.'"

"I told him who I was, and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living!'

"I tell you, John, I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me \$1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My silk hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in hand, and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down, and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said: 'We do n't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'"

"It did n't take me but a minute to surver her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me, and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying, 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George!'

"Father called from the kitchen, 'What

you want, Car'line?

Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said sternly, 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?'

He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came, and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York," I replied.

"What are you workin' at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm workin' in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've got nothin' but roast spare ribs for supper. We aint got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey."

"I told her I would be delighted with the spare ribs, and to tell the truth, John, I have n't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp, roasted spare ribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond, to father's signing a note for a friend, and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week, and not a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they would n't. At last nine o'clock came, and father said, 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door, and fill up the water pail. Then we'll go off to bed, and get up early and go a-fishing.'

"I did n't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the wood box, and then we all went to bed.

"Father called me at 4.30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot 'cross lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth,

while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours, and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes none too good, either. This is where I played the joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out in the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"We have n't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in with, 'And we have n't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a-visitin'.'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so, 'How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that was n't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there then on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand; fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly, 'Put your trust in the Lord, for he will provide.'

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy

Jimmy!"

"I stayed at home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time, and came back again to New York. I am going to send \$50 home every month. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by his hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home 'way up in Maine for ten years. I am going home to-morrow."—*Exchange.*

—The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

—What cannot be removed becomes lighter by patience.—*Horace.*

Baby Graves.

BY WILL T. HALE.

In storm or calm, how quiet!

In sun or shade, how still!

Even the birds above you

Their softest threnodes trill.

Clasp'd in your depths are resting

Wee forms we knew of yore—

The seal of Death on eyelids

To open here no more.

O graves in endless quiet, there where the tall grass waves!

All else may be forgotten, save you, O baby graves!

How well do we remember

Your inmates' artless ways,—

The prattle and the laughter

Which brighten'd darkest days!

And how blind Faith, for comfort

Turned sightless eyes to Him,

When little hands fell listless,

And little eyes grew dim!

O graves! the sun shone dreary, and turbid rolled the waves,

When you our wee ones covered, O lonely baby graves!

Our mem'ries hold the portraits

Of little features yet,

And oft' we feel our heart-strings

Vibrating to Regret.

But while we long for faces

We here no more may see,

And list in vain for voices

In childish melody,—

O graves! this hope we cherish,—away beyond the waves

Existence will be sweeter for your being, baby graves!

Lebanon, Tenn.

'OLD IZARD HEARD FROM.'



993 514

How He Wakened Grandmother.

Mamma said, "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along tip toe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there
Lying back in her high arm chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little
smile

That means she's loving you all the
while.

I did n't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she had told
me so.

I went up close, and I did n't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandma, dear, its time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me
And said: "Why, pet, I have just now
dreamed

Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."

She pointed right at the very place.
I never told her 't was only me,
I took her hand and went to tea.

—*Exchange.*

LITTLE MISS CURZON AND HER PET PUMA LION.

A South American puma lion, the fiercest animal of that half of the hemisphere, is the pet of little Miss Ethel Curzon, the 15-year-old daughter of Captain Henry F. Curzon, late of her Majesty's service.

Damon is a fine, sleek and silken-haired specimen of his tribe. He was born three years ago among the pampas grass region of South America that is known locally as Pampa. Captain Curzon for years has been in that country as the representative of an English syndicate. He arrived in Philadelphia the other day, accompanied by his daughter, and the puma came with them, making the long journey in a cage that was carried in the baggage car.

"Damon is the dearest creature—next to papa—on earth," said Miss Ethel to a reporter. "He saved my life, and the debt of gratitude I owe him can never be repaid."

"Damon is a puma," said the Captain. "Here in Pennsylvania the early settlers knew his congeners under the name of panther, 'painter,' or catamount. In California they call them the cougar, or 'moun-

tain lion.' During the past decade I have had an abundant opportunity to become pretty intimately acquainted with Sir Puma. The longer I know him the better I like him.

"He has been very unfortunate in his biographers. They give him, it is true, a high character for courage, but at the same time, because of their ignorance of his true nature, they impute to him a cow-

ardly fear of man that he is very far from possessing. He will not, as a rule, defend himself against man, and the gauchos of the pampas, understanding and appreciating the mysterious gentle instinct of this ungentle beast, call him 'amigo del cristiano.'

"Damon was full grown when we first became acquainted with him. He was never captured, and except when we are traveling, is never restrained of his liberty. I am on my way back to my old home in England primarily to visit my aged parents and incidentally to place my daughter at school. When I return to South America I shall leave Damon behind, for it would be cruelty to both to separate him from Ethel.

"For the past five years—since the death of my dear wife—we have been living at a place called Saladillo, where I had an estancia. My daughter has been raised to an active, outdoor life, and she rides a horse with all the grace and fearlessness of a gaucho. Last fall we had a grand 'cerco,' or assembly of ranchmen and hunters, to hunt ostriches and other game. The sport is exciting, but far from dangerous, and Ethel was one of the party. The hunters, numbering about 20, spread themselves round in a vast ring, and, advancing toward the center, drove the animals before them.

"During the excitement of the chase which followed, while we were all engaged in preventing the ostriches, deer, etc., from doubling back and escaping, I noticed that my daughter had disappeared. Her absence did not alarm me at the time, for I thought she had become tired and gone back to the estancia. I was nearly frantic when, late that night, I reached home and found that Ethel's pony had come galloping home early in the afternoon without its rider. Dreading the worst, I immediately got together a band of gauchos and we started out to search for my darling.

"Eventually one of the gauchos found Ethel in a bunch of scrub, lying on the ground with a broken leg. Her pony, early in the hunt, had stepped into an 'oculto' hole and thrown its rider. Being unable to move, because of her fractured limb, Ethel had shouted for assistance, but her voice was drowned by the yells of the excited hunters, and the hope of rescue vanished. She is a brave girl, and knowing that a search would be made for her as soon as her absence was discovered, she made herself as comfortable as possible, and awaited the arrival of help.

"As night approached, and no one came, she began to experience genuine alarm, and when, about an hour before dark a puma—now her pet Damon—appeared, and squatted down in the grass close beside her, she gave herself up for lost. The beast, however, did not seem to notice her, and her courage revived. She remembered that the puma rarely, if ever, molests a human being, and she began to hope that the creature would go away.

"After awhile the puma became restless, frequently going away and returning, and finally it stayed away so long that she thought it had left her for good. About midnight she heard the deep roar of a jaguar, and abandoned all hope, for the



South American tiger's man's deadly foe. "By raising herself on her elbow, she was able to see the outline of the jaguar crouching near her, but its face was turned from her, and it appeared to be intently watching some object upon which it was about to spring. Presently it crept out of sight, and there followed a deep silence, broken suddenly by frightful yells and screams of pain, coupled with the fierce growls and snarls of the puma, and the sounds of desperate conflict.

"The puma and the jaguar are sworn enemies, and the two great beasts were having a fight to the finish. The battle lasted some time, but near morning the puma, sorely wounded, crept through the grass and crouched down beside my daughter, purring like a cat. The creature seemed so friendly that Ethel ventured to stroke his fur with her hand, whereupon the puma began to play and roll about like a kitten. When we rode up the puma crouched over her body and began to growl. Several rifles were leveled at the head of the brute, but Ethel begged us not to shoot, and from that day to this the two have been inseparable."—New York Journal.

AN ANGEL'S CHARGE.

BY MRS. CARRIE E. MORRISON.

There was a fleecy form among the pellucid and amber hued spars of moonlight. It was an angel who smilingly drew to and fro across her lips a crystal circle threaded by a silver filament. A darker spirit hovering near gazed questioningly and beheld in the crystal circle a girlish face, fair and sweet as the angel's own.

"A mortal immortal in pain's unconsciousness," said the darker spirit, "dost hope to sustain thy charge in such immutability? Believe me, clouds shall sweep across thy crystal mirror and hide that face from thy view—the silver thread shall be but an æolian string in the gusts of human woe."

But the angel only smiled.

"You believe me not. Even now the storm is gathering which shall wreck thy charge. Behold!"

Upon the earth, in a city far removed from the guardian angel's charge, an open window revealed a room luxurious and beautiful. A queenly woman stood among the tall fern and palm plants by a carved and velvet draped mantel. A man faced her. He was speaking and his voice was very bitter.

"Even the apostles have said, 'Revenge is not unjust.'"

The woman replied, "Complete your quotation, 'But patience is more honorable.'"

"Five years! Five years, Marabel, have I waited."

"You are cruel. I need all my nerve force; these scenes unfit me for my duties."

"These scenes' shall not be repeated

Why did you promise to be my wife? Why do I love you? Marabel, Marabel."

"You are always unjust to me. My love is not less deep than your own, but I am bound by claims of adamant. Think of my sister. She was so good, so happy. She kissed me farewell so gaily, and when I saw her again our father and mother lay crushed beneath the wrecked train and she was a hopeless invalid. There was no one to receive her but me. Who else could soothe her nervous terrors when she woke screaming in the dark night? Who but I could wipe away the tears which she shed so constantly for our mother? Am I in fault that I did not release you at once? Walter, I loved you, I hoped that Ella might become tolerant of the ministrations of others, but it is not so. Even now her cries for me echo through the house.

"Her mind is shattered with her body, she dwells at the scene of her disaster, hears the crash of the fallen bridge, the mortal cry of her parents. She will sleep only with her head on my arms. She can understand no voice but mine. Daily I grow

more necessary to her, yet I cannot bid you leave me. I know that I may never be your wife, yet"—

"Marabel, am I to understand that you intend to persist in this self-immolation?"

"I cannot choose another way."

"Then I make a solemn vow. I will inflict on you the pangs which you seem to delight to incite in me. Remember, Marabel."

And the man strode from the room and from the house.

The darker spirit bent his eyes upon the crystal circle, "Is there no touch of shadow, yet?"

And the angel smiled.

"Yet dost thou not believe? Gaze earthward."

And the angels, with whom earth's years are but as moments, beheld a softer scene situate in that city where resided the angel's charge. It was a scene of mirth, a festive night wreathed with mistletoe and the joyous scarlet berry of the holly. Happy mortals were dancing to dulcet sounds, and among them, graceful as the angel's fleecy robe, moved that angel's charge, a young girl with the blue of the morning in her in-

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nocent eyes, and the gold of noon crowning her white brow. Her arm rested on the arm of him who had railed so bitterly at Marabel, the past summer night.

"Are not the shadows gathering?" murmured the darker spirit.

Still the angel only smiled.

"Behold!"

There came a burst of earth's sweetest music, a door was thrown wide, light poured upon the night as from a million caged stars. In the light floated the form of the angel's charge, robed as a bride. And the gloom on the bridegroom's brow lifted as he met her gaze of utter devotion.

"I do believe that I love you," he whispered, but a sigh stifled the vows of Marabel's false lover.

The darker spirit pointed to the crystal circle on its silver filament. "Do not the shadows begin to dim the luster of thy charge's symbolic life?"

And still the angel smiled.

"Perchance there shall be no forewarning, no cloud on the hill-top, till the thunders crash. Behold thy charge asleep, and the darkest shapes of life thick mustering about her!"

Beneath them stretched the city on which they had first gazed. The angel's charge lay asleep in her bridal chamber, a room swept by silken curtains, redolent with flowers, scintillant with crystal and silver; a light-hued, brilliant casket for the jewel tossed on its downy cushion, fallen asleep with her bridegroom's warm kiss on her lips—a being angel guarded.

But there was a room of which the darker spirit was prophesying. "It is the cave of the wind, whence issue currents fatal to yon sleeper."

A woman was standing by the mantel in this room, but the fern and palm plants were removed. The air was faint with that perfume which the dying exhale like a crushed flower. The chairs stood in a terrible formality, a few white flowers were fallen where a coffin had rested. The woman was robed in black. It was Marabel.

And before her, with bowed head, stood the false lover, the husband of the angel's charge.

She spoke to him with eager, tender words: "I have sent for you to say that my labor of love is ended. My sister sleeps in the arms of angels. I am free, Walter."

The man groaned. "Has no one told you? Do you not know?"

"You have traveled far? You are but just returned?"

"Marabel, I am married. Do not speak. I am frenzied with despair. Hear me. I met one—but we will not speak of her. All sweetness and beauty is hateful which sen-

arates me from you. I brought my bride home to taunt you with her beauty, but here, at your feet, I swear that I will see her no more. I will cast her off. I will fly from her. I will confess my perjury and my love for you to her. Since she must bear my name, I will avenge her usurpation of your rightful place upon her!"

"Behold!" cried out the darker spirit, with a deep voice.

And still the angel only smiled, and, shadowless, in the crystal circle, was mirrored the bride's sweet face.

The bridegroom sat alone, writing. The bride slept on, dimples came about her mouth like dew on the rose; her bosom rose and fell, each breath a sigh of love.

"Feelest thou not the cold air of the brewing tempest?" murmured the darker spirit; "swiftly is the storm gathering, thick rises the mist of many tears. Warned I not wisely? Not one of earth is immutable against the common lot. Woe shall sweep over all whose name is man! Gaze earthward. What can save her now? There is one at her door with a message of great woe."

The bearer of the false husband's confession reaches the sleeping bride's door. The dearly loved husband flies on his distant journey. The angel's charge sleeps on.

"Smilest thou now?" asked the darker spirit. "Her doom is upon her."

The angel smiled. The angel kissed the crystal circle, and lo! the frail, beauteous symbol fell into glittering chrisms which evaporated in the moonlit air. The silver filament parted, and drifted a tiny, shining jewel, among the moonlit spars. So light it lay, so slowly drifted on to nothingness one scarce knew when it passed.

The angel spoke. "There is a triumph over grief, there is an escape from a broken heart. Gaze thou downward."

The bride seemed still to sleep, her sweet face shadowless, but the messenger of evil at her door had not power to waken her.

For the angel above had kissed the crystal
fairness of her sweet body, and the soul's
silver filament had, softly and lightly, floated
away!

And the angel, smiling said, "Essence of
beauty and purity, fare thee well. Thou
hast cast no shadow on the earth thou leav-
est. Thou hast received no shadow of sin
or sorrow on thine own sweet spirit. Heaven
grant me a second like charge to keep."

Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Wanted—A Boy."

BY EDNA SHELDRAKE.

[Advertisement in a saloon window.]

One that is honest and brave and strong,
With eyes quick to see a fraud or a wrong,
With a cheery face and an unsullied heart,
Willing and eager to do his part,
With a keen young brain and a good right hand,
Wanted—all over this great broad land—
A boy.

His mother's getting old and gray
And needs a staff along the way,
She's used to seeing that dear face—
Could any other fill his place?
Ah, her poor heart would surely break,
Rum seller, should you dare to take
Her boy.

And father needs that strong right arm
To plant and reap and tend the farm,
And though old eyes grow sadly dim,
Things brighter look when seen through him—
We must keep the boy whate'er betide!
Rum seller, take all else beside
That boy.

But tell us, O rum seller, what is the wage
You propose, should you our boy engage?
A fair one it should ever be
Since we must give up so much for thee.
Come now and tell us, plain and true,
What we shall gain should we give to you
This boy?

He shall have dishonor and sickness and pain,
The work-house, the jail, the convict's chain,
A conscience seared, a maddened brain?
Yet 't is not enough? Hell still shall he gain?
With a human kin we shall stand apart
In that bitter cry from our desolate heart—
"My boy?"

We like not your bargain. We tell you again,
He's needed—needed, hear to the refrain!
Needed is, by a father's failing hand;
By the industries of the freeman's land;
By manhood and honor; humanity's cry;
By country and home and God for aye,
Our boy!

WHAT CONVERTED HIM.

Admiral Farragut, one of the naval
heroes in the late war, tells this story of
his boyhood. It would be well for all
boys to learn, before the habits become
fixed, that there is nothing manly in imi-
tating the vices of older people.

When I was ten years old I was with
my father on board a man-of-war. I had
some qualities that, I thought, made a
man of me. I could swear like an old
salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as
if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could
smoke like a locomotive. I was great at
cards, and fond of gaming in every shape.
At the close of dinner, one day, my fa-
ther turned every body out of the cabin,
locked the door, and said to me, "David,
what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea! Yes, to be a poor,
miserable, drunken sailor before the
mast; be kicked and cuffed about the
world, and die in some fever hospital in
a foreign land. No, David; no boy ever
trod the quarter-deck with such prin-
ciples as you have and such habits as you
exhibit. You'll have to change your
whole course of life if you ever become a
man."

My father left me and went on deck. I
was stunned by the rebuke, and over-
whelmed with mortification.

"A poor, miserable, drunken sailor be-
fore the mast! Be kicked and cuffed
about the world, and die in some fever
hospital. That is to be my fate," thought
I. "I'll change my life, and change it
at once. I will never utter another oath.
I will never drink another drop of inter-
icating liquor; I will never gamble." I
have kept these three vows ever since.
Shortly after I had made them I became
a Christian. That act was the turning-
point in my destiny.—Exchange.

MARRIED:



In Melbourne, Thursday night,
December 13th, 1894, at the resi-
dence of the bride's father, Dr.
John Nicks, by Eld. H. F. Vermil-
lion, N. S. Payne to Miss Mattie
M. Nicks. The Register join in
congratulations.

Illustration from "Character Sketches."

As indicating how complete was the stoppage of business in New York during the Centennial, it is stated that even the undertakers declined to take charge of funerals. Except in rear cases, it was impossible to get horses, while hackmen asked an exorbitant price for the use of their vehicles. Hundreds of burials were postponed on this account.

A DISH of the tongues of nightingales which had been fed on myrtles appeared on an English dinner-table lately.

THE late czar was the first sovereign under whom women were freely allowed to practice medicine in Europe.

George W. Cole, of Chicago, who was in Oklahoma when that Territory was thrown open, declares that United States Marshal Jones, of Kansas, and his seven hundred deputies took advantage of their official positions and gobbled up all of the most desirable land.



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Overzeal.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

Infidelity.

(64)

This cut represents the Rock of Ages with the living water pouring from its cleft side. Infidelity is end avoring to overturn it with this little prize pot, while on the other side the overzealous little preacher is trying to hold it up. They are both equally foolish. The batteries of sin can not break the rock. Infidelity can not turn it over, and the little preacher had better spend his strength procuring rather than defending the gospel.



Muzzer's bought a baby,
 Ittle bits of zing.
 Zink I mos could put her
 Froo my rubber ring.



Zink I ought to love her!
 No I wont, so zere!
 Nassy, crying baby
 Ain't got any hair



She is awful ugly,
 She is awful pink;
 Jus come down from Heaven,
 Dat's a fib I zink.



Send me off wiz Biddle,
 Every single day:
 "Be a good boy Willie,
 Run away and play."



Doctor told annuzer
 Great big awful lie;
 Nose ain't out of j-o-y-e-n-t,
 Dat ain't why I cry.



Dot all my nice kisses,
 Dot my place in bed.
 Mean to take my drumstick
 And beat her on ze head.

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JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first opens shall be wise;
In days of Peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of
May
And wears an emerald all her life;
Shall be a loved, a happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life com-
mand.

JULY.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From loves doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No congenial felicity;
The August-born without this stone
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those Woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this word below
With drear November fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true,

DO N'T.

Do n't snub a boy because he wears
shabby clothes. When Edison, the in-
ventor, of the telephone, first entered
Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen
breeches in the depth of winter.

Do n't snub a boy because his home is
plain and unpretending. Abraham Lin-
coln's early home was a log cabin.

Do n't snub a boy because of the igno-
rance of his parents. Shakespeare, the
world's poet, was the son of a man who
was unable to write his own name.

Do n't snub a boy because he chooses a
humble trade. The author of the Pil-
grim's Progress was a tinker.

Do n't snub a boy because of physical
disability. Milton was blind.

Do n't snub a boy because of dullness
in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated
painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at
his books.

Do n't snub a boy because he stutters.
Demosthenes, the greatest orator of
Greece, overcame a harsh and stammer-
ing voice.

Do n't snub any one. Not alone be-
cause, some day, they may far outstrip
you in the race of life, but because it is
neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—

Christian Advocate
Sunday closing of saloons is at present
occupying more attention in Cincinnati
than any other question. The saloon fra-
ternity are very indignant over a parody
on "Cock Robin," which has been posted
on the fences and walls all over the city,
and a committee has been appointed to
determine its authorship. The poster
reads thus:

WHO'LL KILL CINCINNATI?

I, said the saloon—

I'll kill her soon,

I'll kill Cincinnati.

Who'll break the law?

I'll monkey with that saw—

I, the saloon.

I, of the "privileged class,"

I'll not let it pass—

I, the saloon.

Who'll control the judge?

I'll not let him budge—

I, the saloon.

Who owns Cincinnati?

I that sell beer,

I own it here—

Jeffery.—At a meeting of the session of the Mt. Olive congregation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, with W. B. Johnson and Ambrose Jeffery, elders in the Livingstone Creek congregation, as advisory members, the following action was had relative to the death of the Rev. D. M. Jeffery:

Whereas, On the 1st day of April, 1888, our heavenly Father, in his all-wise providence, called our beloved brother and friend from his labors here to the rest that remaineth for the people of God, while sitting in the pulpit during prayer-meeting services; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That while we bow in humble submission to the will of God, yet our human feelings of affection cause us to feel sad at the loss of our friend, who had been our counsellor and, at many different times, our pastor for over thirty years.

2. That, though we are sad at his death, we rejoice to know that he died in the triumphs of the faith, and as he had desired and prayed that he might die, while happy and in the pulpit.

3. That this preamble and resolutions be spread upon the Church book, and that a copy of them be sent to the CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN for publication.

O. H. DIXON, LEE JEFFERY, W. B. JOHNSON, AMBROSE JEFFERY, *Committee.*

The Difficult Seed.

I.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

II.

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, 's rather loud,
And then, its fashion's old.

III.

"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the canterbury-bell—
I never cared for blues.

IV.

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

V.

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

—St Nicholas.

MOTHERHOOD.



"I hold a wee and helpless form
Pressed closely to my happy heart—
Why, baby—mine by right divine—
The right of pain—a mother's part.

"Oh, beauteous life! so fair and new,
That yesterday was blent with mine;
Oh, wondrous soul! so lately sprung
A sparklet from the Source Divine.

"God's priceless gift! you came to me
Embodied in this little form;
My soul accepts its happiness
As flowers the sunshine, soft and warm.

"What realms are opened to my sight—
I tread the regions of the blest;
And all because this little form
Lies fair and helpless on my breast.

"A tiny bud, whose flowers complete
May bloom to bless my waning years!
Oh, MOTHERHOOD! you hold a bliss
That best may be expressed in tears.

The Quiet House.

O mothers, worn and weary
With cares which never cease,
With never time for pleasure,
With days that have no peace,
With little hands to hinder
And feeble steps to guard,
With tasks that lie unfinished,
Deem not your lot too hard.
I know a house where childish things
Are hidden out out of sight;
Where never sound of little feet
Is heard from morn till night.
No tiny hands that fast undo,
That pull things all awry,
No baby hurts to pity
As the quiet days go by.
The house is all in order
And free from tiresome noise,
No moments of confusion,
No scattered, broken toys;
And the children's little garments
Are never soiled or torn,
But are laid away forever
Just as they last were worn.
And she, the sad-eyed mother—
What would she give today
To feel your cares and burdens,
To walk your weary way!
Ah! happiest on all this earth,
Could she again but see
The rooms all strewn with playthings
And the children 'round her knee!
— Alma Pendexter Hayden



Calm as that moonbeam on the wall,
 Sleep brood's on baby's eyes;
 Arms hushed and still but pulsing quick,
 Enfold him as he lies,
 My brain is full of thronging thoughts,
 Strange passions thrill my breast,
 My heart aches with a load of love
 That will not let me rest.

The dim years stand about my bed,
 They neither smile nor weep;
 Like softest kisses on my face
 The little fingers creep,
 I hear slow footfalls in the night,
 Of fates upon his track—
 O, love, I cannot let you go!
 I cannot hold you back!

Lord, let him shelter in my arms,
 Or take us both to thine;
 Or, if a troublous life must come,
 Make all the trouble mine.
 Or let thy sharp swords pierce my heart
 To blunt them for the child—
 What cure I, Lord, for sin and shame
 So he keeps undefiled?

Nay, Lord, I know not what I ask,
 I know not how to pray;
 Hear, then, the crying mother-soul
 And not the words I say.
 Do, then, what seemeth good to thee,
 So he be spared from sin;
 And oh! if love can fight avail,
 Let mine be counted in.

Parley.—Emerald—large, double, best ever s

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

She'll Be There.

We knew that Georgia'd get there, no matter
 what they said,
 For we always gave her credit for a mighty
 level head;
 And we mounted her on bicycles, and soon
 she'll make 'em stare,
 When they see them wheels a-rollin'

In the
 Great
 World's
 Fair!

She couldn't get free passes from the agricul-
 tural boards,
 To take the big exhibits of her 'possums and
 her gourds;
 So she borrowed two good bicycles, and
 started on the square,
 And you'll shortly see her rollin'

In the
 Great
 World's
 Fair!

You just can't down old Georgia, for she's
 up at break o' day,
 And while you're cookin' breakfast she is ten
 miles on the way!
 And soon she'll strike Chicago, and the
 people—won't they stare
 When they see them wheels a-rollin'

In the
 Great
 World's
 Fair!

up—large, t
 we have had
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 large, solid head
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Took Him Literally.

"You know, you wrote an editorial tellin'
 the people to give the new mayor lots of
 rope?"
 "I did."
 "Well, they done it!"
 "Done what?"
 "Lynched him this mornin' before break-
 fast!"

We May Be Happy Still.

"The melancholy days have come—the saddest
 of the year;"
 The blight is blasting on the plum and prick-
 ing through the pear;
 And the peach is hanging heavy with the
 icicles so chill—
 But when the winter's over we may all be
 happy still!

But yesterday the violet came peeping through
 the grass,
 And the rose was red with blushes when it
 felt the sunshine pass;
 Then the violet caught pneumonia, and the
 red rose had a chill—
 But when the winter's over we may all be
 happy still!

But yesterday we marveled at the wisdom of
 the man
 Who donned his linen duster and a big pat-
 metto fan;
 Then the wind blew through the duster and
 the fan brought on a chill—
 But when the winter's over we may all be
 happy still!

World's Fair Item.

"Just from Chicago?"
 "Yes."
 "What was your board bill?"
 "Don't know yet; it's coming by freight."

Come Home, Colonels!

Come home, O, Georgia colonels, and colonels
 from each state—
 You fellows that's been figgerin' on the pres-
 idential state!

Come home, where winds are blowin' of the
 blossoms roundabout,
 For the cotton's needin' hoein',
 An' you're
 All
 Shut
 Out!

Come home, O, Georgia colonels, and colonels
 fur an' nigh;
 You fellows that's been waitin' fer a little
 slice o' pie!
 Come home where folks is sociable an' laugh
 an' loaf about—
 Fer the president is got you,
 An' you're
 All
 Shut
 Out!

Come home, O, Georgia colonels, and colonels
 since the war!
 Long time we've been a-wonderin' what you
 all was waitin' for!
 But now we kinder know it, an' we ain't got
 any doubt—
 Fer the white house door's a-bangin',
 An' you're
 All
 Shut
 Out!

And a Good One, Too.

Now, the gard'ner wields his trowel
 And the maiden trims her hat,
 While the ancient office towel
 Is the village baseball bat.

The Billville Banner.

The paper is late this week. We have just returned from the funeral of the man who whipped the editor. He died young, but game.

We always give the baseball umpire plenty of rope in Billville. Lynched three of 'em this season.

The whole town is split up on the baseball subject. One half want the umpire to die with his boots on, and the other half want to let him swing in his stocking-feet.

The preacher will deliver a special sermon on baseball tomorrow, but he doesn't want the congregation to go out on the fly when the hat comes 'round.

We called on Mr. Cleveland one day last week, but found the blinds closed and the door locked. What a pity it is greatness ain't a second cousin to sociability!

Song of the Locked Out.

The white house still stands in the glow and the gloom,
But a shadow falls black on its gardens of bloom;
The place—is it haunted? It was not of yore!
But, ring the bell softly—the lock's on the door!

The stone steps, deep-hollowed in days that are dead,
By the feet of the pilgrims, hear never their tread;
And faces of famed ones smile on us no more—
So, ring the bell softly—the lock's on the door!

O, pilgrims, that wait in the darkness and weep,
With your tears and petitions all piled in a heap,
Come home to your households, left vacant of yore,
Or, ring the bell softly—the lock's on the door!

FRANK L. STANTON.

GOOD ROADS FOR GEORGIA.

Augusta Herald: Georgia is cursed with bad roads. This does not apply to Richmond county.

Lithonia New Era: Good wagon roads will add 50 per cent to the value of the land of DeKalb county.

Columbus Enquirer-Sun: Georgia ought to take the liveliest interest in this subject, for she is cursed with bad roads, and a thoroughly inadequate and wretched public road system.

Savannah News: The importance of good roads is not appreciated by farmers. They do not seem to understand that one of the great obstacles to their prosperity is the almost impassable condition of the highways. It is a fact well worth noticing, that wherever there are good roads the farms have a thrifty appearance and the farmers are prosperous.

Swainsboro Pine Forest: The roads of the country are hardly second in importance to the agriculture of the lands. Good roads are what we need. Every one interested will be glad to see the work of improving them commence. With their improvement we look forward to the time when our farmers will have first-class roads, and may enjoy the solid comforts of a bumpless drive, and a general saving of wagon springs, axles and a cross-
loss of time.

Popular Superstitions.

Few people are dauntless enough to risk being married on Friday, and all have more or less respect for that old shoe which is invariably thrown after the newly wedded pair, writes Rhodes Macknight in an interesting article on "Omens in Marriages," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. Almost all brides wear during the ceremony some trifling thing borrowed from a girl friend as a propitiatory offering, also something blue and a piece of silver in one shoe. All brides-elect rejoice when the marriage day dawns brightly, remembering the old adage:

Blest is the bride upon whom the sun doth shine,
and all are equally certain that
To change the name and not the letter
Is a change for the worse and not the better.

Bible Inspiration.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.
If your faith is below par, read Paul.
If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.
If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses.
If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.
If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

A Conclusion.

"If I was a fellow's mother
I'd never, never see
A single thing that fellow did
That wasn't meant for me.

"I'd let him stay out after dark;
I never would say, 'No,'
Because that stirs a fellow up
And spoils his temper so!

"I'd say: 'Play first and study next';
And 'Do not go to bed,
No matter what o'clock it is,
Until your story's read.'

"I would not know he'd been kept in,
Or ask the reason why.
I'd be quite blind to all such things,
Or kind of pass them by.

"I'd give him pudding, pies and jam,
And marmalade and cake—
But would not even mention bread—
And all the nuss he'd take.

"Oh, were I a fellow's mother—
A certain one's I know—
Wouldn't he have the slickest time!
You'd better believe it's so!"

—Youth's Companion.

Have Patience.

Dear love, the cold days of our discontent
Drew suddenly and sweetly to a close;
And in the waste where strife and sorrow went
We found a cross.

Yet in our hearts may some old wound remain—
Some lingering wound that lieth as a snare;
Needs must we very softly go, lest pain
Strike sharp and unaware.

Your hands touch lightly, but I fear for mine;
Your voice sings low, but harsh and loud my
song—

If with our loves some discord intertwine,
Dear heart, be still and strong.

—Black and White.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

The following remarkable alphabetical ad appeared in an issue of the London Times away back in 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen: Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy-faced, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful, zealous, etc.

Golden Rule Arithmetic.

"Phil," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer; "nice for me."

"Oh," said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the school house after school to hear the secret.

"My uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ree; new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but, after a few moments' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the two little boys started off to the office-window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat; "one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.—
Southern Churchman.

"Come down, William Cowper, and run your fingers over the strings of this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

"Come down, Charles Wesley, and touch the strings." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

"Come down, Augustus Toplady, and sweep your fingers across this gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

"Come down, Isaac Watts, and take this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die.

"P. P. Bliss, come down, and thrum this gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Hallelujah, 'tis done,
I believe on the son.

best varieties; with secret simpson

COLOR
WARRANTED
FAST

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

Concerts in the Groves.

Those of you who live in the country—especially in the South-country—have an opportunity almost every day to attend a concert such as we who are cooped up in the city seldom get to hear. There is no music more thrilling than that of the mocking-bird, and if we learn to listen we will hear many other voices—of bird and insect—joining in the forest chorus. It must be delightful these burning August days to hide from the sunshine in the deep shadows of the woods, and for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see, there are sights and sounds in the solitude more beautiful than those we listen to and look upon in the hot and dusty town. Here is a letter from the woods sent by one of our city seniors, from whom we are always glad to hear:

TE DEUM.

As I walk through the woods every morning, down from the crest of Missionary Ridge, to take my car for the city, some bird often draws me off from the regular path, if I have a little time to spare. On several such occasions I have noticed a young man walking with measured pace back and forth, like a sentry on his beat, and gesticulating earnestly; a young minister, I learned, who was conducting services in a little church out on the highway not far distant. On seeing him I always withdrew quietly, that I might not disturb him.

Here into the solemn solitude of the woods, away from all that could distract, he had come to commune with God, as was the Master's wont. What place more favorable?

I, too, was there to commune with God, to "look through nature up to nature's God." I wondered if the young preacher heard, as I did, that wood-thrush glorifying his Creator. It would have given a fresher, sweeter odor of sanctity and love to his sermon. Hear him:

Tra, tra, tra, *Tri-la dy*, ee, ee, ee,
Me, me, me, *Mel o dy*, ee, ee, ee.

What a voice! Seraph of the woods.

O, o, o, *O Glo-ry*, ee, ee, ee,
Ha, ha, ha, *Hal le lu*, ee, ee, ee.

Yes, hallelujah! It was divine. No sweeter voice ever sang His praise. How the full, joyous notes, with the most exquisite silvery embellishments, rang through the shady aisles of the woodland temple. Hearty, unconscious, pure, soulful, they thrilled me, lifted me up, till my breast heaved with emotion and tears welled up into my eyes. Is there not a place in the groves of heaven for such songsters? I sincerely hope so, for they would make no discord in the choir of seraphs.

GEO. W. MARTIN.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

There will doubtless be singing in heaven. All beautiful things will be there. If there are no birds we will have something better. But there is much of heaven around us now, if we can only learn to see it and enjoy it. A ride out of the city on the train as the shadows of the trees and hills are getting longer, and as the breeze—for a wonder un-mixed with smoke or cinders—comes in through the window is a little taste of earthly heaven, if we only give ourselves up to thinking so and enjoying it. We had such a ride for thirty miles last Saturday afternoon. The very sight of the fields and the shady paths through the woods makes one glad. How we would like to plunge into these cool forests and live a whole month in a tent, or in a lodge in the wilderness, as did the Indians before Columbus, or Daniel Boone, or David Crockett came! Oh yes! Perhaps we would get hungry and want shelter, but we would have that provided for in the contract. We would stipulate for all the comforts of civilized life, combined with all the out door delights of the aborigines.

Speaking of the aborigines, and

Boone, and Crockett, reminds us that it has been a long time since we have reviewed our history lessons. To refresh our memories on this subject, we will assign the Cornerers a short historical lesson in poetry. It is a list of the Presidents and was handed to the editor by a lady who takes great interest in the Corner. She clipped it from the *Household*. Perhaps you can learn these twenty-four names better without the poetry, but in some way all of us should be able to repeat the names of the chief magistrates of our country:

- Corn*.—Early Minnesota—planted May 12, had corn for table July 17; Evergreen Sweet—grew well and was fine in flavor.
Cotton.—Southern Hope—Excelled all other varieties in yield and staple.
Lettuce.—Black Seeded Simpson—sweet and tender, very desirable; Salamander—
 an excellent variety.
Muskmelon.—Netted Gem—perfection.
Tomato.—Mikado—"finest tomato for table use I have ever seen;" Telegraph—
 grew to perfection.
Watermelon.—Scaly bark—grew to large size and of good quality.

NORTH DAKOTA.

- Cabbage*.—All Seasons—well adapted to this climate, are early and keep well; Large Flat Dutch—grand success, finest in the country, 300 heads from seed sown; Stone Mason—very fine, sweet, and tender.
Cucumber.—Boston Pickling—hardy, and much earlier than other varieties.
Muskmelon.—Emerald Gem—fine flavor, very prolific.
Parsley.—Emerald Green—very fine.
Parsnip.—Hollow Crown—did finely.
Peas.—Early Profusion—very prolific; Yorkshire Hero—excellent.
Pumpkin.—Sweet or Sugar—"only kind that has matured for me."

OHIO.

- Beans*.—Dwarf Rust Proof Wax—good, free from strings, and very meaty; Dwarf Golden Wax—best bunch bean ever had, no strings, fine flavor; Early Mohawk Bush—never had its equal, kept on bearing until fall; Valentine—were excellent.
Beet.—Bastian's—one of the best, early, and fine quality; Dewing's Early Red—large, round, and tender; Eclipse—very satisfactory; Edmand's Early Blood Turnip—can not be excelled; Egyptian Red—good for table; Long Smooth Blood—very good.
Cabbage.—All Seasons—great success, large solid heads; Early Winningstadt—produced good-sized solid heads; Large Flat Dutch—one of the best; Mammoth Late Drumhead—good quality and large in growth; Marble Head Mammoth—fine, large heads, tender, and sweet; Winningstadt—surpassed anything tried in early varieties.
Carrot.—Danvers Half Long—produced a fine crop of smooth roots; Improved Danvers—very large, solid and of a rich flavor; Early Scarlet Horn—"prefer this to all others;" Half Long Stump Rooted—"best I have had in quality and yield, which was at the rate of 11 bushels to the acre."
Celery.—Giant Pascal—quality the best.
Corn.—Chicago Market Sweet—made a fine yield; Crosby's Early Sweet—early, a success.
Cucumber.—Early Cluster—very early and good; Improved Long Green—finest ever grown; Perfection White Spine—"finest variety I have had."
Kale.—Dwarf German—very good.
Lettuce.—Black Seeded Simpson—"best I ever raised;" Buttercup—"finest I ever saw, heads larger than a dinner plate;" Royal White Cabbage—did well; St. Louis Market—very fine and a rapid grower; Paragon—of fine quality.
Muskmelon.—Extra Early Hackensack—early and delicious; Netted Nutmeg—very fine flavor; Surprise—excellent in every respect.
Onion.—Red Globe—fine, some measuring 10 inches in circumference; Red Wethersfield—very nice; Southport Red Globe—fine, notwithstanding drought; Yellow Globe—very large and keep well.

DIVISION.

487

ent in flavor, meaty, and luscious; Lorillard—
 moid, medium size, fine table variety; Tele-
 one grained and sweet; Pomeranian White
 quality, and fine yield; Red Top Strap Leaf—
 Laing's Improved—fast grower, sweet and
 Swede—were very large, weighing from 20
 s large and juicy; White Strap Leaf—good
 excess, best I have ever seen."
 did not do well; Kolb Gem—one of the best in

I. CAROLINA.

m and sweet; Extra Flat Dutch—was very
 of the garden.



GREAT DANE

RY OF AGRICULTURE.

ety.
respect; Extra Early Morning Star—
d's Market—good, green, wrinkled peas

flavor.
Early White Turnip—strong grower,
t Short Top—immense, quick grower,
nd best I have ever grown;" Scarlet

best winter varieties, productive, fine
auty—solid and of fine flavor; Livings-
t—grand producer; New Jersey—
very nice, good size, and sweet.
Watermelon.—Improved Kolb Gem—good
melon, of medium size; Florida Favorite—

OKLAHOMA.

Beans.—White Wonder—very prolific, a great acquisition; Red Valentine—unex-
celled.

Beet.—Edmund's Turnip Blood—produced an excellent crop of fine flavor; Long
Smooth Blood—good variety.

Cabbage.—Bristol Flat Dutch—grew 420 plants from package, some weighing 8
pounds, fine; Jersey Wakefield—grew larger heads than other varieties tested;
Large York—fine variety, grew to a large size; Red Dutch—hardy, and heads well.

Corn.—Stowell's Evergreen Sweet—very fine, ears large and good.
Cucumber.—Early Frame and Perfection—both did well; Improved Long Green—
did fairly well; Long Green—did well.

Lettuce.—Black Seeded Simpson—thrifty, tender, and finely flavored.
Muskmelon.—Capital Prize—one of the best varieties; very prolific.

Onion.—Oval Yellow Danvers—mild, pleasant; Southport Red Globe—medium
size, but exceedingly well flavored; Yellow Danvers—more abundant yield than any
others tested.

Parsnip.—Student—very good.

Peas.—Alaska—excellent, very prolific; American Wonder—one of the earliest
and best; Extra Early Morning Star—very satisfactory; McLean's Advancer—ad-
mirably suited to this climate; Stratagem—did well, were very large; Premium
Gem—very prolific; Yorkshire Giant—sweet and good.

Pepper.—Bull Nose—very fine; Sweet Mountain—splendid, very large growth.

Radish.—Chartier—grew very large; Early French Turnip—excellent; Early
Scarlet Turnip—very good; Scarlet Turnip—grew to a large size, crisp, and tender.

Spinach.—Round Thick Leaved—good.

Tomato.—Acme—early and very fine; Livingston's Beauty—produced large, smooth
fruit, of fine flavor; Livingston's Perfection—were large and well flavored; Trophy—
a fine variety.

Turnip.—Pomeranian White Globe—were crisp and tender.

Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout—from 50 to 80 pounds in weight, and delicious in
flavor.

OREGON.

Beet.—Eclipse—were prolific; Edmund's Early Blood Turnip—splendid, some
weighing 3 pounds; Extra Early Egyptian—early, fast growth, and fine for the
table.

Cabbage.—Early Winningstadt—attained fair size; Early Summer—"more than
double the size of any I have before had;" Late Drumhead—excellent for late fall
and winter; Premium Dutch—grew well and produced solid, crisp heads.

Carrot.—Half Long Danvers—fine lot of carrots.

Corn.—Black Mexican Sweet—good bearer, ears full and large; Chicago Market—
very early and productive; Early Cory Sweet—splendid yield, matured in 100 days;

Evergreen Sweet—made a fine yield.

Cucumber.—Boston Pickling—great success; prolific; Early Frame—very prolific;

London Long Green—very prolific and good flavor.

Field Corn.—Minnesota King—made a vigorous growth of fine large ears, ripening
before frost, which is unusual here.

Lettuce.—California All Heart—splendid; Early Curled Simpson—tender, crisp,
and kept well; Paris Green Co's Paris green—a success; Royal Cabbage—large
heads, tender, and sweet; Salamander—grew well and was exceedingly fine in
quality.

SHE SEWED ON HIS BUTTONS.

Old Blummer is tight-fisted. Several days ago he said to his wife:

"Maris, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card-party to-night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blummer, "I haven't any buttons to match that vest, and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have and pretending to be out of buttons. By George! I b'lieve you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card-party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. Blummer, with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed.

It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optic of Mr. Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny shirt button, and the next was a brass army-overcoat button with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxidized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button evidently from the back of one of the Puritan father's coats, and then came a suspender button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker chip, (found in Blummer's pocket,) with two holes punched through it—he gave a note that made the chandelier jingle.

There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button-money grudged in that household hereafter.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Child's Parting Words.

The evening was cold and dreary. All day the sky had been overcast with dark, threatening clouds, that after some hours, dissolved into large drops of rain, which fell in torrents over the city. As the rain fell, as twilight gathered around, the child thought, nay, she was sure, she knew why her father yet lingered. It is painful to relate it, but the father had fallen into the degrading habit of getting intoxicated. Many lonely and neglected hours had the child spent in the old, dark garret since her mother's death. But now the child's last evening upon earth was passing away. The angels of heaven whispered that soon another little sufferer would pass to its eternal home.

Slowly for the dying child did the twilight deepen to darkness. Then it was that the father's footsteps were heard on the stairs outside, and soon the form of a once loving father came rattling into the room.

"Where are you, Bessie?" called the father, a moment after his entrance. "Here, papa, in my little bed. Come closer, dear papa, for I will soon be gone, and I have something to tell you before I go."

"Go where child? Where do you mean?"

"Up there where all is so bright; there where mamma dwells."

These words seemed to sober the father, and he listened attentively to what followed:

"I can't stay with you long, papa, and before I go I must tell you what my Sunday school teacher said. Miss Addison said that the Bible says 'people who get drunk can never enter heaven;' and I wish so much at you may go there; so please don't drink any more, papa, so that, sometime, you can meet mamma and me in heaven. O, the waves are rolling so fast, I can't see you now. O, but there is mamma waiting on the shore—good-bye."

The little white hands dropped upon the pulseless breast, and impenetrable silence reigned for hours. As tears rolled down the father's cheeks—the first tears shed by him for many years; and, sitting there in the gloom of night, he formed a resolution to let all exciting drinks alone, and try to meet his wife and the daughter in heaven.

After years, when Mr. Grey had occasion to be sitting in a saloon, his very heart loathed the scenes therein, and when asked by his former companions to take a drink, he remembered little Bessie's parting words and nobly refused.—*Christian.*

SABBATH READING.

WHEN ST. CHRYSOSTOM PRAYED.

BY M. J. F.

'Twas not enough to kneel in prayer,
And pour his very soul away
In fervid wrestlings, night and day,
For those who owned his shepherd care:
But faith and works went hand in hand,
As test of each petition made,
And saints were helped throughout the land
When St. Chrysostom prayed.

Within the closet where he knelt,
A box of Bethlehem's olive-wood—
"For Christ," engraved upon it—stood;
And ever as he daily felt
The pressure of the church's need,
Thereby the daily gift was laid;
For word had instant proof of deed
When St. Chrysostom prayed.

Beneath his folded hands he placed
Whatever gold was his; and when
He travailed for the souls of men,
So long by pagan rites debased—
The more he agonized, the more
The burden on his spirit weighed;
And piece by piece went all his store,
When St. Chrysostom prayed.

Oh, golden-mouthed!—let this thine arms
Rouse us to shame who daily bow
Within our secret places now.
With outstretched, yet with empty palms!
We supplicate indeed; but has
Our faith brought answering words to aid?
Have words by deeds been proven, as
When St. Chrysostom prayed?

WOMANHOOD.

BY RACHEL HAINES.

Pure was her heart and true,
This by her eyes I knew,
Pure as a star,
So when I saw her there,
Sweet, gentle, pure and fair,
Showering "hail flowers" rare,
All my heart went to her—
Left me and worshipped her,
Standing afar.

When, kneeling at her shrine,
Told I that love of mine,
Deep as the sea
Into the dark blue eyes
Came such a sweet surprise
Upon the sweet, fair face,
In which shone every grace,
Plainly I then could trace
True love to me.

Brown was her rippling hair;
Ah, she was good and fair,
My own loved one.
Eyes like the stars of night,
Eyes deep as wells of light,
Thought I in my delight,
As her lips mine did meet,
Making my life complete—
"There is none half so sweet,
None like her—none!"

Arms white as drifted snow
In love's glad overflow,
Reached out to me;
And the dear form of grace
Rested in my embrace
Joy filling her sweet face:
Oh, God! then was it well
That death so dark as hell
Should all my joy dispel,
Take light from me?

Pure as a lily white,
She from her lofty height,
Will my star be,
No loved one by my side,
Would God I too had died
With thee, my love, my bride—
Ah, mel ah, mel!

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Uncle Jeremy's Devotions.

Uncle Jeremy was a devotional man. He was at home in secret and in public prayer and praise, and in

family worship he was, I believe, considered an example, at least by the brothers and sisters of Jonesbury church, of which he was deacon; for I often heard from this or that one of the elect who accepted his hospitality, which was as free as his own great heart, "What a gift he has at prayer!" or, "Did you ever hear the like? It fairly lifts one to the third heaven."

Uncle Jeremy was my uncle's brother, and each summer we all went from the city out to his home among the hills to spend the vacation months. By all I mean my mother, my brother Joe and myself—that was all of our family since dear father died.

I remember what good times we had, and how uncle Jeremy was almost a child with us—Joe and I; he even rolled with us upon the hay, and then kept us busy picking the hay from his hair. I believe now it was a ruse of his to get our young fingers into his old locks, for they were old to us even then, when a white hair was to us a sign of age. And I remember, too, that the "prayers" were a source of dread to Joe and me, they seemed so long, and a repetition day after day of the same thing. And he always ended with this petition: "Grant that at the last thy servants may all be gathered from the east, from the west, from the north and from the south, and have the blessed privilege of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in Thy kingdom above!"

I did not think then that it would be a privilege to sit near to those old patriarchs, they seemed so far removed in their lives—from what I read of them—from all freshness and beauty, and even from love; and I had a vague idea that they wouldn't lose that kind of character, the character I had made for them, when they got to heaven; and I imagined them spoiling the pleasure of our little party in heaven. Much more than this I thought, or rather my brother and I did; we really had no separate thoughts, at least none that were not shared.

If on the beautiful morning uncle Jeremy noticed our longing looks out toward the free air and the sunshine, he made no sign of such knowledge, and never shortened or passed over lightly any part of the morning service, neither did he allow any pleasure or business contingency to interfere with this early duty.

One summer, as the school year drew to a close, and the vacation came on apace, we began to make our plans, and to bring forth our slumbering anticipations for the coming visit to the country. At last the school closed, and how glad we felt that the time of our visit was close at hand; but the very next day my brother complained of a headache, and he seemed so spiritless and miserable that I began to lose my interest in things

about me, and to feel that life would be nothing without my dear brother Joe.

He grew rapidly worse, and in a few days was wrestling with a fever for his life. What dreadful days those were when I was banished from the room where he lay moaning and tossing in his fever. I kept my watch outside day by day, and at last the welcome news came to me "The fever has turned; your brother is better!" Then at last the hours of extreme weakness were past, and they allowed me to go close to the bedside and speak to my brother, and to kiss him. I felt that I had never known before what it was to be happy; those were such blissful moments, when he began to get stronger, and was able to talk with me about our visit. One day when we were thus talking, he said:

"Last night I lay awake thinking of the good times we had at uncle's. And I wondered if I should ever have them again; sometimes I really think I shan't. I don't feel a bit as I used to; and I've waited so long for the old life I used to feel to come back, but it don't come. Well, when I was thinking the other night, I remembered how we used to get tired hearing uncle pray, and so sick of that about sitting down with the old people, the old patriarchs, I mean; and I wondered if he really thought he'd like it; then I went to sleep, and dreamed that I left you all and went to heaven."

"Left us all!" I cried in agony. "Oh, Joe!"

But he said soothingly, "You won't feel badly when I tell you how it was," and he went on:

"Heaven seemed so different from what I thought. They weren't sitting round in rows at all, and they had the most beautiful flowers and trees! Why, uncle Jeremy's place is just nothing by the side of heaven! And who do you think I dreamed came to meet me? Why, a man that had such a wonderful face, and smiled on me in such a splendid way. I never saw anything like it before. And would you believe it, he said his name was Abraham. I was so astonished, and asked:

"You don't mean one of the patriarchs?"

"And why not?" he asked.

"I guess I turned very red, and I don't know how I answered. Then he led me away and introduced me to Isaac and Jacob, and they were splendid, too. And they all said:

"We are so glad to see you, and are your friends coming by and by?"

"I said I knew mother would, because she talked about it all the time, and I knew uncle Jeremy would, because he prayed to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, prayed every morning that he might.

"And that is why you wanted to sit down with us all?"

"Then I just had to tell that I had never thought it would be a bit nice, until I was taken sick, and mother talked with me about it, and said I might be called away from my life on the earth, and that I ought to make friends with Christ, so that he might, if I died, take me to heaven, and that I didn't want to be lost; but I had never thought it would be nice to go to any place where I should just have to sit down all the while. Then they said:

"Why, you see we don't do that."

"Just then I heard the most beautiful music, and it sounded something like Jubilee music, but oh, so much better! And they didn't sing one thing over and over,

as I thought they did in heaven, but it changed; and Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob joined in, and I was wondering how they could all know about this late music, and I said:

"How did you learn?"

"And Abraham said:

"Why, this is heaven; and heaven is perfection. I knew how to sing some before, but I wanted to sing better, and now I am satisfied."

"I was about to say I didn't know that the patriarchs knew or cared for music, when I awoke. I lay and thought it all over; I knew it had only been a dream; but heaven has seemed so different since. And if it's like that, I really am in a hurry to go; that is, if you and mother can go too. And if I live to go out to uncle Jeremy's again, I shan't get tired of hearing him pray to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but I shall want to tell him that I don't believe they sit down in the stiff way that he thinks at all."

* * * * *

My brother did not get well, but he had a relapse, and I saw him grow weaker day by day, and my young heart almost burst with grief as I was made to realize the possibility that he never would again go out to uncle Jeremy's.

He had the strangest way of talking and thinking about the going out of his life, at least I thought so then. He seemed to be anticipating a pleasant journey, so cheerful and even joyful was he; and sometimes after he had been speaking about it he would break out, "Oh, it is all so different from what I supposed!"

One day I overheard my mother talking with our minister about his death, and she said, "He has had a strange experience; he had a dream of heaven that has changed him entirely; he has really seemed to be in a hurry to go ever since." And the minister answered her, "Perhaps after all his was the reality and not the dream." My mother said not a word at this, but from that time there was a new look upon her face that I could not then make out, but she never afterwards showed the old agony at the thought of my brother's going.

We did not go to uncle Jeremy's that summer—mother and I—but the good man came to us in our sorrow and cheered and blessed us, through his strong, earnest faith.

His prayer was the same old one that dear Joe and I had known together—the same in form—and yet what life and beauty it had taken on, and when he closed

with the old petition, "Grant that we, with all thy people, may at last sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in thy kingdom above." I said to myself, "I wonder if uncle Jeremy knows what that really means?" so strongly did I feel that my brother's dream was really a vision. Since then, the years in passing have taken away uncle Jeremy, and I love to think that the "sitting down in the kingdom" means a world of bliss more than he ever dared to imagine.—Alliance.

The prayers of the best saints are shaped by the language and science and customs around them. In an ignorant age he prays for miracles; in an era of learning he prays more humbly, and says, "Thy will be done." Each altar is influenced by the light and liberty and education and poetry, as well as by the beam of light divine. When man bows in prayer, all the world repairs with him to the holy place. The poetry of a great era helps him to see heaven's beauty; the learning of it helps him to measure heaven's worth.

His Own Way.

"I am sorry to be such a spoil-sport, Frank, but really cannot let you go to Woodside. You know the reason."

"I know what you say, but that's no reason. It's a foolish story that that old muff of a Miss Wiggin has trumped up. I don't believe there's any small-pox at Woodside."

Frank Porter flung out of the room in a rage, while his stepmother looked after him with tears in her eyes. She loved him, and tried to be a true mother to him; but the boy's wilful spirit and impatient temper made her task a hard one very often.

"Just wait till I'm a year older!" he was saying to himself. "Just wait till I'm a little bigger and stronger. I'm not going to stand it much longer—no, I won't. I'll have my own way, and do what I please, and I don't care what you say."

"Hallo, Frank! Where are you going in such a hurry?" And Mr. Carey put his hand on his shoulder. "If you haven't anything better to do, I'm going to pull down the river a mile or two, and I'd like a companion."

Frank's face brightened. A row with Mr. Carey was not to be refused.

"Thank you, sir; I'd like to go very much."

"Your mother will not be anxious?" asked Mr. Carey, as he took his seat in the pretty little boat, and "backed" out.

"I don't care whether she is or not," said Frank, recollecting his grievance. "She's always objecting at things I want to do, and I'm glad she hadn't a chance to say 'no' to this. She spoiled one thing for me this afternoon."

"Ah!" said Mr. Carey. "I thought something well amiss when I met you. Suppose you tell me what was all about."

"Well, I wanted to go out to Woodside, for nuts," Frank began. "I, and a lot of fellows from our school were going this afternoon; and she wouldn't let me."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Carey.

"Oh, because that frumpy old Miss Wiggin has been telling her that somebody out at Woodside has the small-pox. Just as if I was obliged to catch even if they had. I'm tired of being ordered about a woman. I should like to be free to go where I please, and do what I please."

"Are you sure you would always 'please' to do the right thing, and only go to the right places?"

"Why not? I'm not like some fellows, Mr. Carey that are never happy unless they are up to something bad. I don't smoke, or drink lager, or stay out evenings, or anything of that sort. Have you heard of me being in mischief?"

"No. I have every reason to think you a good boy, Frank, as boys go. There is not one in my Bible-class whose conduct is more generally satisfactory than yours. You have in you the material for a man to be respected."

"Thank you, Mr. Carey!" Frank's face flushed with pleasure. "Then I should think you'd agree with me, that I don't need leading-strings any longer."

"If you mean by leading-strings your mother's government, I think you would not amount to much without it," said Mr. Carey, coolly. "It's just because she

has controlled you wisely, that you have grown up with fairly good habits." Frank raised his eyebrows.

"Nobody is wise enough to have his own way altogether," Mr. Carey continued. "The best of men, not to speak of boys, need control. I should be sorry, for my part, if I were left without it."

"Who controls you?"

Mr. Carey smiled.

"I have a step-mother like yourself," he said, "and she governed me so well that I keep up the practice of asking her advice still."

"That's a different thing," said Frank.

"Only different in degree," returned his teacher. "But never mind about that. I was reading this morning about the journey into Egypt, when Joseph was warned of danger to 'the young child.' And as I read, I wondered at his faith and obedience. The command was given to him, 'Flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring the word.' It was a command that must have involved a great deal of hardship for him. He had to give up his home, his regular occupation, his own way, in short, about everything, and take his family by night on a difficult and dangerous journey to a strange place, there to take his chances of comfort for an indefinite period. Do you suppose he enjoyed the prospect? Wouldn't it have been easier for him to say, 'Oh, pooh! there's no more danger here than there. I won't obey such an unreasonable command?'"

Frank colored up, as Mr. Carey looked at him keenly. "I suppose it would," he answered, in a low tone.

"Well, there's one example for you. And now I'll give you another. Do you remember?"—and Mr. Carey's voice changed from its light tone to a solemn and reverent one—"do you remember the Garden of Olives, where Our Saviour prayed in his anguish—*Let this cup pass from me—and—Not my will but thine be done?*"

This division had been practi-

Frank hung his head. Mr. Carey's way of putting it made him see himself in a new light.

"As for the case in point," his teacher went on, "I happen to know that Miss Wiggin told nothing more than was true. A man died of small-pox last night in a little house near the Woodside station. There are two more in the family down with the disease in its worst shape; and the walnuts you wanted to gather grow in a hollow just below that infected house. Any wind that blows might bring you the poison, and the whole air of the place is heavy with malaria. Your mother would have done you a great wrong if she had allowed you to take such a risk; and the fact that you rebelled against her sensible objections, shows how unfit you are to have your own way, or as you put it, to be out of leading-strings. That's plain speaking, Frank; you don't like it; but I think you'll be man enough to tell me presently that you deserve it."

It was several minutes before Frank could bring himself to do it. He had to struggle with pride and vanity, but he justified Mr. Carey's faith in him at last.

"You are right," he said, "and I'm wrong. I'll tell my mother when I go home that I'm sorry."

"And that you'll try to obey cheerfully in future," added Mr. Carey, with an approving look. "You will be wiser, and better, and happier now, and when the time comes to have your own way, you will know what to do with it."—Ez.

tion. First, as to economy.

ment has been greatly increased, measured, I submit, in the light ready in my last report claimed this division upon the annual report than the entire cost of maintenance saved, and this fact is even as it was a year ago. As regards regular printing fund of the Defor 1892 has been not far from

OBITUARIES.

At the request of husband, children and friends, I attempt the writing of a short obituary of Sister MOLLIE A. CONE, wife of our beloved Bro. John W. Cone. She departed this life March 6th, 1898—aged 43 years, 7 months and 22 days.

This noble woman was born in Tennessee, but reared in Arkansas, where she was married to the husband whom she leaves to mourn his loss and rejoice in the hope of her eternal gain.

She obeyed the Gospel September, 1873, and lived true to her profession until her death, and "died in the full triumph of a living Gospel faith." To know her was to love her.

She leaves a devoted husband and six children, who loved her as their own life, yea, more than life. I have had the pleasure of enjoying her hospitality, and it was all sunshine and happiness then. But I have visited the dear ones since her departure and oh! so lonesome were they; but sunshine and happiness dwells in that home, for all have the utmost confidence in her safety at Home. A happier family can never be found than that of Bro. Cone's; for older ones love him and little ones worship him.

Weep not, dear friends, for we have an untiding promise of life beyond the grave.

The remains were interred at New Liberty cemetery, the writer conducting the services.

Death spreads his wintry, withering arms,

And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?

That once loved form, now cold and dead,

Each mournful thought employs;
We weep, our earthly comforts fled
And withered all our joys.

Hope looked beyond the bounds of time,
When what all men deplore,
Shall rise, in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

—J. W. HENLEY.

Franklin, Ark., April 7, 1898.

DIED:

In Athens township, Thursday, July 8th, 1897 MRS. A. DUNLAP, daughter of Harvey Vest.

In LaCrosse, at the residence, of his son George, Friday night, July 9th, 1897, R. F. WALKER—aged about 66 years.

MRS MITTIE ROSE died April 9th, 1898.—aged 24 years, 11 months and 3 weeks.

Just bloomed into womanhood, when the angel of death freed her bright spirit from its tenement of clay, and bore it home to bask in the effulgent beams that surround God's eternal throne. "How young, how good, how beautiful she fell." She leaves a husband, one child, little Murtle Vera, in other, two brothers three sisters, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. We should weep not, for death is no more than a dream.

During her long illness her devoted husband, loving mother and sister watched, with untiring energy, prayerful hearts and tearful eyes around her bedside, through dull tedious hours of suffering, and all that medical skill and loving hands could do was done to alleviate her pain; yet to no avail, for death had claimed her for his victim.

At the end of last autumn, each opening bud on our family tree seemed full of developing promise to expand into a lovely blossom of usefulness and affections, whose perennial fragrance would cheer and comfort till the last years of our declining age. Our hope and love were joyfully blended together, and we were happy. But, alas! our happiness was only a morning dream.

She has gone to her reward while we are left sorrowing, for it is so hard to give up cherished friends and loved ones with whom our hearts are linked by the tenderest ties of friendship and pure affection, yet let us remember that God's grace is sufficient for us in every trial, and we have a hope both sure and steadfast that when it ends life's transient dream we shall meet on elysian shores of the "bright forever."

"In the summer land of song,
She died in beauty, like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty, like a pearl
Dropped from some diadem,
She's gone to rest,
From every care and pain;
What a happy, happy time 'twill be,
When we all shall meet again.
April 12th, EMMA ROSE.

Died, of typhoid pneumonia, near Barren Fork, Saturday morning, Feb. 13th, 1897, REV. R. H. EVANS—aged about 43 years. The remains were deposited in the Barren Fork graveyard Sunday evening at 2 o'clock, by the fraternity of Odd Fellows. A very large concourse of people witnessed the burial remony.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, to remove from among us one of our most precious jewels, MISS NONA MILBURN, who, for more than two years, was a worthy and much-beloved student of the Methodist Episcopal Sabbath School. Therefore be it

Resolved, That, as a Sabbath School, we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well, knowing that our Heavenly Father is Ruler over all the universe, and that we, too, sooner or later, must pay the debt that this precious girl has paid—Death.

Resolved, That as a Sabbath School and community, we have lost one of our most promising young ladies. We shall miss her pleasant face and sweet smiles. Her associates will greatly miss her association and sweet companionship; but let us make her removal from us an incentive for higher aspirations in our Christian lives and stronger exertions for our blessed Master. While to day we can realize that NONA is basking in the light of God's eternal love, with her dear mother, who but a few hours afterward followed her to the tomb, let us, as a Sabbath School and as individuals, strive harder to live in such a way that when we come to pay the last debt we owe to our Master it will be said unto us: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Let us all strive to meet dear NONA in Heaven.

Resolved, That we extend to her bereaved father, brothers and sisters our deep sympathy, and let us pray for them that God, in His infinite wisdom, mercy and compassion, may pour into their bereaved hearts the balm of consolation, and that He may sanctify her death, not only to their good, but to the good of all who knew her.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of this Sabbath School; that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and also a copy be furnished each of our county papers for publication.

MAGGIE VAIL,
HATTIE BAXTER, } Com.
JEFFERY DIXON.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

To the Officers and Teachers of
Melbourne Union Sunday School;

We, on Memorial, beg leave to submit the following:

Death has invaded our school, and God has called from our ranks one of our most zealous and active Teachers, and the angels have borne his spirit away to the Great Sunday School above, where Christ is the Teacher and redeemed spirits are the scholars. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow, in humble submission, to Him that doeth all things well, and believing that even our deepest afflictions are mercies in disguise, we deeply regret the loss of our beloved and highly esteemed school mate, JOHN W. BYLER, who departed this life at Hot Springs, Ark., June 7th, 1897. Let us try to emulate the life of him who has gone on before, and some sweet day we will all meet on the other bright shore to praise the Lord forever.

Resolved, That we offer the bereaved family our heart-felt sympathy in their bereavement, and that we point them, for consolation, to Him that said: "I will not leave you comfortless."

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be furnished the family; that a copy be furnished each of our county papers for publication, and that a copy be spread upon the Record of our Sunday school.

E. D. HARRIS,
W. A. OLDFIELD, } Com.
W. B. HARRIS,

publication of the full report. Such a

D I E D :

Near Ozark, Franklin county, Ark., Sunday, August 1st, 1897.
HARTWELL B. WALKER—aged 75 years. Deceased was the father of Mrs. Harriet Kendrick and Wiley Walker of our town and vicinity. He was born and raised within four miles of Melbourne, where he resided until about four years ago; and was a highly esteemed citizen and good neighbor.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

HALL OF LUNENBURG LODGE,
No. 482, F. & A. M., May 15, 1897.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the Supreme Ruler and Architect of the universe, to call from us our worthy Brother, G. W. OWENS, who departed this life May 3rd, 1897, at the ripe age of 74 years, to refreshment and rest, into that bright Lodge Above, a house not made with hands eternal.

BRO. OWENS was made a Mason in 1865, in Lunenburg Lodge, (then) No. 141, now 482, and has served the Lodge for a number of years as Senior and Junior Wardens; was a faithful officer, ever at his post of duty, to aid the brethren and give such instructions as were beneficial to the Craft. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of BRO. OWENS, this Lodge has lost a worthy Brother, and we shall miss from our Lodge meetings and intercourse a Brother who, for many years, has been an honor to Masonry, and who has in his life illustrated and carried out all the virtues and principles which it is the object of our Order to inculcate and advance.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our departed Brother in this their irreparable loss, and that we deplore his departure from among us; but our consolation is in the conviction that our loss is his gain, feeling assured that he is now singing the new song in the Master's Lodge Above.

Resolved, That the Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and in token of grief at the loss of our departed Bro., we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that the Secretary furnish a copy of these Resolutions to the wife of our late Brother; also a copy be spread upon the Minutes of the Record, a page be set apart to the memory of our deceased Bro.; and a copy be furnished the IZARD COUNTY REGISTER and Melbourne Times for publication.

M. T. DIXON,
H. C. HORTON,
G. W. BYLER, } Com.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

MT. PLEASANT LODGE, No. 53, I. O. O. F. }
BARREN FORK, ARK., Feb. 20, 1897. }

Our friend and worthy Brother, REV. R. H. EVANS, died at his home near this place Feb. 13, 1897, and was buried by the members of Mt. Pleasant Lodge, No. 59, with the honors of I. O. O. F.

BRO. EVANS, who was Chaplain of our Lodge, was about 43 years of age, and had been a member of this order for several years. He was not so situated that he could attend all meetings of his Lodge, his duties as minister of the Gospel calling him away, but unless hindered by sickness or otherwise, he was present, and always performed the duties devolving upon him truly, in Friendship, Love and Truth. He was taken away in the prime and vigor of manhood, seemingly, when he could do most good in the world; but He who doeth all things well, knoweth best, and

WHEREAS, It has pleased an Alwise Providence to remove him, our dear Brother. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death, we have lost a most worthy officer and brother, one whose place will be most difficult to fill

Resolved, That viewing his pure and spotless life, and his triumphant death, we will strive to be more faithful in our duties and obligations to each other, and thereby promulgate the principles which he loved and practiced.

Resolved, That we extend our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved family, and that we will not forget to render them that fatherly care and protection that is due the widow and orphan.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family, and also that copies be sent to the REGISTER and Times for publication.

By order of the Lodge.

J. P. BINGHAM,
J. S. BONE,
E. W. JENNINGS, } Com.

2 500

Near Lunenburg, Sunday, May 2nd, 1897, at 12 o'clock, after six months' illness, MRS. CELIA ROSE—aged 84 years, 2 months, and 6 days. She joined the Methodist church in 1837, in which she lived a faithful member until her death. She leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

The remains were buried at the Prat cemetery Monday morning at 11 o'clock.
A FRIEND.

DEATH SUMMONS.

Died, at Hot Springs, Ark., May 7th, 1897, Prof. JOHN W. BYLER—aged 31 years.

Prof. Byler had been in bad health several months, in consequence of which he resigned his position as principal of the school here some time ago, and a few weeks since went to Hot Springs, hoping to be benefitted by them; but on last Monday evening the sad intelligence was wafted over the wires to his family here, "Mr. Byler is dying." Some hope was entertained, however, that it was only suspended animation (to which he was subject), and that he might recover therefrom; but at 10 o'clock Monday night he joined the silent majority.

Capt. Hanley went to Hot Springs to take charge of the body and was met at Cushman yesterday by members of the I. O. O. F., who accompanied the remains home for burial.

While not altogether unexpected, Prof Byler's death cast a gloom over Melbourne and community, where he was universally esteemed and respected.

To his aged mother, his wife and children and other relatives, we extend our sympathy in their sad bereavement.

The remains will be buried at the Powell grave-yard, near town this morning at 9 o'clock, by the Odd Fellows fraternity—Rev. H. F. Vermillion and Eld. G. W. Spurlock conducting the funeral services.

OBITUARY.

Died, at her home in Lunenburg, Ark., March 7th, 1898, MRS. ELIZARETH HANNA, widow of the late J. W. Hanna—aged 55 years, 2 months and 6 days.

She was born in Harden county, Tenn., December 29th, 1842. Was married to J. W. Hanna July 16th, 1860, and they moved to Arkansas in the year 1869. She professed faith in Christ in 1881, and lived a devoted christian until her death. Her husband died in 1893. She leaves five children—two daughters and three sons—to mourn her loss.

Mrs. HANNA was a true christian, and loved by all who knew her; and her taking away leaves an aching void, not only in the family, but the community.

We extend a heart-felt sympathy to the children, and say to them, emulate the example of your mother; and may your last days be like hers, is the prayer of

A FRIEND.

March 21st, 1898.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

MOUNT PLEASANT S. S., JUNE 6, 1897.

When we met last Sabbath morning, all were sad. Our Superintendent, W. H. WINKLE, was not there; his chair was vacant. This reminded us that death was abroad in the land, and that God, in His wise providence, did, on May 24, 1897, call our brother and Superintendent from his labors on earth to his reward in heaven, there to enjoy one eternal Sabbath where God superintends. Earth is not his abiding place, Heaven is his home.

While our hearts are sad and his place and good counsel are greatly missed, we bow, with humble submission, to the will of Him who works all things well. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. WINKLE Mt. Pleasant Sunday School has lost one of its best and most faithful workers, ever ready to do his duty.

Resolved, That his wife has lost a loving companion and his family

a devoted father, with whom we greatly sympathize.

Resolved, That in the church will be missed a faithful officer and a good counselor.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be furnished to the wife of the departed Brother and one to the IZARD COUNTY REGISTER for publication; also, a copy be spread in full upon the Minutes of Mount Pleasant Sunday School.

ALFRED STONE,
T. A. BONE,
ELLA ALBRIGHT. } Com.

DIED:

In Sage township, Saturday May 1st 1897, at 4 o'clock, W. S. LINN—aged about 68 years. The remains were buried at Bethlehem graveyard Sunday, a large concourse of friends being present. "Uncle Bill," as he was familiarly called, was a prominent, highly-teemed citizen, a good neighbor and christian gentleman.

Near Melbourne, Monday morning, May 3rd, 1897, at the residence of its grand-father, "Uncle Josh" Grice, infant child of Phillip Price—aged about 8 months. The remains were buried at the Melbourne graveyard Monday evening.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a call meeting of Lunenburg Lodge, No. 50, I. O. O. F., held April 28th, 1897, among the proceedings, may be found the name of Bro. EPHRAM SIPE. We, the members of Lunenburg Lodge, No. 50, I. O. O. F., feel sad over the loss of our worthy Brother, EPHRAM SIPE, who departed this life April, the 27th, 1897, at 6 o'clock a. m., at his residence in Lafferty Creek township, Izard county, Ark.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His Wise Providence, to remove from among us our much-beloved Bro., EPHRAM SIPE, which dispensation has cast a gloom upon a cheerful hearthstone and broken forever a strong chain of our Brotherhood. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. EPHRAM SIPE, the Fraternity has lost a faithful and zealous Brother, the community a useful, worthy and good citizen, and his family a devoted and affectionate husband and father.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased, and while we feel that sometimes it is hard to submit to the dispensation of an Allwise Creator without a murmur, yet we bow, with humble submission, to His will, and in our devotions look to Him for to grace help us in this hour of trial.

Resolved, In token of respect to his memory, the members of this Lodge will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary cause the foregoing Resolutions to be spread upon the Records of the Lodge, and furnish a copy of the same to the family of the deceased; also a copy to the IZARD COUNTY REGISTER and the Melbourne Times for publication.

J. N. HALEY,
T. T. LUCKETT, } Com.
G. W. BYLER.

Sept 16 1898
Jas. E. Vannatta died at the residence of his brother in law, W. G. Cooksey, last Thursday, at Hardy. Deceased was the son of "Uncle Sam" Vannatta of that place, and son-in-law of "Uncle Joe" Arnold, near our town.

DIED:—At her home, near town, Friday night, Oct. 21, 1898, MRS. J. L. LANBERS—aged about 43 years. The remains were deposited in Lunenburg cemetery Sunday evening, Rev. P. M. Jeffery conducting the funeral services. Deceased was a daughter of "Uncle Wash" Gray.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of Blazing Star Lodge, No. 252, F. & A. M., held at their hall at Pleasant Grove, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Artificer of the universe to remove from our midst our beloved Brother, DAVID QUALLS, who died on Monday, the 25th day of January, 1897, And

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. QUALLS, this Lodge has lost a pillar that has sustained the honorable principles and excellent tenets of the Order against all assailants. And

WHEREAS, We recognize, in the death of our Brother, the will of God. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. QUALLS, this community has been deprived of one of its best citizens, his wife of a kind husband, his children of an indulgent parent, and this Lodge of one of its principal supports.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the widow and children of our deceased Brother in their affliction, and point them to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts for that true consolation and support which He alone can bestow.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, as a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed Brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Lodge; a copy be furnished the widow of our deceased Bro., and that a copy be furnished the IZARD COUNTY REGISTER for publication.

"Sweet rest to thee, dear friend,
And though beneath the sod
We know that in a brighter land
Thy soul is with thy God,

"And as thy spirit engages
In the new work of love,
May'st thou receive a Master's wages
From the Grand Architect above."

W. D. CALLISON, }
A. F. WYATT, } Com.
J. A. STROUD, }

OBITUARY.

FLORENCE GRICE, daughter of J. W. and Nancy E. Grice, was born September 24th, 1873 and died March 9th, 1897.

She was married to Phillip Price and the result of which happy union a son [Earl Price] was born October 10th, 1896, which followed its mother to the grave in May following her death.

She stood her last suffering with that patience which characterizes all true Christians.

FLORENCE was a loving, kind and devoted wife and an affectionate mother; and all who knew her loved her.

She professed faith in Christ and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church in the year 1889, in which she lived a consistent member till her death.

Death has taken her from us. We shall miss her sweet presence and loving smiles. We can never see her face again in this life, but we have the blessed assurance that if we live up to our Christian duty while here in this world of sorrow and bereavement, we can meet her in the bright beyond where she, with her darling babe, are basking in the sunlight of God's eternal love.

Friends, weep not, it is sad to part from our loved ones, but we should be happy in the thought of the great reunion which is in waiting for those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

A FRIEND.

DIED:

In Lunenburg, Monday, March 7th, 1898, MRS. HANNA—aged — years.

Near Mt. View, Sunday, March 6th, 1898, MRS. INDIA JEFFERY, wife of Ambrose Jeffery, Sr.—aged 56 years.

Near Newburg, Sunday evening at 5 o'clock, March 6th, 1898, MRS. MOLLIE, wife of John W. Cone—aged about 40 years. The remains were buried at New Liberty, Violet Hill township, Monday—a very large concourse of people being present, Eld. Henley conducting the funeral services.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

To the Noble Grand, Officers and Members of Melbourne Lodge, No. 8, I. O. O. F.:

We, your Committee on Memorial, beg leave to submit the following:

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WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His wisdom, to summons from our midst, our highly-esteemed and worthy Bro., J. W. BYLER, who departed this life at the city of Hot Springs, Ark., on the 7th day of June, 1897. And

WHEREAS, For a number of years BRO. BYLER has been one of our most active and zealous members, filling some of the most important offices in the Lodge, always responsive to duty and liberal in deeds of charity. While we bow, in humble submission, to the will of Him "who doeth all things well," our hearts are made sad at the loss of one so useful to our Order, to the community in which he lived, and to his family. We are again most forcibly reminded that "God moves in a mysterious way;" for BRO. BYLER had just reached the prime of vigorous manhood and began a career of usefulness as a teacher (his chosen profession) seldom attained by the young men of this country. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of BRO. BYLER, Melbourne Lodge, No. 8, has lost one of its most valuable and worthy members. the community an honorable and respected citizen, and his family a devoted husband and father.

Resolved, That a page of our Records be set apart, suitably inscribed, in memory of our deceased Brother; that a copy of these Resolutions be spread at length upon our Minutes, and that a copy thereof, under seal of the Lodge, be delivered to his grief-stricken widow, and also that they be published in each of our county papers.

Respectfully submitted.

A. C. DIXON,
F. M. HANLEY, } Com.
E. A. BAXTER, }

WHEREAS, Our late BRO. J. W. BYLER departed this life, in the city of Hot Springs, Ark., on the 7th day of June, 1897; and,

WHEREAS, Bros. Hawkins, Noble Grand, and Russell, Secretary of Hot Springs Lodge No. 67, I. O. O. F., by mere accident, discovered the presence of BRO. J. W. BYLER in their city, only a short time before his death, and while he was unable to give them a coherent statement as to his residence and standing in our Order; and

WHEREAS, The brethren above-named, together with others, took charge of our BRO. J. W. BYLER and ministered to his necessities during the last hours of his life, and have his remains, after his death, prepared for shipment, without assurance of ability upon the part of his friends to meet the expenditure; and

WHEREAS, Our Bro. F. M. Hanley visited the city of Hot Springs, a stranger, to take charge of the remains of our deceased BROTHER, and received, at the hands of Bros Hawkins, Russell and Gross, and other members of Hot Springs Lodge, No. 67, many evidences of brotherly kindness and courtesy. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Lodge extend to Hot Springs Lodge, No. 67, and especially Bros. Hawkins, Russell and Gross, and other members of Hot Springs Lodge, No. 67, I. O. O. F., sincere thanks for their fraternal kindness to our BROTHER BYLER during the last hours of his life, and also for their kindly assistance and many courtesies to our Bro. F. M. Hanley, while upon his mournful mission to their city.

Resolved, That we assure our brethren of Hot Springs Lodge that this Lodge will ever hold them in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be engrossed by our Secretary, and a copy, attested by his signature and the seal of this Lodge, be transmitted to Bro. E. G. Russell, Secretary Hot Springs Lodge, No. 67, I. O. O. F.

W. E. BAKER, }
J. B. BAKER, } Com.
C. C. HALEY, }

We, the Teachers composing the IZARD COUNTY INSTITUTE, in order to show the respect and high esteem in which our Bro. Teacher, PROF. JOHN W. BYLER, was held by us, beg leave to submit the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Byler, IZARD COUNTY has sustained the loss of a noble citizen, MELBOURNE the loss of her teacher, and the wife and children the irreparable loss of a good husband and father.

WHEREAS, In the death of our Brother, we feel the weight of a material injury to the teaching force of the county. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Teachers, offer to the many friends and relatives our heart-felt sympathies, and especially do we extend to the bereaved family our sincere condolence, and say to them, "weep not as those who have no hope!"

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to the sorrowing wife and family, and that a copy be presented to each of our county papers for publication; also that a copy be spread upon our Minutes to the memory of our deceased Brother.

Respectfully submitted.

MISS CORA CONE, }
JAMES W. HILL, } Com.
T. W. SIMPSON, }

DIED:

Near Lunenburg Monday night, January 30, 1899, at 10 o'clock, in MRS. AMANDA SHANNON, wife of a Joe Shannon—aged about 30 years

appreciable by the publications which late, moreover, that the differentiation of publications is becoming more and more of a classification is necessitated of the publications are distributed, I think a realizing necessity for a thorough reorganization of the publications which I have indicated, and for the measures which can insure promptness and correctness.

secure for the use of this Department of publications as would be adequate to supply the publications, I can only suggest and urge



REV. HENRY HAYS.

Some time has elapsed since the subject of this notice passed to his rest, and who was long as an old landmark among us, and who for nearly seventy years a minister of the gospel, may well claim something more than the mere record of his departure from our midst.

Henry W. Hays was born in Williamson county, Tenn., Dec. 13th, 1813, and died at his home near Philadelphia Church, Izard County, Ark., Oct. 10th, 1897—aged 84 years, 9 months and 27 days. His parents, Lewis and Anna, came from North Carolina. While yet in his teens, he professed faith in Christ and joined the M. E. Church at "Lock's Meeting House," in the Stone River circuit, Tennessee Conference. By the request of his brethren, he was appointed class leader. Soon thereafter, he was granted license to exhort. He was given license to preach at the age of 24 years. At the separation of the Church, he adhered to the M. E. Church, South. He was ordained deacon by Bishop William Capers, Oct. 27th, 1850, and elder, by Bishop George F. Pierce, Nov. 2d, 1856. He moved to Izard Co. Ark., in 1851. In late years he often expressed regrets that he had never joined the traveling connection, and said it was because he was afraid to go where the authorities of his church might send him. Thus he lived and died a local preacher. Yet he spent more than 30 years of his life, traveling,

usually, hard circuits, as a supply. We have heard him speak, in a familiar way, of Revs. A. L. P. Green, F. E. Pitts, John B. McFerrin, Harris and Hanna, preachers of the Tennessee Conference, or while he lived there. I have also heard him mention his work as a supply in the Arkansas Conference, previous to the war, but do not know what charge he served to nor dates.

Referring to his papers, I find he traveled Strawberry circuit in 1859. He reported this year, white members, 387; colored, 16; number of local preachers, white, 9; colored, 1. This charge consisted of 28 appointments, and embraced all the territory now included in Evening Shade, Ash Flat, LaCrosse, Melbourne, Newburg and Iuka circuits in the White River Conference, and Mountain Home circuit in the Arkansas Conference. A letter to him from Rev. John S. McCarver, P. E., Batesville, Ark., Dec. 15th, 1859, says: "Your first quarterly conference will be held at Pleasant Grove, Feb. 18, 19, 1860. Rev. Hugh A. Barnett informs me that the church at that place will be completed by that time." This shows him still to be in charge of Strawberry circuit. Mrs. Lizzie Craige, of Melbourne, Ark., informs me that Uncle Henry remained at home during the war, and actively engaged in supplying the old men, women and children with the gospel. In 1866 he was employed by Rev. J. M. P. Hickerson, P. E., as a supply on Strawberry circuit; 1867 by Rev. G. A. Dannelly, P. E., to supply Pleasant Grove circuit. This year he baptized and received the writer into the church. In 1868 he supplied Salem mission. In 1869 he was junior preacher on the Wild Haws circuit. In 1873-74 the Evening Shade circuit, where he lived and assisted in the erection of the new brick church at Evening Shade. In 1876-78 Philadelphia circuit. In 1879 Pineville mission. From this charge this year the writer was recommended to the annual conference for admission on trial. In 1881 Calamine mission. In 1882 Viola circuit. In 1884 Iuka mission. In 1890 junior preacher on the Evening Shade circuit. In 1891 Viola circuit. He was frequently elected by his district conference as a delegate to

the annual conference. In 1881 he presided over a missionary meeting of his district conference, held at Salem, Ark.

He was first married to Henrietta C. Freeman, Sept. 30, 1833. From this union thirteen children were born, six of whom survive him. His wife died April 16, 1865. He was again married to Miss Lucinda Byrd, Nov. 6, 1865. To them three children were born, two of whom, Maggie and Dixie, yet live.

He took great pleasure in attending the sessions of his district and annual conferences, thinking that each would be his last—the last was that of the Batesville district, held at Melbourne last July. He loved his church and rejoiced in her great success. He was not what men call a great preacher. He never "preached" funerals, but "exhorted," and often said that the church spoiled a good exhorter when it licensed him to preach. His honest, open and

consistent Christian life gave him power with men. His sermons were helpful and effective.

He was truly an exhorter of much power, and belonged to a class of preachers who believe in appealing to the sensibilities of his hearers, and it was no uncommon thing to see the altar crowded with penitents after one of his passionate appeals to men to flee from the wrath to come, or when he drew a glowing and fervid picture of the glories which await the faithful, and contrasted their reward with the doom of the ungodly.

He also excelled in prayer, often seeming by faith to take hold of the very horns of the altar, and by his earnest supplication at a "throne of divine grace, to bring the entire congregation in touch with the Holy Spirit, causing the repentant tears to flow down the cheeks of hardened sinners and enraptured believers to shout aloud praises to God, while penitents would leap suddenly into the kingdom.

He possessed, among other enduring gifts, a wonderfully deep and melodious voice, which was of great help to him in his ministerial work. Many a skeptical and adamant heart which remained cold and untouched through a

glowing sermon or exhortation, throbbed with the awakening anguish of conscious guilt under the power of the softening influences of one of his altar songs, and whole audiences have been fired and quickened in spirit, under the exultant notes of "What Wondrous Love is This?" "I am a Pilgrim and a Stranger," "The Reaping Time Will Surely Come" and "The Sun-bright Clime." Those who attended the Batesville district conference last summer, will long remember when he stood up and sung in a voice broken by infirmity, and trembling with emotion, "The Preacher's Song," and the memory of that hour and the singer will be an inspiration and blessing to them through coming years. Although the power and influence of that wonderful voice failed at last, it has been renewed and now mingles with the mighty chorus of the celestial choir, singing praises to the Lamb that was slain. He attended the preacher's meeting last May, and on Sunday at 11 o'clock preached 46 minutes, to a crowded house without sitting down to rest, and at the close the audience came forward and shook hands with him for the last time.

His disease was blood poison which lasted only three days. His suffering was intense, but he exulted in the thought of soon being set free.

Dear Uncle Henry, good bye. We shall not see your like on earth again. Your work is done. He spent all these years of weary toil reflecting only credit on his name and his church. He leaves the savor of a good influence. His name is revered by all who knew him. His body now lies beside that of the sainted Rev. B. F. Hall, in the cemetery at Philadelphia church. May his mantle fall upon one of his grandchildren. To his bereaved widow and children and other relatives we tender sympathy and condolence. If faithful to your Lord and true to His precepts, you shall meet your loved one again. "He is not dead but sleepeth."

F. R. NOE.

DIED:

Of pneumonia, near Lauenburg, Thursday night, December 31st, 1896, MRS. PHOEBIA ANDERSON—aged about 60 years.

"UNCLE HENRY" HAYS IS DEAD!

The Rocky Bayou Baptist Association, in session at Violet Hill Monday morning, Oct. 11th, 1897, adopted the following Resolutions:

WHEREAS, Rev. Henry Hays, a Minister of the M. E. Church South, departed this life yesterday, and his funeral takes place to-day at 12 M. And

WHEREAS, It was suggested to this body that it adjourn, out of respect to the memory of the deceased, and attend the funeral, in a body, And

WHEREAS, The weather being unfavorable to such attendance; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we sympathize with the family of the deceased and community in the loss of this estimable Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon our Minutes, and a copy be furnished each of the Izard county papers, and that the family of the deceased be furnished a copy of the Minutes of this session.

H. F. VERMILLION,
Chairman.

in the interest of the pupil. Prof.

RICHARD FRANKLIN WALKER.

The subject of this sketch was born the 14th of Sept., 1829, in Bedford county, Tennessee. Early in life he joined the Separate Baptist, and later the M. E. Church, South, of which he remained a member until his death.

In 1850 he married Miss Sarah Jane Cobb.

He moved from Tennessee to Arkansas in 1859 and settled near Lunenburg where he spent the remainder of his life. He served his township as Justice of the Peace for several terms. He was also steward in the church a number of years. His home was always open to the preacher. He went home to God July the 9th, 1897, at the residence of his son. The writer visited him a number of times during his last illness,

which was of long continuance, and at times his sufferings were severe. He had a strong desire to get well—a desire he clung to until he died. We conversed with him frequently and freely. Some times he was very despondent and his prospects seemed to him gloomy and again he seemed cheerful and full of assurance. About two weeks before he died he gave up the desire to get well and became perfectly submissive to the will of his Lord. From then until the Lord called him, his faith was strong and his way clear. He seemed to rejoice in the prospect of a speedy release from the pain and suffering of this life.

He leaves a widow and one son, and several grand children to mourn their loss, but they weep not as those who have no hope, for "beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb" is a brighter, better world than this, where the husband and the father awaits the coming of loved ones. May our Father grant us all to be faithful and meet up yonder where we will say good-bye no more.

W. E. BISHOP.

for apple scab, by E. S. Goff, of Wisconsin and rot, and antagonistic relations Jones, of Vermont; a study of fruit rots, mildews (*Peronosporæ*), and weed seeds, preliminary notes on a rutabaga and some experiments in the prevention of *Uromyces padi*, and relation of frost to corn, of Iowa; forage plant tests, scope of Kansas; notes on the breeding of insects; methods of soil analysis, by E. W. Johnson; anthracnose and its treatment, by S. A. Johnson; damping-off fungus, and method of ob- serving the fungus of Texas root-rot of cotton, by E. W. Johnson; the field of bulletins, present and future of Nebraska. The great desirability of numbering the station publications and numbering of all ordinary bulletins in a

MARRIED:



Near Melbourne, Thursday evening, December 31st, 1896, at the residence of the bride's father, D. S. Freeman, by Judge C. C. Haley. Mr. W. D. FOWLER to Miss ELLA FREEMAN. After the happy couple were pronounced "man-and wife," an elegant supper was served and the assembled guests enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. A sumptuous reception was also given at the residence of the groom's father, "Uncle Frank" Fowler, on Friday.

The REGISTER force join many friends in wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Thomas, at Sylamore, at 5:30 o'clock Sunday evening, December 27th, 1896, Mr. W. M. Jeffery of Melbourne, Ark. and Miss Lizzie Thomas were made husband and wife, Rev. P. M. Jeffery officiating.

The bride is one of the county's most estimable young ladies and will make a wife worthy of the young gentleman to whom she has pledged her life. The groom is an industrious and worthy young man, and will see that the young wife who joins his fortune in this life is tenderly cared for.

The happy couple left Monday morning for Melbourne, where they will spend a few days visiting friends and relatives, then they will move to Mt. Olive, where they expect to make their future home.

The Enterprise with its many readers wishes them happiness, prosperity, abundance, long life, and a happy termination thereof when the sun of life goes down behind the western horizon.—Stone County Enterprise.



MARRIED:

Near Franklin, Wednesday evening, October 14th, 1896, at the residence of the bride's father, William Hill, by Rev. W. S. Southworth, Mr. W. M. F. WATKINS to Miss ANNIE HILL. The REGISTER join a host of the happy couple's friends in congratulation.

MARRIED:



In Big Spring township, Sunday, September 19th, 1897, at the residence of the bride's father, B. S. Stroud, by 'Squire Wallis, DEE JACOBS to Miss NORA STROUD.

In Melbourne, Thursday night, September 23rd, 1897, at the residence of E. G. Landers, by Judge C. C. Haley, E. A. MEDLEY to Miss TENNIE LANDERS. It was a very quiet affair—no cards, no cake for printers; but the REGISTER family, "devil" and all, join a host of friends of the happy couple in congratulations.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Bennie Smith.....	23
Francis Cooper.....	16
J. P. Hail.....	21
Sudie Martin.....	18
C. S. Reynolds.....	21
Mary B. Everett.....	16
W. D. Rudolph.....	55
E. S. Boler.....	49
T. N. Staggs.....	23
Martha J. Ingram.....	20

MARRIED:



Near town, Thursday evening, January 7th, 1897, at the residence of the bride's father, Frank Cooper, by Jeff Rector, Esq., W. B. SMITH to Miss FRANCIS COOPER. After the ceremony, about 60 guests partook of a sumptuous supper. On Friday the happy couple and about 40 guests partook of a sumptuous dinner at the residence of Jas. W. Bussey.

The REGISTER force join many friends in congratulation, and return thanks for a nice lot of cake sent in from the wedding and infair.

MARRIED:



Near Lunenburg, Thursday evening, June 10th, 1897, at the residence of the bride's father, by Poss Halley, 'Esq., ERA ADAMS to MISS JENNIE MARCHANT.

On Friday, at the residence of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Adams, the writer and a number of friends and relatives partook of and enjoyed as fine dinner as could be spread anywhere in North Arkansas. After which a negative picture of the crowd was taken.

W.

The association with

MARRIED:



At the court house in Melbourne (just before church services began) Wednesday night, July 14th, 1897, by Rev. J. S. Brooke, L. E. TUNSTAL of Salem, to Miss EMMA GIBSON (daughter of F. M. Gibson), of Oxford. The REGISTER force join a host of the happy couple's friends in congratulations.

several members. The citizens

MARRIED:



Near town, Thursday evening, March 10th, 1898, at the residence of the bride's father, J. E. Freeman, by Judge C. C. Haley, WM. T. CLEM to MISS MAUD FREEMAN.

reference to the work which they are in view, a circular letter was received asking for information. The replies in character and thoroughness that it does not seem possible to collate them. Among the inquiries was one asking for reports regarding the additions to courses of instruction resulting from the appropriation of

MARRIED:



Near town, Sunday evening, October 10th, 1897, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Fannie Wood, by Robert Smith, Esq., E. F. PARKER to MISS ORA WOOD. The happy couple have the best wishes of the REGISTER family.

bibliographer, S. W. Johnson, of Connecticut, and W. L. Brown, of

MELBOURNE HIGH SCHOOL

HONOR ROLL NO. 1.

A. P. Golden.....	98
J. W. Hill.....	98
O. S. Grimmitt.....	97
Walter Bussey.....	96
T. L. Jacobs.....	96
W. H. Estes.....	96
J. N. Hix.....	96
J. M. Estes.....	95
Minnie Marchant.....	98
Virgie Baker.....	96
Ettie Hill.....	96
Hattie Baxter.....	96
Hattie Price.....	96
Della Hix.....	96
Nora Harris.....	95
Allie Estes.....	95
Blanche Oldfield.....	95
Mamie Hinkle.....	95
Sudie Simpson.....	95
Nellie Herbert.....	95
Harry Dixon.....	95
Jno. P. Woods.....	95

HONOR ROLL NO. 2.

Jeffie Felts.....	94
J. H. Landers.....	94
T. S. Freeman.....	94
J. H. Garner.....	94
Jno. Simpson.....	93
Jeffie Hinkle.....	93
Pearl Grimmitt.....	93
Cora Haley.....	93
Audie Baker.....	92
Rhea Herbert.....	92
Z. T. Sheid.....	92
Thos. Simms.....	91
Maud Landers.....	91
Chas. Harris.....	90

BROWN SCRAPS—ON FARMING.

To be born a farmer,
Is to have a noble birth;
For an honest farmer
Is the grandest man on earth.

Farmers should study their calling closely.

Muscles without brains
Maketh slow gains.

It is sad to see our fellow-countrymen selling out their little, quiet homes in Arkansas, in order to go to Texas and spend their lives there as "poor" renters. Think of this, my friends, before you sell out your homes and your independence.

But some of you are ready to shout:
"Old 'Arkansaw' is all worn out,
Its soil all has washed away
And left us nothing but the clay."

Why did it wash away? Because you failed to cut a ditch on the upper side of your field and turn the water around outside. You failed to run your rows on a level. You also failed to fill up small gulleys with corn stalks, forest leaves, logs, and so on. "O!" you exclaim, "I can rent land in Texas that will pay the rent and make me more besides, than I can make on my own land here." Yes, you can go to Texas and live in a cabin, in the middle of a cotton field, and drink water out of a mud-hole that cattle stands in all day; and haul your

wood 10 miles, and some times pay a big price for it, besides; and have no apples, no good water, no shade trees, no range for your stock, no wind-break except the north pole; no big road, only through the field; and in rainy time, mud, mud more mud; or sand, sandy more sandy. I know a fellow that went out there and planted his corn in that sandy land, and a wind-storm come along and blowed his corn up. So he had to plant it over.

To complete the figure,
Think of the chiger

That makes his home in the dirt;
The merciless chiger,
On white man or "nigger."
They bite, out in Texas, to hurt.

No, my friends, Arkansas has poor land, I'm willing to admit all that; but if you will spend as much to fertilize an acre, as you pay rent for an acre in Texas Arkansas land will make you a living. You put \$4.00 worth of cotton seed on an acre of corn, and see if you don't make as much corn as the man makes that pays \$4.00 rent on an acre.

If we will feed the hills,
The hills will feed us;
But if we starve the hills,
The hills will starve us.

An Arkansas farm is like an Arkansas cow. They look better, do better, and pay better, when they have a master that will take care of them.

The need of our country to day is, not more farms, but more farmers; not broader cultivation, but better cultivation.

Haul in the leaves from out the wood,
They sure will do your old land good.
Plow them in your fields of clay,
For they will help them every way.

Plow them under, good and deep;
Soil and water they will keep,
To feed the young and tender root,
And help the growing crop to shoot.

When they are under, all complete,
Sow you down a crop of wheat.
Do not plow it up ag'in;
Take a drag and drag it in.

Then your leaves can lie and rot,
While the wheat is on the spot.
You make your land and raise y'ur wheat,
And have your biscuit for to eat.

When your wheat is off the ground
Take some peas and sow it down.
By working in this simple way,
You help your land and make your hay.

Keep your calves in "Arkansaw;"
Feed them on your peas and straw.
Five dollars for them, never take,
When twenty for you they will make.

Raise your corn and raise your oats;
Raise your cows, and raise your shoats;
Raise your wheat and raise your peas,
Then you can eat at home with ease.

Then to the store you'll quit trotting,
To buy your grub with 5-cent cotton.
Feed your land from out your stable,
Then your land will feed your table.

I'm off my line, you think perhaps,
In writing up these farming scraps.
Perhaps you think I'd better reach
Some other subject, when I preach.

A man is never off his line
That has a lamp to let it shine;
To do the very best he can,
To help along his fellow man.

I've wrote enough to do this time;
So here I end the present rhyme.
Some other day, perhaps I'll call,
But until then, good bye to all.

—J. L. BROWN.

Charlotte, Independence Co., Ark.

The Atlanta Constitution says a Mississippi girl described her first visit to a city as follows: "Oh, I had such a perfectly beautiful time! Every thing was so converted, you know. We stopped to a house where we road to our rooms in a refrigerator, and our rooms was illustrated with election lights. There was no stove in the room, but one of those legislators in the floor, and the heat poured right up through. I did not have any appetite and could not get a thing I could realize. Honestly, when I got home I was almost an individual."

changes produced by the "Morrill act"

McMahon household, and in the course of time the stage arrived at which no money could buy it.

The hen, when Mrs. McMahon moved to 3421 Mount Vernon street, was one of the most important of all the articles transported. That was a long time ago. Since then it has been the constant companion, at



home, of its mistress. A comfortable box in one corner of a room was its boudoir, and it had the entire back part of the house for a promenade.

In the summer as much of its time as it chose was spent out of doors in the sunny yard attached to the McMahon residence. The best in the land, from a poultry point of view, was given it, and not a care in the world did it have.

But all things must end, even the life of

A DUDE.



'Tis simply this, and nothing more—
A cane, an eyeglass, a chrysanthemum,
An empty head not worth a crumb—
And then you have an everlasting bore.

matics, English, etc., have been opened to and the classes have consequently had to s. A similar effect has been produced by

There are women who are comely, there are women who are homely, but be careful how the latter thing you say. There are women who are healthy, there are women who are wealthy, there are women who will always have their way. There are women truthful, there are women youthful—was there ever any women who were old? There are women who are sainted, there are women who are painted, there are women who are worth their weight in gold. There are women who are slender, there are women who are tender, there are women very large and fat and red. There are women who have married, there are women who have tarried, there are women who are talkless—but they are dead.—Ex.

TWO OF A KIND.

The Man with "One Gallus" Tells a Fresh Horse Story.

His Trials and Tribulations Behind "Old Spot"—How He Lost the "Most Loveliest Girl in the Settlement"
—Widder Casey's Gray Mule.

When Andy Lucas come by our house one day last week and rid up to the



horse rack on a little flea-bitten gray filly my thoughts flew backwards to one swingin cold winter night a little better than 20 years ago. All I had to do was to shet my eyes and think a few stanzas, and onet more

I was drivin the gamest and fastest horse that ever flong a shoe or left his track in all the regions round. Onest more I was sailin down the old stage road in a spankin new buggy with the gone-byest most loveliest girl that ever run a reel or jumped a jig in the old settlement I do reckon. Onest more I was mixin and minglin with a gorgeous big crowd of boys and girls at a break-down dance over there in the stump hills. And then onest more I driv home through a streak of weather which was cold enough to freeze the tail off of a brass monkey—the saddest and the maddest youngster in 17 states and territories.

"Old Spot," the Horse.

"The little flea-bitten gray which now belongs to your wife's husband is a granddaughter—of old Spot," says I to Andy—which naturally of course that brung on more talk.

In my day and generation I have had horses on top of horses, but for general road work—for speed and bottom and stayin qualities old Spot was the gamest and the best one of them all. He was a strawberry roan—built from the ground up—with a big white spot in his left flank. From pure nigger luck I had got the horse in a trade with a Kentucky drover, and better and better, faster and faster every day the good Lord sent so long as he looked to me for his corn and fodder. By gracious, on a smooth hard road you could hear his hoofs pop for a mile away when he hit the ground with his feet!

It is the naked truth—for I would mortally hate to tell anything else in regards to a horse—that nobody ever driv up behind me whilst I was drivin old Spot. We would sometimes meet people and pass people along the road, but when I onest started anywheres with

that horse nobody would overtake us.

And by and by that winter—when Lie crops had turned out bully and I bought myself rich with one of these clost-built buggies—there want a livin piece of horseflesh in the country that could pass us by, and there want a young lady in the settlement but what was more than willin to ride in a nice new buggy behind old Spot.

So consequentially when the party came off that time at old man Berry Ringstaff's, over there in the hills, I put right in, I did, and made my engagements with Miss Callie Hickman, with the general understandin that I would drive old Spot to my new buggy, and we could knock the shine off of anything the country mought turn out. And Miss Callie—well, she traded with me on the spot.

Right then Miss Callie was another fellow's sweetheart, and nobody didn't know that any better than me. Her and Bob Travis had been gettin along powerful sweet and swimmin for two years past and threatenin to git married all the time. But that didn't make a blessed bit of difference with me. I was foot loose and fancy free, as Aunt Nancy Newton calls herself, and my onlyest chance was to keep company with some other fellow's calico and ribbons, or turn old Spot in the paster and stay at home.

Now then. On our way to the party that night me and Miss Callie we soon got rale friendly and famillious like. I tried my level blamedest to do some old-fashion courtin and carryin on, but she was jest the least bit skittish and pulled on the bit considerable. She finally at last owned up to it that she always did think a pile of me, but she had give her hand to Bob, and she must let him take her heart along with it. Come to find out, and by gracious they had already set the day and laid in some of the weddin fixments. Man, sir, I never would of thought it up to that time—but I'll be hanged if it didn't make me feel plum sick for Miss Callie to be tellin me how clost she was to steppin off with Bob Travis. The moon was shinin bright like day. I could see her face peepin forth from the wrappings and trappins and by gattias I did think in my soul that she was the prittiest, the neatest and the most sweetest thing that ever wore clothes. Up to that time I never did have no rale serious thoughts in regards to Miss Callie, but somehow it was mighty burtin on me to hear her talk so kind and lovin like about another fellow.

Well, the general circumference of the calamity was that I had fell heels over appetite in love with Bob Travis's sweetheart. And that want all, white people. I didn't have no better sense, and I didn't do a blessed thing but pitch in and tell her so.

But the Game Was "Braced."

Naturally of course I can't now recollect for certain what Miss Callie said that night in respondin back to my burnin words, but anyhow she made a few scatterin remarks to the general extent that I was jest in time to be too late. I tried to hold her little hand in mine, but got busted on the first rattle out of the box. I next tried to steal a kiss, but slipped and fell before I got to first base. I thought I mought maybe take my arm and gently keep the wind from blowin her cloak off, but onest more I run up agin a braced game, as it wera.

But when we got to the party a tremendous pleasant change soon come over the general lay of the land. Bob Travis had got his back up and was foam in mad—not mad with me to hurt, but plum pizen mad with Miss Callie. He danced with every girl on the floor but her, and she danced with all the boys exceptin him. As for me, I danced around promiscuis—first with one girl and then another, but Miss Callie was my mainest partner, and I was tickled most to death at Bob.

Finally at last Miss Callie up and told me on the sly that Bob Travis

Texas (Prairie View) 1870 11 176 35

needn't to be swellin around and making such a tremendius big fool of himself—there was just as good fish in the creek as had ever been caught out, and she didn't give the snap of her finger, nohow. Then all of a sudden like—from pure spite and devilment, I reckon—she promised to be my sweet-heart forever and a day, and said she would prove it to me as we went on back home that night.

In the main time the fiddlin and the dancin went on, and from general appearances, I reckon everybody had a felonious good time. But I was forever glad when the fiddler struck off Home, Sweet Home, and the party broke up. Miss Callie had made me a promise, and said she would prove it true. I was waitin and wishin for the proof.

As the night went by the weather had got colder and colder. When by and by we got hooked up ready to start the ground was froze a foot deep, and ther was frost on the broad bosom of the earth like snow on a trash pile.

So Busy and So Mad.

As we driv off towards home old Spot riz on his hind feet two or three times, and then it did look to me like he would jest naturally split the earth wide open and scorch the lative air. It was then nine miles home, or maybe a little better, but old Spot bit off 30 or 40 feet at every stride. Up hill and down hill—over the rough places as well as smooth ground—he went down after his knittin like it was a race for blood

and death, and all the pain I could do but only helt him smooth and steady in his wild and furious pace.

Now, when I have got to go somewhere in a big hurry or by my lone self, I do love a fast horse, and old Spot didn't sbake my nerves a little bit. I knowed, dadblame him, that I could ride as fast as he could travel. Yet there was one time when I didn't want to ride so infernal fast. Miss Callie had told me she would be my own and onlyest, and promised to give me the proof on our return back home—which on that particular night the proof of the puddin was to hug and kiss the girl.

But, dadburn the luck, I didn't have no chance and no time to do a blame thing but hold that horse on the ground and keep him in the big road. I couldn't spare so much as one hand, and by gracious I needed both eyes on my work to keep from runnin into a smashup. I thought maybe after goin a few miles at that furious lick old Spot would slow down and give me a little chance to pay my doublebreasted regards to the most loveliest girl in the settlement. But not him—narry time onest. Instid of that, it would seem like he got fresher and fresher, and faster and faster with every mile he bit off on the way towards home. Now, I did wish from the bottom of my heart that somebody would come along with a lazy mule—or even a blind steer that would work in harness—and make a pass at me for a swap.

And what was worse and still more of it, Miss Callie she was skeered nigh unto death. She didn't say nothin, but I stole a look at her here and there, and bless the heavens if she want as white as a sheet. I was too dadblasted infernal busy drivin that fool horse to do anything more than talk a little, and the girl was too bad rattled even to talk. She was lookin to be throwed out and killed every minnit, and I don't really think she caught her breath more than onest in every two miles. Consequentially she wouldn't even say she loved me—she wouldn't even say she thought more of me than anybody else—dadblame it, wouldn't say nothin.

When we got to the Hickman place, I driv up to the front gate, and whilst old Spot was dancin and prancin and plungin back and forth, Miss Callie picked her chance, jumped out of the buggy, said good-by in a hurry and scooted in the house.

"Swapped Spit" and Made Up.

You ought not to think it, but that was the last time I ever saw Miss Callie Hickman in the flesh. The next time I saw her she was Mises Bob Travis, and as shy of me as a three-year-old not even bridewise. You see I didn't go over to the Hickman place to renew my acquaintance right away immediately the next morning, and first thing I

Graduates in agricultural

on yet

knowned Bob had been over there and braced the game onest more. It would seem like he was meek and full of repentance and so was she. Whereas they swapped a little spit, as it were, and made up.

But I will die believin that I missed about half of my unworthy life jest simply because old Spot kept me so everlastin busy pullin and drivin and stayin in the road that night. Soon as possible I pitched in and swapped that horse off. And to be blamed square and honest, I got the daylights swindled out of me in the trade. But the more I thought about the scandalous, dirty way in which old Spot treated me that night, the madder I got, till I simply couldn't abide with him any longer.

For the Good He Has Done.

That night I was tellin Aunt Nancy Newton about the little flea-bitten gray which Andy had rid over to our house, and then from the best of my recollection, I told her the story of my trials and tribulations with old Spot.

"Well, Rufus, do you know that puts me in mind of the Widder Casey and her old gray mule," put in the dear, delightful old soul.

I am always tremendius glad when somethin puts Aunt Nancy in mind of somebody else, and I didn't do a blessed thing but lay low and listen.

"One day along in the Christmas I went over to spend the day with the widder, and whilst there I couldn't keep from taking notice of her old gray mule, which they call his name Pete. You recollect that mule, Rufus, and you recollect when old man Watts Casey bought him as a four-year-old. That was 20 years ago, come next fall, and at that time Pete was a beauty, but as wild and tricky as they ever git to be.

"You will likewise recollect, Rufus, that inside of three months from that time we had a sad and suddent funeral in the settlement. Old man Casey was drivin Pete to his buggy one day, when, bless goodness, the mule got skeered and run away and throwed the old man out and broke his neck.

"Well, then, after that the widder she kept Pete, and for years and years he was a mighty good mule for general farm work. But he is now old and plum played out—don't scarcely yearn his salt, to say nothin about corn and fodder. So I up and ask the widder why in the round world she didn't sell old Pete dirt cheap on a credit, or give him away, and be shed of him.

"And what do you reckon she said,

Rufus? She lowed that whilst Pete was old and stove up and no account for work, somehow she felt like she was bledged to keep him and love him for the good he had done.

"At onst I remembered that Pete killed old man Casey. Now whilst I don't reckon the widder meant it in that way, what she said hit me in a funny place, and it was a good time of year for me to laugh a little, anyhow."

RUFUS SANDERS.

ARF'S COTTON SPIN.

Southern Staple Continues to Be King of All.

How It Was First Spun—Bill's Mother Used to Pick Seed from the Lint—Then Came the Gin and Spinning Jenny.

"Cotton is king!" I don't know who first said that, but it is a fact. It is the most useful and most important product in the world and has the most influence on its commerce. I was ruminating about this because of some letters of inquiry that from time to time I have received concerning cotton. The last one from an old friend, Col. Saxon, says he cannot learn from the department at Washington when cotton cloth was first imported to this country.

And so I will venture a few remarks on this subject in general, for it is full of remarkable facts and illustrates the kindness of Providence to His creatures. Providence is always kind and whenever we need anything He unlocks another door of His treasury and says here it is.

There is no doubt at all that the cotton plant was created "in the beginning," and with a design for the use and benefit of mankind when it should be needed. Attention was attracted to it away back in the centuries. Four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era Herodotus wrote about it as a plant bearing fleeces more delicate and beautiful than those of sheep and of the Indians using it for the manufacture of cloth. From India it was introduced into Greece and Rome, and Caesar used it for his army tents and covered the forum with it. The cotton fabries of the Hindoos have been excelled only by the most perfect machinery of modern times. We read of a Hindoo princess who came into a court reception and the king said: "Go home—go home, my child—you are not decently covered." And she replied:

"Father, I have seven suits on." But they were of cotton muslin so thin and delicate that the king could see through them. The famous muslins of Decca, in Calcutta, were called "webs of woven wind," and when a piece was laid upon the dew-covered grass it was not discernible.

Imagine the wonder of these fabrics when there was not a spindle, but the distaff and only a loom that the weaver carried about with him, setting it up under a tree and digging a hole in the ground for his feet to work the treadle. But the manufacture of cotton for the common people was smothered during all these centuries and only wool and flax were used for clothing. The ancient Egyptians used it to some extent, spinning it with the distaff and weaving it with the primitive looms, but the plant was not cultivated. It was indigenous to that country and the fleece was gathered from the wild stocks. It was not until the tenth century that the cultivation began, and that was by the Moors in Spain. The Venetians engaged in it in the fourteenth century and the English in the early part of the eighteenth. But its use was very limited, for the seed were in the way.

But now comes the evolution of cotton; the revolution that in a few years made it king. Nothing so wonderful has ever transpired in commerce and manufacture. There was a conjunction of the three things that were necessary to bring about this revolution: The cotton gin by Whitney in 1793, the spinning jenny by Arkwright in 1769 and the power loom by Cartwright in 1789, all startled the world about the same time and gave an impulse to the growth and use and manufacture of cotton that was pregnant with great results. One of these results was the fixing of salary as an institution upon the southern states. Up to that time it was not considered either safe or profitable to encourage their importation from the northern states. But of course, it took several years for these inventions to become generally introduced. My mother told me that as late as 1818 she used to spend most of the winter evenings picking the seed from the cotton by hand—with half a dozen or more of the family servants sitting in a circle around the fire. She vied with them in trying to excel in the quantity seeded. This was in Liberty county in this state, and the cotton was probably the long staple variety.

Whitney became involved in interminable law suits and his gin, which was for only the short staple cotton, was not in general use for many years after it was invented. My father put up the first gin in Gwinnett county in 1805 and seed cotton was hauled to it from all the adjacent country. Previ-

ous to the use of the gin it was considered a fair day's work to seed enough to make a pound of lint. But the gin with two attendants picked 400 pounds in a day. At that time the old-fashioned spinning wheel was in general use and a day's work for the spinner was six cuts—a cut being 140 rounds on the reel, but the first spinning jenny with one attendant did 80 times as much and did it better. Later on it did 2,000 times as much. The saving in weaving by the power loom was in similar proportion and hence it suddenly came about that ten men could do the work of 10,000. No wonder that Hargraves and Arkwright were driven from their homes by the spinners and the spinsters. Excuse me for telling the girls just here that a spinster is the feminine for spinner, and used to mean a marriageable girl who had made herself eligible and fitten to be married by spinning and weaving enough cloth for her own trousseau, and sheets and coverlets for the bed and table cloths and napkins for the table. This was the dowry she brought her husband. But these inventors went to Nottingham and put up their mills and made a monopoly of the business. They and their associates grew rich so fast that they determined to exclude all mankind from acquiring a knowledge of their inventions. The doors were kept locked and the operatives sworn to secrecy. New England tried in vain to buy the right and could not compete with English yarns.

But deliverance was not far off. Samuel and John Slater, who had worked for Arkwright in England for seven years, saw large money on this side of the water. They came and brought with them a full knowledge of all three of the inventions, and how to use them and how to build a factory. Of course they met with a warm reception, and in 1806 they erected a mill and plant in a town and named it Slaters-

ville. They soon made a fortune. When John died he left his millions to his son, and when John Jr. got ready to die he bequeathed a million to our Dr. Haygood in trust for the education of the negroes of the south. It was a gift fit to be made, for the fathers and mothers of these negroes grew the cotton that made the Slaters rich. The Slaters not only spun their yarns, but wove them, and the cloth was called homespun, because it was woven at home and not brought from England.

But, although cotton was now king commercially, it was ranked socially by other fabrics. It was not so beautiful as silk nor so strong as flax nor so warm as wool, and hence for years it was woven only into the common fabrics for the common people. The calicoes that were imported from Calicut in 17

key were spun with the distaff and woven with the old-fashioned hand loom. The nankeen cloth that came from Nankin in China was made by a similar process. I remember that my father, who was a merchant, bought some of that nankeen when I was a lad, and my mother made me a pair of pants and a round jacket out of it, and I was proud and yellow. It was not until the 40's when the finer fabrics, such as musins and lawns, were made of cotton. In 1842 a machine was invented of so delicate a nature that a single pound of cotton was spun to a length of 1,100 miles; and in 1851 some cloth of exquisite fineness was woven expressly for a dress for the queen of England, and was exhibited at the Crystal Palace fair in London in that year. But it is still asserted that no machinery has ever surpassed the hand work of the Hindoos, and that Montezuma presented Cortez with robes of cotton interwoven with feather work that rivaled the delicacy of the finest painting.

But notwithstanding the inventions of the spinning jenny and the power loom, our country people continued for years to spin and to weave their own cloth, and the female slaves were made to do so by their masters. The spinning wheel was the first to surrender, and the factory yarn, or "spun truck," as it was called, came into general use along in the 40's. In a few years more the homemade loom had to go, and since the war the wheel and the loom have ceased their music in the homes of our people.

It was not until after the close of the war of 1812 that even the northern people bought any cloth from England. Until about 1816 England had none to sell or export, but from that time until 1824 its exportation increased very rapidly and almost paralyzed our New England mills. But in that year and in 1823 and 1822 congress placed a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem on all English cotton goods, and this protection greatly revived our own manufactures. This tariff was reduced in 1846 and the outside world given a fairer chance to compete.

But cotton is still king—king in the southern fields and in the factories and in the carrying trade of the ocean and in Liverpool and other great markets of the world. Whether we make large crops or small ones, it is still the greatest factor in the world's comfort and prosperity. Long live the king.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

TO MY ARKANSAS FRIEND.

The following stanzas, which we publish by request, is dedicated to an IZARD county friend (name omitted by request), by a Northern gentleman who wishes to make a trip to the mountains of "Hepsideam" ere long:

When men the air do navigate,
And I'm not too old to ride,
I'll make a friendly call
To see you all,
Down by White river's side.

If a message to me you send,
Without the use of wire,
I'll come flying down that way,
Dear Jim, if that is your desire.

I'll sail around to see your town,
And light on your Chapel spire;
Then I'll come down and fuss around,
And help you in the choir.

Then I'll take a sail with you,
And all your jolly crew;
And we'll silently glide o'er "Hepsideam" wide,
Whose bright water's pour from
Mountains side.

We'll take all the girls and boys along
And have a pleasant ride.
We'll hunt or fish, just as you wish,
And have it all your way.
We'll come or stay, just as you say,
For we'd have many a pleasant ride—
Let come what may, its just as you
decide.

To see you all, myself and Paul,
In that sunny land a happy band,
The thought I can't resist.
To forego all this pleasure sweet,
When we shall meet—
But still I won't insist.

If this should not meet your hearty
will and pleasure,
And, Jim, to find you you're unkind,
Your friendship, Jim, ne'er to treaure,
I'll stay away till a later day,
For more improvements ever,
And be satisfied, as you decide,
If only to be, as you will see, to make
amends—

A sort of outdoor pensionaire, if
that is fair
Among the great circle of your friends.
M. VAN FERRIS,

P. S.—Dear Editor:—

I hope this will meet your approbation,
For its my first attempt for publication.
Then please publish it, for sake of rhyme.
For I'm dying to hear from the Ozark
clime.

—M. M. F.

BROWN SCRAPS,

ON TOOTHACHE.

In dead of night,
From restless sleep,
I rose in night,
Almost to weep.

The reason why
I did awake
Was all because
My tooth did ache.

I could not sleep,
I could not snore,
But I could grunt
And walk the floor.

From night to night,
From day to day,
I suffered more
Than here I say.

At my alarm
To get relief,
My friends did swarm
To stop my grief.

Each one of them
Seemed interested,
And many cures
They all suggested.

Yes, many things
They knew, forsooth,
Would bring relief
To my old tooth.

Those many things
In it I poked,
And sumach-bark
I also smoked.

I tried to sleep,
But oft' awoke,
For the toothache
Is sure no joke.

Some fourteen times
The bed I wallowed,
And forty times
I nearly hollowed.

And nasty drugs
I oft' did swallow,
Yet kind relief
Did never follow.

But after these
Were long protracted,
And I myself
Was half distracted,

With a dentist
I contracted,
And had the thing
At last extracted.

With his forceps
He did lock it,
And lift it from
Its bleeding socket.

So I no more
Will have to rockit ;
I put it deep
Down in my pocket.

So now I say
To one and all,
If your old tooth
Should raise a squall,
And you would seek
To find a cure,
A perfect one
That will endure,
If in your pocket
It you'll store,
It will be cured
To ache no more.
Though you may now
Want to deny it,
You will not, if
You ever try it.

—J. L. BROWN.

Charlotte, Ark.

At the Nursery Window.

Up at the nursery window
The children watching stand;
One holds a picture book, and one
A doll in her dimpled hand.

With ripples of merry laughter,
With bright eyes steadfast and sweet,
They watch for their loved one's coming
Below on the busy street.

I know there are nursery windows
Where bright eyes shine no more,
Where dimpled hands no welcome wave
As loved ones knock at the door.

There the mothers lay with bitter tears
The dear little clothes away,
And the tiny shoes and all the toys
With which they were wont to play.

Up at the window of heaven
Their little ones waiting stand,
The light of a never fading spring
Shines over that happy land.

Be still, sad hearts! the children
Yet watch, as they did of old
For the feet of their beloved
To pass through the gate of gold.

—Good words.

AN OLD BAPTIST CHURCH

From Arkansas Baptist.

Rocky Bayou Baptist church, Lunenburg, Izard county, Arkansas, is doubtless the oldest Baptist organization in the state. It was organized in the autumn of 1834 and has maintained an existence ever since. Its early records have been lost and its history in its infancy must be culled from two sources—living witnesses and minutes of the Rocky Bayou Association.

The living witnesses to its beginning are very few, but they are reliable and their testimony enables us to understand some things that existing records do not explain.

Obituaries of deceased members who were in its organization were printed many years ago, and these are silent testimony to its date and constituency. The "charter members" were James Wrenn, Elizabeth Wrenn, William Hightower, Martha Hightower and four others whose names we cannot learn. It appears that these four brought letters from a church near Bowling Green, Ky., of which they had formerly been members. They came to Arkansas in 1830.

Eld. David Orr was the first pastor, and he, with Eld. Mercer, Eld. Benjamin Hawkins and George Gill, constituted the presbytery for the organization of the church.

During its history its pastoral changes have been frequent. We note among its pastors the following: J. W. Miller, J. E. Duren, Wm. Cornett, James Morris, T. W. Wright, J. L. Brown, H. F. Vermillion and their present pastor, J. P. Lovelace.

Their first meeting house was built mainly by the efforts of James Wrenn, and was constructed of cedar logs, roofed with long boards on the rib pole fashion. Later a larger house was erected nearly a mile from the original site, and in 1860 the framed house was erected.

The present membership is reported as about forty, but many have moved away and others are not working much at religion; yet there are some faithful ones.

This is the oldest and, in a sense, the mother church of Rocky Bayou Association; for from it nearly all the other churches have, either directly or indirectly, been organized.

In 1854 Eld. J. W. Miller and Eld. James E. Duren suggested a course of discipline which was practically a re organization of the church, the object being to get rid of some objectionable members. Eld. Miller was at the time working as missionary of the Home Mission Board. His course was severely censured by some, inasmuch as the living witnesses testify that the church was sufficiently active to have excluded unworthy members; but Eld. Miller may have known better than others the proper course to pursue. Study the picture; that house was erected before the war—thirty-seven years ago. It took the place of one less pretentious; and back of that was the old cedar cabin built sixty-three years ago and by those who in 1830, sixty-seven years ago, brought to White River Valley the torch of truth; and from that band of four has grown four thousand to witness to the truth.

WOOD-WEAVING is a curious industry now in progress in Austria.

THIS country consumes 14,880 barrels of kerosene-oil every night.

FLORIDA boasts of trees that bear from 10,000 to 20,000 limes every year.

A PARIS physician was given \$5,000 to remove a wart from a woman's nose.

Two dollars is the fine in Chicago for throwing either banana or orange-peel on the sidewalk.

OVER fourteen hundred new post-offices have been established in this country during the year.

A FUND is being raised in Boston to give old and infirm persons street-car rides on pleasant days.

It is said that three and a half million copies of the revised New Testament have been sold in America.

BALDWIN COUNTY, Ala., which has a population of 9,000, has not a single lawyer, and only one physician.

THE BEVERAGE OF HELL.

We believe the REGISTER published the following, from an exchange a few years ago. Nevertheless, its worthy of re-publication, and should be pasted in every scrap-book in the land, for future reference :

Oh, why this sad wailing all over our land?

And why this deep sorrow we meet on each hand?

If you'll listen I'll try in a few words to tell,

'Tis because we license the beverage of hell,

Oh! the dark curse of rum, the pain it has caused!

Yet we sanction its use and uphold by our laws,

We give the rum dealers the privilege to sell,

This dark wave of trouble, the beverage of hell.

It tramples on virtue, it tramples on truth,

Brings want to our homes where plenty would dwell,

No wonder we call it the beverage of hell,

I have seen loving husbands wrecked and seduced;

Their wives, once joyous, now sad from abuse,

To ask them the reason their loved one's thus tell,

They will point you to this demon, the beverage of hell.

The barefoot children, how hopeless and sad,

With nothing to cheer them or make their hearts glad,

Their father degraded, he drank all the well,

Of this soul-damning liquor, the beverage of hell.

Who can guess half the terror, the deep anguish wild,

Of the drunkard's poor wife and hungering child,

When they hear all around them the long sounding knell,

Of their hope all destroyed by the beverage of hell.

Is there no one who careth to stay the dark tide,

That is sweeping our loved ones away from our side,

That is casting dark shadows, and hangs like a spell,

O'er our fair homes of freedom—the beverage of hell?

Thank God, there are some who will stand by the right.

Behold! they are now in the front of fight;

In the name of your Master go forward and quell,

The scathing destroyer, the beverage of hell.

IN OLD MISSOURI.

'Tis a song of old Missouri that I'm singing here to-night,

While the rain beats on the window and the hickory fire is bright;

Just a touch of old Missouri and of memory so dear—

It makes the visions troop along and brings my childhood near.

It recalls a score of little things and faces many more,

The chickens in the barnyard and roses by the door;

The cows that come at milking time to munch the toothsome bran,

And all the other homely things that get so close to man.

There are hogs that crowd the swill trough—"swine" they call them here to-day—

And the horses at the yellow corn or pulling at the hay;

There are boys that scamper o'er the grass and dodge behind the trees,

More careless than the bluebirds that flutter on the breeze.

As I sit and watch them through the haze that gathers year by year,

There comes a kind of sad regret that half suggests a tear—

A sort of homesick feeling that the rain but helps along,

As I hum a few short snatches of an old Missouri song.

'Tis just a simple ballad that I used to hear at home—

The song of one Jo Bowers and of how he came to roam;

But now it catches in my throat as I ramble o'er the ground

Where I played in old Missouri, where the joys of life abound.

And I vow by all that's pious in the Good Book on the shelf

That I'll quit this weary roving in search of sordid pelf—

That I'll pack my trunk and grip-sack and seek my native sod,

To live and die out yonder in that favored land of God.

Washington, D. C., January 12, 1899.

—Wallace Bassford in Columbia Herald.

A WEST VIRGINIA man has patented a postal-card with a pocket attached for the receiver to write a reply.

Of the eight men who ran on the four Presidential tickets of 1860 only one is alive to-day—Hannibal Hamlin.



A MINNESOTA MAMMOTH.

MADELIA, MINN., January 20.—This village has a prodigy in the person of James McIndoo, who was born in Watonwan County, July 6, 1879. He is now but a little more than 18 years of age, but is a mammoth in size, being now 6 feet 10 inches tall and growing at such rate that before his next birthday he will exceed 7 feet. As a child he was of ordinary size, but at the age of 12 he began to broaden and fatten, and at 15 he weighed 247 pounds. He has grown steadily every since and on Monday of this week weighed 310½ pounds. His feet are 3¼ inches more than a foot in length, of remarkable breadth, and he wears a No. 24 shoe, a pair of which take a calfskin of pretty large size. He wears a No. 8 hat, although his head seems rather small for a fellow of such gigantic frame. He is in perfect health and eats more than a 1500-pound ox. Whenever he wants a drink of

water he takes up a gallon pail and drains every drop from it. He has no particular appetite for anything stronger, so his capacity for cider, brandy and soda and vermouth cocktails is not known. He has been known to eat a common basket full of grapes and ask for more. Recently he ate twenty-three large apples for dessert at dinner. He is of good shape, and, except for his height, does not look abnormally large. He is, however, very powerful, and when 15 years of age lifted 1100 pounds. In a test the other day he spanned with one hand 13¾ inches. His intellectual development is normal. He has a surprisingly good head for mechanics. He can take a clock or watch to pieces, repair and clean and put it together perfectly again. A short time ago he made a violin, upon which he plays fairly well. He does not yet ride a bicycle, but intends to this season. On account of his great height a special machine will have to be made for him. His parents are Americans and not above the average size.

Billy Boy.

Oh, where have you been,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh! where have you been,
Charming Billy?
I have been to seek my fame
And I got there, just the same
I'm a young thing,
And a power in my party.

Are you fond of gold bugs,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are you fond of gold bugs,
Charming Billy?
No! I like the silver best,
For it will stand the test;
I'm a young thing,
And work for my party.

President you'd like to be,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
President you'd like to be,
Charming Billy?
Yes, I'd like to have that place,
Else I wouldn't make the race.
I'm a young thing
And stick to my party.

Did you come from the West,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did you come from the West,
Charming Billy?
Yes, but votes have so increased
That I'm going to the East;
I'm a young thing
And bank on my party.

"Willie of the West."

We have found from day to day,
Our Willie of the West,
"Common people" have no say,
Our Willie of the West,
"Mac" will have a large-sized fit,
And in Canton he will sit,
For we'll elect him—nit,
Our Willie of the West.

"Mac and Hobart" don't sound right,
Our Willie of the West,
And we'll vote them out of sight,
Our Willie of the West,
Free silver is the cure,
Single gold we can't endure,
Bryan will effect the cure—
Our Willie of the West.

—J. B. Pither, St. Louis.

Silver Is Queen.

Bryan and Sewall are on the track,
They can beat Ohio Mac—
Nebraska's son has a silver tongue
While McKinley's lips they are dumb.

Ta-ra-ra-boom-the-day,
Ta-ra-boom-the-day,
Silver is our queen we say,
We'll crown her on election day.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-six
We won't stand Mark Hanna's tricks.
He may seal McKinley's lips
But can't buy us with golden tips.

Chorus.
Silver is our choice we say,
We'll vote it straight election day.

"Billie the Kid," has lots of grit
And his wife has made a great hit—
They're not afraid of all the gold bugs
That can be swarmed by Hanna's slugs.

Chorus.
They're in the race to stay
And will prove it election day.

The Republican party has gone to smash
Because Mark Hanna wields the lash—
He drives his workmen into line
With the yellow dust so fine.

Chorus.
Silver is our pure X ray
To show them up on election day.

We are fighting for silver free,
So good-by old G. O. P.
Our Western man is honest and true.
And Bryan is a Populist favorite, too.

Chorus.
See the Pops are making hay
For Bryan to reap election day.

I feel so sorry for "Bill the still,"
He had to swallow that St. Louis pill;
Yes! Boss Hanna said he must—
And gave him a slice of some big trust.

Chorus.
Poor little man! he's sick they say,
And will die on election day.

McKinley and Hobart, fare-you-well,
We'll ring for you a silver knell;
Poor Mark Hanna will need a pall
For he'll never hear the country's call.

Chorus.
Bryan and Sewall and silver white,
They are sure to win the fight,
—Agle Garsed Brown,
Carthage, Mo.

Good Time A-Coming.

Oh, there's good old times acoming
Don't you hear their voices humming
In the air?

Just live 'till next November,
And our trials we won't remember,
And the scare
That McKinley's party gave us
Ere our Willie came to save us
Won't be there.

Oh, there's silver in his voice,
And the people all rejoice
In its ring.
For we've pinned our faith to Bryan,
And he'll prove our trust sublime

In the spring,
When syndicates galore
Make for the British shore,
On the wing.

Then farmers go to planting,
The while your wives are chanting
Of his praise,
And we'll feast on milk and honey,
And we'll have good silver money
All our days,
Until our plan of ruling
With no humbuggery or fooling,
Will be praised.

Oh, we'll make a fresh beginning,
And forget the wrong and sinning
Of the past.
And we'll stand by one another,
And be brother unto brother
To the last.
Oh, our hearts are light and humming,
For there's good old times acoming,
Coming fast.

—Texas Mascot.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

How the Courage of a Southern Woman Saved her Home.

BATESVILLE GUARD.

This is the story of a woman's courage and what came of it.

In the last year of the war, Aberdeen, Miss., was entered by the Federal soldiers under General Sturgis. Sturgis was looking for General Forrest and the pretty and aristocratic little city of Aberdeen was in his way. The soldiers swarmed through the town. An officer led a few of them into the suburbs. He was attracted by the beautiful and homelike appearance of the houses out there.

"The Oaks" was the name of one of the handsomest of those homes. As the Captain entered the great gate and turned into the circular drive, the mistress of the Oaks prepared to meet the enemy. The officer mounted the steps and walked across the wide gallery to the front door. The mistress of The Oaks met him.

"Good morning, sir," she said; "What will you have?"

The officers walked in, looked about him and then turned his eye upon her.

"Where is your husband, madam," he inquired.

"He is in the rebel army," replied the lady.

The officer bowed. Then he asked:

"Have you any sons, madam?"

"I have four sons," was the reply.

"Where are they?"

"They are in the rebel army."

The officer bowed again. Then he gave the brave woman a look of admiration.

"It seems that this is a rebel house," he remarked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "We would not be anything else; we are proud of it. If I had a million sons they would all be in the rebel army."

"Madam," said the Captain, "your candor pleases me. Do you know that many of the women down in this part of the country tell us that they are of the Union. In fact, they claim they are original sympathizers."

"They are afraid of you," was the quiet reply. "They hope to save their homes from pillage by winning your favor in that way."

The officer smiled. "You do not seem to be afraid of us," he remarked.

"I am not afraid of you," she replied, and her eyes met his unflinchingly. "As you came up the steps I saw that you were an officer. As a rule, officers are gentlemen. I am not afraid of gentlemen."

The officer bowed low.

Just then a private soldier entered the hall. The lady and her guest were in the drawing-room by this time.

"What are you doing here?" roared the Captain. "You get out and stay out."

Then, turning to the lady, he said:

"I will put guards about your place, and you will not be molested."

He gave orders to that effect and soon The Oaks was secure from intrusion of marauders. The twelve acres which constituted that beautiful place was guarded by Union soldiers. Nothing was taken from the place except an old saddle and

bridle which had been carried off before the Captain gave his order. "Uncle Bob," the old family servant, had buried the silver in the vineyard when the news came that the "Yankees were coming."

The captain returned to the parlor and said to the mistress of The Oaks:

"Madam where is General Forrest?"

"I have not the slightest idea," was the reply, "but I presume you will find him soon enough. In fact, I think he will aid you very materially in the search." She smiled as he gazed at her.

"You think he will resent our pursuit of him?" asked the captain. "You know we outnumber him."

"Yes," replied the lady, "but

General Forrest is not used to being whipped. Besides this is Forrest's country, and he will take care of it. Do not be alarmed! You will find him soon enough."

This prophecy was a true one. A few miles from Aberdeen, at Brice's cross roads, Sturgis encountered an unexpected obstruction. It was General Forrest and his men.

More than 30 years have passed since that morning. It may not be amiss to quote words of a Confederate soldier who fought under Forrest. James Dinkins has written his "Recollections of an Old Johnnie," and he describes the meeting of Sturgis and Forrest.

"General Sturgis," writes Mr. Dinkins, "stated to a lady at whose house near Salem he remained all night on his down trip, that he was after Forrest

this time, and if he would stand up and give a chance, and not run away, he would destroy his command and bring Forrest back a prisoner. The lady replied:

"Look out, he may send you back running."

"The General laughed and said: "No danger, and do not be surprised if I stop on my return with Forrest a prisoner."

"The proud and confident General moved his army forward in military order, with everything in proper trim. He knew he had three times as many men as Forrest, and had also a splendid artillery battalion.

"General Forrest struck Sturgis unawares. He rushed at his column and whipped him before he could gather his forces. Our old ragged boys were feeling good that summer morning."

"The news of the defeat reached Salem before General Sturgis did, and the lady was standing at the gate to see if he had General Forrest. When he left her his uniform was bright and new, but when he returned he was covered with mud. His horse was exhausted, and both presented the appearance of defeat and disaster. The lady asked:

"General, did you find General Forrest?"

"No," General Sturgis replied, "but he found me!"

The Aberdeen lady's prophecy to the gallant Captain was not an idle boast.

BROWN SCRAPS.

(From the Arkansas Baptist.)

[Sermon No. 1. For young folks
—text—Zacchaeus. Luke 19:4]

I THINK there's a rule,
I have somewhere heard;
That none but a fool
Will preach from one word.

That rule I'll not question,
Correct it may be;
Though I use for this subject,
One man up a tree.

Now, look in your Bible,
My text you can see;
This one man is Zacchaeus,
Up a sycamore tree.

Young men and young ladies,
Just listen to me;
And learn a short lesson,
From this man up a tree.

1. Zacchaeus was little of stature, that is he was a little, short fellow. He was too short to look over other men's heads when he stood flat-footed beside them. He had to climb above them to see over them, but short as he was he had a good back-bone. I know he had one and a good one, or he never would have got up into that sycamore tree. It takes backbone for a man to climb up above the crowd. The thing that bothers most of our young people to-day is a want of backbone. They have knowledge, they know what they ought to be and what they ought to do, but they haven't enough backbone to contend for it. Boys, read about the multitudes that are being ruined by smoking cigarettes and drinking whisky and playing cards. They see tramping by their doors, human wrecks made such by their vices—and yet when they are invited to smoke, to drink or to gamble, they have not got the backbone to stand up like a man and say no. They can't climb up above the rabble. Zacchaeus was little, but he was not too little to work and make something. He collected taxes. Some no doubt thought he was a rascal; they were ready to talk about him, but Zacchaeus went along, and when he offered to pay four-fold if he had defrauded any man, we don't read that any of those fellows that murmured ever come up to get their money. Young man, have backbone enough to get out and work and

make something. Don't be a drone in the human bee hive any longer. Don't sit around and whittle on goods boxes and wait for something to turn up. Get out and turn something up. Some boys turn down more than they turn up. They can't turn up a job, because they can't find one to suit them. If they can't be doctor, lawyer, detective, drummer or something on that line, they refuse to be shoemaker, blacksmith or farmer. My son, do you know that if all the shoemakers were dead, the world would be in a worse fix than if all the detectives and drummers were dead? The farmers keep more people alive than do the doctors; and as far as lawyers are concerned, the world could get lye enough to make its soap, even if it had no lawyers.

No, my young friends, all honest labor is honorable labor. Remember you can't climb a tree beginning at the top. Our man is in the sycamore tree; got above the crowd, but he never got above it until he commenced to climb from the ground and went up. His daddy did not help him climb. Don't wait for yours to help you. Remember that true saying, "God helps the man that helps himself." Zacchaeus had a will to see Christ, and having the will in his mind, he soon found the way in his hands—yes, he took hold with his hands and up he went. Young man, go thou and do likewise. Have a will to be something and do something. Set your mark high and climb until you reach it. Even if you blister your hands and tear your clothing, climb up, for "there is always room on top." I can do no better than call your attention to some lines found in an Old Book;

"They gave me advice, and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more,
Said that I only should wait awhile,
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor, and approbation,
I should long ago have died of starvation.
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never
forget;

Yet I can not embrace him, though other
folks can.

For I myself am this excellent man.

Boys, have backbone enough to
go your own thinking and work-
ing. Learn that noble lesson of
self-reliance. Don't drink, don't
cuss, don't keep bad company,
don't gamble. Cards, wine and
women are three steps over which
thousands have gone down to hell.

Cast the wine cup away,

Though it's sparkles should be
As bright as the gems
That are hid in the sea.

For a demon unseen,
By thine eye lurketh there
To lure thee to ruin,
To woe and despair.

Youth and beauty alike,
In their strength and their glow,
Have been marked by this fiend,
and in ruin laid low.

And the light that made radiant
The Spirit divine,
Have oft times been quenched,
In a goblet of wine.

Not only boys, but girls also
need the support of a good back-
bone to enable them to walk erect
in life and climb above many
things that should be far beneath
them. Every girl should have
backbone enough to keep away
from ball-rooms; to keep off the
arms of drunken, brainless and
backboneless dudes. To burn up
yellow back novels and keep snuff
swabs out of their mouths.

God give our girls,
Backbone enough,
To quit at once
The filthy snuff.

They should also have backbone
enough to refuse to follow any
fashion that violates the laws of
decency and comfort. These two
laws should govern every one in
the matter of clothing. It has
been said that "fools make fash-
ions and wise people follow them."
I think it might be truthfully said
that indecent people make fashions
and decent people (through ignor-
ance) follow them. I hope every
girl who reads this, will think
about what I am talking about and
not act the fool any longer, but
climb up the tree of common

sense and get above the so-called
fashionable crowd of

Tight-laced, wasp-waist,
Low-necked, fool-pecked,
Men-shirted, short-skirted,
Squint-eyed, necktied,
Female spider, bicycle rider,
New women—Dude-ines,

that swarm like gnats around the
torch light of up to date fashions.
O dear me, you say "Brown
Scraps" is an old "fogie." Doesn't
he know that it's better to be out
of the world than out of the fash-
ion? No he doesn't know any
such thing. That old saying was
a lie when it was born. I know
that a quick way to get out of the
world and keep out of heaven is
to follow some things called fash-
ion. Fashion has put more women
out of this world than consump-
tion ever did. If you don't be-
lieve me, ask your doctor about it.
Corset strings have helped kill
more people than the hangman's
rope ever did. Get mad and call
me a fool if you want to, but the
things I am telling you are true all
the same. May this sermon do
somebody good, is the prayer of
a gray-haired father.

Charlotte, J. L. BROWN.

A good story is told on one
of our South McAlester mer-
chants. Last Sunday he occu-
pied a front pew at one of the
churches. The text was, "An
angel of the Lord came down
from Heaven and seized a live
coal from near the horns of the
altar." He did not remain to
hear the discourse, but dashed
out for home and exclaimed to
his wife: "You may go ahead
and brush up your old bonnet;
I've got the text." His surprised
helpmate replied: "Very well;
what was it?" "An Indian
came down from New Haven
and seized a live colt by the
tail and jerked him out of the
halter," was the merchant's re-
ply.—Tamaha (I. T.) New Era.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Child Poet.



The following poem was composed by a little fellow only six years old, named Alfred Tennyson Levine, of Nashville, Tenn., a remarkably brilliant child. Ever since he was two years old he has been making poetry. At first he would make words jingle, then sentences, and now with the greatest ease he expresses himself in well-measured lines of poetry. In accordance with the advice of physicians he has not yet been taught to write, so, whenever he has a poem in his mind he rushes to his mother and dictates it to her. Some of his compositions have already appeared in Nashville papers.

TO A JUNE BUG.

Oh, who would scorn
The blessed morn,
When leaves do shake
And June bugs wake.

They flap their wings,
These little things,
And fill the air
With music rare.

The flowers bloom.
The sweet perfume
Has drawn 'em near;
They linger here.

Their colors bright,
A dazzling sight
Of emerald green
And golden sheen.

They have no fear
Of danger near.
They none molest,
They should be blest.

But children's joy
Is to destroy,
To build and break
What hours do take.

To form and make
For their sweet sake—
A hat you spy,
Fingers close by.

June bug, no harm,
Come to my arm.
On string I'll tie,
Then fly quite high.

You pretty thing,
Buzz on and sing,
I'll feed with cake.
Oh, string, don't break!

Nashville, Tenn., June 30, 1888.

OTHER BUREAU.

575

INSTRUMENT ROOM.

standard in the instrumental outfit of the Bureau is confided to this division. The character of the particular necessities of the work, the quality of the instruments themselves, and the proper care are all matters that call for a special facility. Active efforts have been made to improve the apparatus, to devise and develop new instruments when convinced of their value. The apparatus is adapted for such work. Among other things, the adoption of ink in recording instru-

ments at first-order stations were in operation, in addition to eye observations, records for each hour of pressure, temperature, wind direction and a photographic record of sunshine and anemometer were obtained. In addition to these continuous records, at other selected stations, 22 thermometers, 1 recording rain-gauge, and 1 instrument for automatic instruments becomes more better known, and it is the intention to place a large city therewith, even when near the frequent and important calls for particular hours. It has not been found that the considerable cost of apparatus for recording instruments. The distinction between first and second-order stations is, it will be seen, not reference to the size or importance of the station is located, so much as to the kind of instruments.

Reference to the system of checking by eye observations of recording instruments. The necessary accuracy in all tabular data based thereupon.

THE THERMOMETER.

It was long felt the need of improved instruments for recording temperatures. The ordinary thermometer has the bulb to bring the top of the column of the bulb is buried at depths of from 1 to 2 inches subject to very large and uncertain errors. The error may be at a different temperature increases as the stem is lengthened, and the error becomes less and less as we move down the long portion of the stem between the bulb and the eye a different sized bore, often larger than the bulb, difficult to determine the correction to be made to a true temperature on the assumption that the stem is the same temperature.

In the ordinary construction, suitable for use below the surface, the error referred to is only 10° different from the bulb. The error in the graduated portion of the stem is only 1° for the graduated portions the error is proportional to the squares of the diameter

when this year

remember the

of

million

[Large, highly stylized cursive signature]



Ra

B. L. Marchant
June 4th 1790

W. G. Smith

Lunenburg

W. G. Smith Ark

June 4th 1790

MARRIED



ATHER BUREAU.

581

In Melbourne, Sunday morning, February 11, 1900, at the residence of Judge C. C. Haley, by Eld J. B. Lashlee, WILLIAM P. HARGIS to MISS EUGENIA HODGES.

In Bonham, Texas, February 1st, 1900, MASTIN FORD, formerly of Oxford, to MISS MINNIE MAR-CHANT, formerly of Melbourne, Arkansas.

The REGISTER force extend congratulation to the happy couples, wishing them a long and prosperous life.

ological data in this form, when compared in the locality, can not fail to give indi-er upon the staple crops, and with addi-will become more accurate and therefore ar statement will be found the departures

perature and rainfall for each week for the column in each table contains the condi-normals from January 1 to April 8, the weekly bulletin; the remaining columns successive week for the remainder of the

force extend the seasonal conditions for all agri-cour any locality.

For the season of 1892 from the normal of many years.

DIED:

In Guthrie township, Sunday evening, February 4, 1900, RICHARD RHODES--aged about 40 years.

In Newhope township, Friday, February 9, 1900, JAMES WESTON--aged about 45 years.

In Union, Fulton county, Friday, February 9, 1900, "AUNT MATTIE," wife of "Uncle Sammie" Cochran--aged about 75 years.

At Oxford, Thursday, February 8, 1900, infant child of Dr. John G. Hall--aged 2 months.

For the weeks ending--

	April		May					June			
	22.	29.	6.	13.	20.	27.	*6.	13.	20.	27.	
	+1	+1	0	0	+1	-1	+2	+4	+2	-5	
	+1	-2	-2	-1	-1	-5	+4	+3	+3	-5	
	-1	-1	+1	-3	-1	-2	+7	+3	+6	0	
	-4	-5	-1	-2	-3	-7	+3	+3	+7	+2	
	-3	-1	+3	0	-1	-4	+4	+2	+4	+4	
	-4	-2	+5	-2	0	-6	+3	0	+5	+3	
	-8	-3	+9	-3	+2	-7	+4	+1	+7	+6	
	-8	-3	+9	-3	+4	-8	+1	0	+5	+4	
	2	-4	+7	-1	+5	-5	+3	0	+4	+6	
	8	-3	+6	-1	+3	-9	0	-2	+3	+2	
	2	-3	+3	-2	+3	-4	-1	-2	0	+2	
	1	-1	+1	-1	-2	-5	-2	-2	-1	+1	
	2	-2	+3	-1	+1	-9	-1	-2	0	0	
	0	-2	+1	-1	+1	-5	-2	-2	-1	-1	
	3	-1	+2	+2	+2	-5	-2	-2	-1	0	
	3	-3	+6	0	+2	-9	+1	0	+3	+2	
	1	-3	+1	0	+1	-10	0	+1	-1	-1	
	3	-1	+4	+2	+2	-10	0	0	+2	0	
	3	-3	+4	0	0	-8	-2	+2	-1	-2	
	0	-3	+2	0	0	-8	-1	0	-2	0	
	-1.8	-5	0	-3	-2	-11	+4	+2	+1	-2	
Shreveport, La.....	-1.4	-8	+1	-5	-4	-9	-5	+3	+3	+2	
Fort Smith, Ark.....	-0.5	-10	+3	-2	+7	-5	-4	+3	+2	0	
Little Rock, Ark.....	-1.3	-10	+2	+1	+6	-4	-5	+3	+2	0	
Galveston, Tex.....	-1.7	-2	0	-1	+2	-7	-2	-1	-2	-2	
San Antonio, Tex.....	-0.6	+3	+5	+4	+10	+3	0	+2	+3	+2	
Ohio Valley and Tennessee:											
Memphis, Tenn.....	+0.1	-12	+3	0	+8	-3	-1	-9	+3	+2	
Nashville, Tenn.....	-1.0	-12	+1	0	+8	-1	-1	-10	+3	+4	
Chattanooga, Tenn.....	-1.2	-11	0	-1	+6	0	+1	-8	+2	+3	
Louisville, Ky.....	+0.4	-13	-4	-2	+8	-6	-2	-8	+2	+4	
Indianapolis, Ind.....	-0.3	-12	-5	-2	+8	-9	-3	-10	+3	+5	
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	-1.8	-12	-4	-2	+9	-7	-2	-10	+2	+3	
Columbus, Ohio.....	-0.1	-12	-5	-3	+9	-4	0	-9	+4	+6	
Pittsburg, Pa.....	-0.2	-12	-4	-1	+8	-6	+1	-10	+4	+3	
Lake Region:											
Oswego, N. Y.....	0.0	-6	-3	-5	-1	-5	0	-8	+4	+4	
Buffalo, N. Y.....	+1.3	-7	-1	-5	0	-4	+2	-8	+4	+5	
Cleveland, Ohio.....	+0.9	-8	-2	-3	+5	-5	+2	-7	+4	+6	
Detroit, Mich.....	-0.8	-11	-4	-5	+1	-8	-1	-5	+3	+5	
Alpena, Mich.....	+3.0	-3	-1	-2	-1	-2	+3	-1	+2	+6	
Grand Haven, Mich.....	+1.2	-10	-3	-4	+1	-6	+1	-6	0	+6	
Milwaukee, Wis.....	+1.0	-8	-3	-3	+1	-7	-3	-3	-5	+5	
Chicago, Ill.....	-1.5	-10	-4	-2	+4	-9	-3	-7	-6	+5	
Duluth, Minn.....	+1.2	-7	-1	-6	-6	-7	-3	-1	-2	-2	
Upper Mississippi Valley:											
St. Paul, Minn.....	+1.5	-8	-4	-7	-10	-5	-3	-4	+5	-5	
Lacrosse, Wis.....	+2.6	-8	-5	-5	-5	-8	-4	-3	-3	+6	
Davenport, Iowa.....	+1.2	-10	-5	-3	+2	-9	-5	-6	+4	+3	
Des Moines, Iowa.....	+1.8	-10	-7	-3	-1	-12	-6	-6	+4	+2	

* The departures in the column for June 6 are for ten days, due to change of day of issue of Bulletin from Saturday to Tuesday



MME. CANDELLARIA—THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE ALAMO
—BORN 1783.

The distri-
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Last Survivor of the Alamo.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 10.—Mme. Candellaria, the sole survivor of the massacre of the Alamo on March 6, 1836, died here today at the age of 113 years. Mme. Candellaria was in the Alamo during the entire siege and was nursing Colonel James Bowie, who was ill, when the Mexicans made their last charge and scaled the walls. Colonel Bowie was killed in her arms, and she herself was wounded.

for improvement. One or two frosts occurred late in the spring, for which no warnings were received, and did considerable damage to trucking interests. The forecasts and warnings are received with much eagerness during the season when damage is liable to occur from frosts, and the interest in the work of the service generally is increasing.

The crop-bulletin feature has been very favorably commented upon by the two leading agricultural papers of the State, as well as by many individuals. The editor of the "Dispatch, Farmer, and Fruit-Grower" wrote upon the receipt of the first bulletin that, in his opinion, it was the best thing yet undertaken by the Weather Bureau, and that he would gladly give the bulletins space in his paper. He publishes them in full. The average issue of the bulletin is 95 copies, and we have at present 50 crop correspondents. Efforts are constantly being made to increase the number. Poor mail facilities in many sections of the State greatly interfere with

On March 22, 1892. On
post-offices in parts of
to make the information
it was found that some
the year the a. m. fore-
cast 3 offices. The post-
men in their offices, pro-
ceeds.

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that the frost warnings
issued, but there is still room

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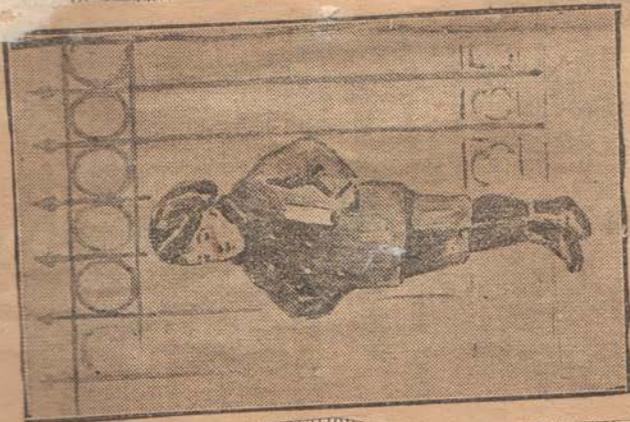
NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE



SYRUP OF FIGS

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

minigraph, and embraces large volumes in appearance.



Six-year-old Lester Hoyt, who is traveling alone from New York to Oklahoma.

ing enough reports ed by the public. out 125.

391. It has been es- without State sup- which might justify an allowance of \$500 uld be perfectly effi- 1891, the growth of

p. m. to 2 points. d at the remaining ags are telegraphed and 33 special frost-

cal forecast, and the increased to an indef- is especially great in ong the most impor-

hrough the agency of month are dropped

Wednesday morning, a under proper head- ary observers in the services, and to other

the recent action of Georgia Bulletin the ther State services of

most popular feature sta is always eagerly urce.

reporting stations, to t is now prepared by orm it is unattractive it. The millio- duction of any tainly ought to

is from which together with andard instru- re, in October, ere delinquent uts have been t. With these

ate quite well. ifficult in that additional sta- leto and satis-

ction of all the ch now station the use of their t would result

would also suggest the issuance of flood warnings either from this point or from Washington to certain exposed points on rivers which have their source in the mountains of north Georgia, notably Columbus, Rome, and West Point. Nearly every year serious damage is occasioned by flood in these places, and at present no

DIED:

In Lunenburg, Saturday morning, April 19th, 1902, at 7 o'clock, Mrs. Charlotte, wife of T. A. Adams—aged about 60 years. She had been a helpless invalid for the past three or four years.

OBITUARIES.

Thomas A. Adams has been made sad because the death angel has been there and claimed as its victim the loving and loved wife and mother. Mrs. Charlotte Landers was born in 1843, and died April 19th, 1902—aged 58 years.

She was married to Thomas A. Adams in 1871. Professed religion and united with the Cumberland Presbyterian church in 1869, in which she had lived a consistent christian ever since. She was afflicted with chronic rheumatism for twelve years, but was never heard to complain or murmur about her condition; but in her last days she expressed a willingness to go.

"Aunt Chall," as she was called by her many friends, was loved by everybody that knew her. She leaves a husband, a son, a sweet little grand-daughter and a number of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

Her remains were buried in the Lunenburg cemetery April 20th, with funeral services conducted by Eld. W. L. Smith.

Weep not, dear friends,

Jesus called her to His arms;

Why should you mourn her vacant chair
Or shake at death's alarms.

You'll meet again in yon bright world,
Where sorrows cannot enter that
blessed abode,

Nor cast its shadows of gloom.

I fain would picture that world so fair,
Though unequal the pen
To paint its beauties rich and rare.

We cannot comprehend
Its sweet Elysian fields of light,
Where brightest flowers bloom.
White-winged messenger of peace,
Forever guard that home!

No fear nor pain can enter there,
No raging billows roll;
But Christ, the haven ever nigh,
Brings comfort to the soul.

—A FRIEND.

WEATHER BUREAU.

617

ved from men who may be considered to stand in voice its sentiment. The following is from the ob- . Betterly, and is but one of many: "Our farmers from the labors of the Weather Bureau. They are bulletins which are being published in our local arn that like produces like. The wide publication ating extra efforts among our cultivators to show ith their brother farmers throughout the county; gnized intelligence and observing faculties, this t a desire to still further advances in their methods hich arise from our varied seasons. Even those that education was not essential in their business. the changing seasons and disturbed elements sur- the intelligent and successful cultivation of their eather Bureau is resulting in great improvements in

rops are safely housed before time of frost, unless bacco is most exposed, and attempts were made to om which warnings could be given to the growers. y on a small scale—that is, fields of from 1 to 5 uld be difficult to establish a sufficient number of of benefit to many; but, as quoted from the forego- ing to a realization of the value of these warnings, le to establish a complete system for these warnings. t be selected as centers from which the warnings villages. This plan has already been started and eticable.

etin continues to be one of the most valuable features

weekly by duplicating process. These are widely State, and are regularly published by a large num- bers. The number issued being limited by reason process, we used strenuous efforts to make the attract the attention of the press throughout the ousands can be reached who would never see the ed by mail. Seventy-five correspondents furnish in is made. The correspondents are zealous in the y section of their county.

express the value of these bulletins other than to y all, and judging from their extensive publica- n giving accurate data to the public at regular and

of the monthly reports are issued by duplicating o make these bulletins accurate and attractive. l in the annual report of the Secretary of Internal th of Pennsylvania.

ogical stations are in regular operation. Some few e during the summer months.

hile, are deeply interested in their work, and are ulness of the service.

n their local papers with meteorological data and

een established during the year, of which all but ents belonging to the State; and two stations have

ned from the State, each station will be visited at

were visited during March, and the resulting good

ed that many local improvements may be made in rk both of the State service and of the Weather

DOUTH CAROLINA.

ler, Weather Bureau, director.)

tent restricted in consequence of the State making olement the amount appropriated by Congress to

bureau was run as a branch of the work of the and had both the encouragement and assistance

His Mother's Songs.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

eneath the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.
Firing of games and idle jests
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come friend, give us a song."
He answered, "Nay, I can not please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing,
At home long years ago."
"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We all are true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."
Then sweetly sang the strong clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb."
The trees hushed all their whispering leaves;
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear,
With tender memories thrilled.
Ended the song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all; good-night my friends;
God grant you sweet repose."
Out spoke the captain, "Sing one more;"
The soldier bent his head;
Then, smiling as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,
"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call,"
"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall."
Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought,
As on and on he sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.
The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall,
The "everlasting hills" called back
In answer, "Lord of all."
The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard,
But ah! the depths of every soul,
By those old hymns were stirred.
And up from many a bearded lip,
Rises in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught the boy,
At home long years ago.
Sedalia, Mo.

This is the tale of a queer old hen
That sat on eggs exactly ten.
She made her nest with pride and care,
And weather foul or weather fair,
You always found her at her post,
For impatience was her daily boast.
Alas! how oft it is our lot
To brag of what we have n't got!
This will apply to hens, and men,
And boys and girls.

Days passed, and when
The sun began to warmer grow,
The grass and leaves began to show
Their twinkling green on hill and vale;
When sweet and pleasant was the gale,
This queer old hen began to long
To join once more the noisy throng
Of idle gossips—half a score—
That strutted by the old barn door.
"O dear! O dear! here I am tied!
A weary lot is mine," she sighed.
"No gleam of pleasure do I catch;
Why don't these tiresome chickens hatch?
It worries me in heart and legs
To sit so long upon these eggs,
I'm sick of pining here at home;
O chicks, chicks, chicks, why don't you come
Your little houses white and warm,
I've sheltered from the angry storm.
"There's Mother Dominique, next door,
Her darlings number twenty-four,
And they've been out a week or more;
And now she wanders at her ease,
As proud and happy as you please.
So stir your pinky little pegs,
My yellow bills, come out and walk,
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,
And think they are but lumps of chalk."

Then something rash and sad befell;
This old hen pecked each brittle shell,
And not so wonderful to tell,
Her treatment, which was very rude,
Killed on the spot her tiny brood!
And now, despised by fowls and men,
She lives a broken-hearted hen.

THIS IS THE MORAL OF MY LAY—
To reap success in work or play,
Why spoil whatever you've begun,
Through eagerness to have it done?
Remember poor Dame Bartlet's fate.
Do n't be impatient—learn to wait.—*Ex.*

Explanation to Plate II.

THE OX WARBLE.

Fig. 1. *Hypoderma lineata*: a, second stage of larva from back; b, c, enlargement of extremities; d, ventral view of third

Carbolic acid, 10 drops
Peppermint 10 drops
oil of tar 10 " "
1 pint of vinegar,
oil of Roseoil. 10 drops
Pint of sugar.

Miss [unclear] was
married [unclear] 29-1897
By [unclear]

Mr. John [unclear] and
Miss Jennie Marchant
was married Oct 10-1897
By J. W. Haley, Esq

Mr. Berry, Harry, and
Miss Bessie Marchant
was married Oct 17
By Rev. J. W. Twillie

Mr. Brit. Haley and
Miss Virgie, Cooper was
married Sept 18-1896

By J. John. F. Janders, Esq

Note by G. R. Adams
Oct 8-1897