

SOMETHING  
—FOR—  
ADVERTISERS  
TO THINK OF.  
The Observer is read by  
over 5000 people each week.

# THE OBSERVER.

JOB PRINTING  
OF ALL KINDS,  
PLAIN OR FANCY,  
AT THE  
Lowest Possible Rates.  
Improved Machinery, Makers  
of Job, Stationery, etc.

SUCCESSOR TO THE "COURIER."

This Paper is Non-Partisan in Politics, but Fearless and Just in Expressing Opinion

VOL. II.

HERMON, N. Y., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1894.

NO. 3.

## The Observer

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Robinson's Drug Store,  
Main Street, Hermon, N. Y.

DR. G. E. BRADGON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Robinson's Drug Store,  
Main Street, Hermon, N. Y.

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Office in Gibson's Block, upstairs,  
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Did Not Want a Female Executioner.

Since the execution of M. Boutin, the dapper  
old gentleman who invariably wore a silk  
hat and carried the umbrella when discharging  
his official duties, Brussels, Belgium, has  
been deprived of the services of a public  
executioner. M. de Ligne has been named as  
a stopgap during the interim.

The other week his co-operation was requested  
by the authorities. At the appointed hour a  
stout, middle-aged lady presented herself  
and quietly remarked to the assembled  
functionaries: "I've come for the execution."  
My husband is not well this morning and  
asked me to take his place. Please let us  
get to business. The general stupefaction  
was intensified when she added in a resolute  
tone: "This is not by any means my first time."  
However, the authorities refused  
to avail themselves of her offer, and  
meanwhile declined to pay her expenses.

Makes a Good Showing.

The report of the Paris Pasteur Institute  
for 1893 has just been published. It shows  
that last year 1648 persons were treated for  
hydrophobia, and that only six of them died  
of that disease. Of the number mentioned  
there were 1470 French people and 178  
foreigners. Among the foreigners were 43  
Spaniards, 35 Greeks, 23 English, 22  
Belgians, 18 Egyptians, 14 British subjects from  
India, 9 Swiss, 9 Dutch and 6 Portuguese.

Since M. Pasteur began to practice his  
inoculations against hydrophobia, 14,430 persons  
have been treated by this method, of whom  
only seventy-two have died of the disease.

What proportion of the others would have  
suffered from the disease if they had not  
been treated it is impossible, of course, to  
say, but the showing is clearly a good one.

The Largest Silver Nugget.

A nugget has been hoisted out of the  
Bancroft Mine, Aspen, Col., that for size  
surpasses anything on record and for richness  
is certainly most remarkable. A few days ago  
the workmen encountered a huge body of  
ore, and in digging around it ascertained  
that it was a monster nugget. After consid-  
erable work they succeeded in hoisting it to  
the surface intact. The chunk weighed 3300  
pounds, and contained silver to the value of  
\$25,000. It is the largest silver nugget ever  
known, and is almost pure. This beats the  
record made in the Gilson Mine a few years  
ago, when a nugget weighing 800 pounds  
was removed and it was valued at \$100,000  
proceeding the wildest dream.

## CONVENTION CONVENED.

THE BODY TO REVISE THE  
CONSTITUTION ORGANIZED.

The Members Meet in the Assembly  
Chamber at Albany, and the Re-  
publican Caucus Nominees Are  
Duly Elected—Joseph H. Choate,  
of New York, the President.

The sixth Convention of the century to re-  
vise the State Constitution began its work in  
the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol  
at Albany. Joseph H. Choate, of New York  
City, was elected President, and Charles E.  
Fitch, of Rochester, Secretary. Mr. Choate  
received 124 votes out of the 175 cast by the  
ninety-eight Republicans and the seventy-  
seven Democrats who are members of the  
Convention.

The noble Assembly Chamber was the scene  
of the Convention's first day's work. Ameri-  
can flags had been draped over the wall  
back of the Speaker's desk, and the arms of  
the State, crowned by a golden eagle, placed  
above the flags. This was the sole decora-  
tion of the room. The 175 red mahogany  
desks and chairs of the Senators and Assem-  
blymen had been placed in the usual circle  
about the Speaker's desk; but they occupy  
so much space that some of the delegates  
favor the erection of a tribune from which to  
deliver set speeches.

The scene was one to impress the looker  
on with the intelligence and high character  
of the Convention, for when the delegates  
entered the body it was realized that they  
were making up a gathering of unusual ability.  
Former members of the Assembly were num-  
erous among the throng of spectators. The  
presence of many ladies in bright  
spring colors lent brilliancy and beauty to  
the scene.

This ended the arguments in the case. In  
a long charge Judge Miller told the jury they  
were simply trying the defendants under  
what was known as a police regulation,  
passed by Congress and Congress had the right  
to pass the regulations, and the people had  
no right to dictate to Congress how it should  
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"You must not be prejudiced," continued  
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The cases were given to the jury at 12:35  
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count of the information, that of carrying a  
banner in the Capitol grounds contrary to  
law, and Coxey and Browne guilty, and  
Christopher Columbus Jones not guilty, on  
the second count of trespassing on the grass.  
Fines of \$500 each were assessed on the  
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The penalty imposed by the statute for of-  
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for both, at the discretion of the Judge. The  
imprisonment is not to exceed sixty days.

At the conclusion of this of Jimmy Mr.  
Baker nominated Joseph H. Choate for Presi-  
dent of the Convention. There were no  
other nominations.

Amid applause, Mr. Choate was declared  
elected and escorted to the chair by Mr. Root  
and Mr. Countryman. In returning thanks  
for the honor of the election, Mr. Choate said  
it was a momentous task to revise a constitu-  
tion which had been in force for fifty years,  
and under which the people have prospered.  
The population of the State, he said, had  
doubled many times, yet under this constitu-  
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pachian region in 1893 was 9,450,210 tons  
against 12,910,723 for 1892.

## COMMONWEALERS GUILTY.

Coxey, Browne and Jones Convicted  
of Trespass at Washington.

Jacob S. Coxey and his lieutenants,  
Browne and Jones, were convicted of violat-  
ing the law in carrying banners and walking  
on the grass in the Capitol grounds at Wash-  
ington. A new trial was asked.

The cases came up in the police court at  
10:15 o'clock, when Representative Lafa-  
yetted C. Jones addressed the jury as the  
third and last speaker for the defense.

Mr. Penco said that no one who had  
listened to the evidence given in the case  
could expect a conviction, and no one, in his  
opinion, wanted a conviction except the  
police officers, who had been very active in  
the matter. Mr. Penco believed that it was  
lawful for the Commonwealthers to assemble  
in the Capitol grounds, but the Judge had  
construed the law differently.

District Attorney Birney then made the  
closing address for the prosecution. He  
appealed to the jury not to be influ-  
enced by outbursts of oratory and turned  
away from the facts. Such a movement as  
this was what led to sedition and revolu-  
tion. It was what caused the French revolu-  
tion, and it should be obeyed.

It might have started here if it had  
been successful. Coxey had pleaded that  
he did not know that he was committing a  
misdemeanor. Why, then, did he have the  
pretense of going to Washington to hand  
to the authorities in case permission to speak  
on the Capitol steps was refused him? That  
proved that this was a willful violation of  
the law, as Coxey and his lieutenants were  
aware of all the facts of the case.

This ended the arguments in the case. In  
a long charge Judge Miller told the jury they  
were simply trying the defendants under  
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## NEW YORK STATE NEWS.

Bills Vetoed.

Governor Flower vetoed Senator Robert-  
son's bill providing for a Park Commission  
in New York City to consist of two members  
one to be a Democrat and the other a Re-  
publican.

The Governor has also vetoed  
Assembly bill making an appropriation for  
the State Land Survey.

Senator Owen's bill in relation to the Cor-  
oner's physician in the Eastern District of  
the county of Kings.

Senator Stapleton's bill, enabling the vil-  
lage of Oneida to refund its bonded indebted-  
ness and to issue bonds for that purpose.

Assemblyman Thornton's bill relating to  
jurors' fees in Justice's courts.

Senator McMahon's bill providing for the  
erection of a statue of Major-General Fred-  
erick William, Baron Steuben, in the county  
of Dutchess.

Assemblyman Wilcox's bill, providing that  
every savings bank shall annually publish a  
statement containing a list of all accounts of  
depositors upon which no new deposits have  
been made, and from which no sums have  
been withdrawn in five years.

Assemblyman Burt's bill, the George Hyne,  
John Kilgour and David Kilgour escheat bill.

Assemblyman Baker's bill, empowering the  
town of Plattsburgh to purchase a stone  
crusher.

Assemblyman J. F. Terry's bill, authorizing  
the State Board of Claims to hear the claims  
of William Drury and others against the  
State.

The bill providing for the improvement of  
certain park lands in Brooklyn. A similar  
bill has already become a law.

Senator Stapleton's bill authorizing the  
State Board of Claims to hear the claims of  
Jacob Crouse and S. B. Flyer.

Senator Stapleton's bill, authorizing the State  
Board of Claims to hear the claim of John  
Moore for work performed under a canal-  
lock contract.

Assemblyman Harn's bill, authorizing the  
State Board of Claims to hear the claim of Milton  
B. Jarvis.

Senator Rice's bill, amending the Ulster village  
charter. A similar bill has already been  
signed.

Assemblyman Taylor's bill in relation to  
local improvements in Brooklyn. A similar  
bill has already become a law.

Assemblyman Barry's bill exempting the  
property of the Larchmont Manor Park So-  
ciety, in the village of Larchmont, from taxa-  
tion. The Governor says it is unnecessary  
special legislation.

Assemblyman Baker's bill in regard to  
State prisoners' clerks' duties.

The bill amending the charter of the Lyons  
Union School in relation to the election of  
clerk and trustees. The Governor says the  
bill is unconstitutional.

Assemblyman Baker's bill reducing from  
nine to seven the number of managers for  
the Plattsburgh Normal School.

Governor Flower some time ago vetoed  
Senator Mullin's bill providing for the Dr.  
Clark system of elections in the city of Os-  
wego. Assemblyman Almsworth's bill, which  
is similar, afterward passed both Houses,  
and the Governor vetoed it.

Bills Signed.

Among the bills signed by the Governor  
were the following:

Assemblyman Wilcox's bill for the brand-  
ing of the ingredients of fertilizers on the  
packages containing it.

Authorizing Newtown to convey certain  
lands.

Senator Child's bill regarding the school  
tax in College Point.

Abolishing days of grace.

Repealing section 6 of article 8 of the Game  
law.

Authorizing Syracuse to issue \$120,000  
bonds for new school houses and to pay  
school debts.

Senator Parsons's bill giving the Firemen's  
Home at Hudson certain of the receipts of  
the State from insurance companies.

Appropriating \$4000 for printing an  
additional number of copies of volume 3  
of the report of the Fassett Investigating  
Committee.

Canceling certain assessments against the  
Hahnemann Hospital in New York City.

Providing that the Governor shall appoint  
a physician, a veterinary surgeon, and three  
members of the New York State Dairyman's  
Association, each of whom shall be breeders  
of three distinct classes of cattle, to consti-  
tute a commission to examine into the exist-  
ence of tuberculosis in cattle and report  
needed legislation upon this question to the  
next Legislature. Nine thousand dollars is  
appropriated.

Amending the act incorporating the Vol-  
unteer Firemen's Association of the State of  
New York.

Providing that none but citizens of the  
United States shall be employed by State or  
municipal corporations or be hired by con-  
tractors to do State or municipal work.

Union Crop Damaged.

A severe wind raged for two days, doing  
an immense damage to the onion crop, of  
which a large one was raised at Williamson,  
blowing them out for acres. It is a heavy  
loss to the farmers, many of whom will  
probably recover.

Strange Suicide of a Woman.

Within sight of her sleeping four-months-  
old son, Mrs. Charles Grimmer committed sui-  
cide at Little Falls by cutting her throat  
from ear to ear with a knife which she got in  
her husband's meat market. Why she com-  
mitted the deed is unknown. A husband and  
six children survive.

General Items.

The Retort Salt Mining Company at  
Pittsford shut down indefinitely, owing to the  
effects of the strike in the salt coal regions.  
One hundred and seventy-five men were

thrown out of employment by the shut  
down, which was the first in the Genesee  
valley.

President Justice Van Brunt, of the  
Supreme Court, of New York City, passed  
upon the application of Miss Mello Stanley-  
ette Titus, to be permitted to submit to an  
examination for permission to practice as an  
attorney and counselor-at-law in the Courts  
of the State.

The following were the officers chosen by  
the State Dental Association in Albany: E.  
T. Van Woert, of Brooklyn, President; A. P.  
Burkhardt, of Batavia, Vice-President; John  
T. Hart, of New York, Treasurer; C. S.  
Butler, of Buffalo, Secretary; State Censors,  
A. H. Homes and A. H. Southwick.

New Postmasters—Julius Valder, Dale; J.  
C. Midler, Oran.

There was a sharp frost in Washington  
County, and strawberries were badly in-  
jured.

GEORGE QUIGLEY jumped on the tender of  
a switch engine at Oswego and was crushed  
to death as the engine backed against a box  
car.

Governor Flower appointed Nehemiah  
Osburn trustee of the New York State In-  
stitution for the Blind at Batavia to suc-  
ceed to Jacob B. Whitman, of Wayland.

Governor Flower appointed Hon. Isaac  
N. Cox, of Ellenville, Ulster County, Com-  
missioner of Fisheries in the place of A. S.  
Jolin, whose term of office had expired.

Pierce's tannery at Olean has been closed  
on account of the strike of his men for the  
signing of the yearly schedule of wages.

Judge Gilbert Robertson, of Troy, and  
Edward Feeney, members of the State  
Board of Arbitration, offered their services  
as mediators between the employers and  
employees in the brickmakers' strike at  
Kingston.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

MURPHY, of New York, leads the League in  
batting.

MacMahon is doing the star pitching for  
Baltimore.

KENNEDY is the only reliable pitcher the  
Brooklyn have.

EWING and Clarkson are playing strong  
ball for the Cleveland.

&lt;







## THE OBSERVER.

B. O. DENISON &amp; S. R. HAMILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1894.

A VOYAGE  
AROUND THE WORLD

BY E. W. BARCOCK.

SATURDAY, 15th.—About four o'clock this morning, not being much inclined to sleep, I arose and ascended the deck. I looked over the bulwarks, and reflected on the past and contemplated the future. My communing brought me to no particular conclusion, except that we were a long way from home, skirting the extreme southern part of America's vast continent, and slowly winding our way through a narrow pass, walled in by enormous piles of rock that seemed to overhang and almost intercept our very progress.

Language utterly fails to describe the imposing appearance of these gigantic hills as seen by the light of the slanting rays of the waning moon. The great Pacific was in full view, spread out like a boundless plain, and howling in a long heavy swell that thundered against the shores without "as the voice of many waters." The air was serene and cold. Light, fleecy clouds floated across the concave vault, casting their varied shadows athwart the silent hills and restless ocean in variety of moving forms, like the shifting scenes of a mighty panorama. Naught was heard save the dull tread of the watch as he paced the deck, and the heavy booming sound of the waves as they sent back their hollow echoes from the caverns of frowning shores. The wild scream of the sea bird proclaimed the intensity of the cold, and the low growling bark of the seal seemed to say: "My covering is insufficient to keep me warm." The old ship ploughed her way, Leviathan like, right towards the open sea, soon to contend with angry violence against our western shores. On the left the peaks of numerous hills gleamed with diamond brightness, to the right the lofty promontory of Cape Pillars with its snow-crowned summit was quite conspicuous by the light of the fast descending moon, and all cast their gloomy shadows far out upon the deep like the fingers of the hand of some gigantic human. The sight was imposing beyond description, and, if I may be allowed the expression, *absolutely grand*. At day light we had emerged from the Straits and were some distance out to sea on the great King of Waters.

The atmosphere grows murky, the wind blows in fitful gusts and the whole aspect of the weather strongly indicates a storm.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY, 16th.—This is an awful day. It snows, rains, hails and blows, and all very hard low, and all which conspires to make us uncomfortable. The passengers' faces are very long. They feel pretty cross and complain a good deal of our present situation. We have yet a long, long way to go, and I hope disaffection will not spring up and destroy the harmony and good will that has thus far existed.

The shores are in full view and the towering peaks of the Andes are distinctly visible, extending up and down the coast in one unbroken line as far as the eye can reach.

The weather is gloomy enough and the barometer has been falling for the past 24 hours, which is an indisputable indication of a storm.

MONDAY, 17th.—It has come at last. The fierce howling winds are upon us, felling the waters round with revolving wheels of foam, their curling crests resembling sea monsters pursuing their prey. They dash against the ship's sides with tremendous violence, causing her to tremble in every beam, recoil with the concussion and rush again to the attack with renewed force, and making every effort to carry the battlements by storm. But using our defenses with skill we'll baffle the assailants yet. It is hardly safe for one to be on deck at all for if the loose articles that roll about come in contact with one's legs he is upset as if by the hands of a finished wrestler, and the ropes swinging above makes free with one's head in a manner that is decidedly disagreeable. Besides all that, if the sailors conclude to do anything in a hurry no human form on deck can make them waver from their line of duty, and we be to him who intrudes his lubberly form in their path. Taking everything into consideration I advise all passengers to remain in their cabins to keep quietly below.

TUESDAY, 18th.—There have been a great many complaints entered to-day against the ship, namely, that she is so tossed about by the waves that it is utterly impossible to get any sleep whatever. I wonder if the man that was "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" could sleep so lightly and quietly here. "Calm and peaceful is my sleep." Ha! That sentiment was not uttered on a deep like this. The wind has not abated but rather increases and has got up a pretty heavy sea that

dashes over the bulwarks occasionally, and one of these gave me a good thorough ducking when I had just ventured on deck for a few minutes to see how matters were progressing. The sails were all snugly stowed away, save the top sails, which are close reefed, and even this slight resistance to the wind makes the masts quiver, the cordage rattle and the old ship shake and tremble in a way that is not at all to our liking.

WEDNESDAY, 19th.—The wind still blows but keeps very steady. It does not amount to a gale, but a real stiff north-easter, such as is found in the Pacific at this season of the year. The ship tumbles about the same as yesterday, making it mighty inconvenient at meal times. We have always had to stand while eating, which we could get along very nicely with in calm weather, but now one hand is employed in endeavoring to preserve an equilibrium that is easily disturbed whilst the other supplies the mouth with such eatables as can be stopped on their way by.

A lurch of the ship clears the table of all that it holds. Tinware, knives, forks, food and all go down to the leeward side with a clatter that almost exceeds the rattling of forty tin shops in full blast. One cannot be expected to eat food that has rolled about the floor, so it goes overboard and we go without till the next meal comes round. A hunger will sometimes drive people to desperate deeds. A threat has been made to force an entry into the storehouse and secure a supply of decent food, and unless our bill of fare improves I think the attempt would be justifiable.

A little before dark we passed Cape Toulou close into the shore off the northern coast of Patagonia. The waves rolled in and burst with terrific violence on the rock bound coast sending the spray and foam far up its gloomy sides only to fall back with an angry swash and mingle again with the seething waters. Their tremendous power could toss our ship against those rocky battlements like a cork and tear her into ten thousand fragments in a short time. A sight like this almost verifies the words of the poet when he said:

Thine are the waves that lash the rock,  
Thine the tornadoes deadly shock,  
Where countless navies sink."

THURSDAY, 20th.—The storm has ceased, the wind has lulled, yet the clouds are dark and threatening. Myriads of sea fowl still follow us, and amongst them is the large, beautiful, snow white Gull. Our gunners were out again, and as shot after shot rang out a young poet in embryo with a bit of paper on his knee wrote the following lines and passed them around for inspection and criticism.

"Fly on, fly on thou noble bird,  
What hand could'st aim against thy life  
When you so nobly brave the storm  
And gather pleasure in the strife.  
Fly on, fly on and boundless roam  
Far, far o'er thine own briny sea,  
Since their fierce storms are blizzards to thee."

I begged permission to insert them in my note book, which he willingly granted. I had almost forgotten our sick friend. I don't think he is dangerously ill, still the fever is obstinate, but it must yield to the good care and attention the patient is receiving from his companions and the ship's physician.

## [To be Continued.]

## A Tradition of the Flood.

All the northern coast Indians have a tradition of a flood which destroyed all mankind, except a pair from which the earth was again peopled. Each tribe gives the story a local coloring, but the plot of the legend is much the same. The Della Cools tradition is as follows:

The creator of the universe, Mes-mes-la-nik, had great difficulty in the arrangement of the land and water. The earth persisted in sinking out of sight. At last he hit upon a plan which worked very well. Taking a long line of twisted walrus hide he tied it around the dry land and fastened the other end to the corner of the moon. Everything worked well for a long time, but at last the action became very much offended at the action of mankind, and in a fit of anger one day seized his great stone knife and with a mighty hack severed the rope of twisted skin. Immediately the land began to sink into the sea. The angry waves rushed in torrents up the valleys, and in a short time nothing was visible except the peak of a very high mountain.

All mankind perished in the whelming waters with the exception of two, a man and his wife, who were out fishing in a big canoe. These two succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain and proceeded to make themselves at home. Here they remained for some time until the anger of Mes-mes-la-nik cooled, which resulted in his flinging up the fevered throne and again fastening it to the moon. From this pair thus saved the earth was again populated.—Victoria (B. C.) Colonist.

## Spectimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and his leg is sound and well. John Spenser, Catawba, O., had five large liver sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Balm cured him entirely.

For sale by J. E. Robinson.

## TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

To every person buying Goods of us amounting to \$30 will be presented with their choice of the following beautiful silver-ware presents:

One Butter Dish, One Pickle Castor, One Sugar Bowl, One Cream Pitcher, One Spoon Holder, One Syrup Cup, One Cabinet Knives, One Cabinet Forks, One Tea-Pot, One Five Bottled Castor.

These Goods are equal to any in the market and warranted Full Plate. Each present is accompanied by a printed guarantee by the company making these goods.

When in need of anything in the line of Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Crockery, Canned Goods, Overalls &c., call on Johns & Newell's, Hermon, N. Y.

A. J. RUNIONS, PHOTOGRAPHER, IN HERMON JUNE 4 TO 9.

**STOKES' COUGH MIXTURE**

A SAFE, PLEASANT, EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR

**COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.**

DIRECTIONS: Adults use two teaspoonsful to be taken four or five times a day, and especially before retiring. Children use one teaspoonful to be taken four or five times a day, and especially before retiring.

PREPARED BY **F. A. STOKES, HERMON, N.Y., U.S.A.**

PRICE 25 CTS.

**MEN WANTED** To take Orders. No delivering or collecting. Experience not necessary. Steady employment. Best terms. Write at once and secure choice of territory.

**ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.** (18th)

**ROME, WATERTOWN & OGDENSBURG RAILROAD.**

N. Y. O. & N. H. R. R. Co., Lessees.

Gen'l Passenger Time Table No. 4, June 25, '94.

Trains Leave	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Watertown	10 30	11 30	8 00	
Norwood	11 10	7 00	11 50	3 30
Potsdam	11 25	7 14	12 04	3 45
Canton		7 37	12 28	4 09
DeKalb Junction		7 55	1 06	4 30
Richville		8 09	1 20	4 45
Gouverneur		8 24	1 35	4 59
Keene's		8 37	1 48	5 05
Antwerp		8 48	2 00	5 15
Philadelphia		9 00	2 12	5 45
Evans Mills		9 32	2 25	5 50
Sanford's Corners		9 41	2 35	6 10
Watertown		9 55	2 50	6 30

Trains Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Watertown	8 45	4 10	9 00
Sanford's Corners	8 55	4 19	9 10
Evans Mills	9 06	4 28	9 18
Philadelphia	9 20	4 40	9 35
Antwerp	9 47	5 15	9 48
Keene's	9 57	5 27	10 00
Gouverneur	10 11	5 42	10 15
Richville	10 26	6 00	10 30
DeKalb Junction	10 50	6 15	10 45
Canton	11 09	6 30	11 02
Potsdam	11 25	6 52	11 25
Norwood	11 50	7 05	11 40
Watertown	12 20	7 30	

THOS. VOORHEES, Gen'l Supt., New York.  
THEODORE BUTTERFIELD, General Passenger Agent, Syracuse, N. Y.

**PATENTS**

Copyrights and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate fees.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those removed from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with full list of names in U. S. and foreign countries sent free.

**C. A. SNOW & CO.**  
OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## WANT COLUMN.

—Get your Timothy and Clover Seed at W. G. Popple's.

—Pure home milled lard, only 12 1/2 cts per pound at Mitchell & Evans.

—Bradley's Fertilizers, the best in the world, for sale by James Brown.

—Fancy Screen Doors and best Spring Hinges for \$1.15 at W. G. Popple's.

—Gram and Clover Seeds of all kinds always on hand at the Hermon Mills.

—St. Louis, All Right and White Bird, 90 cents per sack, at the Hermon Mills.

—Home rendered lard 11 1/2 cts. Salt pork 10 cents per pound, at Johnson's. Fresh fish every Friday.

—Bowker Fertilizer for sale at W. G. Popple's. Also Barb Wire at 3 cents per pound.

—New Carpets and Wall Papers. Prices within reach of all. D. McGruer & Son, DeKalb Junction. (25th)

—Pressed Ham, Smoked Beef, Smoked Ham, Bologna Sausage and a fine stock of Meats of all kinds at Mitchell & Evans. Fresh fish every Friday. (31st)

—Buy your Timothy and Clover Seeds, which are pure and free from noxious weeds, at the Hermon Mills. Send Grain of all kinds always on hand. 50th

—New Jackets, Capes and Dress Goods for Spring and summer wear. Call and see goods or send for samples and prices. D. McGruer & Son, DeKalb Junction. (25th)

—FOX SALE.—Farm of 150 acres, within one mile of Hermon village, on very easy terms. Inquire of J. V. BAKER, Gouverneur, N. Y.

WANTED.—A reliable man to act as salesman and collector for the Singer Manufacturing Co., in the vicinity of Hermon, Edwards and Marshallville. Call on or address H. J. HIEBARD, Ogdensburg, N. Y. (21st)

Call at A. McMillan & Son's and see their line of Summer Clothing, consisting of Leather Fly Nets, Lap Dusters &c. Also a large assortment of whips. All accounts due in 30 days, after which interest will be added. 11th

**Real Estate For Sale and Rent.** Farm and Desirable Village Property For Sale. Also Office in Rent. Inquire of D. R. P. Popple.

**MISS SAVER.** Mrs. Viola Sawyer will go out by the day and sew, or work at home, at Mrs. Bullock's. (44th)

## NEW

**Meat Market.** IN THE REAR OF E. B. Hatch's Store, CHURCH STREET.

This Market is supplied with the very best Meats of all kinds at Rock Bottom Prices. A share of your patronage is solicited.

**GIVE US A CALL.** Mitchell & Evans, HERMON N. Y.

**A. E. HASKELL'S COUGH MIXTURE**

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Directions.—One teaspoonful to be taken four or five times a day and especially before retiring.

PRICE 25 CTS. Prepared and sold by A. E. HASKELL, RUSSELL, N. Y.

**GO TO MRS. J. M. BARLOW'S BOARDING HOUSE** PARK ST., CANTON, N. Y., WHEN IN CANTON, and get the BEST Meal in town for ONLY 25 CENTS.

## Hermon Mills.

IS THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

**Flour, Feed & Meal CHEAP.**

Four Grades of the best Roller Flour. St. Louis Flour at \$1.00 A SACK.

Pillsbury's Best, the BEST in the world.

St. Louis, All Right and White Bird, 90 cents per sack.

Bolton Meal and Graham Flour that can't be beat.

OIL MEAL ALWAYS ON HAND.

St. Louis Flour only \$3.50 per barrel.

Gram and Clover Seeds of all kinds always on hand.

All goods promptly delivered on short notice.

Bradley's Fertilizers, best in the world.

**JAMES BROWN, HERMON, N. Y.**

**GREEN & BABCOCK, FURNITURE**

Of all kinds, including Chairs, Lounges, Conches, Tables, Mirrors, Desks, Bedsteads, Parlor Suits, Chamber Suits, Pillows, Mattresses, etc., etc.

Things of beauty and of worth, To ease the weary life of earth.

At Bed-Rock Prices.

**UNDERTAKING.**

In all its branches.

This department is under the personal supervision of Wm. M. GREEN. Also a branch of the Undertaking department at DeKalb Junction, connected by telephone.

**GREEN & BABCOCK, Hermon, N. Y.**

Call at Fuller's and see the finest line of Oak Reed and Fancy Rockers ever brought to this place.

Also a fine line of

**FURNITURE,**

Picture Frames,

AND

**MOULDINGS,**

Which we are selling at a small margin. Call and See.

**L. H. FULLER, Agt. Hermon, N. Y.**

**- The Crescent -**

**BICYCLE**

FOR 1894.

**THE BEST WHEEL**

For The Money

The Sun Ever Shown Upon

PRICE \$75.

**W. G. POPPLE,**

Agent,

Hermon, N. Y.

**LEGAL.**

**NOTICE.**

NOTICE.—PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF John A. Vance, Surrogate of the County of St. Lawrence, and according to the statute in such cases made and provided, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of John McMillan, late of Hermon, in said County, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the undersigned, Newman J. Alexander, in said County, on or before the 1st day of August next, at the law office of G. T. Chaney, in the village of Hermon, in said County, on or before the 1st day of August next.

Dated, January 15th, 1894.

GEORGE RABBITT, Administrator.

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**Foreclosure Sale.**

SUPREME COURT—ST. LAWRENCE CO., John A. Vance, Surrogate of the County of St. Lawrence, and according to the statute in such cases made and provided, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of John McMillan, late of Hermon, in said County, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the undersigned, Newman J. Alexander, in said County, on or before the 1st day of August next, at the law office of G. T. Chaney, in the village of Hermon, in said County, on or before the 1st day of August next.

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SUPREME COURT—ST. LAWRENCE CO., John A. Vance, Surrogate







The merchant marine of Great Britain is equal in value to that of all the rest of the world's ships.

The Mormons have decided that they do not like to be called Mormons, and would prefer to be known as Latter Day Saints.

The physicians of the United States now number 118,453: New York leads with 11,171; Pennsylvania has 9310, and Illinois ranks third with 8002.

The supply of Columbian stamps has been exhausted, and the public will now return to the use of the smaller and more convenient postage stamps.

A contributor to the London Graphic suggests the establishment of circulating picture galleries, which shall occupy the same relation with regard to paintings as do the circulating libraries in respect of books.

The valuable collection of autographs which Charles H. Christian, of Orange, N. J., has sold to W. B. Derbyshire, a Londoner, includes, among many others, an epistle from all but one of the presidents of the United States.

It is proposed to hold in Baltimore in 1897 an exposition in commemoration of the centennial of the incorporation of the city. A number of leading business men will organize a company with a capital stock of not less than \$500,000 nor more than \$1,000,000 for this purpose.

Rhode Island is revising its laws relating to women. Every married woman can now in that State make a will, make legal contracts and rent and manage her own estate. The lower house has just passed a bill conferring on married women the control of their personal property and the equalization of courtesy and dower.

A prize of \$5000 is offered by the Russian Count Orloff Davidoff for the discovery of a remedy "perfectly certain to protect or cure horned beasts against cattle plague." The award of the prize is in the hands of the curator of the Imperial institute of medicine of St. Petersburg, and the competition is open to the whole world.

The seaport community of New York stands next to London in the list of the great cities of the world. Compared with other American cities it is larger than the combined populations of Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis and Baltimore, and it would take all of the large cities in the United States, omitting Chicago and Philadelphia, to make one New York.

The ruling in a Chicago case that a lie told by a commercial traveler to his employer vitiated the contract made by the two is, in the opinion of the San Francisco Chronicle, good law. The point in this case was whether the drummer had canvassed a certain town. He declared to his employer that he had canvassed it; the evidence showed he had not, so he was discharged. It is refreshing at times to see the law uphold strict truthfulness, for in most cases legal decisions lean far toward what might be called the white lies of business or professional ethics.

A Niles paper recently contained the following, which has occasioned considerable amusement among the Americans there. It is headed "Very American." "A very rich Yankee has recently offered the Countess of Janes \$500,000 francs for her house, its furniture, objects of art and whatever else it may contain worthy of purchase. The residence is to be torn down most carefully and scientifically and transported stone by stone to the other side of the ocean, where it is to be rebuilt without the slightest departure being made from the original building or in the arrangement of its furniture."

China has at last one complete railway. It is the short line connecting Tien-tsin with Shan-hai-kwan, a town in the eastern part of the great Chinese wall, where the latter runs down to the gulf of Lian-tung. There is a certain anachronism in the association of the "Iron Horse," so emblematic of our modern celerity of communication, with the Chinese wall, which stands as the personification of obstruction to free intercourse. However, this new Chinese railroad is itself an anomaly; it is not intended for traffic. It will carry neither merchandise nor passengers. Having been built simply for strategic purposes, it will be strictly confined to military uses. The sedan chair will continue to be the vehicle for overland journeys in China, and freight will still be carried along to police borne on the shoulders of muscular Chinese porters.

There is said to be no penal institution in this country that is wholly self-supporting.

Max Muller asserts that the Hindus are ripe for Christianity than any nation that ever accepted the gospel.

The percentage of Great Britain's population engaged in agriculture has declined in seventy years from thirty-three per cent. to twelve.

The New York Tribune alleges that in a Western school for girls the other day there was a debate on the question "Is Ibsen a greater writer than Anon?"

It is an expensive business to be robbed in Chicago. Dr. Morfitt was robbed in a street car, and when he made a fuss about it, he was fired off the car, arrested, jailed and fined \$5.

In 1850 the per capita wealth in this country was \$308, and tramps were almost unknown. Today the wealth of the United States is more than \$1,000 per capita and the country is full of them. What does it mean? asks the New York World.

The avidity with which cut flowers of all kinds are purchased may be judged, thinks the Atlanta Constitution, when it is stated that the value of the productions of the growers for the last year in the United States is estimated at \$30,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, C. P. Huntington, W. C. Whitney and Mrs. Paron Stevens own the four corners at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, New York City, and their palaces cost \$19,000,000. The locality is appropriately called Millionaires' Four Corners.

Alaska is large enough to allow territory equal to the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the empire of Germany, with its twenty-six states, the republic of Greece, with its thirteen monarchies, and the republic of Switzerland, with its twenty-two cantons, to be carved out of it.

Here are some figures apt to create thought: Annual production of wealth in the United States, about \$50,000,000,000 per year on a little less than \$1000 per head of our population, which would give to the average family of five, \$5000 per year; but, according to the United States census the average income of the American workman—family or no family—is less than \$300 per year.

The latest London story ascribes the exposure of Gladstone's plans of retirement to a shrewd waiter who heard the old Premier declare at a dinner when all the servants were supposed to be out of the room, that he would never again prepare a queen's speech. If this be true English statesmen in future will have the room searched before they indulge in any confidential talk with their intimates. By whatever means Gladstone's purpose was exposed, the result was peculiarly disastrous, for it prevented him from making an exit from public life that would have been dramatic and worthy of his career. Gladstone is a man who does not indulge in oaths, but he must have been very much in the swearing mood when the news reached him in Biarritz that his secret had been betrayed to the public.

Commissioner of Labor J. F. Todd, of Kansas, has arrived at the conclusion that farming is an unprofitable business in that state. He sent out 1261 letters to Kansas farmers, asking them whether the business paid. He got answers from 1292 and of these 1251 gave an emphatic no. The chances are, however, that these same farmers are making more money out of the business than they could make at anything else in the world. In figuring out their profits they pretty uniformly neglect to count the cost of living. The average unskilled workman, who earns \$600 a year, is doing remarkably well, and when he has paid his rent and supported the average family of five, he is a lucky man if he has \$100 or \$150 saved at the end of the year. The most of laborers, even skilled mechanics, who are able to make from \$3 to \$4 a day, barely manage to come out even, and they live the life of slaves, having no time of their own and working constantly under orders, liable at any time to lose their jobs through the caprice or misfortune of their employers. The farmer is his own master; he can raise all that he eats and most that he wears, and whatever he is able to sell off the farm is clear profit, which he can put into bank, or invest in more stock. And it is a shiftless, worthless farmer who is not able to show \$300 or \$400 clear money at the end of the year.

**Going Home.**  
A misty silence on the hills;  
No more the lowing cattle roam;  
A bell the dreamy twilight thrills  
And sweetly chimes my welcome home.  
The patter of little feet  
Adown the dusty path I hear,  
And lips meet mine with kisses sweet  
And tenderest welcome. Home is near!  
Forgot, the toll that makes the day—  
The absent joy, the hope denied;  
Light as a dream the fade away  
Where Love sits at the fireside!  
—Atlantic Constitution.

## The Colonel's Monument.

BY COL. GEORGE W. SYMONDS.

I had noticed it the week previous, when I rode up Caney creek, searching for the house of Gabe Thomas, who, my agent in Lexington had assured me with positive emphasis, "knew every cow path and hog trail in Wolf county." This enconium on Gabe's abilities as a topographer was not undeserved, and in three days' time, under his pilotage, I was enabled to locate and make a rough survey of the tract of land of which I was in search.

Now, on my way back, I had Gabe as a companion (he was going to visit some cousins in Magoffin county, whom he assured me he had not seen since the war), and when, in our course down the tortuous "creek road," we reached a point where there was a superb view of the sloping wooded ridge stretching away to the right, and there could be seen shining among the green foliage a white marble obelisk that seemed to me so much out of place in this mountain wilderness I reined my horse and asked him what it was.

"Kunel Outherwaite's monument," was the answer.

"Killed during the raid of John Morgan's that you were telling me about last night?"

"Who?"

"The colonel—Colonel Outherwaite."

"Bless yore butes, the kunnel ain't dead. Leastways he was alive an' kickin' the day afore yo' re'ched my place, for I seed him mooseyin' 'round the monument when I wuz out on the ridge lookin' fur stray hogs."

This answer puzzled me exceedingly, and to put myself right, I said:

"Did you not just say that it was Colonel Outherwaite's monument?"

"Sartin shore!" he replied. "Hit's his'n an' no one else's. He sot hit up an' keeps that little patch o' ground 'round erbout hit shot uv weeds an' trash an' planted with posies. Don't do nuthin' else, fer that matter, an' hain't done nuthin' else sence s'rrender."

Here was a mountain mystery, and I determined to attempt its solution.

"Can we get closer to the monument?" I asked.

"Sartin shore. That's a trail a piece farder down the creek."

"I would like to have a nearer view of the stone. It seems to be a very fine one."

"Best that money c'd buy," answered Gabe. "The kunnel sent a Louisville fur hit, an' hed the blamed thing skulptered out jess esyo' see hit. Must a cost him a power o' money. But shucks! He's got lashin's uv cash, an' blue grass land, an' garm't bonds, an' the like o' that. I on'y wish he'd 'tar loose with a few dollars uv hyar in the mountings. But he don't. Jess lives that on yan side the ridge with an ole colored man an' 'man to wait on him, an' hit pears like he don't hev no ambishion fur nuthin' but jess thet doggoned stum monument."

He had turned into the trail while he was talking, and our horses were slowly climbing the steep ridge slope. The laurel bushes fringed the path, shutting in the view on every side. It was not until we were within a few rods of the marble shaft that it again came within our line of vision.

It stood in the centre of a little plateau, tree-bordered, perfectly square, and as level as a house floor. Surrounding the stone was a heavy granite coping, and within the enclosure there grew a tangled profusion of bright-blossomed flowers.

As we approached the monument there was no lettering visible, but on the side that was hidden from us there was deeply graven in the white marble this pathetic and enigmatical inscription:

"An Unknown Soldier of the C. S. A."

I was staring at the letters, and in fancy building up a romance about the senseless dust lying beneath the stone, which once had had a name and a living, breathing individuality among the gray soldiery of the Lost Cause, when Gabe touched my arm.

"Footy, ain't hit?"

"Very!" I answered coldly, and then asked in return: "Why should Colonel Outherwaite have erected this

expensive memorial to this particular unknown follower of the stars and bars?"

"Thet's what stumps me, an' the hull settlement fur that matter," said Gabe. "Ez nigh ez I kin git et hit, fur I didn't live in these parts doorin' the wah, the kunnel wuz a pizen rank unloner, an' Tom, that wuz his son, a mere yearlin' uv a boy when we'uns fired on Sumpter, wuz ez de'd sot on the southern side o' the argument. The old kunnel owns mitey near all the land yo' kin see frum hyar, an' he'd what he called a shootin' lodge built out'n stum back thar on yan side the ridge. Wall, when things got to abut lively an' famly hyar in Kaintucky wuz divided ev'ry whichway, Tom off an' 'lists in the southern army. When his daddy hearn uv hit he jess r'ared an' charged like a mad bull, an' swore by all thet wuz holy, that the boy wuz no more kin of his'n. He 'clared that he sh'd never hev so much ez a place to bury himself on land o' his'n, an' he made a will cuttin' Tom off without a nickel."

"The kunnel owned a monst'us big plantation down Lexington way, an' allus kep' open house, but arter Tom listed he shet hit up, manermitted his slaves an' moved uv hyar where the fo'k'us wuz powerful claver to the yankee refugees, an' fed an' sheltered 'em by the hundred. Then John Morgan raided throo hyar on his way frum Virginny, his men rid down Caney. 'Twas a dark nite when they passed throo' an' the old kunnel wuz et one uv the winders uv the stum house watchin' 'em go by."

"They hed all passed, an' he wuz grittin' his teeth an' cussin' 'em sorter low like when he hearn nuthin' movin' erbout his stable. Quicker'n a flash he grabbed his double-barreled shotgun an' sneaked out to see who 'twas. He's no coward, the ole kunnel ain't, an' when he mo' re'ched the stable, he called out:

"Who's thar?"

"A confedit sol—" begun the stranger, an' them wuz the last words he ever spoke."

"The kunnel tore loose with both barrels, a' the stranger drapped 'thout ever so much ez battin' his eyes. The kunnel yelled fur the hands an' a lite, an' when hit wuz fotched, diakivered, he'd killed a boy uv erbout Tom's age, dressed in a ragged Confederate uniform."

"Bury him," ordered the kunnel, an' the nex' day the man drap the body down hyar an' dug a grave."

"Wall! the kunnel never mensehuned the circumstance uv the shootin', an' his hands never talked to nobody. One day a letter cum fur the kunnel, an' in hit wuz writ that Tom had been shot ded in one uv the big battles that wuz fit' way up in Virginny."

"Heaven hev mercy on the boy," sed the kunnel, sorter husky-like, when he read them words, an' the nex' day he mounted his hoss critter an' rid off. Fo'k'us say that he went all the way to Virginny an' hunted high an' low fur Tom's body. 'Twas no use, though. It hed been chucked into a trench erlong with a hull passel more uv unknowns. He kem back hyar lookin' twenty y'ars older, an' jess shet himself up in the stum house. He stayed thar like a groun' hog in his burrell till arter s'rrender. Then he kem out, rid off ag'in, an' when he kem back fotched thet monument with him. Sence then he's done nuthin' but 'tend to hit an' the bed of posies inside the stum fence thar. Thet's the story uv the kunnel's monument, ez nigh ez I kin arrove et hit."

So interested had I become in listening to Gabe's story, and so absorbed was he in the telling, that neither of us had noticed the approach of a third person. When he had finished and I looked up there stood a few paces behind us a tall, broad-shouldered man, quietly dressed, with a face bronzed by years of exposure to wind and sun, and the faintest trace of silver in his hair and mustache. I was about to greet him when Gabe whispered:

"Thar kums the ole kunnel now. We'd better move, fur he's monst'us onevil to stranger folk."

Turning from the bronzed-faced stranger, I saw a white-haired man, who walked feebly and leaned on the arm of a colored servant, slowly approaching from the other side of the plateau. Feeling instinctively that it would be a sacrilege to intrude my idle curiosity upon this old man's sacred heart sorrows, I backed slowly toward the horses.

The white-haired man lifted his head, and his eyes wandered from the monument to Gabe and me, finally resting upon the stranger. Suddenly he threw off the supporting arm of the servant and started forward.

"Tom! My son!" he cried, and held out his trembling old arms.

"Father!" was the one word that

fell from the newcomer's lips, and rushing forward he was clasped to the colonel's heart.

A few days afterwards, in the office of the Phoenix Hotel, at Lexington, I came face to face with the colonel and his stalwart son, no longer a dead and buried "unknown soldier of the C. S. A." The recognition was mutual and the younger man held out his hand.

"I am Tom Outherwaite," he said, with a frank smile. "This is my father, Colonel Jemms Outherwaite. We met you the other day in Wolfe county, and I presume you know the story of the monument. Well, the Yankees didn't kill me, and since Appomatox I've been pretty nearly everywhere that a man could go on this globe of ours. My father is to begin living the old life again that was a very happy one in the days before the war, and you can rest assured, sir, that you will always be heartily welcome at the Outherwaite farm."

"Indeed you will," added the colonel. "I only caught a glimpse of your face that blessed day, but it associated with my boy—my Tom, who has come back to me from the grave, and I shall always remember you and always be glad to see you."—[Detroit Free Press.

## Will the Gold Supply Be Exhausted?

The two most eminent living writers on the most precious metals, Succs and Soetbeer, have recently published a very alarming statement. It is to the effect that the total amount of gold dug out of the earth annually suffices only to supply the present demand for that valuable substance for use in the arts. Not a bit of the new product of the mines is available for coinage. Trinket use and waste in manufacture exhaust the whole yield. If this is correct, then gold must vanish from circulation before long, because the output of the gold mines of the world is diminishing rather than increasing, and there are few fields left to explore. But Uncle Sam's metallurgists say that it is not so. The writers quoted fail to consider the fact that the gold employed in the arts is utilized over and over again. It goes through a sort of cycle.

Articles of jewelry often disappear, but are seldom lost. When through accident they pass out of the possession of the well-to-do, they go to the poor and sharp-eyed, who sell them or pawn them. Some jewelry is lost by fire and some in the sea, and these losses are absolute and hopeless; but jewelry otherwise is certain, practically all of it, to find its way sooner or later to the pawnshops or into the hands of dealers in old gold. Thus it is melted up eventually and reappears again in other shapes. This is what is termed the "invisible supply" of that metal.—Washington Star.

## Rival of India Rubber.

While the electricians and the cycle makers are threatening to exhaust the supplies of India rubber and gutta percha, the advent of a new rival to these valuable substances is good news. "Balata"—such is the name of the new comer—is, according to Mr. Smith Delacour's report, already one of the most valuable of the forest products of Surinam.

It is described as combining in some degree the elasticity of caoutchouc with the ductility of gutta percha, freely softening and becoming plastic, and being easily moulded like gutta percha. The tree which produces this is widely distributed over Dutch Guiana, even in parts so far in the interior as to have been hardly visited as yet, and the industry, now that experience has taught how it can be carried on without the wasteful extermination of the tree, should have a positive future value. Better means of access and of working, however are required. Balata has hitherto been principally exported to the United States of America, but small consignments are also reaching Holland and Great Britain.—[London News.

## An Elaborate Dog Kennel.

What is probably the finest kennel in this state is that recently built in North Easton for Oliver Ames second. It is a veritable dog palace, and cost nearly \$2,000. It is 35 feet long by 15 wide and is lighted by ten windows. Within there is a long corridor, from which open six pens about four by six feet each. The interior finish is hard pine, polished and shellacked. At the east end is a kitchen 12 by 15 feet, containing a cook stove and a bathtub for the dogs, provided with hot and cold water. Mr. Ames's favorite breed is the Wyatt Scotch terrier. He has at present eight of these dogs and twelve more are to be imported soon. Several large yards open off the pens, and another yard, to cover an acre of ground, is to be prepared in the adjacent woods.—[Boston Transcript.

**You'll Get There in the Mornin'!**  
Keep on lookin' fer the bright, bright skies;  
Keep on hopin' that the sun'll rise;  
Keep on singin' when the whole world sighs,  
An' you'll git there in the mornin'!  
Keep on plowin' when you've mised the crops;  
Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops;  
Keep on faithful 'till the curtains drop,  
An' you'll git there in the mornin'!  
—Atlantic Constitution.

## HUMOROUS.

"How do you know she voted you a bore?" "The eyes and nose."  
"How do you like Chicago?" "Fine—327 trains leave there every day."

"Almost every woman we know would like to know what some other woman has got to be proud of."

"What! You a literary man and have not read the Heavenly Twins?" "I haven't." "Gemini!"

Benedict—Why won't she marry you? Is there another man in the case? Singleton—Yes; her father.

Husband.—Does that new novel turn out happily? Wife.—It doesn't say. It only says they were married.

Visitor—Johnnie, what's that awful noise in your back yard? Rev. Amen's Youngest.—That's pa practicing his vacation cough.

His Mother.—You ought to feel ashamed of yourself, fighting little Johnny Naylor. Tommy.—I do mamma; he licked me.

"They say the wolf is continually at their door." "Well, I don't know what he is there for. They never have anything in the house."

"When a man is in debt there is no concealing it." "There ain't?" "No; the first time a bill collector calls on him he is sure to be found out."

"I can't make these matches strike," said Bloombumper, after two or three ineffectual efforts. "That's because you are not a walking delegate," said Mrs. Bloombumper.

"The advantage of being an alderman," said the honorable gentleman from the 'steenth ward, in reflective mood, "is that you do a good business and don't have to advertise."

Cholly—This is my grandmother's portrait, and I am thought to have some of her features. His Adored—Yes, I see a strong resemblance between her eyebrows and your tache.

"You are not looking well this mornin'," said the mirror to the gas jet. "No. My boss was out all last night." "What has that to do with you?" "Why, can't you understand, stupid, that I was out all night, too?"

Bertha—Tom, this paper says Mr. Tightfast was "generous to a fault." What does that mean?

Tom—Well, from what I know of Mr. Tightfast, I should say that it means he couldn't possibly be generous to anything else.

Elder Sister—Come, Clarence, take your powder like a man. You never hear me making any complaints about such a little thing as that. Clarence Callipers (sorely); Neither would I if I could daub it on my face; it's swallowin' it that I object to.

Banks—What did her father say when you told him that you wanted to marry his daughter? Rivers—Well, he didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition. Banks—What was it? Rivers—He said he would see me hanged first.

The College Man of Today—Oh, I say, Governor, you ought to have been here last week. It was immense! We drowned the president of the freshmen class, and two-tee-hee-hee—two of us crawled into Prof. Blingoggle's room after he had gone to bed and turned on every gas jet in the room!

The rich American had a nobleman for a son-in-law, until the funds were cut off, and then the gent removed himself. "By the way," said a friend, who had not heard how the affair turned out, "isn't your son-in-law a peer?" "Not exactly," admitted the old gentleman; "he's a disappear," and then he explained how that brand of nobility happened to be.

"Well, Charles," said the proud father, "you are to be graduated in June. What are your ideas as to selecting a profession?"

"I think I will be a lawyer, father. I am fond of ease."

"Ease? Do you consider the lawyer's profession one of ease?"

"It certainly is at the start. Young lawyers never have much to do."

The French government has just created, in the nature of an experiment, a postal service by camel express in the French territories of Oubek and the Somali coast. In connection with this service a special provisional stamp will be issued, the value being 5 francs.



## FARM AND GARDEN.

### CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.

There is good reason for the common practice of sowing both clover and timothy in seeding land. A mixture of the two makes a better hay for feeding on the farm than either alone, and as the timothy checks the clover growth the hay is more easily cured. Besides, it often happens that when a field is seeded it may not be convenient to plow it again under several years. Clover alone cannot be depended on to keep a good sod and produce a fair crop after the second year. As it dies out June grass or weeds come in and occupy the vacant spaces. Clover is absolutely beneficial to the timothy seeding. It loosens the subsoil, and as the clover roots decay after the plant dies the timothy will maintain a good sod two or three years longer than would be possible if it had been sown alone.—Boston Cultivator.

### A NEW INSECTICIDE.

Farmers and grain dealers suffer from the ravages of weevils and other destructive insects, and to their consideration is recommended the following method of application of carbon bisulphide for the destruction of these pests. Though the vapor of the bisulphide is very light, it has a tendency downward as well as upward, and the plan is to take a small bottle of the carbon bisulphide covered with a cloth and over it placed a wooden box, the whole then being located on the floor of the empty grain bin. The grain is then run in and after the bin is full, it is surrounded by another portion of the bisulphide arranged in the same manner. The vapor of both bottles so thoroughly permeates the mass of grain that the insects, even rats and mice, are driven away or killed.—Pharmaceutical Era.

### CHANGING FEED.

When pigs are so well fed as to maintain a vigorous, thrifty growth, a variety of food is necessary in order to maintain the best growth and thrift at the lowest cost. But, in order to keep gaining to the best advantage, all radical changes of feed should be made gradually. A hog that has been given one ration for some time, and now his feed changed to something entirely different, will, in many cases, refuse to eat it. A half-starved hog will eat almost anything when it is given him, but a good, thrifty hog is naturally more dainty.

By commencing a few meals in advance of when the change is to be made, give a small quantity in connection with the old ration, gradually decreasing the old and increasing the new. In this way, a change can be made without detriment to the growth of the animal. This is true in changing from dry to green feed, slops to grains, or any other changes in the feed that may be necessary. Careful, economical feeding is one of the items in lessening the cost, and it will pay to take a little care when changes in the ration must be made.—Nebraska Farmer.

### FARMERS' WIVES AND BEES.

Too little attention is given to bees and to the honey necessary to supply a demand which would quickly respond to a better distribution of the bees and a larger yield of the honey crop. A little study of the subject, says the Western Rural, would enable the farmers' wives and daughters to have a few stands of bees with profitable results from comparatively little intelligent labor. A little practical knowledge of the habits of the bee goes further than a good deal of time spent in a haphazard way. Have a few stands of bees with the investment of the poultry yard, and the profits with the pleasure combined with these pursuits will prove gratifying to anyone who loves nature and her industrious little pets. The new conditions of society and all the industrial pursuits have wrought such radical changes in methods of living and earning our daily bread that those engaged in the agricultural pursuits must necessarily diversify their crops as far as possible to meet the demands of domestic requirements. When the butcher, the baker, and all other merchants are settled with at the end of the year the raw material of the farm scarcely balances accounts these times.

### DAIRY FARMING AND FERTILITY.

One advantage with dairying is that with good management there is less loss of fertility than in any other plan. Yet carelessness in the management of the manure will cause depletions of the plant food as surely as with any other plan.

The butter or cheese or the milk, if the milk is sold, represents a loss of

plant food, that must be replaced. There is, of course, a greater loss if the milk is sold direct from the farm than if butter or cheese is sold and the product is retained and fed out to stock on the farm. On many farms dairying is only made a part of the farm work, and for this reason the benefit of dairying in keeping up the fertility is not made as evident as when it is made something of a specialty.

Selling butter or cheese is selling the farm products in a very condensed form, more so even than when beef, pork or mutton is sold.

Another advantage with dairying in keeping up the fertility is this: In nearly all cases it can be made profitable to purchase and feed wheat, bran, oil meal and cottonseed meal, and these in addition to being valuable foods for the production of milk, add nearly or quite their cost in the increased value of the manure. But in dairying, as in other lines of work, to keep up the fertility it is quite an item to save and apply the manure to the best advantage. While making the manure is important in itself, it is only the start. It must be hauled out and applied if the best returns are to be secured. In too many cases, through carelessness too much of the more valuable properties of the manure are allowed to be wasted.

Of course during the summer the cows are on pasture and except during the night, when they are penned up, the manure will be left on the pasture land. Yet the best growth of grass can only be secured by having a good rich soil, so that the manure dropped in the pasture can by no means be considered as lost. I find it pays to feed bran to the milk cows even when they are on good pasture. And by supplying the cows with bedding all of the time that is considered necessary to confine a considerable quantity of valuable manure that can be returned to the soil. That dairying affords a good means of building up the fertility is shown by the fact that in any localities where grain growing has depleted the fertility seeding to grass and clover keeping cows, selling the milk or butter, has with good management brought up the land again to a good condition. Of course a change from grain growing to grass is beneficial, but this would not increase the fertility, but the growing of grass or clover and the feeding of this to cows and returning the manure builds up the fertility. Of course dairying under present conditions requires good management to make profitable as well as other lines of farm work, but in many cases it affords an opportunity of aiding to build up the fertility and at the same time have a marketable product that will bring in an income.—Nebraska Farmer.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Cows are often injured in the knees by getting up and down on bare floors.

A sick cow should be put by herself at once and covered with a warm blanket.

Keep a few rows of the old strawberry bed standing if you want the earliest in your neighborhood.

Wheat chaff affords an excellent litter on poultry house floors, in which the hens can scratch and exercise.

If by accident you have a poor tub of butter don't put your brand upon it, but send it off and let it be sold on its merits.

Among red raspberries the Cuthbert still leads in productivity, introducers of new sorts to the contrary notwithstanding.

The biggest plants on the farm are sure to grow where the last year's bonfire was made. Good ashes give a strong growth.

The making of fine butter is an attractive line of work for young women. It is healthful, profitable and the profession is not over-crowded.

People will continue to eat beef, pork, mutton, etc., and there is no danger of the demand ceasing. Put a first-class quality on the market, and it will bring the top market price.

Boiled rice sweetened with brown sugar is excellent for putting the finishing touches on the early broilers. Give them one or two meals a day for a week before sending them to market. Broken rice can be bought at a low price.

Do not feed little chickens too heavily or the result will be bowel disease and leg weakness. Three meals a day are sufficient, but a small proportion of millet seed should be scattered over their runs in order to keep them busy scratching. Exercise is as important for them as the food.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### A REVOLUTION IN WOMAN'S ATTIRE.

Worth is said to be meditating upon a complete revolution in feminine attire, which it is anticipated will result in a return to airy fripperies, and the exclusion of the severe simplicity of the tailor-made gowns. With all due respect to the great artist, we do not think the task is a thing which even he will now be able to accomplish.—[New York Journal.

### SHE MODELLED A DOLL.

A few years ago an enterprising woman laid the foundation of a very snug little fortune with an idea of her own. She had made dolls for the holiday trade as they had never been made before. She had a careful model made of a small baby, and using this as a mould, had a preparation by which a remarkable imitation of a cunning little bald-headed infant was produced. The head was covered with stockinet, painted truthfully. The finished doll was readily sold for \$5.—[New York Telegram.

### DOOM OF THE TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

The doom of the tailor-made gown is sealed, so latest advices from the seat of fashion's rule—Paris—announce. We are to come back to fripperies and furbelows, to chiffons and gawgaws, in the embellishment of frocks, and on this wave of ornamentation and elaboration the severely simple toilets will be borne to their destruction. The 1830 styles go with the tailor-made designs—all are to be banished in favor of a riot of thoroughly feminine dress. Worth, Virot, Pinget, and the rest have said it, and who will dare to defy these autocrats?

Meantime big sleeves and plain skirts are still worn. A novelty of some of the early spring jackets is that they are made sleeveless, to prevent the big sleeves, over which they are worn, from being crushed. For chilly days, tight-fitting undersleeves are drawn on under the drooping and capacious dress sleeve.—[New York Times.

### COMICAL DRESSES OF FASHION.

Isn't it comical how fashion can decree the rule of some particular article or style of dress and how women will perform the kow-tow and accept it? writes Jeanette H. Walworth.

Now it is the reverse. It does not matter at all, at all, what pattern nature has seen fit to cut you by individually, if you are a woman you must be revered. That is, you must wear revers. You may rebel and say you are too short, or too fat, or too long, or too lean, your dressmaker will regard you with superb scorn, while she allows you a wee small voice in the shape of your revers. You may have them pointed and narrow or fat and flaring. You may be perfectly conscious that when you get into them you will be submerged by them, and you may court effacement by ordering the fat and flaring sort. You may select your material, your liberty ranging from moire to wool or calico, but you must accept your destiny, and destiny decrees—revers. The only consolation to be derived from the situation is that fashion has the reputation of being somewhat fickle, and may change her mind soon.—[New York Mail and Express.

### SHOES AND HOSIERY.

Buttoned boots of French kid or morocco, tipped with patent leather, are the walking shoes for spring. They are made amply large and are cut in English fashion with low, broad heel, pointed toe, and a straight edge on the buttoned lap. Patent leather vamps with kid or cloth tops are on shoes for the more elaborate toilettes of the afternoon. These are made on Spanish lasts, with arched instep and high heels almost like those of the Louis Quinze shoe. Low Oxford ties will be worn in the summer, made entirely of patent leather or of russet leather, or of black kid with patent leather tips. White canvas shoes will be used again in midsummer. House slippers of patent leather or of colored suede bear a large bow in front, with sometimes a Rhine stone buckle in the strap.

Black stockings remain in favor whether of silk, lisle-thread or Balbriggan. Their chief rival is tan-colored hosiery, which is most often chosen to match suede ties or slippers, though with these black is also permissible. With evening toilettes stockings match the slippers, which are of the material of the dress or else of satin, moire or suede of the same color.—[Harper's Bazar.

### THE COST OF DRESSING.

"How much does a girl in society spend upon dress?" anxiously asks a

young man with matrimonial expectations. Well, that depends, as Pitti Sing long ago observed. Some girls make a good show upon \$600 a year. Of course this would not go far if they buy \$30 hats and \$200 gowns, etc., but with careful handling it may be adequate.

Of course, any number of girls spend four times that amount and even more.

"My daughter will have to marry a rich man," said a wealthy woman the other day. "She has \$5,000 a year for her own and she spends every dollar of it on herself"—a sad commentary, by the way, on the selfishness and luxurious habits that the world teaches.

Another young woman, who is not at all frivolous but who dresses remarkably well, and who rides on the crest of the fashionable wave, tells us that twelve hundred covers all her personal expenses.

"But I do not buy many things at very grand places," she continues. "Jackets I always get of the very best, and one or two gowns from the swellest houses; but the rest of my dresses are made by a seamstress at home, and I generally make most of my own hats, buying one or two really good ones as models."

As this allowance meets the requirements of an intelligent girl in society, who goes out winter and summer and is "never out of the swim," it may well be taken as a standard for that sort of thing. For a girl who only goes out moderately, \$600 should be ample.

But we should cite the instance of one pretty maiden who only has \$300 a year to buy all her belongings, and who, nevertheless, always looks as fresh as a daisy and just as delightfully simple.—[New York Journal.

### FASHION NOTES.

A modified Eton jacket with a ruffle at the lower edge is a new caprice.

The silk skirts are now almost invariably held out by tiny steel tape.

The fashionable parasol has a slender stick, long rather than short, with a knob on the end.

New shapes in bonnets are broad with flaring brim and crown that fits down over the head.

Physicians declare that the spotted veils are making the oculists rich, so much do they injure the sight.

Some of the most stylish of the new bonnets are quite flat to the head and have no upright or aggressive trimmings.

Pretty capes made of lace, with silk lining and accordion-plaited ruffles of chiffon or gauze, are popular for spring wear.

At a very fashionable up-town establishment is shown some exquisite millinery, of which no adequate idea can be conveyed.

Red promises to have great vogue all through the season, and all sorts of materials are in this color—dark, dull reds being preferred.

The long and elaborate watch-chain is quite the fashion. It is worn around the neck, and the greater the length the more fashionable it is.

The belt is not favored by artists. They claim that it is ungraceful, and that a soft girldle of twisted silk is very much more desirable.

A dress of white cloth, with collar and long revers of tan-colored velvet is a novelty. Tan-colored gloves and hat are worn with this costume.

There is a certain pattern of cape composed of ruffles of different materials which makes a woman look as though she was a walking penwiper, but fortunately it is not a favorite.

Silk under-petticoats are to be just as much worn as ever. They are absolute necessities to any woman's wardrobe although the latterly much neglected white petticoat is again to be worn.

A novelty in capes is of very fine, black cloth, with perforated patterns in arabesque or other design. Over these perforations rows of lace are set, and in some cases the cloth is lined with a bright color, which shows through in a profusion of small dots.

There are no surprising novelties in parasols this year. Lace is omnipresent, and, where it is absent, there chiffon is found. There are more fancy models exhibited thus far than those for utility uses, the only serviceable styles displayed being those of shot silk, fancy surah, and faille in plain colors.

A pretty dress for a tiny bridesmaid has a shirred yoke of chiffon, with deep ruffle of valenciennes lace. From the yoke the skirt falls in fine accordion plaits, and is trimmed near the hem with two bands of the lace. The sleeves have valenciennes insertion, two rows between shoulders and wrists. They are shirred in at the hand and finished with a fall of lace.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—La'ast U. S. Gov. Food Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

### An Ingenious Danger Signal.

Arthur P. Yates, an employe of the New York Central Road at Syracuse, is said to have invented a pyrotechnic danger signal. It consists of a light carriage adapted to run on a single rail, to which is fixed a rocket shell about seventeen inches in length and tilted at an angle of about twenty degrees. In use the rocket is ignited by withdrawing a cap when the carriage is propelled along the rail, until the powder in the rocket shell is exploded and continues to burn about ten minutes. It is stated that the signal will propel itself along the track for a mile in seventy seconds, and that it has been successfully tested on the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania and other roads.—[Detroit Free Press.

### A Last Resource.

Colonel (at the manoeuvres, to young lieutenant who has lately joined the regiment)—"Lieutenant, what would you do with your division if you were attacked by the enemy's infantry on both sides—that is to say, on the right and left wings—with a body of cavalry rushing at you from the front and a brigade of artillery drawn up in your rear?"

Lieutenant—"I would command: 'Battalion, halt! Ground arms—stand at ease—helmets off for prayers!'"

The Colonel nodded approvingly, and rode off in a meditative mood.—[Leipziger Nachrichten.

The annual cost of the British army is \$85,000,000; of the navy, \$70,000,000.



From away up in British North America comes the following greeting to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.: Mrs. Allen Sharrard, of Hartley, Selkirk Co., Manitoba, whose portrait, with that of her little boy, heads this article, writes as follows: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for 'falling of the womb.' I was troubled with bearing down pains and pains in my back whenever I would be on my feet any length of time. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did with happy results. I feel like a new person after taking three bottles of it."

As we have just heard from the frigid North, we will now introduce a letter received from the Sunny South. The following is from Mrs. J. T. Smith, of Oak Grove, Cibaune Co., Ala. She writes: "I was afflicted and suffered untold pains and misery, such as no pen can describe, for six years. I was confined to bed most of the time. I expected the cold hand of death every day. I was afflicted with leucorrhoea, with excessive flowing—falling of the womb—bearing down sensation—pain in the small of my back—my bowels costive—smarting, itching and burning in the vagina, also palpitation of the heart. When I began taking your medicine I could not sit up, only a few minutes at a time. I was so weak. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three times per day. I also took his 'Golden Medical Discovery' three times per day and one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets every night. I have taken seven bottles of the 'Discovery,' seven bottles of the 'Prescription' and five bottles of the 'Pellets.' I took these medicines seven months, regularly, never missed a day. These medicines cured me. I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Four of the best doctors in the land treated my case four years. They all gave me up as hopeless—they said I could not be cured, and could not live. Through the will of God, and your medicine, I have been restored to the best of health." Yours truly,

Mrs. J. T. Smith.

Mrs. W. O. Gunckel, of No. 1461 South Seventh Street, Terra Haute, Indiana, writes: "I had been suffering from womb trouble for eight years having doctor with the most skillful physicians, but finding only temporary relief from medicines prescribed by them. I was advised by a friend to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did, and found, in taking six bottles of the 'Prescription' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' that it has effected a positive cure, for which words cannot express my gratitude for the relief from the great suffering that I so long endured." Yours truly,

W. O. Gunckel.

As a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic "Favorite Prescription" improves digestion and nutrition thereby building up solid, wholesome flesh, and increasing the strength of the whole system. As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, epimania, chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Even insanity, when dependent upon womb disease, is cured by it.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial.

Dr. Pierce's Book (128 pages, illustrated) on "Woman and Her Diseases," giving successful means of Home Treatment, will be mailed in plain envelope, securely sealed from observation on receipt of ten cents to pay postage. See the Doctor's address near the head of this article.



"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOTS

ARE THE BEST.

Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Invaluable sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of FOUR Boot wearers testify this is the BEST they ever had. ASK Rubber DEALER FOR THEM and don't be persuaded into an inferior article.



# From Sin to Contrition

Lucy Warringham's Sacrifice.

## The Story of a Hasty Marriage and Its Tragic Sequel.

BY ERNST BRUNCKEN,

Author of "The Diplomat's Crime," "A Terrible Secret," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Jack Spofford was vexed in the extreme by the behavior of the girl, who seemed at the same time to attract and repel him. She had not said no, he thought, even if she would not say yes. But Jack was determined now to have a definite answer. Upon what he had called his cowardice had followed an almost reckless pertinacity.

Poor Hattie was in a truly pitiable plight. She felt that she was incurring the just reproach of coquettishness by her behavior, yet nothing was further from her heart than that contemptible display of egotism. She really liked Jack very much—regarded him as one of her very best friends, but marrying him was entirely out of the question. But how could she tell him so? What would be the answer if he asked a reason for her refusal? Could she tell him that her heart belonged to another man who was married and never had thought of her?

"Please, dear Mr. Spofford," she said at last, "do let us speak of something else. I cannot say yes, but please do not ask me any more questions."

Jack had to decide. But he vowed inwardly that he would return to the attack and that he would win this pretty little obstinate girl, cost whatever it might. After having raged for three hours, during which Hattie and Jack had been imprisoned to the grotto, the rain finally ceased, and it became possible to venture forth on their homeward journey. The clouds, which still covered the sky, caused a premature darkness, although the sun could not yet be below the horizon, and before they had completed half their journey it was night. Hattie was very anxious to get home. The company of Jack Spofford could not now be but embarrassing to her, and she hastened onward as fast as she could. Conversation lagged still more than it had done on the upward trip, but for different reasons. Hattie gave but brief though never unkindly answers to the young man's remarks, and Jack himself was too much vexed, too much vacillating between hope and despondency, to be a very entertaining talker.

So they reached home. Jack took leave from her at the gate of the Warringham cottage, and she did not invite him to have supper with them, as she had always done before on similar occasions nor did she shake hands with him.

When she entered the house she was met in the hallway by Jeannette, the French maid, who told her, with a terrified expression of countenance, that Madame was very ill.

Hurriedly she entered Mrs. Warringham's bed-chamber. Her aunt was in a violent paroxysm of fever! A physician was present.

"I hope it is nothing serious, Miss Beckford," he said. "I cannot conceal from you that it may be very bad. After the long illness of Mrs. Warringham, it is doubtful whether her constitution is strong enough to resist such an attack. Yet there is no necessity for despair as long as there is life."

Terrible words! Hattie knew that they meant even more than they precisely stated. The words of the doctor were spoken in an undertone, but even if he had raised his voice to a higher key the patient would not have comprehended them.

Her mind was wandering in the madness of feverish dreams.

Ever and anon she would utter the name of her eldest son, sometimes with a low wail, sometimes reproachful, then again in a pleading voice, as if she asked him to come back to her. Long sentences she would utter in a scarcely audible voice, but at intervals break forth into a loud and violent malediction of her who had lured him away from his mother. At such moments she would rise from her couch into a sitting posture, look around with glaring eyes, but apparently not seeing anything but the wild fantasies of her overheated brain, and mutely gesticulating, as she poured forth the terrible execrations. The physician would calm her for a few moments by gently laying a moist cloth upon her head, but soon the vagaries of her imagination would be renewed.

It was a terrible spectacle for the young girl.

When the patient seemed a little quieter the doctor took his leave. Before he went away he gave Hattie some instructions in regard to the treatment of her aunt, and directed that he should be sent for as soon as she should seem to grow worse.

Hattie remained in the sick-room. Jeannette covered on a chair in the remotest corner of the room. She was completely overcome by terror and fear, and Hattie soon saw that the servant could be of very little assistance to her in the nursing of her sick aunt.

When the rainstorm had come up, so Jeannette told her young mistress, Mrs. Warringham had become nervous about the safety of the two promenadeurs. She had repeatedly gone on the piazza to look up the valley, whether she could not see them come back. Thus she must have caught an acute cold, Jeannette thought, for suddenly she had felt very ill and almost fainted. The footman was at once dispatched for the doctor, but before the latter arrived Mrs. Warringham was already in the condition in which she was now.

Hattie told the maid to go to bed, and Jeannette obeyed without even a glance.

The young girl remained alone by the bedside of her sick aunt. How slowly the fingers crept forward on the dial of the clock that stood on the mantel shelf! Nothing was heard but the slow, measured ticking of that clock, and the terrifying ravings of the patient, or, in her quieter moments, the fitful, labored breathing of the latter.

Following the instructions of the doctor, Hattie frequently renewed the application of a cold, moist cloth on the patient's forehead. She also, from time to time, with the thermometer, observed her temperature, for the doctor had told her that if the mercury reached a certain spot he must be instantly sent for, as there was imminent danger. Fortunately this did not become necessary.

Slowly, slowly the hours wore on, and at last the morning dawned, finding Hattie still at the sick-bed. What a night she had spent! What tormenting thoughts had crowded upon the troubled heart of the young girl! The absence of Ralph, yesterday's conversation with Jack Spofford, her aunt's sickness and possible death—here were sorrows enough, indeed, to overwhelm the heart of one so young.

Morning dawned, but the new day brought no change for the better in Mrs. Warringham's condition. All that surrounded her did the utmost to save her, but all was in vain. When night had come again, Hattie Beckford wept over the cold clay of her who had taken a mother's place by her, when her own dear mother's death left the child of scarcely five summers unprotected and alone.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### UP THE RHINE.

One of the magnificent floating palaces that serve as steamships between this country and Europe safely landed Dr. Ralph Warringham and his young wife on the coast of old England.

Ralph's honeymoon was scarcely that round of unalloyed joy which it is commonly alleged to be, and which the doctor had expected.

When he was alone there was always recurring a pang of conscience, not for his filial disobedience—he was convinced that he had done strictly right in that respect—but for another reason. He could not banish the self-reproach that he had obtained a bride under false pretenses, in not telling her his exact financial position. Only when he was with her and nobody to disturb them he felt completely happy. But he soon began to think that his wife did not give him that pleasure as frequently as he would have liked. During the passage on the steamer she was the center around which the passengers, at least the male portion of them, gathered, and it must be owned that she understood, as few women do, the art of entertaining a large circle of admirers. But her husband soon began to think that she devoted herself rather freely to the exercise of her social accomplishments. It has been said to be poor breeding for a married couple to make their relations apparent in company by too exclusive devotion to each other. Of this error Mrs. Warringham assuredly never showed herself guilty. When she was sitting on deck with half a score of gentlemen surrounding her, all eager to get a glimpse and a pleasant word from her, and none disappointed, surely would it have seemed, from appearances, that the handsome gentleman, who usually sat a little aside and took by no means a leading part in the conversation, was the husband of that vivacious and charming lady. However this might please others, it was not to the taste of the doctor, who, in the fervidness of his young love, grudged everybody the slightest glance caught from the idol of his heart. Ralph felt that thinking on this subject, and eager as he was to find excuses for Lucy's behavior, called himself a jealous monster. Did he expect his wife to have no tongue nor eyes but for him? If that was the case, he should go to Turkey and shut her up in a harem. Was not Lucy, by her theatrical career, accustomed to an unembarrassed association with men, and could she break up a fixed habit within a few days? Probably the idea had never struck her that she was not acting just as he would have liked her to do. He might throw out some hints, and resolved to do so.

But notwithstanding all this reasoning, which to his head seemed conclusive, his heart would not be quieted. It obstinately asserted that his reasons to complain were as plenty as blackberries. He did throw out hints, pretty broad ones, too. But Lucy had a way of turning off the shafts of his anger with a just smile, a kiss, and a funny little *pis de vent* that was simply irresistible. Ralph felt his anger vanish like snow under the rays of an April sun, folded her in his arms, swore that he had the dearest, prettiest little wife on the globe, and promised that he would never again trouble her with his foolish jealousy.

These little occurrences became, even during the nine days of the ocean voyage, of daily occurrence, and always in the same manner. Mrs. Warringham went on as before, and Ralph spent most of his time inventing grounds on which to excuse her before himself.

To admit that she did not care as much for him as he did for her would have seemed to Ralph equal to a sentence of death. His love for her pervaded all parts of his being, and he could not even bear to think of her faithlessness as a hypothetical case. It would have been a fatal blow to his life, also, of which he possessed his full share. It would have justified all the malicious criticism of the world which he had so proudly despised. And, worse than all, it would have meant that he had given the love of his admired mother for the possession of a creature that was utterly unworthy of such a sacrifice.

He consoled himself with the hope that all would change for the better as soon as they left the ship, when they would no longer be thrown into hourly contact with strangers.

The intention was to stay but a short time in England, and, after having seen the principal sights, at once proceed to the continent. Ralph had been in England before, and felt in advance, the pleasure of serving her as a courier. But here he was to have another disappointment. He soon found that Lucy felt very little interest in the things that had the greatest charm for him. At Stratford-on-Avon he could clearly perceive that inwardly she pronounced Shakespeare a bore, although to please him she declared herself "charmed" by everything he showed her. At other places of interest this experience was repeated, and Ralph was greatly shocked, when, on the boat in which they crossed over to Ostend, she admitted that of all the things she had seen in England nothing had pleased her more than the magnificent shops in Regent street and the afternoon parade of "society" in Rotten Row.

The fact was, that Lucy's education was of a very limited nature, and the natural endowments of her mind not of a very high order. Everybody knows that the gift of memory is but remotely allied to the higher talents, and it is a common experience that even great actors are seldom, if ever, men of extraordinary general intelligence.

After spending some time in the as-

cent cities of the Netherlands and Belgium, the doctor and his wife at Bonn took a steamer for a trip up the Rhine.

Perhaps no other journey can be made so thoroughly enjoyable as one on that river. Having been one of the chief attractions to tourists ever since the modern great traveling mania began, the Rhine and the adjacent country have brought all appliances for the accommodation of tourists to that perfection which is born of experience. It must be confessed that the same experience has developed in the inhabitants of those regions an extraordinary talent for luring the flingling coin out of the traveler's pocket into their own. But that is a small grievance, after all. Other rivers may have grander or fairer banks, be richer even in historical reminiscences and poetic associations, and see a sweeter grape ripen on their sunlit slopes, but none can boast of such a combination of all that makes a journey interesting, profitable and entertaining as the favorite stream of the Germans. To sit on the deck of one of those magnificent steamers, with the heat of a summer day tempered by the refreshing exhalations of the water, surrounded by people of every civilized nation on earth, to sip the golden wine of the country and to watch the ever varying shapes of the hills on both sides, now bold and craggy, now softly sloping, the ruined castles of feudal lords overlooking every bend of the stream, the vineyards covering the lower portions of the hills, and towns and villages hidden picturesquely in the smaller valleys and glens, is to experience one of the greatest pleasures which convince us that life is indeed worth living. A thousand facts and legends are recalled to your mind as you pass by the places that are souvenirs of the Nibelungen, and Attila, and Charlemagne, the Hohenstaufen, and Luther, and Napoleon, and who knows how many more of the great names of the past. You are under the influence of by-gone time, yet the present life around you is so vigorous and beautiful that, instead of being plunged into melancholy musings, your enjoyment of the realities surrounding you is merely given a faint but sweet flavor of elegy by those shadowy associations. The very inhabitants of these countries are different from other Germans, from all other mortals. They seem to carry life's burden with a lighter heart, the blood seems to course a quicker and healthier in their veins than in those of other people. In all Central and Southern Germany people are fond of music, but nowhere on earth do you hear more singing or other musical utterance than along the Rhine. This music is purely spontaneous, not meant for the ears of others or to gain applause, but simply the manifestation of pleasure felt by the musician, like the songs of the birds. Lightheartedness and joyfulness are epidemic on the Rhine, and no tourist can escape the infection. Nowhere on earth does one hear more merry laughter or see more happy faces than aboard a Rhine steamer.

Dr. Warringham and his wife felt the influence of this atmosphere of joy, as they stood at the stern of the boat and let their eyes greedily drink in the beauty of the surroundings. Lucy, indeed, knew nothing about historical associations, and cared less. But she had her full share of capacity for enjoying the present. Ralph had ceased to bore her with explanations, since he had discovered her lack of comprehension and interest.

He had no reason now to complain of neglect on the part of his wife, as he had during their passage over the Atlantic. She could not speak German, and for once, as an exception to the rule, there were but few English-speaking people on board. As a rule, the English are very conspicuous on these boats, and every one of them who utters a word of his native language is at once set down by the good Rhinelanders as a "British milord," with the accent invariably on the first syllable. No distinction is made between the subjects of the Queen and the Americans, so Ralph found himself promoted to the position of a British nobleman by waiters and cab-drivers. But he had to pay dearly for the honor, for a "milord" must of course be immensely rich and able to stand a generous drain upon his pocket.

Since their arrival on the continent Ralph no longer felt the pangs of jealousy, and there was but one thing left to disturb his perfect contentment—his relations to his mother. From day to day he expected to receive an answer to the letter he had sent her immediately on his arrival in Europe. His surprise was very painful when, instead of the hoped-for conciliatory answer, his own letter was returned unopened! All hope of reconciliation, for the present at least, was accordingly vain, and a letter from Hattie to her mother was the only conclusion to which he had not written at all, for he could not forget the incidents of that ominous supper party.

But notwithstanding he was now certain that for some time at least he could not expect to see his purse replenished out of his mother's income, Ralph still neglected to open Lucy's eyes in regard to their financial affairs, although, from the generous expenses in which his wife indulged and which he tacitly countenanced, it was evident that she believed him to be very wealthy.

His cousin's letter was a great consolation to him. It proved that at least one member of his family still regarded him with the same sentiments as before his marriage. Not for a moment did he dream of what character and how deep and true the sentiments were that Hattie Beckford entertained for him.

When they reached the city and fortress of Coblenz, where they remained a day, Dr. Warringham and his wife had an unexpected surprise. They were just returning to the steamer, on which they were to proceed on their journey, when they were saluted by a gentleman whom they recognized as their friend, Count von Hohenfels, the German Secretary of Legation at Washington, who proved to be on furlough in his native country.

"How glad and surprised I am to meet you here, Mrs. Warringham," the Count declared. "I hope you are going up to Bingen, Beckford? Excellent! Then we can make the trip together."

There was nothing left for Ralph to do but to express his extreme gratification with such an arrangement, although he inwardly wished the young diplomat, whom otherwise he liked well enough, two thousand miles away on the other side of the Atlantic. Worse was in store for him. Count Hohenfels proved to be accompanied by a friend, a lieutenant in the German army, who was introduced to the Americans as Baron von Treibers. This gentleman could not speak a word of English, while on the other hand Mrs. Warringham's knowledge of German was of the most limited extent. Ralph spoke German perfectly, and so it was but natural that the Count took it upon himself to entertain the

charming ex-actress, while her husband had to be contented with the company of the young soldier, who proved to be a conceited coxcomb of little knowledge and less intellect.

The most interesting portion of the beautiful river is that from Coblenz to Bingen, which they were now traversing. Kaub, St. Goar, the rock haunted by the beautiful Lorelei, and a hundred other spots known to legend and history they passed, but Ralph's enjoyment of these sights was half spoiled by the necessity of listening to the shallow conversation of his military companion, whose mental horizon did not comprise more than his profession, horses, and wine, and who bored him with the most ridiculous questions concerning America.

Mrs. Warringham, on the contrary, seemed to enjoy the trip more in the company of the Count than she ever had in that of her husband alone. She kept up an incessant chatter and laughter, and was evidently in the best of spirits. Ralph's sensitive jealousy was soon awakened, and he remembered with annoyance that Hohenfels had known his wife before he himself had ever seen her. Yet he was conscious that there was so little reasonable ground for his suspicion, if his vague chagrin could be termed a suspicion, that it would be perfectly ridiculous to have a scene with Lucy on account of her behavior, or to quarrel with the Count. So they traveled on, Mrs. Warringham merrily with the diplomat, the doctor bored almost to death by that duncel of a cavalry officer, who, to crown all, showed himself far fonder of Rudelsheim and Niersteln than his constitution warranted.

When they reached Bingen, it fell naturally to the part of the Count, who was acquainted with the country, to propose arrangements for the following day. His suggestion an excursion up the Siederswald Mountain, on the summit of which stands the colossal statue of Germania, was agreed upon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

—Our railroad system dates from 1827.

Australia makes horseshoes of cow-hides.

Wife selling is still common in central Russia.

Of every 1,000 sailors 84 have rheumatism every year.

London restaurants have 950,000 dinners and lunches daily.

The raven has been known to live for 166 years and the swan for 115.

Harry Hines, aged thirteen, of Springfield, Ill., has a beard three inches long.

The treacherous Missouri has shifted again, leaving Jefferson city without a steamboat landing.

There is a town in Montana called Three Holes, and its town marshal is named The Mole.

John Wors married Mary Good in Southampton, England, and her friends said it was a bad match.

The money value of the articles found in five years in London cabs and returned to the owners is \$400,000.

When the Sultan of Turkey celebrates his birthday he releases a number of prisoners confined for petty offenses.

The parish of St. Marylebone, London, has as many as 3000 buildings, officially described as factories and workshops.

The first college paper was published at Dartmouth in the year 1800, with Daniel Webster as editor. It was called the Gazette.

Eating contests are a feature of the religion of the South Sea Islanders. They hoop themselves like barrels to keep from bursting.

A down-town clothing house employs a man to weave cravat silk in one of its big windows, and the made-up articles are arranged about him in festoons.

According to Federal law, each state is entitled to a duplicate of the brass Troy pound measure, which is in the possession of the United States Government.

"Sheep's ears a la Westphalian" are the standard specialty of a little German cafe in New York. They are served three times a week, and always draw a certain set of customers who delight in them.

The handle in an English workhouse was much offended when one of the inmates said he was so desperately hungry that he was obliged every day to think of his dear, dead grandmother so he could swallow the lump in his throat. They put the ungrateful wretch on a penny worth of bread a day for a week to teach him better manners.

Canada's Mineral Wealth.

A summary of the value of the mineral production of Canada for 1900, just issued, shows it to have been \$19,250,000, or \$250,000 less than that of 1899. Nickel heads the list of metallic products, the output having been 3,999,882 tons, valued at \$9,976,331. The value of gold was \$27,144; copper, \$275,864; silver, \$231,425. Three million seven hundred tons of coal were mined, valued at \$6,422,200. The quantity of iron ore mined is placed at 124,702 tons, valued at \$208,018. Of this quantity 124,000 tons were converted into pig iron, producing 59,947 tons, valued at the furnaces at \$730,260. The production of petroleum is placed at 799,404 barrels, valued at \$214,334.

Engagement of Fifty-two Years.

Andrew Waggoner, aged seventy-eight years, and Miss Hannah Wedge, aged seventy-two years, were married, recently, at Bath, N. Y. Their engagement dates back fifty-two years.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No peace will do for a human soul which can ever be broken.

The way of the world is, to make laws, and follow customs.—Montaigne

We never are, but are forever only becoming that which it is impossible to be.—Caird.

The one thing a man doesn't like to do is often just the thing which stands most in his way.—White.

The avarice of the miser is the grand sepulcher of all his other passions as they successively decay. Colton.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

Excess of grief for the dead is madness, for it is an injury to the living and the dead know it not.—Xenophon.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowded with fruition.—Goldsmith.

Life, I repeat, is energy of love, divine or human, exercised in pain, in strife and tribulation.—Wordsworth.

The wise prove and the foolish confess by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth living.—Paley.

He who tells a lie is not sensible of how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.—Pope.

Most controversies would be ended if those engaged in them would first accurately define their terms and then adhere to their definitions.—Tryon Edwards.

The bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—Colton.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like a watchman.—Chesterfield.

### Big Game in Norway.

During the last few years elk have spread to many districts in Norway where they were not previously found, more especially to the Jarlsberg, Laurvig, and Bratsberg districts. The different manner in which elk hunting is now conducted has, no doubt, something to do with this, in addition to which the animals have had several good years. The number killed in Norway each year increases steadily; 802 were killed in 1889, 1,142 in 1890, 1,051 in 1891, and 1,295 in 1892. The numbers would have been considerably larger but for extensive poaching in the close time.

In the Nordenfjeld country last season about forty foreign sportsmen took shootings; of these twenty-eight (Germans) were most successful, having killed an aggregate of seventy-one elk, one bear, one lynx, and one wolf. The owners of the land get the venison, the sportsmen only receiving heads and antlers. Sport with stag and reindeer was only poor last autumn, on account of the heavy rains during September. Hares appear to have increased in some places, but disease and beasts of prey tend to keep down their number. Wolves are increasing in the Nordenfjeld country, and in several places the rifle associations have clubbed together to hunt when they become troublesome and attack horses and cows. In the Tydale they have been seen in flocks of eight and twenty. Also in adjoining parts of Sweden, in Jemtland, the wolves are increasing, and have been seen in packs of eight to eleven. The various kinds of winged game, on the whole, did well last year. At Sladels a party of foreign sportsmen shot, last year, 4,000 ptarmigan. According to the official statistics there were, in 1892, killed in Norway 63 bears, 72 wolves, 69 lynx, 10,758 foxes, 828 eagles, and 8,934 hawks.—[London Land and Water.

### Our Original Troy Pound.

In 1828, when Adams was President of the United States, Congress authorized or appointed a commission "to bring to this country a troy pound adjusted to the British standard." When the commission returned the President received the package and broke the seal in the presence of the distinguished men of America. This original weight standard is now in the mint at Philadelphia, and is not regarded as being of ideal accuracy by any means. It is made of a very poor quality of brass, is rough in texture and hollow. According to a law now in force, each state is entitled to a copy or duplicate of this standard.—[St. Louis Republic.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

#### MACARONI CROQUETTES.

For lunch a cupful of the macaroni left from yesterday's dinner may be made into delicious croquettes, but they should be prepared the day before. Put over the fire half a pint of milk, and when boiling hot, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, two of grated cheese and two of flour mixed with cold milk. This will be sufficient for two pint bowlsful of cold minced macaroni. Stir the macaroni in the sauce, season to taste, add the yolks of two eggs, cook for a minute and turn out on a plate to cool. When cold, shape and fry the same as rich croquettes.—New York Recorder.

#### MASHED POTATOES.

First of all, do not buy Burbank potatoes—horrid watery things. Get nice, mealy rose potatoes, peel them and boil with a little salt in the water till done, then pour off the water and drain them till quite dry, then mash very fine with a wooden potato masher. After they are mashed add a generous lump of butter and a little rich milk or cream, and beat with a large fork till the potatoes are as white as snow. Then put them in a vegetable dish, smooth them over the top, put two or three little flecks of butter here and there over them, a little pinch of black pepper here and there and serve hot. Do not cover these potatoes with anything but a light napkin, as it makes them watery to cover them. This is the way our grandmothers prepared mashed potatoes, and this way can't be beaten.—New York Advertiser.

#### YOU WILL LIKE THIS DESSERT.

Put the yolks of five fresh eggs in a bowl, add to them five heaping tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, take an egg beater and grate in a quarter of a good sized nutmeg and stir it well into the mixture, add one quart of cream, and with the egg beater whip it into a foam with the other ingredients. Pour this mixture into small china cups, stand them in a shallow pan of cold water, stand the pan on the range, and when the water has boiled gently for ten minutes take the cups out and stand them where they will get ice cold, but will not freeze. Just before serving them sprinkle over the top of each cup a thick layer of macaroons.

This dessert is easily made and is dainty and delicious. If one does not like the flavor of nutmeg vanilla may be used instead.—New York Times.

#### TOOTHACHE FRENCH DISHES.

Here are two receipts for dainty French favorites that may be served either at dinner or at luncheon; Cut bread in a circular shape about the size of a silver dollar. Fry it a golden brown in butter or in lard. Then put a very thin pat of butter no larger than a quarter dollar and scarcely half the thickness on the crouton and sprinkle it with pounded anchovy mixed with a little butter. Place this in the centre of the pat and trim with the white of hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine and set around the olive. The second savory is almost mounted on a crouton of fried bread, and consists of anchovies and sardines—the same quantity of each—chopped and pounded with a little butter, the paste then being spread upon the crouton. The yolks of hard-boiled eggs (as many eggs as anchovies) are pounded with a little chopped parsley and made into small balls. These are placed in the center of the paste. The whites of the eggs are then chopped and surround the yolks, and the edge of the crouton is sprinkled with chopped parsley.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron rust.

Keep an old blanket and sheet on purpose for ironing.

Clothes carefully folded and sprinkled are half ironed.

After washing the hands rub vaseline gently on. It softens the skin.

Sea salt should be used with the bath. It is restful and invigorating.

Brushes and combs should be washed with tepid water and ammonia.

A little salt sprinkled in starch while it is boiling will prevent it from sticking.

For narrow windows in small apartments muslin curtains, figured and ruffled, look well.

When milk is used in tumblers wash them first in cold water, afterward rinse in hot water.

In setting the table the blades of the knives should be turned from the plate; the bowls of the spoons and tines of forks should be turned up.



Take very cold weather to kill wheat. The plant is hardly thriving when the temperature is the freezing point.

Maps of "Greater New York" are now being extensively peddled about Brooklyn by the agents of a large New York publishing firm.



Stand Beach, Pa.

## After the Grip

Broken Down by Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Headache Spells  
"I feel it my duty to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my wife. She had the grip, and after the fever was over she was not able to do her housework, had dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and headache, spells of dizziness, and hot flashes. I saw in a paper what wonderful cures were made by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After my wife had used one bottle she realized she was much better. She is now taking the fourth bottle and has improved in health so much that she does her own housework. I am so thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for her that I would not be without it in the house." S. R. MILLER, P. M., Stand Beach, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

she does her own housework. I am so thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for her that I would not be without it in the house." S. R. MILLER, P. M., Stand Beach, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure liver bile, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES  
equal custom work, costing from \$4 to \$6, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitutes. See local papers for full description of our complete line for ladies and gentlemen. Orders or send for illustrated Catalogue how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

HALMS and Rheumatism Chewing Gum  
See how these chewing gums cure the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Catarrh and Asthma. Useful in Stomach and Fever, Chills, the Teeth and Promotes the Appetite. Sweetens the Breath, Cures the Tobacco Habit, Relieves the Headache and Cures the Stomach. Sold by the Retail Dealer, or sent for \$1.00 per box, 10 boxes \$9.00. Send for full particulars. S. R. MILLER, P. M., Stand Beach, Pa.

RAISE CHICKENS FOR A PROFIT.

How it can be done cheaply and satisfactorily, as well as profitably, explained in our poultry book. Price, 25 cents. Stamps received.

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124 Leonard St., New York.

DROPSY  
Treated free. Puffy eyes, swollen feet, dropsy, etc., cured by this medicine. It is the only medicine that cures dropsy without the use of mercury. It is the only medicine that cures dropsy without the use of mercury. It is the only medicine that cures dropsy without the use of mercury.

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LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES.

HIGH GRADE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, LIGHTEST WEIGHTS.

We state our business reputation of over fifty years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the LOVELL DIAMOND.

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WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT. BICYCLE CATALOGUE FREE.

We have a few boys' and girls' bicycles which we will sell out at a special price, \$15.75.

Send ten cents in stamps or money for our LARSEN 400 page illustrated catalogue of bicycles, guns, rifles, revolvers, shotguns, cutlery, fishing tackle and hardware of other articles.

With this catalogue any one can sit in their own home and order such things as they want. We guarantee it worth ten times the amount, ten cents being the exact cost of mailing.

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Eczema, Erysipelas, Scoury, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Etc.

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PINT BOTTLE, \$3.00.

APRIL 1900 MEDICINE CO., LTD.

240 Broadway, New York.

Three Lofly Lakes.  
The most elevated bodies of water in the world are the several lakes situated in the Himalaya regions of Tibet. Lake Manasarovar, which bears the palm for being the loftiest lake in the world, is between 19,000 and 20,000 feet above the level of the Indian Ocean. Two other Tibetan lakes, those of Chalamos and Sarakol, are stated to be 17,000 and 15,400 feet in altitude respectively.

For many years it was supposed that Lake Titicaca, South America, a body of water covering 4800 square miles, and with a maximum depth of 924 feet, was "the lake with the greatest altitude."—St. Louis Republic.

Gladstone's Wonderful Physique.

It may be of historic importance to record that about six weeks ago Mr. Gladstone was thoroughly examined by his medical adviser, who found him to be a wonderfully strong and healthy man for his age, with a vigorous heart, a good appetite, sound lungs, muscular limbs, and a full and deep voice. He was altogether full of vivacity and vitality. Mr. Gladstone informed his medical attendant that he slept excellently, and that in the intervals of work he still found the greatest enjoyment in his literary pursuits.—London Lancet.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

A NIGHTINGALE'S SONG can be heard at a distance of a mile.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

In 1860 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the Best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, \$1.

A Beautiful Revivifier. Special Will be sent with every bottle of Dr. Hodge's Revivifier. Ordered by mail, 25c per bottle, 50c per dozen. Address: Hodge, Buffalo, N. Y.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hale's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hale's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, etc.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from any objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

He had never been sick—never caused her a moment's uneasiness. His muscles were like steel, and he was the best scholar in his class; yet withal, a perfect little gentleman when visitors called on his mother. So she had every reason to be proud of him.

Five days ago—who was so full of life as he? And now he was dead. Diphtheria, that fearful scourge of man. No one knew where he got it.

He did not complain, but he looked so pale and weary that she kept him from school and sent for the best medical advice, and as she was warned of his danger, she only shook her head.

"He will live! He will live! God will not take him from me. He is all I have."

Night and day, she remained at his bedside. But she was not sad; she laughed and talked with him, making plans which they would carry out as soon as he was well again. They would go to the mountains, and papa should buy him a pony—a pretty, brown pony—and his face lighted up as he said softly:

"Dear, good papa."

Then she walked over to the window to let in the sunshine—he was so fond of sunshine.

"Is that all right, darling?" she asked, turning to him with a smile. But he did not reply.

"Dear, good papa!" Those had been his last words, and with a smile on his lips, he died. She could not believe it at first. She shook him—pressed her warm lips again and again to his lifeless ones, crying "My boy! my boy!"

Love's Little Day.  
Lo! 'tis the golden morn,  
And on the air are borne  
Song of the wood bird and drone of bee.  
Arise! oh love of mine,  
Improve the morning shine.  
Sweet! there's but one today for you and me.  
Shadows of afternoon  
Fall on our path too soon,  
Deepening until they reach the evening gray.  
From farther shores of night  
May rise to-morrow bright,  
But, Love, for us, there is but one to-day.  
Graves of dead yesterday,  
Lie along the ways  
By which we came to stand together thus.  
We look in vain to see  
Where the to-morrows be.  
Dear heart! there is but just to-day for us.  
—Louise Phillips, in Harper's Bazar.

## HER BOY.

BY MARGUERITE H. MITCHELL.

Her boy was dead! She could hardly realize that he—her only child—barely fifteen—had really been taken from her. She did not weep. She could not think. All sensation was merged in the one feeling of boundless sorrow and chaos, as well as the cessation of all warmth, light and life.

She still sat by the bedside—as she had for hours—staring straight before her with eyes that saw nothing—as motionless as the white marble-like figure that lay "with meek hands folded on pulseless breast," amid the pillows.

He had been her image, her idol, her all. She lost two of her children in her infancy, within a week of each other, and in consequence complete despair took possession of her, and the physicians feared for her reason.

Then he came, and from the moment of his birth, she lived again—for him. No strange hands were allowed to touch the child. She nursed him, washed and dressed him herself. His cradle stood by her bedside. While he slept in the daytime, she sat by him, "brooding the neat little coat," sewing and listening anxiously to his deep breathing. Nothing was too good, nothing was too expensive for him, and the coziest rooms in the house were arranged for him.

She had been a society belle, but gave up all thoughts of pleasure lest something should happen to her darling in her absence. Holding her fingers in his tiny hand, he learned to walk. She romped with him, crawled on the floor with him, let him soil her elegant dresses and rumple her hair. She no longer cared for her beauty or fine toilettes. She was a mother, and in that word was comprised all her happiness.

He was a bright, intelligent child, anxious to examine into and know everything. She was indefatigable in answering his questions, and inventing games and stories to amuse him. On him she bestowed all the treasures of her rich mind. He should be clever, handsome, better than any one else. Then she began to plan his future. He should be rich and famous. For his sake she was ambitious, almost avaricious. She economized, and continually urged her husband to new efforts to make more money, so that her boy, her darling should not have to work too hard.

He had never been sick—never caused her a moment's uneasiness. His muscles were like steel, and he was the best scholar in his class; yet withal, a perfect little gentleman when visitors called on his mother. So she had every reason to be proud of him.

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"Is that all right, darling?" she asked, turning to him with a smile. But he did not reply.

"Dear, good papa!" Those had been his last words, and with a smile on his lips, he died. She could not believe it at first. She shook him—pressed her warm lips again and again to his lifeless ones, crying "My boy! my boy!"

But he did not hear. He was dead—dead.

After that she sat motionless. She did not know or care if it was day or night. The door opened softly, and a tall, thin man, with haggard face and tired eyes, entered.

"Won't you lie down, Margaret?" "No," she replied harshly. "I will stay here. I cannot sleep."

Her husband approached the bed, and bent over the still, waxen form, as though to kiss it.

"Don't touch him!" she cried wildly. "Don't touch him?" "My poor wife," said the man gently, looking mildly at her. Then he went out as softly as he had entered.

She remained alone with her dead boy. Outside, she heard her husband's footsteps, passing to and fro; occasionally came a sound in that monotonous walk and a sound like a sob. Then all was still again.

He was much older than herself, a stern, quiet man, whose literary profession occupied most of his time. She married him at her parent's wish, and the union had been an unhappy one. She was alone a great deal, it is true, but then the baby came, and with it, happiness.

As to her husband, she saw him only at dinner, which meal he often took alone, when she was busy with her boy. Then he retired to his study and work. He had a small cold room at the rear of the house. By suggestion of the doctor he had given up his former one to the boy, as it was the sunniest and most healthful one in the house. As he was unpretentious and frugal, they were able to lay by a snug sum every year for the boy.

Then she would rejoice and praise her husband. They never spoke of anything but their boy—her boy. She was accustomed to think of him as hers only. At night she would tell her husband what "her boy" had done during the day. In the morning, as he left the house early, she was never up. She slept with "the boy," and did not wish to disturb him.

Her husband frequently came into the nursery, to the great delight of the baby, who loved to be tossed high in the air, and to entangle his fingers in the long gray beard. And as she could not participate in this game she would be jealous of the preference shown him.

"Come, baby, come to mamma," she would say, impatiently; but he clamored for his father.

"He stay with papa; me ride horse on papa back."

This stabbed her to the heart. For the first time she spoke unkindly to her boy. The father put him down, saying gently: "Go, Baby—go to mamma."

From that time he did not go to the nursery, and she rejoiced. He had his books, his colleagues; whilst she had only her boy. She blamed herself for her jealousy, but it was stronger than herself.

As he went to school and advanced in his studies, she became an ardent student, that she might help him—that he might not have to go to his father for aid.

In the summer time she went to the country with her boy, while her husband remained at home. Once during the absence of his wife he was ill, but did not write to tell her so. Why should he disturb her pleasure? She naturally reproached him on her return, but soon forgot the subject, as she spoke of the pleasure and health of the child, and then he rejoiced with her.

"How much he resembles you," he observed. "His dark hair is all that he inherits from my side of the family."

She acknowledged this with an impatient frown, regretting that he was not blond. She wanted him to be hers in every respect. And now—his last words stabbed her to the heart: "Dear, good papa!" It seemed to her as though had he but called on her, she could have borne this great sorrow better. "Dear, good papa!" Those were his last words.

Why did they affect her so powerfully and draw her thoughts from the dead to the living—to the poor old man who sorrowed for his child, in solitude?

"Don't touch him! He is mine!" The grief for his death is mine!" she had said.

The intense egotism of her maternal love was suddenly revealed to her, and she shuddered.

How peaceful the child looked. When the candle flickered and threw weird shadows across his face, it seemed as though he were smiling. The delicately moulded lips appeared to deliver a message to her—one that she understood, and, bending over him she murmured: "Yes, you are right, he is your good papa, and I will bring him to you, my darling."

Her husband was sitting in his old arm-chair, his face buried in his hands. The furniture in the room was covered with dust that had stayed there apparently for weeks, as no one troubled themselves about him in the house.

"Francis," she whispered gently, after standing before him some time without attracting his attention. He looked up after making a rapid but futile attempt to conceal his tears.

"Can I do anything—get anything for you, dear?"

He thought at once of her—always of her. A wave of infinite compassion and remorse swept over her soul, and she held out her arms to him. At first he was incredulous; then, as he saw the expression of her eyes, he took her into his arms and pressed her tightly to his breast.

"My wife! My poor, dear wife!" Then lying in these faithful arms, her tears flowed at last. She wept long and bitterly.

"Now I have only you to love, Francis. Do you really love me still?"

He did not reply, but pressed her closer to him. She read the reply in his eyes, and, taking his hand, whispered gently:

"Come, dearest, let us go to our boy."—(Home and Country.)

Senatorial Jokers.

Senator Gorman is a great joker, and very fond of having his joking take a practical turn. He had the tables turned on him, however, at Saratoga, where he was resting and drinking spring water with Senator Smith of New Jersey during one of the summer months. He had been playing his pranks on Smith, and the Jerseyman determined to get even with him.

It seems that some time before the newspapers told how Senator Gorman, while in Saratoga, went out every morning to play ball with his son. The Maryland Senator was in the habit of playing ball in the evening, but as a number of people thought that he deserved a great deal of credit for being an early riser, he did not make any correction of the report, and seemed to be very glad to have it supposed that he got up with the sun.

Senator Smith ascertained that Gorman was a late sleeper, and one night proposed that he should join him in the game of ball the next morning at five o'clock.

"All right," said Senator Gorman, who did not care to give himself away. "As soon as you send for me I will come over to the hotel office and join you. We will then go and have a game."

Instead of getting up himself the next morning and sending for his Maryland colleague, Senator Smith left a note with the night clerk of the hotel, with instructions that he should send it over to Senator Gorman's room at five o'clock.

The note was delivered to the senator, and he made his appearance in the hotel office dressed ready for his game of ball, while the New Jersey senator was taking a deep morning nap.—[New York Press.]

A Costly Timekeeper.

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about one hundred years ago and sent by the president of the East India Company as a gift of the Emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and sat with her right hand resting on a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle. A part of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger. Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. This bell was fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal, and, although it appeared to have no connection with the clock, regularly struck the hours, and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was the golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds, apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately decorated with precious stones.—[St. Louis Republic.]

His Thoughts.

Auntie.—A penny for your thoughts.

Little Nephew.—I was thinking that if I kept real quiet, and pretended to be thinking, you'd wonder what I was thinking about, and my just what you did. Gimme the penny.—Street & Smith's Good News.

The Rhode Island Penitentiary has 124 convicts and is run at an annual loss of \$20,000.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.  
THE SONG TO MATILDA JANE.  
Matilda Jane, you never look  
At any toy or picture book;  
I show you pretty things in vain—  
You must be blind, Matilda Jane!  
I ask you riddles, tell you tales,  
But all our conversation fails;  
You never answer me again—  
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane!  
Matilda, darling, when I call,  
You never seem to hear at all;  
I shout with all my might and main—  
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!  
Matilda Jane, you needn't mind;  
For, though you're deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
There's some one loves you, it is plain—  
And that is me, Matilda Jane!  
—New Orleans Picayune.

THE DOG IN CHURCH.

Mr. Vaux relates one instance of a pew being set aside in Northrop Church, Lincolnshire, for the accommodation of the most popular domestic pets, and known until sixty years ago as "The Hall-dog pew." A more amusing story of dog attendance at church came under Mr. Vaux's own notice about twelve years ago in a chapel near Connemara. "The chapel was of the most primitive kind, and the floor was but of beaten clay. When I entered, the altar rails were closely packed with worshippers. There was only one pew, which belonged to the quality, i. e., the landlord and his family. I preferred to kneel alongside my attendant 'ghillie' (to use a Scotch term), who was there. There were a dozen dogs, at least, in the chapel, several of them sitting behind their masters, who were kneeling at the altar rail. One of these sheep-dogs amused me greatly. He sat most quietly through the earlier portion of the mass. As soon as the creed had been recited, and the celebrant turned round to deliver the sermon, the dog looked up, as much as to say, 'Oh, sermon time! all right,' and having, dog fashion, walked round three times, curled himself up for a comfortable sleep. The sermon, which did not last more than ten minutes, being over, the dog woke up and sat on his tail behind his shepherd master until the service ended. There was something so deliciously human about this that I have never forgotten it.—Good Words.

A BEDTIME STORY.

The Prince of the Chimpanzees had lost his tail! His mamma, I grieve to say, had bitten it off in a fit of ill temper, and now, though she was very sorry indeed, she could find no way of fastening it on again.

Mucilage had been tried, and Spaulding's glue, and even sealing wax, though that, being hot, made the prince scream with pain, but all in vain, for the tail would not stay on.

What was to be done? The prince sat and wept all day, and would not be comforted; and the queen was really afraid that he would die.

At last one day a famous doctor came from the land of the Baboons. He looked at the tail, and said it was a bad case—that it could not be mended, but that if the prince wished it he could make a new one grow in its place.

"Wish it?" cried the prince. "Of course I wish it." "Very well," said the doctor, "how long will you have it?"

"Half a mile," exclaimed the prince, enchanted.

"Half a mile it be," replied the other.

He then rubbed some magic salve on the stump of the tail, sneezed forty-three times, and finally put the prince to bed with a mustard plaster on the end of his tail.

Next morning when the prince awoke he found, to his delight, that his tail had grown again. What was more, it was still growing, and went winding and curling itself on and on, as if it were a live creature.

"Stop," cried the prince, "you're long enough. Doctor, come and stop it!" but the strange doctor was gone. But the tail had no idea of stopping before it was half a mile long, so on it went, round and round, until at length the unhappy prince became completely lost in it, and he has never, I have been told, been able to find his way out since.—[New York Recorder.]

London Farms.

London is not wholly a city of houses. Official agricultural returns show that over fourteen thousand acres are under cultivation, 812 acres in wheat and 2,480 acres under green crops. Practically within sound of Bow Bells there are 7,000 cattle, 5,000 sheep and nearly as many hogs kept on farms.—[New York World.]

Russian authorities of many places discourage the capture of nightingales by confiscating the catch of the dealers and releasing the little songsters.