"Let bygones be bygones;" for why Should thoughts that gender strife Be nourish'd in our bosoms— That but embitter life, And fill this world, that else were fair, With scenes of sorrow, strife and care

Forgive; for why should we withhold The blessing that we need,
Or let an erring brother
In vain for mercy plead?
Oh! cold must be the hearts, and rare,

That could reject thy suppliant prayer

Forgive; let old affections
Be stirr'd within the heart,
Producing kindly feelings
That light and warmth impart,
And make our onward course less sad,
By making home firesides more glad.

Forgive: for time's swift pinions Are bearing us along, And few may be be our moments To do or suffer wrong.

Then let us, while the power is given,
Forgive as we would be forgiven.

— Selected.

OUR ROBIN.

CHAPTER VI. After breakfast on the following morning Harry unexpectedly puts in an appearance, and my considerate friend Robin trips off in the direction of the Lovers' Walk, with a novel tucked under her arm, and Nell career-

ing at her heels. Harry makes a somewhat lengthy visit, during which I give him a singing lesson. His vocal powers are great as regards sound, there certainly is no want of volume in his deep. hearty voice; but air and time are quite minor considerations, so that certain passages have to be taken over course for the visit being a protracted some dreadful apparition.

It is nearly one o'clock before I find ig that she disappeared in the direction of the Lovers' Walk, and provided bith a book, I have not much difficulty In guessing her destination. She has, strangely enough to my fancy, become enamoured of that dilapidated arbor which we visited on the morning after her arrival, and there she often repairs when left to the indulgence of her own sweet will.

I discover her seated on the short the summer-house, and shaded by a here and hide; then we shall see what out the half hour. broken-down clematis laden with its comes of it." starry white bloom. Her book lies unheeded on the ground beside her, while, with her hands crossed firmly behind her back, she stares up at the swaying sprays above her, and the deep blue sky beyond.

"Are you fly-catching?" I ask with some interest-her mouth certainly is a little open.

"Only trying to fly-catch," answers Robin, laughing; and then she opens her mouth wider to verify her state-

Unable to resist the temptation, I shake the over-hanging clematis with a vigorous hand, and the next moment | shiver. Robin struggles to her feet with a choking, laughing cough.

"You mean thing!" she says, with a look of unmitigated reproach, as she removes the last white petal from her lips. "Here have I been, so to say, offering myself upon the shrine of friendship for the last three hours, and in return you come and choke me with clematis. But I'll have my revenge; when Harry next comes I'll stick to vou like a bur."

"All right," I answer complacently: --you will have an opportunity thi evening-he is coming to dinner."

"What, again?" "Yes, again!" I answer, with a sigh, as I remember how few more evenings he will be able to come before his departure.

'Sigh no more, ladies-sigh no more; Men were deceivers ever! One foot on the sea and one—'"

quotes Robin, but I interrupt her im patiently.

"Don't, Robin; it is very unkindwhen he is going away too! "Ah, when he is gone, you will be

just as forlorn as I am," muses Robin sympathetically. "Much-much more so," I declare

pathetically; and then I continue, with you, Robin, have never loved." "Tis better to have loved and lost,

than never to have loved at all," quotes "Rubbish!" I exclaim, with a shrug

of my shoulders; and then I sink down upon the ground, feeling a little out of sorts with the world in general and Robin in particular. "Snubbed on all sides," confides

Robin dolefully to the elements. "I had better retire into my shell, like a sensitive snail;" and, so saying, she disappears behind the trailing creepers which more than half conceal the entrance to the arbor. For some moments there is silence,

save for the hum of insect life above and around me and the never wearying rustle of the gentle summer breeze amidst the restless leaves.

Presently, however, there is heard a little exclamation as of surprise from the arbor; and shortly after Robin emerges from her retreat, holding a narrow strip of writing in her hand.

"See," she says, handing me the paper, with a puzzled look-"I found this carefully tucked away in the woodwork of the summer-house-what does it mean?

I take the narrow slip carelessly; but, as my eyes light on the few words traced thereon, I know that I grow pale to my finger tips.

"What does it mean?" questions Robin again; she has sunk upon her knees, the better to bring herself on a level with my face.

"I cannot understand," I say falteringly, "Robin, do you think this could have been written years ago?"

Robin had edged round beside me; at the question she takes the paper and scans it critically.

"No." she answers, as she returns it; "it is freshly written; see, the ink has gone well. Aunt Louisa chanced has not turned fully black." "Then," I say, dropping the scrap

of paper on my knee, with a look of orror-"what are we to think? Robh, as sure as I sit here, that is the landwriting of the dead. Instead of looking alarmed at my

statement, Robin merely objects prac-"I don't think the dead would use "blue-black' writing ink."

"It is Lucy's handwriting," I say. staring blankly at the paper on my

Robin stares at me for some moments; then, instead of making any

"Again at midnight meet me-see me, speak to me, but do not touch. To touch is profanation. Last night I hovered round, but the air held me in iron bonds; I could neither materialize nor communicate."

"Materialize nor communicate!" repeats Robin, shaking her head. "What does it mean? I never read such rubbish in my life.'

"Hush!" I say, feeling a strange thumping about the region of my heart. "It is a message from Lucy to Jack. Oh, Robin, this accounts for everything! She has been appearing to him: and I shudder.

"Don't talk such nonsense, if you please," answers Robin, and for almost the first time in my experience she looks really angry. "Do you mean to say that you actually believe in

"Ghosts!" I say scornfully, and refuting the old-fashioned accusation. "No, of course I don't believe in ghosts; but I do think some spirits have power accorded them to revisit the earth.

"So they can be seen?" "Yes, so they can be seen." "Then you make a distinction where there exists no difference; and, no matter how you may disguise your superstition, you really believe in ghosts as thoroughly as the most ignorant coun-

"Hush, hush!" I say, gazing round with some vague idea that her outspoken disbelief will bring down upon and over again, which fact accounts of our heads retribution in the shape of

try bumpkin."

"But I won't hush!" declares Rebin stoutly. "I am convinced that some myself at liberty to seek Robin. Know- trick is being played upon your brother. Ah"-with a smile of recollection-"now I remember; he passed me about an hour since, on his way round the walk. He must have come to look for the note, in which case it is not the first message of the kind he has received."

"Midnight!" I repeat thoughtfully. 'That accounts for last night's walk.' "I tell you what," said Robin decidedly. "We must replace that scrap of weedy grass which surrounds the spot, paper in the exact spot from which I

> "I couldn't do it; it would kill me to | whispers Robin, who is passing her see Lucy," I declare positively. "I handkerchief underneath the dog's colshould be frightened out of my senses." "Don't be so affected, Bee Bee," says Robin, looking at me with some contempt; "it is only some stupid hoax of which your brother is the victim. Besides, what is there to fear? If you do feel timid, we can induce Harry to

remain and join the expedition.' "Of course, if Harry came, it would be different," I accede doubtfully; not that the strongest man alive is of much use when it comes to an encounter with spirits;" and again I

"Bah! It is sure to turn out a tolerably solid spirit.' "But the handwriting, Robin! Lucy's

was not an ordinary handwriting. Look at those square tops to the let-"It is a peculiar hand," admits Robin; "but either that is a coincidence,

or some one has purposely imitated it." "No, no," I say, with a dreary shake of my head. "It is her writing-there is not a doubt about it. Besides, who would go to the trouble of playing such a stupid, paltry trick as you seem to imagine?"

"That is the thing that puzzles me," answers Robin honestly. "I certainly can't see any object; but of course there must be one. It may be simply a conspiracy to extort money."

"Believe me, Robin, we had better let the matter alone," I say, slowly shaking my head.

"Believe me, Bee Bee," mimics Robin, "we had better sift the matter thoroughly. If you refuse to accompany me to-night, it will make no difference; in that case I suppose I shall have to go alone."

"No, no!" I respond, gathering around me the small stock of courage with which nature has endowed me. a dash of unusual confidence-"For If the thing is to be done, we had better go in a body.'

So it is decided; and, after replacing the scrap of paper in its hiding-place. Robin and I retrace our steps towards the house.

At the end of the walk we come face along slowly, with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bent. So deeply is he engrossed in thought that branches a clear view of the scene bewe have to step off the path to avoid a

"A penny for your thoughts!" cries Robin lightly, as, becoming aware of our presence, he looks up with a dreamy smile.

"They are not for sale," answers Jack, in the same bantering tone; and restive. then he pursues his way with quicken-

her arm within mine, we proceed in Jack! You are going straight to look his face, ghastly pale in the strong

what is more, you will find it." She only indulges in this little piece of banter sotto voce, and when perfectly sure my brother is out of earshot.

"I wonder if he will find it?" I say vaguely. "Of course he will. It is not the

irst or second he has had." How do you know that?" "Instinct, my dear-simply instinct I am largely endowed with that useful

commodity.

CHAPTER VII.

It is five-and-twenty minutes pas eleven p. m.

Robin, Harry and I are assembled in the dim dining-room, equipped for our midnight adventure. So far all to be late for dinner and Harry particularly early, so that we had ample time for explanation and planning.

Our plot is simple in the extreme At eleven Harry takes his departure, and a few minutes later we all retire to our rooms. At twenty minutes past eleven, Robin and I creep down to the deserted dining-room and admit Harry by the window. John, having absent-ed himself from the drawing-room riety of new and elaborate patterns

I am too much dazed myself to re- about half past nine is supposed & be in the grounds. As we stand there, waiting for the half-hour to strike, notwithstanding the warm cloak in which I am wrapped, a shiver runs through me. The room looks so vast as seen by the light of one bedreply, she reads the written words room candle. Ifeel as if I were a burglar, aloud, whilst both our eyes rest on the and am in momentary expectation that our factotum Robert will open the door

> and fire upon us. Robin, on the contrary, appears to be quite in her element. Buttoned up to the throat in her fur-trimmed jacket, she looks well on the alert and ready for action.

"I wonder whether the poker would come in useful?" she meditates, bending down and fingering that article as she speaks. "Don't," I ejaculate, as she careless-

ly rattles the irons. "You will wake aunt Louisa. "We certainly ought to be armed iu some way," pursues Robin; "not that I am exactly afraid of ghosts; but I should not care for a hand-to-hand fight with one-I must take the poker, or tongs, or something to wave him

"Nonsense!" I whisper impatiently. "You mean creature!" retorts Robin. "It is all very well for you to cry 'nonsense' when you are armed with an

umbrella!" "Take the hearth-brush," suggests

"That would be ignoble," she ob-"I don't think you will need any weapons," continues Harry, laughing. "See-I am prepared for any emergency;" and he draws a small revolver rom his breast-pocket.

"Oh, don't use that, please, you might shoot John!" "Little goose!" he answers reassuringly. "If I do fire, it will probably

be in the air." At this juncture there comes a faint tap at the window-pane, and I have hard work to refrain from shricking. Surely, the ghost, offended at our levity or audacity, must be coming to look us up! Another tap and heavy breathing without, a hurried scratch-

ing, and then a faint whine. "In the nick of time; that must be Nell, dear thing! She must have known she was wanted to strengthen the party," cries Robon, quickly opening the window and admitting our old

"It is time we started," says Harry, her back propped against one side of took it, and to-night we will creep out as the dining-room clock slowly doles "Wait till I have secured Nell,

> lar to prevent her escape. "Are you ready now?" questions

Harry impatiently. He receives an answer in the affirmative, and then we noiselessly make our exit through the French window. and find ourselves in the moonlit grounds. Stealthily we creep along in the shadow of the house, and ther under cover of a belt of rhododendrons, until we reach the entrance to the Lover's Walk.

At this point, the path not being wide enough for three to walk abreast Harry and I take the lead-at our heels follows Robin, with Nell held well in hand. There is a certain weirdness and unreality about the whole proceeding. The bright moonlight only penetrates through occasional breaks in the long line of trees, so producing vivid patches of light. whereon stray shadows quiver and dance like things possessing life. A gentle rustle, scarcely to be dignified by the title of breeze, stirs the black foliage overhead, whispering from leaf

to leaf the secrets of the air. Necessarily our advance is as noiseless as possible, and complete silence falls upon us as we approach the arbor. Once I stumble over the protruiling root of a tree and a sharp exclamation escapes me; but for Harry's retaining hand, I should at that moment have turned and fled back to the house. Luck is on our side when we reach the end of the walk. The moon is obscured by clouds for a few minutes, so giving us time noiselessly to ensconce ourselves in ambush some few yards from the summer-house, to advance the price of flour when The position chosen, and which we ever wheat went up, and keep it up had decided on beforehand, commands when wheat went down. a side view of the open space in front

The moon again breaks forth, and the meadows shimmer white in her cold steady light, whilst in the gloomy background loom the trees which overshadow the fatal pond. Our place of elty to flies." concealment is behind a clump of to face with John. He is sauntering young arbutus shrubs, which provide ample cover for our persons and still afford us through their topmost

Harry stands nearest the summerhouse, and I clutch tightly at his right arm. Robin crouches on the ground, with her arm thrown over Nell's neck, so that she may softly reason with the dog should it grow

We are installed some minutes be fore the moon breaks forth from her "Ah, ah!" laughs Robin, as, slipping cloud. When at length she does emerge, it is only by a strong effort the opposite direction. "As if we did that I keep quiet; for there in the not know them well enough, Monsieur open patch of moonlight stands Jack; for that mysterious message, and, light, is turned full upon the bushes which conceal us, while his dark eyes seem literally to burn into the black-

"Lucy-Lucy!" he calls, in a low agonized voice. am here!"

In the deep silence which follows, it seems impossible that Jack should not detect the loud beating of my heart -it thumps like a sledge-hammer. I feel too that Robin has hard work to keep Nell from baying out a joyful

welcome to her master. For some minutes Jack keeps his eyes fixed upon our ambush; then he turns his head with a a deep drawn sigh, and begins slowly to walk up more at far less cost. and down the moonlit path.

"I must have been mistaken, " he murmurs aloud; "and yet I thought heard the rustle of her raiment." Up and down-up and down like some caged animal he roams. It seems tome that the restless promenade lasts for ages, and yet it cannot in reality

be more than ten minutes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jet trimmings are more popular than ever, and are worn in every va-

THE FARM.

Good Pointers for Farmers.

live. Hear it: "Keep out of debt. Take time to read and study about your work and you will accomplish

Don't have four or five worthless dogs that have to be fed enough to keep fifty fowls.

Good plowing is necessary, but it is not all. Good harrowing is quite as essential. Have a supply of hard wood lum-

er sawed and packed away to dry for future repairs. Don't take any chances on poor seed. The seed is a small item, the

crop a big one, A good way to save money is to save the means of making it-your implements, for instance.

throw it into a corner. Remove the a mortage.-C. H. Walker. irons. They can be fitted to new wood.

The farther you are from the market the greater is your need of condensing products by feeding grain and stover to animals.

By keeping the cattle off the pastmay keep them upon it two days longer in the Fall.

A handy thing to have is a box containing an assortment of bolts, nuts, rivets, nails, and a hammer, pinchers and cold-chisel.

The paint brush that proved to be a bargain was cleaned in turpentine and hung up by its handle.

Keep a few panes of window glass and a paper of tack sor some putty on hand. When the window pane is broken, don't make-shift; replace it Switzerland produces seventeen kinds of cheese for export. The

milch cattle are celebrated for uniform messes of rich milk. It costs something like \$40 a year to maintain a cow, and the profit lies in what she yields above the cost and maintenance.

The novel enterprise of raising frogs for the Boston market is about to be started at Manchester. N. H., by a New York party. The co-operative dairies of Den-

mark have adopted the system of paying their patrons for their milk according to the quantity of cream contained in it. Don't send "twenty-five cents for

unless you want a paper of needles, advices "The Michigan Farmer." A thrifty farmer says 50 cents' worth of awls, punches, linen thread

twenty-five useful household articles"

and shoemaker's wax, will save \$10 in harness repairs in 12 months. In fact, if there were not so many blockheads trying to farm, the question would not be so often asked,

"Does farming pay?" have time to read. If you read more under our personal observation, and and profit by the experience of others | we are prepared to youch for their you won't have to work so hard.

There are too many farms where

the soil is abundantly productive, and the fields and granaries filled with abundant harvests while the home is a desert. It is a common mistake to nearly

fill the churn, and then churn for two or three hours before the butter comes-when it ought to come in from 35 to 50 minutes. It has been easually observed that "Miller's Trust" might be expected

A bill has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature which prohibits the clipping of manes and tails of horses in the Summer. The Chicago

Times regards that a "positive cru-It will pay handsomely to take unusual care of the pigs, for if we mistake not hogs are going to be greater demand, and consequently better prices will prevail than has been known for many a day. Then

save the pigs.—Exchange. Good farmers are sticklers for improving their hogs, cattle, horses, poultry, etc., but will encourage their sons and daughters in marrying any kind of two-legged scrubs.-

Iowa State Register. Prepare the soil and plant the onions at the very first opportunity in the Spring. They will stand cold and do better than they will the drouth and heat in August, and the best plan is to be ready to plant at the first opportunity.

If you have a little farm and are out of debt, don't fret and work vourself and your good wife into premature graves, for the sake of making more money. You have but one life to live and it is very brief at Now this alone would not have been there was a mysterious noise, and

tention to saving and retaining the fertility of his fields than even to carrying additions of manure to them, because it will profit him far The English coarse wooled breeds, says the Cultivator, including the

various Downs, have been bred to

Every farmer should give more at-

produce twins, so that in many flocks it is not infrequent to have in the summer more lambs than the owner of the flock has of ewes. Breeds which do this are naturally strong and vigorous.

milk has double the feeding value of buttermilk; that rye and barley are of about equal value, with a slight percentage in favor of rye; and that

of rye or barley. When the cream foams in the churn and it will not make butter, it may strangest cases of mistaken idenbe, and most probably at this season is, due to too much acidity in the cream. If the milk be kept at a steady temperature of 60 or 62 degrees for two days, and the cream kept for two or three days longer at the same temperature, there should

be no difficulty in churning. friend the hog-the most profitable, the most neglected and most afflicted of all our animal servants. In the absence of a bank account he is a handy substitute. With health he comes nearer 5 per cent a month against him under the name of the trouble with his crew. Nothing was than any investment on the farm. He is the only fellow in our If the whiffletree breaks, don't employ that we can trust to tackle

Eight or ten pigs are more than a sow can raise properly if she is too thin at farrowing time, as the pigs eat enough to develop her pigs; but sible growth.

Remarking on the influence of feed upon the quality of milk, an exchange thinks that if the feed be continued while the cow is bearing a ly remarkable for butter production.

Some people seem to think if cows get water once a day it is all they need; but that is not enough, unless they are living on succulent food, as soon as his friends in that place such as roots or ensilage. Cattle are heard of his trouble they made aptheir own best judges of their need of water, and they do best when they have their option about using it. When they drink but once a day him at the dance in question.

they overload with it to their injury. A fact not to be forgotten in sheep husbandry is that while one may raise fine wool and very poor mut- through this city on the evening ton, you cannot raise good mutton without raising good wool also. All authorities agree that the best fed affair is the exact resemblance besheep that fatten and mature in the shortest time make the best and soundest wool, so that this by-pro- hardly tell one from the other. They duct from such sheep will always are both crippled exactly alike in find a ready market. If we can raise the left hand, and otherwise are permutton on the basis of making the fect doubles. meat pay the cost, we shall have the wool for clear profit.

A Couple of Campaign Stories.

Ever and anon we see in the daily papers reports of marvelous voyages made in the human system by needles, pennies and other bric-a-brac, introduced therein either by accident or design. As a general thing we are loth to give credence to these yarns, which too frequently seem invented by ingenious writers of fiction for the delectation of the marines. But Don't work so hard that you won't | the following incidents have come

authenticity: Xerxes Smith, an aged colored man of Shotgun County, Texas, when a boy ran a needle into his hind foot. The accident caused him no serious annovance and was forgotten. A few days ago Xerxes felt a sharp pain in his left wrist, and when an incision was made much to his astonishment a paper of needles worked its way to the surface. The needles were two dozen in number and they were neatly done up and labeled Mr. Smith will exhibit the paper of

Little Willie Perkins, son of the Postmaster at Perkinsville, Neb. swollowed a dollar just two years ago, and recently he extracted from his left ear a dollar and twelve cents, the twelve cents being interest on the dollar for two years at six per cent. Little Willie is now kicking because he did not receive a higher rate of

interest.—America. How a Congressman is Made Weary.

Washington Critic.

There is a Congressman in town who is very mad. Perhaps it's of his constituents asked him if he would be kind enough to send him the Offical Register, which as most work very much in demand, and conposition under the Government. week or so ago he received a long letter from this constituent contain-

to look at the register, who also made up their little lists, and the consequence is that Representative continued to change until it is now Blank has been bothered with more requests for places from that little corner of his district than from all the rest of the State put together.

Directions for Taking.

An absent minded doctor who had Society, go to show that skimmed |-American Analyst.

Mistaken Identity.

Nearly everybody in this portion of the lead mines knows or has heard It may do you good long as you six pounds of skimmed milk have of W. M. Rollins, a business man of the same feeding value as one pound Belmont. Lafayette County, this state, and it is in connection with this individual that one of the tity, with serious results following, happened, writes a Platville, Wis., correspondent.

About four months ago a man

was foully murdered at Sparta, the same temperature, there should be no difficulty in churning.

Wis. The murderer, though identifor Hiogo, Japan, having on board a cargo of oil and phosphates, valued ture him proved futile. About two at \$125,000. When near the Philipmonths ago Mr. Rollins went to pine Islands, the crew abandoned Sparta on business, and as soon as their vessel, landing on an island he stepped off the train was arrested close by, all of them being saved. It as the perpetrator of the crime. Cir- was sad that the Captin did all he cuit Court then being in session. the | could to keep his vessel afloat; but it district attorney filed information was understood that he had some murderer. Mr. Rollins, of course, pleaded not guilty, and his attorney, J. M. Morrow, asked for a continuance, to enable him to get the necessary evidence to establish his innocence. But this application Judge Newman denied, and the accused was forced to trial. Several witnesmust have more nourishment than ses identified him as the murderer: can be furnished from the food con- others swore positively that they saw sumed by the sow, for she can not him commit the crime. The chain of evidence was complete, and, although if in proper condition she has a cer- Rollins took the stand in his own beure one day longer in the Spring you tain amount of flesh to draw upon, half, protesting that he was not the and the pigs will make the best pos- man; that the name he was being tried under was not his name: that he resided in Belmont and had never | and landed almost the entire conbeen in Sparta before. The twelve ents of the ship. The Rock Terrace men good and true would not be belongs to St. John, N. B., and it men good and true would not believe him, but returned a verdict of manslaughter and Rollins was sent calf, the progeny will inherit this to Waupun for eight years, and of the hands of the islanders .- St. tendency to put more milk into the thither the sheriff forthwith took lames's Gazette. cream pot. In this way our large him. As soon as he recovered from each time its work was done, dried, milkers may in time be bred as equal- his first shock he had his lawyers set about to establish his innocence and

secure his pardon. Luckily for him, the night the murder was committed in Sparta he had attended a dance at Belmont, and plication to Governor Hoard for his pardon, and sent the affidavits to over one hundred people who saw

About this time the real murderer was discovered, arrested, and confessed his crime, and Rollins was released and came home, passing passenger.

The strangest part of the whole tween Rollins and the murderer. Peo. ple who have seen them both can

A Sneeze at a Climax.

The theatre was comfortably filled. The two leading players were in the midst of a harrowing tale of suffering the woman clearly wronged, yet loving and proud; the husband guilty, but loving also, pleading tor forgiveness. The audience had become so quiet that hardly a sound could be heard. At the most critical point when the stillness could almost be felt, a big man in the rear of the or- propensity. When you find a friend chestra chairs uttered as startling a who can exercise absolute power noise as was probably ever heard in that theatre. It sounded, im quick time like "Kitchy-kitchy, harkar-ark-how-wow-ee-hee-ee-

--kow ou--It ended way up in G and jarred the roof. The response that followed could not have been more completey timed if everbody had been connected by an electric current. Every man, woman and child simultaneously burst into a laugh. The babies actually crowed. It smashed the tale of love and the reconciliation into flinders. Just as the sneeze came that actress was standing facing the needles to all who may be curiously audience, her face woebegone and full of pain. Before she could turn away her slim form was quivering from laughter. The husband chewed his lower lip and tried to keep up a show of grief. In vain. He bent his head in his hands and laughed with everybody else. The fun didn't subside for at least five minutes. The ushers looked about to see if the sneezer was alive. He had vanished .-Baltimore American.

A Seare Story.

One of the most familiar faces in Cincinnati is "Greeny" Horn, who formerly blacked boots in front of hardly to be wondered at. A short the Grand Opera house. "Greeny" is time before Congress adjourned one a bright boy and as he advanced in years he secured employment to learn the drug business and is now employpeople know just at this time, is a ed at Ben Isaacs' pharmacy, corner of Longworth and Plum streets. tains the name and salaries of every He is only 18 years old, but his hair is as grav as that of a man of 60. The book was promptly sent. A |"Greeny" tells with pride how his hair came to turn gray. One night when Chester park was in its glory ing a list of the prominent and well. a crowd of sports gave a dance at paid places outside of the Civil Serv. the well known road house. ice. He started the list with the "Greeny" was broke and he saw a the head of a bureau. He confessed on foot for the dance. When he There club in politics. him one at his earliest convenience, things passed before him. Suddenly so bad, but this man evidently "Greeny" became greatly frightened. allowed a few of his intimate friends He turned and ran back toward the city. When he reached home his hair had turned gray in spots. It

How She Rejected Him.

almost white.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

He proposed on the way home from church with a Buffalo girl one Sunday evening. She was too young to marry, and did not want him anywas about leaving a patient after stipulation that he should get her writing a prescription, when he was father's consent. The young man an admirable spirit by at once asked for directions as to how the was happy until he discovered the signing, but the boys stuck to the medicine was to be taken. "Oh yes," next day that his adored one's fath- point and carried it. The principal Experiments in feeding pigs, in-stituted by the Dainish Agritultural and the balance in one or two years." He has removed to another city.— Buffalo News.

A WindFali for Savages.

A veritable windfall has just com-

into the hands of the natives of the Gilbert group of Islands-namely, a arge ship with a full cargo, which came sailing into their port without any one on board. The vessel was the British ship Rock Terrace, and the strange part about the matter is that the ship was abandoned by her rew about twelve months ago; and it has only just transpired that, instead of foundering soon, she drifted. on and on, until she reached the Gilbert Islands. The Rock Terrace, in September, 1887, left Philadelphia futher heard of the vessel, and the underwriters, beingquite satisfied concerning the loss, paid the amount for which the ship was insured. Recently the news came that the Rock Terrace and drifted into the Gilbert group of islands, and had been taken possession of by the natives. The vessel nerself appeared to be in very fair condition, and had only a few inches of water in her hold. The surprise of the natives when they found themselves in possession of such a prize can well be imagined, and they at once set about getting out the cargo. n this they were very successful, vas not stated if any attempts wer e o be made to release the ship out

Oozy-Headed People.

You would not pour precious wine nto a sieve, yet that were as wise as to make a confidant of one of those 'leaky vessels" of society that, like corporation water-carts, seem to have been made for the express purpose of letting out what they let in. There is this difference, however, says he New York Ledger, between the perforated puncheon and the leaky orain- the former lays the dust and the latter is pretty sure to raise

Beware of oozy-headed people, between whose ears and mouth there is no partition. Before you make a bosom friend of any man be sure that he is secret-tight. The mischief that the non-retentives do is infinite. In war they often mar the best-laid schemes and render futile the most profound strategy. In social life they sometimes set whole communities by the ears, frequently break up families and are the cause of innumerable misfortunes, miseries and crimes. In business they spoil many a promising speculation and involve hundreds in bankruptcy and ruin. Therefore, be very careful towhom you intrust information of vital importance to your own interests or to the interests of those you

Every man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows, and if he does not do so it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent over the communicative instinctif we may so term it-wear him in your heart, "yea, in your heart of heart." If you have no such friend,

keep your own counsel.

Wanted Some of the Stuff. While traveling in Virginia some time ago with a doctor we came upon an old colored man who was standing by a mule hitched to an old two-wheel vehicle. "Dis mule am baulked, boss," said the old man, "an' I'll jis gib a dollah to de man

what can start 'im." "I will do it for less than that, uncle," said the doctor. He took his case from the carriage and selected a small syringe, which he filled with morphia. He went to the side of the mule and quickly inserting the syringe in his side pushed the contents into the animal. The mule reared upon his hind legs and giving an astonished bray started down the road at a breakneck speed. The aged colored man gave a look of astonishment at the doctor, and with a loud "Whoa!" started down the road after the mule. In the course of ten minutes we came up to the old man standing in the road waiting

for us. The mule was newhere in "Say, boss," said the darkey, "how much you charge for that stuff you

put in dat mule?" "Oh, ten cents will do," laughingy replied the doctor. Well, boss, heah is twenty cents. Squirt some of that stuff in me. I

must ketch dat dar mule."

Political Insolvency.

A lawyer tells the story of Wilbur F. Lunt, the Portland attorney, who consul-generalship at London, per chance to make some money. It is removing to the wilds of Arizona. haps the best paid position in the was midnight, and the street cars Lunt has the reputation of being one Government, and tapered down to had stopped running, so he started of the foremost members of the Get

that he would rather as he wasn't reached Spring Grove cemetery the "He said to me one day," said the particular he would not refuse any road was as dark as could be. lawyer, "that for wheeling men inof the offices on his list, and he 1e- "Greeny" knew where he was, and to line and making them vote right quested his representative to get visions of ghosts and other earthly there's nothing like promises." 'Promise them some kind of a place, said he, 'and you're sure of them." "But suppose there are not places enough to go around after the campaign's over?" "Oh, well," said he, "you can go

into insolvency then. The Latest in Strikes.

The school boy strike is the later development of the trades uni spirit. The boys in an academy Groton, Mass., struck for the ignation of the male principal a demanded the installment of his male assistant. The latter shows has gone, and the assistant has been brought back in his place.- New York Tribune.