Faithful friends, be wise, and dry Straightway every weeping eye; What re lift upon the bier Is not worth a single tear; 'Tie an empty sea shell one Out of which the pearl is gone. The shell is kroken-it lies there-The pearl, the soul, the ail, is here The an earthen lar, whose lid. Allah sealed, the while it hid The treasure of his treasury, A mind that loved Him ... let it lie Let the shard be earth's once more Since the gold to lite store.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell-Where I am ye shall dwell. When ye come where I have stept, Ye will wonder while ye wept. Ye will know, by true love taught, That here is all, and there is nought. Be ye certain all seems lives Viewed from Allah's throne above ; Be ye stout of heart, and come Bravely coward to your home. Le il Albah! Allah le ! O love divine! O love alway!

... "He who died at Aries.

PASHIONABLE STOCKINGS. Expensive Stockings and Where They Come From Solid Colors.

The stocking figures in the fashions ble world rather by fits and starts. For a time we hear a great deal about a certain shade or a certain design being the rage, to the exclusion of every other variety, but the "rage" is generally of short duration, and, perhaps, by the time the ladies have occasion to mend the heels and toes of their favorits stocking, they will be out, or no better than twenty other kinds. The public mind receives a shock occasion-ally by reading the published accounts of some Miss Millionaire who was married in a pair of \$150 stockings, or that she had in her trousseau a dozen pairs of \$100 stockings. Now this does both good and harm. It does good inasmuch as it causes married men, whose wives and daughters are not as economical as they might be, to give them credit for economy by comparison. "My wife wouldn't do that," they think; or, "my wife never pave more than \$2.50 for her stockings." But on the other hand, old bachelors are frightened by such extravagant figures, and reason thus; "If one pair of stockings cost \$100, what will one dress and one bonnet cost?" and before they have figured it out, stockings, dress, and bonnet, and she who might have worn them, are given up and he who might have been a happy husband and father, allows his domestic affections and natural joys to be puffed away in cigar-smoke.

But the fact is these \$100 stockings have rather a mythical existence. Dainty women, with means to supply a fancy that runs riot, frequently order stockings from Paris of rare design and wonderful workmanship, and the foreign manufacturer or merchant, knowing who he has to deal with, sets his own price upon them. But if you go to our city stores to buy stockings, asking for "the best," you will seldom be shown anything higher priced than \$2.50 and \$3, and these are silk. Fine shmere wool stockings in the latest designs and shades are only \$1.50 and \$1.75, while fine wools, not imported, can be had for from forty cents to \$1 per pair. These are the stockings generally bought and worn, for women, as a class, have too much good sense to throw away so much money for what will be little seen.

Solid colored stockings are still fash ionable; so also are the hair-striped. The newest hair-striped have the stripes interrupted about four inches above the ankle, and a number of rows of little trees set in. This shrubbery is embroidered in silk on the solid color of the stocking. Pink trees on a brown ground, or orange trees on a blue ground make novel little nurseries.

Many ladies embroider their own stockings spreading beautiful flowers and sweet-blushing buds over their insteps, and trailing lovely vines around their ankles. Many ladies, also, have revived the old custom-almost a lost art of knitting stockings for them-selves and family. The home-knit stocking is soft and warm, and those who wish to be economical ought to patronize it. There are a great many women who say : "I wouldn't sit down and knit stockings when I can buy pair for 25 cents; why, the yarn costs more than that." Yes, but then cheap bought stockings last no time; one has to be continually darning them, so that in a short time they have a most beggarly appearance, besides hurting one feet. Now, a pair of home bit does Now, a pair of home-kit stockings do not cost more than 50 cents. they will last equal to a bought pair of 80 cents, with this advantage, that they can be renewed at the heels and toes, doing away with so much darning.
Many a poor child's foot has corus and blisters on it, caused by the badly and over-darned stockings, and many a man frets and scolds when all that disturbs him is cold feet or a bit of bad darning under his big toe .- Philadelphia Press.

The Fire Flend Rampant.

Grandfather Lickshingle broke the deilence vesterday evening as follows:
'I tell you what it is, children, there's no use talkin'. The newspaper men of to-day can't sling ink with their grandfathers. They're degeneratin'. This country sees no graphic writin' like it did when your grandfather was ridin' the editorial tripod like a witch astrice the gale. I know of no place that af-fords a better field for descriptive wri-tin' than these very Oil Regions. Why. the fires you have here can't be beatexceptin', of course, beyond the tomb. When I hear of one of these conflagrations I just sche to take my pen in hand and describe it in my own graphic

Grandfather closed his eyes, swayed to and fro on his easy chair, while his face glowed with enthusiasm. He seemed to be in a transport of joy.

'Bring forth my good gray quill,' he said,' 'and let me paint the burnin' b town.

One of the children said be thought grandfather was going to have a fit; too severe mental effort is father said he was only in the newspa- how to live without work

per business, in his imagination, at a salary of a thousand dollars a week, but

would soon be all right.
The night. Fire! fire! fire! said grandfather, rapidly tracing a sheet of imaginary paper, with a goose-quill of the mind. Fire! fire! fire! and the affrighted night winds took up the cry. The Fire Flead, with his sword of flame, was seen leapin' from the back window of the bake shop, breathin' smoke and forked lightmin' from the nostrils. In an instant the sleepin' city was out on the floor barkin' its shihs on chairs and things, in a mad hunt after its pantaloons. Hush! hark! the Fire Frend rushes on and on like a war horse, leavin' destruction in his trail. Look he scales the sides of you corner grocery, even as a kitchen maid would scale a fish, and with his fiery, forked tongue, licks the paint off the buildin' like the hungry holocaust that he

is, he is lickin' up the sign, mackerel, bacon, flour, feed and provisions, as if he had nt tasted a bite for a month. See him leap to the eaves of my lady's bower, and gorge himself on the ginger-bread work of the cornices. Now he hurls his body through the windows of yonder residence, ransacks the premises, and escapes like a rocket through the roof. He turns somersaults from housetop to housetop, knocks over chimney pots, dances a jig on the hot shingles, like the boy on the burnin deck, and without as much as a lockout selow, rains a shower of sparks upon the heads of the panio-stricken popu lace. But see him now! He spits upon his calloused hands and scoots up the liberty pole like a cat up an apple tree Up! up! up! Higher! higher! higher Higher and yet higher! Hire a hall Higher than the price of butter, until now with one fiery foot he tip-toes it upon the topmost tip, the while he flings his arms of flame about him like a vil lage lawyer makin' a Fourth of July oration. Now he places a thumb to his nose and with his extended fingers de scribes a circle in the face of the man in the moon, while he laps his forked tongue about the American flag and swallows it before a loyal people can shoot him on the spot. Out City Der-

"The Wust Boy."

All the old women for blocks up and down Sixth street called him "the wast boy," and Jim did much to win the title and keep it. He fought everything and everybody, harrassed cats and abused dogs, and various attempts have been made during the past year to get him settled in the reform school. The "wust boy" has made a new departure. and, though it may not be lasting, as it is for the better, it will probably furnish an opportunity fo some other boy to step in and claim the unenviable

"The wust boy" eared nothing for the sight of crape on the knob, and a funeral procession was as good as a parade to him.

Surprise was therefore manifest o every countenance when he knocked at the door very softly, the other week and said:

I hain't got no good clothes to go to the funeral, but I'd like to see the old lady's face agin afore she's covered up in the ground.

A motherly old lady in his neighbor hood had passed away. So far as the public knew he hate I her, as he seemed to hate all the rest, but the public didn' know. If Jim had condescended to explain, he would have said

Well, yer see; one night, when that big Tom Skip laid fur me, and had me as good as mashed, this ere woman rushed out and pulled him off, and slammed him up agin the fence till his elhows ached. Then, agin, she let me play with the children, and axed me in to dinner; and more'n once she's took up for me, and said that the neighbors didn't give me a fair show."

They let him in to see her dead face half expecting to see some ghastly trick on his part, and never dreaming that he would lean over and kiss the cold cheek, and that tears would come to

Where's the children?" he asked, as he turned from the coffin.

"Up-stairs, poor things!"
"It is going to be tuff on them, isn

"Yes; they will see hard times, poo

darlings. "There is a leetle bit of a feller among them, what's named Pete. Now what'll it cost a week to pay his way?"

The women smiled at the idea, but seeing how earnest Jim was, one of the women replied:

"Oh, about fifty cents, I guess." The boy went out without a word. and in course of half an hour another lad handed in a piece of wrapping paper, in which was enclosed a silver quarter. On the paper was scrawled the words (the work of three or four boys):

"I boap she's gon to hevvings, and I'll talk call of poor little peter at fifty sents a weak. Hear's the fust 'stalment. Gim."

The next day he sent in the balance. and last week the "installment" was promptly forthcoming.

Jim has a bootblack's kit, and has gone to work, and the old women who used to call him the "wust boy," now look after him as he goes along the

street, and exclaim: "We'l, now; but who'd a-thought that boy had a soul in him?"-Detroit Free Press.

The Hand of God.

Should the history of the epidemic, which seems now just about to take its departure from this sore afflicted Southland, ever come to be fully written, it will furnish a wonderful illustration of the possibilities of human magnanimity and human meanness. The generosity of the great north toward a section so long opposed to it in politics, and so lately its fee in open warfare, has excited the admiration of christendom, and gone further toward restoring the Union the integrity of a common devotion than all the force of armies and all the schemes of the wisest statesmen. The gentle hand of charity has bridged "the bloody chasm," and all hearts have ac-quiesced in the invocation, "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder!"—N. O. Picayune.

Poor fellow! He died, worn out by too severe mental effort in the study of

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

An Incident Becalling the Min-

There resides in Wichita a widow by the name of Mrs. A. H. Gilsson. She is of slight stature, and very quiet and retiring, and with her daughter carries on the profession of milliner and mantua maker, in the store of Huse & Charlton. During the late visit of the Indians to our fair, and as the sons of the forest were in single file passing along the street, a Chevenne brave suitdenly broke ranks, and, rushing into the above establishment, put his arms about Mrs. Gibson, patted her with his hand, and in broken English gave expression to great joy and satisfaction. All the ladies in the store were, of course, al most frightened out of their wits, while the blanketed savage kept on reiterat-

Good squaw! Heap good squaw The sequel is not uninteresting Pre rious to the great Indian massacre of 1862, Mrs. Gibson, then Mrs. Southworth lived alone on the Minnesota frontier One day a squaw came to her house and made her understand that she want ed soup, after obtaining which she car-ried i away in a vessel to the woods For several days she came regularly on the same errand. A few days before the bloody massacre, in which so many settlements were wiped out, and it which so many men, women and chil dren were ruthlessly butchered, two or three Indians with two squaws came to Mrs. Gibson's and asked for dinner After the meal, one of them told her that they must bind her to secreey, and they kept strict watch over her for two weeks, after which the two squaws took her to within a few miles of a fort, forty miles distant, put her down in the road, and told her when dark came to go in, and no harm should befall her which she did. Of course she could only submit, and as she was being car ried to her destination she saw the burning homes, fleeing settlers, and scenes that will never be effaced from her memory. From the squaw she learned that the soup she had daily made was for a sick chief, Monoway, who recoved, and who had determined to save

her and hers. When she returned to her home the following spring, she found everything just as she had left it. Not a cow, or pig, not even a chicken, was missing but everything had been cared for, fed and protected during the long winter by some Indians who had been detailed for that purpose, and who immediately relinquished everything to her peaceful possession. Our hero was one of the party, and spite of the time intervening. immediately recognized her, and expressed his satisfaction as related -Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.

A trigantic Timepiece.

In an article on the great clock is Palace Yard, Westminster, a writer in All the Year Round, says:

The four dials, facing the four points of the compass, are each so large that there are but few rooms in London that would contain one of them on the floor. They are more than 22 feet in diameter; the framework, figures, and divisions are of iron, and the spaces filled with opalescent glass. The figures are two feet high, and the minute marks nearly twelve inches apart little as we may think it when looking up from the palace yard. The minute hand, with its counter-weight and central boss, is about 200 weight. This, however, is little more than one-third as much as the original hand designed by Sir Charles Barry, which was so elaborate and intricate, so full of angles and quirks that they interfered with the going of the clock. The minute hand is for the most part a flattened copper tube, and is eleven feet long without the counterweight. During a heavy snow storm a few weeks ago the mix ture of snow and rain that fell on it pressed so heavily on it as to stop the going. The hands of the hour dials are, it is said, the largest in the world, except those of the Mechlin clock, which are, however, only hour hands, not comprising those which mark the minutes. Large clock hands, of course. require the descent of heavy weights to set them going. Those at Westminster are indeed heavy. No less than a depth of 170 feet in the clock tower is allotted for the descent of the weights. Going weights and striking weights together, they require 4,000 turns of double manned winch-handle to wind up. As there are weights to set the noble clock going, so there must be a pendulum to regulate the motion when once produced; and it is a pendulum, in good sooth. It weighs nearly 700 pounds, is about thirteen feet long to the center of oscillation, and fifteen feet total length. The rod which holds it consists of a perforated iron tube inside one of zinc. Each beat of the pendulum has to regulate the motion of something like a ton and a half of metal, in the form of hands, counter weights and clock machinery, and yet so delicately is it suspended by a slip of spring steel, that one single ounce placed upon it at a particular spot would affect the rate of

The Great Wall of China.

regulation.

The great wall of China was measured a short time ago by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer engaged in a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurement gave the height as eighteen feet. Every few bundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square, and from twenty to twenty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with him a break from the wall, which is supposed to have been made 100 years before Christ. In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Taravoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, and every foot of the foundation is of solid granite and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or canons, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. The small streams are are arched over; but on the larger streams the water's edge and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall there are breastworks. or defenses, facing in and out, so that the defending forces can pass from one sit down in comfort.

tower to another without being exposed to an enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or the cost of then those successings which make home this wall, is beyond human skill. So. far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses anything in anis any trace. The Pyramids of Egypt. are nothing compared to it.

Prairie Dogs.

It has always been a subject of curisity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie, far away from river or stream, obtain their water. Mr F Leech, formerly of Moroer county. Pennsylvania, or ha frontiersman of experience, asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on digging until they reach it. He knows one such well two hundred foot deep and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants to drink he descends the staircase, which, considering the distance, is no mean task In digging for water the animals display as much pluck as in resisting the florts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors. - San Fran-

On reading the above this question ame to my mind. How did Mr. Leech obtain the above information? Did he. in discovering this 'concealed well' at the home of the prairie dog, go to the expense of sinking a shaft two hundred feet deep? And, if so, was that 'circuar staircase' so near perpendicular as be within the circle of that shaft all the way down. The thought is bewil-dering, an answer from Mr. Leech would relieve me very much,

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to give in my

estimony in reference to this long mooted question, as to how and where prairie dogs obtain their water. I have a pair of prairie dogs which were brought from Denver, Col., in the month d August, 1874. They are, and have seen, so secured in their cage and vault that it is impossible for them to get any water by their own efforts. I am prepared to state as a fact, that they have not drank a half gill of water since I have had them now over four years. They will not drink water. I have tried them again and again. They are fond of milk. We give them some occasionally, say a half gill each once a month. or once in two months, and sometimes not oftener than once in three months. We give it as a desert whenever we feel like petting them, as we give a cracker or a pione of cake, but never to quench thirst. I will say further, they are as hale and hearty as any in their native homes. A. H. Griffin, in Ravenna (O.) Republican Democrat

Japanese Story of Creation.

Of old the heavens and the carth were not separated. Land and water, solids and gases, fire and stone, light and darkness, were mixed together. All was liquid and turbid chaos.

Then the mighty mass began to move from within. The lighter , "des of gas and air began to rise, forming as sky and heavens. The heavy parts sank and cohered, becoming the earth the water formed the four seas; then there appeared something like a white cloud floating between heaven and earth. Out of this came forth three beings the Being of the middle of Heaven. The High August Being and the Majestic Being; these three hid their bodies.

Out of the warm mold of the earth s mething like a rush sprouted up. It was clear and bright like crystal. From the rudesprout came forth a being whose title is The Delightfut and Hon-orable Rush-Sprout. Next appeared another being out of the buds of the rush-spront whose name is The Honorable Heaven-Born. These five beings are called the heavenly gods.

Next came into existence four pairs of beings, viz First Mud and the Being of the Sand

and Mud; second, the Heing with Hands and Feet Growing, and the Being hav-ing Breath; third, the Male Being and the Female Being of the Great Place (the earth); fourth, the Being of Complete Perfection, and the Being who cried out Strange and Awful (to her ment*)

Thus the last pair that came into ex istence were the first man and weman, Izanagi and Izanami. [It is said that the other pairs of beings before Izanagi and Iranami were only their imperfect forms or the processes through which they passed before arriving at perfection.]

These two beings lived in the heavens; the world was not well formed, and the soil floated about like fish in the water, but near the surface; and was called The Floating Region. The sun, moon and earth were attached to each other like a head to a neck, or arms to the body; they were little by little separating, the parts joining them growing thinner and thinner; this part, like an Isthmus, was called Heaven's Floating Bridge. It was on this bridge that Izanagi and Izanami were standing when they saw a pair of wagtails coo ing and billing sweetly together; the heavenly couple were so delighted with the sight that they began to imitate the birds; thus began the art of love, which mortals have practiced to this day.

*The words in brackets are supplied by the Japanese commentators.

Where Wit Won. What's the woman charged with?"

said the court. "She's a dead beat and a vagrant, your honor," said the officer who ar-

Then the woman spoke up and said:
"If I can prove that I'm all right, will your honor let me go?"

"Of course," said the court.
"Then," said the prisoner, "here's
the family bible, by which you'l' see
I'm Moll Wright"— "Saw my leg off," shouted the offi-cer, who saw the point, "if she hasn't

beat the court too.' And the court rubbed his nose with his forefinger and gently murmered, "Discharge the prisoner." - Mobile Reyinter.

"I stand corrected," as the boy said who was too sore, after a thrashing, to

TAXB IT EAST Nothing tends more to pro-

face demestic happiness and contentment confirmable and pleasant. To accomplish this god wealth is not accessary. It requires simply that care and judgment shall be used to making purchases and at when accetting to taking house it shall be something which will add to the general comfort of the family. The post belle us that "Heaven is not made at a single brand," and it may with speal truth be each that a house of comfort in not made at a single purchase. It is the little things, bought here one day and there an ther; the articles that come before us at various 1 more and \$10 our these of what is supreship, that in the aggregate, fluxity completes our surroundings and makes boson, in the furnishing, at loast, happy and pleasant. An easy chair, such as those manufactured by B. F. Smelarr, of Mot. citie, N. Y., is one of the thing- that every home should have. They are made with or without rouding table attachments, and are the rastest chairs made. Dealers should supply themselves with a stock. See advertise

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