A CURBSTONE SCENE.

In the shade of a tree, by the street of a city, Lay a tired little boy, with the turf for his bed In rags, but no beggar appealing to pity.

A child of the lowly who toiled for his breed eside him a handpart stood loaded with fuel, Bits of board he had gloaned in the lane.

where he crept. Till the wheels o'er the pavement dragged beavy and cruel, And spent with the strain of his burden, he

Will any one care, as the many pass nigh him? A threadbare wood-sawyer, bent, wrinkled Caught sight of the sleeper, came near and stood

And read in the picture the story it told. Hungry face, scanty raiment, with barely a

Batters head, naked feet, fretted sore on He fished out a morsel of dry bread and mutton And left him the dinner he'd brought for his

There were eyes bright and merry, eyes tearful On the watch ere the old man had tiptoed

Bow the angel that stooped where the little And the soul of the child, through the tatters

Drew the souls of the clad and the fed to his Young and old brought their blessings to seatter ground him.

And grunnle from the table of God to divide.

A boy and a men dropped a dime and a dollar, Women opened their purses by ones and by

Willing hands from the mansions, both greater Brought a jacket, a hat and a stout pair All stealthy and stient, with gentle conniving.

They laid down their gifts with the woodsawver's crust. And lingered to see, at the sleeper's reviving. His bashful thanksgiving smile up from the

Soon the little boy woke. Was it bounty or read out at his feet? Then a laugh in his

Turned his face where a glance gave the key to And he clasped his new riches with blusher and tears

And his helpers had joy that was tender and When they looked then and after, full many a

Down the street where the toil-ridden child of the lowly With his cart and his treasures had trotted BWAY.

O. hearts that are human are human forever You may close them in caste, but they beat through the wall. Wealth and want own a kinship

can sever. And in sorrow the lowest are brothers of all. Bound love needs the magic of pity to free it; Men only are solfish because they are bred; When the poor help the poor, if the whole world

The haughty would blush, and the cruel grow

A CRITICAL SITUATION.

The Sandwich Man Relates the Story of His Life.

tention was attracted by one of those huge posters which plentifully besprinkle the walls of the city. In resounding tones of stirring sensational melodrama, of deep docountered those of a man standing by my side-a man whom I had not noticed before. and who might have been the very ghost of One night, entering my club at the usual a sandwich man instead of a sandwich man hour. just before starting for the Lorne which one verse indeed (or something beyond the last stage of repair; the patentalmost soleless; the battered white hat, their own tale. I stood for a moment staring at this sudden appearance without any particular reason, and he, in his turn, star-ing at me. This pause, awkward enough in of Scrubby, the dramatic critic of the which one of the parties feels impelled to make an observation of some kind in order to get decently away. Before I could open my lips, however, my companion anticipa-

"Striking sort of picture that," he said, in a dry, husky voice, and with an apologetic

"If coloring has any thing to do with it. I should cert sinly say it was striking enough," I replied.

"Ah!" he returned, "you seemed interinterested in it as I am. There's not a soul in and send them in the usual way." all this city that understands that picture as I do. The worst of it is, when I once start | cepted his offer, and hastened away to pointed to the two boards slung over his fracciption "For Life or Death," in lightsing signag letters.

"Man r people stop to look at the posters here and elsewhere, but there is not one of them to whom it means what it does to me, rack, inside an envelope addressed to me. them to whom it means what it does to me. To you and them it is only a picture badly "Come in here," he said: "It's quiet and shady, and when there's no one about they shady and when there's no one about they shady and when there's no one about they shady and s Sometimes let me go in there for a rest. dressel to The Blunderer, the other to luc You may like to hear what I have to tell. Bullseye, and sent them to the offices by the and I shall be glad to get these infernal club messenger. This done, I went back to boards off my shoulders for a few moments." Twickenham.

myself-perhaps more by the man's manmorning, almost the first person I met was added to all this are the fierce winds and people, jumping and fighting, and and home. It is to the heart what light that it may be classed among the or.

Blamarck deliver a speech in the Ger ner than anything else-I followed him. Entering the porch he took the tourds of when, to my utter bewilderment he stopped

"To begin with," he said, after a moment's allower, "lot me tell you that my name is Edward Merice. Perhaps you will not believe me if I say that I was once upon a time-what of all things in the world do you think—a dramatic criticity Yee, it's true. What is more, a dramatic criticism was the beginning and ead of my downfall, and this is how it happened. It was about ten years ago, and soon after I started my journalistic curve in the provinces, that I took a often-the curve in the provinces, that I took a often-the beginning through the influence of a friend at court, and, for a youngater just charten as the court of the letter with m many and soon after I started my journalistic curve, in the influence of a friend at court, and, for a youngater just charten as court, and, for a youngater just charten as court in the provinces, that I took a often-the province of the letter with m many and back upon me, passed on without uttering a syling in the streets and alleys. One boatman said he counted over 400 dead cats in the river. The man who dead cats in the river. The man who dead cats in the river. The man who deed the jote was never seen in lose sustained by their relative. Test dollars aplece was the amount settled upon.

—In moving bees there is no better time than during early spring. The court is mentallest of any time of the year.

—In moving bees there is no better time than during early spring. The court and the colony the same for the pass of the pass.

—In moving bees there is no better time than during early spring. The court is not the spring of the pass.

—In moving bees there is no better time than during early spring. The court is not to such that the pass of the pass

attained to a bald head and a sub-editorship at fifty or so, but for doing two exceedingly foolish things. I made the acquaintance of quite as clever and good as she was pretty— Lizzie Rayburn-you remember her? This self-s wild, harum-scarum fellow of the speculative sort—you've met this prototype. I dare say; always going off at a tangent, or breaking out in a fresh place when least expected; full of extravagent ideas about the undiscovered possibilities of the press: always vaporing about the reforms he intended to originate, if ever he should edit a paper of his own. I, at that time, admiring and looking up to Charlie, not only as the best of good fellows, which he really was, but as the very prince of journalists and an original genius, which only too late, I have discovered he was not, firmly believed in and held to him in spite of the ridicule and chaff of older and wiser heads.

"At last, one day Charlie came to me at the office in a perfect freuzy of excitement with the news that he had just taken the management of a new weekly paper called The Bullseye, which would make its appearance the following week, and which had, as usual, been started to fill the not particularly noticed void. 'We're all full up with the exception of the dramatics, and, Teddy, my boy, you're the very man! I know you have ideas of your own about the way that sort of thing should be done, and here's the opportunity. Between us. we will make the paper the biggest go in London.'

"What Dashwood said was true. I had long possessed secret yearnings that way, which I had at times confided to Charlie. For a moment considerations of prudence came to my aid, and I ventured the mild suggestion of a doubt as to whether I was quite fitted for that line of work.

"'Nonsense, my boy!' said Charlie; 'I know your proper capacity. You're sure to make a hit.' It was a curious fact that Charlie possessed the most remarkable intuitive faculty for discovering everybody's proper capabilities except his own.

"'Besides,' he added, 'think of Lizzie.' "That settled it. Without further ado I closed with the offer, and a fortnight later saw me installed as dramatic critic of The Bullseye, with the title of that publication inscribed on my cards underneath that of The Blunderer. The plan of operation I proceeded to act upon was this: I had long had a wholesome contempt for that class of dramatic critics forever hanging round stage doors and hotel bars, and drinking with managers and actors, so I resolved to set an example in the opposite direction by keeping religiously aloof from all association with the profession-with one exception. This was Lizzie, who insisted on receiving her little paragraph of two or three lines regularly every week, and with whom spent each Sunday afternoon and evening at her father's place in Twickenham, whither ne had retired to spend the rest of his days. free from the smoke of Aldgate and the cares of the grocery business. There had once been some talk of a Mr. Loydall, a huge, beetle-browed, hoarse-voiced tragedian, who played heavy lead to Lizzie's juveniles at the Olympian, but he soon found out that he had no chance with me, and

one or two tussels retired from the battle, leaving me to walk over the course at my leisure.

obtained old Rayburn's consent to our mar- situation, it has always found the way riage whenever the Blunderer's management should recognize my merits sufficiently to advance my salary, and to enable me to As I was walking through one of the prin- take Lizzie away from the stage. The Buis- heart, and represents, perhaps, not so sinal London streets the other day, on my eye, contrary to everybody's expectationsway to fulfil a business engagement, my at- everybody, that is, outside the officeshowed signs of becoming a pronounced success. My dramatic criticisms were soon one of the leading features of the journal. red, blue and bright vermillion, it called the I had always had a notion that the wither- is a pathetic sight when a score of attention of the public to the fact that the ing, sarcastic style of writing was best rough Irish, all common sentinels, get suited to me, and this was the line I took, with to this song; and you may see, by their mestic interest, entitled: "For Life or Death: such effect that at times it became difficult or, the Grave's Witness," was then being to find out whether I had been praising or performed to overflowing audiences at the 'slating's piece or an actor. Some people Royal Lorne Theater. Just above the were unkind enough to say that they would were unkind enough to say that they would very adroitly taking my lord for a printed announcement was a picture repre-prefer the latter process to the former. listener, "and if I can not get to the Needless to say that, as the power and inof boring a hole in the floor with another fluence of the paper increased. I soon begentleman's head, and which I took to bear came an object of hatred and dread to the reference to the printed notification below, whole profession. This only tickled my My momentary curiosity satisfied, I turned vanity the more, and I would strut along had heard the captain whistle; but now to proceed on my way, when my eyes en- Fleet street and the Strand of a morning to words, rustic indeed, yet most meeting the scowl of passing 'pros.' with a pathetically setting forth a poor girl's stare of supercitious indifference.

in the flesh, so suddenly and quickly had he Theater, where a new piece, entitled 'For come upon me. Yet, there he unmistakably life or Death, was to be produced that was, his tattered old frockcost, once the evening. I found a telegram lying for me pink of fashion, frayed at the edges, worn in the rack. It was from Lizzie's mother, to shreds at the seams, and bulging at the telling me that Lizzie had been seized with elbows; the trousers darned and patched in a dangerous illness that very morning, and a dozen different places, but now gone far | begging that I would proceed to the house at once. For a moment I was in a serious leather boots broken and down at heel, and dilemma. At all hazards I must see Lizzie that night, yet it was imperative that I with black band round it, and the brim all should attend the first night's show at the but no more wonderful than how the but gone; the bulbous red nose, the tremb- Lorne, having for that special occasion unling mouth and the bleary eyes that told dertaken The Blunderer's special notice in place of the regular man, who was absent

through indisposition. all conscience, was of that character in Scorcher, at the other end of the room. already preparing to leave. Scrubby was a reliable man, I knew, and the best available for the purpose I had in my mind. Crossing over to where he was. I showed him the telegram, and explained my difficulty.

"Nothing easier, my boy,' he exclaimed. clapping me on the back. Trust to me. I'm going down to the show, and will leave you a programme here, marked with my back here by half-past ten, you'll find it quire constant attention to keep them waiting. Then you can scribble your ested in it, but I'll warrant you are not half so notices for the two papers from my notes "Warmly shaking him by the hand, I ac-

looking I'm unable to leave it for thinking Twickenham. When I reached the house I of what this play once did for me. Then found my darling already delirious in the the police have to move me on and that gets first stages of a high fever, and calling for me into trouble. Even if I would forget me. I remained by her side, holding her the past, I may not, for look here!"—he hand in mine and southing her as best I could until she had fallen off into a fleful shoulders as he spoke, and showed me the doze. Then I stole quietly away, whispering to Mrs. Rayburn that I would return as soon as my business in town was concluded. "When I got back to the club I found as Scrubby's analysis of the production, play and acting, was distinctly unfavorable, his Often water is very scarce and he is To me it is the story of my life's ruin. Per- marginal notes having such a bitterly acrid thankful if he can get enough to make country people were making inquiries of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such the mischief in this case, as it is rehaps you'll wonder what I'm driving at. If flavor that I concluded it must all have been you care to listen for a few mements I will very bad indeed; and so I followed suit with tell yon." He gianced at the open doorway good interest cutting up everything and of one of the old city churches near at hand. everybody concerned in the most unmerci-

Thoroughly interested already in spite of "Returning to the town the following Entering the porch he took the beards off his shoulder and placed them against the his shoulder and placed them against the me abort with a motion of his hand, looked with a motion of his hand, looked with a motion of his hand, looked me full in the face, and slowly drew a copy of that merning's Bullseye from his pocket and mopped his fore-bead with it.

"To begin with," he said, after a moment's hand leoked to my criticism of the production of 'For Life or Death,' at the Lorse Thester, and held it up close to my link and Stream.

"To begin with," he said, after a moment's link and a good many stray cats seen about in back yards, and a good many dead ed paper.

the profession, it was looked upon as an im-mease piece of good fortune. However that may be, up to town I came, and not selary, with the notification to the effect being quite a fool, turned by chances to such good account that I was spoken of on all sides as 'a promising young man.' I might have gone on this way, and ultimately prictors considered it due recognition of my talents that I should not enter the office again. For explanation I was referred to the enclosed cuttings from that day's daily Charlie Dashwood, and I fell desperately in | newspapers. I lifted one of the slipe from love with a pretty actress, and one who was out of the envelope, and what then met my eyes caused me to stagger back speechles and breathless against the wall, for there is Charlie Dashwood was a journalist like my- that brief announcement of the postpone ment at the last moment of 'For Life of Death ' I saw the evidence of the horrible treachery of which I had been a victim. The evidence of my own ruin, utter and irremediable, stared me in the face. I had actually written a detailed report and criticism of an audience which had never assembled. of actors who had never appeared, of piece which had never been produced.

"What need is there for me to tell you more, when you can guess the rest for your welf! You don't want to hear that I and the papers with which I had been connected came the by-word and scoff of England, and that the Bullseye in particular never survived the shock. Nor do you need to be told that the few hundred enemies whom I had contrived to raise around me by exceeding smartness turned the story in all ways so as to tell to my disadvantage, or that my journalistic career, which meant my livelihood, was practically at an end, if you can understand the charitable eyes with which an editor would be apt to look upon that kind of mistake. Whatever I tried, wherever went, to London of the provinces, it was always the same—the black shadow pursued me and closed every door in my face. Lizzie, of all the world, was the only one who clung to me in my trouble, and insisted on carrying out her promise and marrying me in the teeth of her parents, who threw her off when they found her bent on allying herself to a pauper. She struggled on my side for two years, comforting and sustaining me in our bitterest adversity with her love and faith, until one day she died in my arms, and the light of my life went out. Then, having nothing else in the world to cling to, I clung to the drink the while it dragged me down, down down to what I

"One thing more I have to mention," said the sandwich man, as he rose from his seat and proceeded to hang the boards over his shoulders again; "it was one day some months after the events described that I met Scrubby. 'I can't for the life of me understand how you came to fall into that terrible blunder,' he said, 'especially after the note I left for you, telling how we had all gone down to the theater on a wiki-goose chase, only to find that the piece was postponed until the following week.'

"Note! Left forme by you!" I ejaculated. "Yes!-No! now I come to think of it, I lidn't leave the note. I wanted to go down to the Parthenon to see the new burlesque, but I cave it to a man who said he would be passing the club and would hand it in. Let me see. Ah! I have it now-you know him Loydall, the Olympian heavy lead."-S. Smith, in Outing.

MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. Song Which Rough Irish Sentincle

Make King Again. The talk fell, as it did often, on the exiles in France; so it glided to the natter of their songs. "There is one," says the master, "if you are curious in these matters, that has always seemed "As you will guess, matters were pretty to me very moving. The poetry is well settled between Lizzie and me, and we harsh; and yet, perhaps because of my I should tell you, by an exile's sweetmuch the truth of what she is thinking as the truth of what he hopes of her. poor soul, in these far lands." And here the master sighed. "I protest it falling tears, how it strikes home to them. It goes thus, father," says he, end of it, you must think it is a common case with us exiles." And thereupon he struck up the same air as I aspirations for an exiled lover, of like it) still sticks by me:

O. I will dye my petticoat red. Though all my friends should wish me dead.

For Willie among the rush is, O! He sang it well even as a song, but he did it better yet as a performer. I have heard famous actors, when there was not a dry eye in the Edinburgh Theater: a great wonder to behold; master played upon that little bailad and on those who heard him like an instrument, and seemed now upon the point of failing, and now to conquer his distress, so that it seemed to pour out of his own heart and his own past, and to be aimed direct at Mrs. Heary. -Scribner's Magazine.

The Sheep-Herder's Life. The sheep-herder's life, to say the least, is a hard one. He lives in a tent the year round, and often for weeks at a time entirely alone. The sheep re from straying and to protect them from the wolves and coyotes. Out in the blazing sun all day, with no friendly shade tree, and returning at night to his tent, he has to do his own cooking and washing and other work of the camp. As the grass is thin and scattering, the herd has to be constantly on the move, which makes the additional labor of moving camp at least | them severa! every ten days. The herder is a stranger to even the common comforts and conveniences of life, and is deprived of all the benefits of society and friends. His bed is on the ground. his tea. He has no knowledge of what is going on in the world, and seldom attracted by the caterwauling went to use, and keep their best voice for those vitae, as previously stated. Among to the loved ones whom this coward's keeps the run of the days, weeks or the old building and began to amuse they meet elsewhere. I would say to pines, the native Pinus strobus is the set had bereft. He simply extended the time the focks are on the move. Often at night he has to be out to prevent the herd from being scattered by pede occurred and the animals rushed than the best pearls hid in the sea. A really forms a beautiful light silverycovotes and other enemies. When pell mell into the crowd, crawling over kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth green barrier when properly cared, so Charlie Dashwood. I made to speak to him fearful cold of the Wyoming winter, climbing wails and roofs in a mad is to the eye. Farm and Fireside.

OUTWARD MOURNING

THE PARTY

The Custom of Wearing Crape for Long

We go through a great deal of false sentiment and false politeness in the matter of our funeral ceremonies and our mourning attire. In the youthful days of our present sexagenarians the mark of mourning-a piece of black crape around the sleeve of a colored coat-was reserved for the army only. Army and navy officers alone might make this modest manifestation stand in lieu of the glossy sables and deep hat-bands of civilians. There was a howl, as well as a sneer, when these civilians adopted the military custom, and on the sleeve of a colored coat stitched a black band to denote the death of a dear friend or near relation. Howls and sneers notwithstanding, the custom gained ground, and is now recognized, adopted and approved of. . There are many who set their faces

against the excessive mourning of by-

gone attire. No longer do all widows even think it necessary to clothe themselves in crape, and the life-long obligation of the widow's cap, like the lifelong obligation of the widow's black. is at an end. Those who like to cling to the ancient methods have their will and do their pleasure, but those who do not-those who carry death in their hearts and do not care to show it to the world-or those who really are not deeply afflicted-may dispense with mourning altogether, if they have the mind. Simple black answers all the purpose, and the term for this is greatly curtailed. We no longer feel that we owe it to the memory of the dear dead to make ourselves uncomfortable, and to spend money on mere show-on mere signs and symbols-to gratify the watching world. Deep in our hearts we bear the sacred image-we keep alive the holy flame. We have loved that noble man, that pure-souled woman -the father, the husband, the glorious brother, the mother who bore us, and the sister who was our cradle playmate. We have loved for all our life; we shall love to the hour of death. But need we then clothe ourselves in crape and woolen, and mark ourselves "Bereaved" as by a placard pinned to our breast? Far better and more suitable-ave, and sometimes far more sincere, too-the undemonstrative acceptance of the inevitable-the quiet cherishing of secret sorrow-the close concealment of the sacred love. The sorrow lies there, and we do not wish to show it to the world as a beggar unfolds his sore. We do not wish to be questioned nor condoled with. Who can comfort us? No one! What good does it do us or the world to faunt our grief in crape and weepers in the face of the curious, the unsympathetic, the critical? Too. much" or "too little"-"too soon left off" or "too long kept on"-"the fashion too smart for mourning" or "the depth ridiculous for the occasion." Do we want to run the gauntiet of all our dead friends' criticisms? Far better the slightest indication that is possible-so slight as to escape general notice - than this which attracts general attention?-Duchess of Rutland, in London Queen.

INVASION OF CATS.

very neat job on the inhabitants, Awaiting his orders is a corps of Estimates of Arbor-Vitae Cedar, White against whom he must have had some armed detectives. to sell their grain.

for miles around, as well as the place delphia Record. where the farmers obtained all their supplies. The last time I was there it had dwindled down to a village of 2.000. It is to the Heart What Light to the a slight row of even plants. The comand perhaps by this time it has no

existence at all, even on the map. scattered about stated that the adver- hand is deaf and dumb. It may be of available evergreens for hedging tiser had a contract with a certain rough in flesh and blood, yet do the with us, the Norway spruce should be large number of cats to destroy the rats soft touch. But there is no one thing for all piaces, and as easily kept within out the civilized world. and mice that were very numerous that love so much needs as a sweet bounds as any other resembling a about the warehouses at different land- voice to tell what it means and feels, wall of living green when properly ings along the river. He, therefore, and it is hard to get and keep it in the pruned, almost impenetrable by birds, offered \$3 for each full-grown Tom cat, right tone. One must start in youth thoroughly hardy, and remarkably \$2 for each female puss, and 50 cents and be on the watch night and day, at dense in structure. For general pura head for kittens old enough to get work, at play, to get and keep a voice poses, perhaps the American arbortheir own living. All the cats were to that shall speak at all times the vitae should rank next, yet hardy as it

and the streets of the town were just sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a as the Siberian arbor-vitue is of a tor was receiving an order to hold the crowded with people. They came in whip. When one of them gets vexed richer, desper green than the above, coming train, and did not hear. As wagons, on foot, and on horseback, and you will hear a voice that sounds as if and does not grow quite so tall as the he passed through the waiting room is every person carried a sack, some of it were made up of a snark, a whine species.

cats had been brought into that de- more ill-will in the tone than in the winters, it would certainly be the everfenseless city. They were left in and words. It is often in mirth that one green hedge-plant "par excellence," about a vacant building near the land- gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and but unfortunately it is liable to be infor him everywhere. A crowd of boys as these get a sharp home voice for sponsible for the injury to the arborcate began fighting and raised a noise as a pearl of great price, for it will be impunity, and disregarding the exlike 10,000 demons. Suddenly a stam- worth to you in days to come more tremes of cold; in fact, the white pine Tribune. n he must pitch his tent upon the race for liberty. The boys took after

UNCLE SAM'S SPECIE.

How Rilver Coin le Transported from Through the Adams Express Company the United States Government is engaged in transferring \$7,000,000 in specie from the \$21,750,000 in the big vaulte in the post-office building to the United States Treasury in Washington. One million dollars' worth of the precious metal molded into United States coins is being daily carried out of the postoffice building, loaded on Adams express cars and shipped to Washington. The removal of coin is made under the supervision of Major James Mullane, assistant cashier of the National Treasury. He is accompanied by two as-

sistants from Washington. Twenty laborers from the Philadelphia mint, under the direction of Superintendent Fox, complete the working force. The workers are guarded by secret service detectives attached to the Treasury Department, who are unknown to all out the officials from Washington, and heir glances never wander from the mountain of silver dollars in the vaults of the post-office. The specie is tied up in heavy canvas bags, each containing \$1,000, which weigh sixty pounds. These bags are sealed with the Government seal, and before passing from the vault they are

carefully scrutinized. After being satisfied as to the correctness in weight and the perfect state of the bag, the express company's inspector seals it with the company's seal. The slightest imperfection is sufficient cause for rejection by the express company's officials. A thousand-dollar bag with a small hole was recently rejected, and had to be recounted and verified before it was allowed to pass the in-Fifty bags, each containing 1,000 siler dollars, and weighing in the aggregate 3,000 pounds, are loaded upon carriage or truck. Guarded by two uniformed officers and the eyes of the secret-service detectives, the carriages are wheeled to the elevator and taken down-stairs and through the passageway to Chant street. At the rear en-

trance stands a heavy wagon of the Adams Express Company. The contents of the carriage are transferred to the wagon, and, manned by four detectives, the load is conveyed to the main office of the company at Sixteenth and Market streets. These \$50,000 installments are conveyed to the depot until the million dollars are stored at the depot. Each detective carries two caded pistols ready for instant action. Two pairs of the finest automatic handcuffs and a blackjack complete his defensive outfit. Any attempt to molest the precious load would invite a volley of pistol balls from every detective, as their orders are to shoot upon t slightest attempt at robbery.

When the sixty-pound bags of silver arrive at the main office they disap- Orange Judd Farmer. pear as completely as if the earth had money is never seen again until its ar- does not believe in fall plowing, as he rival in Washington. Each bag of declares there must be a great loss of Government and express company's express car built expressly for this service and lined with wrought-iron. A Mean Joke Perpetrated on the People | Each car will carry \$1,000,000 in silver or \$10,000,000 in gold specie. About ing with it whatever is soluble in the old man in a barber's shop a few days knows when it will start on its journey ago, "there was a fellow who put up a or to what train it will be attached.

terrible grudge. He came into the A few moments before the starting of Judging by the proference of Western town one day and distributed handbills the train selected to bear the money writers, the list of evergreens suited the hands of farmers who had come in placed in the car. Other detectives recommends Chinese arbor vitae and distributed through the train closely red codar, neither of which are adapted "That was before the railroads came | watch the movements of the passen- for hedging with us, and are not especito take business away from the river gers. This system of surveillance is ally desirable as ornamental trees. The shipping port for all the grain raised sub-treasury vaults in this city. - Philating out in spots and irreparably injur-

A PLEASANT VOICE.

He Didn't Finish the Job.

ed papering and painting, and I thought dense structure and deep green, glossy on socing Rismarck) glare out from I'd stay home and do it myself. But color, are strong incentives to use them under his shaggy brown as the Chancan't stop to talk -I'm in a hurry.

"What's up?"

wife's best dress along with it, and I must stop at a store for a new carpet, and then hunt up some painters and paper-hangers to—to put the finishing touches on that room, you know."—X. E. Weekly.

Course, a limit to its endurance. The dwarf forms of arbor-vitae make pretty little bedges, but they are not very saduring. Retinisporn obtains and E. pisifers are well adapted for orner touches on that room, you know."—X. E. Weekly.

Course, a limit to its endurance. The dwarf forms of arbor-vitae make pretty are not very saduring. Retinisporn obtains and E. pisifers are well adapted for orner touches on that room, you know."—X. E. Tribune.

Course, a limit to its endurance. The dwarf forms of arbor-vitae make pretty are not very saduring. Miss De Culture—"I know it has but I love him." "You'll display the course of the marry that young Mr. Haysaed dwarf forms of arbor-vitae make pretty are not very saduring. Miss De Culture—"I know it has built." Miss De Culture—"I know it has built." Miss De Culture—"I know it has built." The love him. "Tou'll display the course have been also been

FARM AND FIRESIDE

-One part suct to two parts lard endered together, is much better for frying purposes, than all lard. - One dollar expended in the fruit

garden will save two dollars in butchers' and doctors' bills," says an enthu- gave a brilliant reception in his rooms instic pomologist. in front of the table and sink is very | and, although of enfe-concert cate-

shaken as not to be objectionable. -Orange Custard: The yelks of stir lightly and bake slowly.

-"I would recommend to every a thousand miles away."

suits in indigestion.

onsidered.

span of well-trained horses in a single ers of creature comforts in his neighcason. The profane or violent man borhood, and frequently patronized often the quicker workman, but the the local pawn office. - Cor. London low and decent man will prove the Telegraph. peaper in the end .- American Agri-

Graham Pudding: A wholesome lessert may be made by mixing toother a tencunful molasses, half a ceaten eggs, one tencapful milk, a tea- streetising conful soda, four teneupfuls Graham supful seeded raisins, and spices to taste. Place in a buttered parager pad- and appreciated, while the returns respect ting dish, set in a steamer and keep by the advertiser will be like those of the to three hours. Serve with butter and good ground, wherein it here fruit and ougar rubbed together, or hot sauce. | brongat forth, some thirty "

-That noted Ohio farmer and pro all-important matter cause it to sink into the ground, carry. beart.

EVERGREEN HEDGES.

ing the appearance of the acreen or hedge. The red cedar does not take ser's Safe Cure and Warner's Log Catan kindly to this service, and carely forms mon juniper is even worse than either

namental features of a well-kept place. | man Reichstag says "The old Chan For very low hedges, or rather borders, reilor stands without a stoop. Itie the different varieties of tree but are Winks-I didn't see you around yes admirably suited. In addition to the Bead is thrown back upon them. His case with which they are preserved fine eyes (his eyes, very large and within proper bounds, their naturally piercing, are what one first retarks more frequently. No plant disregards celler faces his bitterest enemy is shaded spots so perfectly so the family German politics." "Well, I've got to take my business of buxus, or box, although there is, of course, a limit to its endurance. The

A FRENCH ELOPEMENT. One That Took Place Ender Re-

An elopement has just taken place under rather peculiar circumstances in Paris. Some evenings since a gentieman living in the Rue de Courcelles and also organized a concert for his -Though carpet is not a desirable guesta. The singers and musicians overing for the kitchen floor, a piece | were hired in the Faubourg St. Denis, grateful to people who suffer from gory, it was redulously given out that cold feet, and is so easily taken up and the vocalists were lyric artists of high. repute. One of them, the barytone, was a handsome fellow of thirty, with three eggs, beaten quite light, five the languishing airs of a Spanish sertablespoonfuls of white sugar, the juice | smader or a Provenced troubadour of of two and the grated rind of one the olden time, and after his vocal range, a little salt and one cupful of performances in the salon he was ream. Mix all well together; then eagerly surrounded by groups of add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, ladies, who complimented him on his splendid voice. Among his most enthusiastic admirers was the young farmer," says a Country Gentleman lady of the house, the daughter of correspondent, "who wishes to know the host, on whom the seremader from which is best-spring or fall ploughing the Faubourg St. Denis bestowed his to try both ways on bloown land, half most bewitching glances. After the and half, instead of reading the argu- vocal and instrumental part of ments of writers who live a hundred or the evening's entertainment was ever, supper was served, preparatory to -The gizzard of the fewl masticates Terpsicherean performances, and the the food, but this can only be done with | barytone, with his fellow-singers. the aid of sharp gritty material. A packed up their "scores," received hen can cat pounded class with benefit. I their money, and duly departed. Dur-Many of the allments of poultry in ing the supper the host missed his winter are due to the lack of gritty daughter, and thinking that she was substances, the birds being compelled | indisposed he few to her chamber and to digest unmasticated food, which her found it "lonely." The house was searched from top to bettom, and the -Raw meat chopped fine and fed sorrowing parent was told by the connce a day will produce more eggs cierge that his daughter had gone out than any other food that can be given | in her evening dress, which was only the ben. One pound of rough meat to covered by a macintosh in the comfifteen hens is sufficient. The meat pany of a tall, dark young man, whose should be lean, and, if preferred, may description corresponded to the identibe cooked, but it gives better results ty of the handsome barytone that had shen given raw. It is not expensive so enchanted the company by his fine when the increased number of eggs is voice and good looks. The fugitives have not been discovered; but lack of No employer, where there are funds will make them unable to hold hildren on the farm, wants a man, out long, for the young lady had no however good a workman he may be, money, and the awful truth has been if he uses profane or vulgar language, discovered that the attractive baryor is rough or cruel to animals. Such | tone owed a fortnight's rent to his man will spoil a voke of oven or a landlady, was in debt to all the enter-

Enormous Fortunes.

Notwithstanding the enormous fortunes occumulated through the use of printer's nk, large sums of money are annually cupful melted better, two well wasted in meffectual and unremunerative

The merits of a really valuable commodity four, half a teaspoonful sait, a teas properly portrayed in the columns of an in Buential and which read newspaper, like this, will speedily become generally known brought forth, some an hundred fold, some

The wording of an advertisement is an

opened and swallowed them up. The life writer on rural topics, T. B. Terry. | Clearness, attractiveness, brevity and sin sority must characterize any announcement intended to catch the public eye and appeal silver is placed in a heavy oaken keg fertility during the winter to the bare serted in a London journal a few days ago bound with iron and scaled with the soil. He would not plow under a brought instant and multitudenous replica clover aftermath, because the stubble accompanied by an aimest unlimited supseals. These kegs are loaded upon an and decaying leaves fall to the ground, ply of bank notes, samply because R cover it with mulch, protect it from injurious washing, collect the water and septent truthfulness appealed to every

The advertiser sought for a lost relative, "When I was living in a steamboat the movement of the car the closest surface, which is at once differed out friendless. We last built crown is carrended. town on the Mississippi," remarked an secrecy is observed. But one person and held by the mat of roots in the soil. in paying for this advertisement. Write me at" (giving the address). As already stated, nearly every one who read the an nonnement hastened to relieve the necessities of the sufferer a real sufferer in this case, though many swindles are perpe-

Thus it is with a really meritorious comright and left, taking special pains to the car is attached. The detectives to their climate differs widely from mostity or preparation; if its victure be put as many of them as possible into are informed, and one detachment is ours on the Atlantic coast. One paper properly and truthfully set forth in the pullic press, its success is prompt and certain. On the other hand, the public is quick and anerring to detect deception and charlasany; and, accordingly, no amount of "pur ery" will force a vile mostrum into public towns, some of which had an immense | continued until the train reaches | Chinese arbor-vitae, when planted esteemant patronage. Untold sums have trade. The place I was in had 5,000 Washington, when the same method of thickly soon loses its lower branches, been sunk in vain efforts to advertise into or 6,000 inhabitants, and was the transfer is employed as occurs at the and besides, is often quite tender, dy- popularity so-called medical preparations thich did not possess the virtues or proper

> Valuable medicines, bowever, like War-Bareaparitia, carry their even best commendation in their power to cure the p. storolar diseases for which they are a specific.

They require he labored panegyrie to less There is no power of love so hard to of the foregoing, and should never be woos the people of their power and officery. "These bills that were so freely get and keep as a kind voice. A kind used for this purpose. In forming a list for they have been tried and found perfect. Nature's remedies, by their own intrinsic merita have one farred a lasting seen upon mankind, and they have secured an envissteamboat company for furnishing a work of a soft heart, and do it with a placed first, as the most reliable species ble reputation and unlimited said through

An Humble But True Hero.

At an obscure station in Northern Iowa three years ago there were two ladies waiting to take a train. A tramp, drunk enough to be ugly and be delivered at a certain place in the thought of a kind heart. But this is, close planting has a weakening of quarrelsome, whose hand, like Ishtown on a Thursday evening - the the time when a sharp voice is most fect on the individual plants, and a se. mael's, was against every man, caree night that a particular boat was due. apt to be got. You often hear boys and | vere dry winter will occasionally make | is and amused himself by directing in-Well, that Thursday afternoon came girls say words at play with a quick, gaps in the hedge. The variety known sulting remarks to them. The operaput out the red flag the fadire apand a bark. Such a voice often speaks Could the hemlock sprace be de- pealed to him. He ordered the fellow "By evening between 3,000 and 4,000 worse than the heart feels. It shows pended upon during very cold, windy but, and receiving abuse in return at tempted to push him through the oper door when the brute drew a conceased dirk and stabbed him. The operator, ing. The man who was to purchase sticks to him through life, and stirs up jured, not withstanding it is a native of knowing it to be his death wound. the cats was nowhere in sight. The ill-will and griet, and falls like a drop the North. Close planting is what does made no outery, had no word of reproach for his murderer, no repining at his own fate, sent no last message lifeiese at their feet. Minneapolis

-An American who recently heard

-Mrs. De Culture - Horrors' Going