

LIFE'S DAY.

When the day is young and fair,
Birds sing in the dewy air,
Glimmering sunlight everywhere,
Hearts are buoyant, free from care,

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A Grandfather For Sale.

It's all very well for you, Cabot, to quote that trite remark about rank being only the guinea's stamp. You know as well as I do that the social guinea—here in Boston, of all places—must be stamped before it will go into circulation.

Edgar Cabot glanced at him a little contemptuously; then he allowed his eyes to wander enviously around the luxurious appointments of Maxwell's rooms. Everything bespoke an abundance of both money and taste on the part of the one who resided there.

"By Jupiter, Jennings, if I had a tithe of your money I wouldn't care a pip about it," said Cabot, "I had a grandfather."

"And I, Cabot, would give a hundred thousand dollars this minute if I had one of your dignified ancestors," Jennings answered earnestly.

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would be careful to say so, too, for people rarely insist upon one's proving that So-and-so is his 'kin'; and if any body was still dubious your word would be justly indignant because your word was doubted.

"I think if I buy one of them I would like to have the other to keep him company; he might feel lonesome so entirely out of his element. What will you take for the two?" asked Jennings, seriously.

"Cabot looked fixedly at him for an instant; then, seeing that he was in earnest, answered:

"Oh, I'll not sell you in this trade. I'll be grateful if you will give me a hundred thousand for the two of 'em—the old Colonel and the Judge."

"Are you sure that will satisfy you? Suppose I say a hundred and twenty-five for the two?"

"That will suit me still better, of course," said Cabot, aloud. To himself he added: "The fellow is a bigger moul than I thought. However, he is good fellow, and I will help him swear that they are his kinsmen, just to see how many gullible fools there are in the world."

"How will you have the money? In bonds or real estate?" asked Jennings, "or a happy combination of both?"

"If you are really in earnest, I would prefer a little of both."

"Meet me at the Suffolk Bank to-morrow, at ten, and I will turn the 'tin' over to you. It is an hour that will suit you, I suppose, as you are a man of leisure?"

The hour and the whole tenor of the proposition suited Cabot to a nicety; so the next day the transfer was made, Jennings receiving, in lieu of a given sum of money, a receipt for "all right and title to the possession of the late Colonel Henry Cabot and the late Judge Frederic Cabot formerly the possession of Edgar Cabot, and to all honors, rank, glory, etc., which may accrue from the ownership of the same."

A few days later Cabot proposed the name of Maxwell as a member of the very exclusive West End club to which he belonged. At this proposition there was some demur, and Cabot quietly said to one of the objectors:

"I know what you fellows are thinking of. You fancy that Max has nothing but his money to back him for admittance here, but you are mistaken. I happen to know—know, mind you—that he can claim lawful ownership in his excellency, the late Judge Cabot. He has papers in his possession which prove it."

"Are you sure?" was the amazed inquiry.

"I am. I have seen the document to which I refer."

"It must have been on his mother's side if there was such relationship."

"Did you ever hear of my aunt, Letitia, who disappeared so mysteriously?"

"I thought she committed suicide?"

"Some of us Cabots are such naturalists that we think suicide preferable to a mesalliance," replied Cabot, significantly.

So the story went around that Max Jennings had just discovered that he was a descendant of the old Cabot family, and when his name was proposed for election there was not a single black ball against him.

As soon as Jennings received this notification he hastened to the Reception Committee of said club, and explained the whole matter to them. Whereat, pleased with his frankness, and highly amused at the absurdity of the transaction, the club, at its last meeting, unanimously elected him a member "on his own merits, and not those of his supposititious ancestors;" and also, equally unanimously, dropped from its roll the name of Edgar Cabot, "a man who could sell his grandfather not being worthy of the noble name of a Miles Standish Brother," was the verdict.

Dr. Randall, in common with most of the sons of the first settlers, was a member of this same club, so he naturally told his wife about the transaction between Cabot and Jennings. She answered:

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you have bought Mr. Cabot's grand-father?"

"It is true that Judge Cabot now belongs to me—that he is my grandfather," was Max's answer.

"Since Pauline has bronched the subject, Mr. Jennings," said Mrs. Randall, "I must own that I am a little curious to know what gave rise to this remarkable story which is going around about you and Edgar Cabot."

"Oh, it is very simple. Cabot was hard up, and I traded off a few dollars for an ancestor or two," replied Max, lightly.

"Do you really mean to claim those dead Cabots for your own?" asked Dr. Randall, a little testily.

"I do. Why not?" was Max's query. "Is not what you pay for your own?"

Dr. Randall could neither say yes nor no. While he was hesitating for a suitable answer which should cover the whole ground and yet not hurt Max's feelings, Max continued:

"You know, sir, that you value descent above money. Let us suppose a case: If a man had a daughter, and two men were to present themselves as suitors, the one with a good name but a poor purse, the other in exactly the reverse condition, to which would you advise her to give an affirmative answer?"

Dr. Randall appreciated the full meaning of this question, which was even harder than the previous one to be answered. He could not collect his thoughts as quickly as his older daughter did, however. Before her father could frame a reply, Olive said, determinedly:

"I think it would be well to let the girl have some voice in such a matter. I think that the characters of the two men ought to be taken into consideration. I don't believe any girl would want a man who could sell his grandfather."

She'd be more apt to see worthy qualities in the one who didn't consider money the only thing worth having."

There was no mistaking the significance of Olive's tones, or of her flushed face. Dr. Randall loved his children, so, saying to himself: "Max is at heart a gentleman, in spite of his extraneous, perhaps there was good on his mother's side," he pretended to make a jest of the whole matter, and answered:

"Ah, Max, you see what a minority I am in! My wife always agrees with Olive, and even Pauline echoes her, so I dare not dispute a word she says."

Max looked pleased, and Mrs. Randall positively beamed on her husband. But fancy the feelings of all when Max said:

"The most singular part of the whole affair is this: One of my—of old Tom Jennings' friends heard of this bargain between Cabot and me, and put me in the way of proving that Tom Jennings adopted me in his earliest infancy out of an orphan asylum, where I had been placed by mother just before her death."

She was in consumption, and as her last hours drew near she made a confidant of Tom Jennings' wife, and told her that she had been deceived by a false marriage between herself and the father of this Edgar Cabot. As the years passed, and Tom found that the Cabots were not, as a rule, dissonant men, he thought he would investigate the so-called false marriage. He did so, and found that it was a genuine one; that my father, Edward Cabot, had had no intention of deceiving my mother, but having died suddenly before my birth, had kept the marriage secret only for fear of his father's wrath, for my mother was a plain farmer's daughter, poor but honest, as the phrase is. Old Tom had become fond of me, and knowing that the Cabots had nothing to bequeath me except the name, he legally adopted me as his son. So, you see, I purchased my ancestors of my older half brother, Edgar Cabot. I came here to-night, Dr. Randall, to tell you this story: to-morrow—"

"Max, was your mother's name Rachel?" Dr. Randall asked, abruptly.

"Yes; Rachel Dennison, of Weston Mills."

"I was present at your birth, boy, and your mother told me this story. I investigated it for her sake, and found it true, your father having been a widower before he met your mother. When I next saw her she was dead and the baby had vanished, so the whole thing went out of mind until this moment." Here the doctor had to pause to rub his spectacles, and Pauline took advantage of the brief silence to say:

"Now that you've got a grandfather for your own, I suppose you and Olive will be getting married, and then you'll be my brother Max, will you not?"

Francis E. Wadleigh, in 'The Current.'

An Ingenious Brute.

No reasonable being can doubt that if cruelty to animals is to be effectually checked, some stronger corrective must be employed than anything which the law at present provides. Take, for instance the case of Robert Gallen, who was prosecuted at Crediton last week. Gallen was trying to get a mare with a heavy load of coals up a steep hill rendered slippery by frost. The mare came to a standstill, and finding that a severe thrashing did not supply the necessary stimulus, Gallen hit upon the ingenious idea of collecting a quantity of furze and lighting a fire under the poor beast, whose stomach was shown to have been burned severely. For this Gallen was fined 10 shillings. I do not so much blame the magistrates for this contemptible sentence, seeing that the costs came to four times the penalty, which makes a pretty heavy fine for a poor carter. But I contend most strenuously, that in order to meet the feelings of a brute like Gallen, something more efficacious than a pecuniary penalty is needed.—London Truth.

Effects of a Long Reign.

A French firm has received an order from London for 2,800,000 handkerchiefs with Queen Victoria's picture on them, in anticipation of her majesty's "golden jubilee." This seems to indicate that Victoria's long reign has given all her subjects colds in the head.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cutting down appropriations.—Putting a watch on the bar-keeper.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE OWNER OF REST VALLEY.

Curious Life-History of an Ex-Congressman's Daughter.

The last and strangest chapter in all the career of the late Mrs. Lizzie H. Monmouth, who died recently in this town, has just come to light, writes a Canterbury, N. H., correspondent of The Boston Journal. As is well known, she was the daughter of the late ex-Congressman Harper, the widow of Col. Monmouth, of Texas, an author of ability, and an eccentric person generally.

She was best known to the public in her later years by her public services in the worsted church, at Hill's corner, near the Shaker village, and through the quaintness of her artistic home, known as Rest Valley, in the center of the town. Years ago she gave out that she had lost through a clergyman to whom she confined her business affairs nearly all of a handsome property which she had inherited from her father. She managed, however, to retain her humble home and a wood lot of a few acres. Then she began what she called her struggle with poverty. Persons who had known her in prosperity felt a great interest in her, and gave her food and clothing generously. For years she lived in a chamber, refusing to see or speak to anyone excepting to a few intimate friends. She remarked to a neighbor that if the public did not wish her to starve she would accept any offerings of provisions that might be tendered. Her way of receiving gifts was as follows: She would, unseen, let down a rope from her chamber window, and when persons brought her presents they would attach them to the end of the line, and after their departure Mrs. Monmouth would lift the rope into her chamber which had been deposited for her outside.

She kept along in this way for a considerable time, her friends and what few relatives she had being anxious that she should not become a public charge. She wrote a pamphlet, that a friend got published for her, entitled "Living on Half a Dime a Day," in which she related that there had been times in which she had lived with a daily expense for food of only 5 cents. She wrote that she was "a woman with broken health and broken fortune."

At length she conceived the idea of decorating her house with paper ornaments and mottoes, and by much skill and labor she made her home so wonderfully attractive that it became famous with the public, especially with many summer visitors from Boston and vicinity. Through the efforts of the latter numerous Boston merchants sent Mrs. Monmouth as gifts large packages of sample wall papers and small window shades. She charged a small admittance to examine her house, which in the warm season would bring her some ready money. Finally age and disease unfitted her to take care of herself, and a few months ago a kind neighbor carried her to the house of a niece in London, where she had the kindest of care, but died soon afterward.

The strange part of her history lies in the fact that a will which has been found and probated proves that instead of being in poverty she left a handsome property. She bequeaths to one relative \$1,000 to several others \$500 apiece, to still more smaller sums, and to the Women's Benevolent society connected with the Baptist church in Canterbury \$200. Her home and wood lot also go to relatives, and what is remarkable, property sufficient is found to meet all her bequests, and as a gentleman from Canterbury remarked to-day, "We don't know how much more will turn up."

Jealousy.

The old adage that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave," is, to my way of thinking, wrongly put, for were the grave one half as cruel as this taunting fiend, no one would desire, with the longing which at some time or other in life comes to poor jaded humanity, to fly to its sheltering arms for rest.

Were I asked to diagnose this passion, it would be as the child of despair, the sting of envy, the fire of lunacy, and claim for it precedence in the celebrated box presented by Jupiter to Pandora, but with hope left out. I would call it a monster greater than the python of old, for where is the hand that can stay its ravages when once its hydra head is lifted? Step by step it makes progress to the verge of the mad-stom where lie so many wrecked barques which set started on life's journey with such fair freight of hopes and promises; withering the freshness of the heart and narrowing the judgment, it makes a pandemonium of home and happiness; like the swallow, goes and comes then finally takes a farewell flight.

Not the least contemptible phase of this many sided evil—and often displayed when least expected—is that which makes one envious of another's personal influence or position. If the hitherto dearest friend of such a person is unfortunate enough to arouse this antagonistic feeling, he or she will not hesitate to the meanest subtleties and innuendoes; especially is this the case where the offending party has the least claim to good looks or fascinating manners. At once they become the target for invidious remarks, and branded by their suspicious natures as designing; everything to them is tinged with a lurid light. With such persons friendship counts for nothing, for the slime of the serpent is trailed over all the hitherto pleasant relations. Envy and doubt are allowed to creep in and blind the eyes to true merit and motives. Sacred confidences are laid bare and put to such base uses as would cause friendship to veil her face in shame and make the very name a by word.

No one who studies the vagaries of this passion and notes its influence on various temperaments, but has abundant food for musing over the strange and often ridiculous amusements—like wine it seems to bring out the idiosyncracies of character and runs the entire gamut of feeling. Caused after all by that "spasm of the heart" so graphically described in Chesbro's Victoria.

I have seen persons under the influence of this emotion do the most un-

natural things; love, fatal consequences, pride, the one thing that holds many a strong nature in check, are swept away by this mighty power.

Lives are wrecked, reputations blasted, and tragedies enacted through the insane passion that fills our lunatic asylums and prison cells with its victims. I doubt if heaven's shining messengers stood with flaming sword at the portals of this monster's keep had power to stay its course, for with the strength of attachment comes the intensity of the fever that consumes.

I believe that jealousy is one of the most potent parts of all human nature. A latent germ, perhaps, in many who are unconscious that the least taint lurks within their veins until some circumstance forces it to the surface, and they are suddenly awakened to the fact that there is a slumbering volcano in their breasts, ready to throw out the lava which withers everything it touches.—Mary V. Stiles, in St. Louis Magazine.

Now is the Time

to see the Niagara in all the beauty of its winter garb, environed by marvelous and fantastic forms of ice and snow. Gigantic icicles form on the overhanging rocks and reach from summit to base of the tall precipices. The ice-bridge generally extends from the Horseshoe Fall to a point near the railroad bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot passengers during the winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick—rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters from the dark green of summer is sometimes changed to yellow; the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park, sheathed in a glittering mail of ice, formed and added to by the incessantly rising spray, seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystaline forms stand in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice; the tops of trees and points of rock on which the dazzling white frost does not lie stand out in bold contrast, forming the deep shadows of the entrancing picture. The whole presents a wild, savage aspect, grand and imposing beyond adequate description.

If one can see Niagara but once, it had better be in winter than in summer. The scene is one of peerless grandeur, worth going hundreds of miles to see, and daily excites the enthusiastic delight of the Michigan Central passengers who gaze enraptured upon it from the magnificent standpoint of Falls View, above and almost on the brink of the Horse Shoe Falls.

From this point, says Peck's Sun, editorially, "the Michigan Central gives its passengers the most beautiful view to be seen on this earth. There may be more beautiful views on some other earth, but no railroad runs there yet."

The Science of Noses.

The nose we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career, but it has been left to M. Sophus Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published that his discovery is a result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among people of all nations. According to his experience, the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little turn up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dullness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the delicacy of his moral sentiments. Finally, the nose, which belongs both to the mobile and immobile parts of our visage, reflects faithfully the fugitive movements of our inclinations." If all this be true, it is evident that people who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or rather, they must wear false ones.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Place for Chair-Makers.

Last winter when living in the City of Mexico I tried to buy a better chair than the one assigned me in my room at the middle class hotel, where I was stopping. But to my dismay I found that the furniture man wanted me to pay \$10 for a chair which could be had almost any where in the United States for \$2.50. I spoke to our minister about it one day by chance, when he explained to me that the duty on the cheapest of chairs was at the rate \$60 per dozen!

Let some few enterprising young American mechanics or carpenters set upon this. Go down the capital of Mexico and make furniture. All the fertile valleys are lined with willow trees. All the little mountain streams come tumbling down through lanes of little willow trees. Take a hint from one who knows the land well and go down there and make willow ware, chairs especially. The only possible thing that could interfere with your certain fortune would be a revision of their tariff laws. And this I do not think likely to take place. Mexico is trying hard to inspire home industry with life and healthy action; and "protection" is far more likely to be encouraged than set aside, as things now stand.—Joanna Miller.

Time to Reflect.

A young man thrusts his head out of the window of a cab and cries to the driver: "Why don't you go faster? I am going to be married this morning, and at this rate I will arrive too late for the wedding."

Driver (sympathetically): "Well, what of it? I am giving you plenty of time to reflect."—Paris Journal.

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