had great blue eyes, and [illegible] brown hair, and the brightest color, and the sweetest smile. And Isadore was like him, only far more beautiful. You have seen her portrait, down stairs."

"What! that lovely, that angelic child?" cried Elfrida, wonderingly. "I thought that was an artist's ideal picture."

"It was the image of our Isadore at nine years of age," replied Miss Mildred, trying to cover the sudden break and tremble in her voice by a loud "Hem!"

"And at sixteen she was far beyond that painting for beauty," continued Miss Mildred. "Strangers used to stop in the street to look at her and inquire who she was. But she appeared to know nothing and care nothing about her wonderful good looks. She was good and gentle, and always amiable without the least apparent sign of vanity.

"'Ripe for heaven,' our good old minister used to say. I wish she might have gone there then!" said Miss Mildred with a stifled groan.

"She did not die, then!" exclaimed Elfrida. "I was so afraid you were going to tell us of her death!"

"She did not die—God help her!" replied Miss Mildred, with a sigh so deep and sad that it was almost a groan. "Here, in this very wing chamber, my brother Oliver thought of it," she said, after a long pause; "here he called me to help him decide how to carry out the plan. You see, girls, Isadore was like your friend Evelyn—she possessed great courage. She seemed to have no fear of anything on earth. Oliver knew this; so did I. And neither of us expected anything more than a hearty laugh at her expense, or at our own, when the evening frolic ended.

"It was Hallow eve. Isadore and her dearest friend, a Nancy Bruce (who lived then at the farm just below this one), had agreed to try their fate, with 'spells' on that evening. They 'dared' each other to one thing and another, and finally Isadore pledged herself to go into the lonely old north rooms, with a candle, at nine o'clock that evening, and eat an apple before Grandmamma Thorne's great mirror, that had been stored away there for safe-keeping for fifty years or more.

"You see, girls, the idea was that her future husband's face was to appear to her, looking over her shoulders, in that mirror, as she stood before it eating her apple.

"Well, Oliver overheard the girls planning this that afternoon, and he told me, and, as I said before, I helped him here in this very room, that evening, while he disguised himself in a long white dress, and painted his face all over a deathly white, with heavy, frowning black eyebrows that formed a black arch across his forehead.

"It changed him terribly, and he looked so like a corpse in that shroud-like dress, that I was half scared myself at him. But neither of us thought of *Isadore's* being frightened.

"And so we stole into the north room, and contrived to get the mirror out of its frame. Oliver put his face into the vacant space. I hung the drapery around it, and charged him to keep perfectly still, and then stole away to watch for Isadore in the hall.

"In a few minutes she came down the stairs with her candle and apple in her hands. She was smiling rogueishly to herself as she opened the door of the north room and went in."

"And what happened?" asked Elfrida, eagerly, as Miss Mildred paused.

"Where was your mother? How could she let Isadore go into that dreadful room?" breathed Marion Hurst.

"Father and mother were both staying with a sick neighbor as watchers that night," said Miss Mildred; "and I watched and waited, in the outer hall, till Nancy Bruce came crying, down stairs, to tell some one what they had planned to do, because she thought something awful had happened to keep Isadore so long in the north room.

"When Nancy saw me she caught hold of me and dragged me with her to the door of the north room. We went in. The candle was burning on the table. The apple had fallen to the floor. Beside it my brother Oliver was lying senseless, in a fit. His face looked like white fire, in the half darkness. The poor foolish boy had rubbed phosphorus all over it, after I left him, to make it look still more ghastly and ghostlike."

"And Isadore—where was Isadore?" cried Marion Hurst, beginning to shiver with nervous dread.

"We found her huddled down in a heap in a distant corner, with her face to the wall. She knew no one. Oliver told us, long afterward, that she stood gazing at him in silence so long that he advanced his face toward her, through the mirror, meaning in play to offer her a kiss.

"The light, the life, the intelligence, all went out of her own face at that moment," he said. "She fled and crouched down in the corner; and he, believing then that he had fatally injured her, fell fainting to the floor."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Elfrida. "Where is he now, Miss Mildred?"

"In heaven, I hope! He was one of our first volunteers from this town, and one of the first officers killed in the last war. They told me that he exposed his life in leading his men into action. I did not mourn for him girls; I knew *how glad* he was to go. Our parents died heart-broken one year from that fatal Hallowe'en."

"But Isadore, where is she?" asked Elfrida, half fearfully.

"At the State Lunatic Asylum. At first, she seemed only idiotic, and I kept her at home devoting my life to her, as some small return for the wrong that I had helped to work. But she is now a raging, raving, dangerous maniac! Oh, girls; there is nothing left now of the beautiful child, or of the lovely girl! It was all our fault!" said poor Miss Mildred, bursting into tears and hurrying out of the room.

Elfrida's eyes were wet, like ours, as she brought back and silently demolished the fearful "woman with the broom." And Evelyn Moore, returning an hour later with the letters, never knew why we girls greeted her so kindly and lovingly, upon that one particular night.

How to Return a Favor.

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman too—lifted his cap and said: "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman; "whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

Orators are in demand up in the oil regions. The *Petroleum World* says: "If some first-class public speaker will come here and take the stump and take it clear out of the state and keep it there until the campaign is over, he can draw [illegible] for a dollar."

The Queen bumbs in their woolen tabs
Are playing school with the a, b, abs;

A, e! I, o! All the cattle spell
Till they make the blistant vowels tell.

And half a laugh whinny fills the stalls
When down in the rack the clover falls.

A dove is waltzing around his mate,
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate.

And showing off with a wooing note
The satin shine of his golden throat—

It is Ovid's "Art of Love" retold
In a binding fine of blue and gold.

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—

As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle light in the pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes

In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;

Ay the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies,

I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush when the forfeit's paid.

The cider cakes, with the ancient twist,
The cider cups that the girls have kissed,

And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow

Shall whip the tune from the violin
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

MISS MILDRED'S WARNING.

"There, girls!"

Elfrida Moore held aloft before us a dreadful image. "A home-made ghost," she called it, laughing at the terrific result of her half hour of sedulous occupation.

It *was* horrible!

We had been reading, that afternoon, about the Princess Amelia, the ill-fated sister of Frederick, king of Prussia.

One thing brought up another. And when an allusion was made to the "woman with the broom," who is said to have haunted the Prussian palace, at that time, Elfrida sought a carpet brush with a long handle, in the closet at the head of the stairs, and, standing in the outer chamber alone, began to dress it artistically in a sheet, by way of showing us her own idea of the phantom that troubled the rest of Prussia's kings.

We girls were alone in the wing chamber, which had been allotted for our occupancy by Miss Mildred Fay, the owner of the lovely farm, and the comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, in western Pennsylvania, where our parents and other friends were spending the early vacation months of the opening summer.

One other girl, Elfrida's first cousin, Evelyn Moore, shared the wing chamber with us.

She had now gone to the village, two miles distant, for the evening mail.

And Elfrida, who was somewhat envious of Evelyn's superior scholarship, social position and good looks, declared that she would leave her "woman with the broom" so near the door of our chamber, and in such a position, that it would inevitably fall against Evelyn as soon as she entered to bring us our letters.

"She says that she is afraid of nothing—that she does not believe in ghosts and apparitions, she said to us. Now let's try her courage. We will hide in the unfinished chamber, outside, where we can see and hear all that passes between her and my phantom."

While we were eyeing the image from a respectful distance, and feeling half afraid of the hideous face and the flaming eyes, which Elfrida had drawn with a few touches of her crayon and a little phosphorus on the white surface of the sheet, a rustling sound and movement in the outer chamber made us all huddle together and strain our eyes fearfully toward the dusky entrance.

We all felt relieved, I think (I own that I did, for one), when our hostess, Miss Mildred, emerged from the gloom, and entered our room without pausing to knock.

Elfrida tried to thrust the home-made ghost into a corner, quite out of sight. But it was useless to try to conceal from Miss Mildred's searchingly comprehensive glance the hapless apparition.

"Which of you girls made this? Why did you make it?" she asked, holding it out at arm's length.

Elfrida told her.

"And please, Miss Mildred, don't tell Evelyn," she said, coaxingly. "We only wish to find out whether she is *really* braver about such things than we are. She says she is; and she declared the other evening that the real 'woman with the broom,' would not have frightened *her* in the least—if she had seen and heard her sweeping, I mean, in the passages of the royal palace."

"And did you believe her?" asked Miss Mildred, bending her keen, gray eyes on Elfrida's eager face.

"No; I did not," confessed Elfrida.

"Did you?"

Miss Mildred addressed us.

I owned that I had my doubts.

Marion Hurst, with a half-averted, timid look at the dreadful object, that was still near, by our hostess, declared that she had no doubt whatever.

"No one could help feeling terrified at such a sight coming suddenly upon them," she averred.

"You are none of you without your fair share of common sense," said Miss Mildred. "And yet you can deliberately plan and aid and abet a deed like this!"

She tossed the image out into the dark open chamber.

With an angry exclamation, Elfrida was springing after it; but she found herself held back by a strong hand.

"No, girls! that same thing has been done in this very house once before: Wait till I tell you what came of it before you try again to carry it out."

At the thought of hearing a story, Elfrida forgot her momentary anger, and crowded in beside us, near the chair at the window, where Miss Mildred had now seated herself.

She looked at us very sadly. The half-light may have deceived me, but I thought then, and I still think, that her keen gray eyes were full of tears, as she began to speak.

"I did not always live here by myself, girls, in the old homestead," she said. "Five and twenty years ago my dear mother and father were here; and I had a darling brother, one year older than myself, named Oliver, and a sister, younger than either of us, who was called Isadore, after the heroine of a story that my mother had read, and liked very much, just before her birth.

"I was always tall, and thin, and [illegible] as you see me now, girls. I took [illegible] enough [illegible] features that she had no doubt whatever.

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"I was always tall, and thin, and [illegible] as you see me now, girls. I took [illegible] enough [illegible]

THE PARENT'S MINOT.

BY MRS. ANNA D.

Beneath our eaves, the pinks made her nest
Of wool and hay and moss;
The bird knows how to do the best,
And place the twigs across.

And when she had built her little home
With help of loving mate,
One morn, I peeped into their room,
And three speckled eggs she'd laid.

I watched the tiny little balls
'Till birdlings, one, two, three,
I saw within the moss-lined walls,
No larger than the bumblebee.

And then the nest was even full,
Of little fledgelings grown
Almost as large as parent bird,
How soon they will be gone.

Yes, naught is left, for all have flown
To sunnier climes than ours,
Nor grieve they for their early home
In those Elysian bowers.

Yet who can say, but another year,
When the maple spreads her leaves,
That our little friends may tarry here
And rest beneath our eaves.

God's ways are truly marvelous; o'er all
His tender care we see,
And if he "heeds the sparrow's fall,"
He'll not forget the little phebe.

—*Western Rural.*

The Art of Sleeping.

Most of the men who have made their mark as successful leaders have been good sleepers as well as hearty eaters Napoleon Bonaparte lost no opportunity either for a good sleep or a good meal. Even before going into battle he would take a few hours for sleep if possible. The duke of Wellington was such a sound sleeper that he seldom moved from the time he closed his eyes until he awoke. He used a very narrow bed, and said that when it was time for a man to turn in his bed it was time to get up. Henry Ward Beecher is known to be a good sleeper. He falls asleep in a moment after his head touches the pillow. These men and other great workers have had a faculty which is an important addition to the mere taking of sleep. It is the power of withdrawing one's self from all surrounding persons and objects and finding immediate rest in slumber. The man who can thus take rest is refreshed and strengthed under many circumstances which would keep other people weary and wakeful. He is master of every situation as regards his own rest. Some men, by long habit, find themselves able to sleep with the same ease that others would take a glass of water. They can sleep either while perched on a high stool or rattling along in a railroad car at forty miles an hour. The economy of wear and tear on such lives is wonderful. The man who cannot sleep unless he has first removed his clothes, put out the light and climbed into his bed is at a great disadvantage. Greater yet is his disadvantage if he can sleep in no bed but his own. There are some who are possessed with the notion that their own bed is the only one in which they can slumber. These people are utterly wretched when they go to the country, where the beds are stuffed with straw or shavings, and where the springs are made of noisy material which resound whenever touched. When they go to Europe and are forced either to stay awake or to sleep in quarters not much larger than the shelf of a mantlepiece, their misery is too great for utterance. Much of the comfort and discomfort experienced in sleeping is the result of habit. There are some people who toss on their beds for half the night, as if they were uneasy ghosts. They have never learned to sleep.

It is the power to shut one's self within one's self that constitutes one of the approaches to healthful sleep. There are objections to sleeping in church which need not in this connection be recounted. But the man who has by patient habit accustomed himself to slumber under a sermon, can learn to sleep anywhere and under any circumstances. He is sometimes seen in a snug corner of a street car, when several ladies appear on the platform seeking seats. He often finds it convenient when a bore addresses him to be able to subside into slumber. When his mother-in-law wearies him with protracted discussions on uninteresting subjects, it is ever so delightful to sleep, or to seem to sleep. Good sleep is a blessing from heaven, and he who can sleep whether flies crawl on him, mosquitoes bite him, cross people scold him, or noisy children dance and play in his presence, is blessed indeed.

Talk up Your County.

Friends, talk up your county and speak a good word about your neighborhood, not only when you are abroad, but when you are at home. Don't go around looking as if every man was your natural enemy, and you were hopelessly tied up in a community with which you had no sympathy and no common interests. Don't run down the county and berate your fellow citizens to every stranger you meet, but brag them up. Tell strangers you have a fine county. Don't deceive them by telling exaggerated stories or untruths, but don't take a delight in making prominent every little mismanagement of public affairs and every little circumstance of your county's history that was not just according to your own ideas. Tell the strange visitor that your people are hospitable, and prove it to him by introducing him among your friends. Let every man speak well of his neighbors and his county, and induce strangers to settle there. When a stranger locates near you, make him think well of you and your neighbors. If there be a bargain in a piece of vacant land near you, help to get that bargain disposed of. When it is in stronger hands and out of the market, it will stiffen the price of all lands surrounding it. Get your farms into the hands of men out of debt and able to hold them, and you will see a boom in the real estate market. But so long as there is a farm for sale under the pressure of debts, the price of other lands will be influenced thereby. A vacant store in a row of business houses injures the rental value of all the others, a demand for one more store than can be had has the contrary effect. Prices of land are effected in the same way.

Good for the Farmers.

Hartford Times.

It would seem that the farmers, by a recent discovery, are in a fair way to be transplanted to the seventh heaven of delight. That annoying and destructive pest—the potato bug—whose advent a few years ago into our agricultural districts furnished the small boy employment at two cents a quart, in snatching them from the potato vines, can now be utilized.

It appears that a Maryland farmer, who was opposed to the use of Paris green in destroying bugs, arranged a large kettle of boiling water in his field, and his hired men and boys gathered the bugs and dumped them into the scalding water. While Paris green is known to work well, no doubt this is "a good way, too," as the vender of a certain patent bug poison once remarked. He was asked how the powder was used and he replied: "Vell, you catch ze leetle bug, pinch him, and when he opens he mouth, drop ze poison in, and quite soon he kick ze bucket."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the other, "why not put the insect on the floor and stamp on him with your boot?"

The peddler, with a [illegible] expression of countenance, [illegible] exclaimed: "Vell, vell, dat is a good idea, too."

But it seems that the old farmer who had the potato bugs scalded made a discovery that may interrupt the business, and may increase the small boy's percentage in gathering the crop to three cents per quart.

About two gallons of the bugs had been gathered and scalded in a kettle of water, when by accident or chance, a piece of old sheepskin leather, used for lining shoes, fell into the kettle. After the cooking had been going on half an hour, the farmer was astonished to find that the leather had changed its color to the richest dark crimson. Then he experimented with other pieces of leather, and was surprised to find that the liquid first changes them to a dark brown, then to a greenish blue, then to a pure yellow, next to light blue, then to dark blue, followed by light red, and terminating in the brilliant scarlet, which was the permanent color. The farmer is now at work forming a joint stock company to manufacture dyeing mixtures from the boiled down essence of the potato bugs.

The cochineal, or cocus insect, is used in dyeing crimson and scarlet, and in the preparation of the carmine and lake colors. It consists of the bodies of the females of the *coccus cacti*, which feed on plants of the cactus family and there is a kind of prickly pear that is cultivated in the West Indies, Mexico and Peru for the sake of this valuable coloring insect, which feeds upon it. A pound of cochineal, in its dried state, contains about 70,000 of these valuable insects. The male is of a deep red color, with white wings. The female is of a brown color, with no wings, her head being covered with a white, powder-like substance. These insects are killed by boiling water, as the Maryland farmer killed his potato bugs, or they are baked in a hot oven. The coloring principle of cochineal is carmine acid, in its crude state known as carmine, and combined with alumina a carmine lake.

Now, what is to come from the potato bug discovery? Who knows but the farmers will yet go to raising potato bugs for market? In such an event they may introduce an article of commerce equal to the cochineal and valuable to the world. Happy prospects yet for those who have potato fields.

Jesse Grant's Bride.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The engagement of marriage which has existed for some time between Miss Lizzie Chapman and Gen. Grant's third son, Jesse, has been kept so quiet that society can scarcely realize that the wedding is really to be. The approaching nuptials of Ulysses Grant, Jr., and Miss Jennie Flood have been such a fertile topic of discussion that the presence of Jesse has generally been accounted for as being connected in some vague manner with that affair. That two of the great general's sons should succumb to the attractions of San Francisco's daughters was not even suspected, except by a favored few, prior to the announcement in the *Chronicle*, some time since, and even now that the arrangements for the wedding are in the course of preparation, the existence of the engagement has been so carefully concealed that society yet hopes that there is some error in the announcement, and that the Pacific metropolis is not destined to lose one of the brightest stars in its social firmament. Miss Chapman is the daughter of W. S. Chapman, the wealthy capitalist, whose bold and gigantic operations in real estate have been the subject of so many newspaper articles. The young lady is a petite demi-blonde with a wealth of the lightest light brown hair, and soft light brown eyes. The bridegroom elect, Jesse Root Grant, was 22 years of age last February. He was born in Missouri and received his education at Cornell university, from which institution he graduated, receiving the degree of B. S. Shortly after his graduation he traveled in Europe, devoting his attention to mining engineering. On his return to the United States he engaged in the broker business with A. Honore, Jr., under the firm name of Grant & Honore, and is at present a member of the New York stock board. In appearance Mr. Grant is very prepossessing, and about five feet ten inches in height, and well proportioned.

An Artful Russian.

London Daily News.

Count Loris Melikoff, on receiving the appointment to the high position he holds, resolved to put an end to nihilism in a practical, business-like manner. One of the first steps consisted of opening negotiations with two nihilists of high rank, who were confined at Fort Paul. After personally communicating with the prisoners, he released them from confinement. At the same time they received a pledge from Count Melikoff that the persons whose names had been divulged as being prominent among the nihilists, should not be harmed in any way whatsoever. Count Melikoff adhered to the pledge, and it enabled him still further to penetrate into the secrets of other persons. The question was how further to employ these persons, who belonged to the intelligent but indigent class of persons so numerous throughout Russia, in order to render them harmless. One after the other the persons were secretly invited to enter into arrangements in good Russian fashion. No one had a knowledge of the others' doings or whereabouts. By far the larger number of persons were sent out of the country in secrecy, as political agents to Roumelia, Servia, Greece and Constantinople; while others were retained on stipends until an opportunity for employment should offer. They may be seen moving about freely. In conversation with others they profess to favor Panslavis to the last; but they assert it essential for Russia to solve the problem of forming a union among the Slavs; that being accomplished, the great measure of reform may be attempted.

A French Heroine.

Pall Mall Gazette.

One of the celebrities of the Paris markets is a woman who keeps a vegetable stall, and who wears the red ribbon of the legion of honor. This woman, Annettee Drevon by name, was formerly continiere to the thirty-second regiment of infantry and to the second regiment of Zouaves, which she accompanied through the campaigns of Africa and Italy, and during the war with Germany. Of the seven or eight female members of the legion of honor, she is the only one who received the distinction for an act of valor upon the field of battle; and she was decorated, after the battle of Magenta, for rescuing the regimental colors from two Austrian soldiers who had captured them. During the war with Germany she was with the thirty-second regiment in Metz, and upon the surrender of that fortress she was sent off to Germany with the survivors. Just outside of Metz a Bavarian soldier insulted her, and she pulled out her revolver and shot him through the heart. For this she was condemned to death, and would have been shot but for the intervention of Prince Frederick Charles, who, hearing that a woman was to be executed, made inquiries into the case, the result being that Annettee Drevon was set at liberty. She lived in great poverty for some time, but Marshal MacMahon happening to hear about her, gave her a sufficient sum of money to set up the stall at which she now sells carrots, turnips and other aids of digestion.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Americans are a very forgetful race. In the summer thousands go to the country for their health, and some leave it without it.

The individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying that they made a man forget all his other troubles.

When a man hooks a lot of fish he will brag about it for three days, but when he hooks a lot of apples he hasn't a word to say about it.

When a man and woman are made one, the question "which one?" is a bothersome one until it is settled, as it soon is.

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" asked a Galveston doctor of a patient, who was very sick. "Well, you see, doctor, I could not make up my mind to take such a desperate step."

There is a practical good sense in the old proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines." One could not very well go out at night, while the sun doesn't shine, and make hay by the light of a lantern.

A lady who never spanked her boy hard enough to hurt him, recently hung in her sitting room the illuminated motto: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." That boy reformed on the spot.

"I wonder," said a young lady, "why Hymen is always represented as carrying a torch;" to which her bachelor uncle snarlingly responded: "To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."

A Scotch boy interrogated his mother as follows: "Mrther, wull we hae tea for breakfast the morn?" "Ay, laddie, if we're spared." "An' if we're no spared, miteer, wull we only hae parritch, as usual?"

In Connecticut the method of committing suicide by going to bed with a pipe or cigar in the mouth, is becoming very popular. In many localities it is taking the place of kerosene. It isn't so greasy, and don't smell so bad; and and then a man can be asleep during at least half the dying. Try it, and put a stop to the gigantic monopoly, kerosene.

A correspondent asks: "Is butter referred to anywhere in the bible?" Certainly. When "Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and beheld a ram caught in the thicket by his horns." If our correspondent will read the twenty-second chapter of Genesis he will find the old patriarch drew his knife across the butter and offered him as a sacrifice. —Ex. Our devil wants to know whether or not this was the first time hair was found on butter. He says it is an old custom closely adhered to where he boards.

The dramatic editor of a French paper had occasion recently to criticise severely the performance of a somewhat popular actress. Shortly afterward the lover of the young lady met the journalist in the theatre, and presented him with a package of goose quills. "This, sir," said he, "is a present from Miss X." "What!" exclaimed the critic, "did she tear all these out of yourself? How you must have suffered!"

The Athens, Georgia, *Banner* says: "For many years Moses, a negro, was a servant of the university of Alabama, and waited on the students very faithfully; but he was a most notorious hypocrite. He was commonly called "Preach" among the boys. One day he was passing a crowd of students, when one of them called to him: 'I say, Preach, what are you going to do when Satan gets you?' 'Wait on students,' was the reply."

A little urchin of two and a half years old was visiting at a friend's house, where he sometimes got a halfpenny to spend on sweets, and attracted the attention of the inmates by putting the simple question, "What'll I buy?" One of the family asked where he intended to make his purchase, when he gave the name of a grocer next door. Then, thinking to bring him to the point at once, she asked where the halfpenny was, and received the suggestive answer, "I haena gotten't, yet." The hint had its effect.

Uses for Flax Straw.

It is hoped that the time will soon come when there will be a market for flax fiber in this country. At present flax is grown, except in a few localities where there are flax-mills, entirely for the seed. The straw is generally thrown away, and is sometimes burned. This straw may be employed for a number of very useful purposes. In the south farmers have a little apparatus which they set up in a yard or field, by means of which they make very good ropes out of cotton, hemp and flax. Ropes made of flax straw are useful for securing young trees to stakes, for attaching vines to posts or trellises, or for tying about shocks of corn. Flax straw may also be used to excellent advantage for putting about trunks of trees in order to protect them from the heat of the sun. Twisted somewhat loosely, and wrapped about rose bushes and tender shrubbery, it affords excellent protection.

Flax straw makes excellent packing for ice. But a comparatively small amount of it is required. It is clean, easy to handle, and not as liable to mold or rot as the substances that are usually employed. A piece of ice taken from the house and wrapped in flax straw may be carried a long distance with but very little waste. Many farmers do not put up ice because it is difficult for them to obtain saw dust or tanbark for packing. Flax straw makes good bedding for all kinds of stock, and it is especially good for hogs. It is excellent material for mulching, and there are few things superior to it for mulching strawberry vines. It forms a close sort of matting, on which the berries can ripen without being spattered with mud. Most kinds of stock will eat flax straw after they have become accustomed to use it by having small quantities fed at a time.

The Woman Who Campaigns.

The woman whom the people call "the campaigner" has changed somewhat in her methods, according to her opportunities, since old Tom Newcome's time. She frequently goes abroad now, and may be seen leading a line of men, and able to hold her own with them, in any public resort. She is masculine, tyrannical, and even abusive and brutal, making her way where a lady would not care to make herself conspicuous, and yet, like a true coward, claiming in an extremity the homage due to her skirts. She is utterly unreasonable, demands a seat before one has a chance of offering her one, prods luckless boys with her stout umbrella if they happen to be in her way, requires as much room as a menagerie, and is followed by a pale, scared and meek husband who evidently never spoke above a whisper in his life. Women she ignores; men she fights. Ticket sellers know her for a virago, and woe to the waiter who happens to bring her a dish which she can contrast with some other dish on an adjoining table. Her husband, unfortunately for him, does not die, but seems forbidden to do so, as one of them recently said, "under penalty of death." Her favorite weather is rainy and cold out of doors. Her favorite weather indoors, according to her husband, is rather hot.

A Snail's Foot.

It is an interesting, not to say pretty, sight to watch the under surface of the foot of a shipper snail in motion, and one which may easily be witnessed by placing the creature to crawl on a piece of clear glass. A hollow glass cylinder, such as the chimney of a lamp, is preferable to a flat sheet, as affording greater facilities for close inspection and more ready handling. Having placed the slug or snail inside the tube, wait till it has got hold with its sucker-like foot, and then turn the glass around so as to bring the under side into view. So long as the animal remains at rest there is nothing in particular to attract one's attention; but the moment the creature begins to move a wonderful change takes place. The first impression is that there must be a hollow channel along the center of the foot, through which a foaming torrent is rushing pell-mell from the tail toward the head. Such, it is scarcely necessary to add, is not the case, and the torrential appearance is solely an optical illusion, due to the successive action of the surface of the muscular foot in propelling the animal forward. To understand the nature of this movement clearly, take the case of the caterpillar when crawling. First, the hinder portion of the body is drawn up, forming an arch; then the feet in the front of the arch are successively raised and those behind set down, causing the arch to move forward toward the head, though the parts of the body maintain the same relative position. By the time the first loop or "wave," in the caterpillar's body has reached its head, which it at once stretches forward, another "wave" has commenced at the tail, and so on. Now, the motion in a snail's foot is just the same, only the "waves" do not affect the whole body, as they do in the caterpillar, and they follow each other so quickly as to give rise to the appearance of flowing liquid. The margins of the foot do not participate in this motion, but have a gentle, lateral, undulating movement of their own. This motion of the muscular fibres of the foot is under the control of the animal so far as starting and stopping are concerned; but the actual motion itself appears to be automatic, and comparable to that of a locomotive engine where the driver turns the steam on or off, leaving the actual work to the mechanism itself.

Christian Common Sense.

Golden Rule.

There is a lack of ordinary business shrewdness on the part of some Christian men and some Christian institutions, which is simply amazing. It exhibits itself in loose management and want of provision—in letting things drift, and trusting in luck baptized with the name of providence; and though by a wretched caricature of faith this is miscalled "a life of trust," it is nothing but a religious Micawberism that folds its hands and expects something to "turn up." "God helps those who help themselves." There is no warrant in scripture or history for disregard of the ordinary laws of security and success. At the gathering of one of the great benevolent societies a few years ago the exceedingly sensible proposition was made to effect life insurances in the case of its missionaries. The suggestion was vehemently opposed by one of the "fathers in grace," who argued that "those who are doing the Lord's work ought to trust the future of their families to the Lord's care," and not be guilty of such an impious forestalling of divine providence as an actual business arrangement for their possible wants. Shame to say it, but the good brother's ill-logic prevailed and the proposition was lost; but he himself soon after died, leaving his family without a dollar, dependent upon the charity of the world for the barest necessities of food and clothing.

Remarkable Success.

The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy for the treatment of Kidney diseases, as the accidental discovery of the vegetable contained in DAY'S KIDNEY PAD. Its reliable character, desirable qualities and masterly curative power have deeply won upon the confidence of the medical profession and countless sufferers who have used it.

Curious But Not Inexplicable.

Dublin (Ga.) Gazette.

The other morning a young man in this place awoke from a refreshing night's slumber both deaf and dumb, nor has he spoken a word since or heard at all. The night before when he retired he could talk and hear as well as he ever could. He remembered no unpleasant feeling during the night, nor is he affected in any other way. We sympathize with the young man, who is very intelligent and a general favorite with every one. He is about twenty-one or twenty-two years old.

THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

Without a question Buffalo, N. Y., can boast of the largest and most complete private Sanitarium in the world. The Invalid's Hotel was founded by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has represented his district as State Senator and in Congress, and is known throughout the United States as the originator of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, and who has also become widely celebrated in the treatment of chronic diseases. The erection of this mammoth home for invalids was made necessary by the large number of afflicted who flocked to Buffalo from all parts of the United States to consult Dr. Pierce and the eminent medical gentlemen associated with him as the faculty of this celebrated institution. The establishment is said to have cost nearly half a million of dollars, and is furnished with every appliance and facility for the care of chronic ailments. A correspondingly large branch institution is located in London, England. The whole concern is owned and operated by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which the original Dr. Pierce is President—his brother, an uncle, and other eminent medical gentlemen, taking part in the treatment of cases. In treating cases they are not at all confined to the narrow limits of prescribing the justly celebrated remedies, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or any other set remedies, however good, but have resort to the whole range of the *Materia Medica*, as well as to Turkish and other baths, Swedish movements and other approved remedies and methods of cure.

The manner of newspaper reporting in a provincial village: "An accident, which might have resulted fatally, happened yesterday to Madame la Marquise de Bonbeck, aged eighty years. Editor-in-chief making corrections: We must put her down forty-five or she will stop her subscription."

The Reason Why.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it cures without fail.—*Independent.*

Justice Dillard, of the supreme court of North Carolina may serve as an example of personal independence. It is related that Judge Kerr once saw Dillard in a second class car. "Hi!" said Kerr; "how comes it that a man of your cloth is caught in a second class car?" "Because there is no third class," quietly replied Judge Dillard, and asked for a match to light his pipe.

FEARON & COLE,
Wholesale Fruits, Produce and Fresh Oysters
Commission Merchants.
OMAHA, Sept. 24, 1880.
We quote to-day:
Butter—Choice, scarce, 15@20c; medium 10, @13c.
Eggs—20@22 per dozen.
Apples—per barrel, $2.25.
Peaches, Grapes, Pears, Plums, California Fruits and Fresh Oysters at lowest market prices.
10 LBS. OF STANDARD A SUGAR FOR $1.00,
And all other groceries proportionately low. Send for complete price list, and save 25 per cent on grocery bills. Country orders solicited.
J. B. FRENCH & CO.,
The Reliable Grocers, Omaha, Neb.
Mention name of paper you saw this in.

Rev. F. HACKENMEIER, Supt. German Protestant Orphans' Home, St. Charles Rock Road, St. Louis Co., writing April 30th, 1877, says: "*Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific* is a positive cure for Chills and Fever; has never failed with us."

Mr. JNO. C. WELSORS of Keysport, Ill., says: "I cured a little girl of Ague of three years standing, with *Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific*, after the best physicians failed to benefit her."

Dr. YOUNGBLOOD of Little York, Mo., says: "I have used *Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific* in my practice, and can heartily recommend it to the public."

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES,
are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney disease of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcoholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER
This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common cows and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of Imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairy-maid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size [illegible] 25 cents, large size, 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving in using the larger size.
Address, [illegible] PROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y.
[Trade-mark "Butter Maker" Registered.]

DAY KIDNEY PAD
ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, Bladder, Bowels & Urinary Organs.
By forcing into the system through the pores of the skin, powerful and healthful vegetable tonics and diuretics, and absorbing from it via humors and every trace of disease, giving it wonderful power to immediately relieve and permanently cure. For Inflammation and Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Constipation of the Bowels, Catarrh of the Bladder, Inability to retain or expel the Urine, Stone in the Bladder, Blood Colored, Scanty or Painful Urination, Deposits in the Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Side or Loins, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, and in fact all diseases of these great organs, whether contracted by over work, excessive drinking, the abuse of nature or otherwise. It expels in the most direct and effective manner, the poisonous Uric Acid which is the cause of the Kidneys and exists in the blood of Rheumatic patients. It is worn exactly where needed, next to the body and over the kidneys. It is comfortable, can be used at all times, in any climate, and is equally good for Men, Women or Child. It is safe, pleasant and reliable in its effects, yet powerful in its action. Sufferers from nervous fears, doubts and suspicions, Give it a trial and become convinced that it is no deception, but a scientific and rational remedy, giving prompt relief and nothing else. Thousands are daily adding their testimony to the wonderful curative powers of this great remedy, who have been cured to health after all other treatments and remedies failed. Why Tormented with Kidney Pains? Ask your druggist for it,