

A Parting Scene.
Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a summer evening? This is the way they do it:
"Good-by!"
"Good-by. Come down and see us right soon."
"Yes, so I will. You come up right soon."
"I will. Good-by."
"Good-by. Don't forget to come soon."
"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up."
"I won't. Be sure and bring Sally Jane with you next time."
"I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awful bad."
"Did she, now? That was too bad. Be sure and bring her next time."
"I will; and you be sure and bring the baby."
"I will. I forgot to tell you he's cut another tooth."
"You don't say! How many has he got now?"
"Five. It makes him awful cross."
"I guess it does, this hot weather. Well, good-by! Don't forget to come down."
"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-by!"
And they separate.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Mr. SMITH, who has to lug a scuttle of coal upstairs three times a day, reads with prospective joy the announcement that the coal-fields of the world will be exhausted in 2,000 years.

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YES!
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BEST LINE EAST
—TO THE—
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Vestibule trains to New York and Boston.
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To COLORADO RESORTS
Will set in early this year, and the Grand West Coast Line has already ample and perfect arrangements to take you to all the lovely spots of Colorado.
HIGH ALTITUDES.
The track is perfect, and double over important divisions. Train equipment the very best, and a solid vestibule train on the BIG FIVE leaves Cincinnati daily at 10 p. m. and arrives second morning at Denver or Colorado Springs for breakfast.
Any Coupon Ticket Agent can give you rates, and further information will be cheerfully and promptly responded to by addressing JNO. SEBASTIAN, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

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TO-MORROW'S SORROWS.
There is very little trouble That happens us to-day. It's the sorrows of to-morrow That drive our joys away.
We sometimes sit and wonder And stew and foam and fret, For fear something may happen, But it hasn't happened yet.
There was once a lonely woman Who cried down by the sea: "What if my pretty children All should be perished?"
Now, this particular woman, Who thus did fret and fret, Is still a maiden lady, So it has not happened yet.
—Amusing Journal.

BLIND JUSTICE.
BY HELEN B. MATHERS.
CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.
When I had read the last word, and the famous name appended, I threw my hat up in the air. I stamped. I shouted. I could have rolled on the turf in my extravagant joy and then I seized the little doctors hands, and nearly wrung them off their arms.
"Stop!" he cried, "stop! Who would have thought you were so strong?" Then I let him go so suddenly that he nearly fell backwards, and back I tore into Smuggler's Hole.
"Keep your box!" I shouted, "keep it and bad luck to you! Your secret is no secret now, and the woman you could have saved, and would not, is saved without you. Listen—" standing opposite him, while Dr. Cripps placidly sat down just inside the door. I translated the telegram into Austrian to him.
"So," he said calmly, though his face was that of a defeated devil, "you English are not such fools as I supposed. You do sometimes hear of what goes on in other places; but you have poor stomachs—you are not strong men like we are, and our meat is your poison."
"Thank God, yes!" I cried, "we can support life without being slaves to a degrading habit such as yours."
The Styrian thrust out his lips with a gesture of utter contempt.
"Have you any bad habits that can show such results as ours?" he said scornfully, "or any drag that will keep the skin and hair sleek and glossy, just as it will make an animal plump, and strengthen its breathing organs? It gives us clearness of skin, and increases powers of digestion; it enables our herdsmen laden with heavy burdens to climb mountains without fatigue, and it gives us courage, the courage that comes from perfect health and strength. Look you, Seth Treloar came to me with bones showing through his skin, and only one thought in his mind, how he could get drunk. I soon taught him there was something better than drink, and he began with very small doses; he suffered burning pains in his month, throat and stomach, for he was no hardy mountaineer whose forefathers had eaten arsenic from generation to generation, and who commenced the practice in early youth, but I kept his courage up, and soon he got to love it as he loved his drink. Cursed be the day," he went on savagely, "in which he crossed my path; he has robbed me, he has fooled me, he brought me hither to be treated like a dog, and here I should have died, but that I am stronger than most of my race, and hard to kill. I could not die—ah, I would not," he added, striking the ground with his clenched fist. "But that fool," he went on after a pause, "when he awoke to find himself there" (he pointed downwards), "in the dark, alone, with no light, and his box gone, no doubt he thought himself buried alive, and out of pure fear and rage, for want of his arsenic, died. He always was a coward; if he had made up his mind to endure his agony for a few hours, daylight would have shown him the means of escape, and he would be living now."
"I must be off," broke in Dr. Cripps. "I don't know how those poor creatures are getting on. And I hope I leave you quite happy, sir. Poor Judith, poor girl—but the future will make handsome amends."
"One moment," I said. "I must get an order from a magistrate to detain this man as he has important evidence to give in Judith's favor. I won't watch him another night, but he must be put in safe custody somewhere."
"Of Tregonnell will see about that," said Dr. Cripps, "he is our nearest magistrate, and I shall be passing his very door. Come back with me, and I will drop you there. Have you breakfasted?" he added, looking keenly at me.
"No, I was too anxious to see you."
"My housekeeper will give you a mouthful, come along. So that fellow has found his appetite?" he added, looking at the Styrian and the empty cup and platter beside him, as he went out.
"Yes, I never thought to see him eat again," and I told the doctor the night's events.
He listened with the deepest interest, and was now sufficiently comfortable in his own person to pity me.
"You've had a rough time of it," he said kindly, "but you've reason to be proud of the way you've undone your mistake. To be sure it all sounds wildly improbable, and if Judith is tried again, the jury may refuse to believe a word of it—but I take it that she is now practically a free woman. To be sure she has lost her child, but time will mend that."
That night the Styrian slept under another roof than mine, and until very late Dr. Cripps and I studied together the pamphlet that arrived by the evening post.
"The main facts about the practice of 'Hedri' we already knew through A's telegram, but many interesting

details were now added, a few of which I here give.
When Hedri was first brought before the notice of the medical profession, it was treated as a gross imposture and classed with fasting-girls and other frauds, and the doctors boldly declared that the Styrian peasants ate chalk, not arsenic, for it was not deemed credible that a man could unscathed consume enough poison to affect a dozen people, and sufficient to kill three.
As early as 1822 Dr. Heisch brought forward the subject of arsenic eating, and in 1851 Tschudi brought the matter prominently forward, and since that time, scientific research has proved Hedri to be no fiction, but a very vivid reality.
No one, however, takes to the habit quite openly. It is usually begun in secret and at the increase of the moon, with strange and superstitious observances.
A minute dose is at first taken once a week, usually in bread and butter, then twice a week, and so on, until, when the individual arrives at a dose daily, the dose itself is increased till as much is taken as ordinarily would kill two or three people.
"And to think," said Dr. Cripps, pushing back his chair when he had come to the last page, "that I should never have heard a word of it! That comes, sir, of living forty years in a Cornish village, and being often too dog-tired to read Bell's Life, much less the British Medical Journal and Lancet. Well it's clear enough now. That poor devil Seth came to himself in the dark, there would be no glimmer of light from the aperture above, and he would probably prowl round and round like a wild beast, never dreaming of the rope hanging just above him, for he wouldn't know where he was, and so died of pure cessation of poison, and fury at being trapped. That Styrian fellow was of another sort, he would not die! To be sure Seth would not have died if Judith had not drugged and put him there—I am not sure, mind you, it won't be brought in homicide (don't turn pale man), but she has suffered so much, that perhaps mercy will be shown her."

CHAPTER XVII.
Judith's case was not re-tried, but the new evidence was duly laid before the home secretary, and shortly afterwards supplemented by the written statement of the Styrian, who, wearying at last of his confinement, and having told all he knew, was suffered to depart.
So that in due leisurely course, her majesty's most gracious pardon was extended to Judith for a crime which she had never committed, and on the morning she was set free a curious and pretty scene was enacted outside the jail gates, at which I gladly assisted. For thither came flocking matrons and maids, men and youths, little children with chubby hands quite full of flowers, and even old gaffers and gammers leaning on their sticks, eager to swell the note of welcome that was ready to burst forth at sight of the woman whom one and all had so cruelly misjudged. Not a matron there but had put on her smartest finery, not a man but was reddeed up as if he were bent on courting, half a dozen girls had been decked out in all the available white clothes of the community, and carried in their aprons the flowers of which they had despoiled their cottage gardens to throw at Judith's feet.
For the morning of her release was also her wedding-day, though she little guessed with what hearty goodwill, and in what numbers it was to be attended.
Mingling with the crowd, whose eyes never left the yet unopened door through which Judith must pass, I heard many things said in the soft Cornish sing-song voice that now moved my heart, and now provoked me to a smile, but through all I traced the honest, sincere nature of a people anxious to make amends for the wrong they had done, and full of pity for her upon whom they had heaped such heavy stones.
Among them, blazing with triumph, and with a sheep-faced man beside her, who was probably the only unwilling spectator present, stood the woman who had been Judith's friend, and who had championed her so warmly while she fed and abused me.
She spied me out, and pushed her way to me, giving me a shake of the hand that made it tingle warmly.
"Aw, she said, 'be 'eant such a bad swal arter all, an' I'll forgie 'ee now, tho' I arter 'ee for a liard when 'ee said I should spake w' Judith as a free woman agen. 'Iss, an' my man you do look a fule, a reckon a 'll wear th' breaks now an' agen fro' now."
And she nodded her head with a world of meaning as she fought her way to the first rank before the gates.
Spring—no wayward sprite to tantalize you with sips of sweetness, but warm, odorless, all giving—was among those who had come forth to do Judith honor, and with her balmy breath she warmed the old folks' blood, and touched the fancies of the youths and maidens, so that love and life seemed to pulse and throb in that glowing, vigorous crowd standing bare-headed beneath the vivid blue and white beauty of a mackerel sky. Its eyes turned to the prison walls before it, its back set to the diamond-strown breast of
"The great earth mother, Lover and mother of men, the sea"
I wish that I could describe the lightning thrill and stir, as suddenly hushed in one catching breath, as the doorway beyond was filled by two tall figures bathed in sunshine, but I seem to hear even now the roar

of welcome that burst from every throat, as the lovers advanced, trembling, amazed, at the salvos of applause that greeted them.
The woman wore a white woolen gown, her head was uncovered, but Stephen was in his fisherman's garb, and looked more like Antinous than ever, if one can ever picture the young Greek as perfectly happy.
I thought the vehemence of their welcome at first hurt her, for she pressed close to Stephen, but once the gates were thrown back, and they were surrounded by that impetuous crowd, she smiled and put her arms round Nance, who was the very first to reach her.
"Aw, Judith, woman!" said Nance, kissing her hungrily. "I niver doubted 'ee 'dearie, an' it baint my fault I've not bin anighst 'ee."
"Eh, but I missed 'ee, Nance," said Judith, and first one, then another, must shake her hand, and the little ones must give her their flowers, but I saw her take up the smallest of them all, and bow her head upon its dimpled neck, and I knew that in all the glory and sunshine of her day was one sombre cloud.
When each and all had said their word, and very sweet and wholesome many of them were, the maidens took matters into their own hands, and placing Judith and Stephen in their midst, with many droppings of flowers, and liftings of pleasant voices in Cornish song, they took their way through the gaping town and sunny path that wound down the cliff to Trevenick.
Strangers to the place stared at the gay procession that had so long and happy a following, closed in by young and old toddlers of both sexes. The sea-wind blew back the girls' white dresses, and sweeter grew their voices till in the distance they died away, and many a kindly wish and hopeful word followed the pair to the little church, where once more they knelt together with good hope of stored up happiness to come.
And if, when the rejoicings were at their height, they stole away to where
"Beside a little grave They kissed again with tears— who shall say that the one touch of sorrow in their crowned love did not make it divine?
To me their faces seemed as the faces of angels, when, stepping down to where I stood, they thanked and blessed me, bidding me God-speed whithersoever I should go.
THE END.

The Tides in the Bay of Fundy.
Statistics regarding the tides in the Bay of Fundy are so startling as to seem almost incredible. At Grand Manan the fall is from twelve to fifteen feet, at Lubec and Eastport twenty feet, at St. John from twenty-four to thirty feet, at Moncton, on the bend of the Petitcodiac, seventy feet, while the distance between high and low water mark on the Cobequid river is twelve miles, the river actually being twelve miles longer at high than at low water. Vessels can be run up so far on the flood in this river and in the Avon that the ebb will leave them high and dry for sixteen hours, so that they can be repaired between tides.

The Tomato.
The tomato has a curious history. After the revolution of San Domingo, many French families came from there to Philadelphia, where they introduced their favorite pomme d'amour. Although introduced as early as 1696 from South America into England, it was looked upon with suspicion, and its specific name, "Lycopersicum," derived from lykos, "wolf," and persikon, "peach," referring to the beautiful but deceptive appearance of its fruit, intimates pretty clearly the kind of estimation in which it was held. It is now, however, all but universally used.

A College Journalist.
Friend—How's that? Lost your position already? I thought you were the highest honor graduate in the Great American college of journalism.
Young Journalist—That's what's the matter. All the professors kept dingling into my head the great journalistic motto, "Boil it down."
"Well?"
"Well, the first work I was given, was editing the special cable dispatches. I boiled 'em down to about three inches, and this morning the proprietor kicked me out."
What, indeed?
Mr. Grimme—It is just an outrage the way the little innocent birds are being butchered to adorn women's hats. Mrs. Grimme—But, my dear, don't you remember that it was the bright bird wing I wore on my hat as I was going along the street that attracted your attention and led to your marrying me? Mr. Grimme—What in thunder has that got to do with it? That only makes the case stronger.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

He Moved On.
"What do you want?" asked the housewife.
"Suthin' ter eat."
"I haven't anything in the house except some bread and corned beef. Do you want some of that?"
"No," he said sadly, "I guess I'll move on. It 'ud be a pity ter waste sech a fine appetite on sech poor victuals."
Time to Intrude.
Mother—Is Mr. Kisseem in the parlor yet?
Little Son—Yes.
"What are they doing?"
"They are sitting a good way apart, and talking; but sister has tak'n off her Elizabeth ruff."
"Very well; I'll go down at once."

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GREASE.—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with lukewarm soap lye. Colored woollens, the same, or ammonia. Silks, absorb with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether.
OIL COLORS, VARNISH, AND RESINS.—On white or colored linens, cottons, or woollens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol, lye, and their soap. On silks, use benzine, ether, and mild soap, very cautiously.
VEGETABLE COLORS, FRUIT, RED WINE, AND RED INK.—On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water. Colored cottons and woollens, wash with lukewarm soap lye or ammonia. Silk, the same, but more cautiously.
BLOOD AND ALBUMINOID MATTERS.—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepine or the juice of *carica papaya* can be procured the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances is applied.

Fair and Beautiful Lands Across the Sea give promise to the ocean voyager of health and pleasure, but there is a broad expanse of waters to be passed that rise mountain high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is that of an invalid. Moreover the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of a steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, cannot, without medicinal safeguard, be encountered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. Tourists, yachtsmen, mariners, commercial travelers, and people bound on a sea voyage or inland jaunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, sick headache, biliousness and constipation.

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This monument is a specimen of his work.
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A CURIOUS phenomenon was noted during the Arctic researches of the revenue cutter Corwin. In Kotzebue sound, under the Arctic circle, a very extraordinary ice formation was visited. It is apparently an immense iceberg, capped with earth and grass. The remains—almost the entire skeleton—of a mammoth dug from it have been saved as a curiosity for the Smithsonian Institute.
Whether on pleasure bent or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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Never try to appear what you are not.
Owe no man anything.
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