

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

"I know as my life grows older And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong somewhere There lies the root of Right; That each sorrow has its purpose By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning Whatever is, is best.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

It was with the air of a man profoundly indifferent to his own successes, that Gerard Strickland, twirling his cuffs and stretching his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious arm chair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion to an enviable post in the civil service.

An old man servant, one of a sort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his master's side, and stood at a respectful distance, waiting, half hesitating, with some anxiety written in his countenance.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but do you remember what day it is today?" "No, Thomas."

"Your wedding day, sir?" Strickland's face clouded. "I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner, the same wine as—"

"No, Thomas; I shall probably dine at the club."

"I ordered dinner, as usual, sir, and a bouquet, in case."

"Quite right, Thomas, quite right."

"For an instant the heart of the promoted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating. How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversary better than himself!

"Anything else, Thomas?" "This morning, when you had just gone, a young lady called. Hearing you were not at home, she said she would call again this evening, about 6. She wished to see you on important business."

"Her name?" "She left none."

"Did you see her?" "No, sir."

"Rather tall, sir; a young lady, dark, and fashionably dressed."

"If she calls I will see her. You may go, Thomas." The servant left, and Strickland continued to himself: "Fall, young lady, well dressed, business with me. Who can she be?"

dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I, at least, am unable to conjecture the consequences."

"And I?" "Mr. Strickland, it is absolutely necessary to prevent this scandal. I trust you will assist me. My father must find together; and we must avoid everything that would serve to awaken suspicion."

"No, I am ready. But I see many difficulties. The servants?" "Give the new man servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will speak to Thomas."

"If a friend should call?" "You will see no one."

"If we meet your father, people will see us together."

"We will go in a closed carriage."

"Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize a bachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on, this evening. My room?" "As you left it."

"Sentimentality?" "None. It remains to be seen whether we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory."

"By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked, sarcastically.

"No; I have forgotten them," replied Strickland, with a frown.

And the two looked into each other's eyes like two duelists.

"When will you come here?" asked Strickland.

"This evening. I will bring my things, and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. I hope I shall not inconvenience you. You are not expecting any one?"

"No one. I was going out. If you wish, I will stay and assist you. My engagement is unimportant."

"Pray go. We should have to talk, and we have nothing to say to each other."

The greatest opportunity. Now is the time for the Vanderbilts or any other set of enlightened millionaires to come forward and undertake here in this neighborhood an experiment whose successful working would confer upon the human family a greater benefit than any novelty or invention or discovery since the introduction of printing.

We refer, of course, to the new agriculture, the great system of subterraneous irrigation, of feeding the roots of plants from beneath with a perpetual supply of moisture. This system was discovered by that irrepressible, electrical veteran, Asahel Newton Cole, of Allegheny county, and the right place to make a conspicuous and triumphant display of its marvelous results is here at the doors of this metropolis, among the hills of Westchester. The land is there, its long slopes turning to the southern sun; the living springs of water are there; the climate is favorable, the situation peerless, and all that is necessary is that some great and far seeing man, with as much money as he has brains, should devote a little thereof to a work whose success will not merely make its capitalist glorious and famous, but also increase his wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice.

No matter how many millions he may have already, the new agriculture would add to his stores, and, in addition, the blessings of the human family, the cry of joy from poverty relieved, the shouts of hope from heart, that dread and doubt, would be given to him in full measure and exulting chorus.

What wise millionaire, what rich and great philanthropist, desirous of being the benefactor of the human race, of putting an end to poverty and poverty, will come forward and lay hold of this unexampled opportunity to gain for himself imperishable renown, and to confer upon his grateful countrymen the benefits of universal prosperity and boundless abundance?—New York Sun.

A Japanese court room even now is far different from an American one. Imagine a court, in which is high up of a wooden rostrum three feet high, and the other half floored with stone. Upon this rostrum the judges sit behind little tables which are covered with green cloth. In the common pleas and the preliminary courts there are three of these tables. The judge sits at the center one.

At this right is the prosecutor or assistant attorney, and at his left is the clerk. All three have little tables before them with brushes for writing, in black the Japanese characters, and no stenographers are used. Close up to this rostrum, in the pit below, there is a low railing upon which the prisoner places his hands and looks up at the judge as he is tried.

There is no jury and the judge examines the prisoner himself. The prosecutor states the case first, however, and the prisoner can employ counsel. I watched or two criminal trials. A half dozen offenders with handcuffs on their hands and with their feet tied together with ropes were also bound around their waists, were led by three ropes into the courts. The handcuffs were then taken off and laid with the ropes on a table which the trial went on. As far as I could see the judge tried to get at the truth and the trial seemed to be fair.—Frank G. Carpenter.

The American gypsy does not steal, for he has no need to steal. A thief and pilferer was he when, starving and persecuted, he was hunted over the face of Europe. But the way to do Rom of the United States seems to lay his hands on what does not belong to him. Always in the wake of a gypsy band follow those who find the Romany reputation a convenient shield for their own robberies.

Their presence in a community is the horse thief's and the chicken stealer's opportunity. The boy buys all of his horses openly, honestly, and is a clever bargainer. He watches for chances to make cheap purchases in horse flesh in mid winter, when feed is high. He gathers in and treats horses that need nothing but rest and grain to make them available for market. However close and shrewd he may bargain, steal a horse he never does.—Chicago Herald.

The death is reported in Turkey of a Mohammedan named Hadzi Sulejman Saba, who had reached the very respectable age of 132. He had seven wives, sixty sons and nine daughters and had survived them all. At the time he married his last wife he was 98 and when she joined the majority he was still so far under the influence of love's young dream that he wanted to marry again, but the state of his finances did not permit of any further participation in matrimonial joys. With the exception of meat at the Bairam festival he lived exclusively on barley bread and beans, drinking only water, but on this special diet he managed to preserve his health so well that until four days before he ended his long career he did not know what it was to be ill.—London Figaro.

Stories of Abe Lincoln always pass as coin everywhere, and it is not too late for one told by his son to a friend in Washington. "My father," said Robert Lincoln, "liked to stroll about Washington without any escort or show of distinction, and he sometimes strayed into curious company. One day, as a lad, I accompanied him down a back street, where we encountered a regiment of soldiers marching past. My father was curious to learn what particular body of troops this was, and as soon as he came within hailing distance he inquired without addressing anybody in particular, 'Well, what's this?' Quick as the word came a reply from somewhere in the detachment, 'Why, it's a regiment of soldiers, you old fool, you!'—Buffalo Express.

Mrs. Carrollton Smythe (to her husband)—I happened to meet Mrs. Van Kortland and daughter at Gridley's today. I always thought she was altogether too swell for such a place. She was even looking over the bargain counter.

Husband—And what took you there? You wouldn't like to be considered less swell than Mrs. Van Kortland?

Mrs. Smythe (haughtily)—Certainly not. I merely went to see some goods which they advertised at specially low rates.—The Epoch.

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Table with 2 columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday. No. 30 is a stub to Pacific Junction at 3:30 p. m. No. 19 is a stub from Pacific Junction at 11 a. m.