

Give me thy hand  
When every sail is swelling  
When every wave is breaking  
When every breeze is blowing  
When every bird is singing  
When every flower is blooming  
When every leaf is rustling  
When every drop is falling  
When every star is shining  
When every voice is crying  
When every heart is beating  
When every soul is praising  
When every tongue is glorifying  
When every spirit is rejoicing  
When every angel is praising  
When every saint is glorifying  
When every martyr is rejoicing  
When every virgin is praising  
When every child is glorifying  
When every man is rejoicing  
When every woman is praising  
When every creature is glorifying  
When every being is praising  
When every thing is glorifying  
When every where is praising  
When every when is praising  
When every how is praising  
When every what is praising  
When every why is praising  
When every where is praising  
When every when is praising  
When every how is praising  
When every what is praising  
When every why is praising

MICKEY FINN'S VIOLET.

Out of the ground at the foot of the big pine tree in Lindsley's wood there grew a violet. 'Twas after much hesitation that the flower had pushed its way up through the carpet of brown needles which covered it, and at last timidly showed its head. Every morning a slanting beam of sunlight shot through the branches of the big pine and kissed the purple lips of the flower, and drank up the beads of dew which nestled in its green leaves. After many days of struggling the flower began to manufacture its own spring bonnet. This bonnet was woven in looms of air and shaped by the "sluttish" of the sun. While this process was going on, the flower often shrank and trembled as a vicious blast, lingering over from March, chilled its tender leaves. But one day, when the sun was brighter than usual, the bonnet opened itself and a subtle perfume came from it and mingled with the balsamic odor of the pine and the faint breath of the honeysuckle. 'Twas the eau de cologne of the wood. A dainty bloom was this, and coquettishly did it wave upon its slender stem.

It seemed as if all the dwellers in the wood had conspired to protect the flower. A big bumble bee was piffing sweets from the violet one day when a blue bird flew down and gobbled it up. A red headed woodpecker picked up a bug which was gnawing away at the violet's stem. A brown breasted robin tripping by stopped to look at the flower. A squirrel lingered on its way up a ragged oak, turned to inspect it, then whisked out of sight in the foliage. And every day the stem of the flower grew stronger and it perfume sweeter.

But across the fields from beyond the meadows there came one day a destructive animal which consumed every green and living thing that it touched. This was Mickey Finn's billy goat. It happened that the venerable old graybeard had gnawed the rope which bound him to the stake in Stumpy Field and had gone on a little ramble. As he ambled down the Old Point road, dragging behind him about twenty feet of clothesline, he looked every inch a conqueror, and children hid behind their mothers' skirts and peered out fearfully as he went by. On arriving at the wood he sniffed the air redolent of fresh and growing things. After cropping tender grasses for awhile he grew tired of this ordinary fare and fed only on dandelion shoots and other dainties in the wood.

Violet, you are in danger!  
The goat stood on the crest of a ridge, which ran like a great backbone through the forest. He looked off upon the river below him with a dreamy expression in his eyes, as if he enjoyed the scene. Suddenly he turned his head and listened. Down the sides of the wood came a faint "Halloo, Billy, Billy, Billy!"  
There was a moment of silence, broken only by the sighing of the big pine. Then above the voices of the wood came the call again, this time nearer by. The hoary and wicked old truant lifted his head and uttered a ma-a-a-a of welcome. Barefooted and flushed with exercise Mickey Finn made his appearance. The most affectionate relations prevailed between the boy and the goat, which was shown by the ardent manner in which the goat rubbed his head against the boy's legs. Mickey picked up the rope, and the pair started homeward.  
Beware, violet!

REDDY'S BIG HAND.

A "COLD DECK" THAT MADE IT VERY WARM FOR THE "RAISERS."

A Game of Poker That the Old Sports of California Remember—Three Aces Was His Weakness, but Somehow He Caught the Fourth That Time.  
In the early days of California, in the good times before the ranchmen and Judge Sawyer came there with their injunctions to put a stop to hydraulic mining, and a stopper on the men of the mountains who first lifted California out of the hide and tallow trade and placed her in those days of old and lucidic era. Then the eager and alert eye of the calculating rancher sought out the miners as he descended from the heights of the Sierras, and his hand was extended in welcome, while the man of nuggets and "chisps" was still afraid.

HE FOUGHT THE "TIGER."  
In making these trips they generally took turns. It was before the days of the romantic, happy times of the steamer lines on the rivers of the Golden state. It was the regular habit of the partners on getting off the rolling, thumping mountain coach, to stay all night at Sacramento, taking the boat the next afternoon for San Francisco. When it was the turn of Andrews to go down to the bay with the dust he frequently did battle with the "tiger" while lying over at Sacramento, but Reddy's strong suit was poker. Three aces was his big hand. When he held three aces he would bet his "bottom dollar and go his liver and lights blind." This was so well known that it had passed into a proverb among the Sacramento sports. On one occasion, when Reddy had been playing all night with some Sacramento men and quit \$8,000 ahead of the game, it was concluded to follow him up. In pursuance of this plan some of the sports with whom he had spent the night—Charles Dawson among the number—said they had concluded just for the fun of the thing, to take a little run with him down the bay.

The boat had not proceeded far down the river before, as the most natural thing in the world, a poker game was started, and at the proper time Dawson came to the shore and driven to sea on the land. Here they are kept and fed for a time like other cattle until killing time. They are not allowed to be killed until they are 2 years old nor after they are 4. The skins of baby seals are too tender, and the old seals are kept for breeding. When they are killed the skins are all packed in brine and sent to London. It seems odd that sealskins which are obtained within the United States have to be taken out of it and carried over the long journey from Alaska to England to be cured and dried, and then brought back to the United States again for sale. Such is the fact, however. The best, and about the only place for preparing sealskins in London itself, on the banks of the Thames, and the dirty water of the Thames is used in the process. Several attempts have been made to establish places in the United States, but they have all failed, even where the skilled workmen were brought over from the English establishment. It may be the climate or it may be the dirty Thames water which affects the skins peculiarly. Whatever it is, the same skins cannot be prepared here anything near as successfully as they can in London.—Boston Herald.

Sealskin Squeezes.

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The Object of Conversation.

That the main object of conversation ought to be pleasant companionship would seem obvious enough; but the fact, simple though it is, is often forgotten. Serious people sermonize, scientific people lecture and prosy people pros, as if the end in view were moral improvement, or education, or a quiet nap, all of them certainly excellent things in their proper place, but that place is not conversation. In these days, when intellects are more upon a level, it is difficult to imagine one person holding forth to his neighbors, or an afternoon call, with solemn aims and affectations of superiority. The modern drawing room does not say unto the prophet, "Prophecy unto us," or to the philosopher, "Give me of your knowledge;" it asks only for pleasant talk, for small talk, for talk in which all may share.—London Globe.

Poisoned by Nutmegs.

"To our already formidable list of poisons," says The London Hospital, "may be added, as a source of occasional danger, the fragrant nutmeg. It is not likely that adults will ever die of eating nutmegs, but the inquisitive fingers of children find their way to the spice box, and thence convey many things to their curious palates. At least one fatal case has occurred, where a boy of 8, having eaten two nutmegs, fell into a comatose condition and died within twelve hours. The symptoms were similar to those of opium poisoning."

A Costly Tomb.

The Duke of Hamilton's family mausoleum rivals anything of the kind ever known. It cost \$300,000. The tomb is a model of the Castello di San Angelo at Rome, and the internal decorations are superb, the gates being a copy of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, and the coffin of Duke Alexander, who built the mausoleum, is inclosed in an Egyptian sarcophagus of black marble covered with hieroglyphics, which was brought from Alexandria.—New York Telegram.

A citizen of New Ulm, Minn., owns a horse whose eyes, he claims, change from a very light color to dark blue twenty-four hours before a change of weather.

A spring of natural cologne has broken forth in the southern part of Algeria. The liquid has not been analyzed, but its odor is very similar to that of patchouli.

A Strange Vision.

A great many strange and decidedly remarkable events have transpired in and about the famous old Mormon town, and many occurrences, to this day unexplained, have become matter of history. Possibly one of the most remarkable instances of mind reading that has ever come to the knowledge of the people here was related by Judge George Edmunds, a prominent attorney of this state, who now has his residence at Carthage, the county seat of Hancock county. Judge Edmunds was a resident of Nauvoo during the Mormon era, and was well known to Joseph Smith and his apostles. Possibly no other man is better informed on Mormon history than Judge Edmunds. At that time, as yet, the judge owns several extensive farms in Sonora township, near Nauvoo. They are operated entirely by trusted overseers. Immense quantities of hay are grown and shipped by river to southern points.

One summer, not many years ago, Judge Edmunds was hastily summoned to New York city. At the time his men were baling hay and storing it in a huge warehouse near the river bank. Henry Benner, for many years a faithful employe, was supervising the work. The judge proceeded on his journey, transacted his business, and was en route home. He was sitting in a parlor at the afternoon after leaving New York. Gradually he fell into a pleasant little nap, but soon awakened as he looked out of the carriage window, but noticed something peculiar on the double window pane. It was a picture of his hay farm in Sonora township and the huge barn on the river bank. Looking closer he saw men and teams at work baling hay, and a big hay barn had crushed in. Upon comparison, it was found that the accident occurred at the precise time and in the exact manner depicted in the vision in the carriage window, hundreds of miles away. Judge Edmunds does not pretend to explain this singular incident. As to the truth of this story, no one who knows the judge will for an instant doubt it.—Nauvoo (Ills.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Men's Dress Reform.

Dress reform for men would be a good cry to take up, for there is no doubt that the tables could be turned on the men on the question of summer clothing. The weight of a man's clothing in summer is greater than that of a woman. This is a decided sore point, and by the actual weighing of clothing and the woman's weighed three pounds and nine ounces, while the man's weighed eight pounds and ten ounces. The editor of a certain lady's newspaper writes in distress: "A tailor who is strenuous enough to invent a scheme for summer clothing for men which will leave out the starched shirt, and still be neat and becoming, will merit the praise of many sufferers and ought to make a fortune."

A Dairy Mystery Solved.

For some time past the cows on the ranch of S. W. Coffee, who lives about five miles northeast of Modesto, have been yielding little or no milk in the morning. As the yield at night has not been decreased, it was naturally a cause of wonder and surprise. The conjectures as to the cause were many, and it was finally investigated. The result was truly astonishing. It was discovered that when the cows were corralled at night, and after they had laid down, a band of shoots that frequented the barnyard had been in the habit of extracting the milk from the udder. The parties on watch saw the young swine, about midnight, cautiously approach the cows and commence sucking with confidence and zest that denoted familiarity with the work. This story, although singular, is vouched for by N. F. Howell. "Doc" says the shoots in question will squall and whine after the cows as persistently and naturally as though they were calling their mothers.—Modesto (Cal.) News.

Is Marriage a Failure?

Is marriage a failure? In many individual cases, yes; in the great aggregate of human experience, no. We cannot allow it to be a failure. It is the anchor which saves a man from shipwreck. It is the harbor into which a woman guides her heart to find peace and safety from life's storms. The history of all that is greatest and best in the world records many failures, but the eternal principles of right move on with the restless and unchanging majesty of the stars in their course. Let us look into the innocent eyes of childhood and allow ourselves to debate this subject? If but for one instant we compare the conditions that surround the child born in wedlock to the child born without; if we contrast the situation of the mothers of these two children, we receive an answer to this question, that should forever end the argument.—Ida Harper in Indianapolis Journal.

A Feathered Mugwump.

Mr. Henry C. Hamilton, one of the most truthful men in Georgia, tells of a great curiosity which Bob Kenyon, an old negro man, is raising on Mr. Hamilton's place in Dalton. The object may be described as a fowl mugwump. It is half duck and half chicken, its father being a duck and its mother a hen. The mugwump is about the size of a frying size chicken. It is of the feminine gender. The head and breast are built like a hen, and the back, tail and legs are formed like those of a duck. But, strange to say, the creature is not webfooted. The fowl mugwump cackles like a hen, and in walking waddles like a duck. Mr. Hamilton says that he was in Dalton Sunday and spent an hour looking at the freak. He says that it is the funniest thing he ever saw in a barnyard.—Atlanta Constitution.

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