

THE GOLD THAT WEARS.

We parted one eye at the garden gate. When the dew was on the heather. And I promised my love to come back to her. Ere the pleasant autumn weather— That we twain might wed. When the leaves were red. And live and love together.

Journalism Two Thousand Years Ago.

There seems to have been a necessity since time immemorial among at least half-civilized nations to bring events of importance to the knowledge of the people by the medium of writing. To this purpose answered the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the Egyptians, the tombs of Babylon, covered with Assyrian characters, the Phœnician tablets, and the well-known Marmor Radium.

Men's Part in Home-Making.

Most of the precepts we have seen from the texts of happy homes have been aimed at the women. This is natural enough, for they are the natural makers of the world; and in a future number we shall "join in the chorus," and also say something to the young folks about their part in a work from which no responsible member of the family can be excused.

The Coming Man.

The "coming man" will certainly be a marvelous creature. His prophets are on every hand, and to one and all the omens are full of the wonderful things he will do and do. He is, to be sure, long in "coming"; we evidently have not yet seen him—but his prophecies, at least, may be said to have arrived. It is amusing, indeed, to see how the prophesied "coming man," as he is portrayed by this or that looker into the future, is found to be endowed

with the peculiar tastes and accomplishments, and often with the idiosyncrasies of the portrayer. The ballroomist, for instance, is sure that the coming man will ride the air and scold serene midway between sea and firmament; the skeptic doubts not that when the man comes, he will be wholly emancipated from tradition and superstition; to the socialist, the coming man will, with angelic composure, divide up his yearly gains with his neighbors; the Malthusian will have the coming man cease to recklessly over-populate the globe. Much might be said, too, of what the "coming woman" will do and do. She has her prophets and propheticesses too. She will, no doubt, arrive at the perfection of combined convenience and grace in dress; perhaps she will vote and preside over legislative wrangles, and dine as envoy at royal tables.

Mr. Charles Reade, with a wit and invention that might be expected from his performances in imaginative literature, has discovered a new attribute which he thinks is certain the coming man and woman will possess. What is remarkable is, that this attribute, though suggested by a brain which is above all fanciful, is a severely practical one. He says that the human phenomenon of the future will be an "ambidexter," or both-handed person. Bringing the whole force of his brilliant rhetoric to bear upon this subject, Mr. Reade arraigns the distinction between the right and the left hand as a relic of remote barbarism. To think, he says, that the left hand is unlucky, is to subscribe to a heathen mythology. It was a tradition of the "juvenile world," as he calls what we commonly know as ancient times.

Robin Hood's Miracle.

Fair, fair was the forest of Sherwood in the days of Robin Hood. Long were the summers that garmented the forests with green, and bright were the autumns that formed the thickets and coverts from which the merry hunters, clad in Lincoln-green, started the deer. The silver horns of Robin Hood's merry men divided in the morning and their notes were lost in the great, deep forests, but they blended again at evening, echoing at first from afar and then drawing near.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice having been placed in his hands by an East India Company's agent, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and chest affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility, and all nervous complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Acting on this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe with full directions for preparing and using in German, French, and English. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

Common Cold.

Every one is practically familiar with common cold. The chilliness and shivering, the dullness and languor, the soreness of the throat, pain in the head, and sneezing. We would recommend a timely use of Madam Foster's Curative Cough Balsam. A safe, reliable, and pleasant remedy. Full directions on each bottle. Small bottles 50 cents.

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courtesy, forbearance, and all the amiable moods and graces that are the soul of home happiness. The sort of men who display all their suavity and politeness on the street or at their business places, and save the storms, and sulks, and sourness, and all the evil character of devilish dispositions that characterize by the convenient euphemism of "moods," well, we have our opinion of them, and if they will express it privately, but we are afraid it would not look well in print!

The whole tribe of home tyrants—men who make the entire household revolve around them as the center, whose tongues are chronically "furred" in the morning, and nerves so upset in the evening that the family must keep silence while they read and smoke; who "can't bear" the noise of innocent and natural mirthfulness; who have to be foadled and tended and humored; they ought all of them to be doomed to pass their days in a shabby genteel boarding house, without sight of wife or children; with hash for breakfast, warmed-over pancakes for lunch, and lean mackerel and centennial hens for supper, with the lodger overhead always learning the trombone and servant girls that steal the hair-oil. They don't deserve a home, and no man does who will do nothing to make it. For man's rights do not include the right to all the comforts of a home without any of the work, or worry, or sacrifice, or thoughtfulness, and well-doing incident to its creation and maintenance.

A good many men think they have done their full duty if they pay the bills, more or less grudgingly. But one might as well try to warm a room with a fire-place and a pair of silver-plated andirons, and no fuel or fire, as to make a home with money. The money simply makes a place for the home; to complete it the man must put in himself, and the best part of himself at that.

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Uncle Remus and the Silver Dollar.

"Wat's dis 'bout dat silver business?" asked Uncle Remus yesterday. "I hear Miss Sally readin' 'bout it, and axed her, but she say dat I mus' ax Mas' John, an' den I ax Mas' John, an' Mas' John say I mus' go ter dose noxopaper men wat' kick up all de devilment. I believe dat was de languidge dat he used."

"Oh, that's all settled, Uncle Remus, everything is fixed."

"Who hit de biggest ban' in de game?" "The silver-men. They didn't carry all their points, but they are tolerably well satisfied."

"What's de upshot er de fracas den?" "Why, we are to er de old-fashioned dollar—the old silver dollar that suited so well."

"Oh, that's too soon yet. They will be put in circulation just as fast as the mints can make them."

"What 'bout in de 'ssembly you speak I'm a settin' here? How far back fum de man wat' rashans out de skulls dus you reckon I is?"

"Oh, the silver dollars will be circulated just like any other money. You get it if you earn it."

"Has'ter scramble arter it same as befo'?" Well, den, in regards ter dat silver bill, I'd a been whar de little boy wuz when he made a mouf at de cow."

"Where was that, Uncle Remus?" "On de top rail er de fence. But dar's a nudder pint, boss," continued the old man, reflecting a few moments. "I hear talk dat dese yere Mexican dollars ain't up ter de high-water mark in dere wifness."

"Well, those who pay you a Mexican dollar will give you a nickel to make up de value—that is, if you call their attention to it."

"Den I don't get de nickel, case a silver-dollar's good nuff for me, wedder she's United States, or wedder she's fur-rin'. Nobody don't hav ter coxa me fer ter take a silver dollar."

Uncle Remus sat thinking a few minutes, and proceeded.

"Not much. Not dis season. W'en Mas' John gimme my wages I'll take de Mexikin dollar an' lef de nickel fer him an' his mudder—in-law fer ter fight 'bout, an' I'm blest if I don't b'leve de ole 'oman'd mount 'in an' gouge 'im for a heap less dan dat. Ain' you got a bucket er water dat you want bring, boss?"

Whereat the old man toddled off to the pump. —Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Holmes to a Boy.

The kindly autocrat, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, has been writing, says the New York Tribune, a pleasant letter to Master Holmes Dunlap, an eight-year-old Tennesseean, whose parents so admired the Doctor that they gave their son his name. The little fellow wrote a pretty, childish letter to the autocrat, adding this postscript: "P. S.—My little sister said to mamma 'As Buddy is writing to a poet, I think I shall write to Shakespeare.'" And thus Dr. Holmes answered: "My Dear Little Namesake—I have so many letters that I can not do more than answer yours in a very few words. I am glad that you go to school, and have already learned to write and do sums in arithmetic and find places on the maps. I suppose you know where Boston is, where I live. It is a pretty large city, but what do you suppose I saw this forenoon out of the window of my library? It was a flock of wild ducks in the Charles river, swimming about just as much at home as if they were tame ducks in a pond. We have had a very great snowstorm. Yesterday I saw a boy, not much bigger, I suppose, than you are, stand on the top of a snow-drift, and his head was as high as a street lantern on the top of a tall post where it was everything. I am sorry that I cannot do everything that every good little boy wants me to. I am sorry that I cannot write you a speech, but you see I have written you a letter. Be good and industrious and obedient, and then you will do credit to the name your father has given you. Kiss your little sister and tell her there are no postoffices where Shakespeare is now. Your friend, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

RUSSOUB.

Hornets cannot talk the English language; but when they tell a picnic party to leave, it is as clearly understood as if uttered by the most grammatical person.

The difference between riding a horse and a hobby is said to consist in this, that one can get off a horse at any time, but once on a hobby a man can never get off.

An Irishman, on seeing a roused very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom."

Frankie (aged four): "Mamma, a lady at school kissed me to-day." Mamma: "Did she, dear? I hope you kissed her back." Frank (very indignantly): "Kissed her back? No, I didn't, I kissed her cheek."

Titles of rank are not conferred by the laws of the United States, though this is only one of the reasons why we never see boarding house butlers alluded to in the Constitution.

An eastern paper has for its motto—"The pen is mightier than the sword, but the scissors are easier to handle." Solomon didn't get away with all the wisdom.

"Does your sister Annie ever say any thing about me?" asked an anxious lover of a little girl. "Yes," was the reply; "she said that if I had rocks on your shoes they'd make a nice cradle for my doll."

Nothing destroys the appetite quite so quickly as the announcement that Jones, of whom you have just agreed to accept ten cents on the dollar, is going to Europe with his family to spend a year. In the bright lexicon of cheek there is no such word as fail.

Honor in His Own Land.

Says Conley in his recently issued work, The History of New York State: "The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in ignominious poverty—their sacrifices, their labors unappreciated. Today the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of the masses—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he regards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing in their kind benefactor, a new meaning of that beautiful biblical custom of casting leaven upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those sterling virtues that enable mankind, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Although, yet inured by an arduous and strenuous life to the most discriminating and well-balanced judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the records of a nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, he justly celebrated Household Remedies have ranked for him a yet more desirable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households."

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