I would not weep because the roses die,
I do not murmur when the red leaves fall;
But when blue beef goes mounting to the sky,
I weep above my soup, and that is all.

SORROW.

I have not wept, when wintry biasts have snow;
But when wood sells nine dollars for a cord,
I wept for that; I would not have it so.

I would not weep, because the birds of spring. With autumn's leaves and summer's flower's are fied;
I only sob because I played a king,
After the other man an ace had led.

For birds, and leaves, and buds, I do not weep. Foolish the heart that for such tritles "ho I do not mourn for things supremely cheap.

My human grief mounts upward into dollars

—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

BITTER-SWEET.

scent. A voice of many birds twittering the sun saine is dimmed by a soft haze. delicately to each other from newly-built - Mr. Townsend had left them in order by distance. Right down through the him, as in fear? sloping woodland a brooklet leaped tink-

ling and gurgling to the sea. had fallen all the previous night. With here was its perfection! one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to tend back a branch which face, and her hazel eyes shone with a serious joy beneath the shading hand. For the first time in her life she was

the long hours of fevered tossing to and fro, followed by tedious weeks of convalescence, were but a background. And now into her loneliness there came another human presence-a young man, earelessly whistling, treading gayly

over moss and flowers till he reached the rivulet, and paused on the further side. looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft gray gown, crowned by the brown hair ingly. and wistful face. Just one moment, and "Sorry!" she said, and, with a frank he turned off a little higher up and vet coy gesture, she nestled close to his sprang across the stream. Only one heart. look, and there might have been no second: their lives might have glided apart forever, but for an accident-or what we call an accident; which is really a strong link in many a chain of life. As his foot touched the bank he slipped on the damp earth, spraining his ankle in the fall. He drew himself into a sitting posture and leaned against a tree, faint with pain. The young girl came quickly toward him. "I will run and get help," she said, and meeting his grateful look for a moment, went quickly along the gate. In one of the arms of the cross path that led toward Cloverleigh, the village where she and her father were staying. At a turning she met a tall scholarly looking man. "I was looking for you, Margaret. Are you wise to go bareheaded, my

child?" he said, anxiously. "My hat fell into the brook, and it i so mild. But, oh! papa, there is a gen tleman hurt down there. He has sprained his ankle and cannot walk." And she waved her hand toward the woods below. They found him faint and white: but he made light of his suffering as they helped him through the fringe of apple and pear trees to his lodging in Cloverleigh.

Most of our lives are Bitter-Sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlatives, it is when love takes possession of soul and body as instruments whereon to play his mighty preludes.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving but his daughter and his books, and so her life was full of associations, but not of friends. None of the bloom had been worn off her sou! by that playing at love called flirtation. She had read, with a certain solemnity. some old books wherein mention was made of men who had died and done other things for love; and she may have had dreams on the subject, but filmy and and winter ferhs and mosses, with pershifting as dreams generally are. Her father had taught her Greek, and

so "she chanced upon the poets," and overhanging the lawn, and the flower-their thoughts had given flavor to he. beds were as old-fashioned as the house. own. Some time before this had come illness; it had seemed at one moment as and apple and pear.

It is unique, this village, with its hundred steps leading down to the quay and above the other, and the quaint rooms in them are let in summer to visitors with good walking powers. Its only inn is a temple of bric a-brac, and, in summer. is crowded with pilgrims visiting one of the shrines of nature. In this sequestered solitude the father and daughter and Dr. John Enderby were at present the only strangers, and the young doe Old World book to her father, her fresh bent her head down on the fluffy curls, young voice contrasting with the oft- and caught his little bare teet in her times crabbed style, and as he thus hand (he had pulled off his shoes and watched her she grew inexpressibly socks, the tiny rogue!) and she kissed the

But to Margaret? Without one word of warning, had come the crowning jous baly? What should we do without ffacction of her life. "Heaven lies about him?" us in our infancy," then fades away, But once more it lies about the man and woman in the mellow time of youth with flashed through him. a beauty that baby eyes never yet beheld and earth borrows of this heavenly light. fine boy for his age," and, bending Did ever such similarly pass through the down, kissed him; but he went away was it really so cruel after all? Did so baby for comfort. many husbands and fathers and sons lie | On this occasion the doctor went to his tossing in its depths. It looked so caress study, locked the door and sat down to ing, washing the feet of the red cliffs wrestle with himself, also to take stock where the greenery crept down to meet of his forces for that wrestling.

the little semi-circular pier that inclosed white heat, the very soul of the heavenly the "quay pule" and watch the sunset fire. moon would spring into the airy silence, self-blame, he saw his blindness and the same terrible risk he had run. He wanted grief grew silent. She was gentle to and the sea and cliff-hung village, the lights only his wife; his Margaret; but what if him, but her thoughts were with the life!

shove, and they would climb homeward.

All this fed the warm friendliness be ielt for her, which is often mistaken for love. The fragrance of her life filled Briered at the Postoffice, Columbas, Neb., as second his imagination, and he determined to make her his wife. But of that deheious agony, that glorious fear that makes pallid the face of the lover, the void in the life that must be filled by the presence of a beloved woman -what did he

know? Nothing. His nature was as yet cold, hers was all aglow. She was one of those women. passionate, yet sweet and pure, with sensitive bodies that quiver with pain at any strong emotion. If she had never seen him again, it is improbable that she would ever have cared for another: perhaps she would have waited in eternity for the sequence of that first glance of

They lingered on till the honeysuckle woed the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a moment when, the two being alone in the woodland path overhanging the sea, John asked Margaret to be his wife. It was the sweetest time of the afternoon. just before sunset, when the day has lost A symphony of sound and light and its weariness and the sky is calm, and

nests, amid boughs that swayed to and to write a letter which he had forgotten, fro in the wind, and shook their latest and the others had sauntered toward the buds into leaf and blossom. Into the village in dreamy silence. Then she bewoodland from far below came a mur- came aware that he was asking her to mur of waves trailing on a shingly beach, and mingling with this murmur, the talk sweetest woman he had ever seen. and laughter of the fishermen mellowed | Whence then her sudden shrinking from

"I am not good enough," she cried. She was afraid of her joy, for she was a The dim fragrance and dappled lights timid woman, but in the midst of his and pleasant sounds of the day made a wooing he was vexed at her humility, three-fold joy to a young girl who stood not understanding it, for he was only beneath the trees in the April noon. She offering her a scanty armful of first stood on a part of the slope whence the fruits, and she was returning him the full trees had drawn back a little, and the harvest of her soul, though she did not light fell about her just beyond the verge know its value. He drew her to him of the shadow. Round her feet were and kissed the brown head and laid it dead leaves and living flowers, and soft on his breast. She began to cry-she green mosses full of the sweet rain that had been so greedy of joy lately, and

And he?-well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. had barred the open space. Her hair This girl, with her simple dress and was blown in a brown cloud about her manuer, and her serious brown eyes and undertone of joyfulness about her, satisfied the more spiritual side of his nature. And yet she was not the ideal of his tasting that singular gladness which past, which ideal had been compounded comes to mind and body, when alone of soft-voiced Cordelia, passionate Juwith nature in spring, after a long ill- liet, bright Rosalind, witty Beatrice, and ness. To this full content of hers, all dear Desdemona-in fact, of all the sweets of many natures compacted into

She was not his heroine, but he was her hero, and her gladness inclined toward sadness; for a true woman sees herself valueless at the moment she believes that the "man of men" sees in her a precious jewel.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, half jest-

Windborough is a country town, seated in the midst of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction. It is a sleepy town, full of old houses and old traditions, and prides itself rather on its ruins than on its famous woolen manufacture. It is built in the form of a cross -indeed, its main street is called Cross-

mous old castle-are the best houses, in

sional men live. At the end of the Woodleigh road was Dr. Enderby's house, large and old-fashioned; and hither he brought his wife Margaret not long after their first meet-ing in the Cloverleigh woods. It was a change from the intense quiet of her girlhood to a large circle of friends, and a few secret enemies. But she was John's wife, and her sweet gayety filled his house with sunshine; and she shaped herself a home in all gladness. The old red-brick house had pleasant rooms, tilled with comfortable furniture, softly cushioned chairs, and low tables, and plenty of flowers; there were no dingylooking dados, no sad-looking disclored blossoms worked on kitchen towels. As

Margaret was not æsthetic, she preferred cheerful chintz and soft velvet. Her own sanctum was a small room overlooking the garden, and furnished with soft shades of green. There were oak shelves tilled with her favorite books. a writing-table, and a few low chairs. At the window were white lace curtains, and on the mantelpiece a jar of Venetian

glass that looked like a fragment of sunset. Near the window was a stand of flowers that varied according to the seasons. In spring there were primroses and violets-even a few tulips; in summer roses and mignonette; in autumn haps a red geranium to light them up. Outside in the garden, was a great eliu In this room of Margaret's, John En-

derby loved to rest in his intervals of if she must cross the narrow bound of leisure, watching his wife with an intertime into the wide spaces of eternity; but est and a strange timidity that grew slowly death had let go his hold, and she deeper day by day. Poor Margaret felt was well enough now to enjoy the him further from her, and a shadow fell change to the quaint Devonshire lishing across her life that the birth of her little village, perched in the rift of a headland | son could not wholly chase away. When among ancestral trees and bowers of ash the child was about nine months old it happened that she was often alone, for it was an unhealthy autumn, and Dr. Enderby's services were in great requisition, the shingly shore. . The houses rise one not only among the rich, but also among the poor-for he was gentle as well at skillful. Now and then he would come in and resume his old habit of silently

watching and listening to her talk about little Jack. How she loved that child What sweet music his tiny fingers discoursed on that mother's heart-strings One afternoon her husband came in as she was sitting with the child on he tor, after two or three days, limped into knee-a bright, fair-haired, brown-eyed Margaret's sunlit sitting-room, into boy, very like his father. The baby which the light filtered through a net- stretched out his dimpled arms to his work of budding apple boughs. Here father, then with a child's mischief withhe would sit and watch Margaret at drew them, and hid his face on his mothwork, or listen to her as she read some er's bosom with a cooing laugh. She

pleasant to him. Pleasant, and that was rosy toes with lovely mother worship. "Look, John," she said: "isn't he the most wonderfully sweet child, this prec-

She was flushed and laughing, arms and heart full too; but a sharp pang

He answered, quietly, "Yes, he is a rosy film of the apple blossoms that after that without further speech. It nestled against the wall and made a often happened so now, and Margaret bower before Margaret's window? And could not divine the cause; so she was as for the blue bay gleaming below .. hurt, and turned more and more to the

Terrible and sweet revelation to the

John was free to come and go as he man! He had, as the phrase goes, fallliked in the blossom-screened room, hold-ing learned converse with Mr. Town-This, then, was the meaning of his sisend, meeting his daughter in the woods, lence, his jealousy, of the tearing away now fully leafed, sometimes helping her of his old pleasant friendliness toward over the rocks in search of anemones. her. This love of his was no flame that On fine evenings the three would sit on | would flash and die out, but the strong

fading and the darkness nestling down He remembered now how she had said. among the wooded headlands, and the "I am not worthy." Now he understood great evening star suddenly appearing in the blue above the paling primrose far away it seemed—with the whole force that touched the water. After that the of her being; and he -well, with selfsky would swiftly fill with stars, and the depreciation and some well-deserved

tempted to repent his marriage? his marriage, "ere life-time and lovepushed now, for he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendliness which he had given her before, and

she was absorbed in the child. this point the man threw himself on his | coo just like a bird. knees and finished his conflict there, and it was well for him that he did so.

The very names of Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, carry us back in thought to the world's dawn; but their modern antitypes are to be found everywhere; in the fullest perfection among women, sad to say, and more perceptible in a country town than in a city.

And when poor Job--feminine Jobespecially -is sitting in the ashes of desootion, then do they, softly seated on the cushion of self-righteousness, proceed to comment disparagingly on the sufferer's past behavior.

Now, Eliphaz & Co. were not wanting in Win borough society, and in the case of John and Margaret soon perceived "the rift in the lute;" and being low, mean souls, they set to work to find a low, mean cause for it, having no idea of the higher love between man and They were three middle-aged spin-

sters, who had failed to enter the holy estate of matrimony in spite of an earnest desire to do so. When the roses of youth and riches were no longer for them they would fain have culled the chrysanthemums of life's autumn; but, ers were denied them. So these three John."-The Argosy. had been soured, or rather were unloved through a certain sourness nature which the masculine portion of mankind had sagacihis rounds, they would call and enlight-

thing." they remarked. So the three came on Monday morning, and after a few commonplaces, Miss Moss, who was a faded beauty, and therefore the bitterest, began. "Now, my dear Mrs. Enderby, we can

see that you are suffering, poor dear, and no wonder!" which the smaller gentry and the profes-I am quite well, she said.

> ter after your husband.' still more bewildered.

"Not in body," remarked Miss Brown, with a significant smile; "but in mind. we mean; he pays great attention to the his scattered senses. Mrs. Stetson, be-Frys next door, you know." Miss Jones.

she was very fond of them. John might | ing one end of the rope in his teeth he not love her; that she had found out, she ran to the well with it and commenced thought; but she knew him to be the slowly drawing it up to him and lowervery soul of honor. She was generally ing it into the well. The helpless old so quiet that when her anger blazed out man at the window who was watching they were startled.

and endeavor to do harm.' they had been vanquished, quickly took the almost exhausted terrier clinging to their departure. But their words had the rope with his teeth. When Mr. Stet-

ft a sting behind them. The hunger of the soul cannot be stifled; it cries out for food. Well, she tried not to blarae him; he had mistaken his feeling for her, and was tired of her; but

there was her baby. She never told her husband of that visit, though she believed he regretted his marriage: she only clung to the child -such a frail little reed to lean upon.

And one day it broke. It was a San lay -one of those sweet showed all their delicate irregularity - be rendered oftensive or dangerous by heir beauty of mere form, which had fast to a land in which, let us not say, not only sufficiently a man of business to his boy Hans, in which he tells him of a fulness, but his attention has been called lovely Paradise, with golden toys, whips, to the close connection which is now

and drums and childish delights.

heavy tears plashed down upon it-his dear little boy; it was hard! Margaret bent forward. "You do love

before he went. John understood, and as in this country, and the insanitary conhis look answered her. What instinct dition of some of the most famous waterhad made her ask? The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter; it was near the end now, and journals. It would certainly be wise on little Jack opened his eyes and said, for the part of those selecting a summer rethe first and last time, quite clearly: treat to give as much attention to the 'Mamma." That was all she was to water supply and drainage as they usually have—the one word, and the angels do to the table in making their selection.

smile hovered on the tiny face. their solemn merriment. "And the bells of the city rang again," said John, softly. Margaret could weep going out to look for wool and coming then, and the nurse took the dead child back shorn.-Sanitary Engineer,

from her arms and went softly out,

shutting the door.

would appear one by one in the windows he, Margaret's husband, had never felt dead child. She told herself that it was Man's Relation to the Lorent animals. this delight in her? Might be not have better that he should be with the angels. met some other woman for the sake of and he would sing hymns, and perhaps whom he would possibly have been play in the golden streets; but she had a hurt feeling, for he would never be her He was a good man, upright and true: own baby again. Mothers' hearts are but he had often played at love before hangry things, and she felt that she had

anxious to know what laws they have nothing left. Her husband divined this discovered for our guidance on this vexed time were one," and he was being mixed feeling, but in the shyness of his subject. They discourse on cruelty, on new love could not penetrate her silence. immorality, and on the rights of ani-After a while her strength failed; and, mais; but these expressions are so vague in great anxiety, he brought her back to that they fail to afford any basis for legal Cloverleigh, to the old rooms that had or public action, or, if there be any at-Was she, then, one of those women in been bowered by the apple blossoms; tempt at definition, it is with the object whom the instinct of motherhood is but blossoms and birds were all gone of making these terms conform to a forestronger than all other? He worshiped now. Here Margaret grew restless; her gone conclusion on the very point under discussion. Thus it is constantly asher now with the full sacred passion of thoughts turned from little Jack for the his manhood, and was his own child to first time, and the afternoon after they serted that physiologists feel at liberty come between, and shut him away from came she wandered out by herself to the to torture animals at their pleasure her? She would be always sweetly du- woods above the house. The sun was tiful, he knew that-but duty, wifely shining and there were one or two late of humanity" or to the "laws of morality." It is thus implied that there exists duty! A man is nothing if he does not daisies in the grass. She stooped and want more than that; and what was his gathered them. Her baby had been life to be if she and the child dwelt fond of them, and she had made him so duct toward the lower animals which has apart in a little paradise of their own? many chains of them in the past summer. no place among experimenters. They He was jealous of his own child. At and he had broken them, with his little speak as if, standing on a higher plat-

She went on, dry-eved and desolate. She started. Here was the place where John had asked her to be his wife. and with a pang she remembered the intensity of her joy. Ah! how the petals had fallen from the flower. It had been unjust of John to take her without loving her. He had sought her and wooed her, and now she was so lonely.

She heard his step and turned to hide from him, but the trees were bare now. Half curiously she looked at him. He had not seen her yet, for his eyes were bent on the ground. Unconscious of her presence, he took no pains to hide his despondency, and she could see how grief-worn was the handsome, kindly face. Contemplating him thus she forgot herself, and the old strong love shone in her eyes. He looked up and saw her pale and slim in her black dress. but there was that in those eyes which drew him to her to murmur in her ear how much he loved her, and she turned to him as she had never done before. "I am not worthy, dear," he said, having also learned the divine humility.

So the bitter changed entirely to sweet; not suddenly, for it took some time for Margaret to lose her jealousy of the angels. And that time was chronicled in her soul as "the winter our baby died. alas! even those sad and scentless flow- and I first knew how dear I was to

A Dog in a Well.

On the North road, about four miles ty enough to perceive and to avoid. from the city, lives a highly respected Miss Moss, Miss Brown and Miss Jones family named Stetson, consisting of a were friends, and much of the mischief young man and his wife and the aged Windborough might be traced to and infirm sire of the lady. The old them. For instance had they not dis- gentleman is crippled with the rheumacovered Mr. Blight the curate's shame- tism to such an extent that he canuot ful flirtation with little Miss Wilson? and leave his chair, but is wheeled about the here was Dr. Enderby taking to his old room by his daughter. The Stetsons flirting ways again! If he had married a are the owners of a large powerful dog, sensible, intellectual person, she might half mastiff and half Newfoundland, have cured him by carefully looking noted for his intelligence and sagacity after him; but now his attending the throughout the whole neighborhood, meetings of the Book Club without his while a near neighbor possesses a little wife, and walking home with little Miss shaggy Scotch terrier. Between this ill-Fry and her Quaker mother, boded no sorted pair the strongest friendship has good. So said they, shaking their heads. grown up, the dogs being almost insep This was after morning service on Sun- arable. Mr. Stetson has been digging a day, and they resolved that on Monday well, and had reached a depth of twenty morning, while the Doctor was away on feet, but had not yet walled it up, when about a week ago he and his wife found en his wife. -It will do her good, poor it necessary to visit Elmira on business. The wife drew her father's chair up to the window in the sunshine, and otherwise rendered him comfortable, and left him watching the gambols of the frisky.

strangely-matched friends. Mr. Stetson had not more than driven out of sight when the little terrier fell into the well, which contained about two feet Margaret looked at them bewildered. of water at the time. The old dog was almost frantic and lost his canine pres-"But about the Doctor, my dear; we ence of mine in a wonderfully undignihave known him so long and understand fied manner. He would look down into his ways. If you had been a little more the well at the yelping, paddling terrier experienced you would have looked bet- and then howl and run to the window, scratching on the easement and other-"But he is not ill." answered the wife, wise exhibiting all the evidences of almost frantic grief to attract the old man's attention. Suddenly he paused a moment and looked grave, as if collecting fore leaving for town, had taken in the And Miss Fry is very pretty," added | washing hanging on the clothes-line, coiling up the line and laying it on a bench. If she had not been so angry Margaret | The mastiff had seen the workmen draw would have laughed; John had walked up pails of water by means of the rope, home with their neighbors twice, and and an idea seemed to strike him. Seizthe proceedings with breathless interest, Will you be so good as to leave my then saw the old dog commence pulling husban I's affairs alone!" she said. "If up the rope by walking slowly away from you wish to be wicked there is no need the well. Slowly and carefully the sashow such bad taste as to come here gacious old mastiff drew up the cord. when up over the side of the crumbling And then they, feeling that for once wails came the muddy, dripping form of son and his wife came home the old man Was it so visible, then, even to these attempted to tell his story, but it was so gossips, the fact she had found out some incredible that they could hardly believe ime ago, namely, that she was not to it, but upon Mr. Stetson's going out to him all that he was to her? When she the well he found the mud-bedaubed had discovered it she had determined to ropelying where the old dog had left it take thankfully what he could give; but, and the prints where it had cut into the alas! beloved, who will be grateful for a soft earth sides of the well were plainly few crumbs, seeing a full meal beyond? discernible .- Elmira (V. Y.) Advertiser

Sanitary Condition of Summer Resorts. Within the last few years the demandof the public in regard to health resorts and watering places of this country have increased, not only as to quantity, but as to quality, Quite a number of people now require not only bathing, boating, and amusements of various kinds at their summer resort, but also that they lays in the late autumn which nature shall have some assurance that they shall saves out of the summer. The trees have pure water to drink, and that the had lost their leaves, and the sunshine air which they are to breathe shall not imperfect systems of house drainage. been hid len by the foliage. The golden At the present time the dangers from asters and red garaniums still brightened fouled water supply, especially if this he sheltered garden. A ball was lying be derived from wells, are in most places on the frosty grass, but the tiny fingers much greater in boarding houses than in that had played with it would never the hotels proper, and this is due to the touch it more, for Baby Jack was going fact that the hotel proprietor is usually there are no toys for the angel children. understand the importance of keeping up You remember Martin Luther's letter to the reputation of his house for healthgenerally believed to exist between such This little child was dving of croup. diseases as typhoid fever, diarrhoea, His mother could only hold the little diptheria, etc., and methods of sewage form on her knee, while John knelt be- disposal, and he therefore pays more at side her trying useless remedies to com- tention to sanitary engineering details fort her. At last he stood still, looking about his premises than does the keeper down sorrowfully at the signs of ebbing of the average boarding-house. The life. Suddenly he knelt and touched the to become unhealthy, because they delittle clenched hand with his lips, and part more and more from their original type, which is that of a temporarilyoccupied camp, and tend to become villages, with village methods of water him, John!" She was jealous for him supply and disposal of excreta. This that he should have his full share of love sppears in foreign health resorts as well ing places is a common topic of discussion in European medical and sanitary would have the rest. Terrible, awfully but it must be confessed that at present mysterious death had borne away the it is difficult to obtain satisfactory inforspirit of the babe, left only the little body mation as to the sanitary condition of cold and white as a snow-wreath; but a such places without a personal visit to the locality. We advise our readers to At that moment the bells rang out for look before they leap, for to leave one's, morning service, filling the clear air with comfortable city home in pursuit of health and pleasure, and contract typhoid as the result, is too much like

-Miss Daisy Faralee (of Boston)-O. Mr. Cheviot, I hear you have just re-So John comforted his wife, but her turned from the West! Now do sit down grief grew silent. She was gentle to and tell me all about Chicago and ranch

-The best tomato for pickling is the size of a large wainut. It should be of a good hear ny green, with one side just ased their objections entirely on moral beginning to show a tinge of red. grounds, and thus made the question of -Silver Maple: This is one of the vivisection an ethical one, I have been pretriest and most delicate leaved trees which go to make up a picturesque lawn. EVER DISCOV. It is light in color, and appears well ERED; ASIT IS against a dark background .- N. Y. | CERTAIN IN

holder which is made of wood is to bore

ith a little glue, as I this must be done with neatness. This makes a pretty and -Stuffed peppers: The large bell peppers are best for this purpose. Cut around the stem, remove and take out seeds. For the stuffing use fine chopped

to suit the taste. Fill the peppers with this mixture, putting in each a small free stem on and put into cold vinegar. | premiam Rural New Yorker. -Other crops may be more profitable than corn, but corn is cash to the farmer, and may be relied upon every year if properly managed. It can usually be grown at a less cost than it can be bought

s fundamentally a physiological one. The duty of man toward animals as an abstract question is from its very nature insoluble; it can only be partially answered on the grounds of expediency, and these will vary according to age and nation. We should, rather, ask what is our relation to the lower animal world, and in what place in that relationship can moral considerations come into force? In endeavoring to form a judgment of this relationship we must take facts as we find them, for the attempt at an explanation is trying to solve the riddle of our existence, and leaves us still with "the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world."-Popular

The Dog and the Cat.

Science Monthly.

Since many wraces opposed to the

practice of experiments on animals have

without regard to the "higher dictates

among the public some principle of con-

form and beholding all creatures from a

superior position, they could frame a

code of laws which should have due re-

gard to the rights of animals, and gov-

ern our own conduct in all our relations

to them. This position is altogether

fallacious; man can not disconnect him-

self from the animal world, and can not

define its rights. It must, therefore, be

abandoned as altogether untenable, and

the subject discussed from a totally dif-

ferent standpoint. Our relation to the

animal world can only in a very quali-

fied sense be regarded from an ethical

point of view; much in the same way as

eating and drinking may be spoken of as

questions of morality when moral con-

amount and kind of food which we con-

same; this, however, can not hide from

us the fact that the subject of digestion

iderations exert their influence over the

A gentleman in this city owns a fine large dog named Major. Major's hatred of a cat appears to be deep seated, and he will kill all that comes in his way, and will often go out of his way to vent his spite on his enemies. His master's wife had a cat which she determined Major should not harm, and she took stroking and petting her, would talk to her enemy reprovingly. The intelligent dog seemed to understand every word she said, but for all that he would keep his eyes fastened upon puss with a longing and hungry look, as though anxious to bring the pressure of his ponderous aws to bear upon her spinal column. But his mistress conquered, and made him understand that he must live on friendly terms with puss. More than once he had been seen watching the cat with a look of evil intent, but out of respect to his mistress he conquered his nature, and would throw himself upon the ground with a sigh expressive of deep disgust at the situation. The cat was disposed to be on friendly terms with her enemy, but Major would not tolerate the slightest familiarity. Whenever puss approached him he would get up and go away with a melancholy look. which seemed to say: "I am dying to kill you, and its dog-gone hard luck that I can't do it." Thus matters went on for some months, and puss began to incur the displeasure of her mistress by sneaking up-stairs at every opportunity and making trouble by curling herself up and taking naps on the snowy counterpanes, and doing such other untidy acts as would naturally arouse the ire of a neat housekeeper. One morning the adv told her husband that the cat was so troublesome that she guessed it would will be as a whole of extraordinary have to be killed. A few minutes later a rush and a struggling noise was heard, and as the lady of the house hastened to the door to see what had happened, Major walked up to his mistress and laid at her feet the dead body of puss, then looked up with an air of triumph, and wagged his tail with intense satisfaction. He had heard his mistress express the wish that puss might be killed, and this was so in consonance with his own feelings that he went right out and finished the cat. Major resides on Temple Street. -Hartford Times.

" Tompin" and Chic.

A word used by some of the ultradelicates of the end of the Second Empire, the word "tompin" is beginning to come into vogue again. One of the smart young men of a leading boulevard journal has written two columns on the subject. I heard the word used in the divan of the Cirque d'Ete on Saturday. It is being adopted in the clubs; in short, it is a word coming into fashion. What does "tompin" mean? In general terms "tompin" is an imperfect "chic," of a kind between chie" and sham "chie." Sham "chie" is loud, parvenu; real "chic" is discreet, natural, distinguished, but unobtrusive; "tompin" is a "chie" that betrays effort, preoccupation, excess of accentuation: a "chic" where the task is not irreproachable and the initiative not discreet. The smart young man of the boulevard ournal spoils the study of "tompin" by is instances. The word "tompin" applies to shades, to nuances of elegance, and elegance is never absolute; it is always relative to the person who displays it. The question is at bottom one of sentiment, of tact, of feeling. The truly "chie" person will give, in his manners and exterior, an interpretation of the sentiment of "chic" that he conceives within him with certitude, but which he could not, perhaps, explain. The man who is "tompin" will be so from the want of this sentiment, or from the uncertainty of it. Matthew Arnold "tomnin" in his eternal war against Philistinism. The Prince of Wales i

never "tompin."-London World, The Sentimental Editor. A few evenings ago we saw a lovely illustration of the adage, "Every cloud has a silver lining." The entire sky was a dull gray, almost leaden, save in the northwest, where there was an oblong bank of billowy clouds intensely black, each having an edge of bright silver that deepened into gold. Around the clouds the last rays of the sun rested in indescribable beauty. To our mind, ever ready to forget the practicalities of existence and grasp at its beautiful fancies, the scene was typical of life and death. The sky was life, the clouds were the enormous sorrows that sometimes darken it, the silver was the radiant peace that God alone can give, and the gold represented that happiness merged into the perfect bliss of heaven. while the sun but faintly pictured the glorious brightness of the "Sun of righteousness" that turneth the light into day and the shadows into light. - Cumming (Ga.) Clarion.

-The New York Mail says: "We pay Brazil \$50,000,000 a year for coffee, \$30,000,000 of it in cash." We didn't suppose that the Mail was such a profitaole concern. We don't believe there is a paper in Norristown that could afford o pay \$50,000,000 a year for coffee. -Norristown Herald.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following as his NOT BLISTER. method of destroying sprouts from roots of trees: Bo e a three-fourth inch hole in the center of the stump, ten inches deep; put in one ounce of the oil of vitrol, and plug it up tight. -A pretty way to ornament a pen-

cabbage, adding grated horse-radish, white mustard seed, celery seed and salt

(especially when due allowance is made for the feeding value of the stover), and when you have it you can change it into milk, butter or beef, mutton or wool, eggs or chickens, pork or turkey, just as you please, and in either of these changes t will contribute to the future, as it goes to the manure heap upon which you will depend for the next year's crop.-Chi-

-A rich citron cake is made of the whites of twelve eggs, two cups of butcups of flour, half a cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one pound of citron cut in thin and small slices. This makes one very large cake or two medium-sized ones, and, unless you have an excellent oven in which you can regulate the heat perfectly, it is better to bake in two tins than one. If one tin is used, choose one with a funnel or spout in the center. This does away with the danger of burnt edges and a raw center to the cake. - N. Y. Post.

Business, Crops and Prices.

Out of 869,000 persons engaged in business in the country, 3,597 failed during the last six months, with aggregate liabilities of about fifty millions of dolgreat pains to impress the big brute with | lars. The liabilities amounted to about | this idea. She would take puss in her ten millions more than in the first half arms, earry her up to the dog, and while of 1851, but the increase was not enough to indicate any unsound condition of

The proportion of failures, indeed. was very small, and the loss by bad debts was so slight in comparison with the volume of business transacted and the number of firms engaged in it, that the last six months were really remarkable for business health. In 1878 the number of failures was one to every 72 traders. In 1882 it was one to every 128.

These figures, which we take from the semi-annual circular of Messrs, R. G. Dun & Co., show that the gloomy apprehensions in regard to business which have been so widely entertained of latwere not justified by the actual condition of trade during the year. Those statistics rather suggest mercantile soundness, and lead us to hope that after the comparative inaction of the summer. and with the coming of greatly reduced prices for food, business will be both vast in volume and satisfactory so far as

concerns profits. Already a ve. . considerable share of the wheat crop has been harvested, and it is settled that it will be a very rich one, probably even greater than those of the two years preceding 1881. All the other grains are promising well. The weather has favored them, and as vet few reports of set backs to their prosperity have come in. A harvest which abundance begins to be confidently ex-

pected. That promises well for business. It also indicates the speedy coming of prices for food as low as any to which we have been accustomed in the most plentiful years. Even butcher's meat has already declined somewhat from the prices of a short time ago, and when fall brings in the recently matured stock it must come down to still lower tigures. Cattle have been and are still selling for more per pound, live weight, than the dressed meat could formerly be bought

for at a family market. But pasturage is unusually rich this vear. The cattle of the West have not been decimated by a harsh winter, and the reported losses of them by flood have probably been exaggerated. Prices much lower than those now prevailing need not be expected for three months. But in the fall, when flour is cheap, potatoes are plenty, and articles of food prices, the cattle yards will contain exceptionally fine stock, numerous enough

ligures. - A. Y. Sun. Horse Sense. The three horses connected with engine company No. 12, Boston Highlands, their remarkable intelligence as for their fine appearance. Under the care of the members the horses have become very tractable, and are obedient to the slightest word or gesture. A few mornings ago some evidences of their understanding were witnessed, and are well worth detailing. One horse, "Charlie," had received no food since the night previous, and, when he was given his morning's supply of oats, he began eating with great zest, but the words "Charley, come here," spoken in a low tone from the rear of the stable, caused him instantly to stop eating his tempting breakfast, and to back from his stall and walk to the person calling him. Each of the horses did the same thing without hesitancy, and at the command, "Go back. each trotted to his stall. The harnesses were removed from the horses, and each one was told in succession to go and put on his collar. The collars were placed on end, so that the heads could go through, and each horse walked delibthrough, and each horse walked deliberately across the floor and wriggled his Union Pacfic Land Office. head into the collar without the slightest aid. After this they poked their heads into their bridles, which were held for them, each horse opening his mouth and taking his bit voluntarily. The main part of the harnesses can be hung in any part of the room with the assurance that at the word of command the horses will walk to the exact spot and place themselves in such a position that the harnesses can be readily dropped into place. The endeavors of the animals to secure a po-

-Governor Stone, of Mississippi, has pardoned one Thomas H. Cook, who was under a ten-vears sentence for manslaughter, upon his written promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, and from the carrying of concealed deadly weapons for the term of ten years from the 28th day of January. 1880. The pardon is to be void if Cook shall, within the time specified, use as a beverage intoxicating drinks, or carry upon his person concealed deadly weapons. - Chicago Journal.

sition favorable to the easy adjustment

of the collars almost compel one to be-lieve that they are endowed with reason.

-Boston Herald.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

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REMEDY

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KENDALL'S) SUC: ESSFUL ITS EFFECTS.

LX LLLENT FOR HUMAN FLESH! PROOF BELOW A

From COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1880, B. J. Kerdall & Co., Gents:-I had a very valuable Hamble tonian colt which 1 prized very highly, he had a large bone spayin on one joint and a small one on the other, which made is in very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeous who filled to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kena tiny hose in the end and insert a short | dali' - Spavis Cur. in th. Chicago Express, I determined at once to try it, and got our peacock's feather. It should be secured druggists tere to send for it, they ordered three bottles. I teck them all and thought live to be the coll ceared to be lame, and the lumps had disappeared. I used but one bottle and the weits' limbs are as to e from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State, inexpensive gift, and is better adapted He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors for use than the painted feather holders. have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

FROM THE ONEONTA PRESS, N. Y.

Early last summer Messes, B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enesburgh Falls, Vt., made a cortract with the publishers of the Press for a half column advertisement for one year setti of forth the morats of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the norm a quantity of books entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and onion and a little cucumber. Tie the his Desarre, which we are given to advance paying subscribers to the Press as a

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near colliers, had a spayined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his creducity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spayin Cure and commenced using it on the borse in accord mer with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected to have implete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently con d find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr Schermerhern has since secured a copy of Kendahl's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided be could not on ain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles,

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Columbians, Ohio, Dec. 17th, 1880, B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents :- You will find below a recommendation from our expressman. We self Kondall's Spavin Cure and find all who use it are pleased with it. You may send us more advertising matter, and a few nice cards with our names

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:- I am using your Spavin Cure for a bone spavin. (bought of Conley & King, Druggists, Columbiana, Ohio.) I find it just the thing to cure a spayin; the lameness has all left my mare, and by further use of the cure I ter, four cups of sugar, four and a half look for the lump to leave. The one bottle was worth to me ten times the cast Yours truly.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Rochester, Ind., Nov. 30th, 1880. B. J. Kenda'l & Co., Gents; -Please send us a supply of advertising matter for Kendall's Spe i Cuce. It has a good sale here & gives the best of satisfaction. Of all we have sold we have yet to learn the first unfavora-J. DAWSON & SON bie report. Winthrep, Iowa, Nev. 2 d, 1880. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:- E closed

please find 25 cents for your treatise on the

bone spavin. One bottle entirely cured the lameness and remove! most all the Yours respectfully. Milwankee, Wis., Jan. 8th, 1881. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:- I have the hignest opinion of Kendair's Spavir Cure.

I find it equally good for many other troubles named by you, and particularly for removing enlargements. Yours very truly, C. I. BRADLEY.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Horse and his Diseases. I have not a using your spayin ture on one of my horses for

blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach any deep sented pain or to remove any bony growth or any other enlargement if used for several days, such as spavins, splints, callous, sprains, swelling, any lameness and all endergeneers of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purp sed in which a maiment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best onen on for an a over use to acting mild yet certain in its offerts. It is used in unit strength with a relief soff by at all seasons of the year.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof, of its virtues. No remedy has met with such unsprainted a success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man. Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$1.

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