soms glow, Through the sutumn, rich with its fruit

Up in the morning, yet usught to her Is the glowing, rosy-tinted east; And naught are the robin's ringing notes, As he calls his mate to the cherry-feast The brook goes singing on its way.

The breeze is balmy, the woods are green,

But morn comes early, and eve comes late, And Care and Duty lie between. Up in the morning—no farmer waits
For a laggard wife when the fields are red;
And after "the haying" the grain is ripe,
And the corn is soon to be harvested.
And the out-door work and the healthful

Give such zest to the farmer's appetite There is need to boil, and bake and roast, From dawn till the stars are out at night.

Then the lade and lasses must never think Her heart is merely on work intent: She must lift their hopes above the thought That life is only for labor meant. She must take them up to the top of the hill Where a broader and grander horizon waits. And give them a glimpse of the life that turille

The busy world is a sealed book. ithin whose covers she may not glance; Yet hers is a generous sacrifice. ho lives another's good to enhance. And when the struggle and strife are o'er.

And, done with earth, she lies at rest, No sweeter words can be said than these Her sons and daughters call her blest."

TOM'S MONIMENT.

-N. Y. Ledger.

"I dreamt last night o' settin' at a long table, 'n I'm jest as sartain that Tom is drownded as ef I see him to the bottom o' the ocean this minute," said Mrs. Job Fernald, Wiping the tears from her tan-colored cheeks with her calico apron. "Ef it didn't stand to reason that he wuz dead, that sign never falls, 'u' i dew think we'd orter hev respec' ernough for be poor boy's mem'ry to git him as un, 'n' put it up in the lot without waitin' no

"Yes, it's more'n a year now, 'n' the Sarcy Sally hain't been heard from. I s'pose likely she must ha' been lost," agreed Cynthy Ann, certain grim e joyment of the situation Stuns is dretful expensive, anybow, but seein ez we hain't ben able to give him any funeral, nor hev the minister, nor cook up for the kin do less, ez the Peter Fernalds got one fur do to let them git shead of us, poor ez they be. P'r'aps, Khody, ez you 'n' Tom wuz ez good ez promised to one t'other, you'd be willin' to give a little out ov yer school-keepin' goin' to put off gittin married for a whilethough Seth is dretful put out about it-'n' save all my rug money, till, with what marm

takes fur butter, we shall git enough." The person addressed, a young woman with a pretty, sensible face, shivered a little, and shook her head decisively. "I don't believe had been "se tin' in the store," came strolling "It isn't o ten that a man comes ter life at his tha Tom is dead," said she. "O, don't talk homeward along the path which led through about buying a monument yet. Wait another year, a d if you do not hear from him by that time, there will be reason to—" with wrath and ast mishment. "Well, ef this "How on airth?" "What blowed you here?" with wrath and ast mishment. "Well, ef this "Where'd you come frum?" "T can't be your airth?" "T can't be your

time, there will be reason to—"
"That's jest what pa says," in errupted even "wuin' of it to himself, he ken keep it ment for a livin' boy, to say nothin' o' the frum bein' so. Tha 's a way some folks hez." ridickilousness of sich consarned poor folks imper ence to say this ver. mornin' that it 'n' spent all Lysander's money, 'n' Rhody's 'peared ez ef we wante thim dead, for the sake ov heven' a moniment fur him like Peter's ter give it ter yer, poor gal; 'n' drank e treantcharles'. But to look at things fair 'n' square, what chance is there that he kin be in the land o' the livin'! Dran't Seth Smallidge himself go to see the owners of the sarcy Sally over ter the Port mor'u a month ago, 'n' they said they hadn't no more idee of ever hearin' frum either vessel or crew than nothin' at all?" "At that consarned moniment agin, be they, Rhody!" growled a weather-beaten old man, git ter be seventy, 'n' Seth Smallidge hain't after a little interval. wood carving, appearing suddenly in the door-way. "But don't you lis en to 'em, deary, fur you 'u' I knows that our boy aiu't no more know him a go d deal be ter'n you wimmendead than they be. Even of he wuz, we couldn't folks did, hat never cared nothin' about him afford to git a moniment fur him. Dead folks but ter s uff him with verses to show officer sleeps jest as well without any stun whatso the parson with, 'n' ter starve him inter savin' n' ef their bones is a restin' in the sea, of what use is a stun on the many the state of the state to home five years ago, 'n' sence that he craze has ben g owin' 'a' growin'. Even the sum

mer boarders over to the Ha bor poke fun at where one on 'em had been a-writin' up the place, an' it did sound as ef we waz cur'us iks. 'Twas every word of it true, too, 'n' went onto say that the Herrin' Point folks fur the most part lived in lit le weather-beaten huts the were dretful poor per ection frum wind 'n' rain, 'n' wuz a pic ur er leanness 'n' poverty, coz they're a-savin' up money to buy hemselves moniments to look splendid over their graves when they wuz dead and gone. But f riny pare I don't wan't to go about so holler while I'm a livin', for the sake o' cuttin' a dash when I cast a chor. Anyhow I w uldn't agree to a great moniment a-loomin' up out o' the family buryin' ground 'n' overtoppin' the old house, like a steeple over a mushroom, the way Peter's Charles' does."

the way Peter's Charles' does."

"O, pa! I never thought you wuz so awful worldly minded before," groaned Miss Cynthy Ann, with a look of horror.

"Well, I be jest worldly-minded enough to stick to it that I won't live on them't ruit hony herrin' till the bones prick through my flesh, no drink currant leaf tea, nor go with my grams a stickin' through Tom's old clo'es.

"He way Peter's Charles' does."

"O, pa! I never thought you wuz so awful mo sa isfaction, though Tom ain't dead," he would ha' given 'em no sa isfaction, though Tom ain't dead," he shall glace!"

So the polyment way halled into the wall, and by ered with an old rag sirpet, instead old fee ing proudly privar! the sky and at' ting my arms a stickin' through Tom's old clo'es.

While you winnen folks is a sayin' up fur the while you wimmen folks is a savin' upfur the there imaginary sort o' moniment as it were Some of us 'il die in earnest soon enough, 'n' then you'll have a chance to show all the respec' you want to, 'n' hev a stu in ai nest." (), pa, how ken you talk so bigoted! Ain't it awful to hear him. Rhody?"

Rhody sin led, but remained silent, and evidently wishing to hear no more concerning the affair, sold nly remembered that it was school-time, and took a harried departure. The old man returned to his net-mending on the sunny side of the wood-pile at the back-door, and he two women, after a prolonged consulta ion, il ally decided that they would wait an ther year before buying the monument, as Rhody had suggested. In fact, it would be necessary to do so, as the girl would contribute nothing toward the fund, and pa was dret ful troublesome when he warn't humored. But as for there bein a chance that T m wasn't dead, it was all nonsense, and 'twas treating him shameful not to take a mite o' notice of his death, too.

Days and weeks went on in the old monotranks of the golden rod and asters were cut down by the frost, and the winds swept away the few red leaves which colored the sides of the sea looking hills, to make a clear path for the frosty march of winter. The sea, so long asleep under the summer sunshine, began to show once more the wild fierceness of its nature, and drove home the boats of the fishermen, and lashed the rocks angrily through wild nights when only the lamp of the light house over on the Ledge shed a ray of light through the stormy darkness. Mrs. Fernald, when not attending to her two cows and her butter-making, sat in the chimneycorner and knitted blue yarn stockings for the and Cynthy A n, with a zeal that never tired while the vision of the spiendid tall monument flashed before her mental gaze, book d rugs from early in the mo ning unti late into the night. Her hooked rugs were in demand now, for several summer boarders had admired and purchased them, and since that time nearly every lady at the Port had been and Lysander still sent his yearly contribution seized with a desire to possess ne as an orna-ment to her best parlor. Pa divided the time between gossiping with his old sailor cronies at the store and sitting meditatively by the fire with his pine and almanac. No mention was made of the mo nument, and the old man drank his store tea in triumph, effering no objections to the current leaf beverage with which his wife and daughter saw fit to

of her crew, and as the days crept slowly and drearily toward sprin , though pa still pers sted in his belief that Tom was living, all Ann had so far forgotten its glory as to make hope died in Rhola's heart. But as in Herita resting place for her wash-tubs, and ring Point parlance she and Tom had not been Country A m's daughter, a chubby little maid really promised to one tother, she fet of three, found no such fisci ati g seat for that she could not gra ify Cynthy Aun's herself or her family of rag babies. Pa was as wish and express her grief by wearing mourn- obsti ate as ever in his determination not to ing garments, though it would have given ner a sort of dreary satisfaction to be able odo

"She couldn't ha' cared nothin' about him, or she wouldn't wear a blue b mit to meetin', 'n' him dead 'n' gone," said the neighbors with one accord, for the real state of the case was unknown to them. "''r'aps she's afeard by day and light. Mrs. Fernald sat with her o' scarin' away Joe Co lins of she should put head quite envelopedal, her apron, and when on black; he's alway ben a-tryin' to git her ever a neighbor entered the house would reaway from Tom sence they wux boys 'n' girls move it for an i stant and burst i to tears, together: 'n' now Tom's lost, they say he's exclaiming:

attentive to her ez a bumble-bee is to a marinected with his going away which caused it to an awful bad sign-it really is." be sorer s ill. Why had he not spoken before his departure, if, as she had every reason to began to me al, and before the Indian summer think, he really cared for her, and washed to make her his wife! More than once during those last days he had seemed on the passe of the like him. He seemed stranger

deing so, and then hesitated, with a painful doubt clouding his brow. In truth he had not been qui e himself during his stay on shore; something seemed to trouble and vex him, and he would remain silent and lost in thought for on the day of his departure his fa a brightened. his manner changed, and when they parted he

as I reach Boston, Rhody, and mind you answer my le tersoon." But the letter never and sea sang and talked about them.

rain, when a light thist lurked in corners of the violet sky, as if Nature were drying her eyes on the airest of handkerchiefs, she walked up to he Fernald cottage and presented Cynthy Ann with a folded envelope which cont inst all the little hoard of money which she had saved from childhood, saying in a choked voice that she thought it was time to think about

the monument now.

Cyathy Ann's face become fairly radiant.

"I'm glad y u've come to be so right-mind ed," said she. "Pa he's bigoted 'n' sot ag'inst paid fur, 'n ready to be sot up. He won't hev ter do without no worldly comforts by m means, ez Uncle Lysaruder hes jest sent us a little present o' mouey. It come jest like Proverdence by mail when we was a talking about the moniment t'other day, marm 'n' u' no name to it at II. What do ye think about the verse, Rhody! It had orter be some thin : solemn 'n' warnin', I s'pose.

But Rhods had al e dy slipped out of the dea h for some time, but consen in to the all she could do for him now, and it was fitting that the stone should be raised in his memory. though she dreaded the talk it would occasion and the mournfully festive scenes which would

be enacted in the 'burying lot."
The next day Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann. accompanied by Seth Smallidge, a brisk little great deal of bickering and consultation, of waiting and doubting, and delight and depression, made the purchase of the monumen Sunday stocking, an ordinary pocket book not being considered sufficiently safe, and both Mrs. Fernald and Seth assisted her in counting out the sum required to complete the pur

"Well, I guess Peter's Charles' won't look much compared to this, but I'm d sapplinted the daughter of the house, not without a said Mrs. Fernald, as they drove home ward to ward evening.
"There ain't nothin' like it in the place, bu

pa'll grumble about the cost. We sha'n't hear the last of it for nobody knows when, pa's jes mourners, it seems ez ef we'd orter buy a so bigote'," grounet 'ynthy Ann, a shador moulment for him. I can't reely see how we clouding her shining counte ance. Early the next morning the monument, tal their Charles, 'n' I say to marm, it won't do to let them git ahead of us, poor ez they Poin', Tom's name and age, and the suitable and solem: verse from a hymn which the minister himself had "picked out," engraved on its surface, and was deposited on the money towards gittin' the monimen', 'n' I'm ground in the little family lot. In the after noon is was to be set up with appropriate cere

Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann were out ain't the set-firedest piece o' work I ever heerd think, somehow, that by hangin' off 'n' not stun ez big 'n' grand ez Banker Hill Mont-"He waz alwaz jest so headstrong an' un-reasonable," sighed Mrs. Fernald, with pro-longed use of the calico apron. "He had the fishin'-boats a'l hove t gether. 'n' you've bin

ter much this year. I'm a tin' too old's ered her head therewith. stif ter so out now; folks her too much "Ef you halu't bin dead whose face bore a curious resemblance to a got no more backbone then a jelly ish. Et's the herrin' wuz ez good ez rous: beef; 'u' I

"O. pa, how you do discounternance Proverdence!" sobbed Mrs. Fernald.
"Discounternance Proverdence or not, 1 won't hev that there moniment put up in my lot. I reckon I'm master here while I live, whuther or no. When I heave to though I'm hopin' that won't be till my hoy comes home?"
—with a little softened quiver in his wrathful voice-"you'll cut up ef yer think fit, ov course, but while I hev my senses that there thing will be out of sight. I may swoond or lose conscienti usness, but ef yer set it up then, I'll hev it hacied dow agin ez soon as I come to myself, 'R' so there's no use talkin'. And so it proved. The tears and remonstrances of his wife and daughter only caused the old man to be more set in his dete mination. The s lemn advice of the miniater, who was called to the rescue, was without avail "Ef they had bought a smil, reasonable stan I wouldn't ha' made no objection ter their put tin' on it up, parson, ef it would ha' given 'em

and was me a long to more in for a long time. Carly in the auto-Ata and Seth Smallidge were married, and Seth came, bringing his worldly effects with him, to dwell in the Fernald cot age. As the old man predicted, the winter proved to be a with his coat sleeve, hard one, and at times food was scarce in the fishing voyage after the honeymoon was over, but soon returned with a frozen foot, and spent the remain ler of the winter by the fireide, dozing over a pile of ancient newspapers! But toward spring, when pa was attacked with his annua spell of rh-umatics, and fortune seemed darker than ever, another gift of money came from Lysander. "S' prisin that Lysarnder should be so lib'ral, fur ef he is rollin' in riches, he's got a family ov his own 'er look after, 'u' he's only halfrother to me, nuther, 'n' used ter be mod'-

rately tight till a spell ago. Strange he don't write nothin' when he sends the money, too. The fust time he sent any he kinder hinted thet we'd orier be obleeged ter him in two hull pages. It seems now ez i it come frum the Lord, ef I am a miserable sinner, 'n' don't make no gret effort to keep clear o' Sa an. But the Lord knows I'm thankful, anyhow," said the old man from his sick-bed. Time rolled on in much the same fashion at Herring Point. Three more tempestuous win-

ters beat about the little hamlet, froze the sea spray on to the window-panes, drove wrecks against the shore, and pinched and desolated the homes of the poor. Four still fair sum mers stirred the sleepy scents of the pine woods, ripened the berries o the hills, opened glad sunshine. Life seemed pr and peaceful at this gracious season. Seth Smallidge was still unlucky, but pa, in spite of his "human natur'," his seventy-four

year, and his "spell o' rheumatics," continued to be hale and hearty enough no only to enjoy his fishing trips, bu to make them successful, of mo ey, so, though there were two other mouths to feed under the Fernald roof, there was nothing like want in the family again.
Store tea bubbled fragrantly over the fire, and
"them pesky bony herrin'" were not always
the chief of the family diet, greatly to the old man's satisfaction. During all this time nothing had been heard

No news come of the Sarey Sally or the fate | how she came to her fate. | But the monume | have it set up in the burying-lot, and had even forbidden the mention of the "consarmed

But late in this fourth summer the old man was seized with a severe illness, from which he was not expec ed to recover. Cy thy Ann put aside her rug rage, and nursed him pa iently " Pa waz dretful bigoted about there mon!

But Rhoda was lit le disturbed by these wou't never git well, fur het kes water grael remarks. Her heart was very sore because of jest ex meek ex a lamb, 'n' he wouldn't never Tom's loss, but here were circumstances con- look at it before if he starved ter death. Thet's upon him in astonishment.
"Marm, Cya hy Anu," he said, one bright

morning when he was able to walk as far as the shore, "I'm afeard I hev been a set-fired bigoted old man, ez you've allus be a a-sayin', but seein' ez he Lord hez spared my itfe—fur glance and tone: "I shall wr' at a you as soon as I reach Boston, Rhody, and mind you rit, of I be old, 'n' hain't quite outlived in usefulness maybe-I'm a goin' 'er take a new came. Now the buds were swelling in the April sunshine; fishing boats were rocking on the water; the women gossiped with each about the there monlinent, I shought when I other in the open deorways; the happy young people looked forward to days that were coming; the sad young and old people remembered days that were past. The sunshine painted pictures of them. The birds and wind a time ex ye ken. I hain't come ter say elements the meighbors and the come ter say elements and talked chemical them. To Rhoda everything was alive with Tom's nor like the notion ov it a-t werin' over this nemory, and one soft, lovely morning after a little cabin ov ourn, like a light-house over a clam-shell, but ef you'll find satisfaction in it I'm more'n willin' 't yer should be gratified It don't seem likely 't the boy'll ever come back" with a hoarse, choked voice-"but some h w I ken't seem ter feel thet he was lost, though we didn't know nothin' fur cer

words too, 'n' ef that consurned bell-buoy didn't keep me awake nights with its ever ed," said she. " Pa ne's bigoted in sot ag this lastin' tollin' 'n' knellin', fur it seemed about it to him tell the stun's all bought 'n' edzactly ez ef 'twas a-saylu': 'He's here under the water! he's here!' Marm and Cynthy Ann were both moved to 'ears when the monument was mentioned though to tell the truth, the prospect of "hevin' it so up" was not as delightful as in would have been once. They had become used to being outdone by Peter's Charles; and then monuments had become less fashionable at Herring Point, a taste for dress and house decoration having been excited by the summer door. She was in no mood for talking to boarders. Still, it was a great satisfaction Cynthy Ann. She had felt assured of Tom's and in the course of prepara ion for the important event Cynthy Ann recovered some monument seemed like formally giving him thing of her old enthusiasm. Mrs. Fernald up, like preparing for his funeral. But it was dreamed again of the long table that night, and declared to the morning that she believed

"I' meant sut'iin' more'a common this time,

fur the dream didn't run the way it commonly

did by a gre deal."

tain, everytime the wind rose at night she ken

a-sayin', ez plain ez ken be, 'He's gone! he'.

gone!' The waves kep' repeatin' the same

Two days later, one golden bright after noon, quite a crowd was assembled around the little berying-lot in the orchard. Mrs. Fernald and fisherman who resembled a sand-peep in black Country Ann had donned their mourning ap-clothes, drove over to the Port, and after a parel for the occasion, but presented a not altogether mournful appearance. Pa wore a look of numble expostulation on his venerable countenance. Rhoda, simply dressed in white. stood somewhat apart from the group and answered as briefly as possible the neighborly greetings which were showered upon her. But ail he other women were in gay holiday attire, and chatted with unrestrained cheerfulness until the services began. Rosy apples dropped from the boughs overhead; asters and golder red nodded merrily against the rocks below Some gulls flew overhead and broke into a sorof hoarse laughter, as if amused by the ap pearance of the monument which towered so high and gilt ered so grandly in the sunshine. But when the minister commenced to pray in his chill formal tone, a change was felt in the atmosphere. Even the sunshine seemed to lese its warmth. Many of the womes sobbed, remembering their own old sorrows it may be, and two great tears stole into Rhoda's eyes, and remained undried upon her cheek. Then they commenced to wail a dismal funeral hymn, but faltered in dismay as a broad-shouldered, bronzed young man leaped over the orchard wall, gave a quick, amazed look at the monument, and then darted forward into their midst, seizing Rh da in his Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann were out falling into raptures over it, as fashionable city we men would have fallen into raptures over a cheeks, and considering the occashun," he ex-

ghost, ken it !"-were exclamations heard from Cynthy Ann, "jest because he don't want to be tell about! Heave in overboard of I'll stan' every quarter. "I declare! got here jest in seable it that Tom is drownded. He seems ter sich nonsense! Here you've bin a buyin' a son to see his miniment sot up!" said one jolly every quarter. "I declare! got here jest in sea-

And then it was noticed that pa had grown very white, and was holding on to the wall for support; and Cynthy Ann, after making a great effor to greet her brother in a suitable man ser, fell back, and, as the family were wont to express it "lost conscientiousness."
"I allers kn wid ez how you hadn't cast anchor, Tom," said the old man, recovering himself almost immediately, "'n' now here ye be, 'n' here I be, seein' the Lord presarved me to see ve. Warm, for the lack of an apron, removed her

shawl from her shoulders and completely cov-"Ef you halu't bin dead, Tom, where her ver human natur' ter be able ter work after they been!" she inquired, faiotly, from its depths, Tom, who was sta loued between pa and Rhoda, holding ahard of either, turned to her with a disturbed countenance. "Where I hadu't orter have been-in Australia, with pesky J e Coili is. You see, before I went away, folks were a-sayin' that he had stolen Rho is away from me—he as good as told me himself that it was so—'n' I thought she seemed kinder strange 'n' distant. But I was too big a coward to say anything to her about it; I thought I couldn't be ir it if she should

tell me she liked him. But I wrote to her from Boston, where we were loading the vessel, and tald her if she didn't care enough for me to marry me when I got home from the voyage she needn't answer the letter, but if she did to answer right away. We staid at the wharf two weeks after that, but I didn't hear a word from her, and when the Sarey Sally sailed I felt as if I'd ruther be drowned than not. Life didn't seem wuth living." "O, Tom, I never got your letter," sobbed

"Most likely that scoundrel Joe Collins got holt ov it. I'm a-goin' t · hev a little in-terview with him when I ken ketch him—well he ain't here ter-day! But when the vessel did git wracked, 'n' everybody 'n' everything was a-goin' to the bottom, I thought 'twould worth the while to save myself, after all; 'a' Joe Griffin -one of the crew-'n' I chang holt ov some spars till we was picked up by a brig bound fur Californy. From there I thought I'd go to Australia 'n' hunt up Uncle Lysan der. I couldn't come home as things stood, for I couldn't ha' borne to see Joe 'n' Rhody together, so I reeko ed you might as well all think I was dead-fur a spell at least: I warn't much better'n that at the time. Uncle Lysander agreed to keep dark, though he said he didn': believe in such nousense, and I tell you the old man gave me a good chance. I've picked up quite a little pile of cash in these few years. You've got the money I sent you every winter all right, hevu't you?" "Sho! So Lysaruder warn't so set-fired lib'ral, after all!" said pa, wiplnessie eyes hard one, and at times food was scarce in the household. Seth, who never was known to have good luck, went off to the Banks on a fishing voyage after the honeymoon was over, but soon returned with a frozen foot, and

Smiley—he feller that used to cork over to Squire White's—mile his apperance at the diggin's one day, 't' said he'd seen over to Herrin' Point only the week bet be he sailed last spring. And when I heard som him that Rhody warn't married at all, us goin' with any one, 'n' never has had anything particular to say to Joe Collin sence l'droen gone, I didn't wait overnight before I lacked up my duba 'n' got ready to hart for ameriky." dubs 'n' got ready to a "I said ez how my table wuz d ff' ent from speedily unveiling herseif.
"Yes," ag eed pa, brightly, "so it did; an', Cyathy Ann, even you can't keer nothin'

fur that consarried old moniment now. Let's haul it down 'n' Myer it up agin, 'n' ef the parson d n't object, turn the solemn delights of this occashun into a bit ov a frolic."-Susan Hartley Savett, in Harper's Monthly.

Waltzing in England.

Since the peace of 1815, from which period-or, indeed, from a few years earlier-Miss Mitford's correspondence dates, remarkable changes have, indeed, the brilliant flowers in the salt marshes, and bronzed the cheeks of the fisher folk with 1's taken place in English society. One of her most intimate friends. Sir W. El- Warren County, Pa., regions is a unique ford, had undertaken a crusade against waltzing, which he was sure "would never be tolerated in this country unless the moral feeling of the country had undergone a change." While Byron attacked it in a famous poem, Sir W. Elford wrote in prose a satirical history of its origin. Everybody condemned it, and Miss Mitford, of course, among the rest. It danced itself into fashion all the same, and that very rapidly. It was the first innovation introduced into England

regale themselves, save by an occasional grunt ered the r voices when they spoke of the Sarcy and there was significance, no doubt, in Sally, and were never the lof c njecturing the welcome it met with, as foreshadowfrom the Continent after the great peace; and there was significance, no doubt, in ing the acceptance of others from the same parter. It seemed as improbable in those days that the waltz would ever become a favorite a deven a popular dance in England as that the system of franking letters would go out, or that America would come to be looked upon as a country

which well-bred English people could

visit without fear of being shocked. -St. James' Gazette -- The humorous editorial writer in the New York Times says that women donot grow old as rapidly as men, they somehow do not celebrate as many birthdays. The average woman, if unmarried. rarely becomes more than twenty four years old, although an occasiona woman of exceptional truthfulness and boldness sometimes reaches the age of

-Recent statistics prove that only onetenth part of the sailors abourd American merchant ships are Americans.

What to Drink:

There is no question that in all countries water is the natural drink for both man and animals; but there is a great the heavy domestic work, such as difference in water, an I some kinds are ing water and grinding corn for the or-so adulterated as to be entirely untit for tillas. I do not mean by this the drink. To go no further, we have the men are idle; quite the contrary; they two kinds of water designated as hard are willing to work, and I find them and soft. Rain water is never hard, willing to learn. I can say this they though spring water is o teneso. If will do a great amount of work with water with good soap will not make a lather it is called and, and will be found of very much agricultural beauty, but to contain lime of magnesia, or both, there are some very nice stone front When such water is rubbed in contact buildings on the plaza, also a line cathewith soap some of the constituents of dral of the Spanish-Moorish style, of a the latter unite with the minerals con- very elaborate front, said to have cost tained in the water, and form an indis-soluble compound. On the other hand, a tax of twelve and a half cents on every soft or pure water holds the soap in solu- mark of silver taken out of the mine. tion, and makes suds readily. Of hard Around the city are nice drives called water there are two kin is, one is perma- alamedas. They are wide streets, with nently hard and the other can be made shade trees on each side, and on fine soft. When lime and magnesia are in days may be seen the ladies of the city water in form of sulphates it cannot be taking these daily drives. Near here changed, but when in the form of car- are a few pleasant villages, located on bonates it is only temporarily hard, and the bottom lands of the Chihuahua and the hardness can be removed by any Sacramento Rivers; nice drives with process that will eliminate the carbonic good shade and good bathing places; acid gas. This can semetimes be done by boiling, wenthe gas is expelled and the mineral becomes attracted to the party twenty pretty girls on donkeys, kettle in the form of incrustation. Or, with their cavaliers at their side, other if anything be all led to the water that animals carrying provisions for the day, will combine with the carbonates, they the senoritas bringing their guitars and will sink to the bottom and leave the singing all day long. They sing in a water soft. This is the case when slaked quiet, soft way, but break out sometimes lime or soda is used.

Some have the idea that hard water. cient answer to this is that, if it e given to a child that not in the bit of using it, the ill effects can at once be honor their patron saints, and they have seen, while there is plenty of natural a great many of them. I think the and proper food that will furnish the calendar must be full. The richer people said that in regions where hard water attentive to strangers. They live in alike without apparent harm, we merely call attention to the word "apparent," and add that the human system is of such a nature that it can become habituated to the use of almost any poison, as arsenic, alcohol, or tobacco.

But soft water is not always, or usually, pure water. It, as a rule, holds in solution more or less organic matter, mostly vegetable, that contains the seeds of disease and death, and should be cleansed from these by filtering, boiling, or other means. No house in city or country should be without its cistern or tank for the reception of rain or soft spring water with an attached filter of gravel and charcoal, through which all hat is used for drinking or cooking should be drawn. It is true that so far as cooking is concerned, the boiling in a measure remedies the even but it is best to have no evil to remed

Sufficient care is not take to have wells situated away from a possible stopped and impaired by long use so reaved German mothers who, up to St. much so that even pure water passing John's day, abstain from eating strawthrough them becomes polluted. A berries, for they think that at that time little care and forethought will prevent hitle children who have died recently go the sanitary condition of horses and cat- ought to be considered the friend of far as their drink is concerned, this is not the case, the well, from which they are supplied being most frequently sunk in barnyards or their close coximity. It is true that our definestic animals are not is true that our definestic animals are not in the case of the control desirable that all causes of disease should the devil began to dance for joy. The be avoided. - N. Y. Sun.

Queer Doings in Oil. The summer of 1882 must pass into history as having witnessed the most memorable doings in the annals of the petroleum trade it Pennsylvania. In the Scientific An fican for July 22, 1882, reference was n de to the results which reference was node to the results which followed the opining, in May, of the new oil deposits in Warren County, Pennsylvania. most ruinous policy was followed by the producers, who succeeded in obtaining a lease upon the prolific sand rock. Five wells to the acre were pierced in the heart of the rock, and when signs of weakness were noted in the flowing of these wells nitronoted in the flowing of these wells, nitro-glycerine torpedoes, of corty quarts each, were exploded in the lattom of the well. The latter, in a number of cases, yielded when first struck 2,500 barrels every when first struck 2,500 barrels every twenty-four hours; at least one produced 3,000 barrels, and a 500-barrel well was regarded as a small affair. Other and older oil regions were comparatively deserted, and in a ugust last the new field, from less that 200 wells, was yielding 25,000 barrels woil daily, bringing up the production of the entire oil regions to the unparalleled were of 105,000 barrels daily, and sending the price below fifty cents per barrel. But t was the fable of the killing of the

of feeling and intense excitement among all interested in producing petroleum. By October 1 the daily production had, nearly approached each other, namely of Pittsburgh, Oil City, Titusville, Bradford and New York Bity was so great, and the activity so intense, as to be phenomenal. The sales at Oil City during September reached 153,000,000 barrels. On one day alone, September 18, the sales were over 11,000,000 barrels. Meanwhile seventy wells in the choicest

bit of oil history. - Scientific American.

The City of Chihuahua. This city is said to contain about fifteen chousand inhabitants, the majority sustained by the mining interests. The city is laid out neatly at right angles on the banks of the Chihuahua River, a small 000 i habitants. From appearances, this shape of hundreds of thousands of tons of slag, and even to this day some of the peons make from lifty cents to seventyremarkably clean, kept so by the prisoners in jail who are imprisoned for drunk enness and petty crimes. When they cannot pay their fines they work it out sweeping the streets and plazas and a beautiful fountain from the same is culled out, leaving the smaller growth manufactory; said fountain being very to be cut at a future time. In this way near the center of the city and yield-

all hours of the day the dark-eye senoritas can be seen going for way

with a tune familiar to American ears. There is no riot or drunkenness on those because of the mineral it contains, is bet- days. They are a quiet and inoffensive ter than soft for children from the fact people, but then, like everywhere else, that just such ingredients are necessary they are both turbulent and vicious for the growth of their bones. A suffi- people among them. Any one who same minerals in abundance. If it be are very intelligent and very polite and abounds it is used by old and young good style and are kind to their servants. - Chihuahua Cor. N. Y. Herald.

Myths About Plants.

With cotton a strange legend is linked in Brazil. The first of men was a demigod. He had a son of whom he wanted to get rid; so he formed an armadillo and buried it in the ground all but its tail. Then he sent his son to fetch it. No sooner had the youth seized the armadillo by the tail than it plunged into the bowels of the earth, dragging him after it. On emerging from the lower world the young man told his father that there existed down below men and women who might cultivate the soil if they were brought to the surface. The demigod created the cotton tree, and formed out of it a cord with which he hauled up some of the inhabitants of the subterranean region. The first specimens of the race were small and ugly, cess went on. Unfortunately, the cotton remembered that the best filters become more poetic belief is that of some betrouble from this source. In some up to heaven concealed in those fruits. things we find more attention given to It seems strange that the rush, which tle than to that of their owners; but so man, should have acquired in some lands so easily affected by what they take in- taken part in the creation of the world. ternally as is man, but it is nevertheless | The request was granted, whereupon | wolf came up and suddenly asked the meaning of this trivolity. In his confusion the devil forgot what had been given to him, and replied that he was dancing for joy at having received the rush and the thistle; to which plants he

still adheres. The creation of the tea plant is due says a Japanese legend, of which the Chinese appear to be unaware, to the piety of a Buddhist priest who visited China about A. D. 519. In order to dedicate his soul entirely to God he made a vow never to go to sleep, but to meditate uninterruptedly day and night After some years of watching he yielded to a severe attack of somnolence and went fast sleep. On awakening, he became so remorseful that, in order to render any similar weakness impossible in future, he cut off both his eyelids and threw them on the ground. Returning to the spot next day, he discovered that each eyelid had become a shrub. From

price below fifty cents per barrel. But kolniks call it the devil's herb, and in Little Russia the following legend is curgoose that laid the golden egg modern- rent as to its origin. Certain virtuous ized and enacted on a stupendous scale. Little Russian carriers were in danger Early in September, after the best wells had been "shot" by torpedoes re- A voice from heaven ordered that she peatedly, they suddenly ceased pro- should be put to death. The carriers ducing in a way that caused a revulsion obeyed, and buried her alive. Her husband planted a twig above her remains: it grew and grew and became a largeleaved plant. As the Christian carriers in all the regions, fallen off nearly 25,- and the heathen widower passed that 000 barrels, and for the first time in five | way, they saw that he broke off some of years, production and consumption the leaves, filled a pipe with them and smoked it. They followed his example, 70,000 barrels per day. Prices advanced and smoked what has since been known and the excitement at the Oil Exchanges as tobacco. So delighted were they that they went on smoking without ceasing; until at length the smoke gave way one day to fire, which burned them all up. -London Anthenœum.

Scobeleff's Test of the Sentry.

As a disciplinarian he was firm and territory ceased producing, and early in October the new territory was not yield- overlooked. Scobeleff's videttes were ing over 5.000 barrels daily, and the price never caught napping. His knowledge had mounted to one dollar. The records of the detail of military duty was uniof the oil trade show but feeble parallels | versal-even to sounding all the bugle to last summer's development, and the calls. An illustration of the discipline cus stock on me! Camel hair, indeed!" to last summer's development, and the calls. An illustration of the discipline cus stock on me! Camel hair, indeed!"
rise and decline of the Cherry Grove, of his corps occurs to me. I had been and she flounced off before the dazed CHICAGO HERALD COMP'Y As trains run to and from Union Depots at all principal points. talking with him of military breech loaders and discussing the merits of various systems. Taking a "Berdan," with which the troops were latterly armed, from a soldier, he undid the breach and lock and explained the mechanism with the precision of a gonsmith. Returning the rifle to the soldier, he turned, walking up to a sentry a few paces distant, he said: "Let me see your stream having its rise in the mountains to the southwest, giving to the city a life"—extending his hand as he spoke. The man saluted and replied: "I can large supply of pure water, carried to the high ground above the city by aqueducts of solid masonry, built by the "I cannot, your excellency," again said Spaniards when the town contained 80. the sentry, as firm as a rock. Scobeleff smiled, pulled his ears and walked on. must have been at the time a wealthy I asked an explanation, whereupon he community, all the large and small mines | said that a rule of war with him was that being in full blast and the ore brought to no sentry on duty was on any account to the city to be smelted. Of the fact there give up possession of his arms-not even is sufficient evidence lying here in the to the Czar himself. "But," said I, suppose the sentry had given up his rifle when you were seemingly so serious in asking it. What then?" five cents a day picking it over and smelt-ling what they find. The streets here are General, "for disobedience to orders in times of war." .- Fortnightly Review.

-The New England Farmer says that the forest lands of Maine, formerly controlled by the State, have now nearly all watering them. In the center of the come into the possession of individual city is a line plaza laid out in flower beds, owners, who handle them so as to obtain kept very neat and clean, the walks hav- the largest returns and yet keep them in ing pretty iron park seats just put in. a thrifty and improving condition. The They are of New York manufacture; also | lumber is rarely cut clean, but the best ing the main supply of water. At or twenty-five years.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

-Bishop Borgess, of Michigan, has issued a pastoral forbidding the marry-ing of Catholics and Protestants under pain of excommunication. - Detroit Post. -Livingstone Hall, of Fisk University. Nashville. Tenn., was de licated recently. The cost of the structure, \$60,000, was provided for by a bequest of Mrs. M. E. Stone, of Malden, Mass.

-The Government of Japan have resolved on the establishment of 53,760 primary schools. The whole empire is divided into eight collegiate departments, with one college to each department. Even children under six years of age will be compelled to attend the primary school.

-The Palestine Colonization and Christian Missionary Association has been incorporated at Boston. It is formed for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious and energetic hristians, and by their prudence, labor and perseverance restoring it to its former grandeur. - Bodon Post. -A fashionable church in New York

has an "invalid room." a luxurious partment near the pulpit, but out of ight of the congregation. where invalids an sit. lie down, walk around, leave or enter at any time without disturbing any one else, yet at the same time be able to hear the entire service. - N. Y. Inde--A day or two ago, during a grammar

lesson in one of our public schools, the teacher asked the pupils to form a se ence using a relative pronoun. Amo the answers the subjoined came from sharp little urchin: I I met my cous On being asked where was the rela pronoun, the lad looked up and "My cousin is relative."—b

-The gift of John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., of \$1,000,000 for the educational benefit of the freedmen of the South, is now in charge of the trustees of the fund, which is now incorporated under the laws of New York State, Ex-President Hayes is the president of the board and its other members are Chief Justice Waite, William E. Dodge, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Daviel C. Gifman, John A. Stewart, Alfred H. Colquitt, Morris K. Jesup, James B. Borce and William A. Sleter

William A. Slater. -The wealthy Methodists of Philadelphia who are building the new Trinity Church have planned an extraordinary edifice which is not a copy of any other on earth. The new building will have under one roof the church auditorium, the Sunday-school, the diningroom, and all the conveniences that advanced architectural ingenuity sugrest or liberal expenditure procure The style is Gothic, with a profusion of stained-glass windows. One majestic polychromatic window is to be twenty feet wide and forty feet high, admitting to have but they improved as the extracting pro- a flood of many-colored light. The church will seat about 1,500 persons, but cesspools, barnyard, or other tangs obis so connected with the Sunday-school jectionable. It has become common to the Brazilians, for the rarity of human one, thus accommodating more than say that earth is a perfect filter, disin- beauty upon earth. To find it in its per- 3,000 persons. Bishop Simpson laid the fectant, and deodorizer; but it must be fection one must go down below. A corner-stone for the new building.-Chicago Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS. -An exchange prints a long article about "Courting in the last Century." It has no interest for the man whose courting days are over. He'd rather know something about courting in the

next century .- Norristown Herald. -Up to a dozen years ago it was generally believed all over the world that a cat could kill a sleeping child by sucking its breath. Twenty years hence no one will believe that dropping the dishcloth brings bad luck .- Detroit Free

-Heard at the Conundrum Club: What is the difference between a frigid undulation and a den in the forest?" The prize answer was, "One is a cold wave, and the other is a wold cave." Music by the band .- N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

-Among the presents received by the

bride at a recent New York wedding

was an order for twenty tons of coal Probably it was from the unsuccessful suitor who felt that he owed the girl's family about that amount of fuel .-Chicago Tribune. -A New York stone cutter received the following epitaph from a German to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine vife Susan is dead. If she had

lived till nex' Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so it must stan'."-N. Y. Graphic. —A female, young or old, who does a man's work ought to get a man's pay.—

Boston Globe. "True; and if you will look at the new fall styles you will per-

ceive that many women who don't do a man's work are getting a pretty good share of a man's pay.—Louisville Courier-Journal. -A resident of Yorkville recently found a basket on the sidewalk at his house. It was covered with linen. He grasped it quickly, and rushed to the station-house, crying, "A doctor! It still lives! For I saw it kicking through the linen?" At that moment a woman rushed into the station-house, shricking,

"Mein Gott in himmel! Vy for you run

away mit my Limberger cheese?"-Farm and Fireside. engulfs his head in his hat and makes for the door, deadly determination wild -Husband and wife have been havble in every outflying tail of his coat. "When'll you be back, my dear?" hazards the meek partner of his wedded life. "Whenever I please, madam!" "Do try and not be any later than that if you can help it!" is her meek reply. - Ex-

-"Have you any black ladies' cloth?" she asked, ambling up to the counter and focusing her glasses on the mild-mannered clerk. "No, ma'am," he answered, civilly," "but we have a choice article in camel's hair." "Do I look as if I'm in need of camel's hair?" she asked. leaning over a counter. "See here, young man, when I want hair I know enough to go to a hair store and buy it! You can't get off any of your dead circlerk could recover his wits and explain. -Danbury News.

Fires in the Woods - Don't Start One. A friend of ours once had a startling experience in a clearing on the southern shore of Lake Superior. Sitting on a large log, twenty feet long, he thoughtlessly held the lighted end of a cigar upon the half rotten surface, and went away without noticing the effect. The next day at the same hour, passing by the spot, he was astounded to find the huge trunk nearly consumed, and all glowing with an intense heat. The fire had silently eaten its way through and through the log, and nothing but its chance isolation prevented a disastrous Buckeye Mower, combined, Self last Great Painting, "IN THE MEAforest fire, which might have laid waste half a dozen counties and destroyed a thousand homes.

Everyone who goes into the woodsevery hunter, chopper, logger, picnia party, rambler, botanist, should bear in mind that a spark may cause a conflagration, as ruinous as that which occurred in Michigan last year. The forests of the United States still vield annually four hundred and fifty

million dollars' worth of merchandise, nd furnish employment to one million ersons. This is the least of their usefulness to us. They prevent the too rapid evaporation of the rain; they retard the melting of the snow, thus preventing destructive floods, garnering up the water for safe and gradual use, and keeping the mountain springs ever full and fresh. Let us unite in guarding this precious inheritance.—N. I. Ledan MOTICE!

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