A SUSPICIOUS SPOUSE.

- Twas in the time of sweet spring time,
 A morning cool and clear,
 A happy husband, blithe and gay,
 Exclaimed: "I think, my dear,
 That this is just the finest day
 That we have had this year."
- Then at his side his wife replied: "It gives me great delight
 To see the weather settle down
 So beautiful and bright;
 And if you want to stay down town
- He said good-bye, but in his eye
 Mistrust began to prance,
 And at his trusting, loving wife
 He quickly looked askance,
 While through his brain, suspicion rife,
 Wild thoughts commenced to dance.
- Again, again, with fevered brain,
 He thought on what she said.
 When to his office he did come,
 His mind was filled with dread;
 "She told me not to hurry home,"
 He moaned and clutched his head.
- With furious haste his steps retraced, And with an angry stride He sped across the trembling floor And homeward quickly hied. He entered through the open door-Ah, what a sight be spied!
- Confusion great there reigned in state-Disorder everywhere; Amid the scene his wife arose, Her brow was bent with care;
- A patch of soot was on her nose. And whitewash flecked her hair. Most bleak and bare appeared the air. With blinding dust gale
- There were no pictures on the wall. No carpets on the floor; He gazed disgusted at them all, Then turned his back and swore.
- He gave a groan: "I might have known That this would be her plan; In future I will be content To ne'er her conduct scan."

 Then back unto his store he went.
- A mad but wiser man.

 New York Journal.

OUT OF PITY.

She was just seventeen; the very youngest little bride that any one remembered ever coming to reign at Aruwood Towers: the sweetest, daintiest little Lady Fielding that the county had ever welcomed.

To herself it was all like a dream, had come so fast; it seemed as if all her life had lived itself in those six months: the leaving her English school, and go-ing out to her father's plantation in Ceylon, so proud to be his housekeeper and companion; the strange, brief life on the up-country coffee estate. Then the young English stranger who passed through Lindoola, in his rather vague wanderings for adventure's sake, and who was received and entertained at Holme Harcourt with the delightful open-handed hospitality of the colonies.

And then the awful night when the sudden terrible stroke of cholera left her fatherless, and life seemed one great black void; and the Chaplain's wife had been good to her, and kept her from dying in despair; and Sir Harry Fielding had been still more good; and then-and then-she was resting her poor little orphaned head on a heart that was kind and true as her own father's, and a strong arm was close round her slender waist, and the voice she liked alone to hear of all the voices around her, was telling her she should never know another sorrow he could guard her from. He seemed the only real thing in all that dream-time: the sad past, and the present that was so and resolutely turned away. happy, but just as unlike reality. Was it really herself, simple little Nesta Harcourt, that people were fussing over and petting and welcoming home as if

she had been a royal princess? Perhaps it was well she could not realize it, or her head might have been turned. Why, had not the whole week Harry and she were spending with his sister, Mrs. Mostyn, to present Nesta to the countryside, been one round of festivities, of which she was the queen? This evening they had all driven to a playing such pranks that one could not grand concert in the county town, to be sure, and her heart all the turns. It was as black hear a famous singer; and Nesta, in her as Erebus now; a darkness that might embroidery and lace, with her eyes outshining the diamonds on her white neck. and her check flushed with its pretty shy pink, had been an attraction only second to the queen of song herself. She felt a little weary with the excitement and the happiness, now that they had reached home and were having supper in the great hall, for the concert had forced them to dine rather earlier than usual.

The house was crowded with guests and they were all vehemently declaring that the night was hardly begun yet, and they meant to finish it with a few be better for Harry and for herself, yes, games. The furniture in the blue draw- and for that other woman, too, if she ing room was being hastily moved, and were lying under those cold, smiling Nesta's heart sank at the thought of waters in a dreamless sleep! It was further exertion; her head ached and she only a moment, her soul was too white was worn out. She would slip sway and too brave for more; she recoiled quietly to bed and leave Harry to make her excuses to Eleanor. Where was was worn and smooth, her little feet Harry, by the way? She had not seen him since they sat down to supper, and stop herself, but the frozen he and that beautiful Miss Trafford were grass slid through her fingers; there was talking in the doorway. A hasty search one short, sharp cry, and a pale sweet through the nearest rooms had no re- face lay still among the rushes in the sult, and Nesta stopped by an open door to glance at the half-cleared drawing-

Two portly dowagers were deep in above the music Eleanor was playing, and Nesta could not help hearing what

"Gladys Trafford; yes, indeed!" cried the black velvet gown to the purple brocade. "A very, very old love affair, that, my dear. He and she were inseparable, and a most suitable match it that the clouds she seemed to lie on. would have been. The two oldest clouds soft and billowy, were her own families in the county; his equal in bed, nothing more etherial; and she was position and fortune: Lord Stour- aware that it must be earth still, but felt bridge's estates are next his you know, and Gladys is heiress to a great part."

leap, and her feet feel spell-bound to the slept again, smiling gently. spot where she stood? Arnwood Towers was the only place near the Traffords. and voice were missing, and only Harry's business, close bargainers, ask one an-It was as if her whole being were back was visible in the room beyond, as other: "How are you getting on?" strained to hear the rest; she never she raised herself on her pillows. And The national salutation of Naples was thought of eaves-dropping, poor child; as she rose she caught sight of herself formerly: "Grow in grace!" At presand it was life and death work to her. in the long Psyche glass opposite, and ent, in all parts of Italy, they use a "And why didn't it come about?" started at the reflection. For all her phrase equivalent to "How are voit?" "And why didn't it come about?" started at the refle asked the purple brocade.

thousand pities! A Lady Fielding has white face. And as she fell back on her yourself?" always been at the head of the county pillows, half from surprise and half from society, and Gladys Trafford is just | weakness, for she was very feeble, the made for the position, with her beauty and eleverness and talents. She has always been immensely popular."
"And who is the girl he has married?

She seems a nice little thing enough." "Oh, a harmless sort of creature; I died. pink-and-white prettiness, nothing more.
She was a planter's daughter in Ceylon, ber side, she smiled up at him, and or somewhere; and he was staying with them when the father died. She was "Christmas? Is it really Christmas, left quite friendless and destitute, and Harry?" but he only bent to catch her heads and take off their shoes. he married her out of pity. He was al- is his arms.

white as death, was hurrying up the "Harry, you must not-you must not." stairs to her room. There was a little she said. sofa in a sheltered nook in the corridor, and there sat Harry—the missing Harry and knew that memory was coming having no meaning whatever in their -and the woman he should have mar-

Nesta sped past, but as she did, she darling, my blessing, my life! The doc-saw Harry bend his head and kiss the tor says I may tell tell you all about it, saw Harry bend his head and kiss the tor says I may tell tell you all about it, shaking, must also seem to people of beautiful hand he was holding, and she for the worry will hurt you more than the East as professional and expressionheard his low murmur:

things might have been so different. On, on, till her own door closed be- heard your scream, and ran up just in hind her, and she gazed wildly round time to see you sink." at the pretty ornaments that strewed | "Then it was you who found me? Oh, her bower, as she had never seen them Harry!" before. She flung the diamonds from her throat and wrists as if they hurt her; to your room five minutes after you let is not properly a violet. Now, if about little men fixin' big uns. Yer kin and sank into a chair beside the quaint must have left it, and there was the same daring k onoclast will only prove go over that now, an' tell yer pardner time-table open, and your little note, that the onion is not an onion!—Boston how yer got fooled."—Exchange, bow yer got fooled."—Exchange,

THE JOURNAL, her tolded arms. She did not shed a will never leave Harry Fielding's heart ear, but her brain seemed on fire.

> it a hundred years ago? guard her from?" Well, it was true; down to hers.
> "Nesta, it was all a lie, a vile, ried her "out of pity" another woman. It must be her own boy and girl friends, nothing more. I fault, not his; yes, because she was knew my cousin Wilfred loved her, and

little children. And perhaps she might die soon: and Harry could be happy with the woman he had always loved Nesta felt as if death wouldn't be long n coming, she felt so ill now.

She got up to fetch a time-table. Yes, the mail train passed through Middlehampton at one o'clock; it was only twelve now, and though she couldn't very well understand the puzzling figures, she thought it must stop at the little station just the other side of the

She drew her blotting book to her, and began to write fast. A big tear or two slashed down on the paper, but she tea, but drug it without telling you, wiped them patiently away; it must be and the effects are felt a few days afterclear, that Harry might read it.

"They say you only married me from oity," she wrote; "I might have guessed it, my darling, but you were so good to me that I never, never did. I can't make you free again; but it is better for be declined. Should the tradesman us never to see each other any more, hurry after him into the street he may and perhaps I may die, and you can go back to the woman they say you have always loved. I saw you just now, when you kissed her hand, and said things might have been so different if you had only known years ago. Yes, they would have been different for us all. God bless you, my poor, good boy! you were not to blame!

She paused and looked up.
"What shall I sign it?" she said; am not his wife any more, for only love really makes a marriage. Her eyes fell on her little wedding ring, its brightness scarcely tarnished yet. She stooped and pressed it to her

lips gently, solemnly. "Oh, Harry, my Harry!" she whis pered, "if it had only been love, not

She rose and slipped off the golder satin gown and put on a dark warm dress instead. "I must even go away from him

fastened her long far cloak with its silver clasps. "I haven't a single gown that was mine before I knew him. He has even dressed me out of charity. His pity has been more generous than other people's love."

She opened the French window in her dressing room and stepped out on the balcony, whence a flight of steps led down to the terrace below. She glanced back at the pretty room, with its Japanese cabinets, and blue and white china. and the ebony table where the letter to Harry lay, with the light full upon it so that he could not miss it. Then she shut the casement sharply behind her.

The moon was bright with a fitfu brightness-now almost as light as day, now hidden behind hurrying clouds— and it was bitterly cold. Nesta drew her cloak tighter around her, and tried to walk fast, but she was desperately weary, and could only stumble along. Somehow the way to the little gate had never seemed so incomprehensibly long. Surely she could not have missed her way? The moon and the clouds were be felt. Nesta took a few steps forward, then stopped short, by some mysterious instinct, just as the moon shone out bright once more, its golden sparkle reflected as by a thousand broken mirrors in the waters of the lake which slumbered at her feet. A strange, sharp pain shot through her heart, as she saw the very rushes Harry and she had been gathering yesterday. Yesterday? A thousand years ago:

when she was happy. A wild thought flashed across her brain; she had wished to die; it would with a start of horror; but, ah! the bank

stlent moonlight. It was dark and warm and deliciously restful when she knew anything again. conversation, their heads bent together | She heard Harry's low voice before ever behind their fans; but their voices rose she opened her eyes; and felt his clasp of her hand-Harry's hand-clasp, there was no other like it anywhere-and thought it must be Heaven, and was glad she had done with earth, since this was so much better. And so she slept

And when next she awoke, she knew it did not matter since it could be so like Heaven, for Harry's voice and What made Nesta's heart give such a Harry's hand were there still; and she

But the next time she woke the hand tangle of brown hair was cut short, and "Heaven knows! A lovers' tiff, I there was no pink and white prettiness passing it?" bells burst out clear and sweet and

mystical, in a perfect carol of exultant "Christmas bells! Is it Christmas?" she said. "Why, it was November when

ways a quixotic goose, Harry Fielding."

She yielded to his kisses; then suddenly she tried to push him from her.

He saw the troubled look in her eyes, back.

"Yes, I must," he said, "my little the talking; and, oh! how I have waited "If I had only known, years ago, for this moment to come! It has been one long nightmare since the minute I custom used by nearly all nations, and

"Yes, you must hear it all. I came calla is not a lily, and the dog-tooth vie- darned sight o' foolishness in the stories

Beside her stood the tall vase of for the station as hard as I could go. I rushes that Harry and she had gathered had almost reached the park gate when from the lake only yesterday. Wasn't that cry came-off to the right-and I turned just in time."

His voice broke, and he beat his head he had meant to do right, he had mar- famous lie, whoever told it. Gladys when he loved Trafford and I were always dear old pink-and-white, and nothing more; and she was not tall and stately and talented; and she ought to have known pity wasn't love, only it had seemed so like it!

Knew my cousin where loved her, and I always thought she had something to do with his going to Australia, years ago. It was only that night she confessed to me that they had been engaged all these years, and Wilfred was

"If he had known years ago, things might have been so different!" Might they not still? What if she were to go away that very night, and never trouble having told me before, when I could him sgain? She had not a friend in the have saved them both all these weary world except her old Brighton school years of waiting. Nesta!"—for her mistress; she would go to her and beg her to take her in, and let her teach the softly—"you will not doubt me again?"

whisper which scarcely reached his ear, "did you really marry me out of pity?" Yes, my sweetheart—the very sincerest pity for myself."

And Nesta never asked any more questions. — Cassell's Magazine.

The Cost of Living in Russia. A man had better not fall ill while in Russia, for all the doctors outside the large cities are believers in phlebotomy and violent purgatives. They prescribe ward. The prices of goods in Russian stores are assessed according to the apparent wealth of the customer. A stranger must first choose the article he wants, then offer what he thinks reasonbe sure that he has offered too much Should he be allowed to go his bid has really been too low, and of course this is liable to happen with persons accustomed to Western prices, for the cost of everything in Russia is exorbitant. A suit of fairly good clothes costs seventy dollars, a pair of knee boots thirty dollars, an average cigar twenty-five cents. The only cheap things are tea, vcdki, and articles made of leather, but even these cannot be had at a reasonable price unless bought through a native. In the large hotels, where Parisian furniture and beds are to be had, the day's board for a bachelor, without a servant, cannot be put down at less than ten dollars. The price of a single room ranges from three dollars to five dollars: table d'hote dinner costs two dollars and fifty cents without wine; a bottle of cost about three times as much as in Paris. The theaters and restaurants railway carriages on the line from Odessa to Moscow and St. Petersburg. journey on this line be would go away with a fine idea of Russian comfort, for all the latest American improvements in the way of sleeping and dining cars. dressing rooms and attendance are

available There is one good side of traveling in Russia, and it is this: If a stranger be not fairing for commercial purposes, he will be made a welcome guest at the houses of the authorities in any town where he may wish to spend more than ple, but any person who has reached a day. The Civil Governor will dispatch the age of thirty-five is weakened by a Secretary to his hotel and be glad to have him to dinner for the sole sake of hearing what news he has to bring. This pleasant enough, and the hospitality is the more gracious as the passing stranger cannot make any return for it beyond thanks. On the other hand, a stranger who settles for any term exceeding a week in a country town will have to be careful of the company into which he falls, for Russian friendship soon turns to familarity, and one of the first manifestations of familiarity is to ask the stranger to take a hand at ecarte. Then it becomes a question of refusing and being deemed a boor, or accepting and being promptly cleaned out. The Russians are fearful gamblers, and a stranger with circular notes in his pocket is a godsend to them. They do not cheat, but play and play until the result is utter impecuniousness to one of the two parties to the game. The women are as bad as the men, and think nothing of winning a few thousand dollars from a stranger whom they have not known for more than a week .-

Odessa Cor. Brooklyn Eagle. Modes of Salutation.

A French traveler reports that every race among whom he has sojourned has its own mode of salutation, not accepting the great Yankee Nation. He informs his readers that, however, a few polite Europeanized Americans may salute one another, the characteristic na-

tional salutation is "Hello!" We fear he is right. The telephone is accused of having fastened this stigma upon us; but in truth the telephone only adopted a word already familiar to all boys and most men.

The Arabs say on meeting: "A fine morning to you!". The Turk says, with dignified gravity: "God grant you His blessings!" The Persian salutation is familiar to all the world from its comic quaintness:

"May your shadow never grow less!" The Egyptism is a practical man. He has to earn his taxes by toil under a burning sun, and accordingly when he meets his fellow, he asks: "How do you sweat?" The reader is probably aware that in those low latitudes all is well with a la-

borer as long as he perspires freely. The good Chinaman loves his dinner "How are you digesting?" be kindly inquires, on meeting a friend. The Greeks, who are keen men

The Spaniards say: "How are you The French: "How do you carry

The Germans: "How does it go?"
The Dutch: "How do you trave!?" The Swedes: "How can you?" meaning, "Are you in good vigor?"

The Russians: "Be well!" tion to the juvenile and telephonic "Hello!" say: "How are you?" and "How do you do?" We also take off the hat, shake hands, embrace, bow and kiss, as, in other and said:

climes, people rub noses, touch fore-The American in Italy is surprised to see men embrace and kiss each other, as in Bible lands. The Italians in turn look upon our hand-shaking as cold and ridiculous,

the bobbing up and down of the arm

The touching of the tips of gloved tingers, if more graceful than hand-

one that had its origin in ancient times. - Youth's Companion. -It has been discovered that the May-be you'll learn by this that there's a

Cheefing Old Age.

Oldage, which used to come gradually and be in ne particular haste to begin its visible progress, has recently caught the spirit of the time and advanced upon some people at a galloping pace. The fault is with the victims themselves. The life-endurance of any given person is fixed by nature, and the man who draws most largely and steadily upon his physical capital must be the first to display gray hairs and discover chronic bodily weaknesses. In New York any one can find scores of men who at thirtyfive have whitening heads and nerves that need "bracing" at short intervals every day. Whether they reach this condition by too much work or too much play (of the kind that uncharitable persons call dissipation), the indications of

Many physicisns in New York are

devoting themselves to the task of pro-

be arrested?

longing the lives of persons who are not "Never, never, never! not if you told me so yourself! But, Harry," in a rapidly. Among the practitioners who study the subject carefully, there seems to be but little difference of method. Their first and hardest work is to convince their patients that it is dangerous to live "fast"-a word which has a special significance which makes it absolutely insulting to many eminently respectable transgressors of the laws of health. It seems impossible to persuade a merchant who does more work in one hour than his best clerk can do in three, that he is guilty of fast living and dis-sipation; even if he never drinks a drop and refrains from all improper pleasures. The lawyer or broker who accomplishes wonders in the morning, but feels a sense of "goneness" early in the afternoon, cannot be made to believe that past of him is literally "gone," and that if he urges himself beyond that point, without first taking a little rest, he expends vitality with frightful rapidity. Ladies who, between house-hold cares, religious duties and social responsibilities, are steadily active from eight in the morning until midnight, sometimes wonder why they lose the dreds of men instead of divorcing her freshness of youth, while some of their sex, whom they occasionally see, but would not for worlds speak to, preserve

face and figure in spite of lives of which

But when these, as well as less inno-

the less said the better.

living too rapidly, and physicians begin to arrest the advance of age by urging rest. No practitioner of high standing would have given all he had and trudged now prescribes stimulants to any per- home on foot to save car fare, for one sons not really ill, excepting those who kind, sympathetic word from her. He are absolutely compelled to more exer- lit her lamp and warmed her foot stove, tion than is good for them. Short but no word came. He went to Toronto business men have been greatly helped room so as not to bid him good-bye. pale ale seventy-five cents; one of cham- by dropping upon a lounge for five She would rattle a dish to call him to pagne four dollars, and so on. Amuse minutes in every hour or two; they may dinner and then, putting hers upon a ments, such as theaters and concerts, not cannot stop thinking, but there seems great relief in merely assuming a Everything which some husbands would recumbent position for a little while. are luxurious, and so are the first-class | During the recent civil war a general whose men were noted for coming out grievance. of a hard march in fine tighting condi-If a stranger confined his travels to a tion, attributed his success to his imperdown whenever a halt was ordered. also insisted upon, and until the patient endeavors to adhere closely to this rule he does not begin to comprehend how nature's great restorative is diminished in quantity by the demands of business

and society in a great city. One or two half-nights of sleep per week do not seem to mar the health of young peosuch privations, and few of them who have active nerves can ever make good "High living" is remorselessly tabooed—not only the custom of drinking a great deal of wine at dinner, but that of eating concentrated food, with stimulating codiments and sauces. Much meat and little vegetables is the rule with active people in large cities. It is the result of a physical craving, born of rapid waste of physical tissue, for stimulation. A hard-working farmer, who is in the open air all day, would not, because he could not, eat as much meat as a stightly-built business man will

consume daily in New York, and he would become excitable almost to madness were he to partake as sparingly of bread and vegetables. Good physicians place no restrictions on the quantity of food for a city man or woman of active habits, but they urge that the proportion of meats and pastries to vegetables be lessened. The free use of fruit and milk is strongly advocated, to correct the bad effects of overeating and of stimulating food. Fruit juices are believed to accelerate the natural and healthful action of the alimentary canal, to prevent the retention of wasted tissue, and to maintain at its normal condition the prespiratory system, one of the most important and least remembered portions of the physi-cal machinery. While not delaying or diminishing nutrition in any way, fruit, if used in sufficient quantity, is known to lower the temperature of the blood that is overheated by liberal feeding combined with lack of exercise. New York has plenty of melons and peaches during the summer months; but in eight of the twelve months of the year fruit is regarded as a luxury rather than s necessity. A physician with a large practice in a fashionable district in New York said recently that careful inquiry failed to discover that any one of his patients ever bought apples, except for

ant, cheap, and ever-present of the fruits which are peculiarly beneficial as The few rules given above do not obviate the necessity for special treatment for persons who are growing old too rapidly, for age nearly always manifests its approach by finding its victim's weakest part and attacking it. They are, however, so contrary to general custom that they will be now to most people who read them, as they are to nearly all who obtain them, for the first time, from family physicians .- N. Y.

special treatment in the kitchen, al-

though the apple is the most abund-

on Front street the other day. I'm a builder and maker is God?-Presbytebad man from Dakota; and yer kin put rian. me down whenever there's any scrimmagin' ter be done. I'm thar when ver want some big work, an' don't ver fur-The English-speaking races, in addi- git it. None o' the white-livered sons o' washwomen kin run over me.'

> A number of men gathered around him out of curiosity, and a little bit of insignificant manhood stepped forward "Shake, pardner. I'm a rustler myself, an' ther' ain't no white-livered cuss from Dakota that kin come around hver

> an' brag about his stuff 'thout lickin' "You? You?" asked the surprised Dakotan. "Why, if you lived whar' I come from they'd eat yer up alive." "Go 'long! You're a big knock-kneed coward !" cried the little man, frothing at the mouth, and the crowd clapped their hands and cheered heartily; but

across his knee and was spanking him like all sin. "Yer thought yer'd come a game 'c tween the she bluff, did yer?" I heard yer tell that der the bed: fellow over vander what yer'd do, and that ar war what made me talk big.

Silent Women.

The scientific world is now agitated by the subject of the evolution of silent women. Up to date they have generally been classified with the peculiar species known as white black-birds and black swans. The question is now, whether the few specimens that are found are signs of a new and unheard of type of women, or whether they are mere freaks of nature, exceptions to a rule and no more prophetic of a species of silent women, than the Siamese twins, skeleton men, fat women, six-leged calves, and other curiosities, are signi-

ficant of a race of such creatures. Silent women do not seem to be peculiar to any section or climate; nor are they indigenous to any special locality. Sometimes they are found in cities. hastening age are equally significant. Where people necessarily do a good deal How is the progress of the destroyer to of talking, sometimes in the agricultural regions, where talking is mainly confined to the sewing circle, or to the Sunday noon gossip between morning and afternoon service. Two of the largest cities of the country, New York and Cincinnati, are just now furnishing the two most perfect specimens of the new species extant-that, is if it is a new species; if it is a freak of nature, they still hold their own as profitable investments of a dime museum.

One, whom we have already referred to, is witness in a will case in New York. She is an old servant of the man whose will is contested: and, when put in the witness box, loudly announced her resolution "to keep still," not to say a word, and that it was no use asking her anything. She sat back in her chair and read "A Christian's Secret, or a Happy Life," and shook her head, said she wouldn't answer a question-not one; that she needed all her breath for something else; that they could lock her up to the day of judgment if they wanted to: it would not make a bit of difference, and for two or more days held out in her determination. A Chicago woman has not spoken to her husband for two years, and the fellow actually wants a divorce from her.

dreds of men instead of divorcing her would be clad to marry her. It is like the two men who were telling each other why they joined the army and went to war. One because his wife never had buckwheat cakes: the other because his wife wouldn't give him anything else. cent classes, are convinced that they are The Chicago wife's only mode of communication was writing notes and leavperiods of relaxation throughout the to the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd day are always found beneficial; some Fellows and she locked herself in her crave as a sweet boon in their wives, this man esteems a thorn and a

So little credence do the ordinary minds of the country put in the notion ative order that his men should lie that a silent woman may be a regular and healthy development of nature, that Regular and full hours for sleep are both of these are called insane, - Detroit Free P ess.

"Help Me Across, Papa."

There was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed. for they knew that Baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone in the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands; and as smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loath to leave its sweet prison. O, the awful, cruel strength of death; the weakness, the helplessness, of love! could not lift a hand to avert the deuntil the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make imploring touch that meant a question. then, we cannot all get it, and as before of making more money in a few days than "What is it, darling?" he asked, in said, if it keeps on increasing in price, none of us will be able to get it. In view broken tones of joy and thanksgiving. She could not speak, and so we raised of this, we have always been careful to in spare time only. The work is univerher on the pretty lace pillow, and her suggest that middlings and flax seed sally adapted to both sexes, young and wee white face shone in the twilight like | may be used instead with very satisfac-

a star or a sweet woodland flower.

that even then had the glory and the an ingredient in forming a ration for a well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for promise of immortality in them, and calf. It will be remembered that we reaching out her little wasted arms said that after the first week the calf said, in her weary, flute-like voice:

"Help me across, papa!" Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

Over the river the boatman pale She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands, And fearlessly entered the phantom bark; We felt it glide from the silver sands, And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

O, infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleadeven as the little child, and help us sulted in individual cases, but the feeder | Oehlrich's grocery, the valleys of humiliation into the eter-"I am a rustler, and don't yer furgit nal rest of Thy presence, into the green it," said a man with a broad brimmed pastures and beside the still waters, into hat on and a belt full of deadly weapons the city of the New Jerusalem, whose

Been to the Club.

"Where have you been at this late hour," sternly asked Mrs. Tonguelasher, as her liege and lord staggered in at the door, bowing to the hat rack. "Been to club," he answered, with much difficulty.

"You know this is not club night," she howled emphatically. "Was call meetin' by Sec'terry," he replied, thicker than before. "Oh, yes, it may have been called a meeting by the Secretary, for he runs a

gin shop; now tell me, what was the

object of this called meeting?" "Was call meetin' to confer with crowd lawyers," he returned, feeling his way to the water bucket. "An' tell you, Liza," he continued, "I met before the cheer had died away the Da shev'al mos' prom'nent members of kota giant had the little fellow bent bar.' Sorrowfully she looked at him and

said, as he snugly tucked his boots be-

tween the sheets, and threw himself un-"Yes, from the way you smell, I should think you met all of the distinguished members of the bar."-Atlanta Constitution.

-A taxidermist in Reading, Pa. has a collection of 75,000 butterfres.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

-Fruit-growers would do well to watch their trees for mildew. -As soon as there is food for insects on fruit trees they will be on hand to eat it. Be ready for them. Watch for the first "tents" of the caterpillar and remove them while small. - N. Y. Times. -Mutton Broth: One pound of the

neck of mutton without any fat, one tablespoonful of Barley, one quart of water. Salt to taste. Cut the mutton into small pieces. Simmer gently, but do not boil, for two hours .- The House--Nothing is more susceptible to foreign matter than bad butter. If a

farmer be not sure of this let him place a pound or so of butter near a piece of ordinary soap, or a few onions, and exclude the air for a few days and he will be convinced. - Albany Journal. -Water Pound Cake: One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs and one cup

of warm water. Use prepared flour, or put into the flour before sifting it two teaspoonfuls of any good baking powder. The cup of water must be quite warm, but not really hot. Beat the eggs separately. - Exchange. -A Western writer says: "Buy small trees. Small trees, ten chances to one,

will come into bearing sooner than the larger ones. The larger the tree the less fiber there will be upon the roots. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will live and flourish, while one that lacks such feeders will languish and -German Bread: One pint of bread

sponge, one cup of sugar, one egg, one piece of butter the size of a walnut; beat them all together till light, stir in flour till it is as thick as a cake, let it rise till light, then bake in a moderate oven. After you butter your tin, sift einnamon over it, and just before baking sift sugar over the top of the bread. Toledo Biade.

-Cleansing Liquids. Water in which potatoes have been boiled exercises remarkable cleansing properties upon silverwares of all kinds, especially upon spoons discolored by eggs. Hyposul-phite of soda dissolved in water will remove all tarnish from silverware in two or three applications, if applied with a soft cloth wet with the solution. - Prairie Farmer.

-The New York Tribune mentions an easy and profitable way of disposine of the hard bones which are usually left kicking around the back yard or distributed by prowling dogs : "Bury a peck or half a bushel or more of the hard bones under a newly set grap-vine or fruit tree, or within reach of the eager roots of an old one, which will search them out and feed on them year after year until the last fragment is transformed into grapes or apples."

Linseed Meal. As to the matter of linseed oil meal

there are a great many who think that they know all about it who do not. We suppose that there is no food that there are so many erroneous ideas concerning as oil meal. Men who have fed it to some animals for years, entertain the idea that it is hurtful to animals that would do well with it; others feed it when or in such way as they should not do. Some think that they ought to have it whatever it may cost, and others believe that it wouldn't pay to buy it at any price. Generally it is a capital food, but if the price continues to go up, its use will soon be discontinued. It is not slways advisable to use it. It they tried in vain to keep her, or even to may be so high in price or difficult to get, that it would be advisable to use mill stuffs instead. While they will not precisely fill the bill, they are largely of the same character of oil meal, and it is often desirable to use a less meritorious food, on account of price, or other circumstance, if it approaches to the more meritorious. Oil meal is linseed meal from which most of the oil has been taken. Still it contains some oil and the small percentage that it does contain, is of use to the animal. There is, perhaps, no food that will so well keep the bowels in order, and the oil that it Those who loved her better than life contains gives it this superior characteristic over flesh forming foods. Except stroyer; they could only watch and wait | as to its small percentage of oil, it is a flesh forming food, containing usually twenty-eight per cent. of muscle forming element and all of this class of foods no more music as they ran pattering to are more conducive to good digestion meet them. Baby May was dying, and than are the fat forming. It is fed in all the house was darkened and hushed! | conjunction with other foods, and if fed Then it was, as the shadows fell in properly it is good for any animal under denser waves about us, that she stirred any circumstances. It has been obever so faintly, and our hearts gave a jected to as food for animals carrying great bound as we thought, "She is their young. Especially what is called better! She will live!" Yes, she knew | the new process meal, from which the as; her eves moved from one face to the | oil is extracted by the use of benzine. other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! O! has come under this condemnation. how good God was to give her back! But we have fed it, and like it, and we How we could praise and bless Him all think think the charge of being injurious our lives. She lifted one dainty hand has arisen from the advertisements of cold-almost pulseless, but better, bet- rival companies. In consequence of its ter-we would have it so-and laid it on | loosening character, it must necessarily the rough, browned hand of the rugged be fed with caution to animals with man who sat nearest to her. His eye- young, and if it is fed cautiously it is lids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a all circumstances. If we could feed GOLD rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of more of it we should have healthier his little daughter's hand—the mute, animals, and less need for drugs. But

could be fed on skim milk and oil meal. beginning with two tablespoonsful a day, dissolved in warm water, and gradually increasing the quantity until It reaches a pound a day, which will be quite sufficient until the calf is two months old. In the production of beef some such daily ration as two pounds of oil meal, four pounds of wheat middlings, six pounds of corn meal and hay in proportion will suggest how it may be used. To fattening cattle, some feed as high as six pounds per day. Ciring hands to Thee, wilt Thou take us cumstances, of course, have to be con- leave orders at George Yale's, opposite to arrive at the proper proportion of oil meal. The best English feeders, it may be mentioned, are accustomed to overstock their pastures, and make up the deficiency by feeding oil cake. We Livery and Feed Stable. mention it to show how valuable an adjunct to feeding this class of food is. For milch cows the amount of meal per day in connection with full rations, should be about two pounds. Horses may be fed two pounds of the meal per day as a part of their rations, and they will be benefited greatly by its use. But we desire to impress the fact that combinations of food can be made without any oil meal in them, that will answer all practical purposes. Take for JOHN DUGGAN, instance rations for a horse, and we must leave the subject with these suggestions. A good combination is red clover, eight pounds, oat straw, six pounds, corn meal, twelve pounds, wheat middlings, six pounds, or timothy hay, twelve pounds, corn meal, eleven pounds, malt sprouts, five eleven pounds, malt sprouts, five pounds. This will give some idea of what may be a combination, and the straw is fed, it should be wet and mixed sure. At once address, TRUE & Co with the meal. - Western Rural.

tory results.

-J. A. Peabody, of Narragansett, R. I., lost a good scarf-pin in the woods twenty-nine years ago, and, after many searches, gave it up for lost. Sunday he passed the spot, brushed away a few leaves and found the pin - Providence Journal

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