No rivers flowed; but all was dark and drear. And on that smoke-encircled sphere there No cities full of life; no children spent Glad bours in play; there laughter ne'er was And day was endless day, and night ne'er

And walking o'er that world I met a man, Or ghost of what was man, wan, staring-And bowed as though with age, albeit his Were fair, and seeming youthful was his And unto him I said in question: "Why This waste and desolation, and where are
The people that once dwelt upon this world?"
And slow he made reply, "But yesteriny
Did Love remove his court from this drear

With tired husband seeking home and wife, And "home" was but a meeking echo there.

Which was as fair a world as ever came From the Creator's hand, and now, so soon, That Love is flown has come this awful change-cheerlessness, the people dead and

He turned from me, it seemed, and I awoke— Back in a world that is controlled by Love. —Meredith Nicholson.

Song of a Lily. Her fine array was wrought in looms of air, And woven by the shuttles of the sun,
In noiseless warp and woof of tissue fair,
And kindly juices from the warm earth won;
And all of wandering odors that were sweet
Were caught within her silken web of light;
And perfumed rains that wept around her

The lily toiled not, spun not, yet she grew In loveliness supreme, from day to day;
A hand Divine imparted every hue,
And clothed her in her beautiful array.
The boon of dews, and rain, and as a kiss;
Her white and suppliant petals, clasped

Their fragrance yielded in the summer

gave silent thanks amid created bliss.

O! if such issues, spring from gifts of thine,
If such unfoldings on thy bounty wait,
The ambient airs which nurse the life divine My soul shall steep, my spirit satiate.

It shall be mine with suppliant hand to claim
The utmost boon thy treasuries may hold;
Why should the lily's bloom my spirit shame,
When Earth is rich and Heaven is raining

-Clara Thwaites.

A LOVE TIFF.

They had a love-quarrel. Ethan Nash and Tilly Fogg had been the most carnest of lovers, especially Tilly. Ethan did not betray half the warmth about it that she did, because it never was in him; but if ever man wanted more devotion, and affection, and all that sort of thing than Tilly Fogg generously lavished on Ethan Nash, he must have been an unnatural and exacting

For some days they had been very careful not to speak to one another. No two people ever tried so hard to be entirely indifferent each to the

At last it got to be so bad that Ethan had stayed away from Tilly for two or three weeks. How he managed to do it was a mystery, and always will be; it ned only on principles of contraries, and sulks, and oddities.

It was getting to be rather unpleas ant. considered in all points of view. There was poor Tilly almost dying from the treatment, though she never would have entered a complaint of any sort in the ear of any living soul; her eye was beginning to lose a little of its usual brightness-I could see it plainly enough -and the red roses on her cheeks were fading rather fast.

There happened to be another young miss in the village, who had been teaching the district school during the sum-mer, and had finally concluded that it would be the pleasantest thing she could do to stay through the winter, too, and visit around. Just at this particular time she was staying at Squire Judkin's house. Her name was Lucy Doane. Lucy Doane was just the smartest girl, in her own estimation, I think I ever knew. Having been selected to instruct the younger portion of the children the past summer in needlework and a-b, ab, and being considered competent to keep the smallest ones from rolling off the benches, while asleep, upon the floor, she somehow reasoned herself into the complacent idea that there was no lady in the place who could beat her in conversation, correct

grammar, or, indeed, any of the accomplishments that were going. She wore glasses with silver bows, mitts on her hands, and always kept her work-bag on her left arm. A perfect picture of a "school-marm" in all the person's parts and qualities.

At this particular time there was a deep fall of snow on the ground, and the sleighing was glorious. Bells and belles made the old country roads merry, far and near. There were parties without number to the neighboring towns, making up merry dances in every old tavern-hall, where the screech of the fiddle had ever resounded.

Well, to make the story as short as possible. Ethan received a very neatly written note one afternoon from Lucy Doane, written in her characteristic style of precision and firmness, all correctly phrased and spelled, saying that she would be very happy to accept his polite invitation to go to the next ball over at Upfield, and would hold herself in readiness accordingly.

"What's all this!" exclaimed Ethan when he had fairly read the note through.

He was puzzled and confounded. "I never invited Lucy Doane to go to the Upfield ball in my life! Why, what does she mean? I'm sure I don't know how to proceed in such a case!" Which was all perfectly true. Ethan Nash was in a regular quandary.
So he came right over to consult with
me about it. Why he selected me out

of all the rest of his numerous acquaintances in the village, I never knew, and probably never shall, but he came and laid the matter plainly before me, aud

"Now, John, I want your advice." "You shall have it, with all my heart," says I.

"I'm in a regular fix," said he. "You sec. the way of it is this: Here I've got a letter from Lucy Doane," producing it from his pocket, and holding it out at arm's-length, "and she says in that letter that she is very happy to accept my kind invitation to go to the sleighing party up to Upfield, when the fact is I never asked her to go with me in my

I could not help smiling. "Rather awkward," I suggested. "Isn't it? Now I wish you would tell me what I'd better do about it."

"Yes, what would you do? You see, I must do something. "Oh, certainly; that letter must be

answered somehow. "Then what would you say to it. How would you try to get out of it,

"I'd up and thank her for accepting,"

said I, "and then I'd secure a nice sleigh against the time came around and carry

"You would! The Old Harry must be in you!" On the contrary, I assure you it's just the best thing you can possibly do.

Just take my advice for once and see what will come of it." He hung down his head, put the note in his pocket, and suffered himself to

think of it. There was no chance of escape. He saw for himself, thanks to his native common-sense, that the best way to silence that battery was to walk straight

Which he did, and sent back his message of thanks to Lucy for deigning to

comply with his request.

The afternoon of the sleigh-ride was cold and biting as you would care to read about. Even at noon the sun had not set a single icicle to running at the eaves, and the snow in the road-track

was as smooth and polished as mar-

"I've got my sleigh," said Ethan to me, in a rather confidential manner. "It's Ben Ball's cutter. He didn't want to use it himself. Jake's going with a two-horse establishment. But mind you

-I had to pay for it!" When the twilight advanced-what little there was of it at that time of the rear-I saw Ethan Nash driving up ell-mell with Tom Nickinson's fiery little mare, the cutter digging her heels like a sledge after a reindeer. Ethan had as much as he could do to manage

Subsequent to that slight glimpse of Ethan, buzzing by my window as he did, I caught no other until I stood in the little ball-room, having ushered in (as I thought) a very handsome young lady in a fancy dress with "fixings" to correspond, and taken a modest, if not decidedly timid survey of the floor. There was Ethan in full feather. He was dressed "with all his might," and couldn't have spared a single item of his inventory without damaging his ef-

fectiveness decidedly. I fact, he meant to be killing. Near where he stood sat Lucy Doane. impering and whimpering behind her half-spread fan, her round face as red as a wasting winter-apple, her eyes upturned to him in an exceedingly languishing style, and lots of young girls surveying them with feelings so mixed

By the bye in came Tilly Fogg with Edward Marks.

How Ethan did stare straight at her, and how she did stare straight back at him: I sat where I could see it all; and there were others that saw it as well. For a few minutes the friends and acquaintances of each party were instantly engaged in regarding their

conduct. Ethan instantly threw his eyes up at the opposite wall, just as if there were no such person as Tilly Fogg in the room. On her part, to exhibit a proper degree of resentment, she pursed her pretty mouth, gave her head a contemptuous toss, and acted as independently as if she was to lead off in the dance herself that night, and knew it.

Well, and what was a little strange, too, she did lead off, standing with her partner, who was a young student of aw in the office of Squire Docket, at the head of the figure.

How elegant she looked in her tasteful dress and with her beautiful color! What an air of queenly pride she portrayed as she smoothed down the glossy hair on her temples and looked over the rustic crowd as if she knew well enough that she was the belle of

Ethan stood a good way down the floor, and it was noticeable what an everlasting chat his fair partner-Lucy Doane-kept up for him behind her well-spread fan. Only once or twice little figure of Tilly Fogg was standing, Lucy Doane watched every movement and brought him back to senses again.

As for Tilly, she was perfectly wretched, though she did laugh and chatter so much with her partner, the young law student. There was excess in her actions, and that was enough to betray

Anyone with even half an eye could see that at once. But no doubt it assisted to heighten her beauty; for but for this unhappy pressure on her pride and her self-will, there would have been no such suffusion about her cheeks, nor no such imperious expression about her beautiful eyes.

"I don't see but what we are really making out a nice time of it." said Ethan to Lucy. "This is fine-very fine!" said Edward Marks to Tilly at about the same

It was something of a coincidence, and deserving of a chronicler, as here t finds one. When we went down to supper the

confusion was excessive. They all rushed into the supper-room n a state bordering on despair, acting as if there was but one chance in a thousand of their ever getting another mouthful to eat in the world.

The tables groaned, and so did those who sat down to them before they got up. There was a smart business done for some time in the way of eating, and hungry folks might have looked with a hearty relish and envied them.

The party broke up toward early morning, dancers, fiddlers, and all. By the duli light of the stars that winked and twinkled so steadily far off in the sky, they sallied forth from before the door in their sleighs for home again. Ethan and Lucy Doane felt considerably sleepy on their way back, and, as a consequence, very little was said by either during their brisk ride. As for Tilly and the young student, she was entirely unhappy, and he was-shall I confess it?-a very little "mashed!" It was easy enough for everybody to see now that Ethan Nash and Tilly loved one another, and this show of indifference on their part was the greatest

piece of mere acting-heartless and hollow-imaginable. The rest of us who knew all this and more, too, from the beginning, determined to put an end to it. They had been living on "stuff" a great while longer than they ought to have done. So the next day there was a concert-

to bring them all together. It was over at Susan Wilde's house. and the hour was just before tea. First came in Ethan. He was going round to dissipate the day through, and we knew at about what time he would be there. Then followed Lucy Doane. She was all smiles and syllables, for she felt confident as she ever wanted to

be that she had at last won the heart of Ethan Nash. In her presence, however, he was

rather quiet than otherwise. The monent she came in he stopped talking. She saw it, and half stopped, too. By-and-by, who should run up to the door, all muffled up to her pretty eyes, but Tilly Fogg! She had been sent for, for that was at the bottom of the arrangement. It could never have succeeded without her.

She came clear into the room before she knew who was there, and the mo- arguments he quiets his conscience. ment the startling intelligence revealed itself through her eyes she made a movement as if to have retreated with precipitation, had not Susan stood close at her back, and crowded her along so as to shut the door. There they were. then, all together; not one of the three unhappy parties had previously thought of such a thing.

"Now," said I to all hands, "what's the trouble?" "Yes," said Susie Wilde, who was a

sure enough?" "Why?" said Tilly, reining herself in proudly, and looking everywhere but at Ethan.

"Who said anything was the matter?" blurted out Ethan, who couldn't have held his tongue to save his life. "See here," said I. "You, Tilly, are very unhappy. You needn't tell me you are not, for I know well enough you are; I could see it last night."

She tried to be indignant, but made only a poor feint of it. "Now, Lucy." I continued, "what made you go so readily to the dance with Ethan, if he never invited you?" Lucy was instantly as mad as a March

know!" she exclaimed, fixing her spectacles anew upon her nose. "He didn't!" broke in one of the girls who was in the secret. "We did it. We family to die of hunger. But if he did not absolutely kill the Prussian, he is "And I-" she hesitated in her con-

"Then you didn't--" chimed in the relieved Tilly, for the first time speaking to Ethan. "No, never!" he answered with ready

emphasis. "Then I forgive you!" said Tilly, much lightened in her mind. And she cordially extended ber hand. Ethan not only took it, but he knew his duty well enough to throw his arms

about her and kiss her besides. Lucy Doane flounced out of her chair, and started for the door. "I don't care," said she; "I've been engaged this ever so long to the minister's son over in Fifield, and now I'll marry him!"

"I would," amiably answered Ethan, not letting Tilly quite go out of his And the party was made smaller by

the sudden withdrawal of the brisk little "school-marm." The rest of us sat down to a supper a real hearty country supper—and a grand good time we made of it, too. There was no more trouble for Tilly and Ethan; their differences were all

JEAN PEGOLAN. Jean Pegolan, farmer of Eyevettes, is in a good humor this evening. Around him the wind is sighing among the leaves of the trees the melancholy song of autumn, while the low sun is sending that I shall be excused from describing its red, level rays through the branches. The sky is dark blue, the scent-penetrating and spicy-of the fallen leaves fills the forest, and Jean Pegolan, moved half unconsciously by the ripe, mellow beauty of all around him, touches his good gray mare with his whip lightly to hurry her on her homeward way.

It is true that the German army is marching on Paris; true that the Prussians have pillaged a village here, burned a farmhouse there, and even that they have shot some inoffensive peasants now and then; but, after all, what is that to Jean Pegolan? His horses, his cattle, his fields have

not suffered from the marauders. In the town where he has just sold his crops he saw some Prussians-and really they were not such monsters-but men like ourselves. Just as he turns at the Croix-Verte.

the village with its high church tower, the weathercock on the top, turned to burning, molten gold by the rays of the setting sun, meets his eye. At that sight Jean Pegolan smiles, already he tastes in imagination the good soup smoking on the table in ex-

pectation of his arrival, and his mouth "Allons! Hue la Grise." But la Grise stops suddenly. A German aide-de-camp has ridden up, and torced to draw rein by the narrowness of the road, and Jean Pegolan, being rather slow in turning out for him, the officer raises his whip and the lash cuts across the farmer's face from ear to ear. Ethan's eyes wandered up to where the | Certainly the farmer of Eyevettes has a most profound respect for the conquerors of his native land, but at this blow rage filled his heart. Standing up in his cart

he returns it with interest. The heavy wooden seat comes crashing down upon the head of the Prussian, who tumbled off his horse with a broken skull.

In the forest the trees are tall; silence broods over all; the moon is rising slowly above the horizon from behind a veil of light, transparent clouds. Pegolan, his rage gone as quickly as

it came, giances fearfully about him. The Prussian has tumbled head foremost into a dry duch, his heels high in the air, his face buried in the mud at the bottom. There is small fear of his returning to relate this adventure to his brothers in arms.

"Allons! Hue la Grise!" And the mare bounds under the lash and sets off for home at a gallop. They have all been driven like a flock of sheep into the church—the peasants

of the neighborhood. They are huddled together in the nave of the building-some very pale, others very red-the throats of all choked with fear. Through the tall, unpainted windows of the church a crude light falls. cutting large bleak squares upon the rude blouses and lighting up cruelly these faces, of which terror has drawn the lips and pinched the nostrils. Above the altar, between two unlighted wax tapers, hangs a great plaster mage of the crucified Savior; its outstretched arms seemed to be blessing those below. From the graveyard surrounding the church come the heavy, pungent odors of the dying leaves, mingled with the

chattering of the sparrows quarreling among the tombstones. The evening before a German patrol had discovered at the crossroads of the Croix-Verte the body of the murdered Uhlan lying in the ditch-murdered by

one of the cowardly peasants without At dawn a battalion of Saxon chasseurs has marched into Evevettes, and, by order of the commander, ali the men round about have been driven into and shut up in the church. They have been given till noon to discover and deliver up the assassin to justice. That time past, and the murderer not found, the village with its outlying farms will be

Half-past 11 has just been tolled from the clock tower. O, if they, the peasants, only knew who this assassin, this murderer, this bandit was, who had brought them into this predicament, ed arrangement made among ourselves how gladly would they deliver him up. If necessary, they would hang him with their own hands. But, alas, they do not know, and time is passing. He who could free his neighbors and friends from this embarrassment, who could say to them with truth: "The murderer, the assassin, the bandit-it is to utter a word. Seated in the shadow of one of the confessionals, his cap drawn down tightly over his eyes, sick with fear, Jean Pegolan thinks of his wife-so young and enticing; of his cows ruminating peacefully in the mea-

dow; of his hay bursting through the windows of his granary; and he tells himself that to die now is to leave all these good gifts of Providence forever. Would he not, therefore, be very stupid to confess? After all, he did not mean to kill the Prussian; he had no idea he struck so hard. And with these

man, why, so much the worse for the poor wretch-yes, everybody for himself in this selfish world. Ding, dong, ding. Eleven and threequarters ring out from the church stee-

Only a quarter of an hour left to them to make up their minds. company of soldiers is heard outside— he jabs while hovering on the wing. a harsh voice calls "Halt!" and the Philadelphia Call. butts of the muskets fall with a hollow | Dumley-Fish may be good brain clanging sound on the ground. De- food, but I can't see that it has any efcidedly it is time for the prisoners in fect upon me. Robinson-How often

the church to discover the murderer. how every one has heard it. Quickly. quickly those about who have no desire to be shot or turned out of house and home take it up-it resounds from every side.

Jean Pegolan draws a great breath

of relief. It is not his name that he hears. It is that of a poor wretch, half woodcutter, half poacher-a "red" who voted non at the plebiscite. The mis-"He did invite me, I'd have you to erable man has a sickly wife and three small children, of whom the oldest one has just begun to run about alone.

The death of the father will leave his

capacie of doing it. I nen, 100, ne is a beggar—a thief—and the others are rich farmers, honest tillers of the soil. Yes, justice before mercy.

In vain the unhappy wretch protests his innocence of the crime, affirming that the day and evening of the murder he did not leave his hut. He had burt himself the day before in felling a tree. All day long he lay on his bed; they can send for his wife, she will bear witness that he is telling the truth. In vain he drags himself on his knees from this one to the other, praying in a voice suffocated with agony for mercy, for pity, not for himself, but for his sickly wife, his children of such a tender age. Silence, stern, inexorable, replies to his

prayers. From his corner, bathed in sweat. Jean Pegolan listens to the condemned man's pleading, dreading that the prayers of the unhappy wretch may succeed in melting his hearers' hard hearts, and he may obtain the mercy for which he implores-a useless fear on Pegolan's part. The peasants are only too relieved to have at last found a way out of their difficulty. They are anxious to have done with the matter, to be rid of the sight of this man, who kneels there tearing his hair and shricking out curses on them for their selfishness and cruelty. And the great white image of Christ bends over them all; his gracious head crowned by the cruel thorns.

Now the portals of the church door are suddenly thrown wide open, showing the square outside bristling with bayonets. In the doorway appears the platoon of execution, their guns shining in the warm, dusty light which falls down from above. Twelve o'clock rings out from the belfry.

A volley of musketry rings out, followed by a short, panting shriek, and the corpse of the beggar lies there in the dusty road, his blood gleaming in the sunlight stains the soles of the shoes of the soldiers as they wheel about; while the mounted German officers look down scornfully as they ride away, upon the body of the French coward who died screaming like a woman.

Jean Pegolan is returning to his farm. Sapristi, how pleasant it is to be home again. The hens are comfortably scratching in the barnvard, the pigeons cooing on the roof, the ducks lazily swimming up and down the pond.

From the outhouses, which have fortunately escaped the depredations of the Prussians, comes the grave lowing of the milch cows, to which the strident neighing of La Grise responds. The sheaves of wheat upon the granary floor fill the inclosure with a warm, yellow light; above the piled up hay threatens to burst through the low win-

The farmer of Evevettes gives himself shake; he feels that his shirt is still damp upon his back. He enters his house. A woman-it is his wife-is kneeling, weeping by the bedside. She rises at the sound of the opening door. "What, have they not shot you?" she exclaims. "It was you," she continues, "who killed the Prussian at the Croix-Verte. After you were gone I found the blouse you wore-there was blood on

"Keep quiet, keep quiet. It is quite true. But you will not betray me?" "Have no fear; but you," returned his wife with a shudder, "vou-you let anther man be shot in your place?" cheese?" "Ye., sir, plenty of them."
"It was not my fault. It was the "Are they fresh?" "Fresh, sir, as the other man be shot in your place?" mairie who made the choice." "Jean Pegolan, you wretch; you wicked coward, adieu.'

Pegolan has fallen into a chair. Deep down in his heart there stirs a feeling akin to remorse. And as the eart drives off, earrying away with it his wife, who laid this year."-Philadelphia Call. has left him to return to her parents, he remains huddled up in his chair. Evening draws on. The Saxon battalion marches away to the sounds of fife and Mr. Whitechoker. But mamma felt

The wife and children of the murdered man are left to die of hunger. By this time Jean Pegolan had recovered his serenity. After all, those bandits of Prussians did not burn his farm. - Tem-

WIT AND HUMOR.

A correspondent wishes to know how editors spend their leisure hours. Leisure hours! O, yes; they spend them catching up with their work. - Burlington Free Press.

An exchange tells how to make an umbrella case. Easy enough-steal the umbrella. But who ever heard of an umbrella case being brought to trial, anyway.—Burlington Free Press.

In a bathhouse. Customer (frantically)-Here! I say! There are no towels here. Proprietor-In a moment, sir. The gentleman in number seven is nearly through with it .- The Rambler. A philosopher says that only through

failure can success be attained. This is perhaps the reason that so many merchants purchase expensive houses after having failed. - New Haven News. An advertisement reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter." and the Cleveland Leader asks: "What

will be the result when the door slams?" Guest (rising excitedly from the table. after tasting an olive for the first time) -"It's sorry I'd be to disturb the hilarity of the mating, but I belave some joker's been salting the guseberries!"-

"How is this, son-in-law; you went to the ball last night and here it is scarcely two months since you lost your wife?" I acknowledge it, belle mamma, but then, you know, I dance so sadly!"-French Fun.

There are little, sweet, pretty, and green oases all through the desert of life, but the fat man who breaks a sus-I-behold him!" he is very careful not pender on a hot day when running to catch a train doesn't think of this .-Wanted-the address of an officer

serving in the battle of Gettysburg above the rank of Major who didn't "save the day" or "turn the tide" at some critical point of that momentous struggle. - Washington Star. They have some bright pupils in the Tyngsborough schools. At the examin-

ation the other day a boy was asked, "What are the warmth-producing foods?" His reply was, "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."-Lewiston (Me.) Journal. When you have an etching of Millet's "Angelus" don't put a Japanese fan under it, and when your longing for

Greek art is gratified by a plaster cast of the Venus di Milo don't enhance its beauty with a surah scarf drape.-Toronto Globe. A local paper in Virginia chronicles The vibrations of the bell die slowly that mosquitoes are very thick this away, and silence, like a great dark spring. We never saw a very thick bird, falls down upon the vaulted room. mosquito, nor do we fear one of that real good little girl, "what is the matter, Then the regular, heavy tread of a sort. The sting's the thing, wherewith

> do you eat it? Dumley-I've been eat-Now one among them whispers a ing it three times a day. Robinson-name. It is only a whisper, yet some-You don't eat it often enough, Dumley. -New York Sun.

"The picture is very fair, Brown, but you look too sad." "Yes, I looked sad on purpose. You see it's for my wife, who is in the country, and if it looked bright and cheerful she'd be coming home to find out what the matter was. -New York Times. "Well, now, Mary, the cook, has left

taw." "Yessir." "G.re me, aw, some natment, a tomataw salad, a woll, and a pint of St. Junea." "Yessir. And a nice little steak or chop, sar?" "Steak! Chop! Cuss n! Do you think I am a

twick dwivar?"- 1000 Tomes. "Look here." remarked De Wiggs to the corner grocery, "this pavement is awfully suppery. Way don't you throw some sand on it?" "Can't get a bit," replied the grocer. "Well, throw some sugar over it; the pavement won't know the difference." "Chestnut!" velled the

Proprietor to Cierks-I have procured a complete stock of medicines, gentlemen, and should any of you be taken suddenly ill while the base-ball season continues at the polo grounds, you will not need to go home, as I can prescribe for you myself right here on the premises. - l'uck. Mrs. A- went into the kitchen one

morning and informed Ellen that Mr.

Thompson, a neighbor and a prominent

resident, had committed suicide. Ellen

looked at her with an expression of

mingled astonishment and disgust, and said: "Oh-h-h, mum, has he? Wid who?"-Ha: per's Monthly. Customer (to drug clerk)-"What do you charge for arsenic?" Drug clerk (suspiciously) - "What do you want'it for?" Customer-"l am a French candy manufacturer." Drug clerk (suspicions allayed) - "O, I beg pardon sir; I thought perhaps you wanted to take it yourself."-New York Sun.

First detective-Hist; I'm on track of a burglar. Second detective-Hush! So am I. There's my man. First detective-Say, lookee here, that's my brother; he's all right. Come, help me catch my man. See him there? Second detective-Confound you; that's my father. - Omaha World.

Now that Niagara rapids have been safely navigated there is but one more world to conquer. If some man will go into Wall street and come out unscratched the Niagara Falls herd will not be worthy to black his shoe. There's a big gate to immortality. Who'll be the first?-Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer. "I wonder if I would look well in

black?" said a bride of but three

months' standing to a lady friend.

Why, are any of your relatives seriously ill?" "No, but my husband insists on having need encumbers every morning for breakfast, and I cannot talk him out of them."-Philadelphia News. "Mr. Jones, von might lend me that novel. I have been wanting to read it for some time." "I am heart-broken at being compelled to refuse, my dear madame: but i've made it a rule not to lend books-they are never returned. The proof is b fore you. You see how

are? Well, they are all borrowed!"-Now comes an iconoclast and says that there is a colored man who lives at Mount Vernon, where George is buried, and he told a lady that once there was a in the stave boy named lke. who lived in Mr. Washington's family, and that what George really said was: "I cannot tell a lie, father, Ike did it:" but that the father didn't hear straight.

well stocked with volumes my sheives

New York Post "Got any eggs to-day, Mr. Coldflowers that - them!" Then I don't want any," "Don't want any?" "No. sir. I'm going to lecture to-night, and I thought if I could run across some stale eggs-" "Stale, sir! There hain't an egg in that barrel that was

Young Lady (to a young minister)-I trust that our leaving last evening during the sermon did not annoy you. very iil, and we thought it best to go. Young Minister (profusely)—You did quite right, Miss Smith. I assure you I was not annoved in the least. Young Lady-You are very kind to say so, but I suppose you get used to that sort ofer-yes, poor mamma, is a dreadful sufferer at times. - New York Sun.

Minks - "See here, Binks, you must be getting crazy. I hear you backed your old nag against Lightning last week." Binks—"I did." "You might have known you'd lose. Lightning is the fastest horse in seven counties, and vonrs can't go a mile in four minutes." That is ail right, but I know Lightning's driver, and my old nag would have won if it hadn't been for an acci-"What sort of an accident?" "Lightning's reins broke."-Omaha

COCKENOES ISLAND.

It is Said to be Haunted by the Ghost of Chartle Ross. People tell some strange stories about Cockenoes island, a pretty bit of land containing about twenty acres and situated three miles to the eastward of this place, writes a Norwalk, Conn., correspondent of the Boston Globe. The island has had the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of the illfated Charlie Ross, and for years it has been untenanted save by parties of campers-out, one of whom, the other

day, rescued the unfortunate German boy who was found floating in a waterlogged boat two miles off shore. A story which is devoutly believed by people living in the vicinity of the island is that the bones of Charlie Ross lie buried in some portion of the island. and within a week something has hap-pened which has caused considerable

excitement hereabouts. About the time of the excitement over the kidnaping of the boy two hardlooking citizens were often seen on the island. They occupied a house that still remains standing. People who visited the island were peremptorily ordered off the place by these men, but a number of people caught a glimpse of a little boy whom the men appeared to guard with jealous care, and they always strove to get him out of sight as quickly as possible whenever anyone visited the island. The great anxiety of the men to keep the boy out of sight aroused suspicion, and the men and

their prisoner were at once connected with the kidnaping case. Many attempts were made to get a good look at the boy, but they failed. One party, consisting of three wellknown citizens, two of whom are living, landed on the island one day and a style showing no influence of foreign absolutely sure for all who start at once. hastened to the house. Their approach or civilized tuition. The figures are Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., was unobserved, and they attempted to shaded with scratches in the surface of get inside the house, when one of the the egg shell filled in with some black men, with an oath, blocked the doorway, and, whipping out a knife, threatened to stab the first man who dared to cross the threshold. The party had not prepared for such a warm reception.

and they beat a hasty retreat. One day the two men were seen leaving the island, but the boy was not with them. One or two men immediately set out in a boat and visited the island in the hope of finding the lad. They reached the old house and found it deserted. The premises looked as though the late occupants had left for good. Everything had been removed or destroyed. Not a trace of the lad could be found. The men did not come back, and the story is that the child was murdered in the old house and his remains buried on the spot. Many

The other day an elderly man, poory and roughly dressed, rowed out to the island and visited the house. Seversaid she, in deep distress, "and al residents who saw him declare that what sort of shape are we in now?"

"In the shape of a polygon," he responded with great glee, for he was a paragrapher, and had never got off a good

the two men who lived there so mysteriously years ago. The old man drew some plans of the house and made some thing so impromptu before. Judge. | rough measurements of the cellar near At the club: Breakfast time, "Wais | the east wall . The man left as quietly

as he came, and refused to answer any

Immediately after the old man's visit some young fellows went to the island and out of curiosity, commenced to dig near the wall where the mysterious stranger had taken measurements, and they uncarthed a human skull and several bones, so they said. Their story is accepted by the townsfolk, although there are those who say that the bones they dug up probably belonged to the dog the two men used to keep at the island.

Several old residents say that the appearance of the lad who was kept a prisoner on the island tallies exactly with the description of the curly-haired Charlie Ross as printed in the newspapers. One or two gentlemen living here believe that he was murdered on the island, and will make attempts to clear up the mysterv.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE ROCK. Truces of a Race Discovered on Stone Fourteen Feet Underground.

A block of stone some twenty-four inches square arrived in this city a few days since and is now in the office of Mr. H. H. Leavitt, late United States Consul to Manaqua, Nicaragua. It is an object of curiosity, for deep in it is the impression of a human foot, which fact is rendered all the more singular as it was taken from a stratum fourteen feet below the earth's surface. This specimen, for after all it is only a specimen-not merely an isolated block curiously impressed-was taken from the bottom of a stone-quarry which for a space of 200 feet long and seventy feet wide bore traces of the countless feet of adults and children. No particular direction of motion was indicated by the imprints, as the toes pointed many ways, which would not have been the case had the movement been a common one among the race of people who left their footprints on the sands.

last year and are now in the National Museum, but the geologists and scientists were unable to arrive at any conclusion as to the period when the imprints were made, as the gentlemen who sent them did not send specimens Blacksmith and Wagon Makel's who sent them did not send specimens of the overlaying strata. This Mr. Leavitt guarded against, and he showed to the Heraid reporter yesterday specimens of every strata to the number of eleven, as well as an engineer's diagram of the quarry and exact measurements. The stone itself is a remarkable specimen. The foot is most clearly defined, the lines, curves, and toes being most distinct, having sunk into the soft material since turned to stone some five inches. A gentleman well informed gives several reasons to show it is the imprint of the foot of a prehistoric man.

Several blocks cut from the same

stratum were sent to Vienna during the

Mr. Leavitt says that he visited the quarry with several gentlemen, and that he had the block cut. The quarry is near Lake Manaqua, which is forty to fifty feet below it on the dead level. Large trees at one time flourished o the surface, which is now in the vicinity of pasture. The whole district is of volcanic formation to a great depth, as shown by the many swells in the towns and neighborhood. As near as can be judged the strata in the quarry are level, do not vary in sequence and very little in thickness. Several strata are atike, save that the underlying ones are solidified. For instance, stratum 12, in which the footprints are to be found, is the same as stratum 3, ten feet above it. It is a dark gray conglomerate, very porous, no cracks or fissures, and full of pieces of hard black einder. No. 11, overlaying No. 12, is the same

as No. 4, a dark gray indurated mud called talpitate. It is not used for any purpose, Through No. 11 are numerous horizontal veins or streaks full of impressions of leaves and twigs. Of these Mr. Leavitt has several specimens; they are similar to coal specimens, save in color. Stratum 5 is of indurated mud, light yellow color, interspersed with shale of some material and with pumice. Local name of stratum talpuga. No. 6, loose gravelly black sand grains rounded, as though by action of

water, and precisely similar to the sands on the banks of the lake. The stone, if its date may be fixed, may tend to throw some varuable light upon the story of man before the Aztecs. Mr. Leavitt will invite scientists to see it at his office in the Stewart Building.

-New York Herald. SEEN IN SHOP-WINDOWS. A Pipe that was Made for Longfello

Some Pictures from Africa. Anyone who keeps his eyes open can learn a good deal, save the Boston Globe, especially if he keeps them directed toward the shop-windows of the principal streets of a great city. Shopwindows and show-cases contain nearly all the materials which make up the world's fairs and industrial expositions, and they are to be seen at all times and

without admission fee. A section of this permanent exhibition which is just now of more than ordinary interest, is contained in the window of a mineralogist and dealer in precious stones and curios on Tremont street. In the midst of an attractive array of Brazilian agates, Burmese amber, set stones, antique earthenware, ivory carvings from India, and vases from Japan, is to be found a large and elaborately carved pipe, which was to have been presented to the poet Longfellow, but which was not finished until

after his death. A German residing in Illinois, and named Hermann was the artist who designed and carved the bowl, employing for the purpose red Indian pipestone, such as Longfellow referred to in his poem of "Hiawatha," from which poem the carver is supposed to have drawn the inspiration for his task.

The bowl of the pipe is five inches long, and it is carved to represent the face of an Indian with closed eyes, surrounded with leaves and ferns. The pipe has a long stem of wood, covered

substance. The scratches in the drawings are crude and painfully regular. allowing only a guess at the creature intended to be represented. No attempt is made at grouping or systematic arrangement of the pictures in any way, but each seems to have been drawn wherever room was found for another effigy. This decoration was the work of a Bushman belonging to one of the savage tribes in the remote

interior of Africa. The illustrations upon another of the eggs show the influence of a civilization a stage further advanced than that of the preceding. Alternating with groups of strange flowers strangely colored are figures of natives of South Africa painted in crude colors and in more or less stiff and artificial attitudes. parties dug up the dirt floor of the cellar, but without finding any trace of a nizable from his shield and spears without the title lettered underneath, stands in a photograph-gallery pose on one side, while a Malay fruitseller in an eccentric suit of clothes, stands upon the other. The pictures executed in colors are from the hands of Kafirs, semi-civilized natives, who live in the vicinity of

the South African towns. Chauncey M. Depew and Franklin B. Gowan both entered the railway world

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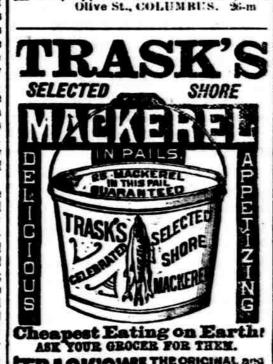
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Another exhibit in this section of the permanent world's fair of Boston is a collection of ostrich eggs, each of which is covered with pictures executed by native South African artists.

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