BY MARY B. FINCH. Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoe er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength To none that ask denied;
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future dreams elate thee; Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily, when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

Do not fear an armed band; One will fade, while others greet thee, Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly, Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care." OUTWARD OR HOMEWARD.

Still are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or a turn of the tide;
Nothing but fret, though they do not get
Out on the ocean wide.
O wild hearts that yearn to be free,
Look and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships in the tempest tossed Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed; Not in despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward and leagues be lo
O weary hearts that yearn for sleep,
Look and learn from the ships of the deep!

—F. W. Bordillon

A MATTER OF SECT. SHE.

I'm really very blue to-night For somehow things have not gone right, And all the world seems dark to me, So I'm a little "Sad-you-see."

My eyes have either lost their sight, Or else quite dimly burns the light, For other sect you ne'er can be, Since you are always "Phar-i-see." —G. E. Throop

MRS. FAY'S BARGAIN.

you for your new dress."

A Story for the Ladies, With a Moral Many People May Profit From. John Fay was leaving the breakfast

table. He laid a roll of bills beside his wife's plate. "The fifty dollars, Annie, I promised

"Fifty? Then you have really made it fifty? What a good John! I shall be able to save enough out of it to buy Aunt Maria a real nice New Year's present. There are very good cloaks, shaggy and warm, marked down to ten and twelve dollars at Morton & Brier's, and shawl. I could draw the pattern of it with my eyes shut, and know that nothing but perversity keeps it from breaking away on her poor sharp shoulders."

"Well, do as you please; only make the most you can of the money. Fifty dollars do not grow on every bush in these times, and I should hardly have felt able to give it to you now but that Morton has been looking at one of our steamheaters for his store, though some parties down in Hartford offered him one at a discount. So buy the cloak of him, by all means, if you get one." And John struggled into a three-

years' old overcoat and hurried away. Little Mrs. Fay turned the bills over and over in her hand. She had scarcely heard her husband's last words. It was enough that he could afford to give her the money and that it was hers to spend. He was her conscience in regard to money matters. With the intricacies of business she had nothing to do. Should she run around to Mr. June's at once and talk it over, and find out exactly how to send to New York for samples of dress goods?

The Jupes were stylish people who had recently removed into the neighborhood, having bought the very large stable in the rear, which gave an air of elegance to the street of the pretty New England town where the Fays lived. Between Mrs. Jupe and little Mrs. Fay the most intimate relations had been established. They ran back and forth at all hours, a blind gate having been disflower-garden, which opened directly upon Mrs. Jupe's side lawn.

The latter had already advised in gard to the new dress. "You will never think of buying it here;" she had said, "Morton & Brier's dress-goods are so common! Everybody in town dresses the same-like mourners at a funeral! Why not run down to New York and buy something made up? You would save it in your dressmaker's bill." Run down to New York! Mrs. Fav

regarded a visit to that metropolis as the event of a life time-to be ardently desired, but scarcely to be hoped for And as for a dressmaker, one day for such a functionary, for the purpose of basting and "trying on," with three or four more from Susan Janes, who went limit of her desires.

"Well. let me see; you might send for samples and order from there afterwards. You know they each keep a put up the samples." And Mrs. Fay had gone home filled

with a desire to do this. To send to New York, to the envy of her less well brightened to a rich crimson under the informed neighbors! To appear in a light. dress unlike anything displayed in the town! She was not ordinarily a vain expression, when the plan was spread smooth forehead drawn into two dreadful least until we draw our income from the students to go with him to the roof

I like it to have everybody in town to tangled. run off to Hartford or New York to buy money where you make it, and help to haps I might cut my dress myself." build up your own town, I say. Why. the country is going to ruin for this such a thing?" same reason! Nothing in America will "No; but people do." do for people, unless the maker is shrewd enough to brand it with a foreign suit, however. Do you want to spoil it Hartford order had been threatened, not be repeated it was more to make sure mark. We spend all our time and to ruin the whole dress, besides wasting carried out, and the steam heaters were strength in gathering dollars to be sent | the material and the money you have out of the country. And what do we spent for it?" get for them? A lot of French fripperies and manufactured articles which Fay laid by her sheet of hierogylyphics Of course she came and she contrived to as to admit a liking for bull fights, need only to stand side by side with our with a sigh, and prepared to listen to take a few needful stitches upon the own to show their inferiority."

ports and imports are matters to be set- off her hands for one day, which Mrs. fingers, And the dinner was a happy tled by graver heads, or to settle them- Jupe desired to spend out of town. affair-John even proposing a toast at

"Buy it at Morton & Brier's. They trade with me, and I should like to turn Jane's days. my money into their hande" "But their goods are so 'common.'

John. And we all dress alike-like

mutes at a funeral." "Like what?" John Fay burst into a loud laugh. "You are a dear little woman, Annie, but you never originated that remark. I don't believe I like the style," he added, after a pause. "But

do as you please, dear." It was hard to say "no" to his little wife. "At least you can buy the cloak at Morton & Brier's; and be sure to make the money go as far as you can." "I will, John; it shall go as far as New York!" she replied, with a happy laugh, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him an enthusiastic

She wrote her letter to New York at Mrs. Jupe's dictation, and the samples came in due time.

John turned them over quizzically: "Couldn't you judge better of the color and quality to see them in a whole piece, rather than in such a little scrap as this?"

"O, what a silly John! Of course not; when I can examine them at my leisure now, with no saucy clerk to snatch them out of my hands or talk me into buying what I don't want at all."

A long hour was spent in this inspec "Do-do you think it had better be

nixed goods or plain?" John was good-natured. He laid down his newspaper to raise the bits of cloth again in his great hands. "Do you call that mixed?" singling out a scrap all knobs and long, loose hairs, and vying with Joseph's coat in colors—the latest fashion of woven ugliness.

"Yes, to be sure." "Well, then, dear, I should say, let us have it plain."

So she chose a soft, warm basketcloth in dull maroon. Six yards, \$18! But it was double width and these new goods were expensive. The prices ran as high as \$5 a yard; three was modera tion. And there would be enough for a long sacque and then—last consideration of a prudent mind-it would "make over" admirably.

Then the silk (for this was to be handsome suit) Mrs. Jupe had said that silks were to be got at almost any price now. And not to be mean or buy a poor quality, Mrs. Fay had fixed her price at \$1.50 a vard.

But a scrap at \$2 just matched her cloth. And, as the most of the samples ranged at prices even higher, with an see her walk into church in that old impetuosity which characterized the mildly ruled the Fay family, she decided upon this. Seven vards—no. eight—it was well to have a piece left, and there should be a bonnet to match: Eight it and then waited the result in excitement which held in it more and more of repentance as the days went by.

Early in the afternoon of the third, an express wagon, a man and an enormous book appeared at her door. She ran to open it. She took the precious parcel which bore her name and placed it carefully within the sanctities of the parlor, while the man was fumbling for the bill.

"Thirty-four dollars, ma'am." She had the exact amount in her hand. She had had the exact amount within reach for the last two days.

"Write your name just there." And Mrs. Fay wrote her name where the purple and black finger pointed grimly -in characters very like the trembling ones with which she had written, "Yes; dear John." two years before, in reply to a certain letter which need not be further mentioned here.

"And a dollar for the express." "I-thought it was fifty cents."

"Both ways, ma'am, you know, C. O. lawn and the very small cottage with a D." No, she did not know; not at the Was itmoment certainly; but she slipped a 50-cent piece slyly back into her pocket and paid him the dollar he demanded. She did not open the parcel at once. She sat down to do a sum in mental arithmetic. Thirty-five dollars from \$50 left \$15; and there were the linings and covered at the foot of Mrs. Fay's tiny trimmings, the dressmaker and Susan Janes to be provided for. And Aunt Maria's cloak! She had entirely forgotten the cloak! There was no impatience in the fingers that untied the strings as she prepared to inspect the new dress. She had lost her enthusiasm

> Horror of horrors! Could that be her silk? as a broad ray of sunlight struck upon it. It was by no means of the same shade as the dress. Could the dealers have made a mistake? But no: she compared a scrap of the sample thing else." And he drew her down which she had chosen and a bit of which upon his knee. "What have you got for she had withheld. It was 'he same. Was it possible that it could appear so different when seen in the piece.

But there was no help for it now; and out for 75 cents-and was thankful to with that reflection the last ray of get that in these hard times-was the pleasure in her new purchase vanished from her mind. Not even John's commendation could enliven her. "Why, down to any of the large retail stores you're as pretty as a picture!" said he. the same night, when she had twisted the soft woolen stuff about her figure clerk for nothing in the world but to and stood waiting under the gaslight for his inspection. The silk she had prudently and thankfully banished from sight. The dull maroon hue had

"And did the money hold out?"

fire at this spark of a suggestion. But sng, found her friend poring over the hard one, haven't we, little woman? We ures on physics in the medical school. John's countenance assumed a doubtful "supplement" to a fashion paper, her will patronize home institutions—at One day the professor wished to try wrinkles, while she studied with despair-"I don't know about that," he said ing eyes this sheet of lines and angles, slowly. "Do as you would like to be bicycles and insane parallelograms, done by, is my motto, and how should hopelessly confused and inextricably en- it rebound, countermanding his order young men to read a distant sign which

the goods I offer for sale. Patronize as though she would have added, "Could meet Morton on the street, who gave need the aid of the telescope," home institutions, Annie; spend your you ever believe it?" "I thought per- him the cold shoulder, he stopped him

reason, as Mrs. Jupe called it, by ar- new dress. That "blind stitch" had "Yes, John; but—the dress!" Ex- ranging to take the latter's dress-maker | been indeed very trying to the unskilled Perhaps she could make up for the ex- its conclusion: pense by cutting off three of Susan

> The day and the dress-maker came. "It is a good, heavy piece of silk," said | Dear, blundering John! Both Susan

It was. It weighed like lead upon Mrs. Fay's mind. The dressmaker laid it against the woolen goods, opened her lips, then closed them again, prudently; but Mrs. Fay saw the movement. No; it did not match. Had not Mrs. Jupe already remarked it? And was not the maroon turned to purple by the proxim

ity of the silk, as any one could see? "I should have thought that you would have bought American silk. They usually offer it at Morton & Brier's to make up with these heavy goods It wears so much better and costs less you know, by a good deal; being so much wider, too, it cuts to better advantage."

"It came from New York," said poor crestfallen Mrs. Fay. But there was no

pride in her voice. Miss Mudge was measuring it off from her nose to the ends of her fingers "Eight yards! That will never do-not if you take off three-quarters for a bonnet and face the skirt. It will not trim it handsomely."

"I thought it a large pattern," falter ed Mrs. Fay.

"Well, yes-of American silk. But couple of yards more will do; and you had better send for it at once. Perhaps you may as well say three while you are about it. A scrap over is never out of place. This is a very pretty basket-cloth," she went on, diplomatically, for Mrs. Fay's face revealed her chagrin. "I saw the same at Morton's: two dollars and a half, was it not?"

"Two dollars and a half! It was three. And it can not be the same. sent to New York for this." Mrs. Fay could have cried with vexation.

"You sent to New York?" The dressmaker's sharp eyes measured Mrs. Fay and the plainly furnished bedroom where the cutting was going on with one keen, calculating glance. But she said nothing more. And Mrs. Fay sent to New York for three additional yards of silk. Her heart sank as she broke her last \$10 bill to pay for this and the necessary linings and facings, buttons and cord without which no feminine garment can be brought into existence And Aunt Maria's cloak shrank more in its proportions until it entirely passed out of sight.

"I shall do the rest myself," she said o Susan Janes, as the latter laid by her work at the end of her third day. "Do you think you can?" There was movements of the small woman who disappointment in Susan's faded eyes. "That blind stitch is hard to do nicely one is not used to it."

Poor Susan! Even one more day would be something. It would earn the must be. She sent her order in haste price of a New Year dinner. Work was handle stays "borrowed" as well as any not easily found in these days, and she other. had depended upon at least a week

"I am sorry; and I know it isn't easy to do." The tears were in Mrs. Fay's eves: was she not worn out with it already? "But, indeed, Susan, I must do

So Susan folded the waist neatly and laid it with a lingering hand beside the skirts on Mrs. Fay's own bed, then donned her old, worn cloak and went

When the dress was at last finished and put on for John's inspection, the night before New Year, not even the warm bright hue could bring a trace of color to the pale, worn face of the wearer. But John did not notice it.

"Yes," he said, absently, "it is very pretty, dear, and I'm glad if you enjoy it-but it has cost me more than I can well afford."

A shiver ran all the way down little Mry. Fay's spine. She could not ask what he meant. Was it Susan Janes?

"I suppose you told somebody that you got in New York. At any rate Morton & Brier heard that my wife had been buying a fifty-dollar dress in New York and Morton said that two could play at that game. So he went down to Hartford and bought the steam-heater he had been looking at for the store, and Brier ordered another for his house.

"It was that dress-maker! She must have told it. I always thought she looked like a spiteful thing, and I didn't ask her to our table," gasped Mrs. Fay, growing whiter still.

"Very likely; I only know I have lost their trade, which is a good deal in these times. But don't let it distress you. dear." He was frightened at the expression of his wife's face. "It is too late to mend it. Let us think of some-Aunt Maria?"

"I have got her-I have made her." Mrs. Fay began hysterically. "O John! -I have got her a ginger-jar." "A ginger-jar!" No wonder John Fav

"Don't laugh." And Mrs. Fay proceeded to further astonish her husband by bursting into tears, "It is decorated, you know, and-and looks almost like Kioto, Mrs. Jupe says. I can't tell you, John-but-everythings costs so much, and the silk was too narrow, and I had to get more, and-and there

wasn't any money left for the cloak-" "I see how it is," said kind John, who knew more than she dreamed. He gathered her up in his arms and essay-"Y-es." But the reply came faintly, ed to soothe the frightful sobs. "We was true, and he told me that it was, have learned a good lesson, though a When in college he used to attend lect-

abroad." overcoat quietly to the tailor's and had Garden of Plants. He then asked the for a new one, and Aunt Maria had her "They are patterns!" said Mrs. Fay, new cloak after all; and happening to first who was called upon. 'I do not and told him the whole transaction. "Goodness, child! Did you ever do since it was too late to benefit himself by the story. The result of which was deaf. "He saw so well," says our biothat it was not too late at all. The grapher, "that he seemed to hear every-"They don't begin with a handsome truth had been only half told. The thing, and when he asked that a phrase

> bought of John Fay himself. Susan Janes was surprised by an in- ing with him and was giving an account

"Our neighbors-let us do unto others as we would that others should do to

the latter, testing it between thumb and Janes and Aunt Maria took it to themselves, and thought it extremely appropriate and drank it in cold water with tears of gratitude in their weak eyes. But John Fay and his wife smiled another meaning across the table to

each other.

Looking at Judge Gresham. At this time the eyes of many men are turning to Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana. In many respects he can truly be regarded the strongest man in the republican party. He has not Blaine's personal magnetism, and could not conduct so good a hurrah campaign. But he has an admirable record, both military and civil; he has the confidence of the business element, and he has commended himself to the workingmen and anti-monopolists by his prompt and decisive dealing with Jay Gould in the matter of the Wabash system. If the convention is not swept by a wave of enthusiasm for Blaine it is not impossible that Judge Gresham will be the next republican nominee. -Buffalo News.

account which may serve to render some of our readers more cautious: On Wednesday evening the little five years old daughter of W. H. Whitingers accidentally stuck the blade of a pocket knife into her right eye putting it out.

She was attempting to cut something by drawing the knife toward her when it slipped and she drew it right into her eye cutting the eye-ball right in two. Dr. Bush is attending her and hopes to bring her through with the loss of only the injured eve.

As the shadow of the early morning is friendship with the wicked: it dwindles, hour by hour. But friendship with the good increases, like the evening shadows, till the sun of life sets.

The approved name for traveling drummers is "commercial evangelists." Indianapolls Herald.

effectual, place them on things which are in your power to attain. A parish in New England has a parson who rings a bell, plays the organ, leads

If you would have your desires always

the singing and in the winter cuts the wood. All passes. Art alone Enduring stays to us; The Bust outlasts the throne,— The Coin, Tiberius.

watches and yet not know when it time to go home. The goose hisses at everything and pplauds nothing. There are huma

society out making a call may wear two

The Picayune says a young man

critics at a performance quite as hard to The Umbrella with the solid silver

VICTOR HUGO.

New Stories of His Vigor and His Remark able Eyesight-His Tenacions The publisher of the magnificent na-

tional edition of Victor Hugo's com-Mail and Express. This portion of the work is devoted to the youth of Victor Hugo, and contains many fresh anecdotes and descriptions. Victor Hugo had a remarkably tenacious memory. He could always turn to a verse or even a word that he wished to find in the vast ocean of his writings. When 9 or 10 years old he went to Spain, and the impression made upon his bovish mind by the Moresque architecture and the other remains of the Arabian domination were never effaced. Many years later, when he produced his 'Orientales," the critics wondered how this poet could have caught the spirit of a land and people that he had not seen. "It is a singular fact," says M. Ulbach, "that this easy-chair orientalist, who had never breathed in the odor of the rose on the stem, but had only wandered among the walls impregnated with its scent, that this traveler from the Spanish orient had imbibed the

local color more thoroughly than the poets who had journeyed through the east. Chateaubriand. Lamartine. Theophile Gautier, and others still, have brought back with them charming narrations that add, however, nothing to their genius or talent. Victor Hugo's verses, on the contrary, inspire you with oriental scenes, and yet they are only echoes still ringing in his mind from that one far-off sojourn in

Hugo had not only a strong, healthy inellect, but also a sound body. Toward the end of his life he grew deaf, so that it became a real infirmity. But otherwise he preserved all his faculties, physical and mental, up to his last illness. M. Ulbach records several examples of Victor Hugo's bodily vigor. When writing "Notre Dame of Paris" he used When often to go twice a day up to the top of the tower. In the evening he was gen-

erally accompanied by friends. "On one of these occasions." M. Ulbach, "Victor Hugo was gazing with delight at the purple hues of the setting sun, turning his piercing little eyes in the direction of the Arsenal library, which is a long distance off. 'I see Charles Modier on his balcony,' he remarked carelessly to his friends; 'he isn't alone, there are two ladies with him-one of them is his daughter. but the other I do not know.' Not withstanding their respect for the poet, and their knowledge of his wonderful visual powers, the little group indulged in an ncredulous smile. But when, an hour later, they called on Modier, they were astonished to find that Victor Hugo's eves had deceived neither them nor him. I once asked the poet if this story of the building, where he set up a tele-The next day John Fay took his old scope turned in the direction of the seemed undecipherable to the naked he said: I can make out the sign. Chantier du Cardinal-Lemoine. In fact his excellent evesight stood

him instead when he began to grow that he had guessed correctly than to satisfy the demands of his deaf ear. A few months before his death I was dinwhereupon Mme. Lockroy said to me in a low voice: 'It is fortunate father doesn't hear you, for he detests that cruel sport. Pray don't say anything more on that subject.' So I took up another topic. But my host gave me

was discovered. " 'I didn't seize the whole sentence. remarked the poet; 'you said that you "I ventured to prevaricate

such a searching look that I felt that I

" I was saving that I liked the Bohemian dance. "'No, no,' interrupted Victor shaking his head, while a smile spread over his

face; 'you said that you liked bull

But enough on the text of this fas-

cinating volume. Now a few words on the rich illustrations that are scattered through it. There are three portraits of Victor Hugo—one by M. Adrien Didier, the well-known French engraver, copied from a photograph made by Charles Hugo, the father of George and Jeanne, at Jersey in 1853. The face is cleanshaven, and the dark hair falls in heavy locks on either side, hiding the ears. The colored portrait, after Danger's original water-color, is the Victor Hugo as we knew him, with his short, white hair, his stubby, frosty beard, and his four-score years. The third is the poet on his death-bed, drawn by the painter Edmund Dupain, The volume also contains an engraving of the superb catafalque designed by the famous architect Charles Garnier and placed under the Arc de Triomphe on the occasion of the poet's funeral; and one of the picturesque house, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, which Victor Hugo inhabited at the time of his marriage. But per-The Wahoo Wasp gives the following haps the most interesting, if not the most artistic, illustrations are two wood cuts by Meauile from original sketches by Victor Hugo himself, who, you will remember, was almost as clever with the pencil as he was famous with the pen. I close this incomplete enumeraof Victor Hugo's letters, which is curious as a specimen of his sturdy goosequill chirography, and also because it refers to the elder Dumas in one of his tits of bad humor.

The Cambodian House.

The character of the Cambodian house is largely determined by the phenomenon of the inundation. It is built on piles, often, on one side at least, some twenty or twenty-five feet above the ground. The piles on one side stand in the river, and the door is on the other side. All that the proprietor asks is that the door shall be a few inches above the water in time of freshet. He might put it on the level ground near the stream, but he prefers to have it overhang, in part at least, and slope. The floor is reached by adders, which are drawn up in the evening—the surest mode of closing the house in a country where there are no | for sale.

Under the floor the pirogue is moored on one side, while the poultry, dogs, and pigs live on the other side. pigs have hollow backs and their bellies drag on the ground, but their owner does not disdain to share his abode with them. I have seen the Cambodian and his pig lying side by side at noonday, enjoying their siesta. Places are also found under the house for the wagons, plows, and fishing-ta floor is usually a wicker-work of woven bamboo laths, which bend and creak at every step, and which we, with our shoes and heavy walk, find it hard to get over. But the Cambodian walks ight-footed and carefully, much as we try to do when we go on tip-toe, but, not being troubled with shoes, with vastly better success. Bending his legs a little and leaning forward, with his arms brought up toward his chest, he puts his foot delicately on two or three of the slats at a time, and walks noiselessly on, while we would always feel as if we were going to break through. plete works, M. Emile Testard, has just if we were going to break through. issued the first part of the "Life" of the These open floors are easily cleaned with poet, written by the brilliant Parisian a dash of water which runs off. no one litterateur, M. Louis Ulbach, writes a cares where. In case the inundation Paris correspondent of the New York should threaten to rise above them, the owner can make another floor higher up, with some bamboo sticks and a few

hours of time. The house is only one story high. The framing of the roof except for the larger pieces, which are of timber, is made with bamboos of sizes graduated to correspond with the weight they are intended to support. It is covered with a shingling of palm-leaves, or with wisps of straw, after the fashion of a European thatch. The outside walls and the partitions are often made in the same way. Inside the house is divided into three or more apartments. The first, the vestibule, usually open in front, is reached by the ladder. Next to it is the principal room, serving for salon, dining-room, and bedroom, and from this doors open into the private family rooms or apartments of the women and children, to which Europeans are not admitted, and native visitors but rarely. Two small rooms are occasionally built by the sides of with their mother. The whole structure is some thirty-five or forty feet square. Besides his dwelling-house the Cambodian builds a taller house, also on piles and having no entrance except by a small window, which he is particular to Popular Science Monthly.

Coquelin's Voice.

In the Jan ary Century, Henry James has a critical paper accompanied by a portrait of Coquelin, the French actor. "It may be said that M. Coquelin's voice betrays him; that he cannot get away from it, and that whatever he does with it one is always reminded identifies him. Its life and force are such that the auditor sometimes feels as if it were running away with himtaking a holiday, performing antics and gyrations on its own account. The only reproach it would ever occur to me to make to the possessor of it is that he perhaps occasionally loses the idea while he listens to the sound. But such an organ may well beguile the ear even of him who has toiled to forge and polish it; it is impossible to imagine anything more directly formed for the every effort is that it shall 'tell.' fect. It is not primarily the voice of a lover, or rather (for I hold that any actor-such is the indulgence of the public to this particular sentimentmay be a lover with any voice) it is not appear. primarily, like that of M. Delaunay, the voice of love. There is no reason why it should have been, for the passion of love is not what M. Coquelin has usually Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following

had to represent. "If M. Coquelin's voice not sweet, it is extraordinarily clear, is vouched for by the residents of the firm, and ringing, and it has an un-surpassable distinctness, a peculiar power to carry. As I write I seem to hear it ascend like a rocket to the great hushed dome of the theater of the Rue de Richelieu. It vibrates, it lashes the air, it seems to proceed from some mechanism still more scientific than the human throat. In the great cumplative tirades of the old comedy, the difficulties of which are pure sport for M. Coquelin, it flings down the words, the verses, as a gamester precipitated by a run of luck flings louis d'or upon the table. I am not sure that the most perfect piece of acting that I have seen him achieve is not a prose character, but it is certain that to appreciate to the full what is most masterly in his form one must listen to enjoy his delivery of verse. That firmness touched with hardness, that easy confidence which is

problem becomes complicated. It does lead to a better.

not, indeed, as a general thing, becom so psychologically in the old rhymed parts; but in these parts the question of elecution, of diction, or even simply the question of breath, bristles both with opportunities and with dangers. Perwherever M. Coquelin has a very long and composite speech to utter, be verse or prose, there one gets the cream of his talent."

Eton Montem.

as not to know about Montem. Why. very sorry to have to consent to have it broken up. The senior colleger was captain of Montem, and he sometimes made £1,000 out of it. On the morning of Montem day, the

the boys marched twice around the school yard, the ensign waved the great flag, the corporals drew their swords, and the procession started through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill, in a long line, accompanied by two or three regi-mental bands. The officers were redtail coats, white trousers, cocked hats with feathers, and regimental boots; and the lower boys wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, silk stockings and pumps, and carried slender white poles. But before this, long before sunrise, the salt-bearers and their twelve assistants had gone, some on foot and some in gigs, to their places on all the great roads leading to Eton, to beg "salt" from everybody they met. Salt meant money: and everybody had to give them salt. George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave fifty guineas apiece. The money went to the captain of Montem. to help him pay his expenses at the university to which he was to go after leaving Eton. The sait-bearers carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and as receipts for the salt that they secured they gave little printed tickets with the date of the year, and a Latin

Everybody went to Montem. King

When the procession came to the top of Salt Hill, the ensign waved his flag second time, and that ended the celebration; only the boys and the visitors all went to the inns at Windsor for a big dinner .- Edwin D. Mead, in St. Nichotas.

Apropos of the death of Bellanger,

A lady, whom we will call Mme. X., the wife of an upper employe at the Tuileries, having become a widow, after a career in which the proprieties had not been strictly observed, was about to marry her daughter. On the morning of the wedding day

"My darling, I am compelled to make a confession to you—a confession always painful to a mother's heart. You have been hitherto led to believe that you were the daughter of M. X. This is not true. Your father, on the contrary, was Gen. Z."

At this revelation the young girl burst into tears and seemed utterly inconsola-

Come, my child, dry your eyes and

agitated girl, going off into a fresh paroxysm, "I thought the em-em-emperor was my fa-fa-fa-father!"

Animal vs. Steam Power. A writer in the Revue Scientifique affirms that, from a comparison of animal and steam power, the former is the cheaper power in France, whatthe vestibule for the young men. The ever may be the case in other countries. girls, whatever their age, always live In the conversion of chemical to mechanical energy, 90 per cent is lost in the machine, against 68 in the animal. M. Sanson, the writer above referred to, finds that the steam horsepower, contrary to what is generally believed, is often materially exceeded make tight against the rain; and his is by the horse. The cost of traction on the granary for his rice. - M. Maurel, in the Mount Parnasse-Bastille line of above. Dr. A. Heintz. railway he found to be for each car, daily, 57 francs, while the same work done by the horse cost only 47 francs, and he believes that for moderate powers the conversion of chemical into mechanical energy is more economically effected through animals than through

> An exchange inquires: "What has become of the man who doesn't drink,

breeder of thoroughbred horses, living near Avoca, Nebraska, was badly injured by being thrown from a sulky. After stage, where the prime necessity of using liniments and consulting physi-When cians, without being afforded any relief, Coquelin speaks, the sound is not sweet he obtained a bottle of Chamberlain's and caressing, though it adapts itself | Pain Balm from the druggist at Avoca, of gentleness and pathos; it has no which he began using and noticed a analogy with the celebrated and de- change for the better, after a few applichanting cadences and semitones of ed the use of his arm. It is unequaled that artist, also so accomplished, so per- for severe bruises and sprains, rheumatism and lame back. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.

> Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, remarkable story, the truth of which town: "I am 73 years old, had been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness and am able to do my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and recovered completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50 cents, at Dowty & Heitkemper's.

Time strips our illusions of their hue only the product of the most determined

Any old Eton boy would tell you that you might as well never have been born Montem was as old as Queen · Elizabeth's time, and Queen Victoria was

captain gave a great breakfast in the Hall to the fifth and sixth forms. Then

George always used to go, and Queen Victoria went. There was always a "Montem poet" who dressed in patchwork, and wore a crown; and he drove about the crowd in a donkey-cart, reciting his ode and flourishing copies of it

An Inconsolable Girl.

about, says a writer in the New York Graphic, characteristic of the free-andeasy days of the empire:

she called her offspring aside and said

After a few moments devoted to the contemplation of this deluge, Mnie. X. began to be slightly irritated.

remember what this confession has cost your poor mother. After all, why should the knowledge that you are the daughter of Gen. Z., a brave officer and standing well at court, cause you so much pain?"

steam engines.

A St. Louis paper tells of a Mrs. Champagne of that city who doesn't that only he can do such things. His know her father. It's a queer sort of voice, in short, perpetually, loudly champagne that doesn't recognize it's Piles, or no pay required. It is guarown pop.-Boston Herald.

> smoke, chew, swear, or bet?" Most of him, says the Merchant Traveler, is over in Canada. Mr. WM. WESTLAKE, stock raiser and

Men's faults do seldom to themselves Renews Her Youth.

Iтсн. Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cared in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by Stany ankle by simply moving the buttons. O. B. Stillman, druggist Columbus. study, shine forth in proportion as the The shortest life is long enough if it GREISEN BROS.

Parify Your Blood. If your tongue is coated.

If your skin is yellow and dry. If you have boils. If you have fever. If you are thin or nervous.

If you are bilious. If you are constipated. If your bones ache. If your head aches.

If you have no ambition, one

bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier

If you have no appetite.

the above complaints. Sold and warranted by Dr. A. Heintz. Bodily labor alleviates the pains of the mind; and hence arises the happiness of

Blood Maker will relieve any and all of

CHAMBERLAIN'S Cough Remedy cures he most obstinate coughs. Try it Dowty & Heitkemper.

Best men are moulded out of faults.

Do You Know that Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will relieve that cough almost instantly and make expiration easy? Acts simultaneously on the bowels, kidney and liver, thereby relieving the lungs of the soreness and pain and also stopping that

tickling sensation in the throat by

removing the cause. One trial of it

will convince any one that it has no

equal on earth for coughs and colds.

Dr. A. Heintz has secured the sale of it

and will guarantee every bottle to give

3feb23 He, who has no inclination to learn more, will be very apt to think he knows

The Homeliest Man in Colum-

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on Dr. A. Heintz and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 50 Dec22-86 cents and \$1.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

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In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Coughs and Colds. will lowing characteristic anecdote floating be for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughe, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat, Chest or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store, and get a trial bottle free, large bottles \$1.

> Levity of behavior is the bane of that is good and virtuous.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine Fremont Neb called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1.00.

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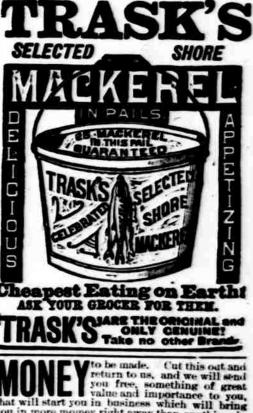
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