What other eyes could I so fitly praise? Blue as blue flowers—now dim with tears that For gentle pity from thy gentle heart, Then glad with smiles, as when a master plays On answering chords, or o'er the wind-harp strays Some wind that laughs to come, and grieves

How shall I fitly praise thy true soul's truth.
Thy scorn of what is base, thy love of good,
Thy wit and wisdom that with grace com-The glow and courage of thy fearless youth. Thy strength and nobleness of womanhoo The blessed whole of my dear Valentine?

-Louise Chandler Moulton. Intuition.

We sat, it is true, very close on the sofa, My arm? Well, forgive me, my memory's eled By something beside what she usually were.

She said: "I've been reading about intuition, And Jack, is intuitive knowledge correct?" I confessed that I thought so and with her permission.

I would much like to prove it—she did not

I said: "Now your lips, intuition has told me Were sweet as new wine, all of which I behere"
And I hastily proved to my own satisfaction
That this intuition was faultless indeed. -Providence Journal.

HE LOVES HER STILL.

"Ailia, that will do for this morning. I am not able to attend as I should. Come here, my child." It was a low dark room in one of the tenements with which the street was crowded, and upon a narrow bed lay an old man. His eyes were listlessly closed, and his long white hair was flung carelessly back from his high

pale forehead. As Ailia approached, with her dear violin grasped tightly in both her small hands, his eyes opened, and one could not help but notice the fire of genius which shone in their dark luminous

"No one could render that better than you have, little one," he said fondly, as he stroked lovingly back the long dark curls.

"I am glad you were pleased, grandfather," she said simply. They were Italians, the old man and his grand-

That they had not always been poor, was whispered around among the few who had become acquainted with Signor Paulo, as he was called. Some said he was a miser and hoarded gold for the child, whose playing, though she was so young, was marvelous. But these surmises did not trouble the old man as he went out and came in among them.

There was really no mystery what-ever about his frequent departures, for Signor Paulo was a music-teacher, and, though not well paid, he had a small class of scholars. Since he had left his native land he had never been successful, but at last good fortune seemed to be coming to him.

A wealthy Italian lady became in terested in him, and learning that he was of her own country, she engaged him to take charge of her musical soirees.

"Little Ailia, you shall have a new dress and that fine book of Handel von have wanted so long," he said gleefully to his granddaughter. But the next day he was stricken down by a

For four weeks he had lain on his sick bed, old and poor, and all alone. save for the company of Ailia. What was to be done?

Though still a mere child-only thirteen-Ailia had a woman's mind. All unconsciously the thoughts and feelings which prompted the masterly strains of the composers she so loved had woven themselves into every fibre of her own heart.

Kept as she had been, from early childhood, from aught that might be burtful to her sweet innocence, Ailia was still as trustful and unfearing of harm as an infant.

So when the pressing thought came, what should be done to obtain daily food for her sick grandfather and herself, she remembered with a glad thrill his words in praise of her play-That afternoon, while the old man

slept, a little figure, wrapped in a long searlet mantle, glided down the steep It was a bright sunny afternoon,

and Ailia made her way to a fashionable street, and before a stately brown stone mansion she paused. Glancing upward, she saw in a lace-

draped window some ladies and a gentleman. They were not noticing her. Carefully taking the violin from its case, she laid her cheek softly down, and

with trembling fingers drew the bow across the vibrating strings. The group above suddenly separated. and the window gently opened.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed a young voice, "it's only a poor little girl, and she's playing that air of Cherubini's I've been trying to learn for a month!" "Hush, Mattie!" said another voice.

"Don't talk amid such music." Ailia finished, and, lifting her dark eves towards the window, she waited.

"By Jove! mother, there's genius in that child's playing; and what a little beauty she is. Let's call her in." Before his mother, a true type of a

dignified aristocratic English matron, could speak, her impulsive son had left the room, and soon returned, leading by the hand the little musician. Then Ailia played as she had never

played before. Something told her that that moment was the turningpoint of her destiny. The tiny child-hands, as they wield-

ed the bow, seemed to her hearers as if instinct with power to command the lurking music in the strings to die close herself. Before she left the Montrose man-

sion that afternoon, Ailia had told, in artless words, her history; and Mrs. Montrose, won, for the time, quite out of her usual impassiveness, had urged her to play at her weekly parties during the whole of the coming season. Little Ailia easily pacified her grand-

father when he reproved her for what she had done, when she told him of her good fortune.

From beguiling the hours for the fashionable throng which assembled in the Montrose drawing-rooms, Ailia was finally engaged to teach music to the young daughter of the house.

A great affection sprang up between the two girls, both of the same age, though in such different stations. Ailia and her grandfather did live in the crowded tenement any longer, but had pleasant rooms in a

quiet street. Old Signor Paulo never recovered enough to leave his bed; but as he felt the pangs of approaching dissolution he did not feel the depth of anguish at leaving Ailia that he must have suffered if she had not proved herself so well able to care for her own future.

At first his grandchild sorrowed bitterly; but as time went on she felt that it was better as it was, and that not for worlds would she, if she could. recall her dear grandfather back to his weary couch of pain.

Four years had passed; and from a light child Ailia had developed rapidly into the rounded curves of womanhood. She was beautiful, with the dark clear skin of her Italian parentage, and the masses of raven-black hair which waved back from a low broad forehead. Her great, lustrous, almond-lidded eves had in them a strange charm, and few could look into their depths without a longing to read yet more plainly their inmost

thoughts. At least so felt Percy Montrose. Reserved to others, to him Ailia was particularly cold and shy, nothwithstanding she recognized his manly, frank nature, and knew well that to none other did her soul go out as it did to the handsome impulsive young man, the son of her patroness; but she knew the pride of birth and family which filled his mother's heart, and so she resolutely hid her love.

At last the end came. It was morning, and Ailia had been playing. Wrapt in thoughts which were sweet, vet sad as the strain whose cadence yet lingered upon the air,

Percy found her. It was an unguarded moment. She could hide her heart no longer. And when he had once won from her the assurance of her love, her pas-

sionate Italian nature asserted itself, and as her lover clasped his arms around her, with a burst of tears, and an inarticulate expression of tenderness, she laid her head against his heart, and then, and not till then, did Percy feel sure of the prize he had coveted so earnestly.

But Ailia was not suffered to live long in her dream of bliss. The proud lady who had constituted herself her patroness took matters into her own hands. What she said Ailia knew not. All unheeded, the storm of anger passed over her head, until a sentence, pitterly expressed and scornfully spoken, arrested her attention.

"Like a thief you stole into my house-wound your toils around my boy; he sees it, too, since I have opened his eyes. He himself sent me here to demand his release from this foolish

With bated breath Ailia waited until she had finished, and then, rising, she drew her superb form to its full height, and met the angry light of the dusk of her own.

"Your son wishes to be released from his troth? Is what you have just said true?" "Most certainly. I am sure you

need not be surprised, Miss Paulo, when you think of the great disparity there is between your stations in society.

the ring, the symbol of their attach ment, to Mrs. Montrose. Alone in her room she battled with her heart-with its intense longing to see Percy once more, and hear from his own lips that what his mother had said was untrue.

But to her spirit falsehood was unsuspected as it was unknown, and she felt that she must never look upon his face again.

For a long time it was a source of wonder as to where the talented, beautiful young music-teacher had vanished, so suddenly had she gone. A few years passed. Mrs. Montrose

and her son and daughter were travel-

ing abroad. Anxiety for Percy had engraved deep wrinkles upon his mother's once smooth brow. He was not the merry impulsive Percy of old; his face was grave and pale, and his friends, as they passed him,

shook their heads. Long ago, Mrs. Montrose had pented of what she had done-of the cruel falsehood which had wrecked her son's happiness, and driven the orphan-girl away from her home. But no trace of Ailia had she ever found, and she feared to disclose her treachery and we've worn our old "duds" very

to the sou she idolized. While in Rome, cards came to their hotel, inviting them to a grand fete, of the heiress of a noble family. All there was in that ancient city of gether in Signora's Lisbon's salon, and at the end of the long room the host

ess and her daughter awaited their The younger lady was turned slightly away from an approaching group, among which Mrs. Montrose, dignified

and stately as ever in her black velvet and diamonds, leaned upon her son's "Mark, Percy," she murmured, "the

grace which high birth gives to its The presentation began. An usher announced:

"Mrs. Montrose-Mr. Percy Mont-The young lady turned, and there, in that regally beautiful face, Percy

recognized his lost Ailia. A day after, with a heavy heart, Mrs. Montrose bent over the bed where her son and heir rayed in de lirium. The blow she had long dreaded had fallen: he was dangerously

It was some time before the physirian gave any hope, and then he said seriously: "Your son may recover, madame,

he does not have a relapse; but f can see that his mind is troubled; it is not bodily weakness alone which ails

In her room the haughty woman fell upon her knees and prayed for her son's life. Before the stern messenger who strips off all disguises, her pride melted, and she rose with a resolution

to confess all to her son. With as much calm as he could control Percy listened, then he turned his face away. He said no reproachful words, but

the look which flashed into the gloom of his once so merry eyes warned his mother that if she could not undo the wrong she herself had done, henceforth her son would be estranged from her forever.

Mrs. Montrose sought and found Ailia in her adopted mother's home. Then, in trembling tones, she pleaded with the girl she had once scorned for lorgiveness for herself and hope for

Ailia heard her to the end. "Mrs. Montrose," she said, "when you drove me by your cruel words out into the cold world, I confess that a feeling nearly akin to hate filled my breast. What might have become of me I know not, had not God brought me a kind friend-one who had known my grandfather in his native land. She took me, crushed and wounded as I was, to her heart, and at last I conquered my grief and was happy. I do not hate you now."

"But Percy-my poor boy-what message shall I take to him?" "Of him I do not care to speak." coldly replied Ailia.

"But, Ailia, listen. I have not told you all. When I took back to Percy the ring. I made him think that you yourself had broken the engagement; that you had been mistaken, and the feeling you had for him was not

"You told him that? He believed

that I did not love him! Then that it was why he let me go-as I thoughtso willingly, and never sought me!" A vivid red glowed through the clear pallor of Ailia's face, and her glorious eyes lit up with a radiant light.

"Take me to him," she said.

will give him my own message." "Will she come, mother?" The room was only faintly lighted the attendants moved noiselessly, for though he realized it not himself. Per cy seemed very near the invisible line which lies between this world and the

There was no reply. He looked up. In the place of the stately grey-haired lady he expected to see, a beautiful dark face bent over his couch. Soft lips met his. "Do not speak, darling. It is I

shadow-land beyond.

Ailia. I know all." Mrs. Montrose is a wiser woman. She realizes the truth of the saying, "True love cannot be bound by

chains. Percy and Ailia are married, and through her wealth and high station Ailia is enabled to help the votaries of the divine art she loves so well, and who, like herself once, are poor and needv. In its silver-clasped, velvet-lined

case is a violin. Little fingers are sometimes allowed to gently touch the strings, and babyeves-which resist nurse's blandishments to their utmost-ne'er close so quickly as when mamma lavs her soft

cheek on its polished surface, and

weaves. delicious melodies for little

Percy's especial benefit.

Mental Hash. Cato once said: "I cannot live with a man whose palate has quicker sensations than his heart." Well, I know a good many women who have such even for husbands if their own words are true. I have heard them say: "When I want a special favor from Mr. Blank I always get him up a good dinner before preferring my request." A good dinner does exert a benign influence over many of the best of men, but I always feel rather sorry for the wives who have to appeal to a man's stomach before his heart can be reached. I cold English blue eves with the Italian | feel sorry too for the husbands whose wives give them their sweetest words and smiles in exchange for bonnets or gloves or dresses or anything else calculated to gratify feminine vanity. Sincere affection does not depend upon good dinners or fashionable apparel for its existence. Heaven help the household having no better foundation

than this for its family affection. Now about this matter of dress. hate a dandy or a fop, but if ever there was a man who liked well laundried linen, neat ties, gloves and good clothes generally, that man is Mr. Zenas Dane, and nothing affords one greater satisfaction than to see Mrs. Dane arrayed in a handsome black silk with bonnet, gloves, ribbons and wraps of corresponding beauty and elegance. A man who don't like to see his wife well dressed has no business to marry. and the man who is miserable unless he and his wife can keep up with the

fashions has less business to marry. Mrs. Dane's best black silk has been turned twice now and its day of beauty and elegance is past. I haven't had a new overcoat for five winters and on two occasions I have had to substitute ready-made, "store clothes" for the neat tailor-made suits I like so well. This sad condition of the family wardrobe results from a fixed resolve we have made to always dress within means and not to wear clothes for which we cannot pay. Here, too, we started out in our journey of life together fully resolved to have a house of our own as soon as we could. We have had babies and doctors' bills and all that, but we haven't gone in debt cheerfully and bravely, and we are a very happy pair of young people. This insane desire to out-do all their friends which was to celebrate the birthday in the matter of dress has been the ruination of many a young couple. An inordinate love of dress makes sad rank and loveliness were gathered to havoc with a poor man's purse-and

his happiness too. I have had to lay down my pen and hold the baby while Mrs. Dane got the youngster's bottle ready for him. These bottle-babies are considerable of a nuisance sometimes, but any baby, if it be sound mentally and physically, is a God given blessing to its parents. They should accept it as a Heaven sent gift and trust and do a noble work for the Lord and for mankind in general by rearing the child to a good and useful and Christian manhood or womanhood. I am not above helping my wife take care of our babies. I do all the getting up at night myself. Most men ought to take this pleasing little duty upon themselves, they are better able to do it than nine out of ten

I know a man who boasts that he never got up a night in his life for one of his six children. His wife, a pale, worn-out little slip of a creature looks as though she hadn't had a whole night's rest since the first child was born-I doubt if she has. This man says he goes off and sleeps in a room by himself when the "young ones" are troublesome. Women with similar

husbands have my sympathy. It would, I think, add in no small degree to the "higher life" of every household if the doors were securely barred against all forms of gossip and gossipers. The neighborhood gossip is a dangerous person, underneath her sweetest words is that under current of malice and venom and falsehood that makes her a woman to be dreaded. Her influence over children and young people is often more harmful than most people suppose. Gossip is bad food for children: I sometimes think that there should be legislation against

these mischief makers.

I don't dread the long winter evenings in the least, the depressing influence of their darkness and coldness never enters into our house. No season of the year gives one such opportunities for mental improvement and happiness at home. I think, however, that many families live too much to themselves in the winter time. They do not go to any place and no one is asked to come and see them. Go out and spend an evening occasionally with some of your neighbors, and let it be known that your latch string is always hanging out for them; invite a dozen or more of them in some evening and have a "sociable sort of a time." Some simple refreshment will cost little time or money. Little informal gatherings like these do much toward creating good feeling and har-mony in a neighborhood; and-both our babies are crying now, I must attend to one of them myself .- Zenas

LITTLE DANDY.

Dane, in Good Housekeeping.

Southern Story of Life in the Vicksburg Trenches.

"Little Dandy" the boys called him. He joined our company in Vicksburg just before the siege, and none of us felt enough interest in him to make any inquiries. His extreme youth (he was nually. Of this amount London alone

about 16) would have excite, our sympathy under other circumstances, but the war-worn veterans in the trenches had no use for the curled darlings of the parlor, and Little Dandy's appearance was against him. The lad wore the gray uniform of a private, but it was of the very finest material-finer than anything worn by our Generals. His buttons had an unsoldierly glitter He sported white handkerchiefs, carried a pocket-mirror, and every morning he combed and curled his golden locks un-

til they looked like a girl's tresses. "Hello, Little Dandy!" yelled the soldiers, whenever the young fellow paseed them. To this rough salutation he always responded with a bow and a smile, but his soft ways did not win favor. When we met in town we passed him by without notice, and in camp we let him alone. Little Dandy was proud after a fashion-too proud to notice the slights heaped upon him. He went through the routine duties without complaint, but nothing could induce him to abandon his pocket mirror and his fancy toilets.

The siege was well under way and we were no better acquainted with Little Dandy than at first. He shared our meals of moldy corn bread and mule meat without a murmur, and it must be admitted that this raised him somewhat in our estimation. But we still had to learn what a true heart beat behind those glittering buttons. An angle of the enemy's works was dangerously close to our intrenchments and we had to keep our heads well sheltered. When we raised a hat on the muzzle of a musket it was invariably riddled with bullets. One morning we found our men being picked off by an unseen sharpshooter at the rate of five or six an hour. This astonished us, because we were all keeping under cover, and the men who were killed all occu-

pied well protected positions. Where was the sharpshooter? This was the question uppermost in every mind. We were not long in satisfying ourselves on this point. Just outside of the angle of the Federal works stood a giant oak, whose leafy top afforded an admirable covert for an active rifleman. A vigilant scrutiny convinced us that the man who was doing such | ty good debt-payers. deadly work in our ranks was concealed in this tree. To reach it he must have made his way there during the night, and he would have to remain there all day. But we could not stand it even one day. His aim was so unerring that every time his rifle cracked a Confederate bit the dust. We tried a rattling discharge of musketry, but a moment later the report of the rifle rang out, and another of our comrades

It was evident that, from our position, eral rifleman. If we succeeded bringing him down it would be by some lucky random shot. Possibly a man outside the works would be able to draw a bead on our wary foeman, but he would be under the guns of the enemy and there would be a thousand chances against him. "I'll kill him or die!" Cried a shril

"Good God! it's Little Dandy!" shout-

ed a dozen men. At the risk of our lives we peepe over our breastworks. Little Dandy had already made his way to the open space between the works and was edging around on the right of the tree. The Federals saw what he was up to and fired a broadeide When the smake cleared away and they saw the boy with a flushed face and streaming hair aiming his gun at the top of the old oak there was a tremendous cheer. It rolled along both lines-the hoarse Federal shout mingling with the wild "Rebel

Bang! A man in blue came tumbling and crashing through the branches of the tree and struck the earth with a dull thud. It was the sharpshooter. Another cheer rent the air, but this time it was from the Confederates alone. A sheet of flame blazed along the Federal works, but when the smoke lifted we saw Little Dandy coming full tilt in our direction with a smile on his face. "Three cheers for Little Dandy!" caped from hundreds of throats as the boy vaulted over the breastworks, and we rushed down upon him to hug him,

in our frenzy of admiration and joy. But Little Dandy sunk down upon a heap of loose dirt, and then we saw the crimson stains upon his breast. "I kept my promise," he panted And then, as our Colonel took his hand,

the little chap looked up into his face and said: "I'm afraid I've made a poor soldier. Sometimes I've bothered you I know. Please remember that I was not very strong, and—and I did the best that I His head fell over. Poor Little Dan-

dy was dead!-Atlanta Constitution. MISSING LINKS.

Sage Hen is the name of a town recently founded in Oregon. Baker County, Oregon, is larger than any New England state.

President Washington made a point of dining on codfish every Saturday. It is estimated that over 500,000 aligators are killed annually for their

New railroads to the length of 7,000 miles were built in the United States during the past year. London is full of unknown Americans seeking to float bogus land and

other wildcat companies. Mines can now be lighted by electricity at one half the cost of lighting them by oil and candles.

A Fargo minister has a son who was born July 4, 1885, and a daughter who was born Christmas Day, 1886. The water-works now being erected

n Helena, Montana, will cost the taxpayers \$500,000 before finished. The cost of postage stamps to the government, covering everything, in-cluding delivery, is \$6 99 per thousand Oranges were raised this season at Sage hill, Cal., where the elevation is

at least three thousand feet above the

It is reported that last year more than 100,000 emigrants went to the Argentine Republic, most of them from Japanese orange trees are being in-

give a new and excellent variety of Oscar Wilde has grown quite obese, and some of his friends fear that he is suffering from fatty degeneration of

troduced into California. They will

Brain is the name of a new Kentucky editor. He can scarcely be said, however, to fill the long felt want, as he can only edit one paper. John Gomez, a Portuguese, has lived over fifty years among the 10,000 islands off the coast of Florida. He is one hundred and one years old.

coat and waistcoat combined, by which means the coat is kept in place much better than when separate. into water for picnic purposes are now being supplied.—Tid-Bits. It is estimated that at least 25.000 .-000 false teeth are manufactured au-

A London tailor has invented a dress-

manufactures 10,000,000.

The name of a Connecticut salvationist is "Little Johnny Bull, the devilkiller, man-slaver, devil-hater, and son of a king, fresh from the old country.' An oyster growing out of the mouth of a small ink bottle was a curious formation caught on the Virginia coast. The oyster had grown to twice the size of the ink bottle.

Large numbers of persimmon logs are being shipped to the north from Norfolk, Va., to be manufactured into shoe lasts, for which they are said to be particularly adapted.

During the past year twenty-five thousand articles have accumulated in the dead-letter office. The sale included all sorts of necessaries and luxuries. from Easter eggs to seersucker suits.

The late Truman M. Post of St Louis, the pioneer of Congregationalism in the West, learned Latin from : grammar fastened to the handle of his plow when a farm-boy in Vermont. On one street in Bluchill, Me., less than half a mile long, live fifteen wid-

ows. There is only one house on the

street in which there is not a widow,

and that is occupied by two maiden The slaughter of lobsters at Prince Edward island is something astounding. There were exported the past season 91.000 cases, mostly to Europe, which involved the killing of 35,000,000 lob-

A Brooklyn house-owner has recently been compelled by a Brooklyn court to pay \$1,500 damages to a woman who broke one of her legs in falling down a flight of stairs in a house own-A lawyer's clerical error in the trans-

fer of a certain piece of property in Kansas City, which in 1844 was sold for \$850, has led to a lawsuit over the possession of the land, which is now valued at \$200,000. One of the banks at Atlanta, Ga.,

which loaned nearly a million dollars last year lost only about \$600 of that amount, a strong proof that the people in that section of the country are pret-An eastern zoologist recently paid

\$500 for four crowned pigeons. They are of a delicate steel-blue color, are almost as large as turkeys, and the crest is composed of a row of feathers standing upright. The Plonk family, in Lincolnton, N. C., is long-lived. Joseph is now ninety-

eight years old: his sister. Mrs. Tethrow, is one hundred years, and Mrs. Weaver, another sister, is one hundred and two years of age. The Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Bedford have incomes ranging from \$1,-

thinks of trying to estimate their possessions in any other way. A huge iron reservoir is being built at a remote spot in the outer harbor of Amsterdam for the storage of petroleum. It will be nearly thirty-three feet in diameter and of the same depth, and is calculated to hold 1.740,000 gallons.

500,000 to \$2,500,000 a year. No one

A man in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, fired from his wagon into a flock of birds while driving home one afternoon recently, and ever since his horse has been deaf from the effects of the shock given him by the report of the A new style of paving-block, for

which is claimed some special advan-

tages, is composed of a hollow iron shell filled with any desired concrete, the shell being arched underneath, and for street paving are some four inches wide and from ten to twelve long. General Roger A. Pryor went to New York soon after the war without a dollar, and with no introduction save his reputation as a soldier in the lost cause.

til it now brings him \$20,000 a year. An "impressionist" sent in a "sunset" picture to the Royal academy. He carefully marked on the back of the frame which was the right side up; but he added in a polite note: "Should my work be placed upon your walls upside down, please catalogue it as a sun-

He acquired almost immediately a good

Some idea of the wonderful progress now being made in microscopical science may be formed by the fact, as stated by the president of the British Association lately, that results are now attained in this line which mathematicians five years ago declared to be impossible.

There is a family in Polk County. Georgia, whose children possess names that are, to say the least, rather original. They answer to the following cognomens: Mollie Necklane, Quincy Ann, Sis Tommie, Happy Josie, Nestor Chestor, and I Wonder. It is said that the happy mother takes pride in calling each child by its full name. Mrs. Whitney's brother is a quinto-

millionaire, but is not at all spoiled by it, people say. He is in his fiftieth year, has pleasant manners, and the one thing in life he is inordinately vain of is-not his money, not his success, not his \$1,000,000 house, not his palace car and his pictures, but-his sister. the wife of the Secretary of the Navy.

Her Fad Was Attending Funerals.

A remarkable woman of 70 was Mrs. Margaret Ashton, of Montrose, N. Y., says the Waterbury American. Her fad was attending funerals, and she had been present at the burial of every person but three that died in that part of her own and adjoining counties during the past forty years. She appropriately dropped dead the other day as the body of a neighbor was being lowered into the grave. Besides being present at so many local funerals, she had been among the spectators at the obsequies work is not born with him. of all the noted people of this country who have died in the past half century. including Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Gen. Grant, President Gartield, and Stephen A. Douglas. She was prevented from being present at President Arthur's funeral by the death of a relative, who was buried on the same day. Superstitious people may attribute her unpleasant taking off and its cause to the fact that she had thirteen children, of whom one survives her.

The monument to John B. Gough in Hope cemetery, Worcester, Mass., bas been placed in position on the family lot. It is a plain but tasteful and substantial sarcophagus of granite. It is about 4 feet in height, on a base about 6 3-4 x 3 1-4 feet, and surmounted by a cap about 5 3-4 x 2 1-2 feet. On the middle of the front of the base is the name "Gough" in large letters.

The endeavor to keep the hats of the women out of the theater during the acts appears, on the whole, to be quite as promising as the endeavor to keep the hats of the men in the theater between the acts .- Providence Journal. A Kansas City man has a lemon that

to use photographs of the weed to stir

A Novel Way of Identifying Prison-There is a law in San Francisco,

aimed especially at the Chinese, requir-

ing that sleeping apartments shall contain 500 cubic feet of pure air to each occupant. Recently, two San Francisco police officers made raids on two lodging-houses in the Chinese quarter. and arrested forty-seven violators of the law. As a matter of precaution, so that he might be able to identify the prisoners when they came into court, one of the officers marked each with a small sign written with an aniline pencil. When the defendants were brought before the Judge they were represented by counsel, who declared that, as a separate complaint had been tiled against each party accused, each would have to be tried separately. The first one called up was found guilty, he having been identified by the small mark on his neck. In the language of the day, the other defendants "got on the mark business," and in a few minutes forty-six Chinamen were each observed wetting the tip of the right index finger with saliva and rubbing the spot where the mark had been. Two more of the defendants were called for trial but each had to be discharged, as the officer was unable to find the identification mark. The cases of the others were postponed.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new

Danger Ahead!. There is danger ahead for you if you eglect the warnings which nature is giving you of the approach of the felldestroyer-consumption. Night-sweats spitting of blood, loss of appetite these symptoms have a terrible meaning. You an be cured if you do not wait until it is too late. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Med ical Discovery," the greatest blood purifier known, will restore your lost nealth. As a nutritive, it is far superior world. to cod liver oil. All druggists.

Anxiety is easier to bear than sorrow. A Gift for All.

In order to give all a chance test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers. King's New Discovery for sumption, Coughs and Colde, will be for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merita of this great remedy. All who suffer THE LARGEST AND FIREST STOCK Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat, Chest or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store, and get

trial bottle free, large bottles \$1. Talent is sometimes hid in napkins

audacity never. Some Foolish People

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