In happier days so duteously and true— Must I account my Gerard de Lairesse All sorrow smitten? He was hindered too— Was this no hardship?—from producing pla

To us who still have eyes, the pageantry Which passed and passed before his busy And, captured on his canvas, showed out sky Traversed by flying shapes, earth stocked with brood of monsters-centaurs bestial, satyrs lewd-

of monsters—centure transfer and state of the state of th e early human kingly personage. I wonders of the teeming poet's age

your mind,
Free from obstruction, to compensate
Art's power left powerless, and supply
blind

With fancies worth all facts denied by fate, Mind could invent things, add to—take away, At pleasure, leave out trifles mean and base Which yex the sight that can not say them But, where mind plays the master, have no And bent on banishing was mind, he sure, all except beauty from its mustered tribe. Of objects apparitional which lure Painter to show and poet to describe—That imagery of the antique song. Truer than truth's self. Fancy's rainbow birth.

Conceived mid clouds in Greece, could gian along
Your passage o'er Dutch veritable earth,
As with ourselves, who see, familiar throng
About our pacings men and women worth
Nowise a glance—so poets apprehend—

Nowise a glance—so poets apprehend— Bince naught avails portraying them in verse; While painters turn upon the heel, intend To spare their work the critic's ready curse Due to the daily and undignified. —From Bobert Browning's "Parleyings."

## A NICE NEIGHBOR. "I don't think I should have taken

this house if I had known there was a marble-yard so near," said Mrs. Grafton fretfully. "It almost drives me frantic to hear that man chip, chip, chipping all day." "You can hardly call that a marble-

yard, mamma," Laura answered soothingly, as she glanced across the way at the solitary workman under a small shed, where perhaps half-a-dozen blocks of fine white marble stood ready for the chisel.

"I call it an aggravation. They said it was a nice neighborhood. Well, it may be, but I don't fancy watching a man making tombstones all day." "Is that what he does?" asked Laura, looking pensively at the workman over

the way. He displayed a fine set of muscles, as he stood with his flannel shirt open and his sleeves rolled up, looking about for a place to put a large new block of marble. He was a tall man. close-knit and supple, with a good head and eyes of great power.

Laura stood watching him, and wondering how many times that little chisel he held had chipped out "Sacred to the Memory," etc. The little shed was an annex to a small one-story

"I suppose he lives in there, poor man!" she mused; "all alone, cutting tombstones from one week's end to the other. Oh, mamma!" Her cry of dismay came from the fact that the stonecutter over the way

had attempted to lift a large block of marble on to a small truck, and it was too heavy for him. There was a great crashing thud,

and then he dropped to the ground, white and insensible as the marble be-"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Lau-

ra, springing up, "he has killed him-She dashed downstairs and out at the front door, over to the marble-vard,

where Mrs. Grafton followed her at a more leisurely pace. The man was lying on the ground, and a small stream of blood was ebbing

from his lips. Laura lifted his head and bade her mother bring salt and water, while she summoned a little boy, who ran for the

"Stefano!" exclaimed the physician, as he bent anxiously over the injured man. "This is too bad! I was afraid it would come some day. How did it

happen?" "He was lifting one of those horrid tombstones,' said Mrs. Grafton resentfully. "I should think those workingmen would learn to be careful, when

they know that so much depends on the preservation of their health. I suppose he has a wife and four or five children to support!" "No, madame," said the doctor with a peculiar glance at the patient; "he is

a single man. That will do, miss.' he said to Laura, who was helping two volunteer alds to lift the injured man on to an improvised litter. "Take him right into the house, please.' The "house" proved to be one large

room, furnished for the most part with pieces of marble, wrapped in drapery of brown muslin. The floor was littered with chips of marble and dust, while the bare white walls were rudely marked with charcoal outlines and certain ambiguous drawings, which Laura fancied were the beginnings of monuments and other funeral stone-work. There were, besides, a couch and some chairs, a table and an extinct fire-

The injured man was laid down on the couch, and made comfortable with pillows and covers, which Laura brought over for him.

The doctor worked with him anxiously till he opened his eyes and betrayed signs of consciousness.

"You must not speak," said the doctor warningly. "Lie perfectly still and put your hand on the place where the pain is. Ah, is it there? Not here? Are you sure there is no pain here?

He made a careful estimate of the extent of the injury, and then called Lau-

"It is not so bad as I feared," he said confidentially; "but he must not be moved on any account. Everything depends on his being kept quiet. And yet," he added doubtfully, "I don't see how we can manage here. "I will take care of him, doctor,"

Laura said quickly, "if that is what you mean-"Laura, my dear," interposed Mrs. Grafton.

"Well, mamma, we can't leave him here to die!" "He, must have friends somewhere.

They ought to be sent for." "I happen to know, madame," observed the doctor, "that he is quite alone. He is a foreigner-an Italian, I believe. They call him Stefano." "I will stay with him," Laura reiter-

And stay she did, though Mrs. Grafton was scandalized by her uncalledfor devotion.

As the man began to recover she made him all manner of dainties, which were set forth on tempting china. When she found that he cared to

read she scoured the library for books that would please him, but failed to find what he liked, until one day he asked for Petrarch, and Dante, and Ariosto. "What are you thinking, signori-

na?" he asked one day, as she sat with one of the great poets in her hand, after an hour's reading.
"I was wondering," she said hesi-

you better."

"How, signorina?" he asked with a peculiar smile. "There is not much scope in tombstones for poetry or a love of the beau-What are you laughing at?" she demanded, as he indulged himself

in a merry outburst. "I was laughing at the idea," he said. striving to regain his gravity. "Yes, it is a mean business, cutting tombstones.

"And I don't suppose it pays very well?" sad Laura, doubtfully. "No. not very well. When one is sick and can't cut tombstones, he might as well give up and get one of his own."

This was uttered with such a sudden accession of gloom, that Laura hastenod to say:

"Don't get despondent, Stefano. You will have some work just as soon as you are well. My mother wants a tombstone for my grandfather's grave -indeed. I am not quite sure but it will be a monument—and she has promised to let you have the work." "I am much obliged, signorina," he said in a smothered voice that came from behind his hand.

He coughed vigorously for several minutes, and then he managed to say: "How can I ever repay you for all your kindness, Signorina Laura? Will you let me teach you Italian when I am well? I should like that."

When Laura proposed this to her mother, Mrs. Grafton was up in arms, but Laura had her way, notwithstanding, and the lessons began. "I saw you out in the shed this morning," said Laura reproachfully,

one day when Stefano had gone against the doctor's orders. "True; but one must live!" he answered with a shrug. "And there is your grandfather's tombstone." "Never mind that. He has waited

eighteen years for it. and he can wait a little longer. You must take care of yourself, Stefano. It is not fair to me for you to overtax yourself."

His face suddenly lighted with joy. "Is it possible that you care, signorina?" he cried eagerly. "I-I want to see you well. If you

get sick again, it will throw discredit on me as a nurse. I do wish you would give up marble-cutting altogether.

"One might if he had some inspiration," he said in a low tone. "I could give up anything for you. If I thought some day you would love me one-half so well as I love you, I would do anything-make any sacrifice." "Stefano!" she cried indignantly.

"You forget yourself. You must not "Forgive me. I did not mean to offend you. One cannot help loving what is good and beautiful, if one does cut tombstones."

"Oh, I never dreamed of this?" cried Laura, bursting into tears. "You must go away, and never come here again The next day he was out in the shed,

and saw him. "You ought not to do that, Stefano." she said reproachfully. "You are not "It matters very little to me now

whether I live or die," he said sadly. "If I did not hate cowards, I would soon settle it.' She went home, and for some time he did not even see her face. Meanwhile, he went on working,

and one twilight he threw himself down on the couch in his work-room, tired out in mind and body. As he lay there, with his face in his hands, a voice that sounded to him like the voice of an angel called:

"Stefano!" It was Laura who came towards him. holding out her hands. "Stefano," she said, "I did not know that I loved you, but I have found it

out, and I have come to tell you." He uttered a low cry and fell at her "My angel!" he said, kissing the hand she held out to him. "Can it be

that you love me well enough to become the wife of a marble-cutter?" "I have made up my mind not to care about the tombstones," said Laura. smiling.

And Stefano caught her in his arms,

laughing gaily, radiant with joy. "My love," he said, "the tombstones existed only in your fancy. I am not a mere marble-cutter, if you please

My name is Stefano Michetti.' "Michetti!" Laura echoed. "Stefano, it cannot be that you are the sculptor of the famous bas-reliefs in the Hall of

"Even so; signorina," he said, laughing. "They who know me call me generally nothing but Stefano, but my family name is Michetti. I rejoice that its fame has reached you.' "Oh, how could you deceive me?"

she cried reproachfully.
"I never tried to. You jumped at a conclusion, and I let you alone; first because it amused me, and then because it amused me, and then because I hoped to win your love, even in the capacity of a poor stone-cutter. Laura mia, the sculptor would not have cared for the heart that was too proud to bestow its treasures on the statu-

"I could not resist you," she murmured, "in any capacity." He kissed her fondly, and then, glancing around the room, he said: "This is my sludio-my atelier-but elsewhere I have a beautiful home.

where you shall reign as a queen! See, my darling, here is my work!" He drew aside the brown drapery, and revealed the most exquisite panels and fret-work, beautiful sculptured basreliefs in Carrara marble, about which

the art-world was raving. "But you need not cancel the order for your grandfather's tombstone," said Stefano mischievously. "I will

execute that, as I promised to." What Mrs. Grafton said when she heard it all is a matter of small consequence as long as she yielded her antipathies gracefully.

Laura was married very soon afterwards, and Stefano's fame still rises. He has just made a splendid stone capital, embodying a frolic of cupids, for which his own beautiful boy did the posing.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN. Will It Ultimately Come Under the Rule

In a certain very limited number of years from the present time-it may e two or it may be twenty-Constantinople will have changed hands, and the hands into which it will have fallen will not be those of England. As to the change, there can, humanly speaking, be no doubt whatever. Two centuries ago the backward movement of the Turks began. Things moved slowly then, they move quickly now; but not for a single day has there been a check in the movement. Hungary, Servia, Roumania, and last, but by no means least, Bulgaria, have each in their turn been relieved from the presence of the Turk. Even now little more than Roumelia remains of the tatingly, "why you ever chose to be a European province of Turkey. The

of history is uniform and conclusive. but it is not required to prove that the great city on the Bosphorus can not much longer remain in the hands of the Ottomans. To see Constantinople and to see the Turks there is enough. The continuance of such a regime in the central point of modern Europe is inconceivable, incredible. As to who will be the successors of the sultan, that must always be a question of deep interest for England. Whether it is a question which is worth fighting about s an entirely different matter. At present Russia and Austria are racing for the goal. The forthcoming completion of the Bulgarian section of the railway to Constantinople, the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the commencement of a new line of railway under Hungarian control, giving a second communication further to the west, are all points which seem to favor Austria at the present moment. On the other hand, the divided nationality of the Austrian army, the unprotected nature of the northern and northeastern frontier of Hungary, combine with many other circumstances to fortify the position of Russia. This is not the place to go into a discussion of the probabilities of a Russo-Austrian campaign or the enumeration of the strategic advantages of either power might be prolonged and would form a most interesting study. But one great fact remains clear above all detailsnamely, that if ever the unaccomplished can be foreseen and the unknown deduced from the known an early conflict between Russia and Austria is

that English sympathles would lie and ought to lie on the side of the kaiser as against the czar. But to whichever side the victory for the time being may incline, the mainspring of action on the part of one. at any rate, of the combatants must remain absolutely intact. It is well that English people should realize fully what is the strength of the idea which is behind the descent of Russia to the sea. Looked at from the outside and without prejudice, the situation is a very striking one; the forces at work are enormous. A nation of one hundred millions is shut up against the north pole with no outlets save the Arctic sea and the shallow and often frozen waters of the Baltic. To all intents and purposes this vast nation is one people-a Russian can be understood from Archangel to Odessa. That the irresistible pressure of a hundred million people, speaking one language way to the sea I firmly believe. There are two points at which the sea may be reached: the one is Salonica, the other is Bassorah. Granting that one of these two points for the moment will ultimately be reached, there can hardly be any doubt as to which can be occupied with the least disadvantage and

among the most absolute certainties of

the European situation. As to the re-

sult, it is of course idle to prophesy,

though there can be hardly any doubt

danger to England. chipping marble again. Laura went by Assume the worst, and picture Russia seated on the Bosphorus with the control of the Dardanelles. According to all the accepted traditions of English statesmanship, such a consummation would be equivalent to the end of the British empire, the one great and awful calamity to avoid which all our resources should be expended and the four quarters of the world involved in war. But is this so? It would be unfortunate, certainly. Constantinople is a wonderful city; the Bosphorus is magnificent port. But Marseilles is also a great city. Venice is a great city; Toulon, Spezzia, and Fiume are great ports; and yet in the face of all of them the work of the British empire goes on and prospers. Why is it so self-evident that the existence of one more great military power upon the Mediterranean could conjure up a danger which the presence of the great French, Italian, and Austrian strongholds has not yet created? To Austria, doubtless, the establishment of Russia at Constantinople may be death; that is owing to the internal constitution of the Austrian empire, which no power can alter. But for England there is no

such danger, and consequently no such need for a conflict. But it will be said there is the Suez canal—the Suez canal is the key to India. Russia on the Mediterranean will threaten the canal, and will have it in her power to seize the key of India. Now, in the first place, I say that the Suez canal, save in time of peace, is not the key to India, but that, on the contrary, it is a dangerous temptation laid before our eyes to lead us to neglect the real and only true key to our Indian empire. The road to India in time of war is round the cape and not through the canal, and if a hundredth part of the money which has been spent in securing us from imaginary dangers in north Africa had been expended upon fortifications and docks at Simon's bay and Cape Town the terrible dangers of the present situation would have been reduced to a

As a European power in competition with the armed states of the continent England is at a hopeless and permanent disadvantage. As a member of a confederated empire of sea-bordered English-speaking states she will be in an absolutely impregnable position, in which the quarrels and bickerings of the European governments will be absolutely without importance, and only interesting as a study of contemporary history in its smaller developments. So long as we give hostages to Europe by claiming an interest in its quarrels, and a right to participate in them, so long shall we be at their mercy. The day on which we declare, once for all, that we have no concern with the domestic politics of Europe, and inform our enemies, if we have any, that they wish to quarrel with us they must take to the water to obtain satisfaction. we shall enter upon a new and brighter period of our history. At present the indiscretion of a Roumanian patrol, the ambition of a Russian colonel, or the intrigues of a Greek patriot may drag us at a day's notice into a conflict in which we have nothing to win and everything to lose, and in which we must inevitably spend our blood and

money in serving the cause of other nations. Already events are helping to impress upon the colonies the nature and extent of the privilege and of the responsibility. Our real through ronte to the east has within the past few months been completed through the west. Already the military authorities n India are looking to Australia as a base of supply which can be reached more easily than England. The proper fortification of Esquimalt, Sydney, Singapore, Simon's bay, and Mauritius will make us absolutely independent of the Suez canal. Close the cape route and Sydney and Melbourne are still open. If the great Australian ports are momentarily unavailable, the Canadian Pacific railway will once more enable us to turn the flank of any enemy. The one and only route, throughout the greater part of which we move on sufferance under the guns of every man-drilling power in Europe, is the one on which we expend all our foremarble-cutter? I should have thought last chapter has not yet come, but it thought and all our resources. It is hot remarks about wasting time over

of the political situation. All this comes of our forgetting that a new England has sprung up, destined to be infinitely greater and infinitely more powerful than the old on the one condition that she breaks forever with the old tradition which made her one of the old land powers of Europe, and accepts the new and brighter role of the greatest sea power of the world .-H. O. Foster, in Nineteenth Century.

How the Germans Live.

The Germans begin the day, not with a good American breakfast of meat and potatoes, but with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread-sometimes honey with the bread, but rarely butter. About the middle of the forenoon everybody eats a "piece," the peasant and day-laborer eat their hard, brown bread, and wash it down with a muddy-looking liquid; the skilled workman also eats brown bread, but has good beer to drink with it; the merchants and professional men usually eat their sandwiches dry; school-children at their morning recess eat their "pieces" which they brought from home, or else buy sandwiches and pretzels (German, bresel) from the bakers' boys who are on hand with big baskets. Others eat as they go along the streets. Almost invariably I relish my 10 o'clock sandwich, but it makes me feel so like a boy to eat a "piece" between meals. The big meal of the day is dinner,

which is usually taken between 12 and l, and consists of soups, meats, and vegetables, and a dessert of pastry and fruit. The soups are excellent, and vary according to the day of the week. The meats are generally roasted or boiled, with occasional fried cutlets or steaks. The vegetables are potatoes (not so large or mealy as in Massachusetts), red cabbage, white cabbage (fresh, or as sourkrout), cauliflower, kohl rabi, beets, peas, beans, etc. The pastry is destitute of rich, juicy pies, but has cakes, dumplings, tarts, pancakes, and bakers' sweetmeats instead. Fruit varies with the season-I have had peaches, pears, plums, grapes, apricots, apples, etc., but no watermelon. I miss the sweet potato very much; and I have eaten sweet corn only once in Europe, and that was at a hotel. A few other Americans and myself seemed to be the only ones who knew how to manage the puny ears, the rest not knowing whether to cut them up with knife and fork or to eat them like bananas. This reminds me of an American who, at a hotel one day, called for some crackers, and thereby astonished a party of English people who heard him. The English say biscuit instead of crackers, and fully expected to see the waiter appear with

a plateful of firecrackers. In the middle of the afternoon the Germans have bread and coffee, after which they fast until between 7 and 8 in the evening. Then they have supper, which is similar to the dinner, with the exception of dessert. Frequently the family remain around the supper table after it is cleared, and spend the evening (especially if company is present) in conversation moistened with beer or other drinks and sweetened with confectionery. - Cor.

Boston Advertiser.

They All Want Free Passes. for a pass to Chicago and back. Mr. that year the New York Central had issuch a serious drain on the company that it had been decided very greatly to limit the number. Railroad men state commerce bill if it had prohibited the issue of free transportation to anyone except employes or officers engaged in business for the road.

A Reading railroad man recently said that few knew how greatly the free pass was used to influence traffic. for very often a large shipper of grain or pork would be controlled in his choice of roads by the possession of a pass of one of them. "Men, and good business men, too," said he, "will often pay a higher rate for freight simply because the road over which they ship has sent them a yearly pass. It is an open secret among railway men that the Grand Trunk captured a very large business from Chicago east by tempting shippers with passes. I have seen men worth hundreds of thousands, shippers of thousands of bushels year, go into sulks because a pass to New York and back was refused to them. The whole business has been demoralized by this custom, so that now n the west a man who charters half a car thinks that free transportation for himself ought to be thrown in. I came through on the Grand Trunk from Chicago to Boston once, and there were nine through passengers. The con-ductor said it must be profitable busi-

mighty hard road to work, and that is worth a quarter of a million, too.

"It isn't because men are close." said a railway superintendent, "but there seems to be a failing of human nature to which a free ride on a railroad ministers, just as you will sometimes see men abundantly able to buy champagne and terrapin making a set | you leave the table. That woman is for a free spread like a newsboy scrambling for pennies."-New York

A lady stepped into a cab and said sweetly to the driver "291 Huron." found to be setting forth for Van Buren. It was in vain Booth cried out Sic semper tyrannis, because the plain man who heard the words did not possess any familiarity with the Latin tongue and very naturally reported the words as being: "I am sick, send for Maginin our world and was helping N. P. soon as he could find his lost muse, attitude of seeking a lost mule. A cago filled the requisition by expressing to the invalid a dozen "Times." A fashionable girl of this city sent a been well inspected by the postmaster at Vienna, Austria. Poor letter, it did

A city lawyer fell into a terrible passion over a letter he had received from a brother attorney. After making some some other trade would have suited has very nearly come. The teaching time that we recognized the new facts "hieroglyphics," "puzzles," "chicken also quit the gayety of the ball-room. Whole system.

tracks' and "ink ligning, ne sat down and gave the offender some red hot advice about writing more plainly; but the letter did not hurt the man's feelings in the least; he could not read the note, and put it aside with the remark: "I never could read that fellow's writing." Mr. Emerson sometimes wrote so badly that sentences lay in manuscript for hours or days before they would give up the writer's meaning. Once when this great man had written a sentiment in a book for a friend, and had gone far away east, that motto or maxim refused day after day to show its face. Each neighbor who called in was set to work at the puzzle. It was solved at last by a man who knew about Mount Monadnock.

that-A score of piny miles will smooth The rough Monadnock to a gem. All which puzzles of enunciation or of written thought, coming from great people or common people, are blemshes which can not show any good reason of existence.—David Swing, in

Mme. Janka Wohl contributes to the International Review, of Florence, some interesting reminiscences of Liszt. She says the abbe was very discreet as regards his lady admirers. Only once did he satisfy her curiosity on this point. "I was working one morning at Lowemberg." said he, "when a card was brought in to me. It contained a name I did not know. The visitor, a fine young Englishman, entered the room. I fancied I recognized him. He approached me, and whispered a word in my ear. I at once detected the voice. I was thunderstruck. What have you come here for? Have you run away? Have you left your usband? She had thrown herself into an armchair, and was laughing outright. 'This is a nice reception, indeed,' said she; 'it was not worth the while my risking myself as I am do-But you are ruining yourself,' I exclaimed, fearing somebody would come in. She flew to the piano and began playing. I am your pupil; that's all.' And she continued singing, filling the house with her voice. 'For heaven's sake,' I cried, 'hold your tongue. The house is full of people. They will come, and you will be recognized.' What,' she cried, twirling the mustache she had not, if they recognize me? I will congratulate them. They will have seen worse than I am. Enough of this childishness,' I replied, seriously alarmed; 'tell me what brings you here.' She was a cantatee of European renown and irreproachable character." "Malibran?" O, no, she was dead." "Jenny Lind. then?" "She was also dead. My heroine was not only watched by a icalous husband who did not deserve the treasure which had fallen to his lot, but also by an infatuated, unscrupulous admirer, who tracked her like a demon, hoping some day to profit by a fault she might commit. Everybody knew this, and I trembled for her. I had met her occasionally, admired her greatly, but you know I never coveted the moon. To sum up. I could scarcely believe my eyes on seeing her there, disguised as a young

A member of the produce-exchange who is a large shipper over the New York Central applied to William H. Vanderbilt not long before his death Vanderbilt then told him that during sued of yearly and trip passes more than thirty thousand, and that this was would have felt easier about the inter-

Elopers Sure Enough. "There had been an account of ar elopement in the morning papers, said the commercial traveler, "and was thinking of it when a couple drove up to the country hotel and registered 'Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so.' I winked at the boys and said: 'Here's for a joke.' The old hotel-keeper was a very dear friend of mine and took my word for gospel truth, so when I said: 'Look out for 'em! I think I know 'em, and they are eloping and they are not married. etc., you ought to have seen the old fellow. He scowled and lifted his chin. and wagged it half a dozen times, sort of as though he was thinking it over, boys in the house were put onto the joke and we agreed to watch the old man and see what he did. "Supper rang, and the party of traveling men took seats at one table and left the new arrivals to the sole occu-

ness, for seven of them were deadheads. "If there is a member of the exchange who doesn't carry a yearly pass, or who can't get one," said the produce-exchanger, "it is because he don't know how to work it. But there's one the Pennsylvania. I pulled the string that did it, though," and the man chuckled as he said this as though he had made a turn on the right side for 100,000 bushels of wheat, and he was

not your wedded wife."

Speak and Write Plainly.

All seemed well for a time until the jehu gave signs of going over to the west division. Upon inquiry he was nis." While Lewis Gaylord Clark was Willis edit a paper, his note that he and she makes acquaintances always in the presence of a third party. The would write for the Home Journal as was so printed as to put Clark in the doctor in the country left a dispatch at the telegraph office ordering "a dozen limes" for a patient. The man in Chiletter to Winona, but it reached its true destination in a month after it had not know where to go!

He worked from that base and found

Chicago Journal. Liszt and the Ladies.

divulged her name.

man, calm and candid, as if she were paying me an ordinary visit. How-

ever, I persuaded her to go, but not before we had breakfasted together. I promised to call on her, but never went. I have always avoided adventures of this kind; I detest melodrama, particularly in private life. Two years later she came to me again in the same way. I was then living like a recluse at Monte Mario. I made her sing my 'Ave Maria.' She sang it in a way that would have tempted a saint. Alas! it will never be sung

pancy of another. The hotel proprie-

tor, who helped serve at the table, took

his station as much as possible behind

the young couple, his eyes all the time

"Will you have some sugar in your

tea?' at length said the young man to

his companion, as he passed the saccha-

"No, thank you, I never use sugar

"We were watching the old man as

swer. He grew about a foot in a sec-

ond. 'He's got a clue,' said I to my

self. And it was a clue such as would

make the eve of a Pinkerton detective

sparkle. The idea of a husband not

knowing whether his wife used sugar in

her tea or not! The old man didn't

linger long about coming to a decision.

He leaned over and said: 'Young man,

called for their team and drove on

The most surprised party in the affair

was ours. We hadn't dreamed we

were so near the truth. The next day

the same pair were arrested in a neigh

boring town and carried back to their

homes. If I should tell that landlord

now that the Methodist minister that

boards with him was Jesse James in

disguisé he would believe me."-Lewis-

Marriage in Holland.

Until the betrothal of the young lady

has been announced she remains the

sole charge of her father and mother.

Holland young lady does not go to the

theatre with a gentleman who has been

introduced to her a week before, neith-

er does she vary her beau to suit her

dress or complexion. Unmarried

daughters in this country are chaperon-

ed to all places of amusement; even

dancing parties are interspersed with

ment of the elders of the family, who

coffee, wine, or other favorite bever-

age, while the younger members glide

An Amsterdam correspondent writes:

ton (Me.) Journal.

"The couple never whimpered. They

in my tea,' was the sweet response.

watching their every movement.

rine for her use.

destruction.

Good Results in Every Case. again like that. What has become of her since? She is dead." Liszt never have been saved by this Wonderful

Discovery. Trial bottles free at Dowty

The post office inspector the other day at Grand Rapids, arrested carrier Joseph J. Barry, charged with robbing and then he walked off. All the other the mails. It is claimed that the total stealings amount to \$6,000.

Old sores and ulcers, Scaldhead and ringworm, Pain in the back and spine, Swelling of the knee joints, Sprains and bruises. Neuralgia and toothache,

Tender feet caused by bunions, corn and chilblains, we warrant Beggs' Trop

young lady of Burlington, Iowa, comnitted suicide the other night by hanging. She had been in ill health for some he stood near them and heard this au- months. A Great Surprise

wonderful remedy if it falls to cure you.

Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and \$1. Trial cize free.

We will send free for one year, whichever of the above named papers may be chosen, to any one who pays for the Journal for one year in advance. This applies to our sudscribers and all

President Cleveland has appointed Charles J. Russell, of Ill., and J. P. Thorne, of Md., to be members of the Board of visiters of the military academy at West Point, in place of General Palmer and Mr. Gwinn, of Maryland, declined. Fifty cents is a small doctor bill, but

that is all it will cost you to cure any ordinary case of rheumatism if you take our advice and use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Everybody that tries it once, continues to use it whenever they are in need of a remedy for sprains, painful swellings, lame back, or sor throat. It is highly recommended by all who have tried it. Sold by Dowty &

It is reported that the Spanish Cham-ber of Deputies have abolished the right of trial by jury.

at the rising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the earliest symptoms of con sumption, and only shows the healthy songs, recitations, etc., for the amuseeffort of the system to throw off the sit around tables, socially sipping their scrofulous impurities of the blood which have resulted in ulceration of the lungs. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery over the waxen floor to the fitful strains is a positive remedy for consumption at of music. Here the young must make this stage. If taken faithfully, it will the best of their opportunities, for cleanse the blood, heal the ulcers in the when it pleases the parents to seek the quiet solace of the home the daughters lungs, and build up and renovate the An End to Bone Scraping.

It was an old oriental doctrine that

purer, finer, more exalted souls than

and retard their full development. For

all these painful ailments incident to the

sex, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"

is the best specific in the world, and is

reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Europe appears to be uneasy on ac-

count of the feeling manifested all over

the country in expectation of war, which

has induced a general military prepara

The Population of Columbus

of the Threat and Lungs, as those com-

plaints are, according to statistics, more

numerous than others. We would ad-

vise all not to neglect the opportunity to

call on us and get a bottle of Kemp's

Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price

50c and \$1,00. Trial size free. Res-

William Hand, was reported in the

Herald at Rochester, N. Y., the other

Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no

other. This never tails. Sold by

Jamestown, N. Y., was visited the

other day by a terrific storm. Four

buildings at Randolph were struck by

lightning and burned. Several horses

and other stock were killed. Fruit and

forest trees suffered considerable dam-

From the earliest historical times

down to the present, there has been

nothing discovered for bowel complaint

equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera

and Diarrhoea Remedy. There is no

remedy as near perfect, or one that is as

O. B. Stillman, druggist Columbus.

pectfully, Dr. A. Heintz.

romen have no souls. More enlightened philosophy concedes that they have Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it men. But they are too often contained my duty to let suffering humanity in feeble, suffering bodies, which hamper know it. Have had a minning sore on my leg for eight vers; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amoutated. I used, instead, three bottles of Evetric sold under a positive guarantee that it Bitters and seven boxes Backlen's will do all that is claimed for it. Price Arnica Salve, and my leg is new sound and well "

Electric Bitters are sold at fity cents a bottle, and Buckten's Arries Salve at 25c, per box by Dowty A

tion now going on, it is said, from the A remarkable phenomenon in Noble Bosphorus to the English channel. In county, Ohio, having the appearance of order to live in comparative peace, they something like snow covering the whole must be fully equipped for destroying face of the country, but upon investigation turned out to be saltpeter. The citizens of the county are alarmed about it, as they are unable to explain or ac-Is about 3,000, and we would say at least count for it. one half are troubled with some affection

Purify 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 constipated. If your bones ache. If your head aches,

day, killed by lightning at Livonia. If you have no appetite, Henry Minnehan, who took shelter in a If you have no ambition, one barn with Hand, was prostrated and may bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and ITCH. Prairie Mange, and Scratches the above complaints. Sold and war-

> A frightful death roll is reported from Portland, Ore., of the total number known to have perished in the mining disaster at Naniamo is 180, of whom 82 were Chinamen and 98 whites, more

Bucklen's Arales Salve. The Bet Selve in the world ! Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulvert, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or

strongly endorsed by all persons who have had occasion to use it. Sold by mrp I Anoppo AND PINDER CHARV west of Omaha, at A report comes from Pesth, that two hundred houses had been destroyed by

fire in Krgy-Karoly, Trinsylvania. The eastle of Count Karoly narrowly escaped

by anybody. Come and see Do You Know that Peggs' 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

satisfaction. 3feb23 Several Rock Island freight thieves

have been arrested recently. D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer at Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by the use of a few botties. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives

Heitkemper's drug store.

Salt Rheum or Eczema.

ical Oil to relieve any and all of the above. Dr. A. Heintz. Miss Mary Lahee, a highly cultivated

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Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg,

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