Left Behind.

We started equal in the race—nay, more,
We started hand in hand—how good seemed life!
How shone the little waves upon the shore
Where first we wandered; when he called me wife.
I could not see the shadow's awsome birth,
For sunshine flooded all the fair young earth.

How has it faded! Love that was so true
In those first days has lost its early grace;
Soft drifting clouds gather below the blue
That seemed to be fair Heaven's unclouded face.
That shone above us as we turned to leave
A life of dreams that love alone did weave.

Yet home was there; for that first home of ours
We did not scorn the voice that called us there!
Our home should e'er be bright as Eden's bowers,
Our love should wax with time more sweet, more fair.
Work claimed us; life stood no one idly by,
Teaching the happy hours how to fly.

And so we entered where work held the reins,
Nor shirked the future with its heavy load;
At evening there were wanderings in the lanes;
Love's lamp lit up the gloom in our abode.
Yet, who could watch the swallow's eager quest
With tired eyes that only longed for rest!

He had his dreams to dream, just as of old,
His fancies flew above on happy wings;
Escaping all that was so dully told—
The weary march of useful common things.
I could not rise; when quite worn out with pain
Or children's cries, I longed for sleep again.

I slipped aside unwitting—but in dreams
I saw alone once more that happy time.
Ere work came and separate, or blur the gleams
The sun had lent us—turning prose to rhyme.
He rose yet higher, and I loosed the band;
I would not drag him down from fairyland.

For he is happy, and his life is sweet,
Nor recks he that so far I lag behind,
Perchance beyond life's mists once more we'll meet,
And in one strand our lives shall then be twined;
One strand so strong it shall have power to draw
Our hearts together—being one once more.
—All the Year Round.

"OUT OF THE COMMON."

And the sunlight danced in at the window and turned her hair to shining gold; touched the crisp gray locks of John Rogers, and made a friendly circle of light and warmth about the pair.

"I could not go against mamma's wishes, you know," the young lady said gently, playing with the ring on her left hand. "She has had a long talk with me this morning, and, though I knew she disapproved of our engagement, I never realized before how her heart was set against it."

"And you do not think by patient waiting—by proving how earnest we are——"

"No, John. Mother cannot look on it as we do; she realizes all the disadvantages and none of the hopes that we have built on: and then——" the young lady glanced down once at her delicate hands before she continued—"would it be quite fair, John, for me to wait, and let all other opportunities glide by, and grow old and sad while I waited?"

John started. There was so much caution suggested in the words. No doubt she was but repeating them after her mother, but they fell chillingly on his ears from those young lips.

"It is true, Maud," he answered, while a look of pain lingered on his face. "You shall not let other chances of happiness slip by because you are bound to me. it is not the love I thought you gave me—a love which trusts and hopes in patient faithfulness. I am no longer young, dear, but I have risked much on this dream of love coming late in life, but coming for the first time, Maud, and"—his voice broke—"staying with me—always."

He rose and turned partly away from her, quite still, leaning his arms on the mantelpiece. Maud Branson rose too, and came toward him, her delicate, beautiful face full of concern. There was nothing about John Rogers to attract notice. He was a very plain man, no longer young, but he had at least some charm of mind or soul which had won the love of a very beautiful woman. Her dress clung in graceful folds to her slender figure, a fillet of blue bound the golden hair, which was coiled in classic simplicity about her head. He turned and looked at her, taking in all the details of the picture; then he put his head down dejectedly on his crossed arms.

Maud extended one hand appealingly.

"John, you will take it?"

"Yes, Maud," he answered, drawing his breath hard. "I take it—and renounce it." He patted the soft surface once or twice, thoughtfully. "All that came with it, and all that goes with it. Maud, good-by."

"There was such a noble sadness in his face that it touched her. The proud head bent lower, until it rested on John Rogers' shoulder. She raised herself with eyes still wet.

"Good-by, John. The world can't give just what we want."

"No, dear. What is it?"

"Your ring."

He took the pretty sapphire ring he had placed on her hand one day with only half-realized rapture and slipped it in his vest pocket. It was worthless now.

And so John Rogers left the house and threaded his way down through the busy streets. The sunlight still danced over him warm and beautiful, kissing his grave face, his hair, his hands.

"'And let all other opportunities glide by'"; he repeated the words to himself, ruefully. "It's not the old-fashioned love; not the love I used to dream of when I was a boy. Perhaps there isn't any nowadays."

He looked very tired as he ran up the steps and rang at the door of his boarding-house. Clarice noticed it, his landlady's daughter.

"You look tired, Mr. Rogers," looking up from her work and speaking through the open door.

He smiled, wearily.

"Do I? And what are you doing, Clarice? Still sewing for those hardened little wretches?"

"Yes; isn't this a big hole I am darning? Boys do wear out their clothing so fast. You are home early from the office."

"Yes, I had an engagement at 3 o'clock and did not care to go back. May I come in and have a chat with you?"

"O, yes, if you care to," with her quick smile, a smile which her eyes belied, and which always seemed to John "made to order." She pulled forward a chair without rising, and went on with her darning again. "I sit in here because its cool, and I always do my sewing afternoons; in the mornings there is housework."

It was a shabby little parlor. seldom used by the boarders, who were principally gentlemen, and spent their evenings out, if not in their own rooms. A few tawdry decorations only enhanced the shabbiness of the threadbare carpet, dirty walls, and ancient lace curtains.

"Do you never have any amusements, Clarice?" asked John, trying to forget his own wretchedness by interesting himself in some one else.

"Amusements?" she repeated, pushing the curls off her forehead in a puzzled way. "O, yes; there is a Mr. Jones; he plays the piano; and once Mr. Aikens, the elocution teacher, read a piece and all the boarders came in."

John smiled, eyeing the little maiden pityingly as she stitched away. She looked up suddenly and caught his eye.

"We did not always keep boarders," she said, proudly, reading something there she did not like. "When I was at school we were well off and had a nice house; but mamma is a widow with eight children, you know, and I have to help her about the work."

"I know," said John, kindly, looking at little Clarice with so much sympathy that she quite warmed toward him, and continued confidentially:

"Once I had a beautiful time—that was a good while ago—a girl I knew at school hunted me up, wrote to me, and invited me to visit her. It was in Philadelphia."

"And did you go?"

"Ah, yes, and it was a beautiful time!" Then, her face falling, "but I had to come home. It was all over in three months."

"Ah, that was hard," sympathetically.

"Yes, it was, Mr. Rogers," taking up another jacket and beginning on a new hole. "For they were rich, you know, and it was quite like old times—their nice house and all—and then to come back here—the noise and the children, and clearing up the rooms—it seemed worse after that. But perhaps I shouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for—there was something worse than all that," continued Clarice, working hard at the jacket with crimson cheeks.

"Will you tell me about it?" asked John Rogers, very kindly, his honest gray eyes softening. "It does one good sometimes to tell one's troubles, and I am so much older than you."

Clarice looked up, quite gratified at this unexpected sympathy.

"I will tell you, Mr. Rogers. It was when I was in Philadelphia that I met Harris—Harris Bell—and I was—so different there, at the parties I went with Fannie, that he thought I was pretty, and told me so, and said that he loved me, and wanted me to be his wife. I had a pretty white dress, you know," timidly, and glancing blushingly down at her present faded calico, "and wore flowers—and—you can scarcely understand it."

"Yes, I can understand it," said John, noting the light in the brown eyes and the newly-acquired color. "Tell me the rest, Clarice."

"And we were engaged—and I could scarcely believe it—but I was very happy. He was such a handsome gentleman, too, and so aristocratic, and I did not mind the boarders, or anything, when I thought about Harris. So at last he came here to see me; and he saw mamma and the children, the house and the boarders, and I can't tell you how it was, but he was different. He didn't tell me he was changed, but he was restless, and it worried him, and I saw he cared. I am proud, Mr. Rogers, though we are poor now, and I broke it all up. It wasn't the love I had dreamed of. I had read a great many novels, and I thought life was a fairy tale and love was beautiful. I always used to think, 'When some one comes to love me I'll never be sad or vexed any more'; and Harris seemed to me all I had wished for until I saw the house and the boarders fretted him. For I had dreamed of a love that would be out of the common, and that when I went away with my lover I thought I, too, would be better, just as he wished me to be. So I told him, Mr. Rogers, it was all over, and he said perhaps we were not fitted to make each other happy. And then he went away, and the work and the noise and the boarders fretted me as they never had before. For somehow, although I could not love him as much for treating me so, the thoughts about him and the dreams about him were all gone—and I missed them so."

"Poor child!" said John, tenderly.

"But it's my own fault, Mr. Rogers. I expected too much. There is no such love as I have dreamed about, and mother says I did very wrong to break it off. She was very angry with me; but I knew these things would always fret him, and I could not bear it."

"Clarice, would it help you any to know that I, too, have suffered as you have suffered?" asked John, for two shining tears had dropped on the boy's jacket. "I, too, dreamed of love, and I found a woman whom I believed had given me that love; but because her parents found in me only a plain, poor man, no longer young, she gave me up. She gave up faith, and trust, and hope because she had not that real love which you describe."

He stopped speaking. He had forgotten the little girl in her calico gown, and was gazing abstractedly out of the window, hard lines of regret and passionate despair written on his face.

Suddenly he felt a little, warm, soft hand laid gently on his, and Clarice said:

"Mr. Rogers, I am so sorry."

He wrung the little working hand, and then he rose and went to his room and gave way to his new sorrow.

Clarice folded her sewing and put it away; but it comforted her as she went about her evening duties that Mr. Rogers had listened to her story, and to know that he, too, had missed the love he dreamed of.

CHAPTER II.

Several months had passed away. John Rogers had often found his way into the shabby little parlor and chatted with Clarice. Once he had found a bunch of flowers on his bureau, and no room in the house was such a model of order.

One day as he sauntered into the parlor toward dusk, hoping that his little friend would come there with her basket and mending and sit awhile, he heard the rustle of feminine garments, and looking up, saw that his landlady stood before him. Mrs. Dean was a woman who prided herself on her former dignity. She wore a very long and dusty alpaca. It being no longer within her limits to trail silk, she trailed alpaca. Some persons are of this mold. Her hands, which she folded majestically, were very grimy. Rogers remembered with pleasure that Clarice was always neat.

"Mr. Rogers," began the lady with unusual dignity, "pray be seated. I have noticed for some time past that you have frequently of evenings found your way into my parlor and passed the time in conversation with my daughter Clarice. I should not speak of this circumstance had not events which have already come to pass taught me to be guarded. Clarice is no longer a child, she is a woman, with all woman's readiness to love pathetically. You, though, not a young man, are a bachelor, and I ask you, as a mother, to spare my daughter's feelings. As I said before, I should not have spoken of this had not a circumstance which transpired this morning, led me to believe it was my duty, my most urgent duty. My daughter is in the habit of assisting with the housework, in cleaning and putting in order the rooms of my gentlemen boarders. This morning I entered your room expecting to find Clarice dusting—dusting with all the light-heartedness inspired by a well-fulfilled duty," continued Mrs. Dean, waxing eloquent. "Imagine my consternation when I found her kneeling by the bedside, her face pressed against the pillows, in tears. She sprang up and tried to hide her agitation, but—Mr. Rogers, I am a widow with eight children and a large household of boarders. I cannot have you trifle with the feeling of my daughter. If you are in earnest you must desist." And the lady applied a handkerchief to her eyes.

It is said by some people that poverty is degrading. It had certainly proved so with Mrs. Dean.

"Madam," said John Rogers, with dignity, rising and laying his hand on the chair, "if I had not already learned to love your daughter this tale might work upon my sympathies and appeal to my honor, but it could never make words of love pass from my lips that my heart could not echo. I cannot applaud your course in revealing your daughter's emotion, and which she would no doubt bitterly regret. I love Clarice; she stole into my heart when it was sore and bleeding; and if I have awakened any response I am a happier and more honored man than I had believed."

He bowed with the gentle courtesy which John Rogers always used toward woman, and passed out of the room, leaving Mrs. Dean very much relieved, but somewhat humiliated.

John entered his room and shut the door. He struck a light and turned on the gas, pulled down the shade, and stood irresolute. Like one in a dream he went to the bedside and laid his hand against the pillow. It was slightly damp. He sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands. For a long time he sat there motionless; then he arose, took out his evening newspaper, and lighted his cigar as usual.

* * * * *

It was a calm June afternoon.

"John," said Clarice, touching his arm with a certain timidity she had never quite outgrown, "life is a fairy tale, and love is beautiful, only it comes in a different way."

"And this is the love we have dreamed of." And John Rogers looked into the dewy brown eyes of the little girl in the calico gown, and putting his arm around her waist pressed her close to his heart.

And the sunlight danced in at the window and touched the sweet lips learning to smile with heart content, and the grave, fond face of John Rogers. And it folded them in its embrace, warm and beautiful, bright and golden, and it is glorified even the shabby little boarding-house parlor, and lifted it "out of the common."

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

They were a happy and hopeful bridal couple. This life upon which they had entered was like a new and unexplored country, but Clarence meant to work hard and felt little or no doubt in regard to their future. He had been head bookkeeper for a number of years and had the promise of something better yet the coming season.

They rented a house in the pleasant part of the city, kept a servant, and Stella wore the handsome clothes which had been provided at the time of her marriage. But toward the end of the first year of their wedded life his firm was said to be under heavy liabilities and the anniversary of their marriage found the house bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation.

"I shall find something by and by," the husband said bravely.

It was at this trying time that a little speck of humanity was put into Stella's arms, and its feeble cry told that the responsibility of motherhood was hers.

"I am the happiest man alive," Clarence exclaimed, caressing wife and baby boy. "Let pride go to the dogs, Stella," he added, remembering that now his responsibility was greater than before. "They are in want of workmen on the new city-hall. I'll take my hammer—it will give us bread."

He went out in the early morning and came home late at night, his handsome face glowing with love. But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a common laborer hurt her. The little privations she endured worried her, and in a little while the sweet-tempered woman became moody and down-hearted.

"How can you expect me to live among such surroundings?" was her appeal when he begged her to cheer up. "It is cruel in you. I want to go home to my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look piteous to see in his handsome eyes. Then came a day a little later when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis The city-hall was finished and Clarence must look for something new. They had moved about a great deal, hoping to find a place in which the fretful girl-wife would be contented.

"These people are all alike, you know, and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply to Clarence when he suggested that they move.

"I have heard of something new this morning, Stella, and I'm going to New York on the next train."

"You are always hearing of something new," was her quick reply; "but what does it amount to?"

"I am hoping for something better, and think I have found it now. Are you going to kiss me good-by, Stella?" he asked. "I may be gone a day or two."

"No!" she replied coldly; "you'll be back soon enough."

"But I might never return, you know."

"See if you are not back again in a day or two with the same old story."

Clarence turned quickly and left her. She heard him cross the room, and knew he bent over Freddy's crib, and kissed the little sleeper again and again.

"He'll come back before he's really gone," whispered she going toward the door; but a turn in the street hid him from sight. He had gone without bidding her good-by.

"Well, we've been married long enough to be done with such nonsense," she said by way of consolation, yet there was a terrible pain in her heart.

She sat still till Freddy awoke, then with a cry of anguish she ran across the hall to the nearest neighbor.

"Please come, Mrs. Wilson; my baby is dying."

Mrs. Wilson came, for, though rough in manner, she was kind in heart.

"He is in a fit," she said the moment she saw the child. "Hold him so till I run home and get some medicine. Such women ain't fit to be mothers."

The hour for Clarence's arrival had passed, but only remorse came. At last the strain became too great and the wife's chastened and softened nature succumbed, and good Mrs. Wilson had two patients. When Clarence came he found his wife rehearsing in penitent tones the welcome she had prepared for him.

When at last Stella awoke from the horrible dreams her husband was bending over her.

"Clarence," she said, very softly at first; "Clarence," she repeated, putting her arms about his neck, "If you'll forgive me I'll kiss you, O, so many times!"

Foolish fellow! He cried like a baby.

"Listen, Stella," he said, as soon as he could command his voice; "listen I did get the situation and you can have everything you want, and you are going to have such a pretty house in Brooklyn."

"All I want is your love," clasping him closely, "and that Freddy get well. I am ready to be a poor man's wife."

Prof. Palmer, of Adelbert college, Cleveland, Ohio, has gone to Europe to have packed and shipped to this country the library of Prof. Scherrer, of Berlin university. This collection of books, comprising about twelve thousand volumes, is regarded as among the most valuable in the late professor's line of study—that of German language and literature. During his studies in the old country Prof. Palmer was for a time a student of Prof. Scherrer, and thereby became aware of the valuable character of the library. Soon after the death of the professor during the past year Prof. Palmer wrote to the family inquiring whether the library was to be disposed of, and by subsequent correspondence he finally succeeded in securing it for Adelbert. The price paid for the collection has been subscribed by Cleveland citizens.

O Sata San, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best papers in the City of Tokio. This is the first woman in the kingdom who has been admitted within the circle of journalism.

MISSING LINKS.

A prospector found a nugget worth $62 at Big Creek, Ore.

In Arizona men with fur caps are set down as tenderfeet from the East.

There are 101 persons who bear the name of Smith in Bourbon county, Kentucky.

Gov. Lee of Virginia is credited with being the champion checker-player of the South.

The interesting assertion comes from Paris that in the last year the dogs there killed 1,700,000 rats.

The wine makers of Los Angeles, Cal., have decided to send someone to Washington to secure needed legislation.

An ordinance requiring the removal of all swinging signs from the streets of Baltimore, Md., has gone into effect.

In New York city there are said to be 8,600 families who receive help from charitable associations and the city.

In the stomach of a bullock killed a few days ago at Adin, Cal., were found horseshoe nails, screws, bolts, and tacks.

It is claimed that San Diego county, California, is raising raisins that can compete successfully with those produced in Spain.

Mayor Hodges of Baltimore says a true Marylander would halt outside the gates of Paradise to eat a dozen raw Chesapeake oysters.

W. G. Deshler, a millionaire banker of Columbus, O., has presented the Women's Benevolent Society of that city with a check for $100,000.

As proof of the Democratic tendencies now ruling in royal Britain it is said that Miss Gladstone danced recently with her father's coachman.

The house of Mrs. Hicks-Lord, in New York, looks like a big bric-a-brac store inside. She sets out very strong punch at her entertainments.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is now at a villa just out of Naples, in such close retirement that even her nearest friends have difficulty in securing admission to her presence.

The need of a strong leader in France to-day is made plain by the enthusiasm aroused by Gambetta's name and by the praise lavished upon him by former enemies.

Congressman Tillman, of South Carolina, never wears an overcoat, and in the coldest weather leaves his sack coat unbuttoned. He is sixty years old and in good health.

The amateur dramatic company of Pelouse City, W. T., broke up in a light with guns and knives because it could not be decided which one of three men should play Macbeth.

Queen Victoria never eats any but stale bread. This, however, is believed to be more a matter of taste than necessity. She is probably able to buy fresh bread if she desired it.

There is a dog at Magog, Quebec, that will mount the toboggan sled, go down the slide, draw the sled back, and go down again as many times as his owner commands him.

Jordan B. Noble, the drummer boy at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and a veteran of the Mexican War, is still living in New Orleans. He is 87 years old, and quite infirm.

Miss Bessie White, who, by the decision of a Kentucky court, is allowed to dispense medicines in that state, is a sister of ex-Congressman White, of Kentucky, and is a profound mathematician.

A tunnel twelve miles long is to be run in Nevada county, California, for the purpose of draining certain mines in that section. A company with $1,000,000 capital has been formed to do the work.

John West, colored, who in his time had been a slave, a doctor, and a preacher, and who was the oldest man in Hunterdon county, died at Lambertville, N. J., recently, aged 97 years. He was born at Raleigh.

One of the most successful commercial travelers in York state is a negro. He knows his business thoroughly, is respected by all who know him, and, so far as known, is the only colored drummer in the country.

In Eastern Europe politics is in its usual state of deep complication. The report that the Czar's mind is affected is generally accepted as true, and any sort of an explosion may be expected in that autocratic quarter.

John C. Calhoun, grandson of the great South Carolina nullifier, is the second largest cotton-planter in the United States. He was a Captain in the Confederate army at 18, and is now only 41 years of age.

Levi P. Morton's sign, put up when he conducted a tailor shop and dry goods commission business in Hanover, N. H., is still visible to the students of Dartmouth College as they take their walks through that village.

Mrs. John C. Miller, of Keysville, Mo., has a ship biscuit which, it is said, was brought from England in 1630, and which has been handed down from generation to generation. It is kept in a glass bottle, and is as hard as a stone.

Mrs. Catharine McCoy, an aged, blind, and very poor widow who lives in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, claims that she has in her possession indisputable evidence to prove that she is a second cousin of George Washington.

Charles E. Grover, late Division Superintendent of the Boston & Albany Railroad, began service on that road as waterboy on a train. But this is by no means the only instance in which rail road men have risen to place and wealth through water.

The Emperor of China is the shortest monarch in the world, being only five feet tall; the Emperor William of Germany is the tallest, being just six feet; Prince Albert of Germany, nephew of the Emperor, is six feet six inches tall; the Emperor of Russia is nearly six feet.

The feasibility of using the telephone upon moving trains especially where the traffic is not crowded, has been satisfactorily demonstrated by experiments upon thirty-three German railroads. On heavier lines, it appears, the telephone has not proved sufficient for the purpose, and has been used as an auxiliary to the telegraph.

Ben Ahmar was recently rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honor for bravery as a lion-killer. In Algeria, in twenty-six years, he killed over 200 lions. One lion is estmated to destroy 10,000 francs' worth of capital annually and to keep it up for ten years at least; so the lion-killer saved Algeria about 20,000,000 francs.

An inebriated prisoner, on being led into a San Francisco police court, declared that he could "buy out this old prison," and as he spoke he slammed a big sack of coin on the prison-keeper's desk. The latter calmly emptied the sack, but as it only panned out $365.80 he refused to sell, and instead gave the capitalist the use of a cell for the night.

They have what is called a "spotter" car on the New York Central road. It is provided with a tank of colored fluid, and when the wheels roll over a rough place in the track the fluid is spilled on the spot. It is so arranged that the track superintendent can, while seated on the inside of the car view the track, and thus detect any flaws that may exist.

There are thirty-seven persons and corporations in Boston that are assessed for more than a million each. The tax on $1,000,000 is $12,700. Among the millionaires are Frederick L. Ames, Samuel C. Lawrence, Arioch Wentworth, James L. Little, Quincy A. Shaw, and Joshua M. Sears, who is the largest individual taxpayer. Mr. Sears' tax bill this year is $47,531.

A tobacco journal says that when a cigarmaker gets right malicious and desires to do his employer great damage he gets to work on the best brand and then puts a single hair from his head in each cigar. This trick is exceedingly difficult to detect, and will destroy the flavor of every cigar it is applied to, with a far-reaching injury to the reputation of the brand.

WHEN NIAGARA WAS DRY.

A Remarkable Day, Forty Years Ago, in the History of the Great Cataract.

"Thirty-nine years ago next spring," said an old resident of this village, "a sight was witnessed at the Falls of Niagara that had never been seen before, at least by people then on earth, and in all probability such a sight will never be witnessed again. It was nothing more or less than the running dry of the great cataract, or at least so nearly dry that it is no exaggeration to call it so, in which condition the falls remained for one whole day.

"The winter of 1848 had been one of the coldest on record, and such ice has never been known on Lake Erie since, I guess, as formed that season. It was of enormous thickness. It was quite late in the spring before the ice was loosened, even about the shores of the lake. One day—I think it was near the end of April—a very stiff northeasterly wind came up, and its force was so great that it moved the great fields of ice, then entirely separated from the shores, up the lake, piling the floes in great banks as they moved. The sight of those ice-banks is described by those who witnessed it as one of most awful grandeur. Toward night the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter, and grew into a terrible gale from that direction. The lake's surface was packed with minature icebergs, and these were hurried back by the gale with such tremendous force that an impenetrable dam was formed in the neck of the lake from which Niagara river flows, and the great current of water which finds its way from the lake in the rushing channel of that stream, to be dashed over the gigantic precipice of the falls, was so held in check that no more than one-quarter of its usual volume could find a passage through the immense pack of ice.

"As this pack was stubborn, it was naturally but a short time before the fall had drained nearly all the water out of the river. This, of course, occurred during the night, and we people who lived in Niagara village knew nothing of the phenomenon until next morning. I remember that I awoke very early that morning with the sense of something exceedingly strange oppressing me. It was some time before I discovered that the feeling came from the fact that the cataract was almost missing. I jumped out of bed, and on leaving the house found that scores of others had been awakened by the same circumstance, and were hurrying toward the falls to see what the trouble was. We found that the great Niagara Falls was about one-quarter of its former volume.

"We had not heard of the trouble at Lake Erie, and the terrible thought that the falls were running dry created a feeling of alarm not easily imaginable. The American channel had dwindled to a creek in comparison with its original proportion, while the British channel resembled some ordinary river in the drouth of August. Goat Island was as big as two Goat Islands, as the water had shrunk from every side of it, leaving a wide expanse of wet, slimy, jagged rocks which no eye in that vicinity had ever seen before. The bed of the Canadian rapids far out into the stream, was dry, as was the space between the lower end of Goat Island, and out beyond the tower. The rocks thus exposed were black and forbidding, giving the dry river bed the appearance of a tract of charred stumps. The Three Sisters looked forlorn in their enhanced dimensions. The great jet of water which had, from time out of mind, leaped into the air about 300 yards south of this group of islands in the great rapids, and which is leaping there to-day, was not leaping that morning, and, so some one remarked that day, the tremendous roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan.

"The scene was at once desolate, strange and awful to contemplate. The picture will never leave my mind. The whole village was out exploring caves, dark recesses, curious formations in the rocks, and other remarkable features of the cataract and rapids that no mortal eye had probably ever gazed upon before. These explorations were made safely to the very brink of the Horseshoe Rapids. A Mr. Holley drove a horse and buggy from the head of Goat Island clear to the spot where the leaping jet of water had always writhed and foamed. He also cut several sticks of timber near the brink of Horseshoe Fall, had them hewed there, and hauled them away with four horses. These sticks—they were large, fine timbers—are in the frame of some house at the falls now. This remarkable condition of affairs at the cataract continued all day, and showed no sign of a change when the people went to bed that night. When we arose in the morning, however, the old familiar thunder of the falls was again shaking the earth as before, and the river and the rapids were again the seething, whirling, irresistible torrent of old. The ice in the lake had shifted again, and some time in the night the long-restrained volume of water had rushed down and reclaimed its own."

A Snail Race.

I'm told that a foolish Frenchman, as a new amusement for his idleness, has invented the sport of snail-racing. The course is a long, smooth board, at the end of which is a lighted candle. When the room is darkened the snails naturally begin to creep along the board toward the flame. To make the race more interesting, various obstacles are placed across the board, as shown in the picture, and the fastest snails, so to speak, are burdened with pellets of clay.

This sort of thing may do to amuse a Frenchman whose time hangs heavy on his hands; but the best excuse for it that I've heard is a verse, supposed to come from the snails themselves. Here it is:

Our motto is "Festina lente."
And it's better than ten out of twenty;
For the later you start, and the slower you go,
The sooner you'll learn who is beaten, you know!

—"*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*," *St. Nicholas.*

A Fair Maker of Chocolate.

The secret of Miss Evarts' popularity as a maker and dispenser of chocolate when her father was Secretary of State lay in the fact that the chocolate was exceedingly rich, and callers relished it greedily in the tiny cups in which it was served. More chocolate was used in one of those small cups than ordinarily enters into the composition of two coffee cups of this beverage. Beaten white of egg with cream was served with it, and the mixture was so toothsome that it gave the young lady a national reputation.

The Crown Prince of Germany, like Von Moltke, is a very silent man. He lives in a quiet, domestic way, and is said to be bitterly opposed to the sentiments of Prince Bismarck, and this is a source of considerable annoyance to the Emperor. After his first audience with the Pope his only remark was: "The Pope is a Frenchman."

Little Carl aged 4, had been seriously bitten by mosquitoes at night. The following evening, after saying the usual "Now I lay me," he asked his mamma if he might pray for himself. She readily consented, and Carl began: "God, please, don't let your flies, bugs, mosquitos and hornets bite me any more, 'cause you know I'm only a little boy not half grown. Amen."—*Babyhood.*

An obituary notice the other day recorded a death "from failure of the heart."

The paths of fame are always open to women, say what you please.

From the earliest historical times down to the present, there has been nothing discovered for bowel complaint equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. There is no remedy as near perfect, or one that is as strongly endorsed by all persons who have had occasion to use it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

When justice is doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy. Don Quixote.

The Homeliest Man in Columbus.

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 cents and $1. Dec22-86

John T. Raymond's wife and child will only get about $3,000 from his estate.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Stiffles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Every bottle warranted by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus, Neb.

Col. Ocheltree now says: "The more I know men the better I like dogs."

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 thin or nervous.
If you are bilious.
If you are constipated.
If your bones ache.
If your head aches.
If you have no appetite.
If you have no ambition, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will relieve any and all of the above complaints. Sold and warranted by Dr. A. Heintz.

A man's home and fireside are the sweetest of all possessions.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The theatrical manager is best known by the company he keeps.

Salt Rheum or Eczema.

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, corns and chilblains, we warrant Beggs' Tropical Oil to relieve any and all of the above. Dr. A. Heintz.

Sam Jones says: "I don't know where hell is, I don't want to know, for I ain't headin' that way. I'm going to let them fellers as are goin' thar find out."

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 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. *Trial size free.* Dr. A. Heintz.

Base ball men are all on a strike now, and yet business is flourishing.

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 sore throat. It is highly recommended by all who have tried it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Mrs. Crabtree, Lotta's mother, is said to be a bold financier.

Come Home to Die.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands nature makes upon it, many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken-down constitution, and her functions disarranged, to go to an early grave. If she had been wisely counseled and given the benefit of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.

Gladstone has only three fingers on his left hand.

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 satisfaction. 3feb23

Mrs. Jane McEwen recently died at Studeholm, N. B., aged 94 years.

Closing Out at Cost.

We have decided to quit the jewelry business in Columbus, and will sell everything at cost, and even less than cost. Call in and see the astonishingly low figures we will offer you:

A Good American watch	$ 5 00
A Good Striking clock	2 00
A Good Patent Gold-filled Gentlemen's American watch	15 00
Ladies' Gold watches	10 00
18 carat gold rings, per pennyweight	90
Set silver-plated Roger spoons	1 00
Good 5 bottles silver castors	2 50
Fine nickel clocks	1 00

In fact everything for less than half the usual retail price.

This is no humbug to boom the business, but we want to get rid of the goods and must and will sell them. Call and get prices. C. C. Berringer will be in attendance, and wait on you, and be pleased to show you the stock Everything will be warranted, as represented, or the money will be refunded.

G. HEITKEMPER & BRO.,

The leading Jewelers of Columbus, Neb.

may15-ut

FOR **MAN** AND **BEAST!**

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica,	Scratches,	Contracted
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Muscles,
Rheumatism,	Strains,	Eruptions,
Burns,	Stitches,	Hoof Ail,
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Screw
Stings,	Backache,	Worms,
Bites,	Galls,	Swinney,
Bruises,	Sores,	Saddle Galls,
Bunions,	Spavin	Piles.
Corns,	Cracks.	

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.
Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

$1,500!

Facsimile of Patent Chess and Checkerboard, advertising the celebrated Syrnita Block Remedies and a **REWARD OF $1,500.** If you fail to find it on this small board call on your druggist for full-size, Handsomely Lithographed board, FREE; or send 6 cents for postage to us.

COUGH BLOCKS.

From Mason Long, the Converted Gambler.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., April 5, 1884.—I have given the Synvita Cough Blocks a thorough trial. They cured my little girl (3 years' old) of Croup. My wife and mother-in-law were troubled with coughs of long standing. One package of the Blocks has cured them so they can talk "as only women do."
MASON LONG.

WORM BLOCKS.

LIMA, O., Jan. 25, 187.—The Synvita Worm Blocks acted like a charm in expelling worms from my little child. The child is now well and hearty, instead of puny and sickly as before.
JOHN G. ROBINSON.

BLACKBERRY BLOCKS.

The Great Diarrhœa and Dysentery Checker.

DELPHOS, O., July 7th, '86.—Our six-months old child had a severe attack of Summer Complaint. Physicians could do nothing. In despair we tried Synvita Blackberry Blocks—recommended by a friend—and a few doses effected a complete cure. Accept our heartfelt indorsement of your Blackberry Blocks.
MR. AND MRS. J. BANZHAF.

The Synvita Block Remedies are
The neatest thing out, by far,
Pleasant, Cheap, Convenient, Sure,
Handy, Reliable, Harmless and Pure.

No box; no teaspoon or sticky bottle. Put up in patent packages. 25 DOSES 25 CENTS. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist. If you fail to get them send price to

THE SYNVITA CO., Delphos, Ohio,

AND RECEIVE THEM POSTPAID.

CHECKERBOARD FREE with each ORDER.