EVEN THERE.

A troop of babes in summer land, At heaven's gate-the children's gate One lifts the latch with rosy hand, Then turns and dimpling, asks her mate-

"Wnat was the last thing that you saw!" "I lay and watched the dawn begin, And suddenly, thro' the thatch of straw, A great, clear morning star laughed in.

"And you?" "A floating thistle down, Against June sky and cloud wings white." "And you?" "A falling blow, a frown-It frights me yet; oh, clasp me tight!"

"And you?" "A face thro' tears that smiled"-The trembling lips could speak no more; The blue eyes swam; the lonely child Was homesick even at heaven's door. -E. R. Sill in Overland Monthly.

WHEN SUMAC GLIMMERS RED.

Across the sky cold clouds are driven, From tree and shrub bright leaves are riven And at my feet are spread; Around me gaudy flowers gleam yellow, Fair Nature's still more royal color, When sumac glimmers red

The gentian in the marsh is hiding, There till the first cold frost abiding By bidden waters fed; Through glistening leaves full shyly glancing In bluest dress is still entrancing Wher sumac glimmers red The timid swallows southward turning.

For buighter suns and flowers are yearning. Mourning the giory fled For now how soon is autumn waning. And now how tast is winter gaining When sumac glimmers red

Sadly I turn from autumn's splendor Of leaves that glow in sad surrender And whisper, "Youth had fled " Vague shadows of the past close round me, Sorrow outlived again bath bound me

-Elissa M. Moore

A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

Mrs. Loring wanted a cook, and was talking with a young Swedish woman with a view to engaging her. The necessary questions and answers had been exchanged, and everything seemed satisfactory; but the girl still stood as if hesitating, fingering the fringe of her shawl. with a somewhat dull look, which, however, changed to a brighter one in a pleasant, unexpected way when she smiled. As she stood with her head bent a little down, and her eyes turned a little up, she would not have been a bad model for a painter of rustic studies.

'Dus you gels hev dey frants come in de evenings?" she said. "I didunty ywant mush cumpny like so lots er gels, but I hev vwon fran whut come offen." And ber red cheeks grew redder.

Mrs. Loring "grasped the situation." "Oh yes, Tilda," she said, "that will be all right; you are welcome to see any of your friends, if the kitchen is not noisy and you keep early hours. You must tell them that Mrs. Loring is very cross if the kitchen is not locked by 10 o'clock." This last with a smile that at once gave the lie to her words, and insured obedience to them.

So Tilda came, and three times a week her lover came to see her. Regularly at 7:30 on his accustomed evenings his step would sound on the walk that led to the area, and as regularly it would be heard, a few minutes before 10, departing. Her only other guests were her sisters, who came but seldom, and then, by an amusing chance, always upon the alternate evenings; but no loud noises or boisterous laughing ever disturbed the house; indeed. beyond a subdued murmur of voices, which might be heard in the pantry adjoining the kitchen, there was no hoise at

One evening when Tilda had been domesticated about a month, Mrs. Loring went into the kitchen to prepare something for one of the children, who was ailing. Tilda's "fran," Nicholas by name, was there, and Mrs. Loring, who always felt a kindly interest in the affairs of her servants, noticed him somewhat closely. To her quiet "good evening" he responded respectfully, but without any of the 'sheepishness' which Mrs. Loring had observed, on occasions like the present, in the men who had "kept company" with her other servants. He was a large, well built fellow, with a strong, honest face, and as Mrs. Loring went upstairs she felt a little of the pleasure that all true women feel in the thought that another woman, however humble, is to be cared for by a man who will do it worthily-a pleasure not entirely obliterated by the more selfish mental query which would obtrude as to whether she would be getting married just as she became well wonted to the

"I hope it will prove a 'long courtship. she said, half aloud, as she reached the nursery, where other things soon drove the subject from her thoughts. Two or three months passed. Nicholas

continued his visits, but Mrs. Loring, with the exception of two glimpses as hurried as the first, did not see him again. One morning in the early spring, when Tilda had been nearly four months with her, Mrs. Loring noticed that she looked sullen and duil, and that her eyes were swollen as if from crying; but she avoided remarking upon it, thinking that the kinder way, and hoping that the mood would soon give way to a happier one. But days sed and the change did not come. Tilda was civil and did her work fairly well, but she "glummed around" without a smile, and the traces of tears were often visible. So a week went by, when it suddealy occurred to Mrs. Loring that she had not heard Nicholas coming and going for some days-and two and two instantly became four. "A lovers' quarrel," she thought; "I'll see if I can help matters." So that evening when the work was finished she went to the kitchen. Tilda was sewing, but her eyes were red and wet. Mrs. Loring always "respected" her servants, and her intuitions were as true, if ject sacred to themselves as they would have been in a similar interview with a social equal, so that in a few moments Tilda's heart was won, and she was pouring it out unreservedly.

"He hev gone back er Swaden," she said, wiping her eyes. Then in an instant: "He told I suld go longer wid em; but I kenenty yus now. Mar seesters dey all hare, and mar younges seester see heventy been long away fom Swaden. I kenenty leev hare right avay.

"But." said Mrs. Loring, "he isn' angry? He will come back?" "Oh, yaas, fen em fader vell, he com. Yaas" (with a pretty conscious pride in her eye, and a little straightening), he com back, but mebbe it be longer time. 'Em fader pretty mush seek, and em moder ees ole. I kenenty tal." And she cried again. But it had done her good to unburden her heart, and Mrs Loring was a kind comforter, and reminded her how quickly time flew, and how nice his let-

ters would be, and the interview ended. Nearly a year passed. Twice every month (which was often for a man to whom a letter was doubtless a serious undertaking) a letter came to Tilda from Sweden, addressed to Mr. Loring's care. and Tilda herself had long ago regained her cheerfulness. In the meantime she had grown quite intimate with the cook next door, and went with her to church Sunday evenings. One evening as they chatted a minute in the area, Mrs. Loring noticed a man's voice, and wondering if Nicholas had returned, looked out as he walked away (it was bright moonlight); but it was a much smaller man. She heard the same voice once or twice again, but gave the matter no thought, supposing, so far as it had place in her mind at all. that the

man was the next door girl's friend. But one evening he came in, and she could hear his voice as he went around to the back door. It was peculiarly rasping and otherwise unusually quiet, she could aushis leave. She had by this time grown quite attached to Tilda, and she instinctively feared trouble. "I'll wait and see," she said. She was accordingly somewhat on the alert, and at the end of two weeks was sure that he had spent three evenings with Tilda. So she determined on an interview As before, she waited until Tilda was at leisure and alone, and then went to her, armed for war, but wary "You have had several visits from a

new friend lately, Tilda," she said, with e pleasant smile; "is he a relation?" Tilda looked conscious, and crimped her apron hem uncomfortably. It was a mo ment before she spoke: "Das been yoong man com sometime hare, but dey's good man, dey's all time to de shursh.'

As the Swedish church was notoriously the one common place of meeting of all the young working people of that nation in the city, Mrs. Loring had her doubts as to the singleness of motive which influenced the young man's devotion to the sanctuary; but she kept this question of casuistry to herself, and also withheld any comment upon Tilda's ignoring of her question as to relationship, and aimed directly at the point of what she came to

'I have no fault to find with the young man. Tilda, but I was thinking of that nice lover of yours in Sweden. You mustn't forget him." Tilda laughed. "Oh, das all right,

leesis Lo'ing," she said, "yoong gels must hev sometime lettle foon. He'll trus' me"-with a little head toss "Das all right."

Mrs. Loring looked and felt doubtful, but she remembered the many girls in her own circle who also had "a lettle toon. and feeling, like the Vicar of Wakefield, "tired of being always wise," threw out some word of general caution and retired from the field.

Again the weeks ran on, bringing such sequel as we may have guessed. Mr. Neilsen, as Tilda's new friend was named, could not have been a very amusing person, for it took more and more frequent visits, until finally he came nightly, to afford her the "lettle foon" which she claimed as her right. Mrs. Loring expostulated until Tilda became sullen, and then, making up her mind that the matter was out of her province, dropped it, shortly after which Tilda "gave warning." "You are going to be married, Tildas"

Mrs. Loring said. Tilda's face hardened, and she stood

Mrs. Loring continued, "I have no right to your confidence, Tilda, if you do not choose to give it; but you have been with me a good while, and I am attached to von, and I am so anxious that you should do what is right"-the last words with a manner so winning that it broke Tilda

"I kenenty halp em, Meesis Lo'ing," she sobbed. "Neeklus hey been gone longer time, an' deys fader donnotty getalvays vwait for man wut kere more for deys fader an' moder 'n dey kere for me." Mrs. Loring was silent, and seeing absolutely no soil in which to sow her store of good seed, remained so, reflecting, as she retreated, upon the difficulty of grafting one person's actions upon another's

motives. So Tilda left at the expiration of her month, and soon after was married. Mrs. Loring employed another cook, and Tilda slid into the past.

It was the new cook's "evening out." about a month after Tilda's marriage. Mrs. Loring was reading in the library, when a loud knocking roused her to a sense that a gentler one had preceded it. It seemed to be at the kitchen door, and she went herself to open it. At first she did not recognize the man whom she found standing there, but in an instant it came to her that it was Tilda's old lover, and in that same instant she realized with gathering indignation that Tilda, with the cowardice characteristic of a weak and ignorant nature, had shirked the hard duty of confessing her faithlessness and had left the result to distance and chance. What should she do? All this while she pleasantly welcomed him back to America, and asked him in. His honest face, which had aged more than was natural in a year and a half, betrayed the disappointment he felt when Mrs. Loring, and not Tilda, opened

the door. "Ees Tilda gone out?" he asked. "Yes," she answered; "that is" (longing to gain a little time) "she left me over a month ago." Here she paused and the pity that was in her heart crept into her face, and Nicholas perceived it. "Fes anyting com at hare?" he asked. in an awe struck tone. "Ees she died?" "No, my poor fellow," answered Mrs. Loring, laying her delicate white hand kindly on his big red one. "Sit down a minute, and try to be brave and strong. for I have something very hard to tell

Nicholas obeyed, his weather beaten cheeks blanching under the brown, and his honest blue eyes holding so much wondering distress in them that Mrs. Loring's task became indeed hard.

"It is better to know the worst than to wait." she said. "Tilda has been very cruel and untruthful to you, and she is married to an" - A heavy groan arrested her words. She had spoken with averted eyes, shrinking from gazing upon the pain she was giving. Now she saw that he had sunk forward in a limp heap, head and shoulders buried in his arms upon the table. Perfect silence followed the groan, and Mrs. Loring respected it: but as minutes passed, and he neither moved nor made a sound, she spoke to him. Receiving no answer, she touched his shoulder; he did not move. Then she knew the big man had fainted. There was ice water in the dining room, and quickly getting a glass, she turned his head so as to bring the face outward, and dashed a little in it. The effect was immediate. He opened his eyes and lifted his head. For moment he was quite dazed, then all crackers, seasoning, etc., and you precame back to him, and he staggered to his pared the stew to suit yourself. It may

"I will go," he said, heavily, half feeling, half looking about him for his hat. "No, indeed, my poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring, "not yet. You must let me warm you some tea before you go out; I am afraid you are not well." And she motioned him to sit down. Then he saw the splash of water on the table and the front of her dress (for she had spilled it in running), and putting his hand to his shirt collar felt it there. He thought an instant and the meaning came to him.

not eat mush, an' mar heart dey's gone," Mrs. Loring was putting the tea on the the Chicago fire she lost \$20,000, and stove as he spoke. After stirring the fire | when Boston was burned she lost \$200, she sat down by him. "I am sorry for | 000. When at New York a crazy man you," she said, earnestly. "I wish I could followed her for a week, believing that help you bear your trouble, but I am the words addressed by Marguerite to afraid nobody can; but Tilda has been Faust were intended for himself. In

forget her." Nicholas winced; he could not hear the rosy little woman that had so long been dear to him harshly spoken of even now. "Ef you please, Meesis Lo'ing, mebbe some mar letters been los'. Mebbe see tink I forgat hare, de vway so lots odder mans does."

Mrs. Loring thought indignation would be a good tonic, and replied: "No; she received every one of your letters-one every two weeks till she was married, and since, for what I know. But she said she couldn't wait for a man that loved his father and mother more than her."

The diversion was partly successful. "Ah, mar poor ole moder!" he exclaimed, the blood mounting to his face. 'I'm breeng hare fom all whut de tings see know, an' fom uvrytings see love, for Tilda. An' ve leev mar fader in deys grave fen deys Likkista [coffin] flowers is not dead, for Tilda! Ah, see never love

"No," said Mrs. Loring, "I'm afraid she never knew what true love was. And your father is dead? Tell me about it." "Tank you," he said. "Dey's one mont' sence he die. He been seek uver sence fen dat time dey sen' for me. Dey's par'l'sis he hev. He kenenty valk, he kenenty do noting wid hees hands, he kenenty eat heself, an' all whut tings he knows ees fen he's hungry; an' he's beeg

as me, an' mar moder kenenty leett en, so I got to stay Den dat bank fare I hev all money what I hev save dey break, an' I got no money; an' I kenenty work mush fen my fader seek, an' fen he die we hev debt an' trooble togedder Ve hev a tinctly hear it in the distance from the small lands, an' I tale mar moder ve sell kitchen for an hour before he finally took | uvryting an' com to Amer'ca. See cry an' cry; but I tell see I hev promise, an' I love Tilda, an' see hev vwated longer time, so mar moder com. Fen ve hev sell all an' pay de debts ve heventy mush, an' fen ve got teckets on de steamer an' de cars ve got so lettle lef' dat all de vay comin' ve kenent eat mush-so I am a schild yust now."

> "You are a man-every inch-and a good man." exclaimed Mrs. Loring, with her eyes full of tears; "and a girl like Tilda don't deserve you. Tell me where your good old mother is, and I will go to see her to-morrow. You are sober and industrious, and you will soon have plenty of work, and till you get it you must let us help you. You can pay back every cent we lend you with interest, if you want to," she added. "And now drink some tea and eat something." As she spoke she set the tea and some bread and butter and meat on the table; then, with an "I'll be back directly," she disappeared, and busied herself in the store room arranging a package of tea and sugar and other little things that would be appreciated by an old woman. When she thought he had had time to finish his supper she returned. "Take these to your mother," she said. "An old person needs little things that younger people can get along without, and it's too late now to get

> anything; the stores will all be shut." As fine an instinct as Mrs. Loring's own helped Nicholas to accept the gift and the kindly ruse together, saying, simply, as he rose to go: "Dey's vay kind, Meesis Lo'ing; see tank you vay mush, an' I tank you for all whut de tings you do for me. I got not so much trooble fen I got

> you kindness.' The next day Mrs. Loring fulfilled her promise of calling upon old Mrs. Jansen. and indeed kept them both upon her mind until Nicholas found steady work and they were comfortably settled. Indeed she never quite lost sight of them until they left the city to live elsewhere five years later, for the old lady would come every month or two to pay her respects, and was employed by Mrs. Loring to knit mittens, etc., for the children, and sometimes on Sunday she met the pair on their way to church or walking in the afternoon, Nicholas always with his old mother on his arm. Never once did she see a younger woman with him.

> But she did not see Tilda for over three years from the day she left her and supposed she had left the city, more especially as her husband had some thought of doing so when they were married. But one merning at the end of that time she was told there was a woman in the kitchen who wanted to see her. The woman was wretchedly clad, thin, haggard and scared looking. Could she be-yes, she was Tiida.

Mrs. Loring was shocked. "Come into the dining room," she said. "I must see you alone. I fear you are in great

Poor Tilda! Mrs. Loring's kind, familcould do nothing but sit and sob. It was evident, as she tottered from the kitchen, that her strength was nearly spent, so Mrs. Loring did not try to make her talk until she had brought her a little tea. Then her story came out-the old one which so many of us have heard, a hus band given more and more to the vice of drinking, and her life one of neglect, cruel treatment and want. She had already borne three children, the youngest of whom was not yet two weeks old, and was huddled under her shawl, and all of

hem were starving Mrs. Loring, as usual, was equal to the mergency. She telephoned for a hack, and while it was coming hastily prepared a bundle of immediate necessities, and was soon with Tilda in the wretched place she called home, where she saw the poor creature back into her bed, and paid a neighbor to see to her and the children till she should be stronger; but the exposure had been too great, and she died the next. week. On one of the last days in which she had intervals of consciousness she beckoned to Mrs. Loring, who had come to see how she was, to the bed. "Nicholas come back in America," she said. Mrs. Loring nodded assent. "Yes; I ee him often. Tilda."

"I hev see em on a street, t'ree year 'Tilda continued, speaking with difficulty: "em say noting, but em look, so I tink God lookin' at me!" She had not spoken so much before for many hours, and her voice died weakly away. Mrs. Loring thought she was about to lapse again into unconsciousness, but watching a second she noticed a voiceless motion of the lips and an anxious look in the eyes, that showed that she was trying

to hold her wandering mind till strength

"Would you like me to say something

should come to speak again.

to him, Tilday" she asked, gently. A look of relief came to the poor pinched "Tal em," she began, faintly-"tal cm-ask em" - Her mind was slipping from her, and she seemed to clutch for it until she should have finished; but her thoughts would no longer shape themselves in English, or remember a mediating third party. "O Kara van! forlat mig, for jag har handlat illa, Gud har straffat mig-och, forlat forlat mig,"* she whispered hoarsely. The last words died in an almost inarticulate murmur, and she passed again into an unconscious state, from which she did not again rally. - Henrietta R. Eliot in Harper's Bazar. * "O trieud, forgive me, for God has punished my sin. Forgive—forgive"— is a free transla-tion, though it fails to quite convey the spirit of her words, which seem to be spoken in a sort of

Old Time Oyster Stews. "There are some marked changes in the oyster business," remarked an old gentleman to a reporter. "Twenty-five years ago there was in vogue in the oyster saloons what was called the 'individual chafe.' You were allowed to stew your own oysters. The proprietors brought to the table after you were sented a chafing dish, an alcohol lamp, milk, oysters, ot have been exceedingly profitable, but it was popular. Night after night a party of us would have our regular stew. the privilege to make them ourselves

being quite an inducement. We would

have our oysters promptly, four chafing

dishes a-going at once. It would take

well to introduce 'his method again."-

a dream, as though her spirit was in direct com

Philadelphia Call. A "Fortune" That "Came True." Some years ago Christine Nilsson, whose recent marriage you remember, had "I hev mek trooble," he said, humbly; the lines of her hand examined by a "I hev trayvel so far, an' I hev sometime palmist, who told her she would have trouble from two causes, fire and maniacs. This prediction was verified, for during wicked and fickle, and you must try to Chicago a poor student decided to marry her, and wrote passionate letters, to which he received no answer. One day he came in a superb sleigh, drawn by four horses, to take his affianced bride to the church. The manager quieted him by saying: "You are late; Mme. Nilsson has gone there to wait for you." The third insane person was her husband, M. Rouzeaud,

> Addition to Jerusalem. Outside the walls of Jerusalem a new town has sprung up, a building club hav-ing been established a few years ago, un-

who died in an asylum.-Musical Record.

der the operation of which 130 houses were erected in four years by the Jews, while along the Jaffa road many country villas have been erected of late by European residents as summer abodes. The latest development of the building of new houses without Jerusalem is to be found in the enterprise which has led to much building being done on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, the summit of which is crowned with the Church of the Ascension.—Home Journal

The peanut harvest in Virginia for this year is estimated at 1,600,000 bushels Nine peanut factories clean and sort the nuts for the market.

There are 1,400 lawyers in London.

BEAUTY ON THE WHEEL

Ladies Tricycling in the Park-Growing Popularity of the Sport. "Look at that poor lady in the invalid" chair," said a young girl in Central park other day. "How fast the man behind is pushing her. He runs so rapidly that his feet seem scarcely to touch the ground. The carcless brute must be rightening her to death. Why! here's another pair, and another! They seem to be trying to catch one another. Is it a race for the Hospital, or what?"

"Them," replied one of the sparrow I ice, as he followed the fast disappearing objects with a jealous eye, "is the new fangled tandem tricycles, for men as likes to take their wives out for an airin' on castors. 'You don't seem to approve them,'

broke in a reporter. "Well, I can't say they give us any rouble, except sometimes wanting to go on the footpaths and rideways; I haven't heard of any horses being scared by them, or any accidents of any kind yet, and the rabble of boys and counter hoppers that the commissioners promised us hasn't shown up to any extent. Yet we fought so hard to keep them out that we can't take kindly to them yet altogether. More ladies are taking to it daily, though; they like the parks better than the roads, and the more of their bright costumes and smiling faces the better, I say, for they all seem to enjoy the sport hugely. It's more fun, they say, than driving, and I suppose if some few of the upper crust was to take

it, it would be all the rage in no time." A little inquiry leaves no doubt that women and girls in New York are fast being converted to the advantages of tricycling. Numbers of them may be seen in the early mornings or pleasant evenings spinning along the asphalt under the shadowy boughs, down the winding paths, with lover, brother or husband mounted chind at a convenient distance for whispering "soft nothings," discussing "pa's" antiquated ideas, or relating "baby's latest" and the servants' shortcomings. No danger of "headers" or falls is there to interrupt the flow of ideas or detract from the full appreciation of the scenery; no time is spent in learning to operate the machines; mounting and dismounting them is as gracefully done as to a stool; no mud spatters the clothes; when the lady tires she may remove her feet from the pedals to a rest and let her athletic escort propel the machine alone; either or both can steer the machine. The exercise moderation is peculiarly health giving, and the regulation speed in the parkseven or eight miles an hour-is easily attained and kept up for hours without undue fatigue. Everything seems to point, since the opening of the parks to heelmen, to an immediate appropriation by women and girls of what has hitherto been regarded as almost exclusively a man's sport. In Boston, Washington, some western cities, and even in Brooklyn, women have shown their appreciation of the sport, and large numbers of them are devotees of the wheel.-New

A Hat on a Man's Eyeball.

A Buddhist priest, of about 25, stone blind (and no wonder!), was led on by two showmen, and the trio crouched in a row. A variety of objects were grouped about them of varying size and weight. One borrowed my hat, a soft wideawake, attached to it by a hook a noosed string, and held it in readiness. The blind priest sat for a time impassive, old men benging drums, then at a signal he gave a howl. forced with two thumbs his right eye out the socket, while the attendant hung my hat upon the ball! To show that it was unsupported except by the string, he held both hands aloft, then, allowing his eye to sink into its place, relapsed into listless lethargy. The trick was repeated again and again with other objects, the iod of suspension being shortened acding to increase of weight, until at last there hung from his eye, which looked like an uncanny onion, a bell of sculptured bronze. With a groan of horror we turned and fled, seeking oblivion of the nightmare in the theatre devoted to farces .-Murray's Magazine.

A Sign No Longer Seen. an you tell me why the sign 'Beware Pickpockets' is no longer seen?" asked a reporter of a Chestnut street merchant the other day. "It used to be displayed in street cars, shops, railway stations and in hotels, and now I don't believe there is one in the city." "I think I can explain it," replied the merchant. "It was found that the signacted as a guide to pickpockets. In this way: A man with a roll of money in his pocket or a wallet in his coat would see the sign, and nine times out of ten he'd instinctively clap his hand to his pocket to see if his valuables were still there. All the pickpockets had to do was to watch the people as they read the sign and then pick their pockets. We found that out after awhile and took down our signs, and I presume other people made the same discovery about the same time.

-Philadelphia Call. Tired of Hotel Fare.

A noted hotel keeper in Saratoga, the excellence of whose table is a matter of national repute, admits that he grows very tired of hotel fare at times. "Once in a while," he says, "I go and hunt up my steward or some other employe who has his family with him in the village, and I say, 'May I go to your house to dinner today?' I go there, and as I cat the corned beef and cabbage or Irish stew, or whatever the wife puts before me, I think I never tasted food so good. After that I cat all my meals at the hotel for a while and then I hunt up another old fashioned dish in some simple little home."-New

York Sun. Method in Composition. My method in composition, which I enjoy and find practical, is to sit down and plunge at once into my theme, seizing the thoughts as they come without regard to their order or sequence, and it does not take long to fasten upon paper all I know or think upon a given subject. I then take the copy, rearrange the paragraphs correct, interpolate or dash out unessentials, and, numbering my clean sheets proceed to copy the article, sending it per fect, or practically so, to the edipor .--Florence Thayer McCray in The Writer.

In the state of Vera Cruz, 120 miles

from the city of that name, there is a section of country called "Heaven," because of its favorable climatic conditions, Its air, water and general environments are conducive to long life. Jesus Valdonado recently died there at the age of 154. He was carried to the grave by his three cons, respectively 140, 114 and 110 years 14 years of age is a common thing. The emergency its value cannot be women die young.—Chicago News.

Poor Sheep and Lambs. A tender hearted cleric while meandering around a board school the other day, asked a boy who had just scrambled through his final examination what trade he was going to be put to. "Butchering, sir," replied the lad. "But surely you won't like to kill the poor sheep and lambs?" warbled the pastor. "No," re-

kill the poor 'uns, but I should like to kill

the fat 'uns, sir."-Fun. How Sunflowers Absorb Malaria. A recent observer of sunflowers attributes their anti-malarial action to their absorption of water from the soil, as well as to their accredited properties of absorb ing malarial germs, and emitting much oxygen. During June, 1885, a quarter of an acre of sunflowers exhaled in the form of vapor an average of sixty-five gallons of water daily -Arkansaw Trav

A Good One.-Mr. James Marsh, of

Aten, Neb., after an experience of four vears in using and selling Chamberlain's Pain-Balm, says: "It is the best and most reliable liniment ever produced." A fifty cent bottle will accomplish more in the treatment of rheumatism, lame back or severe sprains, than five dollars invested in any other way. A great many cases have been cured by it, after being given up as hopelessly incurable. It promptly relieves the pain in all cases. Sold by Dowty & Becher. Their Business Bootling

Probably no one thing has caused such general revival of trade at Dowty & Becher's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Mrs. Langtry's attention to busines details has often been commented upon, but it is not generally known how indefatigable she is at times. When the curtain is down between the acts, and the Lily has finished dressing, she has her maid tuck up her gorgeous skirt, over her with white aprons and then she comes out of her dressing room on to the stage, gives directions right and left, but in the mildest of tones, and often, with her own hands, places a piece of furniture or a bit of bric-a-brac where it will show to the best advantage.

An Elegant Substitute For Oils, Salts, Pills, and all kinds of bit ter, nauseous Liver Medicines and Catharties is the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident-it is more easily taken, more acceptable to the stomach, more pleasantly effective, and more truly beneficial to the system than any other remedy. Recommended by leading physicians. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

Several American actresses and amateurs have announced that they had seured the American rights to Sardon's new play, but it appears to be the fact that Fanny Davenport has got it. "La Toca" is to be produced by Mme. Bernhardt in Paris toward the end of the month and Mr. Price is going abroad to see the performance.

Mr. Ed. F. Bourne, the efficient and worthy cashier of the United States Express Co., Des Moines, Iowa, says "From the lack of exercise and from close confinement to office work, I have been troubled with habitual constipation have received more benefit from St Patrick's Pills than anything I ever tried. I gave them a thorough test and am now in perfect health. I hereby recommend them as a pleasant and reliable medicine." They do not grasp nor cause the sickness occasioned by the operation of almost all other cathartic pills or medicines. Sold by Dowty &

Lotta is not likely soon to retire from the stage. In a recent interview she said: "I was born with high spirits, and suppose I shall have them till I die, and the stage is the outlet I want. If I were to settle quietly down at home with mother I believe I should go crazy.

The Population of Columbus is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise 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. Respectfully, Dr. A. Heintz.

Mabel Stirling, announced as a timid little thing of 17 who has just emerged from her native Kentucky hills and taken the stage, is more intimately described as a woman over 30 years of age, who may have come from Kentucky and who may be a New Yorker.

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Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Au asta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as are gold, it will prove of lifelong value and mportance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen t Co. bear expense of starting join and the lit will bring you in more cash, right away, than Co. bear expense of starting you in business. anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no arm is done.

Bronson Howard's new play, "The Henriette," is praised by all the New York papers and seems to be a success. It is a comedy of the stock exchange Crane plays an elderly speculator and Robson a Wall street dude.

You are feeling depressed, your appe tite is poor, you are bothered with head ache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up Brace up but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

The second scene of the "Marquis," at the New York Casino, was taken by Mr. Aronson from the famous painting by Fortuny, exhibited at the Paris salon of 1878, and which is now in possession of Mr. Vanderbilt.

No one is well equipped for a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, old. To have children married at 12 and | Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In an ed. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Mr. Edward Harrigan has written new play which he says is the heaviest piece of work he has yet attempted. He has endeavored to get a new view of the southern negro.

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Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balplied the 'cute youth, "I shouldn't like to sam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free. John S. Clarke, the American come dian, who has been in England for several years, has just commenced a tour of of the principal cities of this country.

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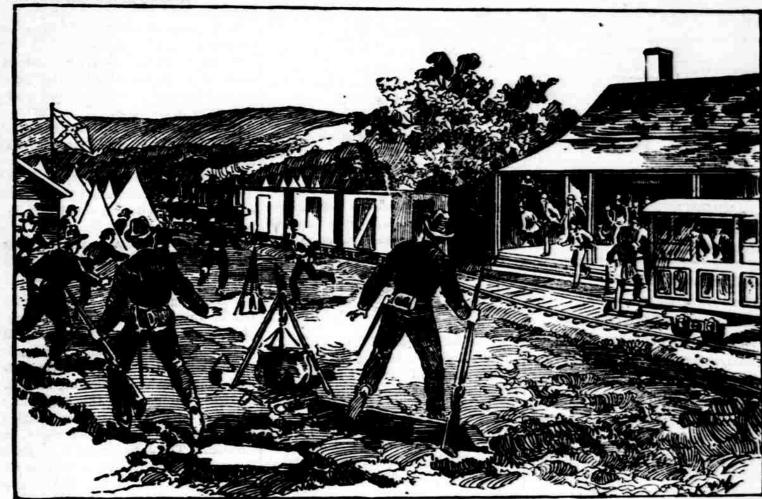
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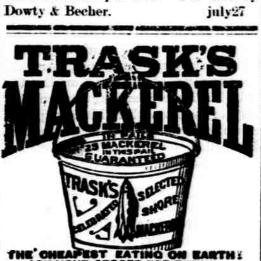
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Mme. Janauschek will not be able to play for a long time to come. Her accident in Newport last spring has proved a greater drawback than was anticipated.

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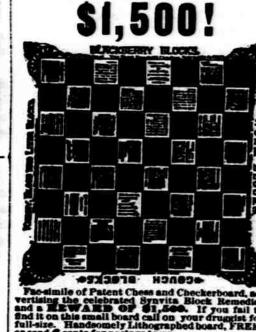
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