BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I bid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's rays hidden apart,
In a softer bed than the soft white snows is,
Under the roses I bid my heart.
Why should I sleep not? Why should it start
When never a leaf the rose tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea doses,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lips of thy sleep dispart?
Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm incloses,
It never was writ in the traveler's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree tops heard;
No hound's note wakens the wild wood hart.
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of the true love's truth or the light love's art.
Only the song of a secret bird.

—Swinburne.

DEMOCRACY MEANS FREE TRADE.

So Say the Best Authorities as Here Quoted.

Even the corsets of Connecticut, around which hover so many happy associations, or the brier wood pipes of Knickerbocker, are not safe from the interchangeable piracies of the tariff. Oh! the beauty of reciprocal rascality! Gentlemen seem to take umbrage because we call these tariffs, which take from one class to give to another, robbery. But I have the best ethics for the statement that the right of property is violated by the individual by cheating, stealing, robbery, or violation of contract; and universally, just as these crimes prevail, production languishes, industry diminishes, and the richest soil falls these few and impoverished inhabitants. But when government lays its powerful grip on the property of the citizen to bestow that property on favored enterprises, it is none the less robbery because done under the forms of law.—Mr. Cox (Dem.), New York, Tariff Debate, May 17.

Mr. Cox is one of the most popular men in the house, and his speech was received with frequent outbursts of applause from the Democratic side. A more unequivocal argument for free trade was never made by Richard Cobden or John Bright, and his Democratic associates were uproarious with delight when he denounced protected American industries as a band of brigands, robbers, cut throats, with Pennsylvania as the "Robert Mccaire of the lot." We take it that nobody can doubt, so far as Mr. Cox is concerned, that his kind of Democracy means free trade. The signs of appreciation and sympathy with which his assaults upon protection were welcomed indicate that the Democracy that applauded him stands for free trade also.

It is to the New York World that the Cobden club is chiefly looking as the most likely sphere for its vigorous foreign policy. It has done what it can in Europe, and it is now turning its eyes westward and bracing itself for the struggle which is to come. It cannot rest while the United States are unsubdued.—London Times, July 18, 1880.

The campaign of the Cobden club in 1880 was a disastrous failure, although one of its most ingenious writers, Augustus Mongredien, eloquently appealed to American farmers to vote for a tariff for revenue only. In 1888 its list of American patrons includes three members of President Cleveland's cabinet, the speaker of the house, Henry Watterson, author of the Democratic platform; Frank Hurd, and a large number of prominent leaders of the administration party. One of the orators on the Democratic side of the house delivered during the tariff debate an eloquent eulogy of Cobden as one of the strongest and most useful friends America ever had abroad; and this he followed up with a handsome tribute to the Cobden club. Times have changed since the Mongredian pamphlet was circulated secretly among American farmers. The administration is now the ally of the Cobden club.

The soul and body of the tax reduction which is proposed by the Democratic party for the benefit of the people is contained, therefore, in the clauses of the Mills bill which admit wool free of duty and reduce to about 40 per cent. the duties on woolen goods. There is the test of Democracy.—Charleston News and Courier.

Those are the characteristic clauses of the measure, and they stand for free trade and nothing else. The Democratic party in the last two tariffs it framed before the war did not dare to put wool on the free list. It does this now, and opens the way for importations of foreign woolens, and thereby proclaims the free trade policy, which is gradually to be extended to iron, steel and everything else.

The message addressed by President Cleveland to congress this week is the boldest and most statesmanlike document that has proceeded from the White House for many a year. Mr. Cleveland shows clearly that a sweeping reduction of the tariff is inevitable. * * * The message nevertheless has had a depressing effect upon the stock markets. There is hardly a single industry in the United States that is not interested in maintaining protective duties.—London Statist, Dec. 12, 1887.

True enough! There is, as this high financial authority of England states, hardly a single American industry that is not vitally interested in the maintenance of protection. British industries lie in the other direction.—New York Tribune.

Food in the Canaries.

One of the first things to attract my notice in the Canary Islands was the healthful appearance and fine development of the common people. There is no doubt that they are by birth a superior race, but it is also true that they use a food which, being highly nutritious, must contribute to their physical development. There is nothing mysterious about this article, which is known as gofio. It is simply the flour made from any of the cereals, by parching or roasting before grinding. One can scarcely pass through any village of the Canaries without witnessing some step in the preparation of this food. The grain is first picked over, then roasted above a charcoal fire, and afterward ground at the windmills which abound everywhere. When it is to be eaten, milk, soup or any other fluid is mixed with it, without further cooking. Nothing can be more "handy" than such an article of food.

The Canarian laborer, if he goes forth to his work alone, takes with him some gofio in a bag made of the stomach of a kid; if there are several persons, the skin of a kid is used. When meal time has arrived, a little water is poured into the bag with the gofio, the mixture is well shaken and the meal is prepared without further ado. The Canarian archipelago consists of seven inhabited islands, with a population of 280,000 persons. At least 200,000 of them live economically on gofio, as their fathers did before them, from time immemorial. The food is said to be not only delicious and wholesome for those who are not accustomed to it, but to possess also a tendency to counteract certain digestive ills to which the civilized stomach is heir, thus restoring man, in a measure, to the physical condition of the happy savage.—Cor. Popular Science Monthly.

Trees in the Streets.

Some portions of New York are handsome enough to rank it with Paris among the beautiful cities of the world; others are almost wretched and dirty enough to class it with Constantinople. It is a strange jumble of splendor and squalor, beauty and ugliness. As a rule, however, the portions inhabited by the rich and well to do classes will compare favorably with the similar portions of almost any city in the world, and some of our noble streets cannot be matched anywhere. The chief defects in these sections are the lack of parks and the still more glaring lack of trees in the streets. London is studded all over with private squares, which are selfishly reserved for the families living about them; but they do form precious breathing spots, and if the poor children cannot go inside they can at least play on the sidewalk underneath the few tree branches that hang over the railings. These numerous parks go far to redeem the blackness and ugliness of London streets.

Paris has not so many parks, but trees flourish almost everywhere in its streets, and make them a delight to the eye. Washington, once a shabby Maryland village, now conspicuous among capitals for its beauty, owes a large part of its charms to the far sighted policy that planted a hundred thousand trees along its broad avenues. But New York, which has fewer parks by far than it should have, is almost absolutely devoid of trees. The stranger, driving up Fifth avenue, looks with wonder down each street he passes, seeing only long tunnels of brown stone, and not a tree, nor so much as a sprig of anything green, to break the monotony. A general system of tree planting would in a few years transform this city with its great array of handsome houses into a city that for stateliness and beauty would be the talk of the world.—New York Tribune.

The Spirit of a Tiger.

The dread of ghosts is common to all aboriginal races of India, from which it has been very generally adopted by their Aryan conquerors, and even by the lower classes of Mohammedans. All ghosts are believed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious, and the only means employed to oppose their rancor is to build shrines for them, and to make them offerings of a fowl, a pig, or, on grand occasions, of a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially any epidemic disease, such as smallpox or cholera, is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly.

The man tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts; for when a tiger has killed a man the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that "the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services." The ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident, including poison and disease. Even wretches who are hanged for their crimes are believed to have the same powers of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by tigers or by lightning or by any other violent cause.—London Graphic

Truck Driver and Boy.

People who know the truck driver only from hearing his cursing of his brother driver of the car platform do not know the gentle depths of kindness to which he can descend. The other day a small Italian boy staggered through Stanton street under a load of long, rough boards, spoil from some demolished building. A truck slowly clattered up the street behind, and the boy got one eye on it, dropped his boards, laid them out along the curbstone, one end out on the street and the other on the curb, and looked appealingly at the big Irishman who drove the truck. The Irishman grinned and the boy smiled brightly. Then the horses were swerved, and the left wheels of the truck went crashing over the boards, smashing them into easy lengths. The driver and boy grinned at each other, but neither said a word. Both were properly gratified.—New York Sun.

Novel Duel in France.

The French critic, Albert Delpit, a New Orleans creole, and M. Febvre, of the Comedie Francaise, recently decided to settle the difference arising out of the mutual attacks on each other by means of a duel. Their seconds arranged the preliminary conditions of the encounter, which were that Delpit should read aloud to his adversary a five act comedy prepared by him for the Comedie Francaise, after which Febvre was to act some of his principal roles, and the one who first showed signs of weariness was to be declared the vanquished party. Before Delpit concluded the reading of his drama Febvre, with a yawn, extended his hands in token of reconciliation and declared himself vanquished.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not an Absurd Proposition.

The problem with scientists is quite open as to the cause of the red color of the planet Mars. Astronomers, as a rule, venture a guess that vegetation on that world is red instead of green. This is not at all absurd as a supposition. Our own planet must have a decidedly red hue to observers during the brief season of autumn coloring. But this is not all of it. All foliage and all bark are rendered perceptibly redder as winter approaches. The young wood of trees is redder in winter than in summer. In our own world not slowly but surely developing a rosier hue? Some bunches are a deep crimson all winter, but green all summer. It is evident that cold weather requires the comparative withdrawal of green, and the comparative predominance of red. As the world grows colder is it not growing also redder? Mars is known to have a colder climate than our own, and has probably gone farther in its floral adaptations to the cold.—Globe-Democrat.

The Climax of Good Form.

If your real swells want to be really English they must carry their respective left hands buried to the wrist in their respective left trousers pockets. All the dudes in town have taken to doing it, and every chappie on Fifth avenue after the Wednesday matinees was actually lopsided with the exertion of reaching the very bottom seam of his left trousers pocket. If you can let the tips of the fingers of a pair of tan colored gloves be seen in juxtaposition to your left cuff, just at the mouth of the pocket, you will thereby proclaim yourself one of Wales' strictest adherents, ye knaw. Don't, as you value your reputation for swellishness, put your right hand in your right pocket, for this is as much a breach of good form as it used to be to carry your gloves with the fingers pointing aft instead of forward.—New York Mail and Express.

Where Are Theebaw's Treasures?

The name of Theebaw, formerly king of Burmah, has almost passed into oblivion so far as the general public is concerned. It has been revived in England, however, owing to an inquiry as to what has become of the treasure once possessed by Theebaw. When Mandalay was captured by Sir Henry Prendergast, in 1885, Theebaw's palace contained booty valued at twenty lakhs. Theebaw was permitted to take away with him a few valuable articles, but the larger part of his fortune was seized by the English. And now, after an interval of three years, certain inquisitive Londoners are wondering what became of the rich spoils which fell to the conquerors.—New York World.

A Tale from the North.

A tale comes from the far north, above the Arctic circle, that mammoth carcasses are found frozen in the ice, and that the Indians chop them out and feed the meat to their dogs. These carcasses are as well preserved as if killed but yesterday, although they have lain for who knows how many thousand years in a solidly frozen state. Undoubtedly these animals existed coeval with the glacial period and were indigenous to a tropical climate; therefore we must reason that this period came on almost instantaneously, all living animals were killed by the extreme cold, and before their flesh could putrefy it became frozen.—Juneau (Alaska) Free Press.

The Houses of Abyssinia.

The Abyssinian houses are small and circular with roofs going to a point, and are mostly built of bamboo or cane and only rarely of wood. As a rule, the people do not care for living indoors, but prefer to spend their time in the open air, sleeping on the ground wrapped in a skin or rug. The men are hardy, warlike, combative and rather cruel. Their usual arms are a lance, a broad sharp sword, and shield of rhinoceros hide.—St. James' Gazette.

Another Victim.

"Who is that ugly looking woman over yonder?"

"That is my wife, sir."

"Indeed! Here is my card, sir, I'm the most successful divorce lawyer in the city."—Town Topics.

FORTUNE'S FLOWER.

Ah, Norah, yet the grass is wet—'tis early times you're out!
And, sure, the sun and you, my pet, should light us turn about.
The buds uncurl, the swallows whirl, you lead the year astray;
And what's the happy news, my pearl, that warms your heart to-day?

Ah, can't I trace the darling face I've loved for twenty years?
And don't I know the April grace where smiles just touch the tears?
There's store galore your basket fills of blossoms golden gay,
But more, ashore, than daffodills you're bringing home to-day!

A four leaved shamrock! happy hour! that promise must come true;
And lucky flower that owns the power to bring good luck to you!
At other's tread it hides its head, and crouched away in fear,
And pushed its four leaves forth instead the moment you drew near.

And what's the boon the omen brings? for wealth you'd never seek;
And health and bloom were mocking things to such a Mayday cheek;
A secret's cheap those eyes would keep!—I know the happy lad—
But, Oh! one lover's rapture deep will leave a county sad.

—Cassell's Magazine.

SOME PERTINENT ANSWERS.

Questions by the Labor Candidate for President.

Mr. Cowdrey, candidate of the Union Labor party for president, is a free trader and asks some questions that are eagerly quoted by Democratic free trade organs. One of them is as follows:

"Have you ever seen a protected manufacturer pay higher wages than he was compelled to?"

No, and we have never heard that manufacturers in free trade countries paid more for labor than they were compelled to. Manufacturers under any tariff system will buy labor as cheaply as they can. But it is easily conceivable that manufacturers, in consideration of an assured home market protected from foreign competition, are willing to pay the higher wages which such protection enables them to pay. They make just as much money as if they paid the European rate of wages, and are naturally averse to the labor troubles and fierce competition in products that would result from free trade and the inevitable reduction of wages. In that respect the interests of manufacturers and workingmen are identical. Here is another of Mr. Cowdrey's questions:

"If protection prevents us from selling in foreign markets, does not protection make less work instead of more?"

Protection may prevent us from selling some manufactures in foreign markets. But it does not "make less work instead of more," except for foreigners. It keeps out foreign products and therefore makes more work instead of less for American workingmen. Free trade would flood our markets with foreign products, reduce the amount of work to be done here, and reduce the wages for what remained to be done. We consume 90 per cent. of our products and export only 10 per cent. Our home market is worth, therefore, nine times as much to American workingmen as the foreign market. What folly it would be to imperil or sacrifice the home market for the uncertainties of foreign trade! Mr. Cowdrey continues his questioning:

"If there is free trade in labor and high protective prices for those things which laborers must buy, is not the laborer being robbed instead of benefited?"

Is not free trade in labor bad enough without free trade in the products of labor? Would the evils of unrestricted importation of labor be made any more tolerable by the unrestricted importation of the products of labor? The importation of foreign labor and the products of foreign labor are one and the same thing in their effects upon American labor, and no man in his senses can argue that the one can be a cure for the other.

We have not heard any complaint from workingmen as to the high prices of products, or of being "robbed" in the purchase of food, clothing or other articles. Products of all kinds are cheap. A few of them might be cheaper for a time under free trade until our home industries were destroyed, but we have not heard any workingman say that he is willing to accept a lower scale of wages on the chance of getting cheaper products. If there is any workingman who is willing to accept lower wages for the sake of getting his clothes a little cheaper let him speak up. Cheaper products means cheaper wages, and as little that the workingman buys is affected directly by the tariff, he has little to gain and much to lose by a free trade tariff for revenue only policy. One more question from Mr. Cowdrey and we have done:

"If unprotected industries pay the same wages as those that are protected, are they not as valuable, and, if so, why burden them by making them pay heavy taxes to the protected ones?"

By "unprotected industries" Mr. Cowdrey refers to carpentry, bricklaying and other mechanical employments whose products cannot, for obvious reasons, be imported. They are, in fact, protected by a natural barrier that is higher than any tariff, for we cannot import houses and immigration does not at first onset materially affect their employments, as immigration is mainly of unskilled labor. But close our mills and factories by free trade, and the higher wages our building mechanics enjoy would soon be brought down by enforced competition in their direction.—Cleveland Leader.

Percentage of Blondes and Brunettes.

In the course of fifteen minutes' walk on Broadway the other day a reporter counted 200 women, young and old, with hair ranging from a medium brown to the darker shades which all but artists call black. Only thirteen women were passed who were of the pronounced blonde order. Three of these were of the reddish classes and the hair of two had apparently been bleached. At the theatre, the same evening, of fifty women within easy range, six had fair skins, blue eyes and light hair. They sat surrounded by a bevy of dark women, who gave its prevailing tone to the complexion of the house. Interest in the result observed led next morning to a public school. One class of eighty girls had eight blondes to seventy-two average browns and brunettes. Another of sixty-five girls had sixteen fair haired pupils to fifty-five standard brown heads and darker. In a third class the proportions were seven light to fifty muddy and dark. The statement may be hazarded that not above 8 or 10 per cent. of New York women are blondes. Go anywhere where pretty girls congregate and you meet tall, striking looking figures with dark hair and big, dark eyes. Is the blonde type disappearing, and if so why?—New York Mail and Express.

Various Railway Signals.

One pull of the bell cord signifies "stop."

Two pulls mean "go ahead."

Three pulls mean "back up."

One whistle signifies "down brakes."

Two whistle signify "off brakes."

Three whistles mean "back up."

Continued whistles indicate "danger."

Short rapid whistles, "a cattle alarm."

A sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes means "go ahead."

A slowly sweeping meeting of the hands over the head signifies "back slowly."

A downward motion of the hands, with extended arm, signifies "stop."

A beckoning motion with one hand indicates "back."

A red flag waved up the track indicates "danger."

A red flag by the roadside means "danger ahead."

A red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "an engine following."

A red flag raised at a station means "stop."

A lantern swung at right angles across the track means "stop."

A lantern raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start."

A lantern swung in a circle signifies "back the train."—Scientific American.

Funeral Ceremonies in Madagascar.

The funeral observances are very ceremonious, as might be expected in a country where the worship of ancestors has so long been a part of its religion, and the graves and vaults are reverenced as sacred places. They are usually only shapeless mounds of earth or stone, near which are erected wooden stakes, eight or nine feet high, with skulls and horns of oxen fixed or impaled on the wood. These are objects of worship, or at least of special veneration, for they are the heads of bullocks sacrificed in honor of the dead at the time of burial

It is usual to inter the dead near the dwelling house, but only families of high rank build houses or raise any structure over their tombs. The finest tomb in the country is that of the prime minister, now prince consort. It is situated at Isotry, near the capital, and is very large, probably the best piece of native masonry in the island. It somewhat resembles the monuments of Assyrian art, although of modern construction. Here are interred the sister and other relatives of the prince consort.—Demorest's Monthly.

Lawyers' Ambitions.

Those who observe law and lawyers from a safe distance have often noted the different points which attorneys in various cities consider the acme of success at the bar. The Philadelphia lawyer thinks a successful trial of a famous criminal case the pinnacle of legal ambition. Boston barristers look forward to the time when they shall hold an infinite number of huge trust estates, and thus avoid the wrangling scenes of the court room. The New York lawyer has universal tastes. He is willing to be a railroad and corporation lawyer, a trustee of great estates or a criminal practitioner. It is all fish which comes to his net.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Like a Lobster Salad.

The greatest drawback to living in a rented house—next to paying the rent—is that the landlord can paint it any color he chooses. Two ladies, meeting, discuss this grievance. "My house," said one, "is a complete lobster salad. It was bad enough when the yellow walls and the green blinds suggested Mayonaise and lettuce, but the landlord has put some red tubs on the lawn, and now we look garnished with lobster claws. And your house is almost as bad. I saw it first on a gray day, and it was just the color of spruce gum. But yesterday, in the sun, it looked lighter." "As if it had been chewed," assented the tenant sadly.—Concord (N. H.) Monitor

A Buggy's Wear and Tear.

"How much do you suppose it costs," asked the eccentric statistician, "to pay for wear and tear on a buggy?"

He asked the question to answer it, of course, and replied: "It takes two cents a mile. That has been figured out by owners of carriage works, and that is the lowest figure. Two cents a mile for a buggy driven at a trot, next come heavy wagons with loads a fraction higher, and buggies behind speedy horses are higher still. About three cents a mile is the highest, and the wear and tear on all kinds of vehicles run between two and three cents a mile, the kind of paving, whether it is sheet or stone, having considerable to do with it."—"Man About Town" in Buffalo News.

An Unknown Matrimonial Law.

Sometimes I think that there must be some kind of unknown law that regulates the marriage question, over which mankind has no control. It frequently happens that the licenses on a particular day will nearly all be taken out by persons living in a particular section of the city—in the northern, southern, eastern, western or central portions, as the circumstances may be. A few days ago nearly every license, and there were quite a number, were taken out by persons residing in the northwestern section of the city. I have noticed this peculiarity to occur with considerable regularity, and I have never been able to account for it.—Marriage License Clerk in Globe-Democrat.

Curious Customs in Panama.

One of the most curious customs that attract the attention of strangers in Panama is to see the native women walking along the street smoking long, slender cigars in much the fashion that men do here. It is the custom of the women there to gather in the public markets as early as sunrise to gossip and talk over affairs while enjoying their morning smoke. As there are few newspapers in Panama, and a proportionately small number of readers, the market is the place where the news of the town is to be learned.—New York Evening World.

A Horrible Possibility.

Editor—I see the clerks in dry goods and grocery stores are forming an early closing movement. Write a stirring editorial standing up for the clerks and denouncing their heartless, grasping employers.

Assistant—I notice that a similar movement has also been started by the poorly paid and overworked bartenders.

"Eh? Wha—! Guess you'd better write on the tariff today."—Omaha World.

Huge Plan for Water Supply.

The stupendous plan for supplying the city of Liverpool with water involves the removal of a whole Welsh village, including woods, cottages, churches, etc., this immense space to be devoted to a reservoir four and one-half miles long by half a mile to a mile broad, and eighty feet deep. There are to be three lines of pipe, each sixty-eight miles long, with filtering beds and secondary reservoirs, and the cost of the aqueduct alone is estimated at $15,000,000.—New York Sun.

Somnambulist's Good Fortune.

The danger of somnambulism is well known. A writer in The Century tells of a piece of good fortune coming from the habit. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon the subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake, and this essay secured for her the prize.—Chicago Herald.

The Law's Delays.

Quibble.—Aw, Grotins, how are you getting on with the case of Von Abbatoir, who chopped his wife's head off?

Coke—Poorly, poorly! I had finished arguing the seventh appeal yesterday when the news reached me that he had died a natural death in jail. It's useless for legal talent to contend against the eccentric forces of nature.—Life.

The Disagreeable Side.

"Don't you find the life of a tramp very disagreeable?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Oh no," rejoined the wanderer; "it ain't half so disagreeable as the people I meet. I don't mind the life so much as I do the dogs and the things I git to eat."—Harper's Bazar.

When Building a Theatre.

The latest English writer on theatres holds that a theatre should be ten feet distant from other buildings, or at least it should occupy a corner location. Exits should be provided on all sides and there should be windows in every part of the house, both for ventilation and safety.—Chicago Herald.

"Mail Bag University."

The Chautauqua literary and scientific circle, which is sometimes called the "mail bag university," expects to have a very successful season. It has more than 50,000 regular students in every part of the country.—New York Tribune

Berlin's Newspapers.

There are 621 newspapers printed in Berlin. Fifty-four are official papers, 70 political, 165 have to do with literature, science and art, 217 are commercial and 30 religious.—New York Sun.

Big Watermelons.

Watermelons weighing from fifty to eighty pounds are often sold in the San Francisco markets, and one exhibited last fall weighed 115 pounds.

The loss in transporting cattle across the ocean was in 1889 37 per cent. It has been reduced to 11 per cent.

In the United States the telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 136 times in a minute.

OUTLIVED.

I often hear it spoken now, the name
That once had power my inmost soul to thrill,
To kindle all my face with sudden flame,
And all my heart with secret rapture fill.

I listen calmly to it, wondering
Where vanished they—those old time hopes and fears
That used to blanch my cheek, or swiftly bring
Before my sight a blinding mist of tears.

I meet the eyes now, tranquil, unconcerned,
Where once a single frightened glance I stole—
Those eyes that long ago a pathway burned
Into the inner temple of my soul.

I hear the old, familiar voice, unmoved,
Whose faintest tone was music in that day;
No quickened pulse proclaims the voice beloved,
My quiet heart goes steadfast on her way.

No bitterness, no shadow of regret
Comes up to mar my peace with secret doubt;
I would not live the past again, nor yet
Be quite content to have it blotted out.

Wan mem'ry, hovering near the far off grave
Of our young love, calls back, across the waste,
That all she finds is cold and lifeless save
The few pale mourning flowers herself has placed.

Sleep on, thou short lived love; thy grave is deep;
Thy life was bitter, but thy rest is sweet;
Though o'er thy burial place none pause to weep,
It is approached by none save unshod feet.

Pastry of the Ocean.

A reporter debarred from his usual call at Delmonico's, lunched at one of the coffee saloons of Park row. At his table sat an old sea bronzed sailor, who suddenly made the unappetizing inquiry of:

"Did you ever eat any lamp oil doughnuts?"

"Positively, never!" replied the reporter, with a slight gasp of horror.

The old man smilingly said: "Well, they're better than these greasy things on our plates. In my young days I was a whaler, and the captains of whaling ships used to give prizes to the men; something for sighting the first whale, or striking a big 200 barrel fellow, the fastest boat's crew, and so on. After a ship had stowed her first 1,000 barrels of oil, the crew would get a barrel of flour as a present from the captain. When we tried out our next sperm whale's blubber, the cook would take a lot of our flour, roll out a big batch of doughnuts and cook them in the hot, boiling oil—and first rate they used to taste when eaten with molasses. You see the oil when fresh is just as sweet as lard, and besides you must consider that it is not fish oil at all, for the whale, you know is an animal."—New York Tribune.

A Cheap Fireproof Stable.

A correspondent of The Hartford Courant relates what he saw in Frankfort, Germany. The loft of a stable had burned out, and he asked for the horses, thinking that they must all have perished, but he was assured that they were in the stable and all right, for no smoke nor heat could touch them.

After everything was burned in the loft, he made an inspection, and found that the stable was practically fireproof. They had in its construction used old railroad ties, placing them three and a half to four feet apart, and then put arched corrugated iron between the ties, and filled in with a mixture of cinders and lime, making it deep enough to protect the ties. The trap or door to reach the loft was made of sheet iron, filled in with the same compound. This kind of fireproofing is very cheap and, according to the writer, is very effective.—Scientific American.

Lawyers Looking for Libels.

There is another and not a small class of lawyers who industriously peruse the columns of the press in quest of opportunities to advise the bringing of suits for libel against a paper that may have mentioned somebody's name in an uncomplimentary way. I know of a recent case where a paragraph spoke somewhat disparagingly of a friend of mine. The next morning when he got to his office he found a dozen notes from as many attorneys lying upon his desk. He opened them, and each contained a slip of the paragraph in question and all urging him to bring suit and offering their services. He had not read the article, and knew nothing of it until he opened the bids, each and every one of which pronounced the paragraph an outrage. Before he had read half of them he was boiling over with indignation against the publisher. Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damages fairly danced before his aggravated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the bidders he should select to heal his wounded feelings and fill his not overly plethoric purse. I explained to him the glorious uncertainties of the law and dissuaded him from his contemplated course.—Philadelphia News.

The Littleness of Man.

There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral.—Robert J. Burdette in New York Star.

A Great Piece of Luck.

"Ah! how d' ye do, Jones? I had the greatest piece of luck last night."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, one of my tenement houses burned down"——

"You don't mean it! Did the families get out in safety?"

"No, I believe a few of them were burned to death. But that's neither here nor there. I was going to tell you about my good luck. I had intended to put in a fire escape this very week—the papers are making such a fuss, you know—and it would have cost me $100. I've saved that now. How's that for luck?"—Boston Transcript.

Pushing Trade Too Far.

"You must push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you can often effect sales."

"Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait on an elderly female who wanted a stamp.

"Anythin' else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer"——

The elderly female licked the stamp viciously and left the door open as she went out.—Texas Siftings.

The Graduate's Negligence.

School Girl—Mamma, my head aches so I can't see the figures any more. Won't you do this sum?

Mamma (looking over the problem)—I don't know how, dear.

"Why, grandma said you graduated with the highest honors."

"Yes, I did. I could have answered any question in the books then; but I can't now."

"Have the books changed?"

"No, but after leaving school I negligently allowed my head to stop aching."—Omaha World.

Her Domestic Afflictions.

Mrs. Hobson (to caller)—Your husband has been dead nearly two years, has he not, Mrs. Amidon?

Caller—Yes, quite two years. He caught a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. But I really must be going, Mrs. Hobson. (To dog)—Come Fido, get your blanket on. Dear little fellow, after all the trouble I've had, I wouldn't like you to get pneumonia.—The Epoch.

The Teeth of Whales.

The teeth of whales furnish one of the remarkable features indicative of the origin of that animal. They form a complete but rudimentary set, characteristic of a more perfectly developed land mammal, but disappear shortly after birth, performing no function whatever.—Globe-Democrat.

What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums"—the only fear being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose. But the directions are plain and should be strictly followed.

J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittenango, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will at all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in their action," is the concise testimony of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martinsville, Virginia.

"Ayer's Pills outsell all similar preparations. The public having once used them, will have no others."—Berry, Venable & Collier, Atlanta, Ga.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

The French Pronunciation.

A Boston girl who has been visiting—it seems queer, but Boston people go everywhere—at Newark, N. J., had been studying French for months before she went on the visit, and had flavored all her imaginations and perceptions, so to speak, with French. In driving about the town, where, it hardly needs to be said, there is a large German population, the Boston girl noticed over the doors of a great many establishments the sign, "Lager bier."

"Tell me," said the Boston girl, after inspecting one of these curious signs for the 100th time, "does M. Lahzhaybeeyay own all the stores in Newark?"—New York Tribune.

Not That Kind of a Flower.

A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is very fond of playing out of doors.

The other day she came home covered with mud.

"Oh, oh!" said her mother, severely, "can it be possible that this is my good little girl, my sweet, pure Lily of the Valley?"

"No, mamma," answered the little girl, sorrowfully, "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily of the Alley now."—Detroit Free Press.

Two Men in Gray.

A New York letter carrier in his regulation gray suit with brass buttons was sitting by the side of an elderly gentleman who wore a slouch hat.

"Your suit has a familiar look to me," remarked the latter.

"Where were you a letter carrier?" asked the distributer of mail matter.

"I never was a letter carrier, but I was in the Confederate army, and occasionally I got over more ground in a day than you ever do."—Texas Siftings.

Not a Pleasant Revelation.

(Time, 8:30 p. m. Present, Mr. Jones, Miss Belle and little Effie.)

Miss Belle—Is it not about time that you go to bed, darling? Or are you going to stay and retire with me to-night?

Little Effie—No, me hain't going to stay wif oo no more.

"Not? And why, dear?"

Little Effie—Tause oo snore.

Mr. Jones looks uncomfortable.—Binghamton Republican.

The Fatal Camera.

It is said that the body of a man with his head twisted off was found in an alleyway back of a Chicago photograph gallery. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "found dead," but they censured the photographer for not being more careful when posing his customers.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Popular Approval

Of the efforts of the California Fig Syrup Company to present to the public an agreeable and effective substitute for the bitter, nauseous liver medicines and cathartics formerly used is as gratifying to the Company as it is creditable to the good taste of the public. The large and rapidly increasing sale of Syrup of Figs, and the promptly beneficial effects of a single dose are convincing proofs that it is the most easily taken and the most pleasantly effective remedy known. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

Be what thou wouldst seem to be.

Garfield Branch,

On the Great Salt Lake near Salt Lake City, on the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," was formally opened to the public on Decoration day, May 30th. Ample accommodations have been provided, and the Pacific hotel company will have charge of the hotel accommodations at this famous resort under the supervision of the Union Pacific railway. No pains or expense have been spared to make this *the* summer resort of the west. It is only eighteen miles from Salt Lake City on the Utah & Nevada branch of the Union Pacific. Trains will be run at frequent intervals daily between Salt Lake City and the Beach. Cheap trains, good baths, and excellent meals are among the attractions. 3tf

Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.

A Natural Product of California.

It is only found in Butte county, California, and in no other part of the world. We refer to the tree that produces the healing and penetrating gum used in that pleasant and effective cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, and coughs, SANTA ABIE, the King of Consumption. Dowty & Becher guarantee and sell it for $1.00, a bottle, or three for $2.50. By the use of CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE, all symptoms of catarrh are dispelled, and the diseased nasal passage, is speedily restored to a healthy condition. $1.00 a package; by mail $1.10. Circular free.

Let all live as they would die.

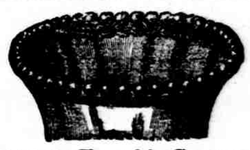
The Passenger Department

Of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," has gotten out a fly-bill designed to call attention to the summer resorts along the line of this railway. It is a good bill and tourists, pleasure seekers, sportsmen and fishermen should apply at once to J. S. Tebbets, General Passenger agent, Omaha, Neb., for information in regard to the points of interest along the line, before deciding where they will spend the summer season, or vacation holidays. 3tf

One sword keeps another in the sheath

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus. 6-1y

Clear the track for Columbus Lumber Co.



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