WHAT'S YER NAME! Tell me, same, what's yer name? Gin I meet folks ganging hame, They'll sak me if I saw ye; They'll see the smiles I canna hide Sin' I've met the mornin's pride-What will I say they ca' ye?

Let me be, sir, that's my name, Ye can turn yer face tae hame, An' nae thanks for yer specin': It's my ain, sir, if ye please, Bought wi' faither's good bawbees-I dinna like yer jeerin' Lassie, I hae lan's an' kine,

I'll mak' yea leddy fine, In state ye'll aye be carried; Te'll hae servants at yer ca'. Ye'll hae silks and sating braw-What sae ye tae be married?

Yer a fule, sir, for yer pains, Keep yer kine an' silken trains, ' Sic ne'er made guid hearts better; Some day sune may name I'll gie in exchange for ane as free, -William Lyle in Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF THE VALLEY.

About ten years ago business compelled me to make frequent journeys from Lausanne to Sentier, in the valley of Lake Joux.

At first this mountain trip, which had to be made in an ordinary diligence, seemed to me extremely tedious. Then, little by little, I became familiar with the mountain ways that I traversed as in a dream, and at last I came to love them I fixed the austere melancholy of the senator horizons, the murmuring woods of fir, the pastures of long, thin grass, among which the hardy yellow mentions crew, the isolated and silent chaleis, and, above all, the lake, that mysterious lake which received many streams and had no visible outlet, but emptied the surplus of its dark and sluggish water into subterranean channels I also acquired an affection for the inhabitants of the region, who called their valley the valley, as if there were no other in the world. They were a sturdy race of mountaineers, peasants and workmen, most of them being engaged in the manufacture of watches. They were descendants of a number of families of French refugees, had old fashioned manners, were intelligent, laborious, saving, fairly well educated, scrupulously honest and devotedly pious. I took the diligence at the station of Romainmotiers about 4 o'clock in the

afternoon, and by night it had conveyed me to Sentier, stopping at supper time at the principal inn of the village of Pont. There, after having partaken of a plate of soup, I was served with one of those delicate trout which are the specialty of the place, and with a bit of excellent "vacherin," the savory cheese of the country. The host saluted me, drank a small glass of white wine with me, and at my departure gave me his hand with a cordial "au revoir." Every time I stopped at this inn I saw

in one corner of the room, seated at a table with a glass of absinthe before him, a gaunt old man, with a sallow complexion. He was negligently dressed and apparently, in a drunken reverie or in memories of days long past. The innkeeper, whom I finally questioned in regard to his strange guest, said:
"That is M. Arnaud, who was the syndic of Pont in 1855, the year of the

The horn of the diligence summone me before I had time to inquire concerning the details of this crime, which was called the crime, just as they spoke of

On my next visit to this region, or stopping at Pont one cold, clear night in October, I was informed that it would be necessary to remain at the place several hours in order to repair the diligence to which some accident had happened. I was the only passenger, and the innkeeper having gone to look after the diligence, I found myself the only occupant of the room, excepting that strange old man, who sat there smoking before his half empty glass. Curious to know more of this strange character I took a seat at the table next to his. I helped myself to a glass of vermouth while waiting for my supper, and opening a newspaper which lay near by I began to

He soon seemed to have the same curiosity in regard to me that I had concerning him. Slowly he raised his large head, which had been nodding; his eyes, which were usually half closed, were opened sufficiently to fix their glance on me; his lips moved as if he wished to speak, and he coughed. Then with a trembling hand he took his glass, rose with an effort and came to my table, at which he seated himself opposite me. I laid down my paper and addressed some words to him, which he did not seem to hear. He had resumed his accustomed attitude; his eyes were half closed, his head drooped, and I almost believed that he was spellbound to eternal silence. His presence became embarrassing to me. I began to feel uncomfortable, and that I might become more at my case before this man, who seemed to take no notice of me, I again took up my newspaper, when he suddenly stretched out toward me his heavy bony hand, laid it upon my arm, through which I could feel a nervous tremor run, and said: "Do you not know the history of the

I was astonished, and signified my ignorance by shaking my head. He at "Ah, well! I will tell it you."

And, without relaxing his hold on my arm, which, for a moment, his strong grasp pained, he began to speak in the measured accents of the people of that region, his face wearing a fixed expression, which never for a moment changed: "It was in 1855," he said. "I was then the syndic of Pont. One morning old Meylan, the forest guard, came to summon me. He was greatly agitated. He said: 'Have you not heard, M. Arnaud? Old Mathurin has been assassinated; his body has been found lying in the road near Lien. Come and see. My strange companion paused for a

moment and then said: "Do you not know who Mathurin was He was a French peddler. He often came to the valley selling pens, paper, pocketbooks, etc. Ho had been known here for years. "He had not an enemy in the world

He was a good, honest fellow, a Protestant like ourselves. He told stories to the children and explained the Bible to them. Only the day before he was killed I had brought some playthings from him "Well, I went with old Meylan. All

the people—the whole village—were on the road. And poor old Mathurin—we cause such mental aberration. On the found him lying rigid in death and other hand, the peaceful life of those white. Why he was as white as the snow. If I should live a hundred years I could never forget it. Why, even now I can see him as plainly as I see you, with his old wrinkled face and gray locks. And he looked so peaceful-naturally, for his soul was in heaven. At Meylan's suggestion I put my hand on his breast to learn if his heart still beat, but it did not. He was dead. He had six stab wounds-here, here, here, here,

He indicated on his own breast the places where the murdered man had been stabbed; his forehead was beaded with perspiration and his words seemed to stick in his throat. For a few moments he remained silent, apparently contemplating the corpse of old Mathurin photographed on his memory. Then, rening his story, he said:

"The governor of the province asked me who committed the crime, but I did not know. How could I? How was any | as I retreated, he threw himself upon the one to know? There had never been an assassination in this part of the country. Nothing had been taken from Mathurin. He must have been killed for revenge, as Meylan said. But who had thus wreaked his vengeance and for what? Every one in the village loved poor old Mathurin. who came here twice a year like a bird that brings good luck. All began to search for the murderer—the gendarmes, | cated to me, and at the same time I felt the judges, all the people of the village—but it was useless. And the search was continued for a long time, although nothing was discovered—nothing! No, it will be discovered—nothing! No, it will a husky voice:

"Do not denounce me! Do not de-

As he said this his voice was gradually lowered, and was finally lost in sobs. A moment afterward, relaxing his grasp, he took his hand from my arm, and his heaving chest sent forth great sighs. At last he carried his glass to his lips, took several swallows of absinthe, rose from his chair and returned to his corner. where he resumed his former mysterious manner. Looking at him, I asked my-self if I had been dreaming, if this extra-

ordinary being were a reality and had been sitting face to face with me, his hand upon my arm, and speaking to me. The servant came to tell me that my supper was served at another table. I did not have much appetite. However, I made an attempt to eat my soup. When the innkeeper returned I called him to me and said:

"Tell me what you know about this strange man who has just related to me the story of Mathurin's assassination." My host smiled calmly as he replied: "Ah, he has told you that story. I knew he would tell it to you some time. He tells it to everybody. He can think of nothing else. He is not happy, poor

old man.' "But why does he remember with such distinctness a crime, which most of the people of the village have long since for-gotten?"

"Ah! He was the syndic when the crime was committed. It was he who first touched the corpse after its discovery. It was he who formally announced the murder to the authorities and ordered an inquest; and he took an active part with the police in searching for the assassin. All this affected his mind. At first no change in him was noticed, except that he seemed to be a little nervous. People said, 'Ah, the poor syndic; he is troubled over this affair.' Then, when the inquest was finished, he sent in his resignation as syndic, saying that he was not worthy to hold the office, since he allowed people to be assassinated—just as if he were to blame for Mathurin's murder. To show their confidence in him, the people wished to send him to the grand council. He declined to go. He was the wealthiest land owner in this part of the country, and was held in great esteem by all. Soon afterward he ost his wife and also his son, who died of a cold caught on the frontier during the war. Then he took to drink, and would repeat to people over and over again the story of Mathurin's murder. People began to shun him, and at last be talked with no one except strangers, to whom he recounted the history of the crime. Yes, he is certainly demented. and absinthe has helped to unsettle his mind. He no longer busies himself with anything; his affairs are in disorder, his property is mortgaged, and in a few years he will become a charge on the

In my dealings with the inhabitants of the valley I had found them to be very conscientious people, and could understand how their sensitive minds might be tortured by scruples and doubts. However, the case of the old syndic seemed extraordinary to me. I believed that I had found in it one of those strange cases of mental derangement resulting from the exaggeration of one faculty, or from dwelling upon one idea, to which the was smoking his pipe and contemplating psychologists were beginning to give a his glass; he was continually absorbed great deal of attention, and I made up story with similar accounts of their exmy mind that I would follow it more closely. As soon as I had finished my supper I approached the old man, who just been served with another glass

> "Is the place where the murder was committed far from this village?" I He raised his eyelids, looked at moment, and then rising, said:

of absinthe.

"Come, and I will show you the spot. We left the inn together. Silence reigned throughout the village The houses, the roofs with their chimneys, the trees and the massive old church were all distinctly outlined in the white moonlight. In the keen, frosty air I could hear the fallen leaves crackle under our feet; while the boughs of the evergreen fir trees repeated their monotorous plaint. The waters of the lake, a large part of which was visible in the moonlight, driven by the wind in waves upon the pebbles of the shore, complained like the firs. Along the road Arnaud's shadow advanced beside mine. He walked with a heavy step, his back slightly bent, his head lowered and his arms swinging. He said nothing. By degrees, as we went on over the road, whick took us some distance from the lake, he seemed to walk with more difficulty. Although his face was still immobile and his step was slow, his breath-ing was heavy, and at last he proceeded only with great effort. At a turn in the road where three trees formed a sort of a triangle he paused, drew a long breath. and with a quick, almost automatic ges-ture of the right arm, said:

"This is the spot." There was nothing sinister about the I wanted to ask the old man several questions. Contrary to my expectation, is first emotion having been overcome, he talked more freely than at the inn, as if, having been obliged to make a great effort, he had succeeded through that effort in putting some lucidity into his

"The corpse was there," he said, "at the foot of that fir tree, stretched out in that direction-the extended arms almost forming a cross, the left leg slightly curved. There was not much blood. The ground was damp, and we were able to race the steps of the assassin. He wore

large shoes, with heavy nails. After the murder he went toward the lake by that little path which crosses the field, perhaps because he wanted to wash his hands. He returned and took 100 steps toward Lien, apparently to throw people off his track; then he went to Pont. At the edge of the village his traces were lost—at six paces from my house. The knife was never found. Nothing was missed from Mathurin's effects; he had 100 francs in his pocket. Could you conceive of anything so mysterious? Up to the present time the murderer has not been discovered: that's certain. The affair happened so long ago—nearly every one has forgotten it. But I—I have not

As he uttered these last words in broken voice, his face still expressionless, his eyes fixed on the fatal spot, the problem which had already presented itself to me was brought to my mind more clearly than ever. How, I asked myself, could a sensible man—one whom the citizens, not only the ignorant peasants, but the intelligent and educated people, intrusted with their interests because they considered him the most capable and honest man among themhow could such a man be driven almost to monomania by the murder of a peddler? The continual contemplation of healthy to bring on mental troubles which result from the overwork, ambi-

tion, intemperance and excesses incident to life in the capitals. Thus I quickly argued with myself while Arnaud stood there rooted to the spot, as though spellbound by his memories. looked at him again. His face was still expressionless, but the sweat rolled down his cheeks, and in his look there was something terribly tragic. Then a horrible suspicion, which perhaps had already been outlined in my mind, suddealy presented itself to me, and instinctively without reflection I ex-

"But, you wretch, it was you who killed him!" Arnaud turned toward me, his eyes wide open, his form almost erect. A little foam came to his lips. He clinched his fists and came toward me, and then, ground, exclaiming in a hoarse voice:

"Ah! do not denounce me! Do not denounce me!" He dragged himself along the ground. At last his features underwent a change and his convulsed face, contorted mouth, dilated nostrils and enormous eyes showed his terror. Something of the fear that possessed him was communi-

"Do not fear," I said, "I am neither judge nor informer; I will keep your secret. But why did you"—
He divined my thought and interrupted HABITS AND HOMES OF THE DENI-

"Not No! No! I can say no more! That will never be known! Never!"
Then rising from the ground with all the agility of a young man, he took flight

and ran toward the village.

During the following winter I did not have occasion to revisit the valley, but in the spring I again went to Sentier. On stopping at the inn at Pont I noticed that the corner of the room where old Arnaud used to sit drinking absinthe was vacant. I asked the inn-keeper what had become of him.

"Ah, the poor man!" he replied "It

is a sad story. You know 1 . ! you that he was a little crazy. Well, it was found that he had lost his wits altogether. He finally persuaded himself that it was he who had killed old Mathurin, and he denounced himself as the murderer. It became necessary to put him in an insane asylum." "But," I said, after a slight besitation, what if he were not insane?

he really were the murderer?" My host regarded me with an air of stunefaction. 'Hea murderer!" he exclaimed. "How can you imagine that he would commit such a crime? He did not have an enemy and was the most upright man in

This perfect confidence had the effect of shaking my conviction. I kept old Arnaud's confession to myself, and I have never made up my mind whether he was an assassin stricken with remorse or the victim of monomania.-Translated by A. K. Haven, from the French of Edouard Rod, for New York Press.

That the mastodon was once common Alaska is certain from the great number of their skeletons, found in the marshes and clay banks of the Yukon and northern plains; but that this huge pachyderm still exists there in the livng state has never been deemed likely, or even conjectured, till recently. This conjecture rests on reports by way of the Stick Indians on the White river, tributary of the Yukon.

The account is that while hunting on wooded bottom, a few miles from this river, two Indians came upon a trail, consisting of enormous tracks fully two feet across, and deeply imprinted in the moss and earth, strewn along near which were broken branches of the trees. Following cautiously on these signs, they at length heard the noise of the creature feeding, and presently espied a prodigious animal, as large, they assert,

as a white man's house-meaning the trader's one story store. Its teeth, they declared, were as long as a man's leg, and curved outward, while its ears were likened to a seal skin in size. In color it was represented to be dark brown. It leaned against a dead tree stub, and scratched its side, and its body seemed to be covered with patches of coarse brown hair. Terrified at the sight of such enormous game, the two hunters promptly retreated.

Other native hunters corroborate this periences; accounts which they are reluctant to relate for fear of ridicule, or from some superstitious feeling regarding the matter. The uncharitable attribute the appari-

tion of the strange beast to the vision disturbing effects of hoochinoo-a particularly villainous kind of whisky distilled from molasses. Others rejoin that these Indians never take hoochinoo while on a hunt-or, in other words, that they never go on a hunt as long as there is any hoochingo left in the rancherie. This may be subjecting the narrative of the natives to a somewhat Larsh criticism, the more so when it is considered that one of the two who saw the say

posed mestedon is an Indian of known

probity and good character .- Youth's

Companion. Tests of Civilization. What shall one take as a typical test of civilization? No coast in the world is better lighted and buoyed than that of Japan: nowhere are life and property more secure; in no country is universal courtesy so natural and for the art of Japan, if that be everybody knows of the exquisite drawings and lacquer and silk and faience and silver and bronze that were produced here before America was discovered. Why, in the very winter that Columbus hoisted his sail the famous Yoshimasa was inaugurating a new departure with new luxury in the Cha-no-yu or tea drinking ceremony, probably the most elaborate and polished ceremonial that has ever been devised. And the splendid gardens of Gin-kaku and Kin-kaku-"the pavilions of silver and gold"-at Kyoto, remain to this day monuments of the same Yoshimasa's taste. But these, although they antedate the new world, are but modern here, for before William the Conqueror crossed the channel and founded at Hastings the England that we know, the Count of Nara

inspirations of Japanese history.—Cor. Philadelphia Times. Christmas at Plymouth-1621. In writing the history of Plymouth colony, Governor Bradford closes the record for 1621 with this paragraph: "And here I shall end this year; only I shall remember one passage more, rather of mirth than of weight. On the day called Christmas day the governor called them out to worke (as was used), but the most of this new company excused themselves, and said it went against their consciences to work on that

was the focus of a marvelous art and a

magnificent life which are among the

So the governor told them that if they made it matter of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away the rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke he found them in the streets at play openly—some pitching the barr, and some at stoole ball and such like sports. So he wente to them, and tooke away their implements, and told them that it was against his conscience that they should play and others worke.
"If they made the keeping of it matter of devotion, let them keepe their houses,

but there should be no gaming or revelling in the streets." The thing particularly to be noticed in this brief mention of that early Christmas in New England is that the governor speaks of it as 'the day called Christmas Day." By this he intimates that it is not such in reality, and that there is no good authority for regarding this as the an-niversary of our Lord's birth,

There never yet was a woman so gifted, wealthy, beautiful or high in social posidistant and supercilious bearing. There are so many sorrowful things in life, there are so many hurts and wounds for all of us, it seems to me that every woman ought to cultivate a sweet manner and a kindly glance for the stranger or the acquaintance. It costs nothing, and, like a ray of sunshine, it warms and strengthens many a frost bitten life whereon it falls. I think some women and girls have the idea that a haughty and proud bearing impresses a stranger with a sense of their importance. This is a mistake. The truly great are never arrogant or cold but modest and kind in demeanor, while the unworthy and presumptuous often assume an air of supercilious dis dain with strangers to hide their natural deficiencies.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Coughing in Church. Concerning the habit of coughing in church The Lancet says r sents to a large extent avoide ! ... ! d of habit and thoughtless inner or and their very desirable reduction is therefore by no means hopeless. Even where a basis of disease underlies the explosion a little self control could usually do something to lessen its force or its fre-

A young married man of Buena Vista, Ga., started on his wedding trip. The best man and a friend of the bride accompanied the happy pair. Both ladies were heavily veiled, and somehow they got mixed. Friends are still poking fun at the Benedick, who, doubtless, is not as firm a believer in instinct as was Falstaff. A TRIP TO AFRICA.

ZENS OF THE GOLD COAST.

How 10-Year-Old Mothers Carry Their Bables-Singular Though Rudoly Elaborate Burial Custom-An Uncomfortable

Although the Gold Coast is not favorable for the prolongation of life of white men, the natives are strong and healthy enough. The children are particularly sprightly and fat. They run about in tate of nature, with merely a girdle of beads around their waists, in lieu of clothing. They are marriageable at an early age, commencing the cares of wedded life at 10. The infants are carried by their mothers in a peculiar posi tion. A piece of light wood about ten inches long by four or five broad is covered with cotton and tied around the woman, so as to rest upon the lower part of her back. Upon this the infant is placed, straddling face to the mother's back and secured by a fold of her cotton cloth. The woman is thus free to work and the babe is near the nourishment necessary for its existence. DRY WEATHER HOUSES. I saw some very old persons here. One

day on going down the road toward the castle, I saw a venerable looking negro sitting in a wicker chair, bareheaded and fully exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. It was about noon, when the sun is very powerful, and the old fellow's skull was devoid of wool, bare and shiny. I stopped to speak to him, placing my hand on top of his head and finding the heat excessive. He spoke in tremulous tones, telling me he was nearly 100 years of age, and that his blood was cold: so he had his chair placed in the sun so that his system could be warmed thoroughly The houses are made of sun baked bricks, or adobe, which material is all right during the dry portion of the year, but has an inconvenient habit of tumbling about your devoted person during a continuance of rain. The walls of the houses are thick, to keep the great heat out, and the roofs are thatched with dried grass. Two of us occupied one of these houses half way between the castle and the lighthouse. The under story was a merchant's store, and we occupied the top floor. We had been experiencing rather heavy rain for a week, when one night the wall facing the direction the wind came from collapsed, bringing down the roof with it. Fortunately our cots were on the other side, otherwise our earthly "globe trotting" would have been brought to an untimely and sudder

EURIED IN GOLD. The burials of the Gold coast are very peculiar. Most of the people own their houses, and the family have perhaps lived in them for generations. The custom doubtless arose from considerations of security, for fear the graves might be rifled. They always bury their dead within the walls of the deceased's residence. The house where we were lodged was separated from the adjoining one by a narrow alley. The window of our upper room looked into the lower story of site us. We were thus enabled to view the whole proceedings. The wife of the owner, a young woman about 20 years of age, had died of puerperal fever and center of the room a trench was dug, the depth of which we could not exactly determine. The body was literally covered with paid ornaments. Gold beads round her neck in a double row, gold bead girdle, earrings, rings, pins, bracelets— all of massive form and chased, but not very finely. The workmanship is not of the highest order.

A rich mulatto lady, widow of a white merchant and niece of the ruling king of Ashantee, was among the mourners She had a vial filled with gold dust in her hand, which she emptied into the mouth of the deceased woman, scattering the overplus on the face. Some women then took the body and wrapped it carefully in a white sheet; they then lowered it with cords into the grave. A brazier was burning in the apartment, which was large, and usually the parlor. Onto the hot coal they then threw some odoriferous gums, which gave out an intense smoke. This had the effect doubtless of driving away any evil spirits that might have been loafing around seeking something to devour. Under cover of this smoke, which was too dense for us to see through, the earth must have been filled in; for when we could discern objects again the floor was even and stamped down, looking as before. I saw no men present during the interment. I was informed that during a little difficulty between the French and a native king, men were landed from a war ship, who, after driving away the inhabitants had Kroo boys to dig up the interiors of the chief houses, and secured a fair amount of the precious metal as booty. The kingdom of Ashantee adjoins the Fantee country inland. The people of this kingdom are not so tall or athletic a race, but are lithe and clean limbed, active and intelligent. I preferred them to their neighbors, the Fantees. I went up as far as the Prah, a pleasant enough trip of several days. As there are no horses nor mules, nor even the humble Jerusalem pony, we were carried in hammocks. a bad imitation of the Indian palkee. These contrivances are made of canvas and slung to a pole, which latter is can ried on men's shoulders fore and aft. It is a very jumpy, jolting method of loco-motion. I heard of one poor fellow who was being carried in one of these vehicles of little ease, being sick with coast fever. The jolting irritated him so much that he called out to them to go slow. The bearers, thinking he called out to them to go faster, through ignerance of the language, literally jolted him to death. He was quite dead when they reached his residence. - Cor. San Francisco Chron-

FEMININE ROMEOS.

Adore Each Other. "Perhaps love fever is not a disease. but we think it one. It is very prevalent in all of the colleges for girls, particularly so at Vassar, Smith and Wellesley, and t is claiming the very serious attention of the college faculties. This rather startling revelation was made by a professor, and a feminine one. who has taught in all three colleges, and is at present connected with a fashionable boarding school in this city.

"I remember well when I was a gir and first read 'Elsie Venner,'" she con-tinued. "You remember Dr. Holmes says a girl must love something. laughed the idea to scorn. But in my experience of teaching I have found his nt to be exactly true. Girls w are kept from proper masculine society fall in love with each other, and sometimes go to the most absurd extremities. "Oh! then you do not mean that college girls fall in love with men?" said a Journal reporter who was an interested listener to the conversation.

"Nothing so natural, my dear," said the little professor, with a fine look out of her big gray eyes. "They fall in love with each other. One girl is always the lover and pursues the other with attentions. notes, flowers and similar tokens of love. and I have known them to be so jealous that-well, really, it made me tremble to think of the consequences.

"There was a pretty, blue eyed girl in my Saxon literature class who fell frantically in love with a tall, serious, dark eyed girl who was taking the scientific course. This little creature used to sit at the head of the stairs for three hours every evening until Eleanor, the dark eyed girl, would come from her laboratory work, and then she would run down to meet her, and insist on making her a cup of chocolate over her gas stove, on braiding Eleanor's long hair each night and doing a hundred other services. If Eleanor showed the least unusual attention to any other girl my little blue eves would almost cry her pretty orbs out. She did not get over her infatuation untill one Commencement day, when she met a dark eved young man whom she

afterward married "But isn't that an exceptional case?" asked one of her listeners. "Not at all. It is only one of many. Only last year I had two girls in my

some and spirited, and they took a vio-lent fancy each for the other. They had to sit side by side, they exchanged rings and locks of hair, used to write each

other every day, and send each other flowers. One day the older of the two took a small cluster of violets from a pretty girl in the senior class and wore them all day in her corsage. Then there was serious trouble. The younger went into hysterics, and for almost a week was very ill. Those two girls left college at the same time and vowed always

> "It is extremely dangerous, I know," said an old dowager who was present, "to have only one man to a hundred girls at a summer resort. Almost every girl will fall in love with that man, but I thought young women cultivating their intellects were different." "Not at all," said the little professor. "They have brains, of course, but they also have hearts. For my part, I believe in co-education. I went to a university where men and girls studied in the same class rooms. The girls were able to see many kinds of men, and to be critical about them. They did not 'fall in love,'

to live together. But I heard one of

them had married within a year."

the young men, but studied their lessons and enjoyed the society of both sexes like rational young women." At Vassar college and at Smith, also, the students are cautioned by the lady professors against the practice of "falling in love" with each other, and jealousy of one girl's attentions to another is vigorously preached down. - New York Journal.

as the saying is, with each other or with

Significant Wink. A great part of what is called a man's success in life depends upon his finding out in good season what his natural bent is, and then following it. James Nasmyth was particularly fortunate in this respect. Although his father was an artist, and he himself had no little aptitude for drawing and painting, yet he was sure that he was "cut out" for a a machinist, and a machinist he became. Having learned his trade, he went to Manchester to start in business for himself, and there, among other good people, he met the Brothers Grant, the famous Cheeryble Brothers of Dickens.

He was first introduced to Daniel, who invited him to his house, and presented him to his "noble brother William," as Daniel always called him. At the dinner table young Nasmyth sat next to William, and was asked many questions. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six." "Rather young to begin business on your own account." "Yes, but I have plenty of work in me, and know how to be economical." "What capital have you?" Nasmyth confessed that he had only £63. The old gentleman thought that a very

small amount, but after giving his new friend sundry cautions he added that he must keep his heart up.
"If some Saturday night you should need money to pay off your hands or for anything else you will always find a credit of £500 at 8 per cent. at my office, and no security." Nasmyth was, of course, as much

To these Mr. Grant responded with a squeeze of the hand and a peculiarly knowing wink. This wink made a most vivid impreswas laid out on a trestle covered with sion upon the younger man. It seemed black cloth, attired as in life. In the full of all manner of kindness. As he describes it, "Mr. Grant seemed to turn his eye round, and brought his eyebrows down upon it in a sudden and extraor-

dinary manner." The "noble brother" proved every whit as kind as young Nasmyth could have expected or asked for; but it transpired. a year or two afterward, that the wink had no immediate connection with his generosity. In fact, the eve that gave it was made of glass! It now and then got out of place, and its wearer had to force it back by that odd contortion of his eyebrows, which, taken in connection with the conversation then passing, Nasmyth had understood to be expressive of all manner of kind intentions.—Youth's

Turkish Bazars. The bazars of Constantinople, or the Tcharshu, as they are called by the natives, are situated on one of the famous hills of that oriental metropolis, facing the Bosphorus. They are unlike any other places of traffic, being altogether sui generis both in construction and design. To give the reader an idea of their singular nature they may be compared to the public markets of this country, though they differ in extent and internal arrangement. Imagine an entire city ward with its numerous blocks embraced in one edifice or inclosure, with its streets, lanes and alleys arched over and devoted to commerce. These bazars are built of stone and are one story high. Each street is allotted to some particular branch or class of merchandise; thus, there is spice bazar, called Missir-tcharshu, where all kinds of drugs, spices and dye stuffs are sold, including the famous henna, and the exhilarating hashish is procured.

There are the perfumery bazars, where the most fragrant perfumes, the ottar of roses, Khurtz tenroofs and other odoriferous pastiles and essences fill the atthe silk bazar, the dry goods bazar, of which there are two, the Kalpa Kdjebarbashi and the Uzoon-tcharshu, or the Broadway and the Bowery of Constanti-nople. Besides these is the Yaghlukdjiar, where the most varied and exquisite embroideries are displayed. The Kaffaflar, or shoe bazar, is an institution peculiarly oriental. There one sees the meeting of the west and the cast in the motley collection of wares, the clumsy Oriental chaussers, with the patent leather boots; the tehedik-Pabbootcha or the walking shoes of the Turkish ladies of the Ancien regime, alongside of the tiny gaiters of varied colors, for the modernized hannums (ladies). The jewelry bazar is also a prominent feature of the tcharshu, for it is much frequented by all classes.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Angina pectoris (agony of the chest) carries off many people, one of whom according to the newspapers, was the ovelist, the Rev. E. P. Roe, who expired in one day because of its crushing anguish. Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, according to the published reports of that time, likewise succumbed after twenty-four hours of uncontrollable pain.
Just how these patients were treated I 1-100 to 1-25 of a grain, of nitro-glycer-ine! This discovery entitles Dr. Richardson to the never ending gratitude of

every suffering man, woman or child afflicted with angina pectoris.

I know a number of persons who always carry tablets of nitro-glycerine with them, and I am equally certain that all these people, by the use of nitro-glycerine, are living in comparative comfort, who would otherwise have fallen under the insupportable torture of that form of heart neuralgia, the most dreadful of all pains.—Montrose A. Pallen, M. D., in Belford's Magazine.

JAPANESE ARTISANS. Carpenters Who Work in Crude Ways, but

Achieve Superior Results. The Japanese artisan has four hands and twelve fingers. He uses his feet as an extra pair of hands, and his two great toes can wrap themselves around the articles with which he works like an down to his work and put on the hoops with a hammer and wedge. His legs were bare and his cue was tied in the old Japanese fashion, while his almond eyes closely watched the work he had before him. After ten minutes of pounding he laid down his tools and took a smoke, and during the hour that I sat near him he smoked four times. The Japanese pipe only holds a winch of

tobacco, and ne could do this cheaply, but the time consumed was at least twenty minutes. This perpetual siests is one of the features of Japanese labor. I am told by old American residents that Japanese workman will not do one

third as much a day as an American workman, and in every case they seem to do their work in the hardest of ways. The methods of labor in Japan are the direct opposite of those in America. The direct opposite of those in America. The carpenters, for instance, pull their planes the other way, and when they use the drawing knife they push it from them instead of pulling it towards them. They do most of their work sitting and they do all the work on the pull stroke instead of the push stroke, and they stand the board as a rule at an agle of 45 degs. against something rather than lay it on a bench or sawhorse as we do. They do bench or sawhorse as we do. They do their marking, not with chalk, but with a reel and an inked string when they wish to saw in a straight line, and the whole of the work of turning the rough logs into the finest of cabinet work is lone by hand.

There are no planing mills in Japan, and the sawmills can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The usual method of sawing logs into boards is to stand the log at an angle against the support and saw it by hand. The saw used is not the powerful cross cut saw of America, but a wide short Japanese instrument, which has a handle about two feet long, and which looks like a butcher's cleaver filed into a saw.

The human sawmill stands on top of the log or under it, and pulls away for ten hours a day for about thirty cents. Skilled carpenters in cities get about forty American cents a day, and the best men in the business do not get over fortyfive. Still, you will find no better workmen in the world than here. Their work is done with the use of very few nails, and they have to be cabinetmakers as well as carpenters. Every Japanese house has walls which must move in groover in and out every day, and the ordinary home is as finely put together as a bureau. The joining of everything is by dovetail-ing, and the Japanese could teach our American workmen much in the polishing and joining of fine woods.
Speaking of house building, the Japanese begin their work at the top. The roof goes on first, and then they begin to build the walls and to construct the inte-

rior.-Frank G. Carpenter. How a Mine Was Discovered. The discovery of the Amulet mine, on Lynx creek, reads more like fiction than reality. As it has never been in print we will give it: In July, 1886, F. E. Doggett, with pick and shovel on his shoulders, was climbing the Lynx Creek mountains on his way to examine a quartz mine. Becoming weary in the ascent he stopped beneath the friendly boughs of a juniper tree to rest. After recuperating for some time he took up his pick, and in throwing it on his shoulder it slipped from his hands, and, in falling behind him, its sharp point struck him in the leg, causing great pain. Picking it up with a vehement imprecation from the pain it caused him, he stuck it in the ground, saving it could remain there, and started to walk away. He had gone but a short distance pleased as surprised, and, as he says, when he relented, and, returning, pulled it from the ground, bringing with it some bright and shining metal. In his anger he had unknowingly struck it into a blind ledge, which he located as the Amulet mine, and from which there has been over \$50,000 worth of high grade ore shipped. From a careful exam tion made of the second class ore, which has been allowed to remain on the dumps, it is estimated that it contains fully 2,000 tons. Samples were procured from this promiscuously, and sampled and assayed at the sampling works, giv-ing a value of \$35 per ton, or total value of the ore on the dumps of \$70,000.—

> Something About New South Wales. Now a little about the colony of New South Wales. This is the oldest and richest of all the colonies and the parent of them all. In 1824 Tasmania, then known as Van Diemen's Land, was separated from New South Wales and became an independent colony. Four years afterward the colony of Western Australia was founded, 1836 South Australia was founded, 1840 New Zealand became independent, 1851 Victoria was separated, and the last founded was Queenland in 1859. The northern territory belongs to South Australia, with Port Darwin as its capital. New South Wales lies between 28 and 37 degs. of south lat. and 141 and 153 meridian cast long. It has 800 miles of seaccast, with a number of good harbors. Its general shape is trapezoid, containing \$10.958 miles, four times as large as Great Britain or Victoria, or twice as large as California. As regards the distance from the equator it can be compared to Cape Colony, Chile and the lower besin of the La Plata in the Southern Hemisphere, and with Texas, Louisi-ana. Mississippi, the south of Spain, Italy and Greece which occupy similar posi-tions north of the line.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Arizona Miner

Thousands of Dollars are spent every year by people of this state for worthless medicines for the cure of throat and lung diseases, when mosphere with their delicious fragrance; we know that if they would only invest \$1 in SANTA ABIE, the new California discovery for consumption and kindred complaints, they would in this pleasant remedy find relief. It is recommended by ministers, physicians and public speakers of the Golden State. Sold and guaranteed by Dowty & Becher at \$1 a

bottle. Three for \$2.50. The most stubborn case of catarrh will speedily succumb to CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE. Six months' treatment for \$1. By mail, \$1.10.

The great put the little on the hook.

The Passenger Department of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," has issued a neat little pamphlet, pocket size, entitled "National Platform Book," containing the democratic, republican and prohibition platforms, together with the addresses of acceptance of Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Clinton B. Fisk; also tabulated tables showing the plurality vote, the electoral vote and an analysis of the vote as cast for am unable to say; but Dr. Richardson, Cleveland and Blaine in 1884. This death, had received a prize of 25,000 book is just what is needed at this time francs from the Academy of Medicine in | and should be in the hands of every Paris for having discovered an almost infallible remedy for angina pectoris by the administration, in the small doses of party has to offer and every reader can draw his own comparisons. Sent to any address on application. Address, J. S. Tebbets, Gen'l Passenger Ag't, Union Pacific Ry, Omaha, Neb.

> Thorns whiten, yet do nothing Sins are not known till they be acted. Dogs are fine in the field.

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Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers." Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people

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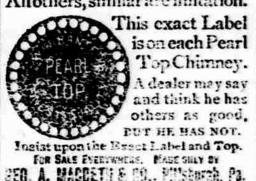
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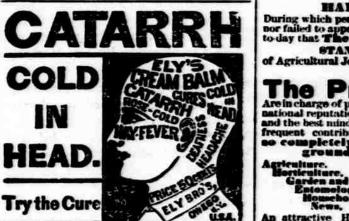
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