And laying snow white flowers against my hale Would smooth it down with tearful tend And fold my hands with lingering caress— Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night! If I should die to-night

My friends would call to mind with loving thoug lome kindly deed the icy hand had wrought; Some gentle word the frozen lips had said; Errands on which the willing feet had sped.

The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night Even hearts estranged would turn to me, calling other days remorsefully. The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yere, perchance Would soften in the old familiar way; For who would war with durch, unconse So I might rest, forgiver of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow; The way is lonely, let me feel them now. Think gently of me: I am travel worn: My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead! When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long to-night.

-Robert C. V. Myers.

## THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Two men sat in conversation. The cooling wind played gently with the short brown curls of the younger, while his handsome eyes and face were lighted by a bright, animated expression. "I can scarcely credit such good fortune. Are you sure there is no mistake?" he

"Perfectly: here are the documents. Prove your identity; prove to our satisfaction that you are Ralph Hamilton and you are a rich man. Can you prove it?"

"I can, immediately. But this is indeed a welcome change; to spring from deep poverty to such wealth in a moment by the death of an unknown relative, seems almost incredible. I am grateful to you. Metcalf, for your pains in so soon seeking me, also your interest in my welfare. I have one favor only to ask in addition-that you remain silent about it. The fact of my changed circumstances need not be made known as yet I shall not alter my style of living for a while, but shall fulfill an engagement to become the private tutor of two small boys residing, strange to relate, in the same place where lies this new estate. In taking the property you say I am required to assume the name of its former owner. This I will do after a few months spent in the neighborhood as a poor teacher. I have met sad rebuffs during the days of my poverty, and I have no idea of being made a victim of some fortune hunter, so I will win some good woman for love's sake, then settle lown and enjoy myself."

In a beautiful residence sat two ladies. Corsair and her da while a third, a niece of the elder lady, Blanche Gilmore, stood with a light hat in her hand, as though she was just re-turning from a walk. They were discussing the appearance of a new tutor who had undertaken for a time, on trial, the education of the two sons of the family. Charley, one of these boys, had just appeared, and, looking from the rindow, whispered:

Now, girls, there he comes. Tell me if what I said was not true." Yes indeed!" exclaimed both young ladies, as they surveyed the fine figure and handsome face approaching; and when the young man smiled pleasantly upon Charley, Blanche thought she had never seen so handsome a man, while

Zoe whispered: 'If the young heir of the Belmont property prove one half as handsome l A splendid estate, with a residence of

almost royal magnificence, lay within sight of their pretty home, and had just, through the death of old Belmont, a childless widower, passed into the hands of a young relative, expected soon to visit the premises. Zoe Corsair and her prudent mother had decided to appropriate both owner and estate as soon as possible after his arrival. The new tutor, Mr. Hamilton, soon became a great favorite with his pupils. Living as he did in the family, he soon became well acquainted with all, while he evidently admired the beautiful Zoe, who treated him with cool politeness. Of Blanche he saw little. She was the only poor relation, depending upon her uncle for support, therefore compelled to bear every imposition and caprice her worldly. selfish aunt and cousin saw fit to inflict. Only little enjoyment was hers; a solitary spot, a deep ravine wildly romantic and secluded, not far from her uncle's residence. Thither she went one beautiful afternoon about October 1, tripping along down the small winding path that led to the depths below. But suddenly she paused, a groan and a faint call for help arresting her steps. Hastening to the spot where she judged the sufferer to be, she saw a man lying at the foot of the ravine, motionless and now quite

In a few minutes she was beside him. and, on lifting his head from the ground, she found Mr. Hamilton, the tutor, un-Running to the stream of water, she

dipped in her handkerchief and bathed his brow. At last he opened his eyes and gazed long and vacantly upon her. "Ah, yes, I remember. I did fall

leaned over to pluck a flower and lost my balance. But I feel better again, thanks to you for your care, and I will see if I cannot rise. "Lean on me, Mr. Hamilton. I think

I can get you up to the path, if it is too steep to the road, and from thence, after a rest, home." Slowly, yet surely, leaning on the

young girl for that support he was so accustomed to give to others, he crept along, often stopping to rest, until at last the level road was gained, and from there his own room, to which a physi-cian was soon summoned, and his limb set and bruises attended to. Lying thus helpless upon his bed, the door partly open to allow a circulation

of air, the young man lay half dozing, when he accidentally heard the following conversation, not, of course, intended for

"A pretty piece of work, this," said lrs. Corsair, who was an intensely selfish woman. "Who is to play nurse, I would like to know?" "And to a miserable tutor," inter-

"I should be very glad to take charge of the poor young man, alone among strangers and sick," said Blanch, "and if sunt is willing I will devote my time to him."

"And neglect the sewing? There is my wrapper not finished yet." "Do not fear, aunt," returned the same sweet voice; "I will finish that also. I There is one stone, the weight of which is estimated at 880 tons. There are stones tend to both; if not able to sew when he is awake, I will do it at night when he together that a penknife may be run

eeps."
"Very well, do as you please; but remember that wrapper must be finished." "Come, mother, don't bother about him any longer. The carriage waits to take us to the concert. Come on."
So saying, the unfeeling Zoe swept down stairs, followed by her mother, while a soft voice murmured by the invalid's side:

"You are not sleeping, I see. What shall I do for your relief?" "I feel quite comfortable, thank you, except a bendache, caused by the sudden

How soft her fingers were; how gentle her touch, and what a depth of womanly pity beamed from those large, brown

About two weeks after the accident vorite resort, and seating herself at the foot of the descent she was soon lost in a

deep reverie.

"Thisis a charming spot, Miss Blanche,"
mid a well known voice behind her,
"and I see is a favorite of yours. Now
that I know how to avoid its dansers, I

amo am charmed with its deep repose and picturesque beauty."

"I am glad you like it," was the reply of the young lady, as she blushed slightly when he scated himself by her side. "But yours is the only face I have ever seen

when here, and I cannot but wonder how you discovered the spot."
"One of my little pupils told me of it, and that day when I fell was my first visit. Thankful am I that you were in the habit of coming here, else I might have died alone and unmissed." "Alone, I grant, but not unmissed, for

your pupils love you."
"I would like to tell you, dear Miss Blanche, how strongly attached I have become to my tender nurse and how much I long for her to return my devoted affection. Dearest, can you love a person occupying so humble a position as tutor to your uncle's children? If you can, and if you will allow me to present my deep love and consent to be my wife.

it will be the delight of my life to try to make you happy." Then he drew her up toward him and their lips met.

No opposition was offered when Mr.

Hamilton asked the hand of Blanche Gilmore from her uncle, all thinking that their poor relative did well even in narrying a tutor.

In the meantime the news came that

the Belmont owner was soon to take pos-session of his property. One of his oddi-ties was that on the evening of his return a large party of friends and the select neighbors were to assemble to bid him welcome. This party, as it happened, was to take place the evening before the marriage of Blanche. Cards of invitation had been left at Mr. Corsair's, and. much to the surprise and chagrin of Miss

Zoe, Blanche was also remembered. "Just as if we wanted to introduce our poor relations," she said, scornfully. "I wonder that the tutor also was not in-

The evening came. The rooms were thronged, but, singular to remark, the young owner had not as yet made his appearance. The guests were received his most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, and the latter, as soon as Blanche had been introduced, managed to draw her to one side, and in another moment Zoe wondered, as she saw them

leave the rooms together. About half an hour later, after all the ruests had assembled, Mr. Metcalf said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Belmont has just arrived and in a few minutes will be pleased to meet you and introduce to all assembled the beautiful young lady who to-morrow morning will become his

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the young man entered the room with Blanche hanging on his arm, her face radiant with happiness. "Our late tutor!" cried Mrs. Corsair. "Impossible!" cried Zoe, sinking into a

"It is quite true, madame," said the roung man, "and now let me hope to see you all at our wedding to-morrow.' All were present except Zoe, whose disappointment was too great to permit her to form one of the wedding party.—

Preferred Authors.

It is sometimes made a question of curious inquiry in a social circle composed posing one was banished to a desert island, there to pass his remaining days, with the privilege of taking with him the works of a single author to divert the tedium of his exile, what author would he choose? Whom would one select for his sole intellectual companion for the remainder of his life? Certain it is the author must be one who has written much for the days to come would stretch out many and long. He must be a dweller in the kingdom of the imagination, and must sound every note in the gamut of human thought and word. Above all, he must have the power of saying what he has to say in a way to interest a drooping and dolorous spirit, depressed with thoughts of a home never more to be seen. Under such circumstances,

what work would one choose? A Frenchman would certainly choose the volumes of Voltaire, while no German would hesitate over the fifty vol-umes of Goethe. The Italians would choose Dante, and the Spaniard, after some hesitancy over the 150 volumes of Lope de Vega, and the paltry dozen of Cervantes, would finally choose the latter. What an English speaking person would choose is susceptible of but little controversy. The exile would turn to Shakespeare as his only solace in such an

emergency.—Chicago Herald. Necessity of Thorough Ventuation. If a single ounce of cotton be burned n a room, it will so completely saturate the chamber with smoke that one can hardly breathe, although there is but a single ounce of foreign matter in the air. Should an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air would be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there could be an open door or window for it to escape. But the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed by the cotton burning are far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhala tions from the lungs and bodies of two persons who have each lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping. For while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body

are again absorbed into the lungs as well as into the pores of the skin. A little more thoughtfulness would impress upon every one the importance and necessity of having sleeping rooms well ventilated. Air should be admitted in not only during the day, but whilst we are asleep. Another very important item of the health of our beds is that every morning after getting up the sheets, blankets and other coverings should not be rearranged without being left about for a few hours. It would be a great advantage if they could be aired for that space of time. This may seem a trifle, but trifles make up the sum of our health, comfort and existence. -Herald of Health.

Lincoln on Jefferso George N. Stroat, of Nebraska City, has an autograph letter written by Abraham Lincoln in 1859. It is an answer to an invitation to attend a banquet in Boston on the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. The letter concludes with the following tribute to the author of the immortal Declaration of Inde-

"All honor to Jefferson, to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the harbingers of reappearing for any and any and the steward commenced to call the roll, with a pause after each name. Two, at least, of those who had appeared at the gangway answered to their names without moving. At length the name of Louis Basard was called and be roll to the r appearing tyranny and oppression.

Wonderful Masons The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stones in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the London embankment. thirty feet in length which fit so closely over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar, either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together as these stones in the pyrinds meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon the surfaces were assimieach other until the surfaces were assimilated, making them the world's wonders in mechanical skill.—London Budget.

In the West Virginia Mountain "There is much ignorance in many of these mountain counties," said a Baptist orator at Clarksburg, W. Va. "A man was riding through McDowell county on his way to the court house. He met an old lady and asked her the way to the county seat. She replied: 'I did not know that the county had any seat.'"

SING TO ME.

Out of the silence wake me a song Dut of the silence ware mr a way
Beautiful, sad, soft and low;
Let the lovellest music sound along.
And wing each note with a wail of woe,
Dim and drear,

As hope's last tear, Out of the silence wake me a hymn, Whose sounds are like shadows soft and diss Out of the stillness of your beart-

Out of the stillness of your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there
Wake me a song, thou child of art!
The song of \* hope in a last despair,
Dart and low,
A chast of woa,
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Cold as a snowfake, low as a moss. Out of the darkness flash me a song, Brightly dark and darkly bright; Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along The mystical shadows of the night.

Sing it sweet, Where nothing is drear or dark or dim And earth song soars into beavenly hymn

## NIPPING A MUTINY.

Our gunboat lay in the Mississippi, attached to Porter's flotilla, and I was acting as chief engineer. Our captain was a solunteer officer, an excellent sailor and brave man, and if he had a fault it was that of over indulgence to his crew. Said crew was a motley collection, made up almost entirely of rivermen-flat boatmen, raftsmen, landing porters and longshoremen of all kinds-and too many of them were of a disposition to take advantage of kindness. They had no conception of duty, save that which was forced upon them, and they had evidently shipped with the impression that they would have but little work and little danger.

We were on the eve of stirring events. Word had come to us that we were to run the batteries of Vicksburg; and we knew there was warm work in store for us at Grand Gulf. One morning, upon going to the fireroom. I found that two of the stokers, who should have been on duty, were absent; and, upon making inquiry, I heard that they had refused to do any more work. I called them to me, and asked what they meant. One of them-an ill-favored fellow, who had shipped at New Orleans-answered mo that his time was out, and that he wanted his discharge. I informed him that, according to the rules of war, he must continue to do his duty until his discharge was received. He laughed at me, and said he would like to see me make him

work after his time was out. I observed that quite a number of the crew had followed my stokers to the door of the fire toom; and, from the glances which were exchanged, I was satisfied that the defection was not confined to my department. I sought the captain and told him

what had transpired. "I know it-I know it," he said, nervously. "Nearly half the crew have refused to do further duty, and demand to be paid off and set on shore. They have not yet spoken with me, but I expect

them every moment." of the deck came into the cabin and informed the captain that a number of the crew had assembled in the gangway and demanded to see him. He rose, buckled on his sword and went out. In the starboard gangway were about forty of the men, headed by a stout, burly, dark visaged fellow named Basard. He was a bully and a blackleg. As the captain approached this man stepped forward, and said he had been chosen to speak for his companions. He wanted it understood that there was no particular leader in this business, but that the terms of enlistment of forty-two of the men had expired, and they desired to be paid of? and set on shore.

The captain spoke to them at first very moderately. He explained to them what were the rules of war. He told them that the mere expiration of a given time could not absolve an enlisted man from his allegiance. Any open opposition to constituted authority before they were regularly discharged would be mutiny: and if such mutiny could not be quelled the efficiency of the service would be destroyed. Then he appealed to their patriotism. Would they back out and sneak away just as an opportunity was

offered to face the enemy? The men treated his appeal with scorn and contempt, and swore that they would do no more duty. And it was plain to be seen that they meant what they said. They were desperate characters, and fully believed that there was not power enough on board to overcome them. As I have said, they constituted nearly half the crew and we knew that the other half could not be depended

upon to resist them with arms. Finally, the captain told them he would go and see the commodore and explain the matter to him; and the men went forward, swearing that they would never return to duty, let come what would. When the captain's boat was ready he asked me to accompany him, as the first demonstration of mutiny had been made to me. We found the commodore just sitting down to dinner, and he invited us to join him; and while the meal was in progress the captain told his story. Por-ter listened very attentively, and at its conclusion he said, with a smile: "Ali right, captain, I guess there won't be much trouble. I will come on board during the afternoon and see if I can straighten things out for you."

After this the commodore turned the

conversation upon other subjects, and when we had eaten, and smoked our pipes, we returned to our vessel. And Commodore Porter was not far behind us. At 2 o'clock he came on board, accompanied by a lieutenant and twenty marines. His first move was to direct the crew to be mustered aft; and while this was being done the marines were drawn up on the starboard side of the quarterdeck in two ranks—the crew mustering upon the opposite side. When all was quiet the commodore advanced from his position against the taff rail and

addressed our men. "Look ye, my men," he said in abrupt, authoritative way, "I am informed that some of you refuse to do duty. You know very well that you can't be discharged today. The thing is impossible, and the good of the service will not permit that you shall refuse to obey your officers. As the roll is called those who are not willing to do further duty will, in answer to their names, go forward to the forecastle. The others

will remain as they are." .The steward commenced to call the forward, and when he started these other two, who had tremblingly hesitated, fol lowed. When the roll was finished torey men had gone to the forecastle, and there they stood, dogged and determined-at least so they tried to appear, though it was very evident that some of them wished they were safely out of the scrape.

for there was danger to them in the look of the eagle eyed chief. The commodore caused the marines to be drawn up across the waist, facing for ward, and when this had been done he ascended the gangway ladder and turned

towards the mutineers.

"Now, my men, I want you to return to your duty. Those who are willing to do so may lay aft. Marines, attention" Ready! Aim!" The marines cocked their rifles, and brought them to their shoulders, the muzzles covering the closely huddled pack upon the forecastle. Most of the mutineers paled and trembled. This was

"Look ye," pursued the commodore, drawing out his watch. "I will give you just one-half minute—not one second more! In thirty seconds I shall fire! Now, report for duty or stay where you

worse than running the batteries of

Then he added: "That reminds me of an officer traveling through the country during the war. He asked an old man what was the population of his county. He replied: 'I don't know; it is over on Tug Fork.'"—Richmond Religious Herald.

Then he added: "That reminds me which a stillness like the hush of death reigned upon the dial of his watch, and his lips were ready to pronounce the fatal word. The spirit of insubordination was growing weak in the presence of a power that held life and death at will. A few accords

stokers proke from the gang and came aft, and they came not alone. Through the gap thus opened others followed-followed in a continuous line—until the forecastle was vacant. Every man had reported for duty.

Porter put up his watch and stepped

"Captain," said he, as he came upon the quarterdeck, "I have an order for you, and I will assume all responsibility in event of its execution. The first man

of your crew who refuses to do duty shoot him on the spot!"

But our captain had no call for turning his pistol against his own men. They had discovered what mutiny really meant, and had no desire to experiment therein again—at least while the broad pennant of Commodore Porter was in sight. -New York World.

A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, of Colum-bus. Ind. It is a button off a private

soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law. F. Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio. had the misfortune to be captured by the Confederates and confined in Libby prison, After Mr. Gallaher had been here some time he began to feel the need f money, which would enhance his prospect of reaching the Union lines should be succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged He cut off one of the large brass button from his uniform, and separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a sli of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which be inclosed in the cavity and again sealed the button together:

DEAR WIFE—If we are not exchanged by the ist of December send me \$30 in greenbacks. Fut in a vial canned up in a can of tomatoes or black berries. Send it in a box of provisions

This note is well preserved, and was still resting snugly in its place in the button when shown today by Mr. Clutch. To continue the story, the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallaher in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers nad it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particular to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would succeed, even should the note reach his wife. but he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison official they failed to discover the vial containng the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after re-ceiving the money Mr. Gallaher suc-ceeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the \$50 obtained in so novel a manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines.—Chicago Her-

Profitable Organ Grinding. is rapidly earning a fortune for an Italian family here in Boston, which owns several very superior instruments of the "piano" variety, such as are operated on light running hand carts. These are pushed about the city by pairs of young and pretty maidens, dressed in the picturesque costumes of the Roman peasantry, who serve as performers. One of the two in each case turns the crank of the huge music box, while the other manipulates with deft fingers the sweetly jingling tambourines. The girls are all sisters, daughters of an ancient brigand called Grosse—a mender of fiddles and things by profession-and the tunes they render, a majority of them from light French operas, are so melodiously given as to set the most unmusical person a-dancing in spite of himself. And when one of the said organs, on its winding way through the business quarter of the town, pauses to strike up in a side street or alley, all the clerks, counter hoppers office boys and other employes in the neighboring blocks quit work at once to skip around and throw pennies out of the windows. So it is not surprising to learn from the players themselves that they average about \$10 per day apiece for their work. This is a trifle more than \$4,000 a year, excluding Sundays, for each machine and its brace of attendants. Pretty good pay, is it not?— Boston Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Cure of Angina Pectoria Angina pectoris (agony of the breast carries off many people, the last of - hom according to the newspapers, was the novelist, 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 incontrollable pain. Just how these patients were treated I am unable to say has De Pickers. able to say, but Dr. Richardson, of Lon-don, long before Gen. McClellan's death, had received a prize of 25,000 francs from the Academy of Medicine in Paris for having discovered an almost infalli-ble remedy for angina pectoris by the administration in very small doses of 1-100 to 1-25 of a grain of nitro-glycer-ine! This discovery entitles Dr. Richard afflicted with angina pectoris.

son to the never ending gratitude of every suffering man, woman or child 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.—Dr. Montrose A. Pallen in Belford's Magazine.

Dumas and the Cabman My father had inherited from my grandfather remarkable strength, of which I had the first experience when I was 14 or 15 years of age. One Sunday he had taken me to the Gymnase. At the end of the play it rained in torrents. He moved toward a fiacre stationed on the boulevard and signaled me to follow him. He gave an address to the cabby, who stood upright beside his vehicle, into which we prepared to mount. The coachman put his hand on the door, saying:
"I don't move a step for less this time than five francs for the journey."

ing:

"I don't move a step for less this time than five francs for the journey."

"Will you not move?"

"No."

"Once, twice, thrice." Cabby did not respond, but remained with his hand on the door. Then my father seized him round the waist, lifted him up from the ground, and planting him on the seat said. "Go now." Then taking his place.

"Please do forgive me, Maj. Carson!" ahe sobbed. "Tye behaved like a Patahave not forgotten the procedure, but I cabmen have become more civil, but that | say?" other things are different.-Alexander

A Duel with Paint Brushes. One of the commonest ordeals to which novices were subjected in the painters' studios in Paris was the paint brush duel The two latest arrivals were stripped to the waist and perched on very high stools face to face at arm's length. They were then armed with big brushes filled with color, one with Prussian blue and the other with crimson lake, and the duel began. Perfect strangers to each other, and having no insults to avenge, the combatants went very gingerly to work at the outset, anxious to keep their bal ance and avoid being daubed with paint But, stimulated by the shouts of spectators, they gradually warmed to their work. A first blow was struck and returned; wavering, staggering and writhing, the opponents, with their bodies all splashed with paint, broke their brushes and rolled on the floor, where they exchanged their blue and red sores in a hand to hand fight, which ended in the duelists fraternally soaping and washing each other's wounds. - Morau-Nauthier.

A 810,000 Ruby. The rare ruby once presented by King Louis of Bavaria to Lola Montez, and valued at \$10,000, is now the property of Mrs. J. B. Haggin, wife of the California. FAITHFUL NATURE

Nature ever faithful is To such as trust her faithfulness. When the forest shall mislead ma. When the night and morning lie, When see and land refuse to feed me Twill be time enough to die.

THE MAJOR'S UMBRELLA

"Isn't she ridiculous?" said Fanny "I declare," gasped Rhoda Filley, "I'v aughed until my sides achel" "You ought to be an actress, Patty

Price," said Mary Ellis. The girls stood around, in a little group, laughing and applauding. It was a dull, rainy day, and business was not brisk at the "Dry Goods and Fancy Emporium" on the corner of Main street and Willow avenue. Maj. Carson had just been in to look at

vellow silk pocket handkerchiefs-a tall. slender man with very black eyes, and a complexion that matched the pocket handkerchiefs-and had gone away. leaving a curious old Madras silk umbrella with a hooked ivory handle, carved in the similitude of a stork's head, on the counter. And Martha Price, the youngest, merriest and prettiest of all the shop maid

ens, had caught it up, twisted a yellow bandanna around her neck, put one of the "newest styles" of gentlemen's felt hats on the side of her chestnut curls. and was parading down the middle of the side aisle, with an excellent imitation of the half halt that characterized Mai Carson's gait. Even Mr. Hoyt, the dignified floor walker, looked on from a distance and smiled. "That Patty Price is a regular little

the cashier. "Just look at her, will you? I'm told she is capital in private theatri cals. And she is certainly very pretty. "Ye-es," primly assented Miss Daly. She had nothing against Patty Price out it is hard for a woman of 50, afflicted with chronic neuralgia, to sympathize

lump of withcraft," said he to Miss Daly.

heartily in the praises of a woman thirty years her junior. Just at the moment when the laughter was loudest, the store door noiselessly opened, Maj. Carson himself re-entered "Did I leave my umbrella here?" he asked, with a quiet glance which swept the whole auditorium, and took in every detail of the scene. "Oh, yes, I see.

thousand thanks!" He lifted his hat with the quaint, old ashioned bow, and left the store. Patty Price stood aghast, the felt hat still topping her crop of curis, the yellow pocket handkerchief yet displaying its tlat how under the central dimple of her

The sudden laughter of her audien was hushed. Miss Daly uttered a little gasp of horror. Mr. Hoyt rapped sharply with his knuckles on the nearest counter

"Girls," said he, "go back to your de partments. This isn't business." but Patty Price carried the heaviest heart of all beneath the coquettish surplice folds of her blue delaine frock. "I oughtn't to have done it," she faltered, busying her hands among the rolls of colored ribbon that the porter had just brought upstairs. "Prudence always tokl me that my foolish, flighty ways would bring me into trouble. I'm quite, quite sure that he saw me!"

"He can't have you arrested. handsome suit of rooms at the hotel and took board with mother just to help us along; and sister Prudence says he is the most perfect gentleman she ever knew. Oh. I don't know how I shall ever look him in the face again!"
"Is he an old beau of your mother

"What if he did?" encouraged Rhoda

asked Rhoda, indifferently. Patty started. "No!" she cried; "of course not! Why he's not 40 yet, for all he looks so old. It's the East Indian climate has done that. Prudence says she thinks he's 

"I wish you wouldn't say such disagreeable things," said Patty, frowning.
"Hush! don't you see there's a customer All day long Patty was in low spirits. She went home at night with a head-

ache, taking care to be a little behind the regular family tea time, so as not to see Maj. Carson.
"If he told mother," she pondered, "as t would serve me entirely right for him o do, what will she say? Prudence, too -if Rhoda speaks truth, and she is really in love with Maj. Carson—she will never forgive me. And now I come to think of it, Maj. Carson's profile is perfect, and his quiet, courteous ways are not a bit like those of the other men around here. He does walk a little lame on one ankle, but when one remembers that he got the bullet wound in protect-

ing a party of women from the mail robbers on the Neilgherry Hills—oh, dear! what evil spirit did possess me to mimic him today? It was the sight of that queer old umbrella, I do believe, that put it into my head. Old Duphne always said that piece of ivory on the handle was carved out of an eastern amulet, and I believe she was right! Daphne don't like to pass that umbrella in the dark. She always utters some spell as she goes

by. There it is now!" She stopped and looked at the um-brella as it leaned against the rail of the hat stand in the hall, where a single gas jet burned feebly in the lantern over-

"Is it a good spirit, I wonder," she asked herself, "or an evil one, that Daphne is afraid of?" She took the umbrella in her hand and looked wistfully at the carvings of the stork's head.

"The Sacred Ibis, I suppose," she pon-dered. "And I wish I hadn't made fun of it. Prudence will be so angry." She was still looking intently at the major's umbrella when the street door opened and the major himself came in. "I'm afraid," said he, "that I am a little late for tea. Oh, you were looking at my umbrella, Miss Martha. Well, I

said, "Go now." Then taking his place in the cab, he said: "Bear in mind always how to do with an obstinate coachman." I have not forgotten the procedure, but I I never will again—and, oh, please, I've have never put it in practice—not that broken it now! What will Prudence

"It don't matter," said the major quietly interposing to prevent her pick-ing up the ruins of the Sacred Ibia. "But what has Miss Prudence Price to do "I-I don't know," murmured Patty.
"She says I have neither discretion nor

dignity, and she is right."
"Now, Miss Martha, stop crying," said the major, gently patting her hand. "If you think that I bear you any malice on account of this morning's innocent bit of girlish measurement. of girlish masquerade, you are entirely mistaken. It is quite natural that hal a dozen gay young things should make fun of an old fogy like me." "But you are not an old fogy!"

"At eight-and-thirty? No? Well, people differ on such subjects. And you are not to torment yourself about it any more—do you hear? Why do you look so earnestly at me?" he added. The long, dark ourtains of lashes fell

thinking how good you are. Here comes mother, and I know by the smell that old Daphne has taken the tea biscuit out of the oven. And oh, I am so sorry about the umbrella!" The major picked up the umbrella, snapped the slender standard in two, and flung it composedly out of the hall window.

on Patty's crimson cheek once more.
"I don't know," she faltered. "I was

fretting yourself so ceaselessly about an

Old Daphne, coming across the hall with the coffee pot in her hand, stopped epell ain't done gone outen de house! Well, it's a pow'ful lucky t'ing for we uns. I neber done feel easy while dat ar was stan'in round."

"Martha," said Mrs. Price to her youngest daughter that evening while careworn Prudence was examining the baker's book down in the kitchen. "Mai. Carson has been speaking to me"—

"I know," interrupted Patty, with a little guilty start. "He's going away—
the best boarder you ever had—and it's all my fault."

"No, he's not going away. He"—
"Then," cried Patty, "he's going to
marry Prudence! And she's a dear, good girl as ever lived, mother, butbut do you think she is quite young enough for the major."
"My dear child. if you would only

hear me out. The major"—
"Has got a wife already in India." burst out Patty-"an olive skinned prin-cess, with a diamond as big as a hazel nut in her tiara, and he wants to bring her here! There are some things I won't stand, mother. The Emporium people are going to establish a branch business at Denver, and I'll go out there with Miss Daly and the Wicklow girls. I don't believe"— At that moment there was an outcry

in the kitchen. Master Alonzo Price, the youngest hope of the family, had just come in with a bloody nose from single combat with some neighboring youth. Mrs. Price grasped a camphor bottle and rushed to the rescue, and Patty was left alone. "I wish I were dead!" sobbed she.

dropping her head on the cushioned arm of the sofa. "It's all the evil spell of that horrid old umbrella!" "Has your mother told you, Martha? asked a gentle, reassuring voice close to And she started, to behold the very eubject of her thoughts.
"No-yes" - she faltered.

don't go away, Maj. Carson!" "It all depends on you, Martha, whether I go or stay," he answered gravely. "Does it, really?" Her heavy eye brightened a little at this. try to be good to her." "To be good to whom?" said the major.

with something of a puzzled expression in his face "To the prin-to the lady, I mean, whom you are going to marry."
"I shall marry no lady, little Martha, unless you will have me," said the ma-jor, resignedly, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes," spoke up Maj. Carson. "I hardly dared plead my own cause with you; but since Mrs. Price has not delivered my message, I must even try for myself. I suppose, dear, I seem very grim and antiquated to you, but my heart has never yet been touched by woman's voice or woman's eyes, and I have grown to love you very dearly. Do you think, Patty, you could learn to love me

Patty had grown first red, then pale. Her hands fluttered, as she glanced "Oh, yes, I am sure I could, because because I felt so miserably jealous when I thought of the East India princess." "Of whom?"

"No matter-no matter," said Patty. And almost in a second she was crying and laughing on Maj. Carson's breast. But the next morning she crept out into the garden and picked up the pieces of the Sacred Ibis' head, lying out there in the dewy grass. "I shall have it mended," said she,

"and keep it always. Daphne is right—it is an amulet, and it has brought me half whispered Patty. "He left his bandsome wit of Patty. "He left his bandsome wit of Patty."—Saturday Night. Saved by His Monkey.

An instance of the instinct and fidelity of a young monkey comes from Batignolles, a suburb of Paris. A little boy (so says a French journal), the son of an inhabitant of that part of the city, was playing in one of the rooms of his father's flat with the monkey, which is a most intelligent and domesticated member of its species. The boy, in a fit of juvenile caprice, tied the cord of a window blind around his neck and pretended to hang himself, to the immense amusement of his Simian playmate, which grinned and chattered on a chair. Suddenly the boy became livid and began to cry, for the cord got into a real noose cry, for the cord got into a real noose around his neck. In a very short space of time the monkey took in the situation and tried to undo the noose with his paws, but had to give up the attempt. It then hopped away to another room, where the boy's grandmother was sitting, and began to pull at her gown, to chatter, grimace and look wistfully toward the door. At first, thinking that the animal wanted to bite her, the old lady was frightened; but, seeing that it was endeavoring with might and main to drag her toward the door, she rose from her seat, and went, piloted by the monkey, to the room where her grandson was moaning. The boy was instantly extri-cated from his perilous position, though it was some time before he recovered from his pain and fright. Jocko, the deliverer, says the French authority for this strange narrative, received a nice little tablet of chocolate cream for his

splendid action, and he deserved it.— London Telegraph. Origin of the Guillotine It is certain that neither Dr. J. T. Guillotin, who did not die by the instrument of death called, or supposed to be called, after him, nor Dr. J. B. V. Guillotine, who had such credit as was due to the invention, was the real inventor of the guillotine, though one or other of them may have recommended it, and perhaps perfected it. It was in use in Italy at least 200 years before their time, as is proved by a manuscript Neapolitan diary in my possession, of which the last entry is dated 1498. The book is full of colored drawings of processions, em-bassies, battles, fleets and various historical events. Among the drawings are two of veritable guillotines, standing in no need of being further perfected, at one of which a condemned person is kneeling, in expectation of the fall of the death dealing steel.—Notes and

Fast Time in the Mounts Another engineer has been discovered on the Union Pacific road who has a reckless passion stuck in his heaving breast for fast running. His territory extends from Evanston to Ogden, seventy-five miles, and it is about the roughest bit of road on the entire system.

The track winds through deep canyons, out of dark holes, is full of short curves and dangerous places, but the "Flying Dutchman," as this engineer is called, makes the run, including all steps, is ninety minutes.—Omaha Herald.

The Boston Dictum. New Barber (in Boston barber shop)-Next gent. Boss—Ven you say agen "next sheat" I discharge you at vonce. Ve no say shents, ve say shentlemen.—New York

How He Advertised.

west, had inherited consumption of his father, and the doctor told him he must die. He stopped taking their weakening physic and tried taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In three months he was strong and well. The gentleman's neighbors knew how sickly he formerly was, and asked him to state in public how he had been cured. He advertised to lecture on a certain evening, in the public hall, and there was a large audience present. This was his

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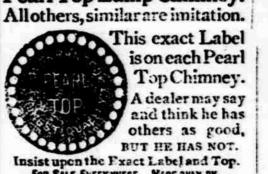
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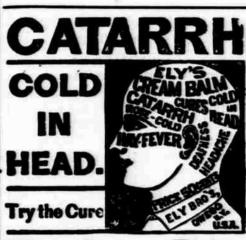
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