THE SIN OF OMISSION.

- It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone Which gives you a bit of heartach
- At the setting of the sun; The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write,
- The flower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night. The stone you might have lifted
- Out of the brother's way. The bit of hearthstone counsel
 You were hurried too much to say:
 The loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle and winsome tone
- That you had no time or thought for, With troubles enough of your own.
- These little acts of kindness So easily out of mind, These chances to be angels Which even mortals find-They come in night and silence
- Each child reproachful wraith, When hope is faint and flagging, And a blight has dropped on faith For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great,
- To suffer our slow compassion.
 That tarries until too late; And it's not the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone Which gives you the bitter beartache At the setting of the sun.

 -Margaret E. Sangster in Boston Globe
- A LOAD OF HAY. A load of hay in the crowded street, A whiff of the scent of clover,
- A change of thought—vague-A living a young life over.
- A shifting of light and shadow, The hum of bees and the martin's flight The meadow larks and the mea Strong arms of men and the yellow green

A day in August, and clouds of white.

- Of the swathes, the steady swinging Of forms of laborers, strong and lean, The scythes with their steely ringing.
- The roar of trade and the newsboys' call; And the dream of a moment's over: Twas a brain wave came through the nose, and all From a whiff of the scent of clover!
 —Stanley Waterloo

THE MANSFIELD GHOST.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said I to my friend Fenton, as we sat on the porch one evening, enjoying a quiet smoke in the cool night air.

"Yes. I have seen one." "You have! When? Where?" "Don't ask too many questions at time and I'll tell you.' "Well, go on. I'm all impatient to

"Well, one summer, about ten years ago, having no business that needed my particular attention, I thought I would run down to —shire, and see my old college friend Mansfield and his wife.
"When I got down to his place I found that neither himself nor his wife was at home, but as the housekeeper expected them to return in a few days I concluded

to stay till they came.

The first day after my arrival I spent in rambling through the grounds about the ancient, place; the next day was a rainy one, and I had to stay in the house. My room was on the third floor overlooking the court yard. . After dinner I went my book and sat down to read. I read a him!"
short time, and then, letting the book drop on my knee, listened to the steady I stur drip, drip of the rain on the flags of the court yard. Soon I fell into a reverie. and then into a state of semi-conscious

I was aroused from my dreaming by seeing through my half closed eyes the door not elessly open and a young woman enter. She was an extremely pretty girl, with light hair falling in long curls over her shoulders. Her dress was an old fashion—just as I suppose my great-grandmother dressed when she was pie whose faces I had only glanced at young. Her tiny feet were incased in high heeled, red morocco slippers. She advanced to the table and laid off her mercy and in their power if they wanted scarf and drew up a chair to the fire to rob or kill—and yet there was no without as much as a "how d'ye do?" or cause to be afraid. When you are the even taking the slightest notice of me guest of a mountaineer you are safe.

Whatever. She then drew from her Next morning I found the family pocket a miniature portrait of a very handsome young man. From my posi-tion I could see it as it lay in her hand. His countenance was open and manly, and his dark hair was clustered in short curls around his forehead. He was dressed in lery could be found near by. After a fashion as antiquated as that of the breakfast Burton pumped me for a few a fashion as antiquated as that of the lady; delicate ruffles were around his throat and at his wrist; in his hand he

carried a riding whip.
She gazed at the picture long and tenderly, with a loving smile on her lips. One of the curls fell back and dis-closed to my view a ghastly wound on the temple. Till then I had been too amazed to think; but now the conviction rushed upon me that my visitor was not of this world. I was frightened, and sat

She replaced the picture in her pocket and, going to a corner, drew out a harp. I had never seen it before, though I had been in the room a dozen times. Drawing it to her side, she ran her fingers over the strings and began to sing in a low voice. Her rong was in some for-eign language. She had a sweet voice, and as it floated through the room, mingled with the lingering sounds of the harp, they had an unearthly sound that filled me with dread.

Suddenly she stopped in her song, and, looking in the direction of the door, sat in a listening attitude for some time; then she resumed her song. But she seemed restless. She looked first at the door and then at the window, as if expecting some one. At last she rose and, putting the harp in the corner, ran to the window and murmured to herself: "What can keep Roger? He should

She stood but a moment, when she grew pale as death, her eyes dilated, she clasped her hands above her head, and, with a wild scream of agony, threw up the window and flung herself out. This roused me. I sprang up and ran to the window. It was closed! This staggered me. I threw it up and looked down into the courtyard, fully expecting to see her lying senseless on the stones. But no. There was no one there except a servant hurrying out of the rain by the very spot where she would have fallen. She could not have got into the house, as there was only one door opening into the yard. I ran down to the door. A servant was

sweeping the passage.

"Have you seen any one come in?" "How long have you been here?"

"About ten minutes, and I am sure no I went back to my room and sat down to study over my adventure. Suddenly I thought of the harp. I rose and went to the very place I had seen her put it. therel. I searched every nook and corner of the room, but could not find it. Here was a new evidence of the ghostly character of my visitor. I concluded to keep my adventure secret till the return

He came the next day; in the after noon I asked him to come to my room as I wished to see him. We went up, and, taking seats,

"I have seen a ghost." Instead of laughing at me, as I ex-pected, he looked very serious and said:

"Yesterday, in the oak sitting room."
I then told him what I had seen, as e listened with a troubled air. When I had finished he studied a few utes and then said:

"Would you know her again if you were to see her picture?"

He took me to another room, at there, hanging side by side, were the portraits of the young woman and the young man, whose ministure I had seen in your hand.

Annie Mansfield. It is a strange thing, but you are not the only one who has seen the ghost; I have never seen it, but my father and mother both saw it. There is an all day connected with it, that, with your permission, I will relate any moment. He came slowly on.

occupied by an ancestor of mine named Roger Mansfield. He had been married about one wear to the about one year to the daughter of a neigh-boring gentleman, whom he loved dearly. He was passionately fond of field sports, while she was of a retiring disposition loving home and home amusements, and as her will was law he had given up hunt-

playing on the harp as she sang a little song in the Italian language; but still she was uneasy. Hearing a noise she put her harp aside and, going to the window, saw, carried on a litter, the dead body of her husband. She gave one shriek and precipitated herself from the window. Her head struck on the stones and she "Her husband had been killed by being

thrown from his horse in taking a leap. "I have one thing to ask you, Frank. Never tell my wife what you have seen, or she would not stay in the house another night." I promised. We went below, and

stayed about three weeks at the Grange, but I gave that room a wide berth. Now, I know that some skeptical per-son would pooh-pooh on hearing this, and say I had eaten a hearty dinner and fallen asleep and dreamed what I have been telling you; but this I know that I was not asleep—no more than Pam at this moment, and that I did really see the Mansfield ghost. - Minneapolis Journal.

CLIMBING.

Once these hills that I have gained feemed like towering mountains tall; Now in the evening, sunset stained, My weary soul doth find them small.

Before my sight no Rights rise, Mont Blancs stand towering up subli-But in the sky life's daylight dies, And, is it worth our scale to climb? Lie down, O soul, and be content

Behind the hills do lie, all low, of level, dull accomplishment; good the eternal stars still glow

ON THE PATH BELOW

I reached Burton's in the mountains beyond Bristol, late in the evening, having, as usual, blundered about the trail. The cabin stood just off the road, and all around it was silent and dark. It has always been a wonder that his dogs did not attack me. He had three, and they were as cross and crabbed as old bears. They came running down the trail to meet me, growling and barking, but as soon as they came up they made friends. They were playing around me when I stood in front of the cabin and

"Hello! you! Hello!" In about a minute a voice answered: "Who is yer, an' what's wanted?" "Stranger in search of lodgings." He seemed to doubt it, for he made no beard a woman arguing:

"I tell you he must be all right. If he up to it, and, stirring up the fire, I took | wasn't them dogs would hev devoured "Wall, come in!" called the man, and

stumbled along to the cabin to find him in the half open door with his rifle in his hands. My explanations soon satisfied him that I was all right, and he struck a light, piled some blankets in a corner and said:

"Stranger, that's the best lop I kin fix ye off hand. Jist tumble down and doan' worry about nothin'." Next morning I found the family to consist of husband, wife and three children. The oldest of the three children was a boy of 12, who had killed his bear and was a dead shot. As soon as I had looked around me I knew that a distil-

minutes, sized me up in his mind as "O. K." and said: "Come up with me and see the boys. And I want to tell you that we've bin expecting visitors fur the last two days, an' we may hev a scare befo' night."

"What sort of visitors?" "United States chaps arter our still. They've had a spy in yere trying to lo-cate it. We saw him twice yesterday." There were three other men at the still, which was hidden away in a dark and rugged ravine, approached by a footpath which could be ambushed at every rod. All the corn was "toted" on the men's back over this path, and the kegs of whisky were slung to a pole and carried between two men. The still was perfect but small, and in the five or six months it had been in operation the men had not made the wages of mechanics. I asked one of them how long since he had had a five dollar bill, and he squinted his eyes, counted his fingers, scratched his head, and finally replied;

"Wall, stranger, you may remember the battle of Stone River?" "A right smart ago, wasn't it?" "Yes; twenty-five years ago."

"Wall, jist arter that fight I and a five-dollar bill, and that's the fust and last time." What money they made by illicit distilling went for boots and shoes, clothing of the plainest kind, tinware, tobacco and tea. One of them had had three pounds of brown sugar in his house within a year. The others had not had an ounce; one had not tasted tea, coffee, sugar, wheat bread or fresh meat (out-side of wild meat) for over two years. The still was about a mile from the

If any stranger came by the trail one of the dogs was sent up the ravine with a piece of cloth tied to his neck. Half way between the two, as I discovered later on, was another path intersecting. This came out of another ravine, and was used by the men only occasionally. The boy was stationed at this intersection to watch both paths and give an alarm if danger threatened. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when he

came running in and said:
"Spy coming, pop!"
Then an instantaneous and terrible started a blazing fire in every eye, set every jaw, and I could see desperation in each face. It needed no handwriting on the wall to tell me that the spy would be wiped off the face of the earth without compunction if discovery threatened. Burton beckoned to me, made a signal to the others which they understood, and we climbed up the rugged face of a rock, ran for a quarter of a mile over broken ground which was well wooded, and then suddenly halted at a spot overlooking the second path and high above it. Burton made me a sign as he crouched down beside a large rock, and cautiously approaching I looked down into the ravine and saw a solitary man—the spy.

He was coming up the path. If he tion to the character of the continuous them to the character of the continuous them.

to shoot him?" I whispered to Burton as he cocked his rifle.

He half turned to look at me. His life owing to a mistake as to a bottle face was as hard set as iron. "For the sake of earning a few dollars he would see us starve!" he replied. "He

knows his danger. Let him pass this rock and I will shoot him!" I dared say no more. Burton was desperate and determined. We looked down at an angle of forty-five degrees on the spy. You could have

Could I signal him?

Coming—coming—coming—advanc-ing at a steady pace towards death. Would Burton shoot? He already had

the man covered. Thump! thump! thump! It was my heart pounding away like a pile driver. It would be murder. I would be accessory. If I dared to shout

as her will was law he had givening for her sake.

"One day a large company of the gentry rode out to hunt, and Roger, for once, gained the consent of his wife, and joined them, promising to be back at a certain time. The day wore on and the hour at which he was to have come back hour at which he was to have come back passed, but he did not appear.

Thank God! Was it the fall or a ment of rock up on the mountain side, or the hourse call of the great buzzard poised above us which made the spy halt in his tracks? Ten feet more and a finger will press the trigger. He peers this way and that—he looks up and around—he starts to advance, but halts around—he starts to advance, but halts around—he starts to advance, but halts around—he starts to advance, but halts

tick away so slowly that they seem to be hours in length. I lean against the great rock, almost gasping for breath, while Burton has his eye at the sights and his finger ready to pull. It is a tableau on the threshold of death. It is a pantomime at the edge of a grave.
"Go back! Go back!" I entreat mind to the spy.

He removes his hat, wipes his brow

and is evidently anxious. "If you value your life go back!" would fain say.

He looks around him like one feels danger in the very air. "You will be shot if you advance!

Hear and heed the warning?"

The warning reached him by that mysterious channel which the human mind has not fathomed. I saw him start in fear, and then, seeming entirely against his will, he turned short about and almost ran as he hurried up the path and out of sight.
"H'm! He'un has got off this time.

let the hammer of his rifle down. 'You would have killed him?" I asked. "Dead as this rock!" "It would have been murder." "Then let he'un keep away from yere!"

-M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

shure," said Burton, as he rose up and

A "Women's Hunt" in Bougal. At a meeting of the Royal Asiatic society of Bengal a description was given of a peculiar custom among the aborig-inal tribes of Ranchi, a group of ham-lets in Chota Nagpore. It is known as the Era Sendra, or women's hunt. On the present occasion the object was to expel the cholera demon, and it is usual when any great calamity overtakes the land for the women to dress themselves up in men's clothes, arm themselves and go out to hunt, not in the jungles, but in the nearest villages east of them. They chase pigs and fowls, and everything they kill is theirs. They also levy blackmail from the heads of the villages for the purchase of liquor. The villagers cannot prevent the slaughter of their animals, but the head men generally compromise matters by giving the huntresses a pig and paying a small sum. Toward evening the hunting party retires to a neighboring stream, where they cook and eat the meat and drink the liquor. They eat nothing after this meal, but bathe and return home. Men are not allowed to accompany them on such octhe time being in a very masterful and masculine manner. They are decked out in coats and all the finery they can borrow from their husbands and sweet-

borrow from their husbands and sweet-hearts, and they flourish their spears, axes and sticks, beat their iron drums, shout, sing hunting songs and dance just as the men do. The ceremony be-gins in the west, and each village that has been visited goes out on a similar excursion to its neighbors, but always to the east. By this means it is supposed that the evil spirit is safely conducted out of the district without offending its dignity. One village near Ranchi is an dignity. One village near Ranchi is an exception. It is called Mahadaiva, or devoted to Mahadev, and there the Amazons are not allowed to enter, as it is supposed to be under the special protection of its patron saint. If ch appears there it is because the Mahadev is offended, and he must be propitiated before it can disappear.—London Times.

The Ancestry of the Pen. A manufacturer of gold pens, in speak-ing of the ancestry of this writing in-strument, which is said to be mightier than the sword, said: The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, stones, ivory, bark and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use, and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India bearing date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the Eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of greater antiquity, especially among the Chinese, but the first paper mill in England was built in 1586 by a German at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half-namely, in 1713-before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought papermaking to anything like perfection. The first approach to the pen was a stylus—a kind of iron bodkin—but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently reeds pointed and split, like pens of the present day, were used, and in time they were replaced by pens of steel and gold.—New York Telegram.

"Do you know what a close shave leans? I never did until I looked at a face the other day through a microscope which had been treated to this luxurious process. Why, the entire skin resembled a piece of raw beef. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth hold-ing a minute blood drop protests against such cruel treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat and it is only that the face and neck are pachyder-

"Hold on, barber! Not another word!" exclaimed the customer. A look of sadness had come over his face and he seemed to be mentally calculating the amount of epidermis that had been sacrificed in many years of close shaves. Suddenly jumping from his chair he said with deep feeling:

"I'll never shave again." sesthetic barber was astonished at the unexpected result of his effort to rid a fellow being of a foolish notion, and he had a chill when the boss barber told him that the loss of trade would be deducted from his salary.-New York

An Ingenious Poleon Stoppe An ingenious stopper has lately been patented for use in bottles containing poisons. The stopper is made of indi rubber, and is surmounted by a perfor-ated ball of india rubber brightly colored, the bottle is moved, thus drawing attenpassed the spot where we were stationed his scent alone would locato the still.

"Click! Click!"

"Good his "N. I but you are not going accidents which have from time to time." containing poisonous medicine. — Cas-sell's Family Magazine.

> Building blocks made of corn cobe form the object of an Italian patent which has been issued. The cobs are pressed by machinery into forms similar to bricks, and held together by wire. They are made water tight by soaking with tar. These molds are very hard and strong. Their weight is less than one-third of that of a hollow brick, and they can never get damp.—Cincinnati Commercial.

NAPOLEON'S COUPS.

AN OLD STORY OF THE GREAT FRENCH EMPEROR RETOLD.

solving the Council of Five Hundred-To Capture France with Eleven Hundred

The two councils met at Saint Cloud. The republican majority in the Ancient inveighed against the trick by which they had been left out in the proceedings of the previous day. Bonaparte appeared at the bar to justify his action. He be-gan a violent speech, lost his presence of mind, but catching a glimpee of the grenadiers outside he threatened the council with military violence if they should decide against him. Meanwhile, in the council of five hundred Lucien Bonaparte read the resignation of the three directors amid shouts from the members of "No Cromwell! No dictator! The constitution forever!" Bonaparte now entered with four gren-

adiers, and attempted to speak, but was interrupted by cries and execratious, and could utter only a few broken sentences. The members appeared to be on the point of proceeding to violence against him when a body of soldiers rushed into the hall and carried him off. A motion was made for his outlawry, but Lucien refused to put it, left the chair and went outside the hall, where he addressed the troops, declaring that a body of factious men in the pay of England and armed with daggers had set the deliberations of the representatives of the people at defi-ance, and that he, as president of the assembly, summoned the military to

quell the disturbance. The soldiers hesitated until Lucien swore that he would stab his own brother if he attempted anything against the

Murat, at the head of a body of grenadiers, then entered the hall and ordered the assembly to disperse. The members replied with shouts and execrations. The drums were then ordered to beat, the soldiers leveled their muskets, and the members of the council made their escape by the windows. Bonaparte had meanwhile gone to Paris, where he said that attempts had been made to stab him, and one person declared that he had received wounds intended for Bonaparte. The Council of Five Hundred was dissolved by a vote of about fifty of its members, who also, in conjunction with the Ancients, passed a decree making Sieyes, Bonaparte and Ducos provisional consuls and investing them with supreme executive power. The coup d'etat was merely begun on the 18th Brumaire, and its suc-

cess was only assured on the 19th.

After his installation at Elba, early in May, 1814, Napoleon feigned resignation, but really and secretly he prepared a small body of picked troops and a diminutive navy for any chance and bent an attentive ear to every rumor from France. News from the continent began to restore his hopes. A report came that the allies were thinking of transporting him gress was about to break up. He renewed his preparations, concealing them as best he might.

The only thing that should have restrained Napoleon was the interest of France, and not loyalty to treaties which kad never been respected toward him. The promises made him had not been kept; the French government had not paid the annual two millions promised him and had seized the personal property of his family. Moreover, he fully believed in the scheme for depriving him of Elba and transporting him to some remote region. He sent a message to Murat begging him to apprise Austria that he should soon be at Paris, and would accept the treaty of May 30, 1814. If he was sincere his return had not even the excuse of endeavoring to restore to France the frontiers that she had lost through him.

He set sail Feb. 26, at Porto Ferraio, with Gens. Bertrand and Drouot and 1.100 soldiers, 700 of whom belonged to the Imperial guard and the rest were Poles, Italians and Corsicans. The fleet, composed of seven vessels, escaped the French and English cruisers guarding Elba. On the morning of March 1 the fleet cast anchor in Juan Gulf, between Cannes and Antibes, and a landing was easily effected.

Napoleon chose the way across the reach Paris. He set out, scattering proclamations to the people and the army as he went, imputing his misfortunes to treachery and claiming to be recalled by the prayers and complaints of France. He addressed an eloquent appeal to the troops. "Unfurl," he cried, "the tricelstreamers which you wore in our days of glory. Victory will march be-side us; the eagle and the national colors will fly from spire to spire to the turrets of Notre Dame." On the 6th of March Napoleon reached

Grenoble, where there were several regiments and a large supply of arms and ammunition. The general in command of the troops sent out a detachment of engineers and artillery to blow up a bridge over the little river Bonne, in the hope of delaying Napoleon. The men disobeyed their orders and never touched the bridge. The chief officer fell back some distance and posted himself be-tween the hills and the ponds. Napoleon marched straight upon him, and the commandant, doubting his men, would fain have retreated, but there was as time. Napoleon was close at hand, on foot, at the head of his little band. "Soidiers," he cried, "do you know me? "Yes! yes!" was the answer. He bared his breast and eried, "Which of you will fire on his emperor?" They waved their caps on their bayonet points, shouting, "Long live the emperor!" ran to kiss his hands, and, wild with joy, hailed him as their general, their emperor, their father! Napoleon turned to Drouot and Bertrand. "Within ten days," he said, "we shall be in the Tuileries

A fresh supply of troops came up from Grenoble, commanded by Col. La Bedoyere, who embraced Napoleon and joined him. On the same day Napoleo entered Grenoble. He now had 7,00; soldiers, and with them he reached Lyons March 10, and entered the town in the evening, the garrison joining his troops. March 13 he left Lyons, and troops. March 13 he left Lyons, and on March 18 he was joined at Auxerre by Marshal Ney, who had been sent to take him prisoner. On the night of March 19 Napoleon reached the palace of Fontainebleau, and on the evening of the next day he was in the Tuileries. Thus ended his second and last coup detat.—New York Herald.

The Czar's Menter. It is no secret that the emperor of all the Russias pays far less heed to his official advisers than to the private friends he made in his youth, who have no ministerial dignities. M. de Giers, his faithful minister of foreign affairs, has little real control over the destinies of Russia. But M. Pobodonezoff, the czar's old doubt the original parent of the modern tutor, is said to be more powerful, and card pack, with its kings, queens, has shaped many of the social measures knaves, etc. The French developed the which within the past few years have been introduced into the empire.

The Parls Figaro gives an interesting the Sixteenth century. Cards became so account of a less known counselor to

and lives in the little parish of Podborz, a few miles from Spala. Zmudowski is, of course, a Catholic, but despite his heterodoxy no man is more loved and trusted by the orthodox czar. Alexan-der made his acquaintance at Skierniewicz fifteen years ago, during a hunting excursion to Poland. While on a visit to Field Marshal Prince Bariatynski, his

45 years old. Fearing the influence of a Polish Catholic on his son's mind the late roasted passenger, appeals only to the czar at last stopped their intimacy. On his father's death, however, Alexander III returned to Podborz and renewed his friendly intercourse with Zmudowski. Since then whenever the cares of state and the Nihilists have allowed him a

noncay he has been in the hant or stearing off to Poland to rest and strengthen himself in the society of the priest. He made ineffectual efforts to induce him to come to St. Petersburg, and, having failed, had a chateau built near Podbors, which has become his favorite country

The czar's long talks with Zmudowski have caused the issue of several decrees materially improving the hard lot of Polish Catholics. The recent foundation of a peasants' bank in Poland and other liberal measures might probably be traced to the counsels of the Podborz cure.

The Women of Japan. The better class of Japanese women are by no means uneducated. They re-ceive, I am told, a better training than the women of any other Oriental nation. and they are better treated than those of any other Asiatic nation. The Japane girl can, as a rule, read and write Japanese. She learns all about household matters, and she takes the whole charge of the household. This is her sphere, and she is known as the honorable mis-tress of the household. Her husband has no right to be meddling with the cooking stove. She pays the servants and the market bills. In the case of the poorer merchants she often acts as one of the clerks in the stores and takes the place of the husband when he is not present. In the country you will find her often working in the fields, and at Nikko I saw great numbers of women who acted as the leaders of pack horses carrying copper and goods up and down the mountains. Still, I think the women here have an easier time than those of the lower classes of Germany or Hol-land, and you see fewer labor hardened faces among the other sex here than you

do in many of the countries of Europe. The wife is, however, after all but little better than the servant of the husband, and the ties of marriage and divorce are here so loose that he can dispense with her at pleasure. Marriage in Japan is not attended with the solemnity and reigious ceremony of the American wedding. It is a civil contract, and the negotiations for it go on, as a rule, through the parents. The young man and woman have no preliminary courtship, and the seeing one another for one or two times is the only chance they have of deciding whether there is any compatibility of temperament.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Thought It Was the Tariff. Old Uncle Peter Simonson was, in his day, one of the richest of ante-bellum planters. He owned and worked more than 300 slaves, and nearly all of the river bottom lands along the Ocmulgee river between Hawkinsville and Macon. Ga., were tended by his men.

He was quite a sportsman and spent the greater portion of his time hunting about his plantations or fishing up and down the river. He had been born and raised of poor parents right upon the Indian frontier, when the Creeks held the greater portion of Georgia, and had ived there all his life. He usually had a negro boy along with him when he hunted to carry home his game for him. One day in the latter part of the year 1838, while hunting in the swamps about tened to the river bank, when something, the like of which he had never seen in his life, came slowly around the bend below him with fire and smoke and much puffing. He lumped for his gun and climbed the nearest poplar tree. "Skin up that ar tree, Sambo," old Peter yelled to the little darkies.

"All right, massa; what is it?" "One of them ar tariffs I've hearn congress hev been threatening to send down to destroy our craps and eat us up, feathers en all." He sat upon a limb with his rifle in his hand until the "thing" went out of sight around the next point above him. It was the first steamboat that came up the Ocmulgee as

far as Macon.—Detroit Free Press. If there is any one thing that makes the horse car conductors mad it is the custom of some folks of using their on the open cars where the conductor has a full complement of passengers. A
Lewiston conductor says that children
are the worst. Some of them disgorge a
handful of change, and he has to accept
it. One day a very pretty young lady
who was a guest in Anburn from a Masmountains of Provence and Dauphiny to sachusetts town, was coming down from the lake. She was one of a gay party of half a dozen, and they made merry on the down trip. When he was one seat from her in his tour of the car he looked over at her. She was so pretty he couldn't help it. Just as he looked he was pained to notice a fearful change in her countenance. Her cheek blanched and she seemed to choke. Her laugh died on her lips, too, and she joked no more. When he got along to the party the young lady's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I—I had some money"—— The conductor with infinite tact says that he just passed it along, saying: "I know all about it.
You've swallered it. I see you do it."
The young lady blushed and the car
rattled along. A child with five coppers
in its mouth is a fearful picture for the

conductor, but what do you think of one with 24 cents in its cheeks? Better buy the youngsters 10 cent purses.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal. As the swell girl goes down Broadway fur trimmed and soft as to visible sur-face, a chink chink of metal is sometimes heard. That noise is made by the impact of her bead embroidered stockings. It is a new freak to have our hosiery heavily ornamented with steel beads on the ankles and calves. Now don't go to suggesting that we might wear circlets of something just above our hoofs like those put on horses to keep them from "interfering." We want to interfere with the heart of man. Many a time have you read in novels how the froufrou of a dainty skirt or the swish of mysterious draperies have set a chap to fluttering sentimentally. Well do we culine ear draw the masculine eye. Well that is the principle of the clinking stockings. It is as yet a genteel device. Of course, it will be quickly vulgarized, as the metal heeled gaiters were, and there are women in New York naughty enough to put not only bells on their toes, but castinets on their ankles and cymbals on their knees, if thereby they could com-mand attention.—Clara Belle.

Playing Cards. eight cards in all, twenty-two of which were picture cards of very quaint charprominent a feature of social life in whom Alexander III, it seems, often France that when the revolution came goes in search of health and comfort.
He is a Polish priest, named Zmudowski, kings and queens were done away with, philosophers and popular heroes and heroines taking their places.—Boston

It is now noted that the abolition o the car stove will make a clear gain of the space in each car which the heater occupies, and that each train of seven or father's life long comrade, the then czarewitch was one day thrown into the company of a priest whose culture did not prevent his being an ardent sportsman. This was Zmudowski.

occupies, and that each train of seven or eight cars will thereby be enabled to carry twenty-five or thirty more passengers. This is the long sought for argument to be employed with effect in inducing the use of steam heat instead of The prince soon grew much attached to the priest, who at that time was about stoves by the railroads. It appeals to the corporate pocketbook. The ordinary ar-Sincinnati Enquirer.

Printing in raised or embossed letters was begun at Paris, by Hauy, in 1786.

A BATTLE OF BULLS.

THE DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WHICH LEFT BOTH COMBATANTS DEAD.

Floodish Fercetty Guided by an Almeet Human Intelligence-An Antagenist Hurled from the Precipios by a Bull with Its Death Wound. Thomas S. Moore, a well known and

enhatantial citizen of Garrard county. Ky., tells a graphic story of a despera encounter that occurred on the crest of a knob of his neighborhood between a couple of enraged bulls, in which both were killed. The animals had wandered to these hights, and, upon sighting each other, at once engaged in a duel to the death. Those unacquainted with the instincts of such creatures cannot easily magine what extreme ferocity they sometimes display. In speaking of the incident Mr. Moore said:

"Being interested in the study of geology, I happened to be on the knob at the time, and was startled about 4 o'clock in the afternoon by a fearful bellowing. Looking some distance ahead, saw the animals advancing toward each other with their noses on the ground, turning this way and that, and casting dust into the air with their fore feet. When only a few yards apart they suddenly leaped to the attack with a frightful noise and began to gore each other with a frightful energy. Above the fierce and noisy trampling could be heard the grinding of their interlocked horns and the violent snorting of brutal

"The breeze blew aside the dust and revealed the tigerish character of the on-set, as with wide set limbs and tails curling in the air they charged again, stabbing with their pointed horns. Tiny streams of blood shot down their necks and sides, while their distended nostrils mitted a reddish foam.

"The prodigious strength of these magnificent animals thus brought into violent activity afforded a spectacle both tumultuous and thrilling. The exertion of the encounter, added to the pain of each newly inflicted wound, inflamed their combative spirit to the pitch of tempestuous fury. One of the bulls, following up a temporary advantage, plunged his horns into the chest of his antagonist, and, with a quick upward jerk of the head, ripped open the flesh to a depth of several inches, while from the gaping wound jets of arterial blood began to spurt. In a towering passion and with gleaming eyeballs, charging furiously upon his adversary, the wounded bull drove his horns into his abdomen, making a horrible opening through which the entrails gushed.

"The impetuous and stormy nature of the contest had carried the combata to the verge of the cliff, but, blind with deadly fury, they saw no danger. Each, mortally wounded and weakening momentarily from profuse loss of blood, peration shown only in wounded animals. It was evident, however, that a crisis was near at hand. The situation had resolved itself into the grim condi-tion of a death struggle. With lowere heads they backed away a few yards, defiant, implacable, and again collided with a force that seemed to split their THE DUEL'S TERRIBLE ENDING.

"This terrible shock staggered the bu with the chest wound and forced his eyeballs from their sockets. He sud-denly plunged forward to his knees on the brink of the precipice and remained in a quivering stupor, with his open mouth burrowing in the dust. The other, tottering and covered with blood, but still terrible in his weakness, charged heavily upon his kneeling and senseless foe, struck him on the flank with the force of a ponderous projectile, and hurled him headlong over the precipice. The body executed a somersault in mid air, fell with a noisy crash through the mouths as purses for the car fares. It is treetops upon the rocks below, where it a great nuisance in summer during travel was subsequently preyed upon by vul-

in a stupid way the danger to which he himself was exposed. He drew back from the brink over which his hideous muzzle had been momentarily thrust and with entrails trailing on the ground staggered a little distance off, fell prone to the ground, rolled over on his side, shivered a moment, and then lay still in the embrace of death. The battle lasted nearly an hour, and in point of sanguinary details and tragic horror has no parallel within the limits of my recollection."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The lace leaf plant is chiefly found in the rivers of Madagascar, but it is difficult to find, as it grows best under water. The root is something like a po-tato, and is roasted and eaten by the natives. The leaves are of different colors, from the light green and yellow of the young growth to the darker shades of the old. The largest leaves are a foot long, and are delicate mesh work, the center and edges forming a skeleton on which the threads are supported. Look-ing down into the water where the plants are growing the leaves are said to look like a spread of magnificent lace in brown, green, olive and gold. They thrive well in greenhouses, only requir-ing a wet soil and damp, warm air, but the trouble of securing them makes them a rarity.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-

A Foreigner's Property Rights. An alien who may come to this coun try intending to become a citizen as soon as he can be naturalized, upon making deposition to that effect before any officer authorized to take proof of deeds, shall be entitled, after taking out his first papers, to acquire real estate. Certifi-cate of such deposition is filed in a book kept for such use in the office of the secretary of state. The person so acquiring real estate may sell, assign, mortgage or dispose of it in any manner for the ensuing six years as if he were a native citizen, but he cannot lease it. In case of his death within the six years real estate thus regularly acquired falls to his heirs, if he die intestate, as if he had been naturalized.—New York Times,

A Model Verdick An Alabama man charged with steal-ing a calf made the following statement: "I was always teached to be honest an" most always have been, but when I seed The jury returned the following ver-

owned the animal is considerable of a slouch, we agree to clear Steve an' make the slouch pay the costs."-Atlanta Constitution. Only One Way. A newsboy who honored the gallery by his presence at a performance of Coquelin and Hading at the Opera house, and had rather a wearisome time of it, was ac-

companion, who asked him whether he "liked the show." "No," he replied, "you can't understand them unless you come in a carriage." — Philadelphia Ledger. Used Her Muscle Sarah Jane McIlroy, a 17-year-old girl of Kingston, Ont., saw two toughs assaulting a citizen. Instead of fainting she laid her parcel on the sidewalk, screamed murder, grabbed one of the assailants by the neck and hurled him aside, and gave the victim an opportu-nity to handle his other foe. When she iven round after round of applause.-

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the success last. The unsatisfactory is generally somest seen.—Current Literature.

Want of Sleep

insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health " William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was

cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds. Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bettles, \$6.

Intelligence of a Crow. How "fly" the average crow is, too Note some time, when you are riding along in a train, how indifferent a crow along in a train, how indifferent a crow is to the flying engine and cars. Note, too, how carelessly they will sit on some near by tree, or in some field, as you drive along the highway. Now stop the horse and see how quickly their heads come up and how uneasy they get. It's ten to one that before the carriage has ceased rocking, and before you can take aim with a grun every one of them are aim with a gun, every one of them are on the wing. Once two of us were rid-ing along a road, and in a field were several crows. Close to the road was a high ledge around which the highway led, hiding us for a moment from the birds. Here I jumped out while my companions drove right along at the usual gait. Waiting a moment, I crept up the ledge, and when I looked over carefully wood Mowers, Respers, Combinevery crow was walking off and looking back. They did not see me, but they missed me from the team, and reasoned there was danger, and I did not get a shot.—Lewiston Journal.

A Friendly Sheikh. When the Prince of Wales was travel ing in the Holy Land with the late Dean of Westminster, the royal party came one day to the banks of Jordan. As they sat at meat in the tents they beheld a number of mounted Arabs riding down to the ford, headed by their sheikh. Presently an Arab messenger arrived at sheikh desired to see Dean Stanley. The small but courageous dean at once arose and walked down unarmed to the interview. The sheikh, who had dismounted advanced with dignity, laid both his hands on the dean's shoulders, and beholding him steadfastly, said these words: "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley." The astonished dean looked up and saw that that Arab chieftain was William Gifford Palgrave. - A. J. M. in Notes and Que

A Tond as a Weather Prophet. A curious weather prophet is being shown in a Broadway store window. It is a tree toad confined in a glass tube. There is a little ladder for it to climb up and down on, and so susceptible is the little prisoner to changes that it ascends to the top of the tube when the air grows moist in advance of rain and de when clear weather is near at hand. If also becomes noisy before a storm. To those who have never seen a tree toad it may be interesting to know that it re-sembles the ordinary garden toad in form, but is more flattened. The color varies from pale ash to dark brown, with blotches of greenish brown, and the stomach yellow. The eyes are large and brilliant. It abounds about old trees, old fences and old stone walls.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Prussian blue dye was discovered by Diesbach, at Berlin, in 1710.

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The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINA MENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Aak for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

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Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Who hath none to still him may weep

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, Co-umbus. 6-1y

The German's wit is his fingers.

Why will you lay awake all night, coughing, when that most effective and agreeable California remedy, Santa Abie. The first pack of playing cards of that calf I caved. I never wanted a calf | will give you immediate relief? SANTA which any copy is preserved was in use so bad in all my life, an' you all know in Venice in 1125, and contained seventy- that when a man wants a calf he wants. Consumption Asthma and all bronchial complaints. Sold only in large bottles dict: "We, this jury, air satisfied that at \$1.00. Three for \$2.50. Dowty & Steve stold the calf, but as the feller that Becher will be pleased to supply you, at \$1.00. Three for \$2.50. Dowty & and guarantee relief when used as directed. CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE never fails to relieve Catarrh or Cold in the head. Six months treatment, \$1.00. By mail, \$1.10.

> Never had ill workman good tools. What a Pretty Baby.

costed on coming out of the theatre by a Is it a boy or girl? How often do we hear this remark and question. Yes, it is a pretty baby, but how bad its mother looks. She looks as though she were going right down. She is so thin and yellow, and her face is covered with wrinkles and blotches. She seems so nervous and irritable too; but it is easy to account for her condition. Childbirth has left her with prolapsus or other displacements, poisoned blood, and a disordered state of the stomach and destly told her tale in court she was bowels. The best thing that she can do is to use at once Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which has been prepared for the express need of women condition. All druggists.

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