WORSE THAN MARRIAGE.

A bachelor old and cranky
Was sitting alone in his room;
His toes with the gout were aching,
And his face was o'erspread with gloom,

No little ones' shout disturbed him,
From noises the house was free;
In fact, from the attic to cellar
'Twas quiet as quiet could be.

No medical aid was lacking;
The servants answered his ring,
Respectfully heard his orders,
And supplied him with everything.

But still there was something wanting,
Something he couldn't command;
The kindly words of companion,
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker
And he rang for the hireling nurse:
"Well, marriage may be a failure,
But this is a blamed sight worse."
—Buffalo Courier.

MYRTLE'S SUITOR.

"Susan, you're cryin'."

Susan dropped her handkerchief into her lap quickly, giving her husband an indignant look. She was a woman of some 50 years, tall and large framed, with a fresh, healthy complexion. She had high cheek bones, her eyes were black and her hair, though threaded with gray, retained its dark hue. She sat by the west window of the large wing room which served for the dining and living room of a farm house. She had been looking into the orchard, where the sun, as it sank in a bank of red clouds, burnished the gnarled trunks and crooked limbs of the old apple trees, which cast long slanting shadows towards the house. Her husband, who was also tall, was of slighter build than she, pale and older looking. He had been bustling in and out of the room, and had just thrown an armful of wood into the wood box behind the stove. That armful filled the box full, and he was reaching for his pipe on the mantelpiece when he glanced at his wife and saw her furtively wiping her eyes.

"How you do talk, Cyril. I ain't thought o' sech a thing as cryin'. I jest set here lookin' at them apple trees, all bare as they be, an' wonderin' who'd be lookin' out o' this winder next year, when they blowed agin. That set me thinkin' o' the day you an' me first come home after we'd been to the parson's. We come through the orchard, an' the trees was all full o' white blows, some on 'em fallin' on the ground, and you said they was a strewin' our path in honor o' our weddin'. Your ma set in this 'ere winder, an' when she see us comin' she got up and opened the door, and when we come up on the stoop we could see the table all sot for us and the room fixed up fur company. I ain't forgot a word she said. She put her arms 'round my neck an' kissed me, and says she, 'Welcom' home, Susan. You've got a good husband, an' you've come to a good home. I can't wish you no better'n thet you'll be as prosp'rous as I've been here, an' when you're ready to die, as I be now, thet you can look back on as happy a life in the old home as I do. Oh, Cyril, I do hope dead folks can't see back here. If your poor ma was to see us turned out o' here, all the singin' an' playin' on harps, an' all the gold mansions in heaven, even if she owned one all to herself, wouldn't comfort her."

The old man had filled his pipe while his wife was talking, and now sat in an arm chair in front of the stove. [He made no reply.

"You'll think I'm a fool, I know," she went on, "but I keep on lookin' fur that air paper. Somehow I can't give up 't I was sech a born iddi't as to burn it up with a mess o' rags."

"It's burnt up fast enough, t'aint no use o' hopin' you'll find it," was the discouraging reply; "what gits me is, how that old skinflint heard on 't. You don't think Myrtle 'd think she could hev' 'im, do ye? Thet's what he wants. He's got a big farm an' a good house. He ain't more'n fifty year old, I reckon."

"Land sakes alive! Cyril Pettigrew, what be you a talkin' about? He's older'n I be, an' I'm hard onto sixty. I guess you've forgot what you've allus said about 'im, an' thet wa'nt no more'n other folks says. Even s'pose he wa'nt the hardest hearted, grindin'est old coot for miles 'round, should you want our Myrtle to marry him as could lie an' cheat about this 'ere money as he's doin'? You know you paid 'im, don't you, an' you don't s'pose he's forgot it?"

"O' course I know I paid it; he ain't forgot it, neither. He wa'nt pleased when I told 'im what I'd cum fur—guess he hoped I couldn't git it, an' then he'd mebbe git Myrtle. When I come away, says he, 'Mr. Pettigrew, I s'pose Myrtle expects to be to home next Sunday evenin'. Mebbe I'll be 'round, an' I can bring the satisfaction piece to the mortgage the same time. Then he give me the receipt, an' I brought it home."

"Yis, you did; t'was here fast enough. I remember seein' you lay it down on the stand. I must a burnt it up, but deary me, I can't contrive how. I was dretful busy thet day, finishin' up things for Joel's box. I wanted to git it to 'im in time for his birthday, long's he thought he couldn't spare time to come home. Miss Martin was here a helpin' on me. I tried to make her sense what 't was we'd lost, but she 'peared to be deafer'n ever. I hollered it to her as loud as I could, but she acted jest as though I was tellin' on her somethin' cunnin' the way she nodded an' looked tickled. I hev' suspicioned mebbe she knew what t'was we was huntin' fur, an' let on to Reed we'd lost the receipt. She knew he wanted Myrtle. She said, lots o' times, as how she thought t'would be a good match fur her, but I says to myself, 'You old sarpint! that's cause you want Sam Hosmer fur your squint eyed niece, Malvina Brooks.' She's been settin' her cap fur Sam more'n a year."

Mr. Pettigrew was a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Although he had but little ready money at his disposal, from the proceeds of his farm he supported his family well and gave to each of his two children a good education. Myrtle, the daughter, now taught the village school. Joel wished to become a merchant, rather than to remain on the farm, and though this was a great disappointment to his parents, they made every effort to gratify him. Two years before our story opens Mr. Pettigrew mortgaged his farm to Jabez Reed, a neighbor living at a distance from them of some three miles, and on the farther side of the village where were situated the nearest postoffice and railway station, as well as the school where Myrtle taught. The mortgage was for $3,000, and with the sum thus obtained he bought a partnership for Joel in a western town. Before the mortgage fell due Mr. Pettigrew and his son together had saved enough money to pay it, and Mr. Pettigrew himself made the payment to Mr. Reed, who gave him a receipt for the amount. After he reached home the receipt was in some unaccountable way lost, and Jabez Reed heard of its loss, as they learned through a letter from him. In that letter he urged the immediate payment of the $3,000 due him on the mortgage which Cyril Pettigrew had promised to pay when he had called on the writer, on the 18th of November, (the date on which Cyril had made the payment). In a postscript Mr. Reed said that were he to become more closely connected with them he should not, of course, be so urgent for the payment, as it would then be all in the family. Otherwise, he should be forced to foreclose, as he needed the money badly.

While still discussing this unpleasant state of affairs the Pettigrews were interrupted by the entrance of their daughter, who came quietly into the room. Myrtle was tall and slight like her father, but with the bright complexion and vigorous strength of her mother, and with a striking beauty of form and feature possessed by neither parent. She laid aside her wraps and, taking a chair, sat down near her mother. After a short silence she said: "Sam has been telling me that Mr. Reed will not give father another receipt for the one which was lost. I thought this could not be true, or you would have told me; but I can understand that you wished to save me from unhappiness as long as possible. But surely it cannot be true that he threatens to foreclose on father. What a bad man he must be! Is it from revenge, because I refused to marry him?"

"Yis," answered her mother; "spite, and mebbe more'n than that. Thinks, like enough, you'll take 'im now to save the farm."

"'Cordin' to Jabez Reed," said Mr. Pettigrew, "your father's a liar an' tryin' to be a thief."

"But, father, Sam says you should resist it. He says your word is better than Mr. Reed's oath."

"Sam can do a good deal o' talkin'," remarked Mr. Pettigrew, "but 'twon't amount to nothin'. Mebbe he's got three thousand dollars to lend me."

"He hasn't, of course," replied Myrtle. "I know how gladly he would lend it if he could."

"Wall, long's he ain't got it I don't see 's he can do better 'n to stop pesterin' on ye an' let ye marry Squire Reed an' done with it."

"Shame, Cyril," cried Mrs. Pettigrew.

Myrtle smiled. "Never mind, mother; poor father does not mean it. As for me I will not believe, till I hear it from his own lips, that Mr. Reed can be so unjust."

"'Pears likely you won't hev' to wait long 'fore you do. That's him now, hitchin' his horse by the front gate, or I'm greatly mistook. Mebbe he's thought better on't and come to bring the satisfaction piece, 'cordin' as he promised."

"Mebbe them apple trees 'll blow out to-night—'bout as likely," grumbled Cyril.

A sound of stamping and scraping on the front piazza, and a loud rap on the door, announced the arrival of a visitor. Myrtle opened the door and admitted a man of about 60 years, of ordinary height and size, with a ruddy complexion, coarse iron gray hair and small, light blue eyes. His lips were flabby and shapeless. His chin was streaked with tobacco juice.

"Good day, Mr. Reed," said Myrtle; "we were just talking about you. I was telling mother that unless you told me so, I would not believe you would be cruel and unjust."

Mr. Reed shook Myrtle's hand as though it were a pump handle, and winked knowingly at her.

"O' course, o' course," he answered. "How is the old man, any way; pretty spry, hey?"

Cyril gave a grunt; but neither answered nor looked at the man. Mrs. Pettigrew said stiffly, "Have a chair, Mr. Reed."

"Wall, I dunno," turning to Myrtle. "Got a fire in the front room? I come to see you."

"No, sir," she replied; "but I do not object to the presence of my parents."

"Wall, mebbe not, but I told yer pa"——

"What I wish, particularly, interrupted Myrtle, "is to have this affair set right. If you have not brought another receipt to father, when will you send one?"

"Easy now, easy—I'd like to hev' a talk all by ourselves. Come over and set on the lounge."

He seated himself, and Myrtle stood near. "Set down an' be comfurble—No? Wall, s'cuse my settin'. I'm tired. O' course you an' me understands one another. Ther' ain't no use o' makin' a row, but yer pa didn't pay me no money thet day. Can't see what the devil's got into the old feller. Ain't acted queer lately, has he?"

Myrtle did not reply to Mr. Reed, but turning to her father, who was still seated, said:

"Father, Mr. Reed says you did not pay him any money. Where, then, is the money which I counted, in bills, and placed in your wallet just as you were leaving home for his house?"

Mr. Pettigrew sprang to his feet. "Jabe Reed," he cried, "dare you look me in the face and say that?"

"Now, now, Myrtle, what did you want to rile 'im up for?" asked Mr. Reed. "Never mind, Mr. Pettigrew, Myrtle an' I'll settle this 'ere trouble. Mebbe you dropped the money in the road, goin' along, or likely you come across some sharper an' he fooled ye out on't. Don't blame you none fur not wantin' to tell on't. S'pose you old folks goes out in the back room an' let me an' Myrtle spark. We'll come to terms, hey, Myrtle?" with another wink.

"Mr. Reed," exclaimed Myrtle, "my father paid you the three thousand dollars. We know he did, and so do you. Since you are so wicked as to deny it you can have no heart to which I can appeal." Overcome with grief and repugnance she felt on the point of bursting into tears. She left the room hastily, not waiting to see what effect her words had produced.

Mr. Reed scowled fiercely and grew red in the face. "Hoity, toity; wicked, hey," he snarled. "wall, I guess I'll be goin'."

"Yis, go," cried Mrs. Pettigrew, "an' the quicker the better. Mebbe you'll cheat us out o' the farm, but I shouldn't think all the money ye could steal 'ud be much comfort to ye, knowin' thet all hands, young an' old, hates ye like pisin. You was the meanest boy in school. I ain't forgot yer dirty tricks, an' sens ye growed up ye ain't improved. 'Pears to me ye grow wuss every year."

Trembling with rage, Mr. Reed waited to hear no more. As he went out he slammed the door, then opened it, and, putting his head into the room again, yelled, "Soon's the law'll git ye out, out ye'll go."

Sam Hosmer, Myrtle's lover, found it necessary during the next few days to do a good deal in the line of consolation, especially on behalf of Myrtle. He strove to convince her that his frequent presence was absolutely necessary to prevent her from falling into the lowest depths of gloom, and though she laughed at him playfully for his assurance, his cheerful view of the situation and his hopefulness were appreciated by her and her mother, if not by Cyril. His many sarcastic remarks and suggestions did not abash the young man in the least, though they were often quite severe.

One evening Mrs. Pettigrew received a pretty little note from a young lady of their acquaintance, saying that she would spend the next day with her and hoped she should be welcome. The writer, Florrie Vail, was an orphan, who lived with an old aunt, to whom she gave a home. She was something of an heiress, a fact which had prevented her marriage with Joel before now. They were engaged, but Joel was sturdily independent and would not take her from her own home until he could give her another as good.

True to her promise, Florrie came over the next day about 10 o'clock, "walkin' into the room as quiet as a little white mouse," as Mrs. Pettigrew told her.

She put her arms around Mrs. Pettigrew's neck, kissed her cheek and cried a little. "I've heard all about your trouble, dear," she said; "I wrote Joel about it, for I knew you wouldn't. But, indeed, he would rather know. I wanted to lend the money to his father, and so I wrote Joel, but he made no reply to that, or at least this is what he did write." Blushing, she held her snowflake of a hand over the upper corner, and Mrs. Pettigrew pretended she did not see the words, "My sweetest treasure." The letter read as follows: "Go and spend the day with my folks Thursday. I will be home on the noon train. Tell them not to send to the station for me, as some one else will take me over, unless my calculations are wrong." Mrs. Pettigrew read aloud so far, then—"You loveliest of all darlings"— "There, you have read enough," laughed Florrie, all blushes and smiles, taking the letter from her, "but what do you suppose he means about 'calculations' etc?"

"I dunno. Joel's allus so res'lute. Mebbe 'tis jest as well you wrote all about it to 'im. Anyhow, I'm glad he's comin' home. We'll have a few more happy times together in the old home."

"O, a good many more!" exclaimed Florrie; "Joel can do something," with all a young girl's faith in her lover.

"I reckon he'll be here by 1 o'clock, so let's all hands to work an' hev dinner ready to chuck right on the table soon's he drives up. You go an' tell Myrtle. She an' Sam's in the best room."

Florrie had great, appealing blue eyes and pale gold hair. Her complexion was like a rose leaf and her mouth shaped like Cupid's bow.

Of medium height, slightly built and graceful in every motion, surely Joel had shown good taste when he fell so desperately in love with her.

At 1 o'clock all assembled in the wing room. They had laid the table with snowy linen and bright glass and silver, and adorned it with a huge bunch of asters, a present from Sam, for a center piece and for a special greeting for Joel.

Everything was ready and so they waited for Joel, and they did not know who else, but expectation kept every one silent excepting Sam, whose occasional attempts at conversation met with no encouragement from Myrtle, to whom they were directed.

At last Florrie cried, "He is coming;" then they all rushed to the window. Mrs. Pettigrew saw, at first, only Joel. "Dear boy," she said, "how handsome he's grown, and who—Cyril, be I a dreamin', or is that Jabez Reed walkin' long side o' Joel?"

"Yis, that's the old coot. I allus thought Joel'd do somethin' with 'im." In reality, Cyril had never allowed himself to hope anything from Joel in this matter.

By this time Myrtle had reached the door, and admitted Joel, with Jabez Reed, whom it proved to be. Joel gave his sister a hug, and grasped a hand each of father and mother, while a fond smile told Florrie she was not unnoticed.

He was a strong, sinewy man, with keen gray eyes, thick chestnut hair and a straight nose. He had a square chin and firm well formed lips. His whole face expressed strong will and determination, but had, usually, a look of serenity and good nature. Now, he seemed to be keeping under control some powerful emotion.

"Father," he said, turning to Cyril, "Mr. Reed has called to make some necessary explanations."

Mr. Reed was redder in the face than usual, and had a hang-dog expression which did not add to his good looks.

"Wall," he commenced, "yew see 'twas funny, but jest as I was thinkin' o' comin' over to bring that 'are receipt, Joel, he come in and said he'd found the fust one."

"You, Joel! How?" all exclaimed at once.

"Never mind now; don't interrupt Mr. Reed," cautioned Joel.

"O, I ain't got much to say. I joked 'em some 'tother day, an' they got mad an' tuk it in earnest, so I thought I'd wait a while an' let 'em git over it 'fore I come agin. Here," taking a paper from his pocket, "is the satisfaction piece to the mortgage. Joel, he's got the receipt. I'm glad on't; it'll save me writin' another. Hope ye don't none on ye bear malice."

This being received in dead silence, he shuffled his feet, looked into his hat for inspiration, and finding none, remarked that he "guessed he'd be goin', his horse didn't stand very good."

Joel opened the door for him, and making a low bow, said, "Since you wish to be known as a joker, you may include the remarks which I made to you about tar and feathers and call it all one huge joke."

"Yis, yis," he muttered abjectly; "young folks will hev their sport," and shuffled off, evidently glad to escape.

Cyril sat down in his arm chair by the stove, and laughed and chuckled. "I knew Joel 'ud make it all right. I knew it, but Joel, how in the name o' wonder did ye git that air receipt?"

"Why, mother put it in the box she sent me. I found it, all rolled up in one of my shirts. I thought she sent it because she wished me to see it, and intended to write about it at once, but I was busy, and the time went by, but, thanks to the good sense of this little girl," taking Florrie's hand lovingly, "I heard what that rascal was about, and came on at once. I went from the station to Reed's house, and asked him what the trouble was, not telling him that I had the receipt. He said father thought he had paid him, but was mistaken, and was probably losing his mind—getting to imagine things. When I produced the receipt, you should have seen his jaw fall. He tried to laugh, and make light of the matter. I told him, however, that he must come with me at once, and apologize, or a ride, after dark, dressed in a suit of tar and feathers, might be the alternative.

The rest you know. He apologized as well as he knew how. It is all past now. Let's forget the scamp. We're pretty comfortable, aren't we, mother?" putting one arm around Mrs. Pettigrew's waist and the other around Florrie.

The example was infectious, and Sam seemed to think the time had come to embrace Myrtle, but, when he made the attempt, was promptly extinguished.

Cyril regarded his son with a proud smile. "O, I thought Joel 'ud do somethin'," he repeated. "To think, though, o' that old coot's wantin' to marry our Myrtle. What do you think o' that, Joe?"

"I think his effrontery is only equaled by his dishonesty, but let it all pass. Mother, I smell something good cooking. Let's have dinner." ALICE M. LADD.

A Valuable Experience.

The late Lord Eversley was a most successful speaker of the house of commons, and never failed to recognize the right man when a score or more sprang to their feet apparently at the same instant. "I have been shooting rabbits all my life," he once explained, "and have learned to mark the right one."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A difficult problem is presented to French women desiring to conform to the fashion of wearing flowers by the way in which certain flowers have become attached to political ideas. For example, the violet is the symbol of the Bonapartists; Boulanger claims the carnation; the corn flower is recognized as German, and the rose has been appropriated by the Orleanists.

CHARITY IN PARIS.

Nurturing the Babes of the Poor Quarters on the Milk of Asses.

In recent years, in France, conscientious efforts have been made to ascertain the principal causes of the loss of population, and it has been demonstrated by numerous facts that one of these causes consists in the physical degeneration induced by deficiency of alimentation in infancy; and the most eminent physicians of Paris, and the director of public assistance, have endeavored to modify and improve the system of nutrition in the public charitable institutions, providing for recently born children lactation adequate to the necessities of the temperament and constitution.

In the Hospital for Infants' Diseases, situated in Sabres street, there exists a section for rickety boys and girls, whose miserable aspect produces an impression of pain upon the mind—unfortunate beings who have inherited the organic vices of their parents, and who suffer from anaemia's cruel tortures.

The administration of the hospital is arranged in two separated pavilions, where there is much ventilation, with large windows that look out upon a garden, and whose walls have double rows of willow cradles perfectly equipped. The newly born receive here the personal care of the establishment, beginning with being weighed in the balance the same day they make their appearance, the operation being frequently repeated almost every month in order to determine with exactness the development of the child. The little one is subjected to an especially nutritious diet of the most tonic kind, if it had been previously fed from a refractory goat liable to convey contagious germs, it having been found by experiment that the milk of this animal, although possessing nutritive principles of the most salutary kind, presents the inconvenience of communicating by absorption the effects of those nervous accidents to which the goat is subject.

The public charities of Paris, advised by the wise doctors of medicine, have substituted for the milk of goats that of the ass, and have installed an ample yard near the pavilion of the rickety and scrofulous children, which is only separated by a short covered passageway. Nothing is more picturesque than the spectacle of the lactation of the babes in this inclosure every morning.

The nurses, dressed in dark gowns with white caps and aprons, each carrying a child on the right arm and a little seat in the left hand, present themselves in exact turn to the women who have charge of the animals, and they hold the child, applying its lips to the teats of the docile animal. The children suck with avidity the liquid nutriment, which is fresh and of agreeable taste.

The administration of public assistance of Paris has calculated that one young ass is able to lactate abundantly for a space of nine or ten months, and when this period has passed they are sold and replaced by others. It is well known that the milk of asses, by its vivifying qualities and its nutritious principles, assimilates in a great degree the milk of the nurse, and these disinherited and sick children, enjoying its beneficial effects by its permanent and methodical use, are restored little by little to health and vigor.—La Ilustracion Escanola.

Shunned.

What are the feelings of a man or a woman who has risked life itself in an effort to save people from a pestilence, and is then shunned by every one, even after the danger of contagion has passed? What could have been the feelings of a poor woman who lived not far from Count Tolstoi's estate, whose story is told in "The Truth about Russia"?

The villagers had been greatly excited by the fact that several persons had been bitten by mad wolves. A widow lived in a cottage with her daughter-in-law and her little grandson. One day a wolf came out of the forest and attacked one of the widow's dogs. The lad, thinking the wolf a strange dog, picked up a stick and struck it to make it leave the dog.

Instantly the wolf left the dog and seized the lad. His cries brought out his grandmother, who saw him in danger of his life, and ran to save him. The wolf left the boy and rushed at the woman. As he came at her open mouthed she thrust her naked hand down his throat. His teeth lacerated her arm, but she held him until the wolf choked.

The boy, at her bidding, ran into the house for a knife; but it was some time before he could get it. The woman held her hand down into the wolf's mouth until the boy came with the knife, and then killed the brute.

The wolf had been the scourge of the neighborhood, and the peasants assembled with joy to see its carcass. Suddenly a great fear suggested that the wolf might have been mad, and that the woman might also go mad.

Weak as she was from loss of blood, and suffering from her wounds, they seized her and shut her up in an outhouse without attendance, without water, without food and fire. For twenty-four hours she lay there, almost delirious with fever, not knowing but that she might have been bitten by a mad wolf.

At last she was allowed to go at large, as she showed no signs of hydrophobia, but all her dogs were killed. She asked for either a dog or a man to protect her from other wolves. The peasants heeded not her request. She recovered, but for months the peasants shunned her house, saying: "Who knows but that she may suddenly go mad?"—Youth's Companion.

Hatching Crows for Bounty.

An ingenious agricultural person who lives not very far from Boston has hit upon a new and decidedly profitable industry. There has recently arisen a demand for crows' heads, hitherto deemed valueless, and it is his purpose to supply it. Ten cents apiece the county authorities have offered for the crania of these interesting birds, from whose destructive propensities the farmers' crops have been suffering seriously of late years. Under ordinary circumstances this bounty would not leave a very large margin of profit for the recipient. It costs something, you see, to kill a crow. There is the ammunition, in the first place, which is expensive, and one cannot count upon slaying even a single inky feathered fowl for each charge of shot and powder. Besides, the sportsman's time must be reckoned in the account.

But the enterprising speculator above referred to has devised a scheme by which a maximum percentage of gain is to be secured without any risk worth speaking of. He has set up a chicken incubator of the most approved pattern, in which is placed as fast as laid the product of about 100 hen crows that have been trapped and confined, in company with perhaps a dozen cock crows. Within fifteen days the little creatures are hatched, and a fortnight later they are ready to be decapitated. For be it understood that the head of a crow chick is worth just as much as that of an adult of the same species. At the uniform rate of ten for a dollar, dead, they pay the producer.—Albany Argus.

A Communistic Settlement.

I recently visited the Amina settlement in Iowa, where there are about 4,000 people living in common. I found that the community system works better among them than among any other in the country. However, there was this to be observed, that most of the communists were middle aged or old men. I learned that the younger generation which has grown up wants to own something as individuals and leave the community as soon as possible. There are several villages, Amina being the principal, and this has a pretty hotel. The landlord receives the money from his guests and every day turns it over to the treasurer of the community and receives his supplies from the commissary department. It is the same throughout every branch of business in which these people engage. It is like the general government, only no salaries are paid. Every family has a house, built at the general expense. They are all alike.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Squire Hobbs' Precepts.

Happiness is the smile on the face of contentment.

In the bottom of pleasure's cup are bitter dregs.

Imagination is the rainbow in the horizon of the soul.

Every man's heart is a graveyard, in which are entombed the dead heroes of his ideals.

As the flaw in the diamond is soonest noticed because it is a diamond, so the fault of a good man is soonest noticed because he is a good man.

Our difficulties seem like huge bowlders in our path, retarding our progress, but, when once surmounted, they serve as stepping stones to success.

A genius not only has a message for the world, but he succeeds in whispering that message into the ear of the world and engraving it upon its heart.

Envy strikes at others and stabs herself.

You can invent a falsehood, but a truth never.

To do as you please is to become the slave of your own caprices.

We can take nothing with us from this world except what we have wrought into our minds and characters.

Happier is he who loves his occupation, be it ever so humble, than he who occupies the highest station, if he be at odds with his occupation.—Will P. Hart in America.

A Knife with a History.

There is a gentleman living in this city who has in his possession a knife once owned by Jim Bowie, which was given him by Juan Padillo, a man who left the Lafitte band of pirates to follow the fortunes of Bowie, and who is still living. The knife is of tempered steel, the blade sixteen inches long, with a steel guard and buckhorn handle. The handle is dressed smooth where the hand clasps it, and, on one side is a silver plate, one and one-half inches long, set into the handle, on which is scratched, in rude characters, "Jim Bowie." On the steel guard of the knife, on the upper side, two notches have been cut with a file, which old Juan Padillo said were cut to mark the number of men Bowie had killed with the knife. On the lower side of the guard are three notches, which are said to represent the number of Indians scalped with the same knife. The knife was given by Bowie to Padillo while Bowie was a resident of San Augustine, Tex., and was presented by Padillo to its present owner in 1862, when the latter succeeded in recovering from the Comanches ten head of horses, which they had stolen from Padillo's ranch, thirty-five miles west of San Antonio.—Honey Grove (Tex.) Special.

An Improved Life Saving Net.

A net designed to be held beneath the windows of a burning building, so that the inmates in jumping or falling upon it will not be injured, has been patented by Mr. Malcolm Hunter, of No. 33 Dutch Kill street, Long Island City, N. Y. This net is preferably made about ten feet in diameter, of Russian bolt rope three-quarters of an inch in circumference, and with a three-sixteenths inch outside galvanized grasping chain, but has an approximately solid rope center piece, with ropes radiating therefrom to form the body proper of the net. Each of the radiating ropes is equal in length to the full diameter of the net, and they are so intertwined and spliced with short pieces as to make at the center a compact, closely united piece, affording great strength, while still designed to act as a cushion for a body falling thereon. The use of a grasping chain instead of a heavy rope permits the net to be folded into a small compass.—Scientific American.

Brought Home to Her.

A few evenings since a lady who was giving a little private party was saying all manner of severe things about the proposed lottery. In the midst of her pious indignation an old gentleman, sitting on the opposite side of the table, said quietly:

"Madame, did you not once sell me two tickets in a church raffle?"

The woman hesitated, and finally said: "Perhaps I did."

"Fancy cake basket, wasn't it?"

She colored up, and, after an embarrassed cough, said feebly: "I believe so."

"Did the drawing ever come off, and, if so, what was the winning number?"

The lady made a strong effort and said she had forgotten.

"The reason I recalled the circumstance," continued the old gentleman blandly, "was that I noticed the cake basket on the table." And he looked at the aforesaid piece of silver in a smiling way.

There was a dead silence all around the table, for several of the guests remembered having purchased those same tickets, and they couldn't remember, either, just when that drawing took place.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

A Famous Painter.

Benjamin West, the famous American painter, was born of Quaker parents in Springfield, Pa., Oct. 10, 1738. When a child he drew a picture of the baby in the cradle, and for his first painting obtained his colors from leaves and berries. He taught himself, and at the age of 16 painted pictures in Philadelphia and neighboring villages. It was at this time that he produced his painting of the Death of Socrates. In 1760 the generosity of friends enabled West to go to Italy to pursue his studies. Soon after he settled in England he obtained the favor of George III, and in thirty years painted over 400 pictures. He died in London on March 10, 1820.—Philadelphia Times.

How Long to Stay.

The proper length of time to stay at a tea has never been defined. Elderly society women who are past the rush and activity of their prime and only go to one tea in an afternoon, sometimes settle themselves comfortably in an easy chair and stay two or three hours chatting with their friends as they come and go. Busy society leaders fly into the house, sip a cup of tea, stay five minutes and dart out again, only to be driven rapidly to another place, thus going to three or four teas in an afternoon.—New York Sun.

Railroad Accidents of a Year.

There were 1,965 accidents on the railroads in the United States during 1888. There were 804 collisions, 1,033 derailments and 99 other accidents. Of the collisions 404 were from the rear, 311 were buttings, 90 on crossings. Defects in road caused 189 derailments; defects of equipment caused 148, and neglect in operating caused 117. The killed numbered 697, of whom 434 were employes and 168 passengers.—Troy Times.

Fashion in beds is returning to the four poster with a rich canopy and, as a modern innovation, a shelf between the upper posts for bottles, glasses, etc. In the simple days of our grandparents the eye opener was kept under the pillow in a green bottle.

Moran, the great artist, despaired when he saw the Great Shoshone Falls—it was so far beyond his pencil's cunning. So there are wonderful dreams of beauty in the tempestuous loveliness of the grand "American Alps" in Colorado, which are at once the aspiration and the despair of painter and poet. Splendid beyond comparison is the superb scenery along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado. 6-1-5t

Noble housekeepers need no doors.

"For peculiarly soft yet penetrating shades of color, marvelous grouping in form, fantastic, solemn and tender shaping of rugged cliff and mountain and valley," says a distinguished artist, "the wonderful empire of Colorado stands peerless. The Alpine scenery along the line of the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado is the most magnificent in the United States.

Fat pastures make fat venison.

It is un-American in the higher sense for our people to prate about Europe so glibly when so many of them are profoundly ignorant of the wondrous beauties of their native land. As a matter of fact there are hundreds of thousands of American citizens who are thoroughly familiar with Switzerland; who have idled away weeks at Lucerne, done Chamouni, and attempted the Matterhorn, and yet have never feasted on the lovely beauty, the wild weird majesty of any one of the Colorado Peaks. "More than Alpine glory" rewards visitors along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado. There is no scenery like it in the new world.

Whose bread I eat, his song I sing.

The splendors of the "American Alps" are beginning to be appreciated by our people, and a visit to Switzerland for gorgeous scenery is unnecessary. The picturesque mountain resorts on the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado are absolutely unrivalled on this continent.

Live on hope and die of hunger.

"They rested there—escaped awhile
From cares which wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay."—

And every American business man is beginning to find that his summer vacation is more and more of a necessity; the money making machine won't stand the strain without an occasional rest. The "American Alps" of Colorado offer the highest conditions for perfect relaxation, pure vital air, comfortable hotels and the noblest scenery in the country, and may be reached on the South Park Division of the Union Pacific Railway.

The biggest fields grow not the best corn.

"The peerless empire of form and color, is found in Colorado," says a great artist. So are many other very wonderful effects. There is that grand triumph of engineering skill the Bow Knot Loop, famed all over the world; the pretty town of Graymont nestled against the base of Gray's Peak, the giant prince of the range; sunrise on Gray's Peak—a sight once witnessed never to be forgotten; Idaho Springs the beautiful, a restful spot blessed with the healing waters for all who come, within two hours ride of young levithian Denver; the storied gold camp of Georgetown perched in the upper air of the mountains ever fresh and cool and clear—these are a few of the delightful spots in the "American Alps" reached by the Colorado Central Division of the Union Pacific Railway in Colorado.

A short mass and a long dinner.

Dainty little globules,
Fine, and white, and sweet,
Easy to be swallowed;
In their work, complete.
No discomfort waking—
Inner gripes, or aching.

What are they? Why Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the perfection of laxatives. Contain not an atom of mineral poison; are especially appreciated by those whose taste revolts from the coarse, violent pills, which tear their way through the system like steam cars actually doing harm, instead of good. Of druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures "female weaknesses" and kindred ailments.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

California, The Land of Discoveries.

Why will you lay awake all night, coughing, when that most effective and agreeable California remedy, Santa Abie, will give you immediate relief? SANTA ABIE is the only guaranteed cure for Consumption, Asthma and all bronchial complaints. Sold only in large bottles at $1.00. Three for $2.50. Dowty & Becher will be pleased to supply you, 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.

The unbidden guest is ever a pest.

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

It is a bad mouthful that chokes.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT 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. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. mar7y

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. 30y