And little blades of grass, though small,
All point to life within the earth—
That life that in this great, round ball
' (lives spring its sweetest, freshest birth

A women's eye is but a bead fiet clear and fair 'neath snowy brow, and yet it shows the fairest creed Before which man on earth may bow. And words are little weakling notes

That vanish like a passing sigh, And yet they tell our sweetest thoughts, And have told thoughts that will not die

o this I send is but a mark
Of grateful thoughts and warm esteem—
Is but a little, wav'ring spark
Dropped down from friendship's glowing bear
—Chambers' Journal.

LOVE IS LIFE.

When you are dead I do not care to live, For what should I desire in life but suc Delight as comes to me with love I give And take? Of that deep joy there is so m

The life that ends with your dear love is all I care to hold; so let me fondly trust
That when death comes to you his final call
I'll hear and journey with you back to dust.

They tell me of another life, quite free From power of pain, filled up with lasting p Void of secontion, but for you and me We crave no joys where life and sense al

STORY OF A OUEEN.

A book bearing on a bourgeois family of Marseilles has just appeared-a family of whose daughters two became queens, another a duchess, and a fourth the wife of a marshal of the empire.

The recent death of Count Francois Clary, ex-senator of the empire, naturally brings up remembrances of this Clary family, which-except, of course, the Bonapartes-was, on the whole, the most distinguished of the new families created by the French revolution. Its founder was also Francois Clary, a wealthy merchant of Marseilles, who died in 1794, before the social fortune of his family had been dreamed of. He had two sons, one of whom succeeded to the business, and four daughters.
Of these, one married Baron Antoine

de St. Joseph, a remarkable economist. who belonged to a family of magistrates. and had distinguished himself by travels and commercial combinations. He lived at Constantinople for ten years as head of a commercial house, and finally pro-jected a commercial alliance between Russia, Poland and France, to develop French commerce with the Black sea. The idea was warmly taken up by Catharine the Second, and was adopted. Timber and other merchandise were brought by the Dnieper, the Black sea and the fediterranean to Marseilles in three months, which, by the old route of the Baltic and the ocean, would have taken three years to arrive. Antoine amassed a large fortune, and in 1786 was made a

One of his daughters married Marshal Suchet, Duo d'Albufera; the other, the Admiral Duc Decres, Napoleon's minis-ter of marine. Francois Clary's third daughter, Julie, married Joseph Bonaparte, and was queen of Naples and of Spain. The fourth daughter, Desiree, married Bernadotte, and died queen of Sweden. His niece—the sister of the just deceased Count Francois Clarymarried the Prince de Wagram, son of Marshal Berthier; and since then the Clarys have become allied with the Murats, the Niels, the Turennes, the La Croix-Lavals and other distinguished Legitimist aristocracy.

Baron Hochschild has recently published a little book, "Desiree, Reine de Suede et de Norvege" (Paris: Plon, 1888). As the author had seen much of the queen's circle at Paris when he was a oy-his father being Swedish minister there under the Restoration-and, as he was subsequently for many years her chamberlain, he is able from her conversations and letters to tell us much

which is new and interesting. Bernardine Eugenie Desiree Clary was born in 1781, and was early sent to a conventual school; but her education was arrested by the suppression of the convents, and soon after her return home her father died. She had but slight recollections of her child life at home, except when chance brought up some incident. On one of these she liked afterward to dwell. There came, one day, to her father's house a quartermaster sergeant, with a billet for quartering sol-diers. As her father hated the row and disturbance which soldiers generally made, he sent him off with a letter to his colonel asking for an officer or two instead. The sergeant thus turned off was

In 1794, after her father's death, her elder brother was arrested. Her sisterin-law was in despair, for the revolutionary tribunals were terribly expeditious. She resolved, therefore, to go and see the Deputy Albitte, and not wishing to be alone, took Desiree with her. There was a crowd of people in the waiting room, and owing to weariness, heat and emotion, the little girl fell asleep. When she woke up at the noise of a door being shut, she found herself in total darkness except for a lantern shining from the adjoining room. As it turned out her sis-ter had hesitated to awake her when she went in to see the deputy, and then, being in a great hurry to deliver the order for her husband's release, had left her, thinking she could easily find her way

ened, not understanding at all my situa-tion, when I perceived that I was no longer alone. At the movement which I made, a man who came out of the deputy's room, approached me, and, looking at me with surprise, asked how I came to be there all alone at that hour. When I explained to him what had hap- mother, Desiree saw Napoleon after his pened, he reassured me about the fate of return from Egypt without embarrassy brother and added: 'A little lady ment, and their like you cannot go alone in the streets at ed cordial. Bernadotte being a good night, so I will walk home with you.' general had frequently to be absent, and On the way home we talked so much Desiree would have passed a lonely time that we became very good friends. As had she not, in addition to her child, had he went away, I said that my mother | the society of her sister Julie. The letters would certainly like to thank him her- of Bernadotte to his wife, written when self for the care he had taken of me, and he commanded in La Vendee, are inter-begged him to call upon her. Then you esting, because they show him rather as will present me to your family one of a paternal friend and counselor—he was these days? he said. 'With pleasure,' I replied; 'meanwhile I should like to tell them the name of the gentleman who a little marital jealousy. Bernadotte has protected me this evening.' 'That is himself gave no cause to his wife to be perfectly right—you may tell them that

my name is Joseph Bonaparte." The call was made the next day; Bonaparte soon occame intimate with the Clary family, and before many weeks had passed was engaged to marry Desiree so soon as she should reach the age of 16, she being then only about 13. Joseph often spoke about his brother Napoleon, who had just drawn attention to himself at the siege of Toulon. When soon after he came to Marseilles he was taken to see the Carys. Napoleon was at that

.

good fellow. "His arrival," Queen Desiree related. "soon brought about a change in our plans for the future. We had not known each other long when he said: 'In a good bousehold one of the married pair ought

know what we want. You would do better, then, to marry Julie; and Desiree,' he added, taking me on his knee, 'she shall be my wife.' And that is the way that I became betrothed to Napoleon."

Joseph and Julie were married soon after; and before Napoleon's departure from Marseilles, Mme. Clary had consented to his marriage with Desiree so soon as she should be 16. Napoleon and Desiree at first wrote often to each other; but of this correspondence there are prebut of this correspondence there are pre-served only the drafts of some of her letters. He was taken up with his affairs at Paris, and his letters to his flancee became less frequent.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had fallen

love with Mme, de Beauharnais, and his letters to his brother showed more indifference to his little Desiree—or his Eugenie, as he preferred to call her.

At the same time he had a little pique because, in 1795, during a journey in Liguria, she, either offended by his apparent neglect, or alarmed at reports of his intimacy with Mme. de Beauharnais, had for a time ceased writing to him He asked Joseph in one letter whether one passed the river Lethe in going to Genoa, and advised him not to give the portrait which he had sent "to one who eemed to have forgotten him, unless she asked for it again." Desiree, however, was not so inconstant as Napoleon imagined. She told afterwards how muc she had suffered from his abandonment of her. When Napoleon married Jose phine, Desiree, who was only fourteen. wrote him a touching letter, such as an older person would probably not have

"After a year of absence I thought was nearly happy, and was hoping to see you again soon and become the happlest of women in marrying you. But not your marriage has made all my feli-city vanish. It is true that I was in the wrong toward you; but you would have found me again so tender, so constant. that I was daring to flatter myself that you would pardon me everything. The day of your leaving Marseilles was very painful for me; but at least I had the ope of being one day married to you. Now the only consolation that remains to me is to know that you believe in my constancy, after which I desire only death. Life is a frightful torment to me since I can no longer consecrate it to you. I wish you all sorts of happiness and prosperity in your marriage, and hope that the wife you have chosen will render you as happy as I purposed

to do, and as you deserve. But in the midst of your happiness do not altogether forget Eugenie and pity her lot." Wounds of the heart—especially at that early age—are soon healed; but although Desiree forgave Napoleon, she always kept a little grudge against Josephine, who had taken him from her. Sixty vears afterward she says:

"For a man of genius like Napoleon to let himself be subdued by an elderly coquette of notably doubtful repute. proves him without any experience of women. Even after his second marriage, Josephine made herself talked about, and it was not without good reason that her husband required her to join him during the Italian campaign, and that on his return from Egypt he determined to separate from her." Mme. Clary and her daughter contin

ued to live in Rome while Joseph Bonaparte remained there as ambassados Here Gen. Duphot paid court to her. Whatever might have happened-and there were serious obstacles in the shape of an illegitimate child of Duphot-his death put an end to everything. The arrival of an embassy from the French republic caused a crowd to assemble in the neighborhood of the palace and make manifestations against the papal govern-Croix-Lavals and other distinguished ment. On the evening of Dec. 27, 1797, families, both of the Imperialist and the the mob. Joseph Bonaparte, Duphot and Adjt. Gen. Sherlock went out to stop the conflict. Duphot was simply massacred by the soldiers; the others had barely time to re-enter the house. His body was afterward recovered and brought in. Desiree left Rome with Joseph Bonaparte immediately after-ward. Her stay there had been so short that she had not even had time to go to St. Peter's, and her sole recollection of Rome was the terrible scene she had witnessed from the top of the staircase of the French embassy, when the man-gled body of Duphot was brought in.

On her return to France, her beauty, her wealth, and her connection with the Bonapartes brought her numbers of admirers. One of the proposals for her and dreamy. "To think," she said, "that son with the Princess Josephine

In 1798, Bernadotte, who was then a general of division, had been ambagrador at Vienna, and was soon to be minister of war-no longer the Sergeant Bernadotte who had knocked in vain for lodgings at the door of the Clary house at Marseilles, but who was now intimate with Joseph Bonaparte-proposed to Desiree. She did not know him well, but, as she said, "he was something different from the others I had refused, and I consented to marry him when they told me that he was a strong enough man to hold his own against Napoleon." The marriage took place on Aug. 17, 1798. Napoleon was in Egypt, and used no influence in the matter. When he heard of it he wrote to Joseph: "I wish happiness to Destree if she marries Bernadotte, for

she deserves it." The Bernadottes settled in Paris, and the next year after their only son was born, who was afterward known as King Oscar I. Happy both as a wife and jealous, which seems to have piqued Mme. Recamier, to whom he was apparently devoted. "Explain to me," she said one day to Mme. Bernadotte, "how it happens that whenever your husband chances to be alone with me in the woods

he always talks about politics." The proclamation of the empire, and the promotion of Bernadotte to be marshal, made little impression on his wife. She had seen so many extraordinary things since she was a child that everything seemed natural. So, also, when he time full of noisy gayety and quite a was made prince of Pontecorvo—though she feared for a moment that it would be her duty to settle in Italy, according

the same with Desiree, while Julie and I were separated for a long time, but the were in constant correspondence, and she was able to keep him informed of every-

thing going on in France.

At this time she lived quistly in the hotel which they had bought in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honere, and enjoyed the society of sisters, nieces and other friends, who, for political and various reasons, ways pleasant—he even gave her one of the three splendid fur cloaks presented to him by the Czar Alexander at the in-terview at Erfurt—her antipathy to the Empress Josephine and to Queen Hor-tense kept her from the Tuileries except

After the battle of Wagram, Napoleon openly showed his dislike to Bernadotte. but a partial reconciliation was patched up, and the latter was appointed ambaseador to Rome in order to get him out of the way. Before he had started for his post, however, he was elected crown news with perfect indifference; she had thing over twenty years ago. Then I never interested herself about foreign still had much to learn in my business, she said, "that it was like Pontecorvo—some place of which we were merely going to take the title." She was in despair when she found that she was to go and live there and be separated from her family and friends. Nevertheless, she resigned herself, and arrived at Stockholm soon after her husband.

Although she was touched by the old king's reception of her, yet she could not servants, grinned at the sight of her resist the temptation of returning to
Paris; especially as none of her French
ladies were willing to stay in Sweden. tions of the continent were unsettled; was then ward detective—ran around but we know that he felt sure that the there as quickly as we could. empire of Napoleon would not endure "Sure enough, there had been a mur-for long. He may have had some ambition to be Napoleon's successor; at all events, Bourrienne says that the Emperor Alexander gave him to understand at the back basement, with a dirty cotton fall of Napoleon would not necessitate her neck, stone dead and quite cold the return of the Bourbons, and that if When she had not sent up her employ-Frenchmen should offer him supreme er's coffee, which he was accustomed to

of counters of Gotland, returned to her she found her in. old hotel in Paris. which she continued "The last seen of Harriet alive was at him and French political men. Her po-sition in 1818-14, after Bernadotte had Really, however, not much was known alienated French sympathy by taking part against Napoleon, was a difficult one. The person whom she saw with most pleasure, outside of her intimate circle, was the queen of Westphalia, fidantes. But she must have admitted to the house the man who choked her. hearted woman, always ready to sacrifice herself to duty. Although our husbands were in opposite camps, she never cease showing to me her sympathy and friend-

When, after the restoration, Louis the When, after the restoration, Louis the plunder in the still richer field up stairs. Eighteenth had expressed a desire to be Why had she been killed? It was mysagreeable to her, she thought she might interfere in favor of her sister, the exqueen of Spain. But the king was inex-

but the new queen constantly saw reasons for adjourning her departure for Paris. She said, one day, speaking of music: "I was playing the overture to the 'Caliph of Bagdad,' when the death of the king was announced to me; since then, I have never touched my piano. thinking that when one is queen one ought not to play badly." In 1822 she went to Aix-la-Chapelle to meet her son Oscar, who was then traveling on the continent, it not having been considered not seen him for twelve years, and found him a handsome young man. The few days they passed together probably hastened her departure for Sweden. She then went to Brussels to meet her sister. Julie Bonaparte, who had obtained especial permission to come there for the marriage of her daughter Zenaide with her cousin Charles.

As she wished to prolong her star hand is charmingly told. After his re- Mme. de Recamier to use her influence turn from Iceland, in 1856; Prince Na- to that end with her friend. Mathieu de poleon came to Stockholm accompanied Montmorency, then minister of foreign by the Duc d'Abrantes (son of Junot), affairs. Before returning to Paris, she who asked for a private audience of the went to Switzerland and stayed some Queen Dowager Desiree. When it was over, Hochschild found her thoughtful ceived the news of the betrothal of her I could have married his father! There was a time when Junot proposed to me, Eugene Beauharnais. The marriage by but he was awkward about it, and asked | proxy took place at Munich; and, at the Marmont to do it for him. Ah! if Mar. same time, Queen Desiree left Paris so mont had spoken in his own name—who knows? I should perhaps have said 'Yes;' he was so handsome."

as to meet her daughter-in-law at Lubeck and arrive at Stockholm with her.

Josephine was at that time barely 16 years of age, and took with her her

favorite doll. The queen had had every intention returning to Paris, but the king would not allow it. Although they had been separated from each other during nearly the whole twenty-five years of their wedded life, the king had a great respect and affection for her. He was, however. unaccustomed to family life, and although Prince Oscar and his wife in habited the same palace, they all had separate suites of apartments. ally she accustomed herself to this life of isolation, which she felt all the more on account of her ignorance of Swedish and of the lack of French society. A southerner of southerners, she could not find the persons who surrounded her sufficier 'ly sympathetic, and her great resource was to think and talk of her dear Paris, where her hotel stood ready to re-

ceive her at any moment. The birth of numerous grandchi dren gradually filled the void of her life; but once, after the death of her husband, she actually started to return to Paris on a frigate, commanded by her grandson, the Duke of Ostragothia, the present King Oscar. But, after getting a few leagues from Cariscrona, she felt herself unable to leave her land of adoption and returned. She afterward pre-tended that this was only due to sea sickness. Although she knew that she never should see Paris again, she became much alarmed by the plans of Baron Haus-mann for the embellishment of the city. She could not bear the thought that the house where she had spent the pleasant est years of her life should be demolished. The Emperor Napoleon, hearing of her anxiety from his minister at Stockholm, gave orders that her house should be respected until her death. This occurred peacefully and quietly on Dec. 17, 1860, after she had already seen her grandson crowned king of Sweden.—The Nation.

"W-w-will you b-b-be m-mine, Miss Laura? C-can't you t-trust me th-through l-life, my angel?" asked the stuttering

young man.
"I am afraid not, Mr. Jenkyns," re plied the object of his devotion. "I am a little afraid to trust you. You have broken your word a half dozen times in the last two minutes."-Terra Haute ExHOW MATILDA GOT LEFT.

Long Jim an' I was standin' thar,
All slick like an' jess so,
When Tilds in her bunkinst hat,
Come up an' lowed she'd go
With him as showed her far an' squar
He loved her best—as beau
To 'Squire Urchard's dance that night,
Twelve mile across the snow.

Now, both on us wur kinder sweet.
On Tilda, that's a fact;
But we was pards, an allus wurked.
Upon the self same tract;
And me an' Jim, we 'greed as how.
Our eyes warn't better blacked,
An' fightin' fur a slick girl's hand.
Warn't like what it was cracked.

Right thar we did object;
An' Tida she blew off alone,
Her feelines suthin wrecked.
Fur this the reader should give thanks He will I do expect—
For it's tougher far to read than write
A poem in dialect!

An' so to fight fur her sweet smile

THE FATAL POTATO.

prince of Sweden. His wife received the said the old detective, "occurred somecountries except Italy and Spain, and and, fortunately for me, knew that I would probably have been puzzled to tell had. It was memorable as an illustrawhere Sweden was situated. "I thought," tion of the importance of small things,

were wanted around at Mr. Morton's. The sergeant at the desk, supposing there was probably just some row among the

Bernadotte did not oppose her departure. | the station. The idea of murder in the We do not know his exact reasons: he aristocratic minsion of Mr. Samuel Mormay not have felt sure of his position in ton, on Fifth avenue, within five blocks Sweden so long as the dispossessed Prince of the station, naturally rather excited of Vesa was alive and the political rela-

the interview at Abo, in 1812, that the handkerchief twisted and knotted about power he could count on the assistance taking in bed, or answered the bell, the red headed girl came down to see what The crown princess, under the name was the matter, and that was the plight

to occupy for thirteen years. She re- near 10 o'clock the night before, when ceived not only her old friends but all the two unstairs girls left to go to their the Swedes of distinction who passed room in the attic. Her room was in the through Paris. She was in constant cor- basement, and she said that she was going respondence with her husband, informed to bed in a few minutes. She had had him of what was going on, and was on no visitor, never, indeed, had any, was several occasions intermediary between perfectly sober, and seemed to be always about her, further than that she had come there from Philadelphia seven or eight months before with good references, had behaved herself well and made no confidantes. But she must have admitted

"There were no signs of any struggle, and there had been no robbery. Her gold watch was on the kitchen table, two months' wages in her pocket and no attempt seemed to have been made at terious. One of the 'cope' with me was so puzzled that he declared it must be a case of suicide.

"I saw that she had been strangled and I wondered what a strong fellow the murderer must have been to have twisted, with fatal effect, so soft a band as a handkerchief about so big and solid a neck and to do it so deftly and powerfully as to prevent an outcry or even a struggle. It takes a good deal of pressure to squeeze in a whole neck so tightly as to cause death.

"But when I came to examine more closely I found that a novel and ingenious device had been employed to make the job easier. Folded into the handkerbest for him to enter France. She had | chief and placed so that it would prese directly upon the windpipe, was a potato about the size of a hen's egg. While turning the tuber over in my hand, I noticed that there were two deep curving cuts in its smooth, creamy skin, such as would be made by finger nails scratching it, and each showed a thin line of blue color. At first I thought nothing of that, for I knew that some potatoes, such as the Neshannocks, have a delicate skin of violet tint under the white outside. But when I looked more carefully I saw that this potato was not a Neshan-nock, but an Early Rose, which—as I soon proved by scratching it-had no such colored second skin, and I observed that the blue color seemed to go deeper

than merely the surface. "Who, I asked myself, would be likely to habitually carry under his finger would leave deposits like these? Well, a dver, for one. Yes, of course, a dver; but there were more dyers in the city, for aught I know, than one could shake a stick at, and it would be ridiculous to seek a blue handed dyer, since hands that were blue one day might be red or green the next.

"The newspapers, the next day, in

their sensational treatment of the incident, characterized it as a profound mystery, and said that the police had absolutely no clew to the murderer.' "As I had hoped, that encouraged some person who had known Harriet Wardrop to come forward. A small. neatly dressed, respectable looking, middle aged man, with keen, furtive eves and an habitually deprecatory manner, presented himself at the inquest. He came to see if the woman, whose death he had read of in the morning paper, was his wife, from whom he had separated in Philadelphia a year before, and had not seen or heard from since. His name? John Wardrop. His occupation? Dver. Where did he work? With Henri Detaille & Co., Parisian dyers, on Bleecker street. Yes, the dead woman was his wife. He recognized her perfectly, and the sight made him ween.

with, but she had a good heart. "I made an excuse of his signing formal recognition to get him to take off his gloves. His hand was of a brilliant orange tint. While the coroner kept ried to Detaille & Co.'s dye house to ask some questions.

Yes, John Wardrop worked there. He was a quiet, steady man and an ex-cellent workman. They had employed him about ten months. Did they know anything more about him? No, except that they fancied there was likely to be a match between him and Jane Blair, a good looking, plump woman about 80 years old, who had been their cashier for several years. Had they done any dark blue dyeing lately? Yes, only the day before yesterday. Who did the work? John Wardrop.

"I saw Jane Blair. With a good deal of hesitancy she admitted that she and John Wardrop were engaged to be married as soon as he got a divorce from a bad wife who had left him, and expected that he would soon be free. Was she well informed as to his habita? Perfectly. They boarded in the same house, on West Washington place, and he very seldom went out in the evening. Did he deal of thinking. They often throw drug store.

o'clock, their usual hour for retiring. He could have gone out afterward without her knowing it? Yes, but of course he

When I got back to the inquest the coroner's jury had just returned a ver-dict that the deceased had come to her death by violence at the hand or hands of some person unknown. I had made up my mind to arrest John Wardrop on suspicion, but was in no hurry about it. As I had not been on the stand I did not have to tell anything of my suspicions and the potato could not give anything away, for I had it safely in my pocket, wrapped in tissue paper. The reporters went away to write the case up as a pro-founder mystery than before. John Wardrop went to borrow some money from his employers to give his poor wife a decent burial. And I, having taken time to get a warrant for his arrest, fol-

lowed him. "He paled slightly and showed some embarrassment when I entered the dye room, where he was doing some work that had to be done by him and could not wait until the morrow. Still he controlled himself, and sought to cover his nervousness by talking. I said little, and let him talk on, which was the worst thing he could have done, for thinking up so many words led him away, now and then, from the straight story be had made up. At last, when I deemed the time ripe for it, I slipped the potato out of my pocket and, suddenly holding it up before him, said: "You should have washed your hands

before you grabbed this potato out of the dishpan on the table.'
"He threw up his hands with a shriek and sank down on a bench, all limp and

broken up. Before he could recover himself he confessed. He and Harrist had Times. quarreled for years and finally separated. Then after a time she had made up her mind to get possession of him again, found where he was and sent him word and careful examination of baking powthat he must visit her late at night, when ders, which he reports in The Chemica she would be alone, to discuss the situa-tion. He went, but the sight of her and thoughts of Jane Blair, with whom he had fallen in love in the meantime, since parting with his wife, made him desinjurious to gastric digestion; that not

any struggle, when she seemed to have question has long been mooted and both double his strength. He explained that he possessed sufficient mesmeric force to render her passive, and had employed it on that occasion.

gives us a long, extended and thoroughly solentific and unbiased investigation.—
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Having rendered her completely unconscious by mesmerizing her, the rest was easy. I could not help feeling some sympathy for him when he said she was 'tartar,' still business was business, and when I had heard him through I told

" 'Now, John, get your coat on and come along.' " 'In a moment, sir. Let me wash off some of this dye first.'

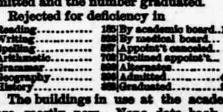
"I assented. He wa some stuff over his hands from a bottle, to take the color out, as I supposed. Suddenly he turned the bottle up to his line and took a big swallow of its congrab him. As I seized him the bottle dropped to the floor and smashed, while he dropped into my arms as dead as a maul. Cyanide of potassium, as I subsequently learned, was his final nip, but it was the fatal potato that killed him .-Cincinnati Post.

How a Hero Saved the Day. The Duke of Wellington was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo. "I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one

"There was a private in the artillery. A farm house, with an orchard sur-counded by a thick ledge, formed a most mportant point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around this point, but MENT is only put up in large two-ounce the English behaved well and beat back tin boxes, and is an absolute ours for the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger der and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farm house, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded For one instant the driver of the second Behind him the flames closed up and mensuration, unnatural suppressi

Some West Point Figures. From 1888 to 1887 inclusive 6,660 young men have been appointed to West Point. The following table shows how many have been rejected, how many admitted and the number graduated.



are mostly new. None date back heyond 1897, when the chapel was built. The academic building where the recitations take place is defective, and an appropriation has been made by congress to build another at a cost of \$490,000. In deed all manner of curiosity in a military line. At present the most defective thing about the academy the fact and granted \$90,000 for a new one. The chapel is not an imposing building without, but within it is tastefully arranged. On the right are slabs giving the names of all the major generals and brigadier generals of the Revolutionary war, with date of birth and death. On the left are slabs giving the same in the case of prominent officers of the Mexican war. The cadets occupy the center seats; the families of officers stationed at the post use the sides. The

Letter. The Nature of Preverbe. much we use proverbs in our daily speech; but it is certain that if they were withdrawn from the language we should find ourselves pulled up at every go out the night before last? No; they light upon a perplexity; solve a problem parted on the stairs going to their respecting morals; express a criticism upon

or humor upon some dark spot. As a or humor upon some dark spot. As a general thing newspapes editors do not betake themselves to proverbe; being a reading and intelligent class, they generally form their own opinions and give expression to them in their own way.

Proverbs may be regarded as the gene of language, and many of the old proverbs might afford a text for an essay

well worth writing and reading. "You must not look a gift horse in the mouth" was a proverb in St. Jerome's time. One of Ariosto's heroes in "Orlando Furieso" jumps from the frying pan into the fire.
How telling must have been the incidents attending the original gift horse rashly criticised, or the fatal imprudence of the hapless denisens of the frying of the hapless denizens of the frying pan, to have stamped their lessons so in-delibly on the world's records, and how impossible for research to get at them. Many proverbs abound about reputa-tion. "When all men say you are an

ass it is high time to bray." "He that bath an ill name is half hanged." Procisely the same sentiment is expressed by very different forms. Thus, while one says, "They that live in glass houses should not throw stones," another expresses the same notion more quaintly. "Folks that have straw tails should not Folks that have straw tails sho play with fire." "A bird in the hand." etc., has an equivalent in "Better one bird in the net than a flock in the air." The Scotch say, "A black hen lays a white egg," and "A wild goose never ne'er leave our meal pock wi' the tear in its eye." A flavor of primitive times is imparted whenever ladies and gentlemen talk of making hay when the sun shines or advocate cutting their coat according to their cloth, or agree that it is best to wash their soiled linen at home.—Troy

Professor Mallett, of the University of "I asked him how he had managed to strangle her so quietly and without harmless and should be avoided. This

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"I wish my wife would get well orsomething," said a husband who had the post. The driver of the first wagon | been sorely tried with an invalid wife. spurred his struggling horses through It seems a heartless speech, but who can the burning heap; but the flames rose tell the discomforts of a home where fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments into the air.

The considerant the driver of the second desperate. But if he would get Dr. wagon paused, appalled by his comrade's Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the fate; the next, observing that the flames wife, he would find that the sunshine beaten back for a moment by the explo- would return to his home. "Favorite sion afforded him one desperate chance, Prescription" is a positive cure for the he sent his horses at the smoldering most complicated and obstinate cases of breach, and, amid the cheers of the gar-rison, landed his cargo safely within. raged more fiercely than ever. This prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak private never lived to receive the reward | back, "female weakness," anteversion which his act merited, but later in the retroversion, "bearing down" sensation engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."—Reminiscences.

chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

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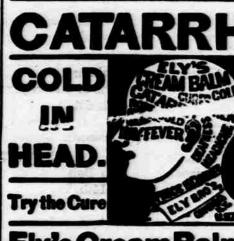
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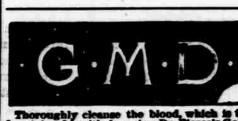
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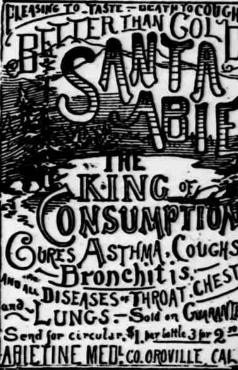
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