IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom.
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or cater to a friend;
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe.
For friends and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain;
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings.
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and truth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

Boston Transcript.

THE STORY OF A VISIT.

PART I.

What old roundabout ways Cupid chooses! What queer little messengers he dispatches on his errands. What innocent conspirators they are!

Little Jenny Jones did not know what she was about as she tripped along the field way to Dorley Grange that fine June morning, between the many-colored long meadow grasses weighted with dew-drops, yet the three-cornered note in her hand was the match that was to set a-going a long train of events and be the beginning of the end he delights in.

Jenny made her way up to the back door, and into the low, old kitchen, and presently old Susan put her head in at the door of the breakfast-room, which in the morning was schoolroom, too, and said:

"Miss Ellice, here's a letter for you from Miss Furnival."

When Ellice had read it she got up from her chair of office at the end of the table.

"Now, children, get on with your work, there's dears. Jack, get that sum finished before I come back; and Sybil, sit up, and hold your pen right; I shan't be long away!"

And then she flitted out into the hall and through the wide open door into the garden, where the rose trees were holding up their bonny red heads, and the warm air was full of the humming of bees and the scent of woodbine.

Down the long walk to the left she went, where, among the red currant bushes, a large straw hat was to be seen bobbing up and down.

"Mother, dear," cried Ellice, "here's a note from Cousin Mary, and she wants us girls to go and help her this afternoon with a lot of library books. I'll say 'yes,' I suppose? There's no reason why we shouldn't go?"

Mrs. Holt thought a moment, and then said: "No, certainly, go by all means."

"Why don't Gracie and Belle come and help you gather those currants?"

"They are coming very soon, my dear."

"I'd like to help," said Ellice; "but I must not, I suppose," and then she went back through the sunshine.

The mother, bending down to the ripe, red clusters, had still the picture in her eye of the lithe, straight, white-robed figure, with the dark-haired head so daintily poised, standing against the background of the old red wall on which the apricots were ripening.

"How pretty the child gets!" she said to herself, and her mouth and her eyes smiled, and softened into the expression that only mothers' faces wear.

A few hours afterward, amid the cheerful clatter of dinner, the afternoon arrangements were discussed, as all other family details were, in full conclave. Mrs. Holt sat with her back to the open window, against which the blind flapped gently in the warm breeze, her husband opposite; Ellice on one side, with Jack and Sybil on either hand, and Gracie and Belle on the other.

Belle was next in order to Ellice, and just back from school "for good," a bonny, healthy, 17-year old lassie. Gracie was the orphan niece of Mr. Holt—tall, fair-haired, graceful, still in deep mourning garments for the loss her mother.

"Fifteen loads, my dear!" said Mr. Holt, in answer to his wife. "We couldn't begin carrying until 10 o'clock—the dew was so heavy. I don't think we shall get into the long meadow to-day. However, the glass is very high, and I think we are in for a long spell of fine weather. I d n't remember a finer hay-time, and I never had a better lot of men than this year."

"Father," said Jack, "may Tom and Harold Price come to-morrow and work in the hay-field?"

"Yes, my lad, though I guess it's more mischief than work that you'll do."

"May Bessie come to?" Sybil pleaded.

"You might call at the Vicarage, girls," said the mother, "and ask for the children to come and spend a long afternoon, and perhaps you could manage to carry a basket of currants. There are a good many things for you to do on your way. You must carry a bundle of rags to old Betty Freer, and call and see how poor Harry Caswell is."

"And there is the Fortnightly to leave at Mrs. Barrows," said Gracie. "You have done with it, uncle, haven't you?"

"No use keepng it for me," said Mr. Holt.

And so the programme was made out, and when dinner was over the girls went up stairs to change their dresses and get ready for their walk.

It was always a pleasure to them to go to "Cousin Mary's." Belle had long be married, but what she meant never to be married but to be "just like Cousin Mary."

"As if you could be," sneered big brother Tom.

Miss Furnival was a tall, graceful woman, with a tender face framed in hair which had early lost its color and turned gray. She lived in the "Church House," where she had been born. Father and mother, brothers and sisters had departed and she was alone; and yet were its rambling passages, its quaint parlors, its old-fashioned garden, bright and pleasant places, shone upon by the mistress' serene eyes, and made merry by the voices of the children and young folks she delighted to have about her. Mr. Holt, of Dorley Grange was her cousin, and to his children "Cousin Mary" was the fountain of all good things. She was to them the designer of Christmas games and charades, the giver of charming presents, the organizer of picnics in the pleasant summer time, the best of all nurses, the kindest of all comforters. She it was who drove Ellice into Middleham every week for singing lessons, she it was who was keeping Tom at school for another year. There was no end to Cousin Mary's kindnesses.

So the girls were as merry as larks and as happy as queens (if that old expression yet means anything,) that sunny June afternoon as they covered the village library books, and told Miss Furnival all the home news. Grace and Belle were doubling and fitting the covers, and Ellice, with a big apron over her pretty pink dress, was "pasting."

They had been hard at work for two hours, and the piles of clean, tidy books were almost complete, when handmaid Jennie opened the door.

"A gentleman, please, ma'am, wants to see you. In the library he is, please, 'm," and she handed Miss Furnival a card. The mistress looked at it wonderingly, and then left the room and crossed the hall, holding it in her hand. Who could "John Colin Cameron, M. D.," be?

A tall young man standing by the window, turned as she entered and bowed, and said with a smile, as he gave her a letter—

"This will explain my intrusion, madam."

Miss Furnival read—

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND MARY FURNIVAL: I hear by a side wind that you are still living at Dorley. Long years have passed since we met; but it is to me an impossible thing to think that my school sweetheart Mary, can have cast out old affection. In this faith I have desired my good son to call upon you. I want to hear about you, and I want you to know him. You will like him, for his own worth, I well know; but at first be kind to him for the sake of Your old friend,
MARGARET BLAKE CAMERON.

Miss Furnival put out her hand with cordial earnestness.

"This is a pleasure to me, Dr. Cameron! Pray come into the other room, and have tea with me, and tell me the history of all these silent years. It [illegible] so long since I heard of your mother that I really did not recognize your name, I am sorry to say."

So the young man stooped his tall head through the two low doorways and followed his hostess into a long quaint room, smelling of roses. Well it might for there were roses on the mantel-piece, roses looking in at the open windows, roses in the middle of the tea-table, which stood there ready, covered with dainty white damask and old china and shining silver, and heaped-up ripe, red strawberries.

When the ceremony of introduction had been duly performed, and the doctor was talking to Miss. Furnival, he glanced now and then at the three pretty girls whose acquaintance he had so suddenly made. One was in white, another in black, and another all pink, like the roses!

Poor Ellice! It was embarrassing to be in this trim, covered up with one of Susan's great kitchen aprons.

Hostess and guests were all sorry when the next hour was passed. Colin Cameron had been so entirely thrown into the society of men only, since his settlement at Middleham, that this daintly-appointed board and this group of fair women seemed to him like getting a glimpse into the "House Beautiful" in Bunyan's allegory, while to his fellow-guests the impromptu addition to their party of this intelligent, world-experienced man gave a peculiar interest and piquancy to Cousin Mary's always pleasant entertainment. When tea was over Dr. Cameron rose, and with a courteous expression of regret at leaving such good company, said he must go on to see Dr. Main, the village doctor, who had asked him to come over and consult with him on a difficult case.

So he was initiated in the easy geography of Dorley and went his way.

Soon afterward Grace and Belle set homeward, having a call to make on the way, while Ellice stayed to help Miss Furnival number the books, in correspondence with the catalogue. She would go home by the fields, she said, later.

Colin Cameron was walking home to Middleham in the dusk by the field way from Dorley to Silito, which is on the high road. The moon nearly at the full, was rising clear and golden; the air was full of fragrance from a blossoming bean field; nightingale was singing in the larch spinney.

Colin leaned on a gate, listening, enjoying the loveliness of the time. As he stood, drinking in the sweet influences about him, his mind turned to the case he had been talking over with Dr. Main, and to an cperation that was fixed to take place to-morrow, and with these thoughts mingled a vision of a dark-haired girl with kind eyes and little brown hands. Ellice they called her—a pretty name. She was about the age Mary would have been if she had lived; and then the young man sent a tender thought toward his daughterless widowed mother in her frugal home in the North Country.

The bird music ceased, and Colin strode on. But he suddenly stopped, started, as, on the other side of a high stile, he saw a figure seated on the grass.

"Is anything the matter? Can I help you?" and then as he recognized the white face in the twilight, in quite another tone he said, "What is the matter, Miss Holt?"

Poor little Ellice had been very brave till then, but the sudden friendly voice and helpful presence overcame her, and she burst into tears, and said brokenly:

"How stupid I am! But I thought nobody would come, and my foot hurts so badly."

Before the words were said the doctor was on his knees beside her feeling what was amiss.

"Will you please go and tell them at home, Dr. Cameron, that some one may come and help me. Our home is only a few fields down there to the right."

"I had better help you myself, I think," said Colin. "Can you manage to walk?"

He helped her to rise, and they went a few steps, but he felt the quiver of pain that went through her as the hurt foot touched the ground, and stopped.

"You must let me carry you, please. You won't mind it? I can, quite easily."

There was as much of command as request in his words, and in another moment Ellice was lifted in his strong arms.

Through two fields they went. Then through the dim silence the gate ahead swung to with a bang, and Ellice said quickly:

"Oh, please set me down, Dr. Cameron. That is my father, I expect, come to look for me and he will be so frightened."

So Colin placed her down, and in a minute up came Mr. Holt's stalwart figure.

Ellice had been afraid of her father being alarmed, but I can't say his alarm was removed when he saw Ellice standing in the field ahead with a young fellow beside her he did not know from Adam.

She cried out as her father approached:

"Don't be frightened papa. I have only hurt my foot, and Dr. Cameron has been so good as to bring me home."

"And who is Dr. Cameron?" was Mr. Holt's first thought. And it was with some stiffness that he made his acknowledgments and remarked that he would now relieve him of his charge.

"I fear Miss Holt's foot is badly damaged, sir, and ought to have immediate attention," said Colin's honest, kindly voice. "I am a doctor and shall be glad to give my assistance, if you will allow me."

So there was nothing but to say yes, and between her two helpers Ellice at last got home. The foot was badly sprained; the doctor bandaged it carefully, and then strode off to Middleham.

He had thought about Ellice Holt at the beginning of his evening walk, and now, after this small adventure, what wonder that he thought more? His profession made him keen in reading character, and this little glimpse of the girl had shown him much. Courageous she must be, and thoughtful for others, and what a good sort of home she had. What a sweet, motherly face Mrs. Holt had, and how fond of each other all the girls seemed.

When the young man got back to his lodgings and found everybody gone to bed, and his prim, ugly room in darkness, the place looked very dreary in contrast with that flower-scented parlor at Dorley Grange and its gentle home presences. He would certainly respond to the bidding Mrs. Holt had given him and go again. How gratefully Ellice had said "Thank you," as she bade him good night, and how pretty she looked as she said it.

PART II.

After this, though Dr. Main looked after the sprained foot, Colin walked over to the Grange not unfrequently. He played lawn-tennis with Grace and and Belle, and cricket with the school-boy brothers, while Jack and Sybil were especially devoted to him.

One day, while Ellice was still obliged to lie on the sofa, the children were hanging about him, Sybil on his knee and Jack examining a wonderful knife with all sorts of tools combined with it, when Sybil said:

"Ellie can't walk a bit. How did she get home, the night that she was hurt?"

Colin laughed carelessly as he looked across at Ellice, and said. "I carried her."

"Was she very heavy?" inquired Sybil.

"Did you like carrying her?" said Jack.

There was a moment's pause, and then the doctor answered in a low tone:

"Yes, Jack."

When he glanced toward the sofa next there was a rosy glow on the face lying there, more rosy than could be accounted for by the sunset light that was streaming in through the low window.

There came a sick time that autumn in Middleham, and Dr. Cameron was very busy for weeks fighting disease among the children down in the squalid streets and back yards; and when at last the worst was over and he could call a few hours his own for a walk to Dorley, he found the place empty of the presence that made it dear to him.

Quite casually, as though the news were of no importance, he was told that, "My daughter and niece are gone to Paris with Miss Furnival. They will probably remain there until the spring."

That was the beginning of an ill-time for Colin. He was overworked, and that helped to make him anxious and disturbed at the thought of his English rosebud among the fascinations of Paris.

From time to time he heard of her—how they had been to Versailles and to balls and theaters, and what a delightful place Paris was. But a worse time was to come.

One dreary December afternoon he was walking up to his rooms, when he was joined by a friend, Llewellyn Cobbe, by name, a loquacious rattle-pate.

"Oh, I say, Cameron. You remember Archibald Braile?"

"Yes," said Dr. Cameron. "He came to "Guy's" before I left. I never knew him well."

"Well, Fortune is raining favors on him in the most partial fashion. He has an appointment in India, has been larking about the continent a month or two, and now in Paris he has picked up a wife—and a Middleham lady! Think of that! You may read his letter if you like. It is fun to hear the superlatives these engaged fellows indulge in! We are not come to that pass, eh, Cameron?"

But as the young man rattled on, his companion's heart stood still.

This was the letter:

DEAR COBBE—
Thanks for your congratulations on my luck. But you must send me another batch for I do not go to India alone. The dearest, sweetest and prettiest of wives will accompany me. As she hails from the neighborhood of Middleham, you may know her name—Miss Holt, My graceful, gracious "Ellice" gives herself to me in a fortnight, and we sail by P. and O. on the 12th of next month.

On some swiftly devised pretext Colin parted from his evil news bringer, and strode along, not knowing, not caring, whither he went, with a bitter pain clinging about his heart, and silent, bitter outcries against the cruelties of fate.

And Ellice—oh! Ellice—did she not know, had she not been shown by him that she was his queen among women? Had she not seemed to care for him? Oh, heaven! how different, after all, their feelings must have been! He, left mourning; and she, willing straightway to listen to the love vows of another man.

It was with a gray, haggard, face that the young man at last returned in the late evening to his lodgings, to his over-cooked, tasteless dinner, and to disturbed, restless sleep

Being a brave soul, he tried to throw himself more than ever into his work, and so to overcome his troubles; but it was very hard work, and as Christmas approached he got a friend to look after his patients, and then started for Scotland. The weather was very severe, and as he neared his Perthshire home a tremendous snowstorm came on and blocked his way, and when at last he reached Elgowan, the illness he had been struggling against for weeks seized him and utterly prostrated him. Helpless as a baby, racked with pain, gasping for breath, he lay, while his little sad-eyed, steadfast gray haired mother flitted about his room, and waited on him, hand and foot, and prayed to heaven to help her boy to live.

When the crisis had come and passed, and as he was beginning to mend, he asked her what was the day of the month? The 19th of January, she said it was, and Colin turned his face to the wall with a sigh. They would be in the Red Sea by this time, alas! he was not so well after this for a day or two, and the new-born light in his mother's face faded; but again strength returned and convalescence, and in the late days of February he was back in Middleham, and at work again.

The town was placarded in all directions with announcements, in foot-long letters, of the coming of a leading Cabinet Minister to speak on the burning question of the day; and, on the evening of this event Dr. Cameron was one in the great crowd of excited people who waited for the opening of the great town hall. His head was well above most people's, and, as he was looking round, he saw, a few feet from him, a tall, elderly gentleman of his acquaintance, who noded, and said:

"Hallo, Cameron! Glad to see you back. Better, eh? Can you get to me?" And as the people between gave the young doctor passage room, he continued—"I have foolishly yielded to the entreaties of two politically minded young ladies who wanted to hear the great man, and, upon my word, I don't like my job! I wish you would take care of one of them. You know Miss Holt, I think?"

Colin's heart gave a great throb, for there, indeed, was Ellice Holt standing by a pillar. As she saw him a glad, shy light came into her face. He made his way to standing ground beside her, and bent down and said to her in a low voice—

"It will delight me to take care of Miss Holt if she will let me."

Waiting in an ever-thickening crowd for a quarter of an hour is not, under ordinary circumstances, a pleasant experience, but little did Colin Cameron mind his foot being trodden on or his back being dug into; these things even added to his happiness, for was he not screening his "rosebud" from annoyance, and, indeed, giving her, if truth must be told, a quite unfair share of air and standing-room? At last the doors opened, and the rush inward took place, and after a time the great orator was speaking, and the vast audience responding with enthusiastic plaudits. But little did Colin hear. The revulsion from a sense of hopeless loss to hope unbounded almost dazed him. The hall was hot, and Ellice took off her gloves, and he saw her little dear left hand bare of all rings—no fatal plain circlet there! When the proceedings were over, and they were waiting for a chance to get away, he said to her:

"It is a curious question, but will you please to tell me your cousin's full name?—the cousin that I knew at your house?"

"She is Miss Braile now," Ellice said.

"Yes, I know," said poor Colin, with a great rush of thankfulness, "what is her Christian name?"

"Gratia Ellice," she answered,. "Every one calls her 'Ellice' except us. It was my name, too, you see, and we had to make a difference, so we called her Grace."

"Thank you," said Colin.

PART III.

No grass should grow under his feet now, he said, as he walked home under the stars.

By 3 o'clock next day he was standing in the parlor of Dorley Grange, waiting with agitation for the entrance of Mrs. Holt. When she came, the young man spoke earnestly, with the eloquence of love, and the mother gave, with tears and smiles, the permission he craved. Ellice would be in from the village, soon, she said. Then he would meet her.

Ellice's heart had been fluttering with a happy unrest all the day, and she had gone into the village to quiet it by seeing some of the poor old people who looked for her coming as their best sunshine.

But all the quiet fled, as turning a bend in the road, she met Dr. Cameron face to face. She tried to recover her maidenly composure, and made some remark about the weather. He made no reply, but took her hand, and said gently, earnestly looking into her sweet face:

"You know what I have come for. May I have it?"

She stood a moment quite silent and still. Then she lifted her eyes to his, and in them he read the happy answer.

You may be sure Mrs. Holt was at the door waiting for them, and with her was her husband, who, catching Ellice into the embrace of one arm, shook hands with the doctor, and told him he had stolen a march upon him and that his permission was yet to be got.

Then they had tea together, and afterward played at some childish game for Jack and Sybil's benefit, and then Dr. Cameron rose and said he must be going.

"Mother" looked across the glowing fire-lit hearth at "father" with a tender comical half-smile of remembrance, and the two kept their places, while, after a moment's pause, Ellice slowly rose, "celestial rosy red," and went out into the hall with her lover. He caught up a shawl from the wall and wrapped it about her, and then, opening the door, led her out into the still darkness.

There, with his strong, tender arms about her, under the shining stars, pure heart to pure heart, pure lips to pure lips, they gave their betrothal kiss.

Burdens.

Much of the weight of our burdens depends upon where we place them. The peddler's pack, the hand-organ, the knapsack, and other heavy weights are for convenience and ease, carried upon the back, out of sight. So our mental burdens will be far more easily borne if we place them, as much as practicable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them, they increase in size. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell upon them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. Now, it is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it, but this done, let us place it where it may no longer be in constant sight; let us carry it manfully and bravely, but not drag it to the light to dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis of life is laid on the cheerful and attractive side, its real burdens will be borne easily and lightly, happiness will abound and be diffused, and the value of life be multiplied tenfold.

The Habit of Work.

There is scarcely anything of greater importance to a young man than that he should acquire early the habit of regular application to some pursuit. Many persons who are not of an indolent nature live on, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, without accomplishing anything worth while. They wonder that others are successful, and they are not; that others progress and they remain stationary. The difficulty with them is that although they are not particularly averse to labor, they have never learned how to work to any advantage. They have never formed the habit of regular, systematic application. Desultory merely impulsive efforts are attended by very insufficient and unsatisfactory results. The first requisite is to know what you want to accomplish. Have some purpose—some plan. Then see to it that the sun does not set on a day in which something has not been done to carry forward that plan—to promote that purpose.

Have, so far as possible, regular hours of work, and let no light interruption interfere with them. If you take a day's recreation, be sure on the morrow you promptly resume your work, and give to it the benefit of refreshed strength and renewed vigor. At the end of the week, regularly review your work. Consider just how much you have accomplished. If you are satisfied with what you have done, it will bring you a feeling of repose and content. If you find you should do more, then make sure that the coming week shall show an improvement on the past. Finally, let nothing—no matter what—daunt or discourage you. Glory in a resolute and invincible will.

If all young men now coming on the stage would scrupulously observe these instructions, what an increase of success and happiness there would be!

An Idea Concerning Shopping.

Shopping can scarcely be a pleasure to any one, as it must now be carried on in most of our establishments. In the largest shops it is becoming almost impossible to get at what one wants, to see the stock, or to be waited on. Moreover, the time consumed in sending the purchase to and fro, and in making change, is a very serious matter to those to whom hours are valuable and lost days important.

The assistants have no special interest in pleasing customers, and doubtless are weary of lifting down rolls of goods or boxes of trimmings. The proprietors, who are always anxious to make sales, are behind the scenes somewhere. It is quite possible that you will be told that a certain shade of silk is not to be had, and see it with your own eyes at the same counter five minutes afterwards; and naturally when you interrupt two aurora-tinted young ladies in the midst of a discussion concerning the comparative charms of the blonde and brunnette floor-walkers, it is easier for them to answer, haughtily, "Nothing but what you see, madame," than it is to show their stock.

Still, when a busy woman has taken a day from important work in order to make purchase, it is hard to end it at last, wearied, disgusted and unsatisfied, with nothing to show for it.

Of course very wealthy people can leave all this matching and selecting to their dress-makers; little bills are of no importance to them; nor is the lady who is driven about in her carriage greatly fatigued; but there are many ladies who leave their out of town homes, their children and their servant, for a whole day, and take two considerable journeys, and have very little time, after all, for their purchases.

For the benefit of these earnest, honest shoppers, who would be glad to buy and go, what a benefit a thorough system of sample books would be.

We shoppers might inaugurate the method for the good of all concerned, by constantly asking, "have you sample books of your silks? of your satins? of your clothes?" until at last everything could be selected in this way.

Those who shop for shopping's sake would not like it, but those who wanted to buy would. So would tired shop assistants. And when goods came home they would not be creased or wrinkled, or marked by the finger-touches of the lady who has just had lunch, and has not washed her hands, as sometimes happens now-a-days.

WOMAN'S DRESS.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe delivered an address in New York on "Woman as a social power." In reference to dress she said: "If dress can brighten the world's sense of what is really beautiful in womanhood, it is certainly a power, and a great one. Surely one of the first conditions to this end would be that dress should represent womanly reserve. It should clothe, not disguise nor reform. The line of beauty should be preserved without that exposure of the delicate skin which makes the beholder shiver and which should make the subject blush. Colors should be modest beside the coloring of nature. Let no glaring tints disturb the harmony of the delicately-blended hues. The gold in a young girl's hair, the evanescent roses in her cheek, glowing and paling with the rhythm of her pulse, in a silent eloquence, or rather a light and shadow utterance. Never profane or frizzle the one out of all color or place beside the other any brilliant ornament which can conflict with its perfect charm."

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

Abdul Kerim Pasha, an intimate friend of Arabi Pasha and one of the best educated of orientals, is to visit America in the interests of Egyptian immigrants to this country.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.
GENTS.—I have been very low, and have tried everything to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.
W. H. WELLER.

ABOUT OYSTERS.—A New York restaurateur assures a reporter that there isn't one man in 500 that can tell the difference between Shrewsbury oysters, Long Islands, Mill Ponds, East Rivers, Providenc Rivers, etc. At a good many eating houses, he says, you can get any kind of an oyster, in season or out, but they all come from some scrub bed. The largest are labeled Saddle Rocks, another size and shape Blue Points, and so on. Blue Points are perhaps the most in demand now; they cost from $4.50 to $6.50 per barrel, East Rivers are estimated the best by a good many, as they are only placed in the market late. They range in price from $4.50 to $9 a thousand, according to the demand and the supply. Some of the largest oysters come from Old Point, Fortress Monroe. From there they reach Baltimore, and so travel north. Baltimore is the big oyster depot, and they put up immense quantities in cans. A smart man ought to open from 4,000 to 5,000 a day. I understand a team of four men have shucked 25,000 oysters in a day. That would give them about $23, Baltimore prices. This season promises to be a big one for oysters. Prices will perhaps be a little higher.

A Gigantic Pitcher.

Among the interesting souvenirs which have been loaned for exhibition at the coming fair of the New England Institute, in Boston, is a gigantic pitcher, which commemorates the great naval events of the war of 1812. It was manufactured in England in 1824 for Mr. Horace Jones, whose grandson, Mr. Horace J. Richards, of Troy, now owns it. It is finely engraved with representations of the escape of the old Constitution from a British squadron, the fight between the Chesapeake and Shannon, Perry's great victory on Lake Erie, the return of a Yankee squadron from the Mediterranean, and other stirring events, and with the figures of Perry, Decatur, and Paul Jones, McDonough, and other naval heroes. The pitcher has adorned many festivities in Troy, not the least of which was the reception of Lafayette on September 18th, 1824.

Artesian Well and Mine Prospecting.

The Diamond Rock Drill renders it so easy to determine what underlies the surface that we wonder an inch and a half core from surface to the bowels of the earth is not taken out for inspection and analysis all over the country. The industrial surveys of the country need be much more extensive and with them should be the never failing accompaniment of the diamond rock drill. The railroads are fast opening the new territory on the surface, and by cuts and tunnels often furnish the first intimations of valuable mineral deposits. Nor is the cost of these boreings in entire loss even if no mineral is found. A running stream from the bowels of the earth is about the only source of pure water now to be had and these are more and more to furnish the water supply. Even New York City has a dozen of these and is still sinking half a dozen more to various depths of one thousand to two thousand feet.

A Fine Distinction.

A young man, whose attire was clean and neat, and whose general appearance was rather prepossessing, stood before the bar of a Police Court. By his side stood a young man of about the same age, with a coal-black face and woolly hair, and who was dressed with all the gorgeousness of a "swell."

"What's your name, white man?" asked the Court.

"McFinnigan, sir."

"And yours, my man and brother?"

"Gawge Washin'ton Jones, sah."

"What was the matter, George Washington?"

"Sah, I'll tell yo' de truf, sah." I was a goin' up de street, sah, las' night, when I met this man an' I kine' of jostled agin 'im, sah, en' he turn' right roun', sah, an' fech me a clip on de nose, sah; den I calls an offisa' an' had dat man arrested, an' dat's all de truf."

"How was it, McFinnigan?"

"Sure, yer Oner, an' it was all the nager's fault. I was a comin' down the av'nie, quiet as a lam', sor, sayin' nothin' to noboddy, whin that sphalpeen came forninst me, sor, wud his elbow, an' I up an' hit 'im upon the spur a the momint"——

"No, sah, he hit me on the nose, sah!"

"On the spur a the momint"——

"On de nose, sah."

"Never mind fine distinctions," said his Honor, "it costs a man $10 in this Court to hit a man, whether it be upon the spur of the moment or upon the nose. George Washington, you are discharged."—*N. Y. World.*

THE FUTURE OF THE NEWSPAPER.—That the daily journal has by no means reached its fullest development, and that it is a rival with which magazines of all kinds will have to reckon much more seriously in the future than in the past, are the opinions of The London Telegraph. Already an eighth wonder of the world for achievements within its own particular sphere, our English contemporary holds that the newspaper will claim and obtain almost universal dominion. "In politics it has extinguished the slow and plodding commentator of the 'quarterlies' whose theme our fast-moving age has left miles behind by the time he opens his mouth to speak. In critical literature it amply satisfies the wants of a public certainly not exigent in that regard. It is more and more encroaching upon the domain of imagination, while on all topics connected with social life it accomplishes day by day work which magazines can only do month by month. Soon, in all probability, the newspaper will stand forth as the embodiment not only of the literary power, but of the literary demands of the day."

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.—A regular poser—a clincher—is the case of an Irishman named Dennis, if true; if not true, the Annual Register must be responsible. He died at Athenry in 1804, at the age of one hundred and seventeen; he had been married seven times, the last time at the age of ninety-three. He survived the births of forty-eight children, two hundred and thirty-six grandchildren, four hundred and forty-four great-grandchildren, and twenty-five great-great-grandchildren.—*All the Year Round.*

Our good deeds rarely cause much gossip among our fellow-citizens, but our evil ones leap immediately into notoriety.

Advice to Consumptives.
On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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are immediately strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

Virtue and decency are so nearly related that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination.

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The sick, if they are poor, are wrestling with great hardships. They are between two fires. On the one side insatiable disease moves up to attack and destroy, while ahead of them are the flame and flare of medicinal humbuggery, quackery, and extortion.
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A Forlorn Hope.
Otto J. Doesburg, proprietor *Holland City News*, Mich., writes: "A bad cold settled on my side and back, kidney trouble, liver and rheumatism combined; I suffered terribly, though was obliged to move about and attend to business. I tried local doctors, but received no relief and 'as a forlorn hope' tried THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL; have only used half a fifty cent bottle, and feel as well as I ever did in my life."

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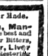

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