THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

The following Thanksgiving proclamation is sued:

By the President of the United States of America.

A proclamation:

In conformity with a custom the annual observance of which is justly held in honor by this people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November next as a day of public thanksgiving.

The blessings demanding our gratitude are numerous and varied. For the peace and amity which subsists between this republic and all nations of the world; for freedom from internal discord and violence; for increasing friendship between different sections of the land of liberty, justice and constitutional government; for the devotion of the people to our free institutions and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for the constantly increasing strength of the republic while extending its privileges to fellow men who come to us; for improved means of internal communication and increased facilities of intercourse with other nations; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the prosperity of all our industries, liberal return for the mechanic's toil, affording a market for abundant harvests of the husbandman; for the preservation of the national faith and credit; for wise and generous provision to effect the intellectual and moral education of our youth; for the influence upon conscience of restraining and tranforming religion, and for the joys of home; for these and for many other blessings we should give thanks

Wherefore, I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people, ceasing from their daily labors, and meeting in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the throne of Almighty God, offering to Him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness which He has vouchsafed to us, and praying that His blessings and His mercies may continue

And I do further recommend that the day thus appointed to be made a special occasion for deeds of kindness and charity to the suffering and the needy, so that all who dwell within the land may rejoice and be glad in this season of national thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and seventh.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:
FREDERIC T. FRELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

A New Profession for Women.

A finely illustrated paper in the Nov. Century, belonging to which is the beautiful frontispiece portrait of Florence Nightingale, is Franklin H. North's description of the Bellevue Training-school for Nurses, of which he says, in part:

The stranger in New York who may chance to visit the east side of the city in the neighborhood of Twenty-sixth street will have his attention called to a long, grayish, four-story prison-like structure, with a wing, situated in a block which extends to the East River, and inclosed by a high, forbidding stone wall. This is Bellevue Hospital, the chief free public institution of the kind in New York. For many years it has been famous for the high medical and surgical skill of which it is the theater, its faculty embracing many leading members of the profession in the city. For many years to come it is likely to be popularly associated with another high development of the curative arts,—the results of the founding, in 1873, of the Bellevue Training-school for Nurses, and of a new profession for women in America.

To find a person capable of taking charge of such an institution proved a difficult task. Miss Bowden, otherwise, known as "Sister Helen, of All Saints," then of Baltimore, but formerly of the well-known school at University College, London, was finally selected. Equal difficulty was experienced in procuring assistants for her. Advertisements were inserted in the journals, and physicians were applied to; but such was the scarcity of educated nurses in this country at that time, that after a search of many months, and after the most liberal offers, only four were found who were in any wise capable, one of whom proved inefficient. Later on, Sister Helen, compelled to return to England, was succeeded by Miss Perkins of Norwich, Conn., under whose management the school has continued to increase in usefulness. At first but six pupils were obtained. The scheme adopted —that developed by Miss Mightingale—demanded in the applicant a combination of requisites the mere enumeration of which appalled many who had been encouraged to seek admission to the school. These are: Good education, strong constitution, freedom from physical defects, including those of sight and hearing, and unexceptional references. The course of training consists in dressing wounds, applying fomentations, bathing and care of helpless patients, making beds, and managing positions. Then follow the preparation and application of bandages, making rollers and linings of splints. The nurse must also learn how to prepare, cook, and serve delicacies for the invalid. Instruction is given in the best practical methods of svpplying fresh air, and of warming and ventilating the sick-room. In order to remain through the two years' course and obtain a diploma, still more is required, viz.: Exemplary deportment, patience, industry, and obedience. The first year's experience was far from satisfactory. Among seventy-three applicants, hailing from the various states, only twenty-nine were found that gave promise of ability to fulfill the conditions. Of these, ten were dismissed for various causes before the expiration of the first nine months. To serve medicine to the patients in the wards of a great public hospital smacks not a little of novelty and of romance, and goes far, at first, to compensate for a hospital's unpleasant surroundings and its odor of disinfectants; but a short period of wound-dressing and night-watching is sufficient to dispel such illusions. Every year, young women whose abilities warranted their admittance at the commencement of the course have been permitted to depart before its completion, owing to an evident distaste on their part for the duties imposed upon them. But the managers, though surprised at the result of their first efforts, were not discouraged. As time went by, the number of applicants increased, and though the high standard first established was not departed from, the proportion of those capable of fulfilling the requirements multiplied. Some applicants, who did not seem especially adapted to the work, proved most efficient, and on this topic the managers say that, after their long experience, they have found that the fitness of an applicant can be determined only by absolute trial.

The nurses at the Bellevue school may be divided into two classes; those who study the art of nursing with a view to gaining a livelihood or supporting their families, and those who look forward to a life of usefulness among the poor sick. All are lodged or boarded free of charge during the two years' course, and are paid a small sum monthly, while in the school, to defray their actual necessary expenses, and, in order to avoid all distinction between rich and poor, every nurse is expected to receive this pay.

The "Nurses' Home," the headquarters of the school, is No. 426 East Twenty-sixth street, a large and handsome building, erected for the purpose and given to the school by Mrs. W. H Osborn.

The soul of a man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain visible to man.—Longfellow.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

Between the half-drawn curtains faintly gleamed
The early dawn's first pale and glimmering ray;
But through my heart rang ever, as I dreamed
The poet's plaint: "Give me but Yesterday!"

Through swiftly-opening doors, with flying feet,
My little daughter with her curls of gold
Came eagerly the morning sun to greet;—
The little maid whom yesterday we told.

To-morrow, if the skies were not unkind,
Out into the country meadows should go,
With beating heart and shining eyes to find
The sweet, shy haunts of wild flowers, hiding low.

Flushed in the morning light, she danced and sang,
While I forgot the poet's murmuring lay,
As through the room the sweeter wisdom rang;
"Mamma! mamma! To-morrow is To-day!"
—Century.

LARRY BLYTHE.

"In all his humors, whether grave or mellow,
He was such a pleasant, witty, chatty fellow!
Had so much mirth and jest and spleen about him,
There was no living with him—nor without him!"

Young Mrs. McBride was going for a sail on the lake. It was late in the afternoon, and straight, yellow rays of the declining sun were tinging the waters into a sheet of silver and gold.

It was no wonder that young Mrs. McBride, a widow, with half a million dollars, saucily pretty, and dressed in the most airy of faultless summer toilets, should have a trio of admirers attending her as she stood on the porch of her pretty country house that summer day!

Yet, as she looked around, evidently expecting someone who was not there, a shade besides that which her pink parasol cast crept over her face.

"Where is Larry?" she asked with pretty petulance, and, raising her babyish blue eyes to the window above, saw a streak of smoke floating lazily out into the sunshine. "He is there! No one else dares to smoke in my parlor—audacious youth! Larry—Larry Blythe!" she called sweetly.

A young man walked out on the balcony with easy, unconventional carriage and looked down at her.

It needed but a glance to tell that he was an Irishman. His nationality was visible in the large, good-natured mouth, the dark blue eyes—blue as the sky when its color is deepest and brightest, honest, candid, and full of quiet humor. His hair was black and curly as a water-dog's; his figure, tall and powerfully built for one so young, looked careless and graceful in his loose gray suit; his skin was browned and somewhat freckled. Handsome he was not—hardly good-looking—shy to a fault, and yet, oh, Larry Blythe, the nameless charm which drew one to confide in and honor you—how shall it be described? He smiled—a rare smile full of sunny daring—and then said in rich and softly penetrating voice:

"You called, and your slave appears What will it please my lady to command?"

"To carry my shawl, hold my parasol, and row me across the lake," Mrs. McBride answered naively.

"Ah, but I couldn't do all at once—now, could I?" Barry asked, raising his brows, "I am not a prodigy. I wish I could go!" he continued, throwing the eloquence into his voice so happily understood by an Irishman. "But you see I'll have to deny myself this pleasure to-day, as I have some business to attend to. To-morrow, perhaps, if you will——"

"I'll tell you that to-morrow!" the lady answered, somewhat nettled by his refusal, as she swept down the path, her attendants following in her wake.

Larry stood and indifferently watched her out of sight, and then entering the house went across the sunlight-barred hall to a room, the door of which stood open. He paused a moment on the threshold, and then entered with his usual easy gait, though there was a touch of additional color upon his cheeks.

Near a wide open window facing the west, the rosy glow of the red sun just above the hill streaming over her, a young girl stood, her hands clasped behind her, making a picture effectual and mystical.

She had seemingly just returned from boating, as she still wore a sailor suit of blue flannel, with a broad sash and collar, and a careless cloth cap on her hair, which was tossed, with little wisps and curls breaking confinement everywhere.

"Rowing again, Garnet, and did not tell me?" Larry said, with playful reproof.

She wheeled round quickly, and her pretty, sunwarmed face with a quizzical expression was turned laughingly toward him.

"I thought you were basking in the sun and Mrs. McBride's smiles by this time!" she said, demurely.

"Hang Mrs. ——" Larry commenced impetuously, and his natural shyness overcoming, he stopped short, his face flushing hotly.

"Oh, pray go on!" the girl cried dancing up to him. "That was not for you! Oh that was delightful, Larry!"

He muttered an apology for his disrespect. he thought could not help smiling, her gayety was so infectious. He watched her buckled slippers twinkling around the room as she swayed from side to side, and in another moment he, too, was dancing, until they both stopped at last, out of breath, and looking at each other silently for a moment, burst out laughing.

Shall we call that dance an Irish fandango?" he asked, comically.

"It was wild enough to deserve even that name!" Garnet laughed as she crossed to the window again and stood looking out at the evening landscape, fresh from late summer rain.

"How shall you exist, Larry, when Mrs. McBride returns to New York?" she asked, musingly.

A shade settled over his face, but disappeared again as suddenly, for sadness rested but lightly on his mercurial nature.

"You leave then, too! Ah, how indeed will I exist?"

Then going to her side, he said suddenly, and with marked earnestness:

"Garnet, I have something to tell you!

She drew back hastily, and a new expression of impatience, almost fear, flashed from her eyes.

"Don't say it, Larry—indeed, I'd rather not!" she said nervously.

"You know, then, what it is?" he asked, in a soft voice—and how softly he could speak at times! "Why should I hesitate to tell you? My words are honest, as is the love that prompts them—for I do love you, Garnet, with my whole heart!"

He held out both hands, and no one looking in his face could fail to see how terribly in earnest he was.

"You will not say 'No,' to me, Garnet? You would not be so cruel, when I love you so?" he continued, in the same soft voice, but with the charming effrontery which seems to run current in Hibernian blood.

Garnet's face still wore the same determined expression, as, with a quick action, she drew a small, round table in between them, and leaning on it, looked kindly at Larry's face, now pale with a dawning fear, and said slowly:

"I have one aim, and until that is reached, and at least part of my hopes realized, I cannot think of love."

She gazed thoughtfully into space as though in visions some of the glories presented themselves, which she hoped to win.

"Are you going to turn reformer or philanthropist?" he asked, a mocking light gleaming in his half-closed eyes.

"I am going to be an actress!" she answered, without appearing to notice his expression. "Do you hear, Larry? A queen I will be, with the stage for a throne, and my kingdom the hearts of mankind!"

He looked at her in wonder and pain.

"You don't mean it?" was all he said.

"I do—I do!' she cried, with a rapturous gesture worthy of Juliet. "It has been my dream from childhood, and now, as my fortune is at my own disposal, I intend to follow this profession."

"You are almost alone in the world, Garnet Gray," Larry said, with a trembling voice he tried to make properly stern. "You are bent on following a most dangerous path—and think of your little baby brother, Willie! Will you desert him? I thought you loved him."

"So I do!" the girl said, stoutly. "He will not be neglected, and I will often see him!"

"The life of an actress appears lovely to you no doubt," and in his eagerness he too leaned his hands on the table, and looked into her flushed face. "The whole path, to your mind's eye, is that of a conquering heroine, but it is not so! Believe me, Garnet, for I know that few, if any, of the triumphs you dream of now will ever be realized. The story of previous thousands who have found themselves dazzled by the unreal, alluring life of the stage may be yours. God forbid!" he added, piously. "All honor be to the noble few—not those who have never been tempted—but those who, being tried, have come out from the warfare victorious!"

He might have spared his words.

Garnet looked up with a mutinous, determined expression, laughed a little at his sober face, made an excuse, and left the room.

He sat down stunned and miserable. To be a rejected suitor was bad enough, but to think of pretty, impetuous Garnet as a second-rate actress was—oh, it was unbearable to him! He could not consent to put his queen a lower pedestal than, that where his respectful love had first placed her. But he would always keep near—always be her friend watching over her. While his heart warmly in his bosom, even to the end, he vowed there, as he sat alone in the gathering gloom, that he would never desert Garnet Gray.

Oh, the dangerous, delicious, intoxicating life of an actress! To lose the sense of one's personality in the playwright's creation! To think, to be glad and sorry with an imaginary creature in an imaginary world! To hear the thunder of applause every night! To see every eye fixed upon one, and a vast audience listening and breathless! To move in another world—a shadowy world of dreams! To love and suffer, despair and rejoice, in a few short hours!

It was the fourth night of Garnet's theatrical life, and the first time that Larry had ventured to go and see her.

He stood in a box over the stage and waited, his warm, variable heart beating fast. How would the first sight of Garnet in her new life affect him? At the thought of this his heart grew heavier.

Toward the end of the first act she came—and oh, how lovely she looked in her lavender skirt and hood, white bodice and little wooden shoes, as she stood in the shadow of a frowning tower, while imaginary sea heaved and subsided at her feet. The scene of the play was laid in France, and the story was a medæval one abounding in intrigue, passion, and pomp.

As the night wore on, Garnet acted well and pleased the audience, but it was only good acting at best.

Larry felt that keenly. A good actress and a popular one Garnet was, but a great one she never could be.

The curtain fell at last, and the mimic life history was ended.

He made his way behind the scenes, but among the crowds of merry-making lords and warriors, several of whom he recognized as those who were killed in the last act, he saw no trace of Garnet. Throwing himself into a chair in a remote corner he waited for her.

One after another the actors scattered until the room was vacant, except for himself and another man who had interested him at the first glance. He was tall and fashionably dressed, with a dark, southern face which might once have been handsome, though it was evil now. Apparently he was au fait in all the mysteries of the place, exchanged greetings with actors of every grade, and indulged in gay and not too respectful badinage with many a fair, painted soubrette.

He walked restlessly up and down as though expecting some one.

Garnet, in walking dress, now entered the room, but not with her accustomed free step. She walked like one dazed, and her face was as palid as the dead.

The stranger stepped forward quickly and held out his hand, speaking her name. She appeared to recognize him as an acquaintance, placing her hand for a second in his, and then sat down in the same bewildered way. He commenced to speak in low, earnest tones as though comforting her, but Garnet did not seem to heed, until, with a sudden movement, he leaned forward as if to kiss her, when Larry, in his wrath, strode up to him, and his figure drawn up, his eyes seeming to flash fire, and his whole face convulsed with rage, as his arm encircled Garnet with protecting care.

"Go!" he uttered, in a voice so choked with passion that he scarcely more than breathed the words. "Go—and quickly!"

He pointed to the door, and the gesture, the look, were such as a brave man might fear to thwart. The stranger, with an insolent smile, picked up his hat, with a last admiring look at Garnet, he vanished.

"He was insulting, truly," Garnet said, in a stunned voice; "bvt oh, that is nothing to this!" and she handed Larry a crushed telegram stained with tears.

"Willie is dying," it read; "come quickly!"

Larry looked down on the drooping, stricken figure, with tears in his eyes.

"I will take you to Willie!" he said. "I hope it will not be too late! Pray, Garnet, as I will, that it may not!"

Nor was it. Ah, it was even sweeter mercy, for Willie lived. Day by day his violet baby eyes grew clearer when Garnet's breast was his pillow, and her voice soothed him during long night watches.

"Have you no more high aims?" Larry asked one day, as they watched Willie who was playing on the lawn. "Then could not you try and love me a little—Garnet?" he pleaded.

"The poetical glamour of the stage has vanished!" she answered; "and as to loving you—why, Larry, are you blind? How could I help it, when you've been so good to me?"

And Larry, all his love shining in his beautiful eyes, drew her to him—there was no table now to hinder—and wished all the world could feel a touch of the happiness he felt then.

Whom to Marry.

"Whom to marry." Yes, that is certainly the question in these days for marrying and giving in marriage. Now that young man who looks like Lord Byron, and who can quote poetry by the yard, and whom all the girls say is the very pink of perfection, will he do?

Alas, no! for only last week he was arrested and carried to the station-house by a hard-hearted policeman, who found him sitting on the curbstone at twelve o'clock at night, composing an ode to the moon, and hiccoughing loudly at every breath.

Well, there is Mr. Lightfoot, who waltzes divinely, they say, and makes a bow equal to Chesterfield himself, and has a mustache which is perfectly lovely—who, in short, is just the dot, in the way of looks and manners; will he do?

By no manner of means! for he squanders more in a month for dress than he ought in a year, and consequently has not the wherewith to take care of a wife.

Well, there is Mr. Sharp, who is a brilliant lawyer, and can make speeches that would prove his Satanic Majesty a perfect gentleman. Will he fill the bill?

No, indeed! His logic would overwhelm any common woman, and unless she is out of the common order, she had better steer clear of Mr. Sharp.

"Why," I hear you say, "you will have neither sentiment, beauty nor wit! Better make a poor match than be an old maid!"

Well, I don't know about that. So thought Miss Myrtle Green, some years ago, when she accepted Mr. Goslack. She has now two or three children, and her husband goes up town every Saturday night under pretense of getting shaved, and spends nearly all his wages before getting back.

"Well," you say, "whom would your highness advise one to marry?"

I will give you the same advice that an old lady once gave a lawyer who said he would never advise his girls to marry lawyers.

"No," said she, "I wouldn't. I'd advise them to marry honest men."

Any way, look well before you leap.

How to Say No.

If people would learn to say "No" firmly and clearly, a great deal of trouble might be saved. Ministers, editors and charitably-disposed people in general are confronted every week by those whose pitiful cases excite their sympathy, and whom they long to aid, and yet to whom they are cruel if they raise hopes which they cannot make certainties. Hard as it is to say that the article is not available for the paper, the editor has no choice if it really is not what he needs, and what will please and profit his readers. He must dash the budding expectation of his contributor, and no sensible contributor will be offended thereby. The minister cannot open his purse to every applicant, nor take every offered publication, nor assist every new aspirant in the field of song or oratory. There is a limit to the wealth of the richest, and few are able to help every worthy object, though the heart may prompt them to do what they can. Let it be a rule if "No" must be said, to say it as gently as may be, but with decision.

Silk from the Sea.

The sea yields many precious things—coral, amber and pearls; but it is not generally known that in some parts of the Mediterranean a species of mussel is found of which the shell contains one of the most beautiful textile materials known. These shells are about seven inches long and three inches broad, and each of them contains a bank or byssus of the fibre, weighing half a dram, and at first it presents nothing particular to the eye, being solid with mud and the remains of marine plants; but when washed and combed the fibres are seen to be extremely lustrous, glistening in the sunshine in shades varying from a golden yellow to an olive brown. Spun and woven in the ordinary manner, stockings, gloves, neckties, and similar articles can be manufactured from them, and they are likewise suited for making the finest lace. At present the production of these fibres hardly exceeds two hundred kilogrammes (3 cwt. 3 qrs.) a year. Specimens of these curious mussels and their finished products were exhibited at the great Paris Exhibition, but they appear to have been overlooked.—*Silk Reporter*

A Difference

Circumstances do most assuredly alter cases. A man who had a horse to sell was asked by a gentleman who invaded his stable what he asked for him.

"That horse," was the reply, "is a very remarkable animal. A child can drive him; he's as tame as a kitten, and was never known to shy. I will sell him for one hundred and fifty dollars."

The stranger took out from his side pocket a mysterious looking book and put down the sum the man had mentioned.

"Do you want to buy that horse, my friend?" the stable-keeper asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I don't want to buy any horse; I am simply the tax collector, and I am round apprising property."

"Oh, ah, yes, I see. Well, in that case, I may as well confess that I have exaggerated matters. That horse, if I were going to sell him, is all I have described him to be and well worth the price I ask. But as a horse to be taxed he is old, spavined, a bad kicker, vicious, and not worth a penny more than twenty-five dollars."

THUMB LATCHES.—The inventor Blake, having been unsuccessful in business concluded to turn his attention to invention, and going to a hardware store asked the salesman to show him the worst made article of common use. The salesman handed him a Norfolk door-latch. Blake bought it, took it home, and in a short time perfected the Blake thumb-latch. The first year thirty thousand dozen were sold. The Blake latch was patented in 1830 and is used now. The last old Norfolk latches that we have account of were worked up in a Philadelphia rolling mill in 1845.

The True Romance of Pocahontas.

In Dr. Edward Eggleston's paper, entitled "The Beginning of a Nation" in the November Century, a description of the first English settlement is given, including the following account of the romantic life of Pocahontas:

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deer-skin apron, and were very careful not to be seen without it. The agil little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax; but, by order of Powhatan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest, by their supernatural enchantments they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhatan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener, and his ten companies, by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and by extraordinary bribes and maneuvers, brought him safely to Smith, after three days' travel in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spilman, who was then living with Powhatan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story of all precedes in order of time the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhatan's people, in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper, and cut off the whole party, when Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the captain of Powhatan's design. Capt. Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; "but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

In 1631 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Capt. Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading in the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage the English would gain in negotiations with Powhatan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure as a hostage the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom she was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and wither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose in causing Powhatan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who therefore retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamored of Pocahontas, now grown to womanhood, and wrote a formal letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhatan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers to witness the marriage,

This marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhatan, who on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the king and many distinguished people, went to see a play; and, by help of her naturally quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the king was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the king's consent, Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the uncongenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavorably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her, by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore, she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the king's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of small-pox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.

The Men Who Succeed.

The great difference among men, of all callings, of energy is character, or the want of it. Given the same amount learning and integrity, and the same opportunities, and energy will make one man a conqueror. The want of it will see the other a total failure. Deadbeats are all without force. They had as good a chance as any of their companions. Others went ahead and carried off the prizes, where they were lying by the wayside, dispirited and despondent. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well-doing, to win a great prize. And the young man who goes into a profession without this pluck and force, will not earn salt to his porridge. He will drag along through life with the help of friends, getting some credit with them for being a well-meaning man, in delicate health and unlucky. The real trouble is, he lacks energy. All the learning in the world will not qualify a man for usefulness. It requires push, will, determination—in one word, energy.

Social Prosperity.

There is no good, unless your taste is that way, in living in a society where you are merely no equal of everybody else. Many people gave themselves extreme pains to frequent company where all around them are their superiors, and where, do what you will, you must be subject to continual mortification—as, for instance, when Marchioness X. forgets you, and you can't help thinking that she cuts you on purpose; when Duchess Z. passes by in her diamonds, etc. The true pleasures of life is to live with your inferiors. Be the cock of your village; the queen of your coterie, and, besides very great persons, the people whom Fate has specially endowed with this kindly consolation, are those who have seen what are called better days—those who have had losses. I am like Cæsar, and of noble mind; if I cannot be first in Piccadilly, let me try Hatton Garden and see whether I cannot lead the ton there. If I cannot take the lead at White's or the Travelers, let me be President of the Jolly Sandboys at the Bag of Nails, and blackball everybody who does not pay me honor. If my darling Bessy cannot go out of a drawing-room until a baronet's niece (ha! ha! a baronet's niece, forsooth!) has walked before her, let us frequent company where we shall be the first and how can we be the first unless we select our inferiors for our associates? This kind of pleasure is to be had by almost everybody, and at scarce any cost. With a shillings worth of tea and muffins, you can get as much education and respect as many people cannot purchase with a thousand pounds worth of plate and profusion, hired footmen, turning their houses topsy-turvy, and supper from Gunter's. Adulation!—why, the people who come to you give as good parties as you do. Respect!—the very menials who wait behind your supper table waited at a duke's yesterday, and actually patronize you! O, you silly spendthrift! you can buy flattery for two-pence, and you spend ever so much money in entertaining your equals and betters, and nobody admires you.—*Thackeray.*

The Concord school of philosophy has again adjourned without explaining the difference between the "Hereness of the There" and the "Wherefore of the Thusness;" or showing why the Henceity of the Henceforthness is not identical with the Neverthelessness of the Heretofore. On account of the extreme hot weather, probably.—*The Judge.*

Hope calculate its schemes for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at impossibilities, and consequently ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonor.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

In the New York Herald we lately observed mention of the speedy cure of Thaddeus Davids, Esq., of the great ink firm, 127 William street, New York, of rheumatic gout by St. Jacobs Oil.—St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.

Do not ride till you are ready, or you may fall off.

We like St. Jacobs Oil, and observe too that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour indorses the remedy.—Baltimore (Md.) Catholic Mirror.

The ruses of women multiply with their years.

From Emporium.

Geo. Dodge, Sr., a well known citizen of Emporium, writes that one of his men, Sam Lewis, whilst working in the woods, so severely sprained his ankle that he could scarcely get home, but after one or two applications of THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL he was able to go to work next day.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

PLAIN TALK.

To those
Having
Old and
Malignant cases of
Asthma, or who are
Suffering almost beyond
Endurance from
Catarrh, coughs, or colds,
Let us
Earnestly,
Candidly and
Truthfully
Recommend the
Immediate use of an efficient and
Certain remedy—Thomas' Eclectric
Oil.
Incomparably superior to anything of a
Like nature, and
Benefiting
Unfailingly.
You who
Are in
Need of relief and can spare a
Dollar or a half dollar, give it a
Trial; the
Result will satisfy
You that our statements are not only correct
but very moderate.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co , Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.

Don't Throw up the Sponge.

When suffering humanity are enduring the horrors of dyspepsia, indigestion, or nervous and general debility, they are too often inclined to throw up the sponge and resign themselves to fate. We say, don't do it. Take BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS the unfailing remedy. Price $1.00.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

Visible Improvement.

Mr. Noah Bates, Elmira, N. Y, writes: "About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened, and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now, though 61 years of age, do a fair and reasonable day's work." Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

The proof of a strong will is graceful surrender on proper occasions.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening.

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away."

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

Sing a song of hair oil,
Pocket minus chink,
Four and twenty editors
Spilling printers' ink;
Now the pen goes faster,
Wonder what they mean,
Guess they must be writing ads.
For the improved Carboline.

An effort made for the comfort of others lifts us above ourselves.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.

Much learning shows how little mortals know.

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from disarrangements brought on by impure blood when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints, and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Skin, etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast.

DR. RODGER'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

The Creator has gifted the whole universe with language, but few are the hearts that interpret it.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages. 8

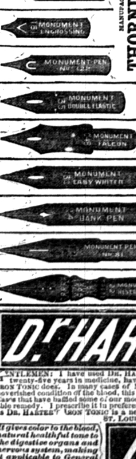
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

This N.Y. Singer, $20
With $8 set of Attachments Free. Warranted perfect. Light running, quiet, handsome and durable. Sent on test trial-plan when desired. Happy Home Organs: 4 sets Reeds, 12 stops, Mechanical Sub Bass, octave coupler, 2 knee swells, with $3 stool and $1 Book, only $75. Also sent on test trial-plan if desired. Elegant case, magnificent tone, durable inside and out. Circular, with testimonials, free. Ask G. Payne & Co., 47 Third av, Chicago

DO NOT FAIL to send for our fall price list for 1882. Free to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution who make this their special business. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Glass
WILLIAM REID, Wholesale and Retail dealer in French and American WINDOW GLASS, PLATE GLASS, Ribbed and Rough Plate for Skylight, Cut and Enameled Glass Silver Plated Sash Bars, French and German Looking Glass Plate, Lead and Oil Colors, Putty, Paints, etc. 73 and 75 Larned st. West, Detroit, Mich. If building and in want of anything write for estimates.

RUPTURE!
Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflicted by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office 251 Broadway, New York. His book with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure mailed for 10 cents.



MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THORNDIKE NOURSE, (Successor to E. B. SMITH & Co.) DETROIT, MICH. By the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company. Ask your stationer for these pens. Sample card mailed on receipt of twenty-five cents.

DR. HARTER'S
GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy has, in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice.
ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 26th, 1881. DR. ROBERT SAMUEL, 3104 Wash. Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

IRON TONIC.
MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS

AGENTS WANTED FOR COBURN'S LINE OF Subscription Books
THE FINEST IN THE WORLD, and the fastest selling. Accurately written, clearly printed on fine paper, elegantly illustrated and beautifully bound. No other books their equal. All new and no competition. Territory clear. They satisfy the Agent because they sell fast, the people on account of their value.
"Newman's America," An Encyclopedia of its History and Biography from the Mound Builders to July 18, 1882. The only book covering the subject.
The Lives of the James Brothers. The only complete account of the Missouri Outlaws.
"The Jeannette," The only Narrative Encyclopedia of all Arctic Explorations, including FRANKLIN, KANE, HAYES, HALL and DE LONG.
"Pictorial Family Bible," The only complete work, containing both versions of the New Testament. More Features and Illustrations than any other edition.
The most LIBERAL TERMS granted by any PUBLISHING HOUSE. PROMPT DEALINGS. NO DELAYS.
Write quickly for circulars and terms. Territory is rapidly being taken.
COBURN & COOK PUBLISHING CO.,
96, 98, 99 & 100 Metropolitan Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 100

YOUNG MEN
THE GOLDSMITH Bryant & Stratton BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Detroit, is the oldest, largest, most thorough and practical, has the most able and experienced teachers, finest rooms, and better facilities every way, than any other business college in Michigan. Ask our graduates and the business men of Detroit, about our School. Call or send for Circulars. Shorthand by a Practical Reporter.
M. R. P. 408.

D. D. MALLORY & CO.,
Packers of the Celebrated Diamond Brand

Fresh oysters, Canned Fruits and Vegetables. Wholesale dealers in foreign and Domestic Fruits. 53, 55 and 57 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop B.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. Prof. MARTINEZ, the Great Spanish Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will, for 50 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and lock of hair, send a CORRECT PICTURE of your future husband or wife, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage, psychologically predicted. Money returned to all not satisfied. Address Prof. F. Martinez, 10 Mont'y Pl., Boston, Mass.

E. J. CARRINGTON.
GRAIN
Commission Merchant.
Consignments of Wheat, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Clover Seed, Dressed Hogs, etc., solicited and promptly handled. All inquiries will receive immediate reply.
Office, No. 29, Chamber of Commerce.
Reference Merchants & M'f'g's Bank, Detroit, Mich.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
TRADE MARK TRADE MARK

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.
Full particulars in our pamphlet which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by Farrand, Williams & Co., Detroit, Mich.

BOUNTY and arrears of pay to volunteer soldiers charged with desertion. Honorable discharges procured for those who served until May 22, 1865, and then went home without leave. Act, August 7, 1882.
Apply to
MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,
Abstract Building,
Detroit, Mich.

BILLIARD TABLES.
Send for our prices & illustrated catalogue.
SCHULENBURG MF'G CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Do you wish to obtain good and valid Patents? then write to or call upon THOS. S. SPRAGUE & SON, 37 West Congress St., Detroit, Mich., Attorneys in Patent Causes. Established 15 years. Send for pamphlet, free.
Patents Patents

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be sure of a situation at good wages, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR
BEANS, CLOVER SEED, TALLOW SHEEP PELTS, HIDES and Produce of all Kinds.
GEO. W. HILL,
80 WOODBRIDGE STREET,
DETROIT, - - - - - MICH.

PATENTS
F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

A Business College. Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College. Write for College Journal—sent free.

SAMARITAN CURES AND

NEVER FAILS. NERVINE
Is unfailing and infallible in curing Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula and all Nervous and Blood Diseases. To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. For sale by all Druggists.
THE DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.