FOUND DROWNED.

She searches, searches everywhere,
As one would treasure find—
Old Susan, with the silver hair
And long-bewildered mind.

All up and down the shining sands
With eager step she goes,
And speaks with hesitating voice,
Not knowing friends from foes.

"Oh, have you seen my pretty boy,
My little baby child?"
She left him to me when she died,
And bade me be his mother—

"Our mother. She flows out of heaven
On me, as once she smiled.
So I go searching night and day
Until I find her child."

"Tis a few weeks ago" (she thinks,
She has lost count of years!)
"I laid him on the soft warm sand
Asleep, and had no fears.

"I only went a little way,
And sat behind that alder,
Writing to William Beverley,
That is to India gone.

"He will come back and marry me.
He says, in two years time
I shall be then but just eighteen,
And he scarce twenty four.

"But can he marry me?" she shrieks—
"Me that was flanged?" I mean
They would have hanged me, but perhaps
Some one told the Queen.

"And she said—what I did not know,
I think I slept or died—
And woke up in a world of dreams
Most terrible and wild.

"I did not kill the boy," she moans,
"I only left him here—
Forgetting, and the tide flowed in
And sobbed out—no one hear.

"Not guilty! oh, my bird, my bird,
Not guilty!" sobbing wild,
"I only left him float away
And drown—my mother's child!"

"And so my mother made them shut
On me the prison door
Till I was dead, yet now, it seems,
I am alive once more.

"I walk along the shining sands
I hear the shout of joy
I know I'll find him very soon
My little darling boy."

So on she goes with cautious tread,
And eager eyes and wild;
But never, never will she find
The little drowned child.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.

"John Wallace!" called the mine superintendent through the speaking pipe, "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."

"Visitors!" I repeated to myself. "I must be a hackey, too, as well as a drudge. It is only another straw to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back so much the better. I shall be done with it."

The world has little respect for those whose code of honor leads them aside from the broad highway of common place.

When, at my father's death finding his estate heavily encumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself, socially, speaking, in isewater. Those who had known me in my boyhood days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as the owner's ignorance of my existence.

I could have borne this well enough had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.

In the days when her wealthy father looked with favor upon the intercourse of his daughter with the landowner's son, I had never said a word about her.

She was a beautiful girl—young, and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me that his daughter could have dispensed with my attendance, and yet I perceived no intimation to the contrary from Eve herself. I concluded she, too, had declared my sin—poverty. After this I lost hope, and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village, and after two years of wandering, often in desolate places, I stranded myself on the Maberly coal mines as gang master in the pits.

Our mines had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were seldom troubled by visitors from the upper earth.

This was a Godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was leading only as one dreams of such things so frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me.

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signaled from above.

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father.

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. As cold and worldly as I believed Eve to be, I could not imagine her capable of such malicious malice.

Who could identify the name gangmaster John Wallace with Wallace Grover, civilized gentleman? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly mine. It was merely a sight-seeing tour, after all.

Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

With strict control of myself, I could show them through the tunnels without their seeing in them more the wiser. Now that they had come, too, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the woman I had loved—still loved one more, perhaps.

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent under ground.

My head swam and my heart beat like kind loud as I stood before her—more beautiful because more serious and woman-like than when we had been intimate two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me.

The season I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Could, of course, on my account; such a notion never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we were preparing to ascend into the galleries.

"Years enough, madame, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered, evasively.

Mr Guion looked at me inquiringly. "You speak like a man of education; my good fellow," he said, "how did you put men of your stamp in such positions as yours?"

"Men of my stamp have few claims which the world is bound to respect," I answered, gruffly. "You are here to see the mine. Be kind enough to follow me."

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve, coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondering if, woman as she was, she had no faraway hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm.

We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion.

She loitered, on one pretext and another, until I began to fear I must have betrayed my identity to her father.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too that when she thought herself unobserved she studied my face intently. Had she detected me, and was she seeking for an opportunity to make her discovery known without betraying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that, should I lose my self-control, all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent.

If therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I foiled her quietly but skilfully, and after the galleries had been explored to her over, and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of the gas generating chamber which I had deemed unsafe to be visited.

Eve's eye caught sight of it.

"Here is a chamber we have not seen," she said.

"No, madame," interposed "It is no longer worked. Its roof caved in broken into it twice, and it is considered dangerous.

"I mean to see it at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me I am sure."

She cast a strange, insignificant look at me, which said almost as plainly as words

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

Then she entered the chamber.

But she had misconceived my act. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me, in order de dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. Her face wore a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.

The moment I put my foot in the chamber, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phenomena of the mine, instantly detected a hint of the coming danger.

There was a faint rumbling in the bowels of the earth. The air was close, and had a taint of sulphur in it, similar to that which precedes a thunder storm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how or whence it would come I could not guess.

As I turned to urge my, visitors to a hasty retreat, I caught sight of some fragments of wet stone dripping from the wall near at hand, followed by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! Out for your lives!" I cried, springing toward the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine." Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts of the men in the escaping man. I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes I could save the life of every man in them. As for my own—well, one life, and that a useless one, seemed a good exchange for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw it the jet was no bigger than a man's finger, but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm, and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber.

There was no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor sand-bags to check it, as I well knew.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort, I managed to wrench a piece of the wall from its place, and thrust it into the chamber, and there, to my horror, still stood Eva Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but firm and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried, "a place will be full of water in two minutes."

"What are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"Mr. Grover," I replied, "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Do you will drown, she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated, "I tell you I can hold this water back to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said, in a strange, gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me," I cried.

"I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty," I cried. "When your father turned me away from your door, when I became outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortune from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that I am here," she said. "I was not to blame, Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly mines, and on the last chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well, said I, sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go, and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must," I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, very quietly, "I will stay with you."

"Why," I asked amazedly. "Are you jesting with me?"

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or love?"

Then, before I could comprehend the words, she came to my side, as I stood with my wrist in the wall, and putting her arm around my neck drew my cheek down upon hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said, softly "but it would be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years, and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us."

With death staring me in the face—not five minutes off—I have never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there with my arm in the fissure, and the blood surging into my head, and all my muscles straining to keep my position, I know nothing more than that I felt the beauty of the woman I love beating against my own, her warm young cheek touching my cold one in the language of love and death.

The consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no," I cried. "You must not die. Go, live, my darling—live until it comes your time to meet me, in the other world, where I shall be before you. Go, and believe no man ever met death as gloriously as I shall."

"We go together, or we die together," she said firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped, as I could tell by their distant shouts.

The earth was breaking away around my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the chamber. I could hear the subterranean stream roaring and threatening in the bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure and I should be flung down, and the chamber would fill.

Then came a great desire for my life. How could I bear to have my new-found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased. If we could get the cage down once more in time we might perhaps escape after all. I explained my hopes to Eve.

"But," said I, "ring for the cage and will hold on here a moment longer. If we can reach it we are safe."

Eve looked at me strangely for an instant—she feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind—but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she drew over the light, lifted her skirts and ran through the water out of the chamber. The next flurry sounds seemed the bump.

I desperately held my own against the water for about every with seemed paralyzing with the strain. Then I felt a lull in the cage, heard it slowly descend, then the water overcame me.

Eve Guion's story was soon told. There was a roar and a rushing of Niagara, and with a whirl of lights and shadows, a sense of confusion and fear, I knew no more.

When I slowly struggled back to life, after many days, I was far from the mine. Eve had brought me home to Wallace, gangmaster, but was Wallace Grover, gentleman.

Eve's story was—

My old servant, were very astounded, and, like a fairy who had worked wonderful transformation, wood Eve Guion was the prodigal and angel of the house.

My affairs had been settled with creditors, and very much more to my benefit than I had imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and modest competence were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, whose love and faith in me had never flown, and who, in my wretchedness and exile, and whose strong will had drawn comfort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow.

If Mr. Guion objected to the marriage of his daughter with a man who was fair-were talking, he had the sense to offer no fruitless opposition to his daughter's sentiment.

New Cure for Freckles.

Omaha World Herald.

One fine evening recently Mr. R. Brunn, a prominent citizen of this city, was taking a walk in the cemetery grounds when, on reaching a less frequented portion of the path, he saw a young lady coming in the opposite direction. As they were about to pass each other, the lady suddenly turned to Mr. Brunn, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Astonished and ashamed at what she had done, she covered her face with her hands and ran as fast as she could out of the cemetery, unable to account for this aggressive surprise. Followed the young lady, and taking her by the arm, demanded an explanation of her strange procedure. After a thousand pardons, was the reply of the blushing damsel, "you must be greatly shocked at my boldness. I have been to consult a wise woman as to the best means of charming away the freckles on my face, and she advised me to kiss the first gentleman I met, when they would be sure to disappear. The couple continued their walk together, and Mr. Brunn says he was surprised at the singular remedy proved efficacious or not, it may interest the readers of Brunn and Omaha, and he thinks they were joined together for better or for worse.

Poverty.

Some bear it heavily, lamenting over its deprivations, fretting about its petty cares and dilating so much upon its misfortunes that they have no energy left to cast it off. Others bear it cheerfully, smoothing quietly to its pressure while they toil resolving to lift it off if industry, patience and skill can do it. Reverses in business, loss of friends, cruelty of foes, the injustice of oppressors, the sneers of the unfeeling, around us these and many other calamities, are burdens that must at times be borne. Some will bear them with a feeble and hopeless spirit, others with resolutions, while others will bear them firmly, silently, courageously. To the former poverty is a crushing weight, pressing them down to the earth, while to the latter they are means of developing strength, energy and skill. Burdens that bring out skill and intelligence may dissipate.

Brown Ayala The Chinese General of the Philippine Islands telegraphs from Manila, that a tremendous hurricane had almost entirely destroyed that town. In the city, he says, at the commencement not a single native house and not a single wooden house remained standing. Almost all the stone buildings, even those belonging to foreigners, were unroofed and made uninhabitable. Comparatively few casualties had taken place among the population. The Spanish telegram the Captain-General says that the authorities of Balacan and the inhabitants of Bataan send a similar destruction as caused by the hurricane, and fifteen thousand more persons are houseless. Singularly enough, on the first day after the hurricane a single case of cholera occurred in Manila or the island. The tornado not only swept over the archipelago, but was felt many hundred miles out to sea, especially to the south and west. It is feared that more lives have been lost by shipwreck than on land.

LADY BEAUTIFULS.—Ladies, you can now have your pales, clocks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, if you in poor health, and nothing will give you such high and healthy glow, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited.

KANOKA MO., Feb. 9, 1880.
I purchased one bottle of Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.
WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years. He could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person can be.
We have large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.
W. H. BISHOP & CO.

An aristocratic lady asked Miss Sedgwick, when she was in England, if there were any old trees in America. Sedgwick "O, I beg pardon, your country has not been settled long enough for that." The anecdote reminds one of a dinner at the Lord Mayor where a lady from New York city was astonished by her neighbor at the table saying, "I suppose you often walk out on the prairies."

Men who have the strongest intellect have the weakest memories; they trust more to invention than memory.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

He who knows most, grieves most for what he knows.

Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.

Wealth will win you new friendships, cultivate the old.

An idle man is like stagnant water; he corrupts himself.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

The milestone of to-morrow leads to the town of never.

True worth is summed up in the sitful discharge of duty.

Avoid extravagant promises. State facts, and act up to them.

Those whose courses are different can not lay plans for another.

Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.

Experience is dear, dead for excuses the more necessary they are for us.

Part of an undigested umbrella killed a son of Middletown, Conn.

A contemplative man can always employ himself in solitude.

When a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he always gets angry.

Success leads to success. One point gained will continue to accomplish.

Do not be cheated by companions, and impose, shut the door on false friends.

What matter if one has not gold in his purse, if he has it in his heart.

When sculptors make blocks of marble, other blocks are left behind.

Hypocrisy is the cloak that idle souls put on over to conceal their meanness.

Never strike a horse that is pulling it has even if the progress is slow.

Do not be cheated by counting old things against new ones, unless the old are equal to inventing new ones.

There cannot be greater treachery than to repose a confidence and then deceive it.

Save something of what you earn, for wealth and strength are not always our privileges.

Do not be cheated in making a bargain. Study to see both the advantages and disadvantages.

Make yourself an honest man and you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.

We carry our hearts by the handles we display, we retain them by the quantity we possess.

The idle man travels so slowly that poverty overtakes him in the first turn of the road.

Reason from well-grounded premises, and be most confident of a positive conclusion.

It is enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar by the influence of dress, is attempting to whitewash a nigger.

Watch for opportunities of usefulness. Every day brings them, and once gone they never come back.

Self-denial is the most exalted virtue, and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

To all true work there is something of divinity, and the man who does it, has its summit in heaven.

A calm, quiet, orderly demeanor accomplishes more than a blustering, bustling, noisy one, ever dreamed of.

That kind of religion is likely to most popular which does not seriously interfere with what you intend to do.

It is not so much that men are bad, as that they are so easily led astray, and always time enough when they command is the main elegance.

How many people would be wise, if they were forbidden to speak, and how many would be elegant if they were silent.

Platonic love is like a march out in time of peace; there is much music and a good deal of dust, but no danger.

A man in high station is like a man in a balloon; everybody expects him to do him, and he appears little to every body.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices, if we only care for those, but for our enemies we ought to struggle and pray.

Life is a struggle from the cradle to the grave. He is the better prepared who continually considers the end of this fight.

The mind probes by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our good by wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

The son of an emir had red hair of which he was ashamed, and wished to have it cut. His father said, "Nay, my son; better so than that I should shave with their sons had red hair."

A Bad Boy at Breakfast.

Pick's Sun

"Yes," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the day, any more, though I did have a little joy in it this morning at the breakfast table. You see pa is the contrarest man ever was. If I complain of anything on the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and poured out the white syrup and put in some cod-liver oil and shook it up in her cough. I put some on my pancakes, and pretended to taste of it, and said it was good syrup, and got me to eat. Pa was mad in a minute, and got out on his pancakes and poured it all over his plate. Ma didn't get a bite, and pa had to help her, and she had nourgalin all the morning. I eat mine without the taste out of my mouth, and then I fixed up for my bored girls. They eat too much syrup, anyway, and when they got on to that cod liver oil and swallowed a little of it, one of them an nirish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her corset and said to the lovely Moses" and went out into the hall and cried. Pa says ma does when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a teaspoonful and said, 'Mine Gott, vas de matter from me,' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch, and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave; but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they was dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, good bye, old potatoes."

A SCHEME TO COLONIZE PALESTINE.—The Palestine Colonization and Christian Missionary Association was incorporated here. It is formed for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious and energetic Christians and by their prudence, labor and perseverance restore it to its former grandeur, so it will not only be the center of the world geographically, but also in art, science and wealth. Members of the association claim under the proper management the soil can be restored to a very high state of cultivation, mineral resources developed and mechanical industries established, thereby producing a vast commercial intercourse between the two continents. The purpose of the association is to run a line of steamers between Boston and Palestine, and officers are negotiating for the purchase of suitable vessels.

The Bells of Santa Maria Maggiore

Harper's Young People

Anyone who has been in Rome and lived on the Esquiline hill must have been struck by the beautifully toned bells of Santa Maria Maggiore, the largest and most church of the districts. According to the legend, it was built in the fourth century, on the spot where a miraculous shower of snow fell on the first month of August—a most unlikely time for snow to fall anywhere, and most of all in Rome. Of course, it is quite unbearable at that time of year, so no end to the freaks of the legend, or the ingenuity of credulous people who accepted it. Indeed, the legendary fall of snow is actually commemorated in the church at the present day by a service in the course of which white rose leaves are thrown down from the roof of a side chapel to imitate falling snow.

Let us turn to the bells. The stranger dwelling on the Esquiline must not only have been struck by their beauty when he was roused from his mid-day dreams, but he must have found himself drowsing by hearing a sonorous peal ringing out on the clear winter air two hours, after dark. The bells are so numerous that the church bells to ring, as in the large churches of Rome there is, generally speaking, a morning service. Two hours after sunset in winter, and four in summer, are the proper time for putting little children to bed, so the Roman mothers installed the Esquiline are accustomed to tell their little ones that it is the Madonna who is ringing the bells and calling out in the Italian language, "Bambini, a letto!" or "Babies, to bed!" Thus the dark-eyed, curly-haired Roman cherubs, who are much inclined to be refractory otherwise, are commanded to go to their mothers unless them. Then they see their little prayers, and go quietly to bed. Do they ask, seriously, about the cause of the bell-ringing? Not many, for, as a rule, the following pretty story about the campanile, or bell-tower, which is of much older date than the church itself, will be told you.

One dark winter night a wealthy Roman was out late, and lost his way in the Campagna, or waste land around the city. The Campagna is rather a dangerous place to get lost in, for it is full of ruins and of wild beasts, and deep pits. It was infested at that time, besides, by robber people of every kind. Our friend, about for some time in darkness so thick that he could not see his finger before him. Sometimes he thought he had discovered some well-known landmark, and that home was near, he would soon find the right path, but after groaning about for a while in the black darkness he would suddenly discover that he was in a place he had been in a circle, and was no nearer the goal than before. Weary, exhausted, and utterly discouraged, he sat down beside, with every step he took, to fall into some pit and break his neck, he almost resolved to give up the effort to reach home, and lay down to die, when, in the element night, and bitterly cold. He was just about to sink upon the wet ground, and yield to the sleep brought on by cold and exhaustion, from which he would probably never have awakened in this world, his eyes were closing, when he thought he heard the tinkle of a well-known bell. He listened intently, and recognized the bells of the campanile of Santa Maria Maggiore, which were ring that evening for some unknown cause. This sound revived his drooping courage. He knew now where he was. After some groping, guided still by the sound of the bell, he succeed in finding the highway, took the road home, and reached his home in safety. In gratitude for his escape, he bequeathed a large sum of money forever to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, on was to be employed to pay the ringers to ring a peal every evening, two hour after dark, during six months of the year. This has been done ever since, during many centuries. So should any poor wayfarer lose his way in the wild Campagna on a gloomy winter night, he may have a chance of finding it again in safety. They are very beautiful bells, and when they ring out full and clear they can be heard over a space of about half per seven miles in circumference. The Roman mothers, as I mentioned above, say to the children—"Hark to the Madonna calling you to bed. Pray for all poor wanderers this night."

A Red-Hot Critic.

Kansas City Journal

A new reporter from the wild and bounding West came along last week full of the fire of a Delsarte quotation and applied for work. The dramatic critic was sick, and the managing editor sent him to the acquisition up to criticise "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He drops a line about eleven o'clock with it following:

"This new and thrilling drama was put on the boards last night by the opera house last night after a run of one-one-twelfth of a hundred years. The sensitive night in Harlem to an immense audience. The drama is founded on stirring incidents in the life of a negro, interesting about twenty years ago, and would be interesting yet but for one reason—it is too old. The story is unmounted, but it is a fact. The principal character in the play are some indifferent bloodhounds and a very savage donkey. The donkey chases a reduced lady out on a river full of ice and water, but she succeeds in getting previous and making her escape by some unusual agility and quent. The ice is not real, but the bloodhounds and colored lady are very real, and life-like. Uncle Tom' is a nice old colored man, with a voice like a bass singer in a coal hole and a state of intoxication. The heroine is a very dizzy young lady who, when she wants to get off for her years, and goes up in the flies in the third act and a state of felicity. It is to the theatre managers charge troupes playing this drama double rent, because everybody cries so much that the carpets are ruined. It is a very elevating drama and somewhat cheerful in some parts, especially that part when the hero goes down on the last act. The actors have played their part so often that they die very naturally. Some people say that the saddest part of the play is the thought that the actors do not really die. Uncle Tom is not really a sodden old man. He was borne in Ballynasloagh, County Kerry, and is therefore a German, but he has the dialect down fine and keeps up his end.

The reporter was told he was a cynic, and would never make a dramatic critic.

WOMEN WHO WILL WED CONVICTS.—A correspondent writes to some will be dispatched in a few days from Dorchester to Nunea at the expense of the French government and on the distinct understanding that on reaching their destination they must contract marriage with those convicts whom the local authorities may put forward for good conduct by conferring wives upon them. It should be explained that these women have not been pressed into the service. Although old offenders, they are going to Nunea of their own free will to settle down as respectable convict's wives. How the match-making will be carried on is at present unexplained.

Curtains of fishermen's twine are new and likely to be fashionable.

Velvet From Sheepskin.
Shoe and Leather Manufacturer

An exceedingly interesting process has lately been discovered by Puect in Mazainet, by means of which the wool on sheepskins can be converted into a sort of velvet, which is described as follows. Up to the present time, sheepskins tanned with the wool on have been regarded as unsalable on account of the wool, on account of not being equally treated, has either a curled or tangled appearance. Now, since the immerable number of sheepskins is annually arranged in a perfectly regular order, which is especially adopted for the manufacture of velvet. Puect got the idea to free the skin and wool from from all the impurities thereon in such a manner that the wool would be perfectly preserved. After many preliminary experiments the following mode of procedure was adopted, as it gave the best result. The whole process may be divided into ten operations, as follows: From the first to the fourth operations the skin underwent a washing of the wool side and the removal of all adhering fleshy particles. The fifth to the ninth operations relate to the tanning operation, the hides are subjected in such a manner that perfect adherence of the wool to the skin is insured. Finally, in the last operation, the hides are subjected to a special treatment, and the tanned machines, by which the wool is worked into velvet.

This is the general view of the process, and as the details are at hand we give as full as possible.

The sheepskins are first carefully inspected as to their soundness, and then are then placed in a large tank of ordinary construction and allowed to soak in a mixture of water and lime. Fresh hides from three to five minutes and thick ones from eight to ten minutes. They are then removed, and, after being well rinsed off, spread out on a table with a sufficient pressure to remove the impurities of the skin; they are then as rapidly as possible, and before the wool loses the first bath, placed in a machine where they are subjected to a powerful beating that the water is drenched upon them. They are then taken out of the machine, flesh side to the beaters, and further subjected to the action of them; then they are taken out and placed in a tank of water, and allowed to soak and pass through the rolls, to remove the excess of moisture, leaving from 15 to 20 per cent. behind. They are then carefully stretched and plaint, and are ready for tanning. This is accomplished by hand or machine, the latter being without any peculiarities. After tanning they are spunged off, and before being allowed to dry are passed through the rolls again. In drying, the skins are placed on beaters, the wool is perfectly preserved, and each single fibre remains in place, but it should be noted, they disarranged, the last passage through the rolls replaced it properly. After these treatments the skins are placed in the combing machine in which they are combed and then are then sprinkled with water on the wool side and the hides beaten with rods either by hand or machine. This is one of the principal operations, for, if the wool is to be stamp the beating with rods effects the combing up of the wool fibres, and accomplishes the operation of the wool. Finally it is dried and shorn with cloth shears or other apparatus and finished by peculiar manipulations.

It is said that the Marquis of Lorne, a relative of Queen Victoria, in Canada, imagined the Canadian Pacific Railroad ties put their feet under Arthur's Round Table, when upon a backwoodsman exclaimed "Well if my ancestors had been there, they'd a put their feet a top of it, you bet."

TO REMOVE INK STAINS OR TO BLEACH.—Oxalic acid dissolved in warm water and applied to the parts stained will remove the stain, or bleach wood that is too dark to match any other part.

A WORLD OF CHRISTMAS GLORIES AT ROEHM & WRIGHT'S.

The well known jewelry house of Roehm & Wright has again caught the annual Holidays fever, and the salesrooms for a week have been thronged with eager and happy buyers. The attractive display of Christmas goods in the establishment from floor and floor to the ceiling is a marvel of beauty, but, relatively, none the less elegant. See here seen a great profusion of Swiss watches, than was ever before in that establishment. Within the limits of this sketch it is not possible to give even a bird-eye view of the splendors that meet the eye of the person who visits the store. Suffice it to say that there are sufficient to sight seeing; nevertheless, it is perhaps not inadvisable to offer a reputed kaleidoscope that shall momentarily arrest the attention and gratify the delighted fancy of the prospective buyer of Christmas goods. Come, Ye Ladies, and Be Pleased.

It is always an orderly thing to begin at the beginning. That, at Roehm & Wright's, is at the entrance to the jewelry salesroom, where the visitor's eye is certain to meet a number of watches, the examination of which may well engage the time of the visitor for a hour of the place. Everybody who knows anything about the Jewelry Trade in Michigan knows that in an establishment like Roehm & Wright's every possible pocketable timepiece is found. Repeaters that strike the time of day, as you want it, chronometers, chronographs of all sizes, world-renowned Patek Philippe & Co. watches, of Geneva make (for those who like the best), Swiss watches (made in Michigan) costing all the way from $125 to $4 each, Swiss watches of lower grades, Swiss watches, a complete stock of Elgin and Waltham watches, and ladies' watches, with chatelaines attached, in every variety of design, and of the kind ever put on the market) made to order for the lady who wants it. Some fair sex are so with gems surpass in exquisite beauty all for the purpose of by this enterprising firm, and are certain to be attracted by them, and when the establishment can boast this year and for the first time, of a display that is not elsewhere.

In diamonds the display is dazzling. Nobody runs lower or sells closer than Roehm & Wright's. Rings of all sizes are obtainable than those they offer, either many or unmounted. The same general superiority is observable in the stock of jewelry department, which is of the kind ever put on the market) made to order for the lady who wants it. Some fair sex are so with gems surpass in exquisite beauty all for the purpose of by this enterprising firm, and are certain to be attracted by them, and when the establishment can boast this year and for the first time, of a display that is not elsewhere.

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Flatter is like your shadow; it makes you either larger or smaller.

NEARLY A MIRACLE.

E. Asenith Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., writes "I suffered for several months with a dull pain through left lung and shoulders. I lost my appetite, appetite and color, and could with difficulty do my household duties. My mother gave me Burdock Blood Bitters; I took them as directed and have felt no pain since first week after using them, and am now quite well." Price $1.00.

It requires a strong, good man to say "I was mistaken and am sorry."

Patrons looking for Holiday Goods will do well to consult Grover's Catalogue of Goods. He is in the field this year with a big stock that every one, and from his prices we should judge the bottom had fallen clear out before he purchased. See ads. in other columns.

Think not a petty goodness of to-day may blot out the sin of yesterday.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

Is the BEST SALVE for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all kinds of skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cts.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS

is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Malaria, Indigestion, and diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DR. MOFFAT'S CARTARIAN SNUFF cures all affections of the mucous membrane, of the head and throat.

DR. MOFFAT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Cathartic Regulators.

Care for what you eat, or what you say will make you care.

GREAT OIL BOOM.

E. Balch, Elgin, Ill., writes: "That after trying dozens of patent liniments, without relief, I tried Oil Sarcoline and still know, I feel I have relief." Dr. Sarcoline, after using three bottles of Thomas' Eclectric Oil, I am prepared to say it is the best application I have ever used."

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

Brown Smith Sulphur Carboline, the deodorized petroleum, is the best and safest remedy, and since its improvement, recommends it to all his friends as the best of all hair preparations. Thibadeau that the Deacon is a wise man and knows what is what.

The greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men.

EXTRAVAGANCE

is a crime, and ladies cannot afford to dispense with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which by preserving and restoring health, preserves the attractives that beauty which depends on health.

When a man's upper story is empty his mouth will advertise the fact.

LUCK.

Luck will strike oil, discover a good mine, find a man in a house, sink a ship, break a leg, hang a man and do all other possible things in this world result from pure chance. Luck, however, was never known to cure a cough, a cold, a sore throat, asthma, or catarrh, but Thomas Eclectric oil has been known to do all and doing it every day. Like an honest and faithful public officer, it wins friends and has a reputation. Please observe what

Mr. R. Wilson, Dale, Ontario, writes: "I have had large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, etc., and in fact for any affection of the throat, and it works relief like magic. It is also very good for burns, wounds, and bruises."

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., says: "I injected a little of Thomas' Eclectric Oil into my hand. At once I applied Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days."

Thomas' Eclectric Oil can be used both internally and externally, and as a pain eradicator and wound healer we know of nothing so speedy, safe, or so certain. FARNAM'S WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an improper thing.

A SMART MAN

is one who does his own work, thinks and will. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does as a blood purifier and strengthener. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. Address, CLIPPER M'F'G CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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Cured without the operation or the injury trusses inflict by the use of Dr. Sherman's Retentive Appliance. 251 Broadway, New York. His book with photographic illustrations and testimonials of cases before and after cure mailed for 10 cents.

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