A SUSCEPTIBLE BACHELOR.

ROBERT BRIDGES, IN LIFE.

"So, Arthur, you say your not married—
Susceptible boy that you are!
The rest of us, while you have tarried,
Have patronized Hymen's easy car;
Ten years since we left the old college—
They tell me you're rating to fame;
Yet, with all your accession of knowledge,
Your careless remain just the same.

"Old fellow, I'll make explanation,
I'm tired of this lone bachelor life,
And really don't find reputation
A full substitute for a wife.
Now, prefer affection to the thing—
Affection I often enjoy—
But an indescribable something,
Is lacking in that, my dear boy.

"There's Nell, whom I take to the opera
Fine figure, blue eyes and light hair.
She's equally nice for a boy, or a
Fete-a-tete on the front stair.
There's Hattie, so very artistic,
Gentle—sweet, and the gay France,
learned Prudence, who's quite antagonistic—
And all the rest of a score!

"All charming—and really I loved them:
Would wed any one—for a time;
Yet, if married life did not improve them,
Would sigh for a happier clime.
Each is fine for the mood or occasion;
But for—shall I use rhetoric grand?
I prefer matrimonial invasion
And remain in my bachelor estate.

"What of Belle—bright country born maiden—
The sweetheart of old college days?
Even now her fancy is laden
With dreams of her loveable ways;
All the rest are but toys of the moment, sir,
Dear Belle, a companion for life;
Your taunt—how I'll whisper my answer—
She has promised to be my wife."

THE HAUNTED POOL.

BY DAVID KER.

The Continent.

The sun was setting over the Ganges one bright summer evening in 1871. The day had been a hot one, even for India, and it was an unspeakable relief to every one when the scorching sun began to decline at last, and the lengthening shadows of the tall palms along the river bank told that night was at hand.

And now the Hindu inhabitants of the neighboring village, who had been lying motionless all the afternoon under the shade of their huts, emerged like ants of the vast overacoiling banyan trees around them, came trooping down to the water in a body.

Instantly the whole bank of the great river—so lovely and silent all through the long, burning day—became all alive with noise and bustle. Men waded, paddled in the broad, still pools, or chased each other in and out of the tall, feathery bamboo clump that grew along the bank. Women knelt at their earthen pitchers from the stream, or washed their threadbare clothes. Men began to scour their brass lotahs (drinking vessels), or to kindle fires for the cooking of their evening meals; while a little farther down the stream, a group of young girls, who had come to the shallow water, fell to splashing each other with might and main, amid shouts of merry laughter.

To any one unaccustomed to the ways of India, it would have seemed strange enough to see, upon the wrists and ankles of many of all the girls, sad many of their mothers likewise, heavy bangles of solid silver, which any Western lady might have been proud to wear. But the Hindu peasants, to whom savings banks are utterly unknown, have no way of keeping their money safe except by carrying it about with them in this fashion—a somewhat hazardous plan, it must be owned, in a country swarming with the most expert and daring thieves in the world.

Suddenly one of the girls, who had ventured a little farther out into the stream than the rest, disappeared under the water with a piercing shriek, as if drawn down by some overpowering force. A few bubbles that rose to the surface were the only token of her fate, while her terrified companions turned and rushed back to the shore as fast as possible, screaming

"A crocodile! a crocodile!"

Several days passed before any of the villagers dared to approach the scene of this terrible mischance. At length one, bolder than the rest, ventured in again, and the others, seeing that no harm came of their daring, began to follow her example. More than a week passed without any accident, and everything was beginning to go on as usual, when one evening, a second girl disappeared in precisely the same manner as the first.

The terror was now universal, and all the best hunters of the village set themselves with one accord to get rid of this devouring crocodile. Baits were laid, traps set, men posted along the bank with loaded guns to keep watch for the monster; but look for him as they might, nothing was to be seen of him.

Several days later the wife of one of the villagers was washing her white wraper on the bank of the river, when it slipped from her hands and floated slowly out into the wide, still pool formed by the bend of the stream. The woman at once waded after it, and had not succeeded in clutching it, when she was seen by those on the bank to give a sudden start, throw her arms convulsively into the air and disappear under the water just as the other two had done before.

About three days after this last catastrophe, Mr. Henry Spurle, the British Commissioner for the District of Jungy wallah, was at work in his office amid a perfect mound of papers, hailing every one he said then to wipe his streaming face (which, despite the enormous punkah, or swinging fan, worked by his native servant outside with a cord passed through a hole in the wall, looked very much like a half melted snowball), when he was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried he snappishly, expecting the entrance of some Hindu farmer or peasant with a complaint as long and uninteligible as an Assyrian inscription. But at the first glimpse of the person who entered his face cleared at once.

The visitor was a tall native, with the handsome features and stately bearing of a Brahmin. His dress, nearly six feet in height, was so gaunt and sinewy that it seemed to be made of pin-wire, and his piercing black eyes looked out from beneath the folds of his white turban with the quick, keen, watchful glance of a practical hunter.

In truth, Ismail, the Mahratta, was well used to tracking other game beside deer or tigers. Over and above his occupations as scout, hunter and government messenger, he was in constant request as a detective, and, for tracking down either a wild beast or a criminal, he had no equal in Bengal.

Gliding into the room as noiselessly as a shadow, he made a low salaam, and said in his own language,

"May the humblest of his servants speak to the Sahib?" (master.)

There was nothing particularly humble, it may be admitted, in the speaker's bearing; on the contrary, he held himself erect, and looked the Commissioner full in the face with the air of a man who knew his own value, and had something to tell which he felt to be worth hearing; but Mr. Sparks, with whom Ismail was an old acquaintance, appeared to understand these signs perfectly, and said:

"What has Ismail to tell? I am listening."

"I have been at the village of Ramgaul," answered the Mahratta, laying a slight stress upon the last word.

"Ramgaul!" echoed Mr. Sparks. "Ah, to be sure; the place where that crocodile's been eating up so many people."

"Are you quite sure, Sahib?" asked the Hindu, keenly watching the effect of his words, "that it was a crocodile that did it?"

The Englishman started, and looked fixedly at Ismail's immovable face

"That's how I heard the story told," replied Ismail. "If it wasn't a crocodile what was it?"

"Did the Commissioner, Sahib," inquired Ismail, "ever hear of a crocodile being so nice in his eating as to devour none but women, and only such women as had plenty of silver bangles on?"

Again Mr. Sparks gave a slight start, and the sparkle of his eye showed that he was beginning to guess the riddle, but he took care to make no interruption, seeing that Ismail wished to have the pleasure of telling the whole story himself.

"I went to the village," continued Ismail, and talked with the people. Then I dived into the river (for they know that I can find my way through water as well as through thickets), and at the bottom I came upon a noosed rope.

The Commissioner nodded with the air of a man who understood the whole affair perfectly, but wished nothing.

"The Sahib understands how it was done, proceeded the Hindu. "When any woman worth robbing went into the water, the noose was laid for her, and the robber, hidden among the bushes on the opposite bank, dragged her down and drowned her, and then plundered the corpse at his leisure."

"I see," said Mr. Sparks. "Well, Ismail, you know there's a Government reward of a thousand rupees ($500) for every murderer brought to justice; see what you can make of the case."

The Mahratta's black eyes flashed fire, for $500 is more to a Hindu than $5,000 to a white man, and such a price did not come in his way every day. He went out without a word, but Mr. Sparks felt satisfied that there would be news of the criminal before long.

Ismail plunged at once into the surrounding jungle and traversed it at apace which few men could have kept up over such ground and in such a climate, till he came in sight of Kamganj, but instead of entering the village he struck down by a path, which led him across, west slowly up the opposite side till he came to two bamboo clumps close together, and groping in the water beneath them, pulled up a rope.

His next was to hunt out a big stone upon the sharp edge of which he sawed the rope to and fro till it broke off at one strand. One slash of his long, sharp knife would have done the work much quicker, but Ismail dreaded his reasons for what he did. Then placing the stone in the shallow water, with the sharp side uppermost, and the rope lying partly across it, he vanished into the thicket.

An hour had passed since his disappearance, and night had already set in, when a dark figure came creeping up to the same spot, and pulled at the half severed cord, which instantly parted in his hand.

The man started, and held up the broken ends to the light of the rising moon, but finding them rough and frayed, as if by constant rubbing, and feeling the sharp edged stone lying just underneath, he appeared satisfied that it must have been an accident, and knelt down to knot the cord together again.

So engrossed was the villian with his treacherous work that he never lifted his head to look around him, but even had he been less preoccupied he would scarcely have heard the noiseless step of tall of one who had been tracking the tiger and the antelope through their native jungles ever since he was ten years old. The rogue was still quite unsuspicious of harm, when a tall, shadowy figure rose behind him as suddenly as if it had started up through the earth, and a tremendous blow from a heavy bamboo club, falling upon his bowed head like a thunderbolt, felled him senseless to the earth.

That very night the crestfallen robber was sent off to the nearest British station, escorted by a strong guard of native policemen, to be tried and executed, as he deserved, while Ismail received from the hands of the Commissioner himself, together with a warm commendation of his shrewdness, the thousand rupees which he had so well earned.

A Temperance Man's Endurance

Mr. Keeble, the noted temperance advocate, has become famous in connection with the temperance and church people. He recently completed in London, Eng., one of the greatest feats of physical endurance on record. Its accomplishment was undertaken for the purpose of proving to the world that the physical system of a sound man who never uses alcohol, is capable of sustaining greater and more protracted fatigue than the system of an equally sound man accustomed to its use, even in moderation. Mr. Keeble had, in most of his temperance lectures, insisted on this point, and had challenged his opponents to undertake a test with him. Being a man of fine physique, his challenges were not accepted. He then determined to exemplify in his own powers of endurance the virtues of temperance, by a feat of endurance in walking, choosing that because he had no experience, either as a professional or amateur pedestrian, and regarding walking as the completest form of physical exercise. He undertook to walk 1,000 miles within 445 hours, and to average during the entire period two and one-quarter miles per hour. He knew not but himself believed he would ever succeed, but he said he would, because he meant to in the interest of religion and humanity. He finished his thousandth mile in the allotted time, and ended apparently fresh, and certainly in excellent spirits and health. A dispatch was at the completion of the next to the last mile, growing out of the decimal difficulty in adjusting the time in the last mile to the total distance to be covered, and Mr. Keeble continued walking until the dispute was settled. It was referred to sporting judges, who happened to be at the time in another part of the city and before the decision, which was in favor of the pedestrian, was delivered, Keeble had walked 456 hours and covered a total of 1,025 miles, finishing in good condition. An admirer of Mr. Keeble has offered to back Keeble against any other pedestrian in the world in an attempt to walk 2,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, or to walk a quarter miles in each and every hour.

A Remarkable Family.

Mortimer Danesher, aged 121 years, died at his residence of his son in Derrynane, Lesueur County, Minn. a short time ago. Mr. Danesher was the last surviving member of a remarkable family, which for downright longevity surpass anything in the records of modern times. Not only this, but in another county Mr. Danesher's mother died in the 101st year, his eldest brother at the age of 108 years, his second at the age of 117 years, 7 months and twenty days and himself soon after at the age of 121 years.

The father was the shortest-lived of the family, having died at the age of eighty. The combined ages of the three brothers reached 346 years; including the mother, 447 years, adding in the father, 526 years. Mr. Danesher has been's remarkably healthy and active man, never having been sick or ill in his life. Lately, however, he has, through sheer old age, been confined more or less to his bed, but was never ill-even got up and dressed himself a few days before his death. The gentleman came from the County Clare, Ireland, and could speak perfectly outside the Celtic tongue of his ancestors. Mr. Danesher possessed the full use of all his faculties till the very last.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Low Ground for Orchards.—It is claimed that experience has shown pretty conclusively that the healthiest and best bearing orchards are those on low ground, where the blue clay comes near the surface. By low lands it is not meant that on which the lands in wet times, but comparatively low land that needs drainage.

Turkeys for Thanksgiving Dinners.—Before killing the turkeys, and, in fact, any kind of poultry for the market, they should be kept away from filth and shut up in an enclosure for some time. The food should be rich and clean, with pure water or sweet milk. This is especially needed where fattening day, when there is so great demand for turkeys. It is known that the flesh of fowls is flavored by whatever it eats, and care should be taken that the food should be the sweetest possible.

Transplanting in November.

According to the Germantown Telegraph, trees of any kind can be transplanted in November or December with the greatest efficacy when they are in the ground, care being taken to fill up the earth from six to ten inches around the stem. It further says: "Large trees can be transplanted from one place to another with more certainty of growing, late in the fall, when the frost will admit of digging, than at any other time. In all cases of transplanting—it may not be out of place to mention here—be sure to retain, in digging up trees, whether large or small, the roots just as when se.ting again spread them and all the others out as carefully as possible, which will be following their natural position, and shovel among them the finest soil, and then mingle it among the roots with your hands, and then firmly press down with the boot when the hole is filled up."

Domestic Recipes.

Indian Suet Pudding.—One-half pound suet, chopped fine; one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thick batter, teaspoonful ground cloves, teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currents or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

Sago.—Sago, prepared like custard and then baked with apples or other fresh or canned fruit is a nice dish for a convalescent.

Dutch Sauce.—Thicken a little drawn butter with the yelks of two eggs; take off the yelks and add vinegar. Add a little lemon-juice the last thing, some grated nutmeg, and a little pepper and salt. About a teaspoonful of lemon-juice to two yelks.

Cake Fritters.—Cut any kind of plain cake in neat slices, drop each slice in very hot lard, and fry until they are a light brown. Take them out on a plate with a teaspoonful of sour jelly on each slice. Serve hot for dessert.

Turkey Soup.—Boil all the bones of roasted turkey, with the remainder of the dressing and gravy. When cold, remove the fat, add a teaspoonful of grated onion, one teaspoonful of grated carrot, one teaspoonful of cold boiled turnip, two tablespoonfuls of Italian paste, salt and pepper as you please.

Potato Sandwiches.—These may be made from any kind of cold fowl meat, but preferably of beef. Fry slices of beef, rather thinly cut, in butter; they must be quite done, and not too dry. Cover one side of each slice with mashed potatoes, free from lumps, a quarter of an inch in thickness, egg and bread-crumbs well, and then proceed in the same way with the other side. With a sharp knife trim them into pieces of equal size and if it had started up through the fire, dip them in hot fat a light brown color and serve.

Vanilla Jumbles.—One cup of butter, two of sugar three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and flour enough to roll out. Roll as thin as the blade of a knife and cut with an oval cutter. Bake in a quick oven until a light brown. These jumbles will keep for a year if put in a tin box and in a dry place.

Useful Hints.

Fire in chimneys may be checked, if not arrested, by throwing salt on the fire below. Stopping the chimney with a wet blanket, or a board board, or wet hay, arrests the current of air and helps to extinguish it.

Rats and Mice.—If a mouse or rat be caught and put into any part of the dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne pepper in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with wood or mortar. Neither rat nor mouse will eat this rag, which should be large enough to fill the hole completely.

To prevent the fading of calico during washing, soak the goods, not instead, very thick starch tied a cloth. Wash on a clear day, hang out as quickly as possible, and after boiling let the sun only to dry. Few calicos are worth this trouble, to be sure, but it is an excellent method with delicate gambric and lawns.

A strengthening drink, for a very feeble invalid is made as follows: Beat the yelk of one egg with a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, and add a half teaspoonful of brandy. Beat the white to a stiff froth and stir it into the yelk. Pour the whole into a tumbler and fill up with fresh milk.

The best way to clean marble is to take one-quarter pint of soap lees, one-half gill of turpentine, and sufficient pipe clay and bullocks gall to make a thick paste. Apply it to the marble with a soft brush, and after a day or two, when quite dry, rub it off with a soft rag. A simple and quicker method is to take two parts of soda, one of pipe clay, mixed with water to a powdered chalk. Rub this well over the marble, and the stains will be removed, then wash it with soap and water, and a beautiful bright polish will be produced.

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit cans sometimes become so hard as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water for a few days, have just a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: One part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to be put in more than five minutes, but frequently a half-hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

Inexpensive but pleasing lavender water is made by mixing the following ingredients together: Three ounces of the essence of bergamot, six drachms of the tincture of musk, one drachm of the oil of cloves, four fractions of the English oil of lavender, twelve ounces of rose water and seven and one-half pints of alcohol. Any other quantity can be made, but these proportions must be preserved.

An Aged Cigarette Smoker.

Deseret Century.

The old chapel is still standing in a fair state of preservation, and the daily services of the San Gabriel parish; and there are in its neighborhood a few crumbling adobe hovels left, the only remains of the mother, and of her opulent mission. In one of these lives a Mexican woman, eighty-two years old, who is known to have lived a century, has washed and mended the priest's laces, repaired the robes, and remodled the vestments of San Gabriel. She is worth crossing the continent to see: all white from head to foot, as if bleached by some strange gramarye; white hair, white skin, blue eyes faded to nearly white; white cotton clothes, ragged and not over clean, yet not a trace of color in them; a white linen handkerchief delicately embroidered by herself, always tied loosely around her throat. She sits on a low box, leaning against the wall, with three white pillows at her back, her feet on a cushion on the ground; in front of her, another low box, on this a lace-maker's pillow, with the lace she is at work on; at her left hand a battered copper caldron holding hot coals to warm her fingers and to light her cigarettes. A match she will never use; and she has seldom been without a cigarette in her mouth since she was six years old.

A Popular Novelist.

Literary World.

The story of how E. P. Roe found his right place in the world, as a writer of religious novels, would make an interesting illustration for one of Samuel Smiles's pleasant books. He was an army chaplain during the war, and afterward became pastor of the little church at Highland Falls, near West Point. A new church was needed, and he built it the past himself went pluckily to work to raise the money. The summer visitors at the Point did not care to see the church built, and to tell which Mr. Roe began to lecture about the country on the facts of his army life, but without any notion that he was a writer of fiction. Meanwhile the Chicago fire occurred, and under a strong spell of a desire to visit the scene, and without special purpose in view, he made a "forced march" by railroad, and reached there while the ruins were still smoking. In his study there are relics of the fire, in the form and shape of china, which he found in the ruins, on which the intense heat had burned in a singly iridescence. Out of the journey there gradually developed "Barriers Burned Away," his first work of fiction. It was published in 1872, and at once had an enormous sale. Up to this fall he had published nine novels, missing only two years, when he issued, instead of a novel, "Near Neighbors with Small Fruits" and their sales aggregated 346,000 copies. The tenth novel, "His Sombre Rivals," utilizes his experiences of the way and the method of sale of this and the previous books promises to bring the total up to 100,000 copies, an extraordinary record for life over ten years of literary work. At the usual return of 10 per cent, this would come to $60,000, but this, which represents the popular side of the mark of successful authorship is, after all, little in comparison with the influence of his work upon others. Mr. Roe's method of work has been peculiar. He writes his MS. in a huge ledger or hand-book, and usually finishes a novel in three months. Meanwhile, sometimes shutting himself up in a room in a New York hotel, and driving away all visitors, he will smoke a coffee, allowing himself only the recreation of an evening of good music, till his book is finished. This method occasionally results in a slight looseness of construction, which his readers, however, easily forgive. Besides writing novels, Mr. Roe has been successful as a grower of small fruits, and does one of the largest businesses of the country in strawberry plants. His present residence is at Cornwall, on the Hudson, on the side of old Storm King. He is now finishing a story of a novel laid in the region of Storm King, suggested to him by the editor of Harper's Magazine, and which will begin in the forthcoming Christmas number of that magazine. The story is entitled "The William Black" of Judith Shakespeare," for a year. The title is "Nature's Serial Story." (and Nature's Serial Story) of a country home is followed month by month through the year, with careful study of the out-door phases of nature, of plant and animal life. Mr. W. H. Gibson is associated with Mr. Roe in this work, and has been making studies for it in the neighborhood of Storm King, where the scene of the story is realistically placed. Its picture will be supplemented by illustrations from the pencil of Frederick Dielman, who drew "A Girl I Know" in the mammoth Harper's December of last year. Mr. Roe's books have also had considerable sale in England, sometimes with, oftener without, profit to him, but his American returns alone would have made him rich if it had been for his having some of the misfortunes of others, the owner of a house in another night paid a considerable fortune, but his only satisfaction seems to be rather in the good the stories have been to others, in the moral and religious influence, the returns they have brought to himself.

Old Age a Matter of Temperament.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Her esteemed contemporary, the Sun, takes exception to the idea that a man is necessarily old at the age of 70, and the exception is well taken. Three score and ten is not old, by a long shot, and no one who unites a cheerful spirit with vigor of body and mind. There are many septuagenarians here and there, so called young men than some at 45 or 50. Old age, properly so called, does not supervene in any case where the faculties have been kept alive by judicious exercise and a careful observance of the laws of health. Until the vital powers begin to decay, until the great laws of their exhaustion begin to assert themselves, and to impose the step falters and interest in surrounding things shows signs of failing, a man can not with propriety be called old. The lamented Peter Cooper at eighty would have scorned the aspersion. David Dudley Field in his seventy-ninth year retains the vigor and freshness of his mental life. Charles O'Conor at about the same age defied the efforts of half a dozen doctors to kill him, and the veteran Samuel J. Tilden, still preserves the playful disposition, even if he does not possess the physical elasticity of his youth. No, age is not so much a matter of years as of temperament and feeling—of mental and bodily condition.

It Did'nt Work.

Dayton Journal.

Several Sundays ago a Philadelphia gentleman took his son out on a boat way excursion. The little fellow was looking out of the window when the father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was neglectful of his hat and posed loss, when pana consoled him by saying that he would "whistle it back." A little later he looked out and his hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad flung his hat out of the window, shouting, "Now, papa, whistle it back again!" After the laughing had subserved to enhance the confusion of perplexed papa. Moral: Don't attempt to deceive little boys with plausible stories.

No Choice.

Texas Siftings.

He was in the Police Court. The judge said: "I shall give you your choice; you can either work ten days on the street or pay a fine of $20." "What!" ejaculated the prisoner, "work on the road ten days or pay a fine of $20! I don't know where I have been, but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll shake the dice with you, best two horses out of three, to see whether I will work ten days or have you pay me $20. But the way you put it, there ain't no chance for me. I can't take no such risks as that, Judge; I have to keep my honor as a gentleman." But he did.

Push fattening hogs forward as rapidly as possible. Keep them clean and cleanly. Charcoal broken fine and mixed with cooked feed, is an excellent regulator and tonic, aiding digestion and promoting fattening to such an extent that it is hard to believe it does not serve as food.

AROUND THE FIRE.

GRANDMOTHER'S WAITING

ERN E. REXFORD.

Grandmother's face is wrinkled,
And her eyes have grown so dim
That she cannot read her Bible,
Nor follow through the hymn.
And her hands are often idle,
But her brain is always busy
With thoughts of Heaven, I know
Grandmother's waiting, waiting,
To hear God's summons given,
And dreaming of her dear ones
Gone o'er the hills to Heaven.

It always thrills me strangely
To think of her waiting there,
At the gates of God's white city,
With its sun-lit golden hair.
To meet her husband's kisses,
And to hear him softly say,
"I have waited a long time, darling,
For this happy, happy day."
Grandmother's waiting, waiting,
To hear God's summons given,
And dreaming of her dear ones
Gone o'er the hills to Heaven.

I think, sometimes, as I watch her,
That she sees them, for a smile
Breaks on her face, as she whispers
"Yes, dear, in a little while
Only a little time we wait
This side of Paradise,
And grandmother will be young again
With her dear ones in the skies
Grandmother's waiting, waiting,
To hear God's summons given,
And dreaming of her dear ones
Gone o'er the hills to Heaven.

Intelligence and energy and conscientiousness, all united, can never evolve true genius, if sympathy be lacking in the heart. This is merely abstract and unpractical idea. It lies at the root of moral education and self-culture. Burned in a single fire, and fused into one upon right feelings, and cannot be developed without them.

Make a Beginning.—Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first stone in the ground, the first shilling in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning, and that is half the battle; they are a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a good, but irresolute person, now sleeping and dreaming, would have been up through the world who might have held up his head and prospered it, instead of falling in the resolutions of a lazy and amenable "I had only made a beginning!"

As our intellectual food comes mostly through eyes, and they are generally barbarious cultured, disciplined or wild and riotous, so our spiritual companionship makes our spirits what they are.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. All have to wait for the fruits of the earth. You may go round and round the growing tree from day to day; but it will not grow quicker and cannot urge it on faster. If forced, it is only to its poison. All the best things of life are of slow growth, and ripen slowly, but "gradually progressive." Each year does a work that nothing but a year can do. "Learn to labor and to wait." Is one of the best lessons of life. All that is good takes time, and some only to growth.

Save the Pennies.

Cor. in Country Gentleman.

How many of all the little boys and girls, who are planning for a Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year, have all the money they can spend for presents? And how many of them are those who do not think with regret of the pennies and the "nickles," and the dimes, they have disposed of in various unnecessary ways? To be sure, many of your kind parents have given you pretty, useful and lasting presents, and save your money, but the coins are so easily shaken out of the tin ones, and the pennies are so readily uncovered and taken apart, that the tanks grow after all not much real help in economy. Now I will tell you of a plan that I think will prove a great help to little boy and girl would try it next year.

Take a small pasteboard box (or collar box will do nicely), and with paste and a little ingenuity, make it into a good quantity of the paste on the inside edge, and plaster it on the box, let it stand until perfectly dry. Then let your mamma and "Christmas" on the bottom, and with a sharp-pointed knife, cut a slit an inch long beside it. Now you have a bank, a small one that you have no special use for, force it in to the box through this opening. The pennies are better than your pretty little bankes, is that you can take money from them and spend it when quite unnecessary, but when pennies are in the box you will find that they cannot be taken out unless the box is destroyed, and it ought to be an argument to the mind that would prefer to destroy the box and spend the coins you were saving for presents.

Now, although I wish you to practice economy, I do not want you to be so very quick in slipping pennies into this box that you will have none left for the Sunday morning collection in school. Do not beg money of papa for this on Sunday morning, but give of your own. You do not know how much more many is and womanly you will feel, not have much more right it is to give of your own instead of your father's.

The plan of saving in a good one for families who think they cannot afford certain books and magazines they would like. Let them agree together to deny themselves of some one article, or candies and ribbons, and put the price in their box instead; and when the year is gone, they will be surprised at the quantity of good food they can procure with the contents.

The First Umbrella.

From the Scottish American.

The umbrella was seen in the streets of Glasgow by Dr. Jamieson in 1782, on his return from Paris. When he commenced unfolding it crowds of people followed him in amazement to see the spectacle. About 1789 an attempt was made to manufacture umbrellas by Mr. John Gardner, father of the present Mr. Gardner, in Buchanan street. "Sedan" had in his hands the first umbrella that was ever made in Glasgow. It was, indeed, a very elegant article. The cloth was heavy oil or waxed glazed, lined, and the ribs were formed of Indian cane, such as, shortly afterwards, ladies were accustomed to use as hoops to extend their petticoats. The handle was massy and strong, and altogether it was a load to carry.

In feeding for beef, the notions of each animal should be consulted; his preferences, likes and dislikes. The object of feeding usually is to get the animal to eat all that he will digest well. Hence a variety should always be at hand, and the ration should be varied by feeding cooked, soaked or dry meal, as the case may be, with hay and roots. Take great care not to overfeed, and in case of over-feeding, let starvation follow the cure.

A Pennsylvania desperado got his eyes on a deaf and dumb girl, whom he discovered to be very wealthy. Having a desire to increase his worldly store, he set about making love to her and won her heart. Making arrangements for an uninterrupted ceremony, he went after a clergyman, who he induced by moral suasion of a leveled revolver to unite him in marriage to the young lady.

I am a merchant and I lander writes Mr. T. M. Humphrey, of Texas, and it gives me great pleasure to say, that for severe Coughs and Colds, Allen's Lung Balsam is the most efficacious medicine I have ever used.

A smart "Aleck" on the West Side bet five dollars that he could put a billiard ball in his mouth. So far the doctor's efforts have been to no effect, and it is now thought that the only possible way that the ball can be gotten out is to drill a hole in it and fill it with powder and fuse, and blast it out; and then there are doubts whether the patient can stand the operation, as he is very weak, and having eaten anything for seven days.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Edison is sometimes reproached with having invented in the phonograph a mere scientific toy. But other useful inventions were likewise mere toys at first. Professor Huxley said in his Presidential address before the British Association that "the microscope, which was a drawing-room toy 100 years ago, has, in the hands of devoted and gifted students of nature, been the means of giving us knowledge by which, on the one hand, has saved thousands of surgical patients from terrible pain and death, and, on the other hand, has laid the foundation of this generation's prosperity." The name of Darwin will forever be associated.

PIMPLES will cover Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption with shame.

The God of nature alone can revive the flower the wind has with red.

Vitalized blood needs cleansing. There is one remedy for all such cases, *Somerdale's Nervine.*

Tested by Time. For Throat Diseases, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Troches have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Sold in Boxes.

Miss Jennie P. Warren, 240 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ills., says: "*Somerdale's Nervine* cured me of Nervous Prostration." $1 Sold by Druggists.

DR. PRIGGERT'S MIXTURE, Ind., Dec. 1, 1882.

Dear Sir—Overwork has done for me what it does for many. Desiring to benefit suffering humanity, I feel it my duty to tell of Zoa Phora. For five years I suffered greatly with Pleurisy, being obliged to use a supporter during all these painful, weary years, but, thanks to your medicine, I wear it no more. I laid it off after using one and a half bottles. I am not well, but I work all the time and am better than I ever expected to be. You may use my letter, and if any one wished to write for more information, give them my full address. Miss C. G.

Music may be divine, but its living is its dry. It crushes and is drunk up by the thirsty silences.

Carbolines.

The clouds may darken over the sun,
Yet return to the ocean run.
So the sad heart returns to sorrow
By using the famous Carboline.

The travel to Florida is heavy for this time of year.

Important!

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. Elevator, Elevated Railroad, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and Elevated Railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Gentlemen's cousin to be translated at the Sandwi Military School in England.

A pure strengthening tonic, free from whiskey, and a specific for Dyspepsia and Nervous diseases. It has never been equaled. Brown's Iron Bitters.

A confectioner says that about 30 per cent. of candy sold is white earth.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Suppositories for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases 30 years standing. Sent by mail for 50 cents, or three in advance for $1. Address, Dr. Bell, 1 East Monroe street, Chicago.

"RICHI-PAIRA." Quick, complete cure all nervous weakness, Sexual Debility, etc.

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ALL WHO SUFFER from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or any other form of nervous disease, should try CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New Haven, Conn., Proprietors of Benson's Porous Plasters, who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians and druggists recommend it. Price, 25 cts. Sold by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price.

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The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J. Beware of the imitations of a name on labels, for a Inc. bottle.

A SAFE and speedy way to fortune, for a trifling investment, Circulars free. Address, Lyon & Co., Bankers, Robert Gordon, 115 East Monroe street, Chicago.

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CATARRH ELY'S Cream Balm

Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virulence, allaying inflammation, relieving pain in the head, restoring the sense of taste, smell, hearing, and all the other dependent passages from additional catarrhal troubles. It relays hoarseness and enables the sufferer to enjoy full vocal power. Ease and comfort follows. A thorough treatment will cure. Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy for the disease. Not a liquid nor a snuff. Agreeable to use. Price, 50 cents. Sold by druggists, or by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Owego, N. Y.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Believes and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, Sores, Burns, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, Bites of Insects and Reptiles, and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Sacsoo

DR. A. PHORA

STONES IN THE KIDNEYS IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY For all Complaints peculiar to WOMEN, YOUNG OR OLD, HUSBANDS AND MOTHERS OF WIVES AND DAUGHTERS Sickly SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Discovery. Testimonials furnished. Our Pamphlet on "Diseases of Women and Children" Sent free. Every sufferer above 13 years of age, especially Mothers, should read it. Address R. PENGELLY & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich. ☞ Unless marked private are read by Dr. Pengelly only.

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The most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from one to four weeks can be restored to good health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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