AT THE BOX OFFICE.

We stood within the corridor;
I had just stepped inside the rail
To get my tickets, when I saw
The state of matters, and turned pale;
I had put on new clothes throughout
Upon this jaunt with her to come;
I brought this heavenly creature out,
Leaving my pocket-book at home.

I stood there vexed and mortified;
'Twas cruel as it was absurd;
Then did a little gloved hand glide
Straight into mine, without a word,
Leaving a dainty portemonnaie,
Of gold and pearl most quaintly made,
From which scarce knowing what to say,
I for the evening's tickets paid.

When I sat down along with her—
"Now don't look so annoyed," said she;
"Of course, mistakes sometimes occur,
And people lose their property."
Confused, I answered, "I agree,
But must feel vexed about it though;
What's your's does not belong to me—"
Said she, "Why shouldn't it be so?"

She spoke unthinkingly, then blushed,
"Oh, do you mean it?" straight I cried,
My wild delight she would have hushed;
A feeble "No" in vain she tried;
But I'd not hear it so at last—
"Yes—just to keep you still," said she,
"There, there, don't hold my hand so fast
The usher will be sure to see."
—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Story of Two Summers.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

CHAPTER II.

"Shall we have turn on the parade?" Captain Herbert said at length, getting rather tired of solitude and stone throwing, "I only came last night, so I have seen no one yet. Are you staying with the Marstons?"

"No, they are only friends I have met here. I am staying at Gladdaeth Crescent with a cousin of mine," said Effie, in reply to the last question, and gladly rising up in answer to the first.

How proud and happy she felt as she walked side by side with her new-found friend up and down the gayly-thronged parade. How triumphantly now she passed the well-dressed, stylish girls. Was there another man here to-night to compare for one moment with this, her splendid-looking escort? How kindly he looked at her, and how pleasantly he talked. He did not seem to mind, or even see, the shabby, battered old hat. Perhaps men did not care so much about these things; or—and this thought was not quite so comforting—perhaps the gathering shades of evening hid the shabbiness and old-fashionedness of her poor worn-out old dress. Anyhow, it was delightful, charming; a faint color sprang to the pale cheeks, the gray eyes were sparkling and gleaming with gratitude and excitement and wondrous happiness. Conor Marston took off his hat as he passed them, and nodded kindly, well pleased to see "that poor little thing" enjoying herself so. Jessie gave an envious look at the tall, well-made figure at her side.

Captain Herbert himself was a little amused at the upturned face, full of such wonderful gratitude and admiration.

"She is a nice little thing," he said to himself, "and has been awfully snubbed, I see; she looks painfully grateful for a few kind words." She had overcome her shyness by this, and was talking gayly! "Let me show you the belle of Llandudno—there, we are just going to pass her, that dark, handsome, haughty-looking girl, with the velvet hat and plume; I call her 'The Lady Clara Vere de Vere.' Isn't she a beauty?"

Effie looked up with some anxiety into her companion's face as she spoke. A nameless feeling of jealousy rushed to her heart as his eyes slowly sought the Queen of Beauty she pointed out. What if he should become at once enthralled, captivated by her loveliness, and forsake, desert, overlook, the poor, plain, friendless little being at his side! Her heart beat wildly as if her new-found treasure was going to be snatched from her grasp. She kept her large gray eyes on his face. They were walking slowly, and both passers-by looked tall and boldly at each other as they passed. Effie thought the Queen of Beauty looked defiant, her hero contemptuous.

"You know her?" she gasped.

"Yes."

Effie saw that his face had changed.

"But you did not speak to her."

They walked on some distance without speaking; then Effie felt as if something compelled her to say, "Do you not think her beautiful?"

He roused himself as if out of a reverie.

"Miss Lacy? Oh yes, in her way I suppose she is. I don't know much about her—that is, we met before, but as she didn't care to speak to me to-night, I shan't trouble about her, but shall let the acquaintance drop. Shall we turn now?—the people don't seem to come to this end of the parade."

They turned, and the next time they passed Miss Lacy and her party, Captain Herbert was laughing and talking so gayly to Effie, that he never appeared even to see her.

Effie now had time to study the lady's face, and was in her turn astonished to find that she was herself the chief object of notice. How slowfully and scornfully the dark brilliant eyes looked up and down the plain, quiet, insignificant girl. With what a scarcely concealed sneer of contempt she finished her scrutiny!

"I don't think Miss Lacy is at all nice," said Effie, "I should not care to know her." But her companion gave her no answer to this.

But each day this new friendship grew and strengthened with a wondrous summer growth. Captain Herbert came with Conor Marston to Gladdaeth Crescent, and Miss Somerville, gave a willing consent to Effie's joining in any rides, or walks, or excursions, planned by the young people. Perhaps she did not know how often her young cousin fell exclusively to the care of Captain Herbert. She knew they were a party of merry young people going about together, and did not dream that quiet little Effie claimed the exclusive regard of any one person.

As it was, Captain Herbert took a kindly pleasure in promoting the enjoyment of his simple minded little friend: he took her out with him everywhere, boating, driving, walking, and seemed himself pleased and soothed with her quiet and gentle companionship. She did not tease, tire or bore him as the other girls did. In his present mood he did not feel up to the mark for the other gay-voiced, loud-laughing, rattling young people of the party.

Jessie and Amy and their gay young friends struck a harsh chord in his memory, to which now his heart could neither respond nor vibrate.

This gentle girl, with her quaint fancies and poetic ideas—with her warm, childish heart and true inner depth of character—never struck a harsh note, or made one jingling discord. If he was silent, or unhappy, or petulant, she did not tease him by word, or look, or questioning, but bore it all with gentle quietness. If he chose to lie with his handsome face staring up at the brilliant blue sky for hours together, she would sit by him quite still with her work or book, and there was something soothing in the very quietude of her presence.

She fell in, too, with his graver moods. She could talk with a bright originality of thought on many subjects; if her ideas were girlish and crude, they often contained brave and noble thoughts, and sometimes some witty speech or telling remark would chase the frown from the handsome face, and bring back a smile in its place.

In his gay mood she had always a share; she could talk and laugh and jest, happily, freely, gayly, but never with any approach to boldness or forwardness. She was always just what she appeared to be—a warm-hearted, loving, impulsive girl, perfectly free from any taint of rudeness or vulgarity. She drew without knowing it, a painful sketch of her home life, of the dearth of love and hope and interest there, and sometimes spoke of it as a half apology for enjoying herself so much here, for being, as she called it, so babyish. She took more pains with her dress and appearance now; she was longer in arranging her brown hair; she looked oftener in the glass; she got old Martha to help her in the mysteries of the toilette.

Perhaps it was kindly Mrs. Marston who spoke to Miss Somerville about her dress—anyhow, Martha was ordered to go with her on a shopping expedition; and to Effie's astonished delight, a new white dress, a blue scarf shawl, such as were then worn in all bright colors twisted around the shoulders, and a new straw hat with a wreath of daisies round it, were purchased.

With what eager delight she used all her simple science to make herself look presentable, can well be imagined. The vigorous sea breezes had given a healthy tinge to her pale cheeks, and the glow of youthful enjoyment and happiness is in itself a great beautifier. With her dark eyes beaming with happiness, and her tall figure showing to great advantage in her better-fitting garments, she was a great improvement on the old shabby-looking Effie Lea, of the Black Birches. She fell in so completely with Captain Herbert's moods, she never even puzzled over them. If he was moody and silent, she let it pass unnoticed, unobserved; if he was gay to recklessness, she only rejoiced to think he was happy and enjoying himself. He told her that a few years ago, on the death of his father, 'Fairmeadows,' their old splendid family estate, had been obliged to be knocked down under the auctioneer's hammer, and that he, as eldest son, had lost, through the extravagance and recklessness of father and grandfather, an almost princely estate and that he was now a poor penniless, unknown, nobody, without home, money, friends or prospects; and there was enough of romance in all this to Effie's childish mind to account for anything.

What pleasant mornings they spent together up in the Happy Valley! Amy and Jessie, and their friends, were kinder in their manner to Effie since her conquest, as they considered it, of the much-admired Captain Herbert: for to no other lady in the whole place, save Miss Lea, did he vouchsafe the least notice or attention. Sitting quietly among the merry party with her work or book, listening to the band or taking a stroll over the picturesque great Orme, was in itself enough happiness to make the summer world a paradise for Effie Lea.

They often encountered Miss Lacy; once they stood side by side together for a few minutes.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" one of the party asked Effie.

"The belle of Llandudno," she answered, smiling.

"Phew," said Captain Herbert, "do you ever look in the glass your-self, Miss Lea?"

He spoke loudly. Effie felt sure, as she blushed hotly, that Miss Lacy could not help overhearing the remark.

"Hush," she said impatiently; but Captain Herbert only laughed in the reckless way he sometimes laughed as he turned away.

Six weeks went by, and August came in sweet and sunshiny, and the season was at its height.

Agnes Marston came running in one day, she was a kind-hearted, frank-spoken girl. Effie and she had met before, and she greeted her with great warmth of manner.

"I only came last night," she cried, "and now I can't stay a minute. Conor has been, I hear, awfully spooney on Miss Danvers—horrid girl that she is! Have you seen Captain Herbert? isn't he splendid? Only fancy, he was engaged to that dashing-looking Miss Lacy, who lodges next door to you: isn't it funny their both being here together. She behaved shamefully—jilted him when the wedding day was fixed. He was madly in love with her. Conor says they pass without speaking, and he has been flirting and going about with some other girl, to try and make her jealous, to show and make believe he doesn't care—but I musn't really stay; I shall see you to-night on the parade. What a capital window this is for looking about you! good-bye." She was gone, and Effie Lea was left sitting quite still in the warm afternoon August sunshine. The distant strain of some jingling negro melody, reached her, otherwise everything around her was perfectly silent; but the world, her world at least, with its gay hopes, and bright fancies, and summer dreams, was lying at her feet overturned, broken, destroyed.

What was this she just heard?—madly in love—flirting with some other girl to make her jealous; her—who? And this other girl, who was she? Effie Lea? Surely the Effie Lea she had known, had never felt so madly stung, and humiliated to the dust, and wounded to the death, as she felt now.

The glittering love-dream lay at her feet in one chaotic heap. He was false, false! he had deceived her, or allowed her to deceive herself. He had made a fool of her. There had not been one iota of truth in one tender glance, one loving word; he had used her as a tool for his own purpose, tried—oh, with what scorn she said this!—to make that other, beautiful, haughty woman jealous; paraded the simple, soft-hearted girl, with her babyish devotion and sickening admiration, before the very eyes of her rival—the woman he loved, yes, madly loved—as if to say: "Here, let me show you someone cares for me, if not you: I can win other love easily enough, if I lose yours."

It was mean, despicable, contemptible. The girl's proud, wounded spirit rose, and fought and struggled against softer memories. The very love she once bore turned to hate; the sweetness to gall, the honey to wormwood.

It was a pale, firm-set face that met Captain Herbert's gaze that same evening.

"You are late to-night, Effie," he said in his rich, pliant voice, into which of late a caressing tone often crept, "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"Come down to the beach," she answered, "I want to ask you a question."

She led the way down the sloping shingle to where, lone, grand, and desolate; deserted by children and boats, and fashionable promenaders, tossed and swelled, and heaved the great, darkening gray sea.

It was growing dark; the blue sky of morning, and purple tints of evening, the soft gray, the rippling silver and green of noonday, had melted and changed into chill, sobering gray. The light twinkled here and there in a glistening circle under the brow of the dark, frowning, great Orme. Overhead a bright star or two shone, and flashed and gleamed, and one narrow, glittering stream of light marked the moonlight path on the deep lonely waters.

It was the same spot where he had first seen her sitting in the dusky summer twilight, lonely and unhappy. The sombre scene suited well with the darkening heart of the girl who had watched to-night love's sun setting on hope, and trust and happiness.

He met her challenging gaze with bold eyes. "What is it?" he asked, with his old smiling ease.

She looked up at him, her large gray eyes dialating as she spoke.

"I heard to-day—that is—I want to know if it is true that you were engaged to Miss Lacy."

There was a wild, pleading look for "No" to this question, pitiful to see, in the poor, pale, agonized upturned face. It is not too much to say that Captain Herbert would have given all he possessed in that moment to have been able truthfully to say, "No, it is not true."

He hesitated then said, sullenly, "Yes, Effie, it is true."

The pleading tender look died out of her face—it grew stiff, and rigid, and hard; her voice was icy in its chill strength.

"One more question and I have done. Tell me this, do you love her?"

A man's hatred of being questioned or brought to book crept into his face. He answered doggedly, "I don't know whether I must hate or love her now—I—"

She looked him full in the face. No judge could have condemned a prisoner in a more calm and judicial manner. "Do you know that you have acted a base and unworthy part. Shall I tell you what you have done?"

He was so surprised to see his little, humble, admiring, devoted friend turn judge, that he stood quite still, without attempting to answer or interrupt her. A bitter feeling of remorse crept into his heart as she went on.

"You have darkened a lonely life; you have stolen all the bright colors from a summer landscape; you have taken the sunshine from shadowed paths; you have robbed a trusting heart of its love, hope, and faith."

"Effie," he said, and his voice was somewhat troubled, "don't be too hard on me. I confess I haven't been quite fair and open with you. But I never wished or meant willfully to wound or deceive you. That woman," he clenched his teeth as he spoke, while a tone of mad rage crept into his voice, "has been the curse of my life. Let us forget her; let bygones be bygones with us too from this time forth." He seized hold of her cold little hands in his as he spoke; but she drew them away, not angrily nor hastily, but coldly and decisively.

"Am I too hard on you?" she said with a chill little laugh, "I dare say, I am, and too poetical in my judgement. I will speak plainer. You have done no harm, only worn and paraded the love of simple little Effie Lea, as a cloak to hide the pangs of your own wounded feeling of love."

"Effie," he cried passionately, "you are angry now, you do not understand, you do indeed judge me harshly. Yesterday you thought me all perfection, to-day you think I am all deceit: you are young and rash and hasty in your judgments. Remember, no man, or woman is ever so bad or so good as we think them."

She listened with a pitiful little smile of chill scorn. "Have you anything more to say?" she asked, "before I say good-bye."

"Yes, I have," he cried, his handsome face all alight with its conflicting feelings, "Effie, if I have not been quite open with you, forgive me. You have some little regard for me, some little love still left, haven't you? Be my wife."

She looked at him with the same smile, and he went on pleadingly. "I haven't much to offer you, have I?—not much to give in the way of love, or money, or the good things of this life? But your own life is but a lonely one. You know what my faults are; you have often put up with my bad temper, and discontent, before this. Have pity on me, my little friend; we shall get on together as well as most other folks, I dare say; and I swear to you this night, that no man, or woman either for the matter of that, shall ever come between us again."

"If you had said this yesterday," she said, and for the first time a rising swell of passion gathered in her voice, "I would have gone to the world's end with you and thought it unutterable bliss; but when you say it to-day—"

"Well?"

"I listen with derision, contempt. No, Captain Herbert, I would sooner live out my lonely life to its last day, than marry a man I despise." He would have spoken again, but she put out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, "you will never meet again; go where you will, with any other woman that could have loved you so truly or understood you so perfectly as Effie Lea."

She walked away into the gathering gloom, with quick, unhesitating steps, and Captain Herbert was left standing quite still, and alone, looking over the gray tossing sea with darkening eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The End of Creation.

It is related that the Emperor William, of Germany, was once detained at a small village, while making a journey, and visited the public school. Being asked by the teacher to examine the children, the Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up said, "To what kingdom of nature does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," was the prompt reply. Holding up a flower, "to what kingdom does this belong?" he continued. "To the vegetable kingdom," was answered by all. "Now, to what kingdom do I belong?" said the Emperor. All hesitated, when a little girl not wishing to say that her Emperor belonged to the animal kingdom, replied "to God's kingdom, sir." The Emperor was visibly moved and said, "God grant that I may be found worthy of His kingdom."

The answer of the little girl was more profound than she knew. Man has many things in his nature in common with the members of the animal kingdom. But still he is not an animal, and it is a false classification to say that man belongs to the animal kingdom, or that he is the head of the animal kingdom. In addition to the three kingdoms of nature, mineral, vegetable and animal, there is a kingdom that is spiritual and eternal, the kingdom of God. To this kingdom man belongs. This is the kingdom God had in view in the creation of the universe. As God is eternal, He must have had an eternal end or design in creating all things, both visible and invisible, natural and spiritual. This end or design, we see fulfilled in man, who lives forever, and who has been made capable of unending growth in knowledge, intelligence, happiness and usefulness. For man is capable of loving God, believing in God, and obeying God, and thereby becoming internally, or in affection and thought, conjoined to God, and to be conjoined to God is to live forever. A kingdom of intelligent and happy human beings to continue forever, and to be constantly enlarged and perfected by additional members, and by the continual improvement of those already members, is a view of creation in its final purpose, worthy of the Divine love, wisdom and power. God's kingdom in this world is called the church, and His kingdom in the spiritual world is called heaven. Hence, a heaven from the human race, may be said to be the end of creation. Man is born in the natural world, where he lives a few short years, and then, by the process of death, passes into the spiritual world, the eternal home of all, and where the good will enjoy everlasting happiness.

Regal Trappings.

New York Sun.

The magnificent mantle which the Czarina will wear at the coming coronation is made of cloth of gold, bordered with armorial bearings embroidered in silk and gems. The crown placed on her head will be the one used at the coronation of the Empress Catherine II. and Elizabeth. Its value is estimated at three millions of roubles, and it is composed of diamonds, rubies, and a large number of pearls. In her sceptre will blaze the great Orloff diamond, which is said to weigh eight carats more than the Koh-i-noor. The procession will consist of thirty-three carriages. That of the Czarina was made at Berlin by the orders of Frederick the Great, and presented by him to the Empress Elizabeth. It is a kind of double throne without springs, but hung on four bands of red velvet. A single window, framed in white satin, forms the front, and the imperial eagles and the crown set in brilliants adorn the panels. It will be drawn by eight white horses, caparisoned with red velvet, and flashing with gold and precious stones

His Ma Deceives Him.

Peck's Sun.

"Give me ten cents worth of saffron, quick," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in the grocery on a gallop, early one morning, with no collar on, and no vest. He looked as though he had been routed of bed in a hurry, and had jumped into his pants and boots, and put on his coat and hat on the run.

"I don't keep saffron," said the grocery man, as he picked up a barrel of ax-handles the boy had tipped over in his hurry. "You want to go over to the drug store on the corner, if you want saffron. But what on earth is the matter?"

With this point the boy shot out of the door, tipping over a basket of white beans, and disappeared in the drug store. The grocery man got down on his knees on the sidewalk and scooped up the beans, occasionally looking over to the drug store, and just as he got them picked up the boy came out of the drug store and walked deliberately towards his home, as though there was no particular hurry. The grocery man looked after him, took up an ax-handle, spit on his hands and shouted to the boy to come over pretty soon, as he wanted to talk with him. The boy did not come to the grocery till towards night, but the grocery man had seen him running down town a dozen times during the day, and once he rode up to the house with the doctor, and the grocer surmised what was the trouble. Along towards night the boy came in in a dejected sort of a tired way, sat down on a barrel of sugar, and never spoke.

"What is it, a boy or girl," said the grocery man, winking at an old lady with a shawl over her head, who was trying to hold a paper over a pitcher of yeast with her thumb.

"How in blazes did you know anything about it," said the boy as he looked around in astonishment, and with some indignation. "Well, its a girl, if you must know, and that's enough," and he looked down at the cat playing on the floor with a potato, his face a picture of dejection."

"O, don't feel bad about it," said the grocery man, as he opened the door for the old lady. "Such things are bound to occur. But you take my word for it, that young one is going to have a hard life, unless you mend your ways. You will be using it for a cork to a jug, or to wad a gun with, the first thing your ma knows."

"I wouldn't touch the darn thing with the tongs," said the boy, as he rallied enough to eat some crackers and cheese. "Gosh, this cheese tastes good I haint had nothing to eat since morning. I have been all over this town trolling for nurses. They think a boy hasn't got any feelings. But I wouldn't care a gol darn, if ma hadn't been sending me for neuralgia medicine, and hay fever snuff all winter, when she wanted to get rid of me. I have come in the room lots of times when ma and the sewing girl were at work on some flannel things, and ma would hide them in a basket and send me off after medicine. I was deceived up to about four o'clock this morning, when pa came to my room and pulled me out of bed to go over on the west side after some old woman that knew ma, and they have kept me whooping ever since. What does a boy want of a sister, unless it is a big sister. I don't want no sisters that I have got to hold, and rock, and hold a bottle for. This affair breaks me all up," and the boy picked the cheese out of his teeth with a sliver he cut off the counter.

"Well, how does your pa take it," said the grocery man, as he charged the boy's pa with cheese, and saffron, and a number of such things.

"O, pa will pull through. He wanted to boss the whole concern until ma's chum, an old woman that takes snuff, fired him out into the hall. Pa sat there on my hand-sled, a perfect picture of despair, and I thought it would be a kindness to play it on him. I found the cat asleep in the bath-room, and I rolled the cat up in a shawl and brought it out to pa and told him the nurse wanted him to hold the baby. It seemed to do pa good to feel that he was indispensable around the house, and he took the cat on his lap as tenderly as you ever saw a mother hold an infant. Well, I got in the back hall, where he couldn't see me, and pretty soon the cat began to wake up and stretch himself, and pa said, 's-h-h-tootsy, go to sleep now, and let its pa hold it,' and pa he rocked back and forth on the hand sled and began to sing 'by, low, baby.' That settled it with the cat. Well, some cats can't stand music, anyway, and the more the cat wanted to get out of the shawl, the louder pa sung, and bimeby I heard something rip, and pa yelled, 'scat, you brute,' and when I looked around the corner of the hall the cat was bracing hisself against pa's vest with his toe nails, and yowing, and pa fell over the sled and began to talk about the hereafter like the minister does when he gets excited in church, and then pa picked up the sled and seemed to be looking for me or the cat, but both of us was offul scarce. Don't you think there are times when both boys and cats are kind of few around their accustomed haunts? Pa don't look as though he was very smart, but he can hold a cat about as well as as the next man. But I am sorry for ma. She was just ready to go to Florida for her neuralgia, and this will put a stop to it, cause she has to stay and take care of that young one. Pa says I will have a nice time this summer pushing the baby wagon. By the great horn spoons, there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, between business and pleasure, and I strike the line at wheeling a baby. I had rather catch a string of perch than to wheel all the babies ever was. They needn't procure no baby on my account, if it is to amuse me. I don't see why babies can't be sawed off onto people that need them in their business. Our folks don't need a baby any more than you need a safe, and there are people just suffering for babies. Say, how would it be to take the baby some night and leave it on some old bachelor's door step. If it had been a bicycle, or a breech loading shot-gun, I wouldn't have cared, but a baby! Bah! It makes me tired. I'd druther have a prize package. Well, I am sorry pa allowed me to come home, after he drove me away last week. I guess all he wanted me to come back for was to humiliate me, and send me on errands Well, I must go and see if he and the cat have made up."

And the boy went out and put up a paper sign in front of his store, "Leave your measure for saffron tea"

"I thought," remarked the victim, after the dentist had dragged him around the room several times, "I thought you advertised to extract teeth without pain?" "So I do, sir," replies the operator, blandly; "it doesn't hurt me at all to yank 'em!"

It is estimated that there are 4,600,000 sheep in Texas. The number will probably be increased during the coming season to 3,300,000.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A professor was lecturing on "After Man—What?" A listener remarked that it was generally the sheriff or some woman.

A Polish novelist has written over 590 stories. No one ever thought so many stories could be put on one pole.—New Orleans Picnyune.

A Boston young lady who is disgusted with the "masher" at the skating rink says that she always thought that roller skaters developed calves.

The National Republican suggests: "Many of the present governors will run for another term; some of the treasurers may run for Mexico."

We often hear the expression that "the fire has gone out." And it is said that in some of our large places you can actually see the fire escape.—Marathon Independent.

Many of the Texas legislators are near-sighted. They will yell as loudly as a brother member who is only ten feet distant as if he was half a mile away.—Texas Siftings.

"I guess that girl must be the flour of the family," remarked the young man who had been waltzing with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.—Boston Transcript.

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. He should have married her and then refused her a bonnet in order to develop her powers of talk.

It has been a matter of wonder why women should kiss each other, but the reason is simple enough when you know it. That is the only way they can stop each other from talking.—Boston Transcript.

If Adam had been wise in his generation he would have taken out a patent on his original sin. Just think of the money he might have made by charging a small royalty to users of his invention!—Boston Transcript.

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails and flung them into the cellar of a church. The residents of the vicinity heard the noise the animals made, but thought it was the choir rehearsing.

Bismarck's recent insults to the American hog have excited a lively interest in that meek and lowly quadruped, and he will now be permitted to root at will, figuratively speaking, in the Agricultural Bureau.

A Scotch parson said, somewhat sarcastically, of a hard drinker, that "he put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and protracted search, returned without anything."

The scared citizens of England are charging Americans with the construction of the infernal machines discovered over there. They have never seen an American infernal machine. Wait till we send over some of our new cucumbers or green apples.

A young lady was recently asked by her gallant what she considered the height of impudence. Looking archly at him she said: "Spark a girl for three solid hours and never offer to kiss her." It is needless to add that he is not so impudent now.—Wheeling Journal.

"Ike," said the auditor of state, "I understand that your wife is dead." "Dat's what da say, boss, I'se been so busy preachin' aroun' town fur de las' day or two dat I ain't had time ter 'vestigate. I'll bet I hafter preach dat 'oman's funeral yet."—Arkansaw Traveler.

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights." Philadelphia News

Bishop Peck, who tips the beam at three hundred or thereabouts, was at one time attending a Conference where the supply of beds was not equal to the demand. The Bishop, after being introduced to the party who was to share his couch, eyed him all over and said, "So you are to be my bedfellow, eh? Well, when I sleep alone I'm crowded."

This was the way his spouse encouraged him when he fell from a Memphis ferry-boat into the Mississippi, and was struggling in the water for dear life: "Now, Samuel didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flop your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for its mighty uncertain, Samuel, whether you land in New-Orleans or in eternity."

For heaven's sake, where is this thing going to end? An English paper now comes out with the announcement that certain of the Irish belligerents are engaged in sending packages of linen infected with small-pox to their English enemies. The thing is coming to a pretty pass, when two nations get to firing canned small-pox at each other.—Peck's Sun.

A lady residing in this village, the mother of a bright little boy, was talking to him the other night, just as she was putting him to bed, about the efficacy of prayer, and told him that if he would ask God for anything that he particularly desired, she had no doubt his request would be granted. The little fellow knelt at his mother's knee and prayed God to send him 50 little sisters and 100 little brothers. The prayer was never finished, for the mother, aghast at the prospect of having her house turned into an orphan asylum, lifted the boy to his feet and tucked him into bed without a moment's unnecessary delay.—Middletown Mercury.

An Accurate Time-Piece.

* * * While on the subject of Waltham watches, we may mention that we have seen a letter from the Commander of the *Gordon Castle* (Castle line of Steam Packets), who was fortunate enough to save life at sea, and who for his gallant conduct was presented in September last with a Gold Keyless Waltham Watch by the President of the United States, on behalf of the London Local Marine Board. Referring to this Presentation Watch, he says: "When I left London the watch was six seconds fast, and on my arrival at Singapore it was only three seconds slow, a most extraordinary performance for a watch, as I carried it on my person the whole time. I compared it every day with my chronometers on the passage out, and it seldom or ever differed one second from them; in fact, I found it almost, if not as good as my chronometers, which is a great deal to say for a watch carried about and subject to all kinds of jolts."—*London, England, The Watchmaker, Jeweller and Silversmith*, Feb. 5, 1883.

The Song of Solomon.

The religious people of St. Louis are excited by a newspaper controversy about the book in the Bible known as "The Song of Solomon." The more conservative among the clergy say that it is as much inspired as any other book in the Bible; that Solomon wrote it; that it is an allegorical picture of mystical union of Christ and His Church; and that every one who denies these statements in a rank heretic. One of these, the Rev. Dr. Brooks, thus explains the meaning of the book: "It is called the Song of Solomon; elsewhere we read that he made over a thousand songs, but this was pre-eminently his, setting forth in the glowing language of the Orient the all-consuming love of God for his people. It has always been so understood and the loveliest and purest lessons have been drawn from meditation upon it. It is true it has suffered somewhat at the hands of the old translators, away back in King James's time. They used language that was harsh and rough, words that are not permissible in the polite parlance of to-day."

The Rev. John Snyder, who represents the opposite view, says: "There is no evidence to show that the book is the work of Solomon. It was most probably written by a Northern poet, who had no great regard for Solomon; of course 'the great king' mentioned in it is Solomon. The north was always restless under Solomon's reign, and if it had not been for his great executive ability rebellion would have broken out before his death. The people there had no fancy for paying taxes for a capital which they never saw, and when he died and his son came to the throne they said: 'We'll have no more of this sort of thing,' and as he would not make them the concessions they asked, they seceded. All this talk about mystical or allegorical interpretations is nonsense. It is as though you were to say of 'Hamlet,' or any other work, that the author did not intend to describe actualities, but to set forth certain philosophical or other principles under the guise of a play, poem or other writing."

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.—Won't the boys and girls, who find the tears come easily in pain or disappointment, be glad to know that crying is a good thing, and so declared by eminent physicians. A French physician is out in a dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it as unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is always useful; and nothing can be more natural than crying.—*Good Cheer.*

HOMINY AND ARNICA.—An old dark came into an Austin drug store with his head bandaged up and groaning as if every bone in his body was broken.

"What's the matter?" asked the drug clerk.

"We have had the berry debble of a time, me an' de old woman, battering each udder wid de chairs and sich."

"Well, what do you want?"

"We need some anarchy. Dar ain't no anarchy in de house. De bottle got smashed in de fuss, and the anarchy spilled all ober the floor."

"If you had more harmony in your house, there would be less anarchy," remarked the clerk, smiling, as he filled a small bottle of arnica.

"You am right, boss. Dat's jess what de fuss was about. De reason we needs anarchy is bekase dar was no hominy in de house, and dat's why de ole woman hit me wid de chair."—*Texas Siftings.*

He who attempts to be perfect in all things will be weak in many, and thus fall an unpitied sacrifice to each one of those who have made themselves perfect in one thing.

A tourist leaning out of a nook,
Fell on his head near a brook,
The hurt he received,
St. Jacobs Oil relieved,
And he says it cured "like a book."

Great oaks from little acorns spring,
Great aches the little toe-corns bring;
But for every corn
That ever was born,
St. Jacobs Oil is just the thing.

Hope is nothing more than a desire with a telescope, magnifying distant matters, overlooking near ones.

A life saved for thirty-five cents! A lady in Boston had Diphtheria and was almost dead from strangulation, but was instantly relieved and finally cured by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* Every family should have a bottle ready for instant use.

A man is not good or bad for one action.

Profitable investment. One dollar's worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* fed to a coop of thirty hens will yield a profit of three dollars, besides preventing all manner of diseases. Be sure to get Sheridan's. The *large* packs are worthless.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love.

The Kind We Like.

The medicine we most like is that which does its work quick and well. *Burdock Blood Bitters* are the quickest kind of a cure for dyspepsia and liver and kidney affections.

We only ask of God what we think will be best, but He gives us what He knows is best.

Detectives and Private Officers

Usually wear their badges of authority concealed under their clothing, but *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* wears its badges in the form of printed labels attached to each and every bottle, so that all may know its mission. It is given full and complete authority to arrest all aches and pains, and does its duty every time.

Trials and sufferings are only to be regretted when they have proved too severe to be borne.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.

What Three Applications Did.

"I was troubled very much with sore feet. *Three applications of Thomas' Eclectric Oil* entirely cured them. Nothing better in the market." Jacob Butler, Reading, Pa.

Falling into bad company is like falling into a river—no danger of either if you avoid the shore.

People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last.

The North American Indians knew more in their day and generation than the children of light. They first used petroleum as a Hair Dressing. Carboline is made from petroleum deprived of its disagreeable properties and delightfully perfumed.

We are all within the circle of a great order, in which, before God, a thousand years is as one day.

Important

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage 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. European Plan. Elevator. 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.

There is no singular to the word alms, To show a single act of money-giving does not merit the name of charity.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear again.

"Mens sana in corpore sano." "A sound mind in a sound body" is the trade mark of Allen's Brain Food, and we assure our readers that, if dissatisfied with either weakness of Brain or Bodily powers, this remedy will permanently strengthen both. $1.—At druggists, or Allen's Pharmacy, 315 First Ave., New York.

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefitted me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Free of Charge.

An elegant song book free of charge containing humorous, and sentimental songs, sung by Wizard Oil Companies, in their open air concerts. Hamlins Wizard Oil Co., Chicago Ill. WIZARD OIL cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, ulcers, fever sores, inflamation of the kidneys, neuralgia, headache, toothache, earache, sorethroat, catarrh, hayfever, allays inflamation and relieves pain in any part of the system. Sold by druggists at 50 cents, dont forget to use it. And you will banish pain and be happy.

Are You Aware

that a Simple Cough often terminates in Consumption? Why not be wise in time and use ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which will stop the disease and prevent the fatal consequences. For sale by all Medicine Dealers.

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HARMLESS to the MOST DELICATE.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, And Other Throat and Lung Affections.

It Contains No Opium in Any Form.

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. It never fails to bring relief.

Caution. Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit.

As an Expectorant It Has No Equal.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n-ful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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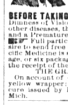

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On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the yellow wrapper; the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by Farrand, Williams & Co., Detroit Mich.

A CARD.

To the Public.

A person has been traveling in Michigan representing himself to be an agent and the son of the President of this Company, Mr. L. J. Fitzgerald.

At Pontiac, on the 20th of February last, upon such representations, he borrowed money upon our credit. At Armada he incurred a hotel and livery bill and left without payment.

We take this means of informing the public that this person is a FRAUD, and we hereby offer one hundred dollars reward for his arrest and conviction. Mr. Fitzgerald has no son, nor have we a traveling man on the road by that name.

The only man authorized to travel for us in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana is John P. Breese, who holds a certificate under our corporate seal of his authority to represent us.

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