MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

gems think of thee fair,
Or sing the song of gladness;
Na merrie thought can drive away
The ghastly shades of sadness.
Ilk bird upon the leafy tree,
Ilk moment feeling fare,
Ca's to my mind and jeers me wi'
The mem'ries of the past.

Na mocking bird, like that I hear,
Soft warbling on yon tree,
In hoonie floottie sings, and yet
It sadly strings to me
The bitter thoughts o' thier years,
When in that auld lang syne,
She sang to me the songs so dear,
Her little hand to mine.

I ken the flowers are bloomin' now,
That bloomed so sweetly then;
I ken the pebbly brooklets flow
Still thro' the silent glen;
I ken the birds are warbling neath
Amid the yellow whin;
It gees me turn as cauld as death,
That all is not as thin.

The blushing daisy blooms the same
The mossy braes adornin';
The golden sun, still free the East,
Proclaims the coming morrin';
But she, who in these haps y days,
Made life so sweet and fair,
Now sleeps beneath the mossy braes,
An' left me lone and sair.

The mockin' bird's sweet song to day,
Brings fear-drops to my e'e,
With thoughts o' ther, brighter days,
For her gone frae me.
We sware our love should last thro' life,
By tha burn and tree,
And yet I had forget my troth,
I'd lay me down and die.

—Jas. A. Cutter, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MARRIED FOR FUN.

BY ALFRED CRAYON.

"What has been planned for to-morrow evening?" cried a chorus of voices, as a small company of young people, camping out among the New Hampshire mountains, were about to separate for the night.

The question brought two or three early birds, who were hastening to their tents, back among the rest of the company to discuss some new pleasure or sport for the next evening's entertainment. Several plans were suggested, but none of them met with the approval of the whole party.

"Mr. Carlson you have as yet suggested nothing. What do you think it would be pleasant to do to-morrow night?" asked one of the young ladies.

"I, Miss Mary?" answered the young man addressed, who until this moment had been leaning indifferently against a tree. "I am going to the village to-morrow, and probably will not return until the following day.

The faces of the whole party fell, while it was evident from their tones of regret that Mr. Carlson was a great favorite in camp.

"Mr. Carlson must have found some modern Maud Muller, who offers attractions much superior to ours, else he would make short work of our journeys to the large metropolis of Melville." This remark was made in a very sarcastic tone by a young lady who was evidently the dying embers of the camp fire, thereby causing a shower of sparks to fly around her.

The blood mounted high into the face of the gentleman addressed, and, reaching out his hand to brush off a spark which had fallen on the young ladie's dress, Mr. Carlson said in a tone: "Miss Thurston, what matters it to you if I go or stay?"

But before his question could be answered, Carlson's sister petulantly: "Oh, friends let him go. He told me he had a business appointment, and Arthur will never miss his assistant, no matter how trivial, useless, perhaps, for a wedding or funeral."

"Well a funeral we will have, even to keep your charming company, Art," cried a boyish voice. "We might have a wedding," the owner of the voice continued; "I wouldn't mind being party to that, myself," and the speaker looked mischievously at one of the ladies, who colored deeply and walked away in seeming anger.

"Here! here!" cried all the gentlemen laughingly, "who will volunteer to have a wedding on Carson's account.

The boyish voice spoke again:

"No one loves you enough, Art, to be married for you but me, and I suppose I can't be a wedding all by myself.

"I will help you out of that, Cousin John," gaily cried Miss Thurston: "I have been meditating marriage for some time, and this is the first opportunity.—Will, she said, rather hesitingly.—This is the first opportunity which I have cared to embrace."

"But, Margie," replied Mr. Cousin John, as if greatly perplexed, "you see, not anticipating this event, and never having been encouraged by you to consider myself a candidate for your glove, I have spoken to another girl upon the same subject."

Every one joined in the laugh at Miss Thurston's expense but Arthur Carlson. "Miss Thurston," he said, when the laugh had subsided, "you have been jilted; allow me to offer you reparation. It is only the opportunity you care to embrace, a change of groom can make but little difference. If you will be first party to the contract I will agree to be second, and will return to your evening party, with all necessary preliminaries, in time for our wedding."

"You are terribly very kind, Mr. Carlson," replied Miss Thurston, magnanimitly. "People who are so generous seldom expect their generosity to be accepted, but I shall surprise you by agreeing to your proposition."

"I was in earnest when I made the proposition, Miss Thurston."

"And I am earnest when I accepted it, Mr. Carlson."

These two were ever at sword's points. They had quarreled together since babyhood, and although up to this time, each had guarded the secret jealously from the other, yet it was evident to most of their friends that the two were dearer to each other in their quarrels than many other people in their friendships.

The party now separated for the night, elated at the prospect of the next evening's entertainment, but that was just what it became really never entered their thoughts.

When the party breakfasted the next morning Mr. Carlson was already on his way to the village. It was agreed that part of the day should be spent in preparing a place for the mock ceremony. Miss Thurston was the life of the gay, and peals of merry laughter awoke answering echoes from rock and cliff. Only once or twice, as when alone in her tent, her cheeks paled as she wondered what Arthur Carlson would do, for he had looked determined the night before.

"Well," said Miss Thurston to herself, "your word is given now, Margaret Louise Thurston, and that you know was never known to break their word."

In the late afternoon her friends came to dress her for the wedding. They draped her in some fluffy, white dress, which filled out the girlish white form to the best, coiled the luxuriant, brown hair around her head, and placed a bunch of simple mountain flowers at her belt. Never before had she looked so beautiful nor so defiant. A commotion outside the tent announced Carlson's return, and Miss Thurston, surrounded by laughing friends, went out to meet him.

"Margie," said her cousin John, striking up to her angrily, "this farce has gone far enough. Carlson is certainly demented. He has brought a full-fledged parson with him without even mentioning that this is all jest. You must put a stop to it at once, for it is a downright shame to tride with such serious things to this extent."

At these words Miss Thurston grew very pale, but her friends laughed and said: "Of course he has a great humorist, John Shepherd. This is only part of the joke."

"Yes, he is a real minister," was the reply, "for I heard him preach in the village only last Sunday."

At this moment Mr. Carlson came up. He, too, was pale, but his eyes burned with an intense fire.

"Miss Thurston," he said, "I was in terrible earnest when I asked you if I did last evening. In proof of which I have procured license and minister. Will you be my wife?"

These words had been most forward in urging on the joke were now most earnest in disuading their friends against carrying the proceedings proceeding, but Carlson's intense eyes were upon Margaret's face, and his voice said, "You and I have lived for fun all our lives; let us now be married for fun."

The very demon of recklessness took possession of Miss Thurston's heart. If Carlson had asked her there, before them all, to marry him for love, she would have turned away, shocked and grieved—but for fun; yes, she would dare as much as he, and she immediately stepped to Carlson's side, remarking in a laughing tone, "Yes, Mr. Carlson, I will marry you for fun."

"Margie, this cannot go on. What will your father say and feel?" cried her cousin stormed up and down before the tents, appealing first to one and then to the other but all to no avail. At this moment the minister whom Mr. Carlson had secured, came out of his tent, and the young couple took their places which had been prepared for them when a mock ceremony had been in view.

A silence fell over the little group as the solemn words of the beautiful Episcopal service fell upon their ears. Then rang out the responses: From the bride, low and distinct; from the groom, clear and determined.

"That ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

Margaret never forgot those words. In coming days she repeated them over and over to herself, as she almost prayed to have them blotted out from her memory

By the time the ceremony was finished the audience had concluded that the affair had been planned beforehand in secret, and that they were the dupes of the joke. Accordingly, never was company gayer than theirs that night, and the merrymaking was continued into the morning hours.

The camp broke up in a day or two Mr. and Mr.- Carlson parted from their friends in apparently high spirits. Arrived at their home, the same spirit had preceded them, the culprits were received with real forgiveness, for, undoubtedly, the season was a splendid one. Judge Thurston's family had been known and honored in the community for years; while Mr. Carlson was the fun-loving member of a large and wealthy firm dealing in fine imported goods.

Two weeks passed after their return in which Arthur saw but little of his wife. Judge Thurston's summer residence was a number of miles from the city, and the gentleman could only run down for over Sunday. On these days the two were as uncomfortable as possible in each other's presence, and avoided being left alone together.

One quiet Sabbath evening Arthur came out of the judge's library with a pale face and set lips. Ascending the stairs with faltering steps he sought his wife's room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a low voice. Entering he saw Margaret sitting in a low chair, with her light-brown hair falling about her shoulders in great profusion. He had not seen her so before, and some great mental emotion kept him from noticing the look of glad surprise which passed into his wife's face as she perceived who her visitor was. Mr. Carlson checked the impetuous words which rose to his lips, and spoke in a voice of strange tenderness: "Margaret," he said, advancing to her side, "I desire a few moments' conversation if it will not inconvenience you."

The light faded from her eyes, the bright eyes at these seemingly cold words.

"You have occupied my time so little of late that I can give you a few moments without great inconvenience," she replied, without rising. "You and I made a great mistake, Margie," her husband continued, sadly. "I take my due share of the blame; but even I would never dared to do this if I had first thought—but I didn't think I thought. We were married for fun, of course, and now we do not find so much fun as we anticipated. I have been speaking with your father. He did not hear to a divorce, nor is there sufficient grounds for one if we desired it. But he expressed a wish that we do nothing to the past, but that it improve with time and acquaintance, for the sake of our firm live abroad. I consider the necessity very opportune, and shall leave all my business affairs completed by next week to sail for Europe. This is not so hard for me, for I am a man, but for you—God forgive me for what—"

"You mistake, Mr. Carlson," I interrupted his wife, icily. "It is the easiest and most appropriate thing that could be done."

Arthur looked down at the figure before him. The darkness and the wavy masses of hair hid her face, also he rarely would have seen the white lips and burning, tearless eyes.

"I do not blame you Margie," he said, gently, but sadly. "I only wonder that you can bear at all to grant the crave Your forgiveness and I pray God that I may not utterly blight your happy life."

Arthur waited a moment as if to hear one word of farewell, but the figure before him never moved or spoke. Then, gazing intently at his wife, he imprint upon his mind a picture that he never forgot, he turned and left the room.

All night long Margaret sat in the little, low chair where Arthur had left her. Only once she stooped to pick up a crushed flower, with which he had been playing, and pressed it passionately to her lips.

Two years now passed away, and the following winter found Judge Thurston and his daughter under the gentle skies of Florence. The Judge was suffering in health, but his illness was due to Margaret's unlucky marriage. However that was, the two were true to each other and were rarely seen apart.

Several days after their arrival in Florence they were sitting her landaly in the hall, who, with a tray in her hand, was just coming out of the room opposite. Stopping to inquire if any one were ill, the kind but gossipy little landlady began to tell in broken Italian of the young foreigner who had come there a few days before, and who shortly after had been taken ill with a fever, and now was very ill indeed. She said the young man had no friends, and that the young doctor often came away looking very grave indeed. After that day many a lonely bouquet or basket of luscious fruit found its way to the sick man, while the landlady often told the young gentleman of the tall, sad-faced lady who had sent the gifts. At last, the kind hearted lady stepped out of her room prepared for a drive, she met the doctor returning from a visit to his patient. The doctor advanced toward her hesitatingly.

"You are an American, Miss?" he said at last.

"Yes, sir."

Margaret answered so pleasantly that the doctor continued with more assurance, at the same time waving with his hand to the room he had just left.

"There is a young gentleman in there, Miss, who is not long for this world. He is an American, also. It is very hard to die so, Miss—so friendless and from one's people, and with no kind friends."

"You are right," Margaret answered gravely. "It is indeed hard. My father spoke yesterday of going in to see the gentleman. He is out just at present, but if I may I will go in now."

After a moment's absence the doctor returned and conducted Margaret into the room. The curtains were closely drawn, and coming from the light into the darkness she was blinded for a moment. Not so with the sick man. Looking up to greet his visitor he uttered a sharp cry and the one word "Margie!"

Margaret stood as if stunned, and then, advancing rapidly to the bed she knelt down beside it and buried her face in the pillows. The poor man with a confused looked turned and hastily left the room. There was a moment's stillness, broken only by Margaret's low sobbing. The form before her seemed to be the wreck of a once strong, manly form. The hand upon the sick man was Arthur Carlson's. He raised his thin, wasted hand and tender it stroked the bright locks on the pillow beside him. "Poor little Margie," he said faintly, "you will soon be free now."

Then, Margaret never knew how, she forgot everything, even the past, she only remembered that the man lying there, sick unto death, was her husband. Her proud spirit was humbled, and she confessed what she had kept so jealously guarded in her own breast so long. "Oh Arthur," she cried in her agony, "I did love you, only forget the past and try to live for the future. God helping me, I will yet win your love."

The white face on the pillow lit up like the countenance of the dying who see heavenly visions, at the excitement of the moment gave Arthur back his strength. Raising himself up on his elbow, he lifted the bright head beside him until he could look into the love lit eyes. In one moment they read the mistake of those years in each other's face. Each had loved, each had misunderstood.

"Great God! is it possible——" but the momentary strength forsook the form of the sick man, and he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

The doctor, still much confused, had waited in the hall, to which he was hastily summoned to the sick room.

For many days the flickering flame of life burned low, but it was fed from the fountain of love in the Italian home, which now so often pillowed the weary head. The kind old doctor worked and watched as his own child, the poor man, and he and the landlady held many a whispered consultation in the hall about the turn which affairs had taken.

At last, Arthur was pronounced. But it was not for many weeks—not until Arthur was strong enough to ride out by the sparkling sea—that they two spoke of the past. Then when they had put it away forever Arthur drew his wife very tenderly to him and said: "Do you think, Margie, that it was not it almost had no beginning and now, thank God, it will never know an ending."

Nugget Jewelry.

The rage just now is a rough, crusty gold, eighteen carats fine, studded with minute jewels, which stand out like the nuggets in a miner's pocket. The chain and ball seems to be the leading style in the novelties sent out by Tiffany, Durand, and other New York fashioner. The chain is very fine and the ball perfectly round, and about the size of an English sugar plum. These bracelets are made in the most rich and elegant new trifle, and the ends of bracelets, and are also worn as ear drops. Gold coins are set with tiny rubies, or with turquoise and diamonds, and many of the chains have a gold coin dangling from them. The barbaric but stylish hoop effecting has returned in the shape of a semi-circle of nugget gold, and is now in high favor. A new pin is shaped like a lover's knot of dead rough gold. A popular style of pin is a gold horse shoe set with diamonds. Gold and silver are the favorite combination in the new styles are elegant, and not *outre*; flower and insect jewelry is entirely *passe*.

Water as a Fat Producer.

A discovery of vital interest in scientific circles is alleged to have been made in the recent assertion of some anonymous scientific man that it is not food but water which makes us fat. It is true it would seem to throw a new light on a large number of disputed questions. If adipose tissue is a desirable thing, and if the fat of the prohibitionists should be supported with unanimous approval, that we may become a sleek and well-contented nation.

There is, however, room for dispute as to whether more fat should be encouraged. Shylock, if we remember by Shakspeare as wanting none but fat men about him. But there is every reason for belief that the great Roman preferred fat men for council, for would take things easily and would not disturb his rule by any restless attempts at change. There would indeed, then lean men will be better for the leadership of a free people. There is room for conjecture that the professional politicians have been in possession of this discovery for many years, and in order to keep themselves in condition for the political fray would have guarded against the accumulation of fat by drinking no water at all, and keeping strictly to whisky.

A precious secret has been destroyed in San Francisco, where the floor of one of the rooms in the Mint, and had been used for five years. The dust of the precious metals used in the process of refining, and which daily fallen upon it, and when it was taken up the authorities had it put in small packages and turned over to the assayers were subjected to the process employed with mining dust, and they realized $2,500. Thus the accumulation of years of wear, was more precious than when it was new.

WHAT A MISSISSIPPI PILOT SAYS.

Capt. D. M. Riggs, who is well known at New Orleans and along the Mississippi river says, "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for the past five years, and from broken rest, by severe pains in the bowels and kidneys. I tried every medicine recommended for these diseases, without success. At last I used a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, which proved a perfect success in my case." It cures all liver, kidney and malarial diseases.

Amphibious Indians.

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

According to the report of the Washington Ethnological Society, the habits of the Innuits, an Alaska tribe of Indians, are as nearly amphibious as they can be. They live in what is the "kyack," a boat made of skins, in the management of which young children are proficient. This peripatetic dwelling is always run ashore when a violent storm comes up; and by turning it upon its side, the heads, at least, of all the family are sheltered. As to the other part of the body, it seems to be of little account to the Innuits, as far as its exposure to a pelting rain is concerned.

AMERICAN COATS-OF-ARMS.

Labor Recognized in the Heraldry of the New World.

An interesting subject—one that has not yet received the attention to which it is entitled—is that of the recognition of industry in what might be called American heraldry. The coats-of-arms and official emblems of old-world nations, as might be expected, are monopolized by the noble and warlike power. With popular rights and peaceful industries the founders of European dynasties have had little sympathy. No less was it to be expected, on the other hand, that self-governing communities of frugal and industrious folk, who set up where everything was to be won by arduous effort, should embrace every opportunity to land the labor and war into corner-stone of the fabric of their prosperity—of their very existence.

A Massachusetts man who is, as Prof. Hoop's "American Constitutions," or Admiral Preble's "History of the Flag of the United States of America," will, no doubt, fall to reveal an most universal recognition of industry and commerce. The most notable instance of this is the coat of arms of Massachusetts. In not one of the designs suggested by or to the committee appointed by the legislature of 1775 for the great seal of the United States—a committee whose members were Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson—was there any recognition of the mechanic arts. Adams' design was the "Choice of Hercules"—what a pity that upon our passports and commissions we do not behold delineated "the hero resting on a club; Virtue pointing to her emblems of reward on the ground and persuading him to ascend; and Sloth glancing at her flowery pains of pleasure, wantonly reclining on the ground, with her club, crowns and other ensignes and person, to seduce him into vice!" Franklin was for a design representing the author of Pentateuch Jefferson for the "Children of Israel in the Wilderness, plus Hengist and Horsa!" Among the supporters in the various designs afterward suggested, to be found American Indians, Roman soldiers, "maidens with loose auburn tresses," "knights in armor, with flowing lances," but nowhere a human man or an artisan, and on the great seal finally adopted June 20, 1782, nothing typifies labor, unless it be the unfinished pyramid which scoffers have insisted upon regarding as prophetic of Washington's monument.

Very different, however, is it with the arms of the different states; there the omission to recognize the trade or industry is the comparatively rare exception.

Maine has as her supporters a human husbandman leaning on his scythe and a sailor resting on an anchor.

New Hampshire shows a ship on the stocks with American colors flying, and, played, and a group of busy ship-wrights.

Vermont places beneath her towering pine-tree three erect sheaves and a red cow—a nobler beast than any of the Hons, griffins, bears, and bears Maryland has placed through the forest of European heraldry.

Massachusetts has a decidedly warlike emblem, the figure of an Indian, moccasined Indian, and her "dexter arm clothed and grasping a broadsword," and Rhode Island's "anchor" is not specific enough to mention it. Nor do Connecticut's three vines, supported and fenced, relate to viticulture, but to the industry of the early plantations of Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield.

New York's arms have no recognition of labor or trade, if we except the two vessels approaching each other on the Hudson.

New Jersey, however, displays three plows in an escutcheon, makes Ceres one of her supporters, and takes as crest a cornucopia.

Pennsylvania's supporting mares are of the rampant wild variety, but her shield is charged with a plow, a sheaf of wheat, a sturdy proper, a ship under full sail; and a stalk of maize. This coat-of-arms was adopted by a committee of the city of Philadelphia, adopted in 1701, which had in three of its quarters a balance, a wheat sheaf, and a ship sailing under full canvas.

Delaware shows in one division of her azure shield a cow, and in the other a sheaf of wheat and a stalk of leaf tobacco. The crest is a ship under full sail, and the supporters are mariner and a hunter.

Maryland, bearing the arms of Lord Baltimore, was so fortunate as to obtain as supporters a fisherman and a husbandman.

Virginia, on the reverse of her great seal, which is nothing if not classical, shows a Roman matron, sturdy and proper, a ship under full sail; and a stalk of maize. This coat-of-arms was adopted by a committee of the city of Philadelphia, adopted in 1701, which had in three of its quarters a balance, a wheat sheaf, and a ship sailing under full canvas.

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Ohio, bearing on her shield a Cere with the cornucopia in one hand and in the other three wheat ears.

Georgia has her coat-of-arms made of and industry with elaborate enthusiasm. When George II. chartered the colony, in 1732, one face of the seal represented a provident and laborious colony of silk-worms, sericulture being the specialty of the new settlement. When it became a crown colony, in 1751, its seal showed on one side the genius of the colony presenting a branch of silk to the King. The convention of 1777 adopted a seal whereon was shown "an elegant house and other buildings, a flock of sheep and cattle, a river running through the same with a ship under full sail"—a description bearing not a little upon the question of whether the river ran through the elegant house, or the sheep. The present seal, adopted in 1798, bears the following elaborate emblems: "In the of the seashore, with a ship bearing the flag of the United States riding at anchor, a bale of cotton, a bushel of grain, on board hogsheads of tobacco and bales of cotton, emblematic of the exports of the state; in a small distance, a rice plant from the interior of the state with hogsheads, etc., on board, representing her internal traffic; in the back part, a plowed field, and at a small distance a flock of sheep in different postures, shaded by a flourishing tree, the emblem of her rural industry."

Florida places a side-wheeled steamboat on the river in the middle ground of her coat-of-arms.

Arkansas places the shield upon the bosom of her eagle with a steamboat, a bee-hive and plow, and a sheaf of wheat.

Tennessee places in one division of her coat-of-arms a plow, a wheat-sheaf, and a stalk of cotton, with the word, "Agriculture." The lower half occupied by a loaded barge, with the word, "Commerce."

Alabama was without any legalized seal for more than half a century, places the familiar wheat-sheaf on her shield, and has as supporters a farmer with sheaves of wheat and implements of agriculture, in the distance a locomotive and train of cars and a smith with anvil and hammer, and also water and a steamboat.

Indiana's buffalo is being scared over Kentucky by the resounding ax of a lusty wood-chopper.

Illinois has on her arms a sheaf and field of standing wheat, with a sickle and other farming implements, a load furnace and a pile of coal, a plow just left by a citizen soldier, and, in the rear of all, a steamboat upon the Mississippi.

Wisconsin has upon her shield an anchor and a mechanic's arm, grasping a hammer, a plow, a spade and pick-ax crossed, and two stalks of grain. The supporters are a sailor and a shirt-sleeved laborer, with a pick-ax.

Minnesota shows a farmer, plowing, his gun resting on a stump, while an Indian draws an arrow from his quiver, bright home in the setting sun.

California places upon her shield a hardy miner, with his pick, seeking for gold, and two clipper ships upon the bay.

Oregon has at the base of her shield a sheaf of wheat, a plow, a rake, and a pick. In the upper half is a landscape with an emigrant wagon, and in the background a man rearing a steamship and a log cabin. American coins.

Kansas displays a river and a steamboat, a settler's cabin and a man plowing, and a train of covered wagons moving westward.

Nevada has a beautifully coat-of-arms. Her shield is supported by a miner, from which a miner is pushing a car of ore; a plow, a sheaf, and a sickle; a train of railroad cars passing a mountain, and a ship in full sail.

Nebraska shows a blacksmith at work at his anvil, a sheaf of wheat on the left, a plow and a tree on the left in the middle-ground are a wheat field, and a cabin, and a river bearing a steamboat, and, in the other bank, a locomotive and train of cars.

Colorado places on the lower half of her shield a miner's pick and mallet crossed.

Of the territories, Utah has a beehive on a stand surrounded by flowers, with the motto, "Industry." Dakota's "female figure with flowing tresses" has an anchor by her side; to right and left with spires and domes and steam-vessels, and the pick and cabin and a pine forest. On Dakota's shield an animal and agricultural implements are represented, the former in juxtaposition with an Indian spearing a buffalo. Arizona is represented by a female figure, dressed in a hunter's and a broad-brimmed hat, resting on pick and spade. Montana shows plow, pick, and spade in the foreground of her shield. Wyoming displays a representation of her ceaseless railroad and a train of cars, in another part of her escutcheon.

Thus are labor and commerce represented in American heraldry.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Imitation Pearls.

"You would hardly think," said a dealer in fancy goods, holding up a string of glass beads as big as a cherry and as transparent, "that we can get the pearl tint on each one of those little globes the lives of at least fifteen beautiful fish had to be sacrificed, would you? But they do, though, and although they are made in Venice, and that string represents a catch of nearly two hundred, and the exclusive product of a good many cubic inches of glass-blower's breath. I can sell it to you for a quarter and make a fair profit.

"They've been turning out beads like these in Venice ever since 1656. There is a fish in the Adriatic they call the bleak, and it is the bleak I will say. There is nothing bleak about its appearance. It is a graceful fish, with a glittering silver armor of silver scales. They are more prolific and swarm in larger schools than the herring. One day in 1656 a resident of Venice, Salzini of Venice, had a quantity of scales of these fish in a small aquarium to observe their habits. After they had been confined in the aquarium for some time, he noticed that the water took on a pearly hue. Believing that this was communicated by the scales of the bleak, he began a series of such experiments with them. He found that water could be so densely charged with the tints from these scales that good, after being dipped in it and then allowed to dry had every appearance of a pearl. He coated glass beads with this liquid, and they were readily taken for large pearls. The coating would not resist much friction, however, and soon rubbed off, and he found, too, that a great sale could be had for beads made in imitation of pearls if the coating could be made permanent. He finally conceived the idea of having the globes blown hollow and then fixing the fish-scale liquid to the inner surface. This was a success from the start, and the glass pearl bead business got its first boom. It requires the scales of four thousand bleak fish to make half a pound of the pearl liquid. They are simply removed from the fish, which are as cheap as mosquitoes, and soaked in water until the pearly matter in small quantity of sal ammonia and isinglass is added to the liquid. It is introduced into the globe by a small funnel, and when it is dry, a coating of wax is run over it. Fortunately for the fish, the trade in these beads is so precious and cheap as they are, is not alarmingly large.—*New York Sun.*

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for illustrated, sealed, self-defining sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

American farmers, after supplying the home demand, now have a bigger surplus of breadstuffs in three years, for which they must find a foreign market or none, than they did in any forty years before the war.

"THE SLOUGH OF DESPONDENCY"

in which you are wallowing, on account of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the roses to your cheek to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures leucorrhœa, displacements "internal fever," bearing down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. By drugg sts.

The three natural gas wells at Pittsburg pay $30,000 a month profit and boys agree to make it pay $150,000 by another year.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so called remedy fails.

A man in Brooklyn recently committed suicide by locking himself up in an iron safe and remaining there until he was frozen to death.

MAID OF ATHENS.

What is the difference between this noted Lady and Carboline, the great hair producer? Answer—One is "*Maid of Athens*" the other is made of Petrole um, both came from *Greece*.

Philadelphians have acquired a craze for small feet and some of them are having their little toes amputated, so as to allow the wearing of a narrower shoe.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief to Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar. Only one pill a dose. 25 in a vial. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will wonder at their power.

If affected with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. Be

Tired all Over

This is the way many people express that terrible feeling of languor debility and lassitude which is the forerunner of serious disease. It should be overcome at all hazard, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for the purpose. It throws off the tired feeling and gives new life and vigor to the whole body.

"I became more and more impressed with the effectual qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I use it constantly in my family and believe that it does we constantly enjoy is due to its use. It is pleasant to take and makes one feel like a new man."—E. E. DROM, Ridge West Castle that I indicate.

"I derived so much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla that I think it has no equal." Mrs. M. A. KNIGHT, Kingsbury, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

TRADE MARK. QUALITY, PURITY, QUANTITY. In Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures **Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.**

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, gives strength to the nerves, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. BALTIMORE, Md.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain. Gives relief at once. Thorough Treatment will cure Catarrh. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists; 60 cents by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

ROCKFORD WATCHES

Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE.

Combining the Best Features of Modern Watchmaking. Each Watch Carefully Tested and Adjusted by Expert Watchmakers. Guaranteed Correct. Ask your Jeweler for them. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address ROCKFORD WATCH CO., ROCKFORD, ILL.

THE BEST for all seasons in which close fitting Boots are worn. Sold in Opaque Bottles only. Sold in Principal Cities and Towns. Ask your dealer for it. Receive a Full Warranty with every bottle.

Always Late.

Half the bounts in doing anything to be done correctly is doing it in season.

And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in arrears of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements.

They are late, very likely in rising in the morning, and often going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting-house or office; late at their appointments with others.

They letter arrive at the post of office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving. They are generally late at the station just as the train is starting.

"I admit" said the young lawyer, "that I am not a very good man; but then, what can I do with my life, I ask you? It's practice that makes perfect, you know; and that I haven't got."

A college of beggary has been discovered in Paris, and chiefly the school was largely attended, many young children being sent specially there by their parents to practice begging in a scientific manner. Many of the pupils' parents being unable to pay for the tuition of their children the "professor," who has charge of the school, kindly supplied them the clothing and money brought in by his pupils until he was recompensed for his services.

If your urgs are weak, if a cold causes you quick distress, or a tickling cough, or a hard cough keep you wakeful, if a loose cough keep you well strengthen the pulmonary organs, you will feel better every way if you use Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Balsam of Wild Cherry. Ask your druggist for it.

The only effectual cure of unbelief is to act. Every step towards Christ kills a doubt; every thought, word and deed for Him carries you away from discouragement.

Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reasoning.—Sir Philip Sydney.

Wouldst thou have thy fleas obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy flesh. Let the body of government that thou mayest govern.—St. Augustine.

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

Nervous, dyspeptic individuals, whose distress of mind and body make life miserable, if your sufferings have not been caused by or increased by the use of bitters and pretended cures, should try Hop Bitters, which is made from such nostrums aside, and find health, strength and vigor in that one word—Hop Bitters. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, strengthens the urinary and digestive organs, and regulates the bowels and parts of the body. No other remedy equals it. Have your druggist get it for you.

An army officer estimated that about nine-tenths of all the new recruits desert before they get up to Fort Riley. Most of them never join their regiments. There are over 100,000 deserters at large throughout the country.

It is a fact that the mayor of Brainerd, Minn., has enacted an order prohibiting Mother Hubbard costumes in the streets. He says the girls wore them scant and thin, and a gangland of public morals he felt bound to interfere.

The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your own sphere. The man regenerate and consecrated is the man filling his own earth, because he makes himself so.

It makes every humanitarian sad to see the good work such men as Jacob Tome do use of bitters, kidney medicines and other nostrums. The fact few down may make the feel better on account of its stupefying ingredients, combined the consuming cathartic and diuretic that are used in the composition, but the eventually grow worse. The only cure for weakness, nervousness, debility, aches, pains, rheumatism, sores, urinary and digestive troubles, is to make the blood rich, red and pure, by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, a remedy which endorsed by physicians who have examined into its composition and effects.

WOMAN'S SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

These languid, tired sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant dread that is adding from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Hop Bitters are not a concoction of your system, are relieved at once and cured by the use of pectoral pain are permanently removed. Nonexpensive or worthless. Hop Bitters are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters to women.

A POSTAL CARD STORY.

I was afflicted with kidney and urinary Trouble.

Of twelve years.

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop "Bitters."

I am perfectly cured. I keep in Hop Bitters.—B. F. Booth, Salisbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRAID, RD. PA., May 5, 1883.

It has cured me of several complaints, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, mouthy troubles, etc. I have taken a dozen bottles in year, since I took Hop Bitters.—MRS. FANNIE GRAHAM.

$3,000 LOST.

"An hour to Eurose that cost me $3,000, done me less good than a bottle of Hop Bitters. They also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."—R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

EX. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

I was a sufferer from suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and I can say they do good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. ROONS.

RISY SAVED.

We are thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous kidney and bladder trouble by the use of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, after doctors had time restored her to perfect health and strength.

The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ No a gentleman without a bunch of green Hops on his table. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "if ip" or "Hops" in the name.

CHAMPION BALING PRESSES.

Two or more Horses, Two or more Men, Two or more Bales an hour. Loose Hay or Straw, Tied or untied. Continual Feed. Send for Circulars. Address Famous Manufacty Co., Quincy, Ill.

The average number of letters written by Queen Victoria in England in a year is 36. The total number of letters posted annually is 1,280,000,000.

Hop Bitters is unsurpassed for relief by the use of Hop Bitters for Ladies.

A beehive recently discovered in Peaks, Pa., contained a rattlesnake, Tarsapanda, Cascara Sagrada, etc., combined with an agreeable tonic and laxative.

THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION, Act upon the Liver and Kidneys, REGULATE THE BOWELS, They are a Specific for Rheumatism, and all Urinary troubles, and kindred disorders. Positively Strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.

As a Tonic they have no Equal, Combined with Hop Bitters Pill Bitters.

—FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Hops and Malt Bitters Co., DETROIT, MICH.

TON IC

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR

Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Uterus, Backache, Nervous Prostration, Flooding, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Bloating, Nervous Depression, and a kindred disorders. Kept by you

☞ "The Voice of the People. No family can now be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They never fail. Five Black is for superior to Iron, Bitters, Quinine, Wine, Brilliant Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Impotence, 1$.

FURNISHED LADIES can make from assisted from home. Address with stamp, MADAME A. M. GLEASON, Detroit, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral, Ague Cure, Hair Vigor, Cathartic Pills, Cathartic Pills, Cathart