Song.

Looking through the gloaming, the fire flies are gleaming,
Music and moonlight are over the lea;
Joy's tridescence of passion and pleasure
Glows on the meadow and gleams on the sea.

Come let us go
Where the still waters flow,
Love with its rapture shall render us free.

Pure is the blessing our spirits caressing,
Sweet is the silence and dim is the dell;
Far through the portal of music immortal
Love pours the measure and sorrow the spell.

Come, florne on the stream
Of an exquisite dream,
Music and moonlight their secret shall tell.

Come then unheeding the hours that receding,
Dream in the distance and murmur no more!
Listen! oh listen! the dewy woods glisten,
Hope floats before us amongst the dim shore.

Come let us rove
Through the balmy grove;
Come—ere the fragrance of spring is o'er.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

CHAPTER V.

Golden-haired Hina, dallied to Sir Philip's side through the sunny village and in the shadow of the pill trees of Saint Ambine's pleasure grounds. Hina thought that brief passage through the village was "great fun." It was so exciting to see the Old men, and grandmothers and young women and children all turned out and curtsying to the lord of the manor, and blessed him in their broad dialect. It was most gentle and affable to all, and scattered silver among the poor people in a freedom that was more reckless than jocolous; but it wasn't Hina, though it showed nothing of this in her manner at the time, that he was glad when it was all over. He did not seem pleased with his lordship, by, by the bowing courtesying tenants. He had gone through a needful ordeal, and he breathed a sigh of relief when he was free again.

"Heaven be praised," he said, as the gates of the Larches closed behind them and his companion, and he had dropped some coins to a grinning and adoring urchin, "that is the last."

"You don't care for the worshipful subjects?" questioned Hina.

Darrell stared inquiringly upon her.

"No," he replied and they did not care for me. How should they? They hardly ever see me, and when I do I seem to be common. Some of them hardly believe that I have an active income coming with supernatural powers, and that I am a escaped drowning. Don't you know, Hina, I ought to have been drowned, and now it is accounted ill luck. Well, I don't blame these people when some one rises from Darrell reigns at the court. They regret me, you know, I do—I do."

"Oh, don't! don't talk so," cried Hina passionately, more wounded by the bitterness of his complaint than she had shown deep feeling, if, indeed, she had schooled himself to show no feeling.

Darrell started violently and the blood mounted to his very brow. He paused fully a minute before replied to, which Hina quickly walked on and waited for him hide the tears in her eyes. "Are you sighing for Lady Ethel?" he asked quietly Sir Philip turned, and he had his hand on her arm.

"Miss Costello," he said, speaking more me. I hardly know what to say to a gipsy gize enough for loving, gipsies are never expected to be not rich. What I would could affect any one more than I do, I cannot sell, I'm not that yet, I'm a poor man, but a sensitive girl. Will you pardon my blunder, otherwise?"

"There is nothing that needs pardoning," answered Hina, looking up into his dark handsome face, which was varnished enough now. "I cannot imagine, sir, that you feel as you have said, and I should always feel sorry if you never spoke of it again."

"Would you?"—and he paused so intently by into the girl's face that she felt faint and her color rose.

Tous recalled to himself, Sir Philip moved his hand, which had fallen from off on Hina's arm, and they walked on biting his lip. For the next five minutes he did not speak, walking on silently by the girl's side, and she, poor child, good breeding her mind dried out any money, and she did not even venture to look at him.

Sir Philip spoke again, giving a little, plan a different subject, seeing that it vexed poor. She answered—

"Yes, like an Indian."

"Then we must have some riding parties," said Sir Philip. "All of your consine ride well, I know, and the grounds some splendid rides round here. A good gallop over Connaby Fells would bring roses to your cheeks, though they would not last, I suppose."

Hina smiled; but she did not choose to say that she could not enjoy that pastime, as her aunt did not keep riding horses and her cousins had only those which they themselves rode. Sir Philip however divined the position of affairs, and added—

"But perhaps you cousins have no spare horses?"

"They have not, I know," answered Hina; "but I dare say my uncle would let me have one if I asked him."

"That would never do; all the good weather will be gone before you can hear from Canada. You must let me give you mount. Don't deny me; it would be such a pleasure; and there are beautiful horses in my stables eating their heads off, as the groomsay. You will not deny me choice on Friday?"

"You won't let me refuse. Then how shall I thank you?" said the girl. "I shall go just wild to be on horseback again."

"Just wild," you American!" laughed Sir Philip, hiding deep feeling under a light tone. "Well, you have thanked me for what is, after all, a selfish act."

"You mean because you like to give enjoyment? That isn't selfish," returned Hina; for selfish people don't have pleasure in other people's happiness.

"Ah, you are metaphysical! We must dismiss the subject," said Sir Philip quickly, and, with some embarrassment, which Miss Hina was delighted to perceive, for Sir Philip, she felt certain was not easily dislodged from his citadel of self-possession.

Dark Darrell, with all his courtliness, was the reverse of a ceremonious personage; and he followed Hina's lead up the terrace-steps and presented himself through the open window of the morning-room before the astonished Salome.

They were all there except Roland, in search of whom Hina instantly sped away, and they received Sir Philip warmly, and speedily explained how Hina came to be with him, and in what manner he had been introduced to her.

Meanwhile Hina had found Roland busily engaged in the repair of some fishing-tackle in his study, if an apartment so devoted to sporting literature and implements deserved the name; he looked up, and his whole face brightened at the beautiful young cousin hastened to his side.

"Well catamount," said Roland, taking her hands and kissing her cheek, "come for me, or did you come of your own accord?"

"Of my own accord; though I have come to fetch you to see—whom do you think? Dark Darrell himself!"

"He here," said Roland, in a tone that did not betray much pleasure.

"Yes, and he came walking. He breakfasted with us this morning, and Roland," added Hina, tossing up her hat and catching it, "she is just the nicest fellow I ever met."

"Oh, of course!" said Roland, laughing; but the laugh, Hina thought, sounded forced. "Girls are bound to worship a man who looks like a picture, though he doesn't do much more in the world than if he were a picture. He might be the foreigner he looks for all that he is among his own tenants or cares about them."

"That's not my business," and Hina flushed a little—the girl was quick-tempered, and ever ready to resent injustice. "I don't think Cumberland peasants are very nice people."

"You don't know anything about them, my dear," said Roland; "though I dare say you know as much about them as Darrell does. Rough speech and rough manners don't always mean a bad heart, any more than suavity and smooth words mean a good one."

Hina said no more, but descended with her cousin to the morning-room. The girl went over to her aunt, and watched from beneath her sweeping lashes the meeting between Roland Sacine and Sir Philip Darrell. A different man, she thought, was between them! Roland seemed to belong to another and lower order of beings than the man of whom he had spoken with hardly-veiled contempt.

"You are a good deal altered from what I saw you last, Sabine," said Sir Philip surveying his host. "You were not much more than a boy then; and, though I should have known you anywhere, that forest of hair about your face makes an immense change in you."

"There is little difference in you," replied Roland, laughing. "You look a bit older, but not much; and when you are fat you won't look old at all, I dare say."

"Maybe not," said Sir Philip, with a half smile, as he resumed his seat.

Something in the tone of voice gave Hina the clue to the thought—"How should I look older in ten years? Time stands still in the grave!" The girl felt something like terror come over her. Was there, after all, some truth in a curse which seemed to have influenced the whole life of a man so unlikely to yield to mere superstition as Sir Philip Darrell?

"Sir Philip," said Hina, drawing close to her son, "shan kindly see dinner all to the Court on Friday, with an Rachael and Hina?"

"I shall be delighted," returned Roland.

"And," added Sir Philip, "I want to make up a riding party, if the fine weather lasts. Do you ride, Miss Costello? you would enjoy it."

Roland sank into a chair.

"No, no—cousins don't ride in these parts. Hina rode the first twenty years at least, and the rest of her life only farmers."

"Hina will join you," said Sir Philip, using the christian name quite and certainly not presuming from a single instinct to try to think of her as one a cousin.

But Roland was not thinking of the formal title. Well and childlike as Hina was, she was not young enough to be treated as a child, and the thought of a morning's acquaintance, especially by so young a man as Sir Philip Darrell, Sir Philip Darrell, the lord of the manor, Roland's friend—for it was not easy to take anything from Roland's exact expectation gave another pang to his heart. He had lived a resentment which he haughtily considered honest enough.

Darrell was actually at a loss for a few seconds after Sir Philip's words, for every one knew that Hina had no means of carrying out the invitation, and he had glanced up at Hina, and the girl nodded laughingly.

"Sir Philip is sarkisti as to offer me a mount," she said, and she tossed a quite heavy frown toward Roland.

"Why, there, sarkisti!" he observed hastily.

"Why, of course, cousin Hina, while Sir Philip is sarkisti I will not—will not—will not ride I should like to ride."

"I am afraid, Hina, you will pay Philip—Sir Philip—a very poor compliment if you do not accept his offer."

"You must take one, Hina," said Mrs. Salome indignant at her son.

"I will look after the horses," said Roland quickly, and Hina was in the hall.

"Cousin Roland, I don't want to cousin Hina. I am as natural as you are, and I shall be a bore to my lord."

"Yes," replied Roland, with a very Philip-like smile, "I dare say you will."

"You're confident, Miss Costello, that you nothing of it. Sir Philip, take a chance with Sir Philip."

"Have you spoken to Darrell?" asked Roland, while Hina stood not half-pleased.

"They told me you were out, sir, and I could not say that we were not thinking of coming that you were in. Mr. Darrell the saddle." And then—"What surprise lower in town?"

"Roland rides twelve stone," answered Hina; "so he has much more to carry than Sir Philip."

"I wonder since against something under one," said Sir Philip, laughing as he glance of fondness and admiration upon the tall, fragile-looking figure—"I should think if a good deal of cousin Hina, you, Hina, you would be honoured."

"We'll prove that to the Fells," returned Hina, laughing too, as they stood out on Roland little cousin, and Roland, who was so short a time so good an understanding between Sir Philip Darrell and lovely Hina's cousin.

Mrs. Salome looked from Sir Philip's stirring features to Roland's, and then to Hina's exquisite face and then she said to herself—

"Heaven avert that Darrell should think to marry Hina! Roland is good, and I love yet he is but human, and she not even a lady."

Her mother noted too how her son watched Hina and listened to her voice, and her heart sank. Were the two men equal in position, Hina, if she were the superior, he would have no chance of winning a young girl's affection against Sir Philip, even if Sir Philip did make no deliberate attempt to compete.

The visitors were asked to stay to luncheon, but Sir Philip declined, having ordered a set Miss Hina's return before he returned to the Court, and the best part of the afternoon, he added, he should spend up with account. Hina could not stay, because, she said with a sigh, and Rachel wanted to take her to call on the Rector; and she was sorry for the, poor girl, she thought good excuse for going. She would rather be with Sir Philip Darrell.

Roland asked the company them to see Hassan, and Rose included herself in the party. Hina ran faces across the grounds with Roland's big dog, and Rachel did not join the others till they reached the Grange, when she came up with her hat and her pale cheeks like the sunny side of a peach.

When Hassan had been duly admired, and Rachel and Rose had declared, inside con-time was so near that Miss Darnford urged her guest to remain for that repast. Sir Philip hesitated, but Hina pouted.

"There will be plenty of time for your stupid accounts, Sir Philip."

He laughed, and yielded.

"They are indeed stupid, Miss Costello," he said, "though very enough in them—Yes, sir."

"Yes," cried Hina. "I dare say they are to you. No doubt you can add up a column of decimals at a glance; but I hate arithmetic. I like languages, metaphysics, music—"

"Music?" interrupted Sir Philip quickly. "Of course you do; but do you play?"

"Yes, some," as the Yankees say."

"You must let me hear you on Friday. I should judge from music today but that there will not be time.

Sir Philip left almost immediately after luncheon, and Hina accompanied him to the door.

"You will come early on Friday?" he said, holding her hand.

"I should like to do so," replied the girl frankly; "so I will hurry them up. And, Sir Philip, please don't call me Miss Costello."

"No? I had no right to call you Hina, you know?"

"Hadn't you! Why not?" asked Hina laughing. "But I am glad you did; every one else does, and I should feel like Miss anything. Auntie won't mind.

"Very well." His lips trembled for a moment, and his dark eyes looked at her closely, as he added softly, "Good-bye, Hina."

Nothing back as he rode away, he saw her standing there, and he bowed low and kissed his hand to her.

(To be continued.)

The rise and fall of the great lakes is puzzling the old settlers. At Grand Traverse Bay the water slowly rises for seven years, and then recedes for the same period of time. At Port Huron the Sainte Marie Democrat says that the water in the "Soo" is lowering every day. At Traverse City the water is encroaching on the west side of the bay.

R. P. Shillaber, better known as "Mrs. Partington," is now over seventy years of age and lives quietly in Chelsea, Mass. occasionally writing for the press. He began life as a printer, and for many years held an editorial position on the Boston Post. In 1847 he began to write those humorous articles which gained him a wide reputation, both in this country and in England.

During the present year 150,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 276 different languages.

GLEANINGS.

South Carolina will impose a heavy tax on pistols.

George W. Cable, the novelist, weighs only 100 pounds.

Mme. Modjeska supports a school for Polish children in New York.

Senator Miller, from California, owns the finest residence in Washington.

The largest city in Japan is Osaka, which contains 1,585,095 inhabitants.

M. Tourgenieff's opinion is to be preserved in the museum at St. Petersburg.

The Ohio Legislature authorizes Cincinnati to raise the flooded district by filling in.

Dr. Al Watts, of Boston, has caught and killed 4,052 dogs during the past seven years.

A correspondent writing from Manitoba says the country resembles a huge bankrupt sale.

A factory with facilities for making 50,000 wooden dishes per day is to be erected in Chattanooga, Tenn.

In a Chinese city when a man goes out after dark he carries a paper with his name and address upon it.

It is estimated that the scheme proposed for filling in some of the low lands at Cincinnati will cost $100,000.

The man who buys the wood turned by the Maine Central Railroad says that wood is growing faster than it is cut in Maine.

Archibald Forbes says that the great weakness of the American character is the hunger after decorations.

A Georgia nursyman is said to have realized already this year $10,000 from the sale of fruit trees grafted on acre of land.

Bonanza Mackey has given his old Alse guion friend, Joe Hutchinson, a place in his office, $2,000 salary—see the gave him $100,000.

An Anti-Starvation Club is a novelty of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The object is to provide for unemployed the lowest living accommodations at the lowest terms.

Resolution by the miners of Alemo, Idaho: "Not a Chinaman shall be allowed the diggings unless he climbs a tree, with one end of a lariat over a limb.

President Taylor, of the Mormon church, said the other days: "When they come West to wipe out polygamy they will find 50,000 muskets pointing toward them."

Russia, which has an area in Europe two-thirds as large as the whole United States, with a population of more than 100,000,000, is almost entirely north of the latitude of St. Paul.

At a meeting of the Irish National League in New York, the other day, speeches were recommended that Irishmen not apply for over English cities and that dynamite be dropped from them.

A resident of Grover, Vt., has the distinction of possessing the largest sole in the state. He wears a shoe that measures twelve inches in length and is eight inches wide. His friends have no difficulty in keeping track of him.

An effort is being made in New Orleans, La., to establish and maintain there the same facilities as exist at Castle Garden for receiving, accommodating and forwarding foreign immigrants. Charleston, S. C., also desires the same.

Mr. Froude, of England, a distinguished statesman, a learned historian, and a philosopher of the pessimistic school, calls attention to the circumstance that the ideas of a decaded literary century are invariably consecrated to revolution.

A young man sends the following, which he says is a true story: "Wanted, by a handsome, virtuous young man in easy circumstances, of brilliant talents, refined tastes and lofty aspirations, a wife. Address, a child-law in a wealthy family.

A Michigan father objects to his son taking up the study of physiology, which is in his opinion, neither correct nor proper in the schools. The authorities insist. The parent thinks he can stand it and sends his son to school for the day, and will take the matter into court.

Hugh J. Jewett is a director in twenty railroad companies—Samuel Sloan in twenty-five, Jay Gould in twenty-four, George B. Roberts in twenty-six, Augustus Schell in twenty-eight, Sidney Dillon in twenty-six, and Herrick B. Anson in fifty-two.

A good story is told about a resident of Brattleboro, Vt., finding a "Yale" lock key that bore the imprint of the company's name, and he wrote he very conscientiously advertised for its owner, saying that "Mr. Yale can have his key by calling on the undersigned in person."

There is a type of social life in America which I hold as unfinishable in her time that of any other country. It is quiet, as self-respecting, as well-bred as any, and, added to these, it is more genuine, more human, more full of friendship, less of the trifling of Mrs. Grundy, than any social life I know.—*Robert Lord Collier.*

Good shellac varnish is made as follows: Take of very pale shellac 5 pound, mastic, 1 ounce, and alcohol, 20 pounds, and dissolve in the cold, to avoid the evaporation of the alcohol, stirring the mixture meanwhile. This is a good varnish for furniture, and it is much employed in France by cabinet makers.

Opium smoking is the issue in the masculty campaign now being waged in Valejo, Napa, and Solano counties. Candidates have to sign a pledge pledges himself to support the evil, while another plants himself on what he calls "the broad Constitution of the glorious Union," and he will allow every one to smoke or not to smoke, as he pleases.

A Frenchman writes to the New York *Star*: Mr. Bismarck will affront the United States. Very good. So shall we then take him into the hands not play on himself. Very good. So shall he cannot love the hog American, then shall we defend from the powerful Eagle American his bald head. Bismarck, bah!"

A leading member of the New York Prison Association claims that the number of ex-convicts in prison, per cent or in proportion than the population of this country. There are, he says, over 50,000 persons now confined in jails in New York, and one in every 1,000 in one man out of every seventy-five men with in the city is a criminal.

Pretty Mrs. Wise, of Virginia, says: "When an insult was recited to Congress I said I would not go to Washington, as I had nothing to wear. My friends wrote to me to get out the family laces and cover my old dresses. So here I am, as you see, with my grandmother's laces over my old gowns." These laces have been the envy of all beholders.

A writer in a German paper calls attention to the fact that a factory in which 2,000 women were employed in the manufacture of harmonicas is now closed, as the demand for these instruments has ceased to exist. The writer assigned as a cause the cessation of the jork trade, the cutting off of which has resulted in the closing of the reciprocal branches of the exchange. It is a sort of hog and harmonica strike.—*Chico Herald.*

Mr. Carnegie, of Pittsburg, is building a granite mansion on Cumberland Island, a few miles north of Fernandina, Fla. This famous island once was owned by General Nathaniel Greene, and it is also the place of Light-Horse Harry Lee. Dr. Lyman D. Gilman says: "The reverse side of a forest, Lord Huntingdon, said recently that he did not know of a gentleman's park in all Great Britain that was superior to it in natural beauty."

Does Anyone Know Her Name?

Few persons know that in the city of Leadville, Col., there lives one of the most celebrated women of her day. Men at fashionable watering-places recount her beauty and related her accomplishments. President Buchanan is credited with saying: "The only woman I ever loved died when I was twenty." God bless her!" And that little man of intellect, Alexander H. Stephens: "The most beautiful, accomplished and intellectually good woman I ever know. Worth her weight in diamonds." Colonel Dan McCook, the famous fighter, before he was killed in battle, said to a comrade: "I feel sad tonight; wish I cannot tell. Perhaps it is my last night on earth. I have been thinking of my college days in Alabama and the most attractive woman I ever met. Well, it is all past, we are both old now, and I will never, never know a sorrow." General Pat Cleburne, having a premonition of his death, said: "I feel sad, I cannot shake off the obstinacy it be should fall in battle the next day. The battle of Franklin and Cleburne's death have passed into history. Yet there is a pleasant story that came out in the Memphis *Avalanche* by this lady, and was so extensively quoted in the newspapers, is still remembered:

Brave Cleburne's sweeping
Swept down on the foe,
And pierced as never falling
Was pierced before.
When dead soldiers are falling
Thick as the leaves
Lovingly, tenderly, softly
Lowing their breath
Gently, O gently we laid him
To rest in death.

In 1860 the Prince of Wales and suite were in St. Louis. A lovely young girl passed Barnum's Hotel with a "Sweet Spirit" on her arm, dressed in a white muslin dress, a Leghorn hat, and adressing Lord Lyons, inquiring she exquisite?

Lord Lyons, touching the poems were published in the Louisville *Journal*, and highly praised by its editor, George D. Prentice, replied: "Yes, she is a remarkable woman, full of genius." Parson Brownlow heard her voice and asked her to sing. The great prima donna sang "Home, Sweet Home." Brownlow exclaimed: "Madam, what a shame for pride to keep that voice from the world!"

His wonderful woman, with so many gifts, has for fifteen years lived in quiet retirement, forgetting and almost forgotten by the world, but still cherishing her quick homage, in a perfect flower of beauty (her cottage), adorned by lovely blossoms, and surrounded by her own hands—and from European and American capitals.

One morning in Atlanta, my informant found a thousand a family, hanging on the wall and is beyond value. Many etchings, taken from southern Utah, are hanging in her parlors. She is a native of Utah, and relates many interesting anecdotes of the Mormons. Her husband is one of the most noted lawyers of the Western coast—a man of great erudition, the son of ex-United States Senator George Goldthwaite, Alabama's most noted statesman. Judge Goldthwaite is the criminal judge of Lake county, and his wife, the subject of this sketch, is a Mormon woman of about 40, looking near 30, retaining much of the original beauty of heart and person that made her such a favorite in her native scene in years gone by. A happy, model wife, she seldom visits, retains a few cultured friends and seems to have forsaken the fashionable world that once adored her.

Feathered Pugilists

"More care is taken in the training of fighting cocks than was ever spent in getting Singer Sullivan ready for a match," said an old sporting fancier, yesterday, in answer to the query of a reporter. The speaker handled the birds in question as a Hottentot mamma handles her pickaninnies. "Some gentlemen in this town fought in or near the city. He was one of the few who escaped arrest on the occasion, and upon cock-fighting at New Hunting park. Neatly-arranged coops, containing fine specimens of the feathered pugilists, occupy the whole of the third floor of his residence. When a match is arranged the training begins, and until the battle takes place the birds are constantly under the trainer's direction. The first object is to harden the flesh and by exercise to increase their wind and strength. This is done by running them back and forward on a wooden tablet by the pressure of the hand. At the appointed time of the cock fight the chicken is weighed, and if its flesh has not been reduced enough to satisfy the trainer it is put through another process. The bird is placed several feet into the air, and upon a mattress placed upon the table. Hundred times, perhaps, the unfortunate fighter goes up and down, when he is put into a dark but well-ventilated barrel. A couple of hours are allowed to cleanse, when he is again brought out, and two little soft balls fastened to his spurs. Another chicken is equipped in the manner, and then offered to him in a sparring match. This continues several minutes, and while they strike each other violently no harm can result, as the coverings of the spurs ward off a feature of the training is the feed given. It the chicken needs a little more weight he is fed on meat, if he is deficient corn and the white of hard-boiled eggs are the principal articles of diet, with a little wine. Cocktails, composed of raw eggs, sugar, rock candy, and a variety of spices, for dessert. The latter is eaten with relish. The maximum limit of weight of a fighting chicken is six pounds, while the minimum weight is four pounds. The sport of cock-fighting is a fashionable one, and has largely increased in popularity during the past score of years, and he declared that it was no longer confined without a rattling contest in some part of the city.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Who Turned Dat Hog Loose?"

At a certain hotel in Peoria, where the meals were not always what they should be, a merchant traveler, one day, sat down to the table. He put a napkin under the tumbler, and, calling a waiter, said:

"Do you see that dollar, Jim?"

"Yes, sah," replied Jim, with a grin.

"Well, now, Jim, I want you to get me a real good, first-class dinner. You understand?"

"Yes, sah," and Jim sat out about furnishing a feast for a king. He had no time to see to anybody else. He hunted up new dishes, put the precious extra touches on everything, and kept his eye on the dollar. Finally the M. D. was served, and, wiping his mouth, he winked at Jim.

"Yes, sah," grinned the darkey, in anticipation.

"Jim, do you see that dollar?" putting his hand on it in a generous way.

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you will never see it again," and it went into his pocket and out of the dining-room, while Jim indignantly remarked: "Who de Lawd, who turn dat hog loose in heah?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

The urchins of Brazos County, Texas, know how to make life interesting for the school-master. The *Pilot* tells of one who was called up to be flogged, but just as the hickory was raised over his head he humped himself like a camel, and butted his teacher in the stomach, knocking him over a table and a bench into a remote corner of the room. Before the astonished pedagogue could recover his wind the young goat was gone.

Sunshine and Human Health.

For some considerable time past the astronomer royal and his assistants have been weekly reporting the significant fact that the recorded sunshine during the seven days has been, upon the average, *nil*. Prima facie it is only photographs which need be offered by this intelligence. What can it possibly matter to the world at large if there is not sunshine enough about to discolor let of a photograph? Much, in the matter of fact, however, the discolorization of sensitized paper is but one of the many indications of the enervating energy of the sunlight. And a prolonged absence of sunlight is a very serious matter. Its effects upon the health are direct and pernicious. We are all ozone, and we become dull and listless if we had been sitting up all night. Ozone is produced by the sun, and we are consequently deficient in that vital energy which would otherwise enable us to shake off any ordinary ailment. Nor is this all. Absence of sunlight for any considerable period is almost invariably followed by epidemic influenza. Why? The sun is actually filth of all kinds putrefies as it collects. When there is no sunshine filth collects, putrefaction takes place, and germs of these fermented accumulations are a source of positive danger as soon as they are inhaled. Hence the sanitary position under a bright sun is comparatively harmless. Slow decomposition in the dark is especially hostile to health. The sun is chemical in its effects; but, at the same time, it is as well to bear in mind that, of common life phenomena, the sun is the most powerful disinfectant. The sun's rays are not sunshine we ought to be especially careful, and, it may be added, children suffer more from the sun's rays than do adults. Adults have only to have alive; children have to keep alive and grow, and the attitude is unusually favorable for vital work. Now, if there be no sunshine, we can find supplement its absence by a good, full, free, generous enough, the absence of sunshine is regarded by most mothers as a sufficient ground for keeping children within doors. Let us suppose, that, in a month or two, they should be sent out and kept out as much as possible.—*London Observer.*

A Monster of the Southwest.

The lizard family attains great perfection in the southwest, climaxing in the formidable creature called the Gila Monster of Arizona. This is a big black lizard, from a foot to four feet long, with a head as big as a man's fist, bead-like black eyes in his head beneath a couple of horny eyebrows that give face an uncommonly ferocious expression. Around his neck is a broad band of beautiful yellow, and I am convinced that should a recently imported Irishman run afoul of one of this vermin he would consider himself in the presence of the devil himself, wearing the colors of his Satanic Orange.

The Arizona prospectors tell the wildest tales about the poisonous qualities of the Gila monster, some even claiming that the reptile kills by breathing on it. Its poison is contained in minute cells at the base of a number of its sharp saw-like teeth. Though naturally a sluggish brute, it at times exhibits the most frightful quickness, darting like a flash upon its prey and biting it, with great force, the jaws, which it shuts and keeps closed with the strength and tenacity of a snapping turtle. Meanwhile the poison slowly exudes and penetrates the wounds made by the teeth, and if the victim be an animal of lesser degree than a man, death, while slow, is certain and painful. The poison differs from that of every known venomous snake in being an alkali, while that of serpents is acid. It acts directly on the heart and brain without local effects of a serious nature.—*Santa Fe (N. M.) Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

The Thirteen.

"During the craze for Union Pacific stock," said an old broker, "I furnished shares to thirteen different clergymen in New England, all of whom sold their government bonds to raise the money to buy the stock. Bismarck thinks the Chancellor has been responsible for the Socialistic movement. For two years Lasker hardly made a speech, though devoted to his principles and presented debates as an earnest listener. His friends urged him to speak, but he thought they knew he was tired out, and they say he died of fatigue and disgust. He is a great loss to the cause. The good speakers are rare in the German Chambers and the fight in chief of socialism daily becoming more difficult.

Every one should tell his neighbor that the best remedy for curing coughs and colds, and all throat and lung troubles, is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is pleasant to take and very soothing and healing in its effect.

AN EVANSVILLE, Ind., man has sued for a divorce, alleging among other things that his wife "prays daily to God that he may die." It is evident that this man has faith in prayer. It must be an abiding faith, as it is also evident that this prayer, that he might die, has been offered up for some time. But he don't want to die. He wants to live, and seems to think he can do this only chance is a separation from his wife. But suppose she should keep on with her praying after being divorced? Charity comes too late that comes for the asking.

A lady who suffered from weakness peculiar to her sex, in writing to a friend said: "I tried various kidney medicines, but only found myself growing worse. A friend told me to use Warner's Safe Cure Rock and Sarsaparilla. Its effect on me was so indicated by a clear and beautiful complexion, a freedom from aches and pains, a complete removal of nervous depression, perfect regularity in habits of digestion, and otherwise. I can not place the remedy too highly as a true friend to suffering womanhood and a strengthening medicine.

The disinfectants which can be used for the purposes proposed are numerous; sulphate of iron and carbolic acid are well known, but perhaps the easiest to get are combinations which are advertised and sold under the names of their inventors, such as Burnett's, Condy's, McDougall's, and others. They are put up in large bottles ready for use and with full directions for the purposes to which they may be put.

Young man, it is useless for to judge yourself by what you think you are able to do, but you must not forget that the world judges you by what you do and what you have done. The judgment of the world is not based on what you can be, but what was and is.

The best interests of humanity depend on the good health of our women folks, and yet nine-tenths of them are broken down or at most with ailments peculiar to female life. It is time to eradicate that idea. The female system can be built up to a proper state of vigor, health, strength, flesh, color, limbs, monthly pains, and other indications of female disease, made to disappear and robust health and vigor established. Nine-tenths of female distress, is a timely use is made of Dr. Guy's Celebrated Pink Pills for Pale People. It restores the blood to perfect health, it strengthens the nerves and invigorates the whole system. It gives tone to the digestive and urinary organs, it allays all irritation of the mucous membrane, in a word, it does all that female can do, and adds every function of female life. No other remedy could do it. Have your druggist get it. Take no substitute.

The average daily consumption of powder in the United States is 100 tons, enough of which is used in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. In a battle in which 50,000 men fired 40 rounds each, less than one-quarter would be used. The modern breechloader uses more powder than any other single interest A quantity is exported, and the rest is used in blasting, engineering, in manufacture of pyrotechnics, for pastime, and military purposes, and by the government in giving signals and salutes.

Gen. Grant, of Colorado, is a mild light-haired, blue-eyed fellow, and but for the sizable prairie on the top of his head, would be taken for a youth of 22. He is a teetotaler, claiming that he owes his success to his abstinence. He has been carefully educated at the best German universities, afterward graduating with honor and distinction from the School of Mines at Lubec.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25 cts.

Cattle Wanted.

Parties having cattle for sale of any class, please address, giving grade, numbers, age and price, Box 1, Ashland, Ky. (Box 500), Louisville, Ky.

HAVING CARED Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, I am satisfied that it is a first-rate preparation and would recommend it to any one affected.—M. CHEVERE, Editor *Herald*, Clinton Wis. (Price 50c. See advt.)

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who, after taking other pills, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. We claim for them that which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and that is, they cure without exception or benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Carter Medicine Co., N. Y.

It is not understood why druggists keep in stock so many kinds of medicines for coughs, colds and consumption, when it is only necessary to keep Allen's Lung Balsam, that old, reliable remedy, which is a pure, vegetable preparation, and perfectly harmless, as it contains no opium in any form. Sold everywhere.

Ely's CREAM BALM is doing wonders. I adore it.—Frank Lawrence, Ex-Sheriff, Cortland, Ills. I believe it is the only remedy that will cure this terrible disease, from which I have suffered so long.—Rev. Geo. Ashton, Ottawa, Ill. (Price 50c. See advt.)

DRANT, Shoe Merchant, 885 Broadway, Newark, N. J. (Price 50c. See advertisement.)

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

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References: C. Van Hoesen, Pres. D. & F. M. Ins. Co., Detroit; W. J. Chittenden, Russel House, Detroit; Ezra Rust, Lumber, Saginaw City; Boston Hinchett, Lawyer, Saginaw City; Waldo Avery, Lumber, East Saginaw; E. N. Ferry, Banker, Saginaw City; Hon. Wm. Ball, Lumber, Saginaw; Hon. Wm. Ball, Lumber, Saginaw; Hon. Wm. Ball, Lumber, Saginaw