BUT DON'T YOU TELL.

Dear Mrs. Jones, I'm glad you called!
  I hoped you'd come to day,
Now have you heard what awful things
  They tell of Elder Gray!
You haven't! Why I heard last night,
  That some one heard in town,
He went to see the Black Crook show,
  Along with Deacon Brown.
But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't!
  Perhaps it isn't so;
But, really, that is what they say—
  I don't pretend to know.

Now, Mrs. Jones, do you suppose
  That Mr. Smith will cheat?
I'm told by those who ought to know
  He swindles on his meat.
Two ounces short a pound, they say,
  And just the same on tea,
And he's a member in the church,
  Along with you and me.
But don't you tell!—I'm sure you won't!
  Perhaps it isn't so;
But, really, that is what they say—
  I don't pretend to know.

They say that Thompson and his wife
  Just quarrel night and day.
He's jealous. Well, perhaps there's cause—
  That's not for me to say.
The way that woman puts on airs—
  New hat and diamond ring,
And gad, gad, gadding all the time,
  With beaux upon her string.
But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't!
  Perhaps it isn't so;
But, really, that is what they say—
  I don't pretend to know.

They say that Mrs. Johnson got
  A new silk dress, and she
Don't pay her washing bill, I'm told—
  It came quite straight to me.
It's hinted that her husband drinks
  And gambles on the sly;
But then folks gossip so, you know,
  But, thank my stars, not I!
Now don't you tell—I'm sure you won't!
  These things may not be so;
But, really, that is what they say—
  I don't pretend to know.

—Eben E. Rexford.

A REGULATOR PARSON.

BY HAMILTON JAY.

At one time horse stealing, kidnapping and kindred amusements became so frequent in Florida that they ceased to be amusing, and it was thought best to deal with them as solid, frozen facts. A horse was a horse in those days, and likewise was a mule a mule. It was no trifling matter for the poor farmers who were trying to wrest an honest living out of the gleaming white sand of Florida or the darker soil of the hummock lands, to wake up some fine spring morning to find his "work critter" gone, and realize that the only animal left capable of drawing the plough was his sturdy wife or the benevolent looking, mild-eyed family cow.

Especially was it most unpleasant when, as was frequently the case, it was stolen at the time most needed, when "the crap was rightly in the grass" and needed the soothing influence of the rude cultivator. So in various counties throughout the state, permanent organizations of regulators were effected, and many were the unfortunate devils "regulated" by them in a varied but most convincing manner. In the county of Madison one band of regulators was organized in a rather unique and dramatic way.

The people of that county had suffered considerably from the inroads of the outlaws, who seemed to be entirely too sociable for ordinary appreciation. They had not as yet become sufficiently awakened to start in business for themselves, but they were being rapidly educated up to that point, and when the proper hour struck in the back woods of that county it found them ready to work out their own salvation.

There was a large and glorious camp meeting in progress one soft and balmy October day. The devoted mothers of Israel were on the grand chorus of religion. Noble daughters were there, too! Tall, erect and comely, rosy cheeked and full-lunged, able to hold an unruly and dyspeptic cow by the horns while their mother milked it, or jump over a seven rail fence if a wolf became too inquisitive over the quality of their meat. These all saw the promise afar off and were persuaded of it, and were fit wives for the gallant and tough old pioneers who have made Florida the ideal of an earthly paradise, hindered somewhat, perhaps, by a few snakes and some mighty bad whisky.

These girls knew nothing of the piano or the "crazy quilt," but they could get up a chicken stew that would make your hair curl, and in case of sickness could ride a mule bareback for twenty miles after the doctor. In courting they allowed no trifling, and when the momentous question was asked they did not faint, but hit the loving swain a belt in the back that made his head swim, and said, "John, I'm Yourn."

Well, they were all at the campmeeting, and the young men were there, too, rude of speech, but ready for a fight, frolic or a foot race, and the good work went on.

Parson Fuller was there, and a mighty man of war was he. Phisically he was small, light and slender, with eyes of steely blue, hair the color of flax, hanging on his shoulders; mouth small and sensitive as a woman's; face without a vestige of color; voice that rang through the woods like the blast of a bugle when the fight is hot and the battle air tastes like champagne.

Gifted with a prodigious memory, knowing the Bible by heart, having a quick preception of the salient points of parable and allegory, that to the rude throng made him seem inspired, a flaming cherubim with the edged sword, cutting right and left into the ranks of sin.

He had a magnetic personality that made every good man his friend, and a constitution that defied exposure. Slender and delicate as he looked, not one of the stalwart woodsmen around could equal him in the charmed health that hung about him like a garment. Let him stretch out his boney, bloodless hand from the rude pulpit, and the rugged crowed gathered near him with upturned faces, for the man of Nazareth spake through him, and the simple truths he taught reached down into their hearts. Did some of the baser sort come to scoff. There was something in the parson's eye like the glitter of a well tempered blade, and a few cared to awaken its half hidden menace.

Such was Parson Fuller, the preacher of the piney backwoods.

The humble worshippers had just risen from prayer, when a breathless messenger announced that a gang of outlaws, led by a huge desperado called Red Pete, from the inflammable color of his hair, had crept upon their primitive corral unawares and run off about half of their horses.

The parson was transformed in an instant and his mellow voice had a jarring chord in it as he called for volunteers to pursue the thieves. Only ten horses of much speed were left, and these were quickly mounted by ten brave fellows, the parson at their head.

What a ride that was. It deserves a place in the Iliad of Florida, never to be forgotten. Ahead a party of outlaws, riding with bloody spurs, and urging their plunder before them. A gang red with crime, stained with debauchery of the vilest kind, led by a man whose whole life was a defiance of the laws of both God and man, eager to reach a place of safety, ready to stain their hands with blood if necessary, to secure the plunder they had risked so much to obtain.

In full pursuit of them were ten men just from the solemnity of a prayer meeting, led by their beloved preacher, the man who had married their young and buried their dead; who was the friend, brother, counsellor, of all, and had left the pulpit still in his garb of peace, to dare with them danger and death, in defense of their common rights.

The fight took place at a point where there is now a thriving little town, and was brief but decisive.

The outlaws, seeing that escape was impossible, turned for a desperate fight. The leader, "Red Pete," said to his comrades: "You look out for the gang and I will settle the crowing of that psalm singing scroundrel myself." And saying this he made straight for the parson. What a contrast was there! What a thrilling episode, this forest duel!

The outlaw chief, over six feet in height, and stout in proportion, a ruffian every inch of him, with great glaring eye, and a shock of fiery-red hair bristling with rage and pointing in every direction, a face seamed with debauchery and written upon with every evil passion; a cruel devilish mouth, covered with an unkempt red beard, a bare brawny neck, the whole figure that of incarnate murderer, and the fang-like teeth were churning into foam as he drove the spur into his horse in the final effort of crime.

And then the parson, slender and delicate as a woman, sitting easily in his saddle, calm, colorless, and as inscrutable as fate; the face smooth shaven, the features almost classic in their outline; the lips lightly compressed are calm and still, save the eyes—those wonderful, luminous eyes like dazzling points of flame gazing straight ahead.

When within striking distance, as quick as lightning the outlaw threw his hugh bowie, but a sudden movement of the horse disturbed his aim, and the knife, instead of cleaving the parson's heart, merely clipped a button from his coat. Almost in a second the outlaw rolled from his saddle, shot through the brain. A double barrelled horse-pistol in the parson's iron right hand had come to a level, two shots were fired, and the outlaw's record on earth was finished.

Of his comrades only one escaped, the rest were slain without mercy. Of the Regulators, one was killed and three slightly wounded. The dead man was borne back to the camp ground, and over his rude burial the gallant parson performed the last sad beautiful rites, and there was a ring of solemn joy in the voice that said, "I am the resurrection and the life; who so believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he have life everlasting."

The Editor.

Life.

What is this?

This, dear, is that suffering animal, the editor.

But what is the editor?

He is the man, darling, who runs the paper.

My! I thought the paper ran itself.

That is the popular impression.

But not correct?

Not entirely so.

I thought the talented contributors wrote the stories.

They do.

And that the funny man built all the jokes?

He does.

And that the dyspeptic genius wrote the poems?

Certainly.

And the poor compositor; I thought he put the things in type?

Yes.

And that the printer—he worked off the edition?

You are right.

Then what in the name of goodness does the editor do?

He talks.

With whom!

With people who come in to help him pass away the time.

Oh, then the editor has plenty of time to waste?

Lots.

Who is the long-haired lunatic with the roll of paper.

He is the gifted poet.

What does he want?

He wants to know what became of that "Ode to a Withered Violet," in forty-seven stanzas, which he sent in last spring.

What did become of it?

It was filed away in the stove.

Does the editor say that?

Oh, no.

What does he say?

He says he sent it back.

My! but isn't that a twister?

Yes, dear.

What does the poet say?

He says that he is so sorry, because the Century offered him $65 for it.

And what is that?

A lie.

And who is that gentleman with the club?

He is the "Constant Reader."

And he wants——

To inquire why the last communication was not answered.

And why was it not?

Because it was seven columns long and only in the interest of one person.

Who was that?

Himself.

And that fashionable gentleman sucking his cane?

He is the delight of the editorial room.

What is his business?

He has none.

Why then does he come?

Because it is too late for luncheon and too early to walk on the avenue.

But I do not understand,

Neither does the editor.

How long will he stay?

A couple of hours.

And that last man, the undertaker?

'S-h-h! dear. That is not an undertaker.

Who is it, then?

The funny man.

Oh! What does he want?

He wants to read the editor his last joke.

Where did he get it?

From the work on "Tombs of the Early Egyptian Kings."

My! Then this is the way the editor spend his time?

Principally.

One long, delightful reception.

Yes, dear.

Then the editor has nothing in the world to wish for or pray for?

Oh! yes—one thing.

And what is that?

Death.

Make a Note of it.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"What's the matter with the bank?" denounced an excited tourist.

"Closed," replied the calm citizen.

"What," exclaimed the excited one, "not closed?"

"Shut up tighter than wax," asserted the calm one.

"Well, that's queer," said the tourist. "Not ten steps away from where we now stand a citizen told me she was 'busted wide open,' and now you say she is shut up 'tight as wax.' What liars some men are," And he made an entry in his note-book.

"There is this difference between us," said the needy tramp, looking the editor full in the eye. "You fill a long felt want and I want a long felt fill." The editor wept, and, with many muffled blows, hewed off a fragment of a wedding cake that had been sent in with the notice, and handed it to the wanderer. "Fill up on that," he said, and you will feel it long after all trivial fond records have been wiped away from the subtraction table of your memory."—Burlington Hawkeye.

They were sitting on the sofa in the front parlor and he was holding her little hand in his own. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her and she asked sweetly, "Adolphus, are you a bolter?" Just then the old gentleman's footsteps sounded on the top stair and as he wildly grabbed his hat Adolphus answered, "Yes, darling—good-by."—Boston Post.

YOUTH'S COLUMN.

WHICH WAS IT?

Why, you see I was eating my supper,
  Out there, on the steps, in the sun,
And Kitty and Dolly were with me—
  When, just as I'd hardly begun,

I thought I heard somebody calling
  "So Kitty and Dolly," said I,
"You stay and take care of my supper,
  And I will be back by and-by."

Now, mamma, dear, would you believe it?
  I came back as quick as I could,
And there sat—Dolly and Kitty—
  Looking, oh, just as quiet and good!

I laughed to myself when I saw them,
  They sat up so prim and so droll,
And was just going to finish my supper—
  There wasn't a drop in the bowl!

Oh no, 'twasn't that that I minded,
  I s'pose anyway it was cold;
But, don't you see, how shall I ever
  Know which of them I ought to scold?

—Youth's Companion.

"As Thyself."

Forward.

Jennie Nelson was spending the afternoon with Carrie Barlow, so they sat in the pleasant bay-window with their fancy work, chatting in school-girl fashion about their common acquaintances and their common interests.

"I met Nell Murray this afternoon," said Jennie. "She wore such a pretty cashmere dress! Have you seen it?"

"Yes. Nell always dresses in good taste, but then, she is so careless, you know. She isn't apt to mend things very neatly when they need it, and that spoils the effect of a pretty costume."

"Indeed it does! I never noticed that in Nell—probably because I don't know her as well as you do. Speaking of carelessness in another way, how provoking it is that Miss Wilson neglects to make out our examination averages! She has had plenty of time."

"Of course. I suppose she forgets it. For two weeks she has promised our history class that she would read us extracts from a book she has at home, but she never remembers to bring it. The girls are losing all confidence in her promises."

"Louisa Sherman called on me yesterday; she attends Mrs. Blake's French academy, now. I couldn't help wondering whether she can speak French any better than she speaks English. What an amount of money has been wasted on her education!"

"She is lively, pleasant company, though, in spite of her double negatives."

"I like her, too. Is it possible that clock struck five? I must go. Come over soon, won't you?"

When Jennie had gone Carrie joined her mother in the dining-room and began to talk over some of the news she had just heard.

Mrs. Barlow looked rather grave.

"I am afraid, from what I heard and what you say, that you failed to control your tongues. Didn't you?"

"Why, mamma what do you mean? I am sure we told nothing but the truth."

"Perhaps; and yet more than is necessary sometimes. Didn't you forget that 'charity covereth a multitude of sins?' You both like Nellie Murray, but do you suppose Jennie will think quite so much of her now as she would if you hadn't mentioned Nell's careless habits? Miss Wilson, the Nelsons and we all belong to the same church, and our covenant vows bind us to mutual love and forbearance; yet I am quite sure you and Jennie will be less likely to have patience with her faults since you have discussed them together, albeit you did it thoughtlessly and bore her no real ill-will."

"I suppose that is all so," replied Carrie, regretfully, "though evil speaking always seemed to me to mean more than that."

"So it does, but the greater includes the less and by these slighting and disparaging comments many who would not be guilty of harshly censuring an enemy will constantly injure the friends they really like."

What Cured Scamp.

Little Men and Women.

Peter lived on a pretty, green dairy farm. He liked the farm because all the calves was his. They were truly his. His father did not call them Peter's and then, when they were big enough sell, sell them without asking Peter and put the money in his own pocket-book.

No, indeed! When the calves were sold the money was paid to Peter, and Peter went to town with his father and put the "calf money" in the savings bank. He had a bank book like his father's and he kept it in his drawer.

Peter used to go to the pastures and salt his calves himself. He named his calves. At one time he had four. There was Star, there was Redcoat, there was Snowtail, there was Scamp.

Scamp was a scamp. He would bunt. He would come up and lick the salt out of the pan as gentle as a lamb. He would pretend to be good and quiet. But he liked to steal up behind Peter, when Peter was not looking, and bunt him.

Once when Peter was standing by the pond looking in, Scamp came up behind, on a run, and bunted Peter over into the water, and he had run so hard he couldn't stop, and he went in too, heels-over-head, splash!

They both scrambled out, and Peter was so glad that Scamp had got a ducking too, that he never cried at all.

That ducking cured Scamp. He never tried the bunting joke again.

A Little Heroine.

John A. Dohrman, in Harper's Young People.

Just between the towns of Hoboken and Weehawken, in New Jersey, lies the little hamlet of Union Hill, an old-fashioned village peopled mostly by Germans, and in this village has stood for many years a great frame building, used principally as a hotel, and known by all the towns-people by the name of "Old Swan."

In years gone by this place was quite a famous resort, but it gradually ran down until it became at length a cheap boarding-house.

Among the many inmates of the building were Julie Brohmer, a little eight-year-old girl, her mother, and three younger children. The smallest, a little girl baby of two years, was little Julie's especial charge, and her mother could always leave the little baby with Julie, sure that no harm would come to her so long as her faithful little sister was near.

Julie attended the public school as regularly as her duties at home would allow and unlike most little girls of her age, when she came home she did not care to run out in the street and play at "tag" or "hide-and-seek," but instead staid at home and relieved her mother of the of care her younger brothers and sisters and acted the part of a small housewife.

The other evening, at half past nine little Julie sat in a room on one of the lower floors patiently waiting for her mother to come in that she might go to bed. She had just put her little baby sister to sleep in the back room, and as Julie sat waiting so quietly, her half-closed eyes and frequent yawns told only too well that the "dust-man" was on his rounds.

Suddenly, as she sat there, some bright sparks fell from the ceiling and smouldered on the floor. Almost at the same instant a number of the tenants who lived upstairs ran wildly through the hall and past the door, screaming "Fire! fire!" at the top of their voices. In another moment the flames appeared in the very room in which little Julie sat. She heard the cries of fire, and the people rushing madly into the street. But there was no one to tell her what to do, or even to think of her, in that moment of excitement.

Perhaps a good many of the little girl readers of Young People, if they had been in Julie's place, would have screamed and run out of the house as quickly as they could. But that was not what brave little Julie thought of as she saw the sparks falling about her, and the red glare of the fast approaching flames.

No, indeed; for she knew that in the back room her baby sister slept unconscious of any danger, and the brave little girl thought first of her duty to that helpless infant. So, without thinking twice, she dashed forward, and groped through the smoke and falling sparks until she reached the baby's crib. Then, snatching out the little two-year-old, sleeping peacefully as it was in its little night dress—a pretty heavy burden, too for so small a girl—and clasping it tightly in her arms, she ran out of the room, struggling through the smoke of the hall, until at last she reached the open air.

She did not stop even then, but ran on until she had reached the opposite side of the street. There she sat down on a convenient rock and watched the fire, still holding her little sister tightly to her breast to protect her from the cold. And in this position, after hunting all over, and almost concluding that Julie had perished in the flames, her mamma and the neighbors found her.

Brave little girl! Though only eight years old, when danger threatened she did not have to be told what was right for her to do, nor did she for a moment lose her presence of mind, but bravely rescued her baby sister.

The Royal Treasure House at Constantinople

Miss Mary E. Collins furnishes the Louisville Courier-Journal with the following pen-picture of the treasure house of the Sultan of Turkey:

Imagination can scarcely paint a more gorgeous scene than that which presents itself to those who may be permitted to look into the treasure-house of the Sultan of Turkey. A gentleman who visited Constantinople give the following description of what he saw: Guards in black broadcloth stand around the walls at intervals of four or five feet. In the front room is the royal cradle, of solid gold, bassinet and rockers, the two ends, a foot high, connected by a golden bar, on which to hang a curtain or vail. Every inch of it is crusted with rubies and diamonds. In the galleries are effigies of all the Sultans, weighted down with jewels, with large turbans bedecked with diamonds, and weapons of priceless cost. The dagger of the conqueror of Constantinople has for its hilt and emerald two inches long and nearly as thick. The last of the series alone appears in European costume, but with a plume of bird-of-paradise feathers, fastened by an aigrette of diamonds. There are antique arms and armor, weighted with gold jewels; innumerable horse trappings and saddles, covered with plates of gold, and set with emeralds, rubies, pearls, topazes and diamonds and saddle cloths richly embroidered with precious stones. Behind the rich articles in the various cabinets hang sofa-covers of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls, and some of which are estimated at a cost of $150,000. There are golden bird cages, school-satchels of velvet ornamented with pearls and gold. Upon red velvet are texts from the Koran, worked in beads of diamonds; also amber mouth-pieces for pipes studded with rubies and diamonds; coffee sets, tea sets of every degree of magnificence, and vases of crystal, agate and onyx, and richly inlaid with jewels. There are royal knives and forks and spoons of solid gold, with jeweled handles. A curosity, as well as a beauty is a tea set of tortoise shell as thin as paper. A parasol of white silk, exquisitely embroidered with gold, with a handle of red coral, with innumerable fans, constitute in themselves a gaudy show. After every conceivable use has been made of jewels—those not in use for that purpose are gathered by handfuls into crystal bowls at one end of the room. Apart from the historic value of the treasures collected there, the intrinsic wealth is almost incalculable. During the last war with Russia the government borrowed $30,000,000 from the bank, the officers of which took away to their own vaults as many jewels as would secure the loan. After carrying away this large amount, they were scarcely missed from this large collection. Such is the treasure house of the most hopelessly bankrupt ruler in the world.

A Remarkable Story.

An incident directly connected with the late rebellion has just come to light here, says a Dayton special to the Cleveland *Leader*. Twenty years ago, when Judah P. Benjamin, impoverished by the war, was about leaving the then conquered rebel states to seek a home in England, a wealthy personal friend named Reynolds, living in Mississippi, loaned him $200,000 without security and without taking a scratch of a pen. The act was prompted solely by sympathy for his needy friend, Mr. Reynolds knowing that if Mr. Benjamin ever became able he would repay the loan, and if not the money would afford the relief he desired to give him.

For fifteen years past Mr. Reynolds has been a resident of Huffman Hill, one of the most beautiful suburbs of Dayton, and is one of the wealthiest men in this vicinity, and probably has more ready money at his command than any other person here. He is engaged in banking and is largely interested in insurance companies and other extensive enterprises in this and other cities. It is not known certainly whether Mr. Benjamin ever repaid Mr. Reynolds the debt, but it is altogether probable, as the money had enabled him to at once establish himself in London, as a result of which he secured a business from which, in the late years of his life, he received an income of $200,000 per annum. It is equally certain, however, that Mr. Reynolds never broached the subject to him or ever gave much thought to the matter, other than the satisfaction of having been able to help his friend in the hour of distress. This incident has never before been told to the world, but there is little doubt of its truth.

Bergh's Sympathy for the Mule.

Mark Twain tells this story of Mr. Bergh: A lady was talking with Mr. Bergh one day and chanced to speak of a friend of hers who had lately been traveling out west. In crossing the frontier it became necessary that the father, mother, and three children should cross a somewhat swollen ford. Their only beast of burden was a mule.

So the father placed two of the children on its back, then plunged in and led the beast with him. It swam obediently behind him, and all reached the other shore in safety. At the man's bidding the intelligent mule returned to where the mother and child were waiting to cross. The mother, fearing to put too heavy a burden on the already tired animal, put only the child upon its back, bade him hold fast, and, with a prayer, led the animal to the water's edge. They plunged in, swam bravely for a time, and then were seen to struggle and go down.

"Oh, think, Mr. Bergh," said the excited and pitying lady, "just think what must have been the feelings of that mother as she saw her darling child lost in the depths of that black water?"

"True; oh, too true," sighed Mr. Bergh. "But did you ever think my, dear lady, what must have been the feelings of the mule?"—*Boston Letter*.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

White embroidered mull ties are revived.

Coffee-colored laces are in high fashion.

Skirts grow fuller and bustles more bouffant.

Sleeves grow fuller and higher in the armhole.

Henri II. styles are gaining ground among Parisians.

The horse-hair cushion is the latest form of the bustle.

White and black lace scarfs are revived for neck wear.

High boots are relegated to street wear only for the summer.

"Idealized strawberry," or "bloom color," is the latest London color craze.

All sorts of combinations of materials are permitted in costume nowadays.

Low shoes for outdoor wear and slippers for the house are the rule this summer.

The most becoming finish for a shirred white mull bonnet is to line the brim with black velvet.

A few crazy women in Paris are wearing straw hats with square corners. They are anything but pretty.

China silk or pongee jackets and redingotes over kilted skirts of dark silk are worn by many fashionable women.

The high-peaked crown and very broad-brimmed hat is revived in rough straw for midsummer out-of-town wear.

Tight jackets, if made too tight at the waist, must have wrinkles in the back. Moral: Don't have your jackets tight at the waist.

Silver gray mohair or etamine cloth dresses, fastened with silver buttons, made to fit the form perfectly, and trimmed with fine kilts or fine side pleatings of the dress fabric, are among the most stylish and serviceable of traveling costumes.

Black toilets of the richest description are at present the leading dresses with fashionable women of middle age. Jet-beaded grenadines and tulles over black surah constitute one of the richest and most elegant toilettes a lady can choose for dinner or reception wear this season.

A mourning costume, simple and artistic, recently worn, was made of black surah and bordered with three crepe ruches. The pleated tablier was of crepe surrounded by a narrow ruche. The French redingote of surah fastened from throat to belt with handsome cut jet buttons, small and round. The back was tight-fitting, the skirt laid in full pleats. Narrow folds of crepe were laid from the shoulder seam down each side of the front, and at the throat was knotted a wide mourning ribbon. The hat was of lusterless straw, trimmed with jet-powdered plumes, and edged with lusterless beads.

Among the novelties is the Russian vest, which is first pleated and then joined to the waist as a simple plastron, and then belted. This gilet is generally made of silk, of the dress material, and often of lace or crepe in different colors for dancing dress. Next comes the Moujik blouse, also Russian, as the name betokens. This is a sort of polonaise, rather close fitting in the back, with a full, puffed drapery. The fronts are flowing and covered with a puffed plastron shirred at the top, and finished on each side with twenty-six small pearl buttons and corresponding button-holes. This plastron is part of the front of the overskirt, and is tightened at the waist by a velvet belt held by a silver buckle.

Bridesmaids' dresses this season are made of corded silk, covered more than half way up the length of the skirt, with slightly gathered ruffles of imitation point lace, which now comes in the most exquisite designs at prices amazingly low. The dresses are demi-trained with gracefully draped Grecian tunics of the silk caught up in the back with pearl buckles or Irish diamond clasps, from which fall heavy loops and ends of satin ribbon ten or twelve inches wide. The corsage is high in the neck, cut square in front, and made with short sleeves. Long white silk gloves cover the arms, and great clusters of white roses and buds droop from the belt, and are carried in gold wicker baskets.

Story By a Forty-Niner.

"I tell you what, sir"—it was an old forty-niner who spoke, as he sat with his feet on the top of the hotel stove—"there ain't no life on God's earth as comes up to minin'; leastwise no life that I've struck, and I've tried a good many things, too. A man don't make money at it, not one in 500; rather they get plenty, but they gamble it away in camps as fast as they get it, so't when a region's petered out there probably ain't three men outside the bunko men and saloon-keepers as have got a dollar in their pockets.

"But it's the fascination of it. Lor' man, when you've struck it pretty rich and can see yer gold right in front of you; when you're piling it up every half hour o' the day, with a nugget now and again as big as a bullet to cheer you, and then when the evenin' comes and you count it up and find a hundred odd dollars just picked out o' the earth that day—well, there ain't nothin' like it. Then when you don't strike it rich you always think you're goin' to next day, and it's just as exciting hearin' other men tell in the evenin' what they pulled out as it is countin' over your own. Why, I've been three and four months at a time without making a dollar and without a cent in my pocket; but, Geewhittaker! the excitement of it don't give a man twice to think how hard up he is.

"But there are times when a man don't know how to kick himself hard enough; you bet he don't. It was down on the Stanislaus once, I was monkeying round with a pard—Long Gus we called him—an' I picked up a clod to throw at him, just a lump of earth that was lyin' handy. Well, it just went to one side o' Long Gus, and he sorter reached out his hand to catch it, an' it all broke in pieces leavin' some in his hand. I expected he'd throw it back at me; but he didn't. He just tossed it over in his hand careless like, and then said we'd had enough foolin'. So we walked on again. Next mornin' Gus didn't say a word to me, but he just went off with his outfit to the place where I'd thrown that clod at him, an' took $250 out the first day. An' I don't know how many thousands he took out before he'd done with that claim. As the clod broke in his hand it laid bare a small nugget, maybe as large as a pea—he showed it to me afterward—an' he said it startled him so he very nigh called out an' gave hisself away, as nobody supposed there was any gold left just there. It was all thought to be worked out, but the darned fools had gone right by the richest part of it. I wish he had called out, I know, but you bet I never felt more like kicking myself into the river'n I did then. Why, if I'd only turned the cussed thing over, or broken it in two—it was a sight too large to throw at once, as I thought when I threw it, but——!

"But there was another time when I felt like hurting myself, too—hurting myself right bad—and so did all the other boys, I can tell you. There were some two hundred of us in it, sir. An' we were all fools. It was one Fourth of July, down to Mokelumne, an' we wanted to do su'thin' to celebrate, an' we were pretty badly fixed for what to do. Well, after rakin' round a bit we settled on an old tree—one o' these sugar pines. The gold, ye know, used to lie all along the bottom of the gulches—or so we used to think—and nobody ever thought of going up the hillside to look for it, but just kep' on working along the gulches. An' this sugar pine was some three hundred feet up the hillside, right away from where the gold was. It was a fine tree, as straight as whisky for 100 feet or more without a bough or a leaf on it, and then the boughs began all of a sudden. It stood out there all by itself like, an' we settled we'd blow it up. So we gets a twenty-five pound keg o' blastin' powder and hauled it up the hill, an' set to work to dig a hole under the tree. We got as far under as we could for the tap-root and then stowed the keg away, an' just heaved rocks and earth onto it and beat it down hard. Then we lit the fuse and scrambled away as fast as we could. Well, you just believe it we scattered those rocks some. Gee! but we had to look out for our heads, and the earth went all around the place. But it didn't blow the old tree up; not worth a cent. It just stood there as if nothing had happened, 'cept that the trunk was split open some twenty feet or so. However, we all cheered and hollered, an' felt we'd done suthin' to celebrate, and then we went back and 'rahed around the camp.

"That, as I've said, was on the 4th of July. Along to the end of September, it might be, it rained—rained quite a sight that year, too. Well, after it'd been rainin' a bit a man called Harris—Jim Harris, as good for nothin' a chap as you ever see, who couldn't work or do anythin', an' had never washed out a dollar honestly in his life—chanced to come over that hill on his way to camp, an' passed right by this 'ere pine as we tried to blow up. None of us had never been up to the durned tree again, but s'elp me Johnny Rogers! if that rain hadn't gone an' washed all the earth as the powder'd kicked up, an' this feller Harris just picked up $60 as he stood there! That proved one of the richest leads in the whole Mokelumne, an' here had we been washing away in gulches an' sayin' as there warn't no gold up the hillside. Warn't there! This feller Harris got rich out o' that, 'cos he never spent no money like the rest of us; an' was about the only man as did get rich, I guess. I didn't, I know. But I tell you there wasn't one of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it kindly if some one 'ad kicked him well when we first heard o' what we'd done."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Welbeck Tunnel, which the late Duke of Portland, the "Invisible Prince," created for his workman to pass through on coming to and returning from work, without disturbing the serene repose he longed for is one of the wonders of the world. During the day it is lighted by enormous plate-glass bull's-eyes, superseded at night by hundreds of gas jets. The floor is excellently asphalted, and the tunnel is high enough and wide enough for a carriage to pass along. Stepping into it during the hot days of summer, one feels if he had walked into an ice-house, and the whole length of its interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes.

Farm notes: Rest and freedom from annoyance are essential to animals that are being fattened for market. Farmers should never allude to family cares while feeding the pigs. Nice fresh eggs, to be offered in next Winter's market, ought to be limed now. The word "fresh" written in lead pencil on the shell will readily distinguish them from the previous season's. A bookkeeper says that, by feeding nitrogenous food, the queen can be induced to lay at any time. If there is any kind of food that will induce quiescence in the business members of the hive, we shall be glad to publish it.

The first death which has occurred among the graduates of the Cornell class of '74 took place under most tragic circumstances. The graduate was a Russian named Dobrolubreff, who, having been seized at the order of the Czar in company with number of other young men accused of Nihilistic circumstances, was condemned and shot with his comrades. His death was heroic. He refused to be blindfolded, and even as the fatal bullets were discharged at his breast he clasped the hands and cheered the courage of his trembling fellows in misfortune.—Boston Journal.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and their works. 'Tis better that another man's words should praise him.—Sir K. L'Estrange.

The Michigan Agricultural College Catalogue for 1883-4 has recently been issued. It shows 171 students in attendance and a class of thirty graduates last year. This institution is located at Lansing and has long been spoken of as the most successful of its kind in the country. Nearly all the other Agricultural Colleges have been largely modelled after it.

Few colleges, if any, are better equipped for giving a thorough English and scientific course of instruction. It has a large and competent corps of professors, commodious and substantial buildings, laboratories and museums, a library of about 8,000 volumes and a reading room supplied with all the leading periodicals. The several departments are supplied with costly and extensive apparatus for illustration in the class-room.

The college year begins on Tuesday, September 2d, 1884. On that day candidates for admission may be examined, the examinations beginning at nine o'clock.

Graduates of approved graded and high schools received on certificate of graduation without examination.

No charge is made for tuition. Club boarding at about two dollars and a half per week. Catalogues will be sent on application to R. G. Baird, secretary.

In order to prevent haystacks being destroyed by fire, farmers in the far west scatter a few handfuls of common salt between each layer. It is claimed that the salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, prevents its fermentation and consequent heating.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget." *Alfred Mercier*. The following is a case in point. "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

A colored barber in Idaho has drawn the color line, he refuses to shave Indians. He evidently thinks himself better than the American government.

Pile Tumors,

however large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, caustic or salve. Send six cents in stamps for pamphlet, references and reply World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663, Main Street, Buffalo, Y. Y.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take but it is sure to cure.

"The lady is handsome, but she looks as if she had a temper of her own," remarked one drummer to another on the train the other day. "You bet! You read character correctly," was the reply. "Why, you speak as if you were acquainted with her!" "Well, I am slightly, I married her some ten years ago and have been studying her ever since."

The most beautiful girl we ever knew was a Stock Yards Miss who blushed from the roots of her hair down to the extremities of her toes, on being asked if she had been wooing the rosy god of sleep. She said she had never courted a man in all her born days.—Chicago Sun.

PATENTS

No Patent. No Pay. Send model or drawing. Stoddart & Co., 413 G Street, Washington, D. C. Patent Attorneys.

It is slovenly practice to take a reaper in a harvest field without first cutting around the field with a cradle. It is done, however, more and more every year, one reason being that few farmers have cradles in good condition for using, and few men nowadays know how to use them.

Though God has promised to guide his inquiring children in the way that is right, he has nowhere promised to make this way now seem right to their friends or neighbors, or even to themselves."—Haliburton.

No remedy for Catarrh has met with such success as Papillon Catarrh Cure; it never fails and does its cure thoroughly, not relieving temporarily, but by curing permanently. It does not smart or irritate.

The defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—Rochefocault.

Papillon Catarrh cure is a positive cure for acute or chronic catarrh. It is delightfully soothing.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.—Solomon.

Many medicines now on the market owe what virtue they possess to the presence of powerful and poisonous drugs. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY is purely vegetable and will not injure the feeblest and most delicate person.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—LaBruyere.

'TIS FREQUENTLY RECOMMENDED.—Mr. H. C. Mooney, of Astoria, Ill., writes us that Allen's Lung Balsam, which he has sold for fifteen years, sells better than any other cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; $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.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete, cures all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

A CARD—To all who are suffering from errors of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL made from selected livers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, PIMPLES and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

"ROUGH ON RATS" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

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Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE.

Used by the Chief Mechanician of the U. S. Coast Survey; by the Admiral commanding in the U. S. Naval Observatory, for Astronomical work; and by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railway men. They are recognized as THE BEST for all uses in which close time and durability are requisites. Sold in principal cities and towns by the COMPANY'S exclusive Agents (leading jewelers,) who give a Full Warranty.

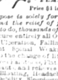
HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

To the needs of the tourist, commercial traveler and new settler, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is peculiarly adapted, since it strengthens the digestive organs, and braces the physical energies to unhealthful influences. It removes and prevents malarial fever, constipation, dyspepsia, healthfully stimulates the kidneys and bladder and enriches as well as purifies the blood. When overcome by fatigue, whether mental or physical, the weary and debilitated find it a reliable source of renewed strength and comfort. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.



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IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become to common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we have shunned for years before using it."—The Parent.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting better after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And so we are glad that he used your Bitters."—A Lady of Utica.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

PAPILLON

"A Report from Home."

Last winter I was afflicted with a carbuncle, followed by several boils on the back of my neck. I tried your remedies, and by keeping the inflamed parts saturated with Papillon Skin Cure, I was entirely cured. The relief obtained from the soreness and inflammation was immediate and effectual. I have used the Skin cure upon styes, and found it most satisfactory remedy for that trouble I ever tried; it gives immediate relief from inflammation of the eyelid, and effects a speedy cure.

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FRESH FRUITS, BUTTER, EGGS

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REFERENCES—A. Ives & Son, Bankers, or any other wholesale house in the city.

NEW POTATO ORDERS FILLED.

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BITTERS

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Liver and Kidney Remedy,

Compounded from the well known Curatives Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Cascara Sagrada, etc., combined with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir.

THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION,

Act upon the Liver and Kidneys,

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REGULATE THE BOWELS,

They cure Rheumatism, and all Urinary troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.

As a Tonic they have no Equal.

Take none but Hops and Malt Bitters.

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MEN GROW OLD TOO FAST.

Young men, instead of being robust, vigorous and ambitious are weak, nervous and debilitated. Men in the very prime of life find themselves practically unsexed and impotent.

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Painless, absolutely harmless, Prompt and Permanent. VARICOCELE as promptly cured. Illustrated pamphlet 1 stamp.