GOD KNOWETH BEST.

BY MRS. RILEY SMITH.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with human sweat—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sulk,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see,
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to crating babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if a loved friend we love is taking so,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Let us frame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend;
And that sometimes the solemn pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day! Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies, pure and white un fold—
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyx of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best!"

WHOSE WAS THE GUILT?

BY DAVID KER.

Ellis Tremayne had his fork down with a gesture half-of impatience, half of discouragement, and a frown, that had no business on the forehead of six months' married man, the husband of the prettiest of women, corrugated his handsome white forehead.

"You seem not to have the smallest appreciation of affairs, Ellie. I have explained time and again that I am living on my income, not saving a penny, and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle that takes your fancy."

Ellis Tremayne spoke more decisively than Ellie had ever heard him, and she mentally vowed him horribly cross, and patted her red lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face.

And it washoively.

Mr. Tremayne thought so that same moment as he looked at the delicate, pink-and-white complexion, and the large dark blue eyes that played such havoc with his heart a year ago; at the full exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses—then, that now were rapidly consummating their task of discovering the clay feet he did, then, suppose, were parting to utter words he knew were coming, that did come.

"You are just as mean and cross as can be! Why shouldn't I have a little money, if you can't have what you want; if you can't have things like other people? I tell you I do think you might manage to have some money this morning; I need it most awfully."

Her blue eyes certainly looked pleading enough to give entire credence to her assertions.

"I am almost tempted to say that cannot be true, Ellie, since it was only a week ago to-day I handed you twenty pounds, a sum amply sufficient for even the most inexperienced financier on which to keep a family of two."

Darker frowns were gathering on Tremayne's forehead, but Ellie only answered with a sneer.

"Twenty pounds! You speak as if it were a fortune. I tell you, Ellis, I must have things like other people lead life. How on earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Miss Bellburn calls for me to drive, wearing their equipage carriage cushions, and I in the same dress I appear in the street or at church?"

Tremayne smiled contemptuously.

"So you hope to rival the daughter of a millionaire and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you? you, the wife of the cashier at Wingfield's royal, on £700 pounds a year? Ellie, I love nothing so do with women who are, unconsciously, perhaps, weaving seeds of discontent and extravagance in your heart."

"I am neither discontented nor extravagant, Ellis—you shall not say so. But I must have money enough to get a new suit. Oh! Ellis, such a heavenly shade of green, and you know I look well wear so well one particular shade. Honestly, I haven't a dress to wear to Mrs. Lamar's reception."

Ellis ate his egg with little show of satisfaction, and his silence, while bitter thoughts were rushing through his mind, was taken by Ellie as a sure sign of consent.

She was not slow in pressing her advantage.

"It won't cost over twenty pounds, Ellis—very reasonable, indeed; for I shall make it nearly all myself, and I am sure you can't be displeased with that. Then say 'yes,' wont you Ellis, dear?"

A settled, white look came around the handsome mouth.

"If you care more for show and fine clothes than for my respect and the consciousness that you are an economical, prudent wife, who is helping her husband save, instead of almost goading him into debt, you can have the money."

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy.

She had accomplished her desire, and his cold, yet touching, words had fallen unheeded before that—

"You can have the money."

She sprang from her chair behind the coffee urn, and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his worried, handsome forehead.

"You darling! I knew you would not say 'no,' for all you read me such a lecture on economy. Really, Ellis, when you see how lovely I shall look in the new silk, you will not grudge me the money, will you? You like to see me look pretty, don't you? I know you are married, don't you? And you're not angry, dear? You do love me?"

Her sweet, girlish face all alight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against his, and her dainty little hand straying through his whiskers, of course Ellis laid down his napkin and pushed back from the table and kissed her.

She was his wife—sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain pink, and he loved her—loved her dearly, truly, as in the days when he had won her, thinking what a rare flower she was.

He loved her, and was willing, yes, fain, to increase her happiness by every honest means in his power—only Ellie was extravagant and unreasonable in her demand for dress and style that were beyond the purse and station of even the well-salaried man he was.

So now he kissed her tenderly, and then took out his purse and laid a bank note on the table cloth.

"There's your new silk dear—may you enjoy it."

His foreboding manner had so entirely disappeared that Ellie's heart was encouraged to undertake another petition.

So as she demurely folded the note away in her pretty little crimson Russian pocket book, she began, so quietly that Ellis was quite captured by storm.

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we shut up the house for August, dear, and went somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Hastings?"

She opened the battery very suddenly, almost staggering Tremayne.

"Oh, Ellie, no. That would involve a larger expense, ten times, than it costs at home."

Then seeing that well-known, martyr-like expression settling on her face that always drove him into desperation, he added, hastily—

"If you can manage it go yourself. I dare say some of your fashionable friends will chaperon you."

"Oh, Ellis! may I, really? Indeed, I will manage it! I don't need many new things, I'm sure. I have enough for the silk, and my hat. A little more I can easily get what I absolutely need. Ellis you are a darling!"

He laughed—not very joyously.

"I am glad you think so. Well, I'm off."

Two hours later. Mrs. Ellie Tremayne, dressed in an unexceptionably elegant walking costume, started out on her shopping tour to meet at the silk counter Mrs. Godfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare pieces of evening silk.

"I am so delighted to have your taste on my new silks my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer, the salmon, or the pearl-blue, or this stunning pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Hastings."

"Hastings!"

Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks glowed.

"I hope to see you at the ball, Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite moire or silver pink."

"So you will be, I dare? Do join our party—only Godfrey and sister Blanche and Nellie Bellburn and I for next Thursday week. Have you engaged rooms? What shall you get new?"

It was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but once home, there occurred little qualms of conscience, as very, very gradually, she felt herself drawn into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach.

And yet she consented to Mrs. Coddington's kind offer that Mr. Coddington should secure rooms for her with his party.

She made up her mind that the elegant stock of clothes that two hours ago she thought need only a little renovation and small addition to make it all that was necessary, would not do at all.

And so, besides the money her husband had given her being spent in the dozen and one trifling accessories that a well-dressed woman demands, there was folded away in a seldom used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocket book an unnoticed bill of £50 made out to Mr. Ellis Tremayne.

Ellie's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was set down with a courtesy from Mrs. Coddington's carriage at her door.

She had time to spare before Ellis came in to the five o'clock dinner, so she took over her purchases, like, after all, seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocket book that she dreaded to show her husband, for all the flushed gaiety of her manner.

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, while she removed her walking suit and donned a lovely black tissue. "Not an iota of use to tell him before I go away. He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss. Besides after I have been again, perhaps I can save it out of the housekeeping money."

So she quieted her conscience with the hopefully specious promises, and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, she had plied to employ the services of a high priced dressmaker, whose bill for her work she included in her pocket book also, and thus swelled the amount of her husband to be paid when she returned.

Ah, when she returned.

If she had only known, as she kissed her daintily kidded hand to her husband, as he stood watching her off, with a look in his eyes that was mingled love, sterness, pride, annoyance and harrassing worry.

* * *

"One of the prettiest women at the seaside and certainly the best dressed. She must be a banker's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood she was?"

Old Mr. Winfield put up his eye-glass as Mrs. Tremayne went by, fair to see as a lily, in her carriage dress of tender cream tint, with her large, rose-lined, pink-lined parasol making faint, rosy shades on her clear, blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

"She is a Mrs. Tremayne, from London, with the Coddingtons, I believe, and putting up at the parade. A regal beauty, isn't she?"

Mr. Wingfield put his eye-glass slowly back, starring after the Coddington carriage.

"Mrs. Ellis Tremayne? I suppose her husband is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I heard young Bellburn say he was unable to leave his business, as his book-keeper or something, I believe for a firm in the City."

Old Winfield arose from his chair with an odd smile on his face.

"Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a pound travel both ways, or else——"

A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on the arm.

"Oh, a telegram; from my son, I presume. Wait a minute."

He deliberately adjusted his glasses, and then opened the dispatch.

"Come at once. Everything need to."

"JAS. WINGFIELD."

And as he returned the paper to the envelope, he looked up to see Mrs. Tremayne dashing by again, her face radiant with pleasure and excitement, as Bellburn talked and laughed with her.

* * *

The pretty little house seemed so lonely when Mrs. Tremayne left it, and Ellis Tremayne threw himself wearily on the lounge in her boudoir, his face wearing marks of strangely-contorted discouragement and excitement.

For an hour or so he laid there, his eyes closed, his figure motionless, and then he arose with a half groan of mental distress.

"This will never do. I shall go mad if I stay here with only my thoughts for—"

He had gone over to the little dressing table, carelessly taking up two little pieces of paper that Ellie had entirely forgotten to hide, and a pallor, even more marked than his late nervelessness, overspread his face as he saw the two formidable bills.

Then something like an oath came from his set teeth.

"My temptation be on her head—my ——"

He sprang suddenly to his feet, as the door-bell pealed imperiously, and listened with no ordinary curiosity, as a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne, and heard the housekeeper his company into the drawing-room.

Then he went slowly down stairs to the presence of Mr. Wingfield and an officer.

"Mr. Tremayne, you are discovered in your next system of embezzlement, Officer——"

Ellis stepped haughtily back.

"One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Wingfield, I am discovered. Twenty-four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit. As it is, what is the difference between a hunted life abroad, or—this?"

Quick as a flash, the pistol gleamed in the gaslight.

A report, a heavy fall that thundered through the house like a doom and the husband of a woman that was too unwomanly to bear her share of the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the sunlit ocean shore the woman who had it in her power, as all women who have not have, to goad to destruction in some form or another, or guide to happiness and success, this husband, who was less wicked than weak, was not to be a reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt?

Hers, or not, who knelt and sobbed over his dead face, and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still?

Sister-wives, be you careful, lest, although your hands and heart are not stained with a crime like this—and many a wife's life has been blighted and reddened to-day—be careful that it lays not at your door that your husbands lose all their faith and trust in woman's sacred vow, as well as privilege, to share equally in the economies and comforts and grievances that no household is without. Have mercy, if they are, if not accepted in the spirit of patience, love and forbearance, ere the little weak-willed destroy the vine beyond hope of recovery.

How the Great statue was Made.

Charles Barnard has contributed to the July St. Nicholas a very popular account of Bartholdi's great Statue of Liberty, from which we extract the following extract. "In the first place, there had to be a sketch of a model. This was a figure of the statue in clay, to give an idea of how it would look. The public approved of this model, and then the first real study of the work was made—a plaster figure, about sixteenth the size of the intended statue.

"The next step was to make another model twice as large, or one-fourth the size of the real statue. This quarter-size model being finished, then came the task of making the full-size model in plaster, from which to be made in sections. For instance, the first section would include the base on which the statue stood from the feet and the drapery of the garment. The next section would include a circle quite round the long flowing dress, just above the hem. The third would include just above this and show more of the folds of the dress, and reach part way up to the knee, and so on, until the whole figure would be divided into sections.

"The quarter-size model was first divided, in this way, and then to lay out the full-size plan of the work, it was only to make a plan of each section four times as large as the section actually seen in the model. Each part of the model was covered with marks or dots for guides and by measuring from dot to dot, increasing the measurement four times, and then transferring it to the larger model, an exact copy just four times as large was made. For each part of the large copy, a wooden frame had to be a support of some kind before the plaster could be laid on. Having made a plan for one four up outline of the enlarged section, a wooden frame-work was built up inside the plan. Then upon this frame-work plaster was poured, and when fully seasoned, in a rude way, the corresponding section of the quarter-size model, was taken from it, and the larger one the workmen copied in this pile of plaster every feature of the model section, measuring and measuring, again and again from dots only, and correcting by means of plumb-lines, and patiently trying and retrying till an exact copy—only in proportion four times as large—was attained.

"The great irregularity of the drapery made it necessary to cut three hundred separate sections, besides twelve hundred smaller guide-marks, in order to insure an exact correspondence in proportion between the several sections of full-size model and the sections of the quarter-size model. Each of these marks, moreover, had to be measured three times in both models, and after that came all the remeasurements, to prove that not a single mistake had been made.

"When these sections in plaster had been completed, then came the work of making wooden molds that should be exact copies both in size and molding of plaster. These were all carefully made by hand. It was long, tedious, and difficult work. Each piece was a mold of a part of the statue, exactly fitting every projection, depression, and curve of that portion of the figure or drapery. Into these wooden molds sheets of metal were laid, and pressed or beaten down till they fitted the irregular surfaces of wooden molds. All this was done, of course, by hand, and, of course, it was done from the back, or inside, of the sheet. If the mold is an exact copy of a part of the statue, it is easy to see that the sheet of metal when made to fit it, will, when taken out and turned over, be a copy of that part of the statue.

"These sheets were of copper, and each was from one to three yards square. Each formed a part of the bronze statue, and of course was two inches thick.

"In this complicated manner, by making first a sketch, then a quin tercentu, then a full-size model in sections, then hundreds of wooden copies, and lastly by beating into shape three hundred sheets of copper, the enormous statue was finished. These three hundred bent and hammered plates, weighing in all eighty-eight tons, form the outside of the statue. They are very thin, and while they fit each other perfectly, it is quite plain that if they were put together in their proper order they would never stand alone. These hammered sheets make the outside of the statue; but there must be also a skeleton, a long structure inside, to hold it together. This is of iron beams, firmly riveted together, and making a support to which the copper shell can be fastened."

A White Wife Sold to an Indian.

Uinta Chieftain.

A novel transaction took place in this vicinity during the past few days. It is of common occurrence for an Indian to buy a squaw, but for a white man to sell his wife and children to an Indian is a transaction we never before heard of. The two principals of the transaction were Thos Kirby, of Almy, a pusillanimous little cur, and a dusky son of the forest, who has been loitering hereabouts for several days.

It appears that Kirby, by his abuse, had long since driven his wife from home, who took up with Ashbolo to live on, together with three children. The first that was known of the swap was on Wednesday morning, when the Indian bolted into the house, every room of which he proceeded to examine. The lady inquired as to his intentions, whereupon he informed her that "Little white man in Almy sell me white squaw and three pappoose—two girls, one boy—for ponies." The woman thought the Indian was so minutely described that what he said carried conviction in the wife's mind as to Kirby's intentions, and it was not long before the partisans of Beckwith, Quinn & Co.'s teamster that the irate red man did not carry off his new purchases.

Dr. Kedzie says that taking as a standard the ash of the body wood of the beech, one bushel of ashes is afforded by two and one-half cords of wood, and is worth, according to the market value of the potash, magnesia, lime and phosphoric acid they contain, 50 cents per bushel. What cheaper fertilizer, then, than ashes at current prices.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Paragraphs Worth Heeding.

Make your beds in the morning. A woman who will leave that work undone until night, unless she has a very good cause, might be called lazy.

When you clean house, don't tear up every room at once. Make the home a little comfortable, at least.

Don't keep dish rags until they become as hard as a bone. They are not so dear as all that.

Do your work with a merry heart. Don't be grumbling the live long day. Don't hurry and worry that you get along. An elephant at fifty dollars might be cheap to a circus man. At fifty cents a grosthey would be dear to you.

Make all the fancy ornaments for your house you can. There is nothing half beautifying the homestead.

Fill your lamps in the morning. Don't wait until night and then run the risk of an explosion. Also, keep the wicks trimmed.

A little salt in the bottom of your lamps drives away the offensive odor of the oil.

Don't pour coal oil on your fire to make it burn. How many cases of death have come by it.

Don't take babies out in blustery weather—unless you like to see them have wet colic.

An orange before breakfast is a splendid tonic for the liver.

Don't put any dish on your table you don't want your children to eat. Don't tempt them.

Teach your children to pray. Try and mould a true Christian character in them.

Don't argue with your husband on religion or any other subject. If you get the better of him he'll get mad, and then—well you know what.

Don't gossip about neighbors. If you can't afford some kind of an amusement, let the hails ring with melodies from the voice. It is cheerful to sit around, and makes home a heaven.

The Right Kind of a Wife.

You, no doubt, have long ere this heard of the great shingle scheme in New York, where our once president, U. S. Grant, failed. You remember it was Grant's partner, Colonel Ord. Fred Grant "went under" with his father. When he was compelled to sell his family, carriages and harness, dismiss his coachman, and all his home help what a blow it must have been to his wife. Yesterday a life of luxury, and to-day a life of toil, and no complaining, but a day cut down to "so much a day."

When Fred informed his wife of his financial condition, and the necessity for economy in her domestic relations, she did not "fly up" or become sulky, but with a cheerful countenance and encouraging spirit, remarked: "I have lived on army rations once, and I can do it again."

That is the right way to look at affairs. Make the best of things. Does it pay to "cry over spilt milk?" What the meaning of the old Latin proverb? He can well feel proud of her, for she deserves all the love and attention he can give her. And might not many women take advice from her? Instead of growling when misfortune occurs, when your husband is out of work, make the best of matters, and regulate your expenses accordingly.

This reminds me of an illustration which I heard a few days ago: Two men were talking about the troubles of their wives. After the one had lauded his companion in the highest complimentary terms, the answer was, "Oh, my wife is a good companion, and I should not say anything against her, but what I don't like about her is this: When I have work she lays in a supply of provisions against a rainy day. That part I admire, but when the rainy day comes, she does not try to replace the stock as far as possible, but continues the same mode of living as when I had work. Thus it happens that, in too days in a stock for rainy days, and when they come, Jones says he can easily prove them by the way rations are meted out, and as a rule, by the time the supply is nearly exhausted, Jones gets work and he can commence where he left off, while I manage to make a dish which occurred in our display upon the table."

Then might be a profitable lesson taken from that.

Fashion's Freaks.

White velvet hats are worn at dress afternoon garden parties.

Gold and silver possessing-like tissues are much used in millinery.

Pale gray tints bid fair to take the place of ecru and cream for evening toilets.

None but slender and young women can wear the high shouldered shoulder cape to advantage.

Bands of ribbon terminating in flat bows form the vertical decorations of many printed lawn dresses.

Traveling bags of leopard skin, with solid silver mountings and silver initials on the side, are the latest.

Those wear slippers now are now using the rubber again, and in the center is put a tiny Rhine stone buckle.

The finest Torchon lace is still used on infants' clothing, as it is one of the most durable of all wool laces.

White gauntlet kid gloves have bunches of flowers embroidered on that part of the gloves between the wrist and elbow.

The Muscovite shoe, with one strap, is buttoned and buckled over the instep lined Suede kid, and has holes punctured round the heel.

An old dress cloak of silk or any other material, if ripped and regularly washed in a few cents' worth of Spanish silk bark diluted with water, will look like new again.

The open loose redingote worn over a full skirt is frequently seen. It opens loose in front, and is very plaitous, but defines the figure with glove like fidelity in the back.

Medical men in France recommend flannel for linen throughout the year. Knitted zephyr wool shirts are even better than the finest, softest flannel, as they are more porous.

The blending of colors in the same fabric gives an antique grace to many costumes, and also permits latitude of taste in the choice of the fashions and other accessories of the toilet.

The prettiest hats for babies are made of shirred white lawn, with strings of the same about two inches wide; these hats may be made in a variety of ways, and are always useful and becoming.

These dangerously bad special styles of this summer, against which a note of warning should be raised in time, are the shoulder cape, the large and extensive parasol and the profusion of gold in braids, feathers, cords, nets, flowers, millinery and accessories of toilet.

Bonnets, for the summer, are even more microscopic than those of last winter. The "Payanne" shape is most used. Fancy straws are in great variety. Hats, for travelling, are invariably high in the crown; shade hats for the seashore are trimmed with enormous bows of wide ribbon, such as is used for children's sashes.

Our Recipe Book.

Crullers.—Take one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, three eggs, one-half cup of milk, flour to make a stiff cough, roll, cut and fry in lard.

Cocoanut cake—Eight eggs, one grated cocoanut, one pound each of flour and sugar, one cup of milk; bake in a quick oven.

Hickory-nut cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, six eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one-half cup of milk, and one cup of fruit; bake in a steady oven but not quick.

Currant jumbles.—One-half pound each of flour and sugar, one-quarter pound of butter, one-half pound of currants, four eggs; bake on tins.

White Mountain cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, six eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda.

Ginger Nuts—One half pound each of flour, butter, and brown sugar; three pounds of molasses, ginger, and molasses to make a stiff paste; roll thin; cut and bake in a slow oven.

Mountain Gingerbread—Three cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and ginger, two teaspoonfuls of tartaric acid; this is a batter, and bake in a deep tin.

Doughnuts—Three-fourths pint of milk, six ounces of sugar, one-fourth pound of butter, one-half nutmeg; make a sponge, and then add one-half cup of yeast and let rise over night and fry in lard.

Another Doughnut Recipe—One teaspoonful of soda; two cups of sugar; one pint of milk; one-half of nutmeg; flour to make a soft dough; fry in hot lard.

Poorman's Cake.—Two cups of flour, one cup each of cream and sugar, one egg; one teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; bake carefully.

Tafton Cake.—One pint of flour, one-half pint of sugar; one egg; one tablespoonful of butter; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one teaspoonful of soda, and milk to make a thin batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Odd Titles of Some Ancient Religious Works.

Cleveland Leader.

An intelligent gentleman of this city, who has an eye to the curious, has in his possession a list of odd titles of odd books, which were mostly published in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Some of the books on the list are still extant, but the majority of them have passed into oblivion. Their titles however, will tend to give one a good idea of the curious extravagance indulged in by the writers of the Reformation. The list is given below, and the world is inviting the same is due to Prof. J. H. Schmidt, of Capital University at Columbus.

A Fan to Drive Away Fiies; a theological treatise on purgatory."

"The Pearl of Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at."

"A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust Cast upon John Fry."

"A Proper Bridle to Startle Fools, printed in a land where self's cry'd up and zeal's cry'd down."

"The Flying Book, well tempered, for the shorn crop of the cowardly crop; or, biscuit baking in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the good of the spirit and the sweet swallows of salvation."

"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Summer of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Ward, (A Quaker who had been imprisoned.)

"A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headpiece through the Tube of the Canon of Convement."

"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."

"The Ladder of Charity. Layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled in the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye and Eat."

"High-heeled shoes for Dwarfs and Holiness."

"Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches."

"Matches lighted by the Divine Fire."

"Seven Sobs for a Sorrowful Soul of Sin; or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David: Whereunto are also added William Hermes and Hubert Hornscickles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented."

"Spiritual Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments for their souls' nourishment; a catechism."

"The Bank of Faith."

"The Christian Sodality; or, Catholic Hive of Bees, Sucking the Honey of the Churches, Prayer from the Bosoms of the Word of God, Made out of the epistles and gospels of the divine service throughout the year, collected by the puny bee of all the hive, worth to be named otherwise than by these elements of his name, F. P."

"The Gnome of Patience."

"The Innocent Lamb; or, the Holy Knight: a description of the odors of a saint for the Virgin."

"The Ladies' Dispensatory and Apothecary; or, a Collection of Passages from the Fathers."

"The Sixpenny worth of Divine Spirit."

"The Snuffers of Divine Love."

"The Sound of the Trumpet; a work on the day of judgment."

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the soul Sneeze with Devotion."

"The Three Daughters of Job; a treatise on patience, fortitude and pain."

"Tobacco Battered, and the pipes shattered about the ears that lifted up its so loathsome a vanity, by a volley of shot thundered from Mount Helicon, a poem against the use of tobacco, by Joshua Sylvester."

A gentleman who had just returned from Washington territory was asked how he liked the country. "Well, sir," he replied, "every bunch of willows is a saloon, every frog pond is a lager, every cabin is a county seat, and every man a liar."

* * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistuals, radically cured by improved methods, Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

Thousands Suffering from Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

You Can't Make $500 by Reading This, even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding the thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon it has invariably found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked contraindication usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, it this should meet the eye of anyone who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a *perfect and permanent* cure therefrom, that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

PATENTS.

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

Summer Fashion Notes from Godey's Lady's Book

Round crown turbans are among the new hats.

Russet brown is preferable to gray for bride's traveling dresses.

The rage for embroidery is as great the present season as ever.

Jet-embroidered Jerseys are very fashionable worn over jet-trimmed skirts and apron tunics of black.

A number of small plaited ruffles of muslin lace form the best bustle, and are now sewed inside each dress skirt just below the waistband.

For ladies with round, full faces, the Stitch can be worn with a Pompadour roll and a coil.

A dog collar of black or dark velvet, tied in a small bow on the left side, is worn by young ladies, with a standing linen collar.

Plush covered handles are used for parasols, and are shown in colors to choose to the tone of the dress.

A small bow of velvet under the chin takes the place of strings upon many bonnets this summer.

Double coin buttons of old silver or gold are the most popular sleeve buttons for ladies.

Linen cuffs are again fashionable; they are three inches deep, and of all sizes to fit the sleeve of the dress.

Straight, high English Collars of linen, with square corners broken over slightly, with a row of delicate embroidery, have been introduced.

Small bonnets and round hats are chosen to match the dress or long wraps used in traveling.

Imported parasols are made on almost flat frames, somewhat in Japanese shape, covered with puffed net, fastened on the centre stick with a bouquet of flowers.

The attempt to introduce high English darts in the front of dress waists has no proved successful with American women.

Tucked flounces are very much used and may be either straight or bias, gathered or plaited.

Flats with crown, lined with ribbon or velvet and trimmed on the brim with soft folds of mull or lace, and rich plumaged birds.

"Do you think he is guilty?" asked the new law student of the attorney with whom he was studying, referring to a client who had just left them. "Well, I think—excuse me, I don't know how much money he has," was the response.

Breton girls have been prohibited by the priests from selling their hair. She an order could not attend our American girls, but a law forbidding them to buy their hair would create a revolution in our society.

Editors like brevity, but a man recently hanged in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about dying or his sins, simply shook the preacher and said: "I'll see you later."

Certain druggists begin to complain that the only cough remedy they can now sell is Dr. Bull's Baltimore Wild Cherry. This goes to prove that intelligent people are determined to get the best cure for coughs, colds, and consumption, and will not take a substitute.

Couldn't Retract.

Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

He rushed into the editorial sanctum, with his hair standing on end, almost upsetting the editorial chair.

"Say! see here!" he shouted, holding up a paper and pointing to an article in it.

"Well what of it?"

"You called me a bold bad man!"

"Well what of that?"

"You must retract it."

"Can't do it."

"Why not, I should like to know?" shaking his fist under the editor's nose.

"O, I wouldn't lie about a little thing like that."

A former invalid writes: "I was greatly relieved to health and strength, caused by bad blood. I had a dozen boils in different parts of my body, and suffered many months from a cough, which the last exertion gave me great fatigue. I took three bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla and completely cured. At night I enjoy refreshing, dreamless slumber, and all day I feel energetic and strong."

Parson (to boy at Sunday-school)—"Well, my boy, you say your prayers, don't you?" Boy—"Oh, yes, sir; regular, every 'night." Parson—"But don't you say them in the morning also?" Boy—"No, sir." Parson—"And why not, my boy?" Boy—"Please, sir, any one can take care of himself in the day time." And do not many Christians practically act pretty much in the same way.

"Why live and be miserable when you can be comfortably buried for three pounds ten?" Advertisement of undertaker of an English undertaker.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands. As useless if it goes, as if it stands.

—Cowper.

Do you wish freedom from aches pains, sores, etc.? Then purify the blood strengthen the urinary and digestive organs, building up the system by medication by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It is gratifying to know that among intelligent communities these simple, harmless, yet effective remedy sells faster than the many humbug bitters, nostrums, medicines and pretended laboratory cures, all of which so rapidly weaken and ruin the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys so much so that the use of these delicate organs is unnatural activity.

Bishop Bedell of the Episcopal diocese of Ohio, has publicly announced his opposition to all revised versions of the English scriptures in his jurisdiction. He says that no word of the present Bible can be controlled either by criticism or scepticism without disloyalty to the church, danger to the truth and harm to the soul.

Senator Hampton has a book printed in 1427, about twenty years after the discovery of the art of printing, by the celebrated Nicholas Jenson, in Venice. It is a sort of Bible in one volume and is printed in Latin in very black type. The title has been lost. The initial letter to each paragraph is an illuminated capital, done by hand.

ICE CREAM!

Quality unsurpassed; made from Genuine Cream, Wholesale price to country dealers, delivered to the express company at Detroit. Sample pints, quarts, Hotels, Excursions and Festivals furnished at bottom prices.

CHAMBERLIN & HART,
Cor. Cass and Adams ave., DETROIT, Michigan.
Telephone connection with all parts of the state.

Rural Rutherford.

Middletown Transcript.

"No," said Mr. Hayes a few days ago to a friend who called to get her recipe for home-made hard soap, "I don't use Rutherford's hard-it over and decided not to have anything to do with politics this year. We found being a President a great trial, you may believe, and we decided that we didn't care for another term. Raising spring chickens at fifty cents a pound pays a great deal better than being the President-elect, and for my part I like it better. Rutherford thinks he likes it better, too, because it is not so sedentary and he don't have so much trouble in his liver as he did in Washington. And that reminds me that Rutherford hasn't had the chills and fever yet this evening. Where can he be?" And Lucy went to the back door and lifted up a gentle voice to the cry of "Rutherford! Rutherford!" in a way that awoke an assort ed lot of echoes in three adjoining counties.

A great waste of efforts—The child that cries for an hour never gets it.

It is only natural to have one dose of Pleasant Purgative Pellets when you need a laxative.

Fred Douglass has a colored protege with a talent for tragedy that is said will wend Black and Brown.

Papillon Blood Tonic is a specific for all diseases of the blood, Liver, stomach, nerves and skin; it is the most powerful, vegetable, containing only a small proportion of alcohol.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

Diseases of the liver, stomach and bowels are cured with Papillon Blood Tonic. Harmless medicine.

BOUGHTON'S INSTILLAGE: Ask for it. Instant relief in pain, cut, bruise, burn, etc.

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

SKINNY MEN. Wells' Health Renewer restores health and vigor, 1 pkg. $1, 6 pkgs. $5. Druggists.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the cause of all medicines to take. Small pill, small dose, small price. Pleasing compliant; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. Try them to-day and you will be well pleased with them. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Price 25 cents. If you do not find them at your druggists, send to us and we will send them post-paid.

A CARD. To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a receipt 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 City.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, PIMPLES, and rough Skin cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CARWELL BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich. 25 cts.

ROUGH ON PAIN. "ROUGH ON PAIN" SALVE, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, &c.

This Remedy was discovered by the present proprietors, and has been used by a person in each of our many years experience in the business, and it is different from all other preparations for those troublesome ailments, being a non-irritating soluble, diffusible, and powerful remedy, a marked contrast to the harsh, irritating, and unfavorable nature of the old and cauterizing powders, which have been longer in the market than this. Sold by druggists, 50 cents a box.

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

CATARRH

Sent postpaid, with well tempered, Curatives Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Gentian, Stillingia, Cascara, Bugwort, etc., combined with antiseptics, and pure aromatic Elixir.

THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION, Act upon the Liver and Kidneys, 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.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Hops and Malt Bitters Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS For sale by all druggists and dealers.

To the needs of those whose occupations or mental labor and anxiety tend to produce sleeplessness it peculiarly adapts itself, since it improves the digestive powers and stays the physical energy of the system, influences the liver, moves and promotes the action of the stomach, dyspepsia, and the bowels, invites the sleepless to repose, and fortifies the weary and debilitated for the labors of the day. Dr. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is recognized as the best remedy for all complaints of the stomach and bowels, and the improvement of an English undertaker.

ROCKFORD WATCHES Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE. Sold by the Chief Mechanician of the U. S. Congress, and by the Admiral commanding the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. Adopted by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railway men generally, and recognized as the best time and durability watches for the money. Sold by all Jewelers. ROCKFORD WATCH CO. Illustr