POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throngs,
And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy chair
(Father always was a master hand for comfort everywhere);

"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed
She was painting on a water jug, and murmured, "Yes, indeed."
And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,
And "Yes, indeed," repeated, with a most ecstatic look.

But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! No one ever thought how much she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."

—Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Magazine.

CUPID'S CONQUEST.

As Ellery Hampton threw himself in his easy chair before the glowing bed of anthracite, his genial, handsome face wore an expression that betokened good will toward himself and all mankind. The pitiless January storm raging without only enhanced the comfort of this favorite apartment of our bachelor friend. There he indulged in untrammelled freedom. Each inanimate object had long since become a friend that sympathized with his every mood. Indeed, they had come to have a meaning to him akin to human.

"I shall have no feminine bric-a-brac here," he had said. "No incomprehensible designs in silk and wool shall dangle from mantel and chair to mar its beauty."

Its low, well filled book-shelves, surmounted by the silent, inspiring faces of scholar and poet, the few well chosen pictures, the warm, rich, yet subdued tints on floor and wall, certainly gave evidence of the good taste and refinement of its occupant.

As Ellery sat gazing into the fire, out of its depths rose a vision of his past life. He saw himself, a child of eight summers, standing beside two graves, one still fresh with flowers laid but yesterday upon it. Throwing himself upon it, his childish sorrow found vent in passionate sobs. Gently he was drawn away by the loving arms of Aunt Clem and folded in her fond embrace.

"Dear Aunt Clem!" he softly murmured; "how patient and tender the love she has lavished upon me since that hard day! Through childhood, boyhood and early manhood this love has been my guiding star. And now that success has crowned my efforts, we two find sweet content in this bachelor home. No lovesick fancies lure me from its repose. Bah! That folly I have at least escaped." And with a light laugh he reached for the fresh magazine with its uncut pages.

Upon the table lay an unopened letter, heretofore unnoticed. Hastily tearing it open he read:

DEAR OLD CHUM—The struggle is almost over. Defeat has been the reward of my life-work. I have not the strength nor even the wish now to search for a cause further. I close my eyes on the bitter past with but one regret. My darling Helen, motherless girl, I must leave alone. For the sake of old memories, of sweet by-gone days, I implore your guardian care for my child. I can write no longer. Good-bye, and good bye.

HAL ANDERSON.

The face that now gazed into the glowing fire no longer bore its serene expression. Surprise, pity, and even a shade of annoyance passed over the handsome features.

"Poor Hal!" he said at last, with a deep sigh, "surely a heart so noble and true deserved a better fate. The old memories are indeed sweet, and for their sake your child shall find a home with us."

His better nature had triumphed, and the letter that was soon on its way bore tender words that soothed the dying hours of his friend, and a kind welcome for the lonely orphan girl.

A few days after Ellery Hampton brought to his home a slight, sad-faced girl of thirteen. She was very kindly received. Both Ellery and Aunt Clem tried to make the sorrowing child feel that she had indeed come among friends. But as the days passed the loneliness of the great house became oppressive to her.

Aunt Clem, with her kind but reserved nature, almost repelled the sensitive child. Ellery always had a bright smile and a word for her, but it was only at the morning and evening meals they met. She felt very grateful to these friends for the beautiful home so freely offered her, but her heart ached for the loving words, the ready sympathy that had made her own simple home the sweetest spot on earth.

So when Ellery announced to her his intention of placing her in a distant seminary to finish her education she could scarcely retain her eager joy. Young as she was she had acquired as her father's daily companion habits of study and a love for books. In study she might at least find some relief from the bitter sense of solitude that oppressed her.

Passing hastily over the next ten years of Helen's school life we find her at eighteen a lovely, sensible girl, whose warm, generous nature has endeared her to every acquaintance. She has finished her course of study with high honor, and to-day is leaving forever this kindly shelter that has been to her both school and home. A feeling of dread steals over her as she thinks of the great silent house that is henceforth to be her home.

Her vacations, with the exception of the first, had been spent with her dear friend and room-mate, Kate Somers. And now poor Helen felt for the second time in her life she was leaving true and trusted friends to go again among strangers. Letters kind but formal had come occasionally from Mr. Hampton; very liberal had been the monthly remittances sent, and there apparently his interest ended.

But as there was no other alternative Helen soon found herself whirling rapidly towards home. Her heart sank as she mounted the well-remembered steps, but the warm kiss and hearty greeting of Aunt Clem greatly assured her drooping spirits.

"Why, child! How you have grown and changed!" she exclaimed, casting an admiring glance at Helen.

What Ellery thought as he came forward to welcome his young ward can be surmised. That he was not wholly indifferent was quite evident. Instead of withdrawing after the dinner hour as was his custom, he drew his chair near Helen, and they were soon chatting with the ease and freedom of old friends. He asked many questions about her school life and companions, inwardly reproaching himself for the coldness and indifference he had so thoughtlessly shown toward her. He joined heartily in her merry laugh as she recounted school girl escapades and trials. He talked of the many pleasures of social life that awaited her, of books and current news. Pleasantly the hours sped by, and he gave a visible start as the little clock on the mantel chimed eleven.

Dear Aunt Clem, between her naps looked wonderingly on. Had Ellery for once forgotten his bright fire, his easy chair, his after dinner smoke?

But this evening was but a prelude to the many pleasant evenings and days that followed. Katie Somers smiled as her friend's letter told of morning rides, of evening strolls, of new books read, of new songs sung with Mr. Hampton, who had been such an object of dread in their confidential communings.

That Ellery Hampton was no longer an object of dread to Helen was but too apparent to herself. In the seclusion of her own room she was forced to admit that this man, who had shown her only kind attentions, had become the idol of her heart. Her cheeks burned with shame at the unmaidenly confession.

"What shall I do?" she sobbed. "I can not meet him day after day without betraying this secret, which must be mine, and mine alone."

She buried her burning face in her hands, and for a long time sat motionless. Suddenly she started up and drew from her pocket Katie's letter of yesterday. As she read, a resolute expression gathered around her firm little mouth. "Yes, that will do," she said at last.

Katie's long, rambling letter closed like this: "And now, dear Helen, you will not longer deprive us of your own sweet self. We are all wild to see you. I have so much to tell you, so many questions to ask. I am all impatience for one of our good long talks. Write immediately and tell me that you will come."

Helen sat thoughtfully holding the letter in her hand.

"Yes, that will do," she repeated. "In school mathematics was my favorite study and now it shall serve my purpose. I can soon fit myself for a practical bookkeeper, and Mr. Somers' influence will secure me a position. I have no right to live here in idleness, accepting daily favors from one on whom I have no claim, save being the daughter of his friend."

She faltered a moment as she contrasted her happy life of the past six months with the life that lay before her as an obscure bookkeeper in a great city. But it was only for a moment, and then her proud spirit regained its ascendency.

"It is but just to myself and him," she said.

Three weeks from that bright winter morning a square, delicately-perfumed envelope was placed in Ellery Hampton's hand. The look of a pleased surprise that lighted up his face as he glanced at the address proved that he well knew whose hand had penned it. But the dark frown that gathered as eager eyes devoured its contents bespoke small approval of Helen's plans.

Hastily donning cap and overcoat, he was soon plunging through the blinding snow toward home. Throwing a few necessaries into a hand-satchel, he appeared before Aunt Clem.

"What has happened Ellery?" she gasped as she looked into his agitated face.

"I have only time to say good-bye, auntie. Important business—no—well—in fact, I am going to bring Helen home:" and off rushed this dignified bachelor, leaving poor Aunt Clem dumb with astonishment.

As Helen and Katie sat in their pretty morning robes discussing the last night's opera, a card was handed Helen. She glanced at the name, and her face rivalled the rose in color. Hastily excusing herself she, went down to the parlor. Ellery Hampton sprang forward to meet her, and clasped the agitated girl in his arms.

"Oh, Helen!" he said in an agitated voice, deep with emotion. "Why did you wish to leave us? Tell me that you did not mean it. Come back to us, darling; come back as my loved precious wife! Forgive my impetuosity; I have loved you so, and I have been in such wild suspense. Look up, darling, and tell me that this passionate love is not unwelcome—is not wholly unreturned."

Poor Helen was so bewildered by this whirlwind wooing that no word came at her bidding. But in the depth of her lovelit eyes Ellery read his answer. Katie was in raptures when the result of this momentous interview was confided to her. Later on her face wore an absorbed, abstracted air.

After sundry mysterious visits and whispered consultations with mamma she flew to Helen's room, and after much coaxing and caressing tried to persuade her that a most charming "denouement" would be a quiet wedding, with Papa Somers to give away the bride.

When Ellery added his entreaties and Mr. and Mrs. Somers would take no denial, Helen laughingly surrendered herself to her friends.

Aunt Clem rubbed her eyes to assure herself that she was not dreaming, as she stood in her pretty gray silk listening to the solemn words that made Helen the happy wife of Ellery Hampton.

Some Curious Facts.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Gold beaters by hammering can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid on any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol or carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will at the end of that period have lost little of its weight. The carrion crow smells its food many miles off. A burning taper uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth of a grain; would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silkworm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburg, or 400 miles. In the milt of a codfish or in water in which vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers animalcules of which many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complete as those of the whale or the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of the globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer. Water, mercury, sulphur, or in general any substance when sufficiently heated, rises as invisible vapor or gas; that is, reduced to the aeriform state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breathe. Few have contemplated an annihilation of the world more complete than this.

Congressman Horr was renominated in the eighth district by acclamation.

Discovery of Behring's Straits.

West Shore.

The sudden rise of Russia from oblivion to a high rank among the powers of the world, a revolution wrought by the genius of the enlightened monarch, Peter the Great, is one of the marvels of history. Gradually he extended his power eastward across the snowy wastes of Siberia until his dominions were washed by the waters of the Pacific beating upon the peninsula of Kamtchatka. The fur trade of this vast solitude became a valuable one, and added to the great revenue of the Czar. Having reached the Pacific he became eager to extend his power still further eastward until it touched the western confines of the dependencies of England, France and Spain in America. How far that was or what was the nature of the region coveted, neither he nor any one else had the faintest glimmering of knowledge. It might be a great ocean of valueless water, a sea filled with islands, a continent of ice, or a land of plenty, "flowing with milk and honey." No one knew, but this powerful autocrat proposed to find out. His first step was to discover a waterway into the Pacific from the Artic Ocean, which washed his dominions on the north, just such a passage as the English mariners had searched for in vain, though he expected to reach it by going east instead of to the west. He ordered vessels to be constructed at Archangel, on the White Sea, for the purpose of coasting in the Arctic eastward along the shores of Siberia until an opening was discovered into the Pacific. Other vessels were to be constructed on the coast of Kamtchatka, which were to take an opposite course and endeavor to pass northward in the Arctic. Peter died before his plans were executed, and the project was held in abeyance for several years. Empress Catherine was a worthy successor of her noble husband, and when firmly settled upon the throne she turned her attention to completing the work he had begun. In 1728, in accordance with her instructions, vessels were built on the coast of Kamtchatka, which were dispatched in search of the desired passage between the Arctic Ocean and the Pacific. In command of the expedition was Vitus Behring, a Danish navigator of skill and experience, in whose charge the former exploration was to have been placed by Peter. Russia was not a maritime nation and her seamen were in no manner scientific navigators, hence the selection of this skillful Dane for the command of so important an expedition. Behring sailed on the 14th of July, and followed the coast northerly in his vessel until he found it trending steadily to the westward. From this fact he became convinced that he had already entered the Arctic and was sailing along the northern coast of Asia; and being unprepared for a long voyage, or the possibility of being compelled to spend the winter in the ice, he returned at once to the port of embarkation. The highest point reached was 67 degrees 18 minutes, but the longitude is not given. Neither going nor returning through the straits did he espy the coast line of America, foggy and cloudy weather obscuring it from view, and consequently he reported upon his return home that a great open sea lay to the eastward of Asia, joining the Pacific Ocean with the Arctic. The next year he endeavored to cross this ocean and reach the shore of America by sailing directly eastward. In this attempt he was baffled by head winds and was driven by a gale into the gulf of Okotsk. He abandoned the effort and returned to St. Petersburg to report his discoveries. During the few succeeding years a number of smaller expeditions were made by Russian subjects, one of these being driven upon the Alaskan coast in 1732, and it was discovered that not an open sea, but a strait, connected the two great oceans. Upon this was bestowed the name of the Danish explorer, the pioneer navigator of the North Pacific.

Mythology of the Haida Indians.

From the Portland, Or., West Shore.

Careless and casual observers term all Indian carvings as idols or objects of worship. But the Indian is not an idolator; he does not bow down or worship the image of created things. His worship is secret and performed in seasons of retirement in the depths of the forest. His ideas of the existence of a Deity are vague at best; and the lines of separation between it and necromancy, medical magic and demonology are too faintly separated to allow him to speak with discrimination. The Indian's necessities of language at all times require personifications, and his carved columns are picture writings readily understood by all. They are legends of adventures of giants and dwarfs, and while he amuses with the tales of the conflicts between monsters and demons, fairies and enchanters, he also throws in some few grains of instruction in the form of allegory and fable, which enable us to perceive glimpses of the heart and its affections. The mythical belief of the Haidas is similar to the Algonkin. The Raven, or Nekilstas, of the Haida is like Manabozue of the Algries and Hiawatha of the Iroquois. He has all the powers of a deity, and can assume any shape he pleases; and so of the Hoorts, or Grizzly Bear, the Skata, or Kiiler (orca), the Helinga, or Thunder Bird, etc. This play between the zoonic and mortal shapes of heroes must constantly be observed in high as well as in ordinary characters. To have the name of an animal, or bird, or reptile, is to have his powers. The ordinary domestic life of the Indian is described in plain words and phrases; but whatever is mysterious or abstract must be brought under mythological figures and influences. Birds and quadrupeds must be made to talk, and even the clouds, which chase each other in brilliant hues and constantly changing forms in the heavens, constitute a species of wild pictography which he can interpret. The phenomena of storms and meteorological changes connect themselves, in the superstitious mind, with some engrossing mythos or symbol.

There seems to be a great variety of stories which are recorded by these picturegraphs. Some are grotesque, some disgusting and some instructive, but whether they are orally related around the lodge fire, in the family circle, or depicted in their carvings or rude paintings, the *dramatis personae* are true transcripts of Indian life; they never rise above it, or express a sentiment or opinion which is not true to Indian society, nor do they employ words which are not known to their vocabulary. It is in these legends that we obtain their true views of life and death, their religion, their theory of the state of the dead, their mythology, their cosmogony their notions of astrology, and often of their biography and history, for the boundaries between history and fiction are vaguely defined. Some of the ancient legends of the Haidas are prophetic, and told by these ancient skagas, or medicine men, to the Indians, then dressed in robes of furs. They were told of the strangers with white faces who would come and buy their furs and give them in exchange other articles of clothing and other kinds of food to eat, and they were warned to treat the strangers well when they came, as they would bring with them many things new and strange which would be of great benefit if they would learn and adopt what was good of the white men's ways. Schoolcraft says in his "Myth of Hiawatha": These stories are often told, in seasons of great severity in the depth of the winter, to an eagerly listening group, to while away the hour and divert attention from the pressing claims of hunger. Under such circumstance to dole away time, which has no value to him, and to cheat hunger and want, is esteemed a trait of philosophy. If there is a morsel to eat in the lodge it is given to the children. The woman imitate this stoicism and devotion of the men. Not a tone of the narrative tells of dismay in their domestic circumstances, not an eye acknowledges the influence of grief. The dignity of this position is worthy of remembrance. The man, it may be, shall pass away from the earth, but these tributes to the best feelings of the will remain, while these simple tales and legendary creations constitute a new point of character by which he should be judged. They are at least calculated to modify our views of the man, who is not always a savage, not always a fiend.

The Haidas seem to be advanced in their works of art in carvings in wood and stone, in silver, gold, copper and iron, and their carvings in the soft argillaceous slate stone, which is found among the coal measures of Skidegate, and worked by them into various shapes, such as caskets, placques and miniature columns. Their bracelets, rings, and ear ornaments of gold and silver, their copper schields and emblematic daggers, bows and arrows, and their iron daggers and war knives all richly carved, and their wooden and horn dishes, spoons, masks and toys are eagerly sought after by tourists; and when properly explained and understood are of great value, for every carving has a meaning, and each illustrates a story or a legend, read and undestood by the Indian as easily as the white man understands the printed books.

An Important Decision.

A recent judicial decision in Canada will excite some surprise among religious people on this side of the boundary line. The sexton of a Roman Catholic church in one of the small towns in the Province of Quebec had a grudge against a fellow church member, and proceeded to gratify it by not putting the collection plate within his reach on Sunday morning. The aggrieved man thereupon brought suit against the sexton for depriving him of the privilege of letting his light shine before men to the extent of his customary charitable ten-cent piece, and the court awarded him damages to the extent of five dollars.

The curious eagerness of this plaintiff to put money in the collection plate must be a characteristic of the French Canadian, for otherwise the sexton would not have thought of keeping the collection plate out of his enemy's reach. In this country such an idea would never have occurred to the most malicious sexton or other collector of contributions. The American sexton anxious to "get square" with a personal enemy would naturally hold the plate conspicuously in front of the enemy's nose and decline to withdraw it without a contribution. This would compel the victim either to part with his money or to appear miserly in the face of the congregation. It is true that there may be an occasional man so exceptionally liberal as to take keen pleasure in putting money in the plate. So also there are men who regard the collection plate as a means of working off trade dollars and other uncurrent coin. Such men might feel ill-used were the plates not to be placed within their reach, but they are as rare as the believers in Symmes's Hole, and not one of them would think of enforcing his right to give away money by appealing to law.

It has been settled by the Canadian decision in question that every worshiper in a Canadian church is entitled to a fair chance to put money in the plate and that every sexton who takes up a collection must put the plate within the reach of every worshiper. What is thus judicially decided to be true of a sexton is doubtless true of all other collectors of money. Not one of them can lawfully refuse to give a Canadian the opportunity to part with his money. Hereafter the Canadian book agent must visit every house and offer his books to every man in the town in which he may ply his trade. If this is not done, any man to whom the book agent has not applied may bring suit against him, and the case of the Canadian sexton would doubtless be held as a precedent authorizing the punishment of the offending book agent.

A country where such a state of thing exist must be something like the wonderful region behind the looking glass discovered by that famous traveller little Alice. Those managers of American congregations who find it necessary to organize thirty or forty picnics, fairs, and magic-lantern entertainments in the course of the year in order to procure money for the pastor's salary and to replace the broken tea cups, oyster plates, magic-lantern slides, and other ecclesiastical property of their congregation will look with envy upon Canadian church-goers, who are determined at any cost of time and trouble to put money in the plate, and who never need the influence of the church raffle or the broom drill to convince them that circumstances may exist in which it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Why Logan's Dog Died.

Gen. Logan, who, by the way, is an enthusiastic sportsman and very fond of dogs, told a good dog story to the writer many moons ago, which is as follows: It seems the general owned a particularly fine watch dog, a mastiff of whose sagacity and fidelity his master was never tired of discoursing.

One summer the Logan family were temporarily away from home, and Nero was left to guard the premises, of which he was the sole occupant, he having been readily taught to repair twice a day to a restaurant a few blocks away for his food, a hole cut in the back door affording him a means of egress and ingress. One day on returning from his dinner, Nero heard a noise in the dining room, and, on inspecting the cause, discovered a burglar who dashed into a closet and pulled the door shut after him before the hugh beast could pin him. The dog laid down in front of the door and waited with all the savage persistency of his breed for his victim to reappear. A day went by—two—three, and still the stubborn dog, weak and haggard with hunger, kept his post with a purpose that only death could subdue. On the fifth day the family returned, and lifting the emaciated brute from his station, opened the closet. It was then revealed that the house-breaker, provided with his kit of tools, had sawed a small section out of the frame wall of the house and escaped.

When the dog beheld the aperture, and the cold facts of the case dawned upon his canine brain, his little remaining strength forsook him, and lying down at the feet of his sorrowing master, he gave his tail an apologetic quiver and—died. His obvious resemblance to a human detective had broken his faithful heart.

A CARD TO PROSPECTIVE SUICIDES. An ingenious southerner has concieved the idea of opening a hotel for suicidas. He acts upon the American idea of the largest liberty for the largest halluoinations. He proposes to let rooms and furnish board to gentlemen and ladies who contemplate self-destruction, and will furnish all modern conveniencies. Each room will be supplied with a finely ornamented brass hook, upon which the guest can get up and hang himself at any hour. Gas, of course, will be furnished, that can be blown out before retiring, and pistols will be kept in the billiard room.

Charles K. Carpenter, a prominent resident of Orion, died August 19. He ran for governor on the prohibition ticket in 1874, and was prominent in grange affairs.

There are no Tricks in Our Frade

Burlington Hawkeye.

A calm, stately, beautiful Presence came, into the office of the influential daily, and graciously accosting the able editor, sat down on the dustiest chair in the neighborhood.

"That's rather a smoky seat for a snowy delegation," said the able editor, in tones of apprehension, at the same time wadding up a dozen valuable exchanges into a go-as-you-please dust brush: "there, let me swab a little of the latest grime off, and you'll find it more harmonious for a white dress."

"Do not mind," replied the one in spotless raiment: "It cannot be soiled by dust or mud, here is my card; I fear you do not recognize me."

The able editor read the name of White-Souled Truth on the card, and at once drew his ponderous feet from the table, and extended his good right hand.

"W. S. T.," he exclaimed joyously, "welcome to my poor sanctum. Make it your home while you are in town. Here is my paper of this morning, there are to-day's exchanges, this is a copy of that despicable sheet in the next block, with which, of course you have neither connection or acquaintance, that is the paste and this are—hem!—these—them are the scissors. You'll find paper and pencil in the drawer, pen and ink on the table, a box of cigars on the safe. Write yourself a good 'personal' and hang it on the hook and make it top head and double lead. This office and all that is in it is yours as long as you stay here. When'd you come in?"

"I came from Chicago this morning," said Truth, and I"—

"Ah, yes," interrupted the editor, with that easy manner of imparting valuable information of inestimable value, which is characteristic of the able editor in an important railroad town, "came down on number 7?"

"And I wanted to look into some matters, she said. "I see that—"

"Oh, you noticed that, did you?" said the able editor with joyous enthusiasm. "We're on your side all the time; you saw how I rattled the tobacconists for their villainous adultration of cigars? Rum, molasses, tar, borax, sulphuric acid, ginger, prussic acid, corrosive sublime, old eggs, bone dust, laudhum, hasheeh, opium, everything but tobacco. A cigar now-a-days is a smoking falsehood, and I'm ashamed to offer you one."

"I heard of that," said Truth, "but that is not what I was going to ask about. You had—"

"Ah yes," said the able editor of the leading daily in the state. "I knew that would catch you when I wrote it. Hauled the grocers from over the coals from way back, didn't I? And they deserved it, every line of it. Alum in the flour we eat, arsenic in the pickles to make 'em green, golden syrup made from old boots, split peas in the coffee, and in the sugar, canned peaches whittled out of pumpkins: everything adulterated down to starvation point. Your no friend of the grocers."

Truth looked grave. "No, I don't know much about the trade, but I know as much as ever I expect to, but I wasn't thinking about the grocers. I read in your paper—"

"Oh, yes, now I know! That time I skinned the dry goods men on woolens and blankets? The mendacious frauds and that old 'selling below cost' and closing out sacrifice game, didn't I open out on 'em?"

"Yes, but that wasn't it. I wanted to ask about—"

"How I found out all about the drug men and their awful dodges? I thought that would please you. Well, the way I came to embark in that reform—"

"Please do not talk about druggists," said Truth sadly, "they make me tired. But you had in a—"

"Oh yes! Where I blistered the liquor men on the poisonous adulterations of beer and the high priced foreign labels on cheap native wines?"

"I have nothing to do with the liquor business," said Truth, "I came here to ask you—"

"About the shameful way Graball belied his record, and how the convention was manipulated for the jabberwocks!"

"No: about your 'own special dispatches,' and the European letters from your 'own correspondent.' And if you have the leisure, I would like to look into the matter of your 'increased circulation' affidavits a little. I fear I do not know as much about the newspaper business as I should—"

The able editor was standing at the door pointing courteously down the long dark passage way.

"You will excuse me," he said, "this is my busy day. Time flies, and money is eight per cent. I have an appointment at the board of trade at this hour; I have a note to meet in fifteen minutes; my assistant is away and I am all alone and have the entire paper on my hands to-day; I have a severe headache and am going to bed at once under the doctor's imperative orders; I have nothing to do with the matter to which you refer; please step down to the business office and ask for the manager; call around with it about this time next week and I will settle with you; when I feel that I am not competent to run this paper myself I will send for you. Good morning."

And he was alone. A moment he mused, then gazing out of the window he saw a White-Robed Presence flying for its life from the shadow of the court house, while an eminent judge and two distinguished barristers looked after it, and wondered and wondered who that stranger was, and if they had ever seen her before. And after mature deliberation they decided that they had not.

Michigan Schools.

Lansing Republican.

The 47th annual report of the superintendent of public instruction has just been issued and makes a well-filled volume of 480 pages. The work includes a very ably written review by Superintendent Gass of educational progress throughout the state during the year 1883, including full and complete statistical tables, which cover every item of general interest pertaining to our educational system. Following there are concise reports of the several educational institutions of the state, together with those of the denominational colleges and seminaries. Then come the outlines of instruction for teachers' institutes and a graded course of study for district schools. Following these the several decisions of the supreme court on matters of educational interest that were rendered during the year are inserted, and these are succeed by full reports of the proceedings at the annual meetings of the county school examiners and the state teachers' association, including minutes, reports of officers, lists of members, addresses, papers, and discussions.

Referring to the special report of Superintendent H. R. Gass, we find much for the earnest consideration of every one interested in the advancement of education in the state. While the statistical tables show prosperity on every hand as compared with preceding years, yet there are many good and sufficient reasons apparent to lead one to the conclusion that, with some changes in our school system, much greater prosperity would ensue and more satisfactory results could be obtained. As Superintendent Gass aptly says: "The people of this state have, from the earliest period in her history, placed a high value upon the liberal culture of all classes, and the schools have ever been generously provided for and guarded with a zealous care. Through this high appreciation of culture, and by the wisdom of the early educators, the Michigan school system has gained a reputation of which no citizen of the state has reason to be ashamed. Our educational system, however, is not without its faults. With all the good features which it possesses it is still imperfect, and while we take delight in noticing the excellencies in our system of public schools, it is the part of wisdom not to close our eyes to its defects. A blind conservatism should not stand in the way of advancement in educational affairs. The wise legislator will seek every means to inform himself upon those provisions of the law which are objectionable or ineffective, and will labor for the enactment of such measures as will render them acceptable and productive of the greatest possible good."

Mr. Gass recommends the doing away with the small district and establishing the township as a unit in the school system, as it is in other public affairs. Reviewing at length the causes that have led him to this conclusion he then sums up the benefits that would be derived from such change as follows: "1. The organization of districts would be simplified and more easily accomplished. 2. The erection of better and more commodious school-houses. 3. Classifying and grading would be facilitated. 4. Better teachers would be more permanently employed. 5. The burden of taxation would be equalized among larger communities. 6. The public school funds will be more equitably distributed. 7. Equal educational privileges would be extended to all parts of the township. 8. Children could attend the school that was most convenient. 9. School-houses would be furnished with better means of instruction. 10. The aggregate cost of education would be diminished. 11. Fewer difficulties would arise in regard to district boundaries, which would be more permanently fixed. 12. *Nepotism* in the selection of teachers would not exist so extensively as it does now. 13. School house sites would be better and more conveniently located. 14. The number of school officers and elections would be largely reduced. 15. Less difficulty would be experienced in securing reliable statistics and information in regard to school work. 16. Schools would not so frequently fail to receive their portion of the public school funds. 17. There would be better management and supervision of the schools. 18. Text-books could not be so easily changed. 19. The school laws would be simplified, and better understood and obeyed."

On the subject of text books he recommends the establishment of a system of township uniformity, and the supplying of text books free to the pupils. He calls attention to the necessity of better classification of pupils in district schools, and the importance of the adoption of graded courses of study in such schools.

Under the head of "School Supervision," he recommends the retention of the present system of county examining boards, but suggests, presenting many cogent reasons therefor, that one member of this board should constitute the visiting authority, acting in the capacity of county superintendent of schools. He recommended that this officer be not an elective one, but that he be employed by two members of the board, elected as at present, and the judge of probate. The superintendent thus employed should then be ex-officio member and secretary of the board, and in addition to the present duties of that officer, the direct supervision of the schools should be placed under his control. By such a plan the county board would be permitted to select the best man for the place, wherever they might find him. They could pay a salary commensurate with the talent employed and the services rendered. They could hold the superintendent responsible for the faithful discharge of his duties, and dismiss him if they were not performed in a satisfactory manner.

Mr. Gass also reviews in a manner that conclusively shows him to be fully conversant with his subjects, the high school question, and the several matters of prison education and crime, pauperism and education, compulsory education, industrial education, and teachers' institutes.

Altogether the report is one of great value, and undoubtedly it will be examined with much interest by all who desire the prosperity of the schools of Michigan.

It chances once to every soul
Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,
Upon life's bridge of sighs to stand,
"A palace and a prison on each hand."
Oh, palace of the rose heart's hue!
How like a flower the warm light falls from you!
Oh, prison with the hollow eyes!
Beneath your stony glare no flowers arise.
Oh, palace of the rose sweet sin!
How safe the heart that does not enter in!
Oh, blessed prison walls! How true
The freedom of the soul that chooseth you!

—E. S. Phelps.

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and liver diseases, such as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), pimples, blotches, eruptions, tumors, swellings, fever-sores, and kindred complaints.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which has no steel in it.

. . . . Pile tumors cured in ten days. Rupture in four weeks. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

Despise not the Small Things!

Little things may help a man to raise—a bent pin in an easy chair for instance. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they cannot harm any one. All druggists.

In Cincinnati.

Philadelphia Call.

Sis—"I went to the church this morning, pa, and the minister preached on the flood." Pa—"He did? Why I didn't suppose ministers had so much go in them. Did he tell how the water was 20 feet deep in my pork-packing establishment?" Sis—"Oh no. He did not say a word about our flood. He told about the great flood." Pa—"What great flood?" Sis—"The one that Noah was in." Pa—"And he didn't mention our flood at all?" Sis—"O no!" Pa—"Well, that's queer. Where did that minister come from, anyhow?" Sis—"He is from Philadelphia." Pa—"That's the way with those Philadelphians. They can't see anything big outside of their own city. I suppose his friend Noah is a Philadelphia man, too."

Don't forget three little words—"If you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices, or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

The annual picnic of the farmers of Lenawee and Hillsdale counties was held at Devil's lake August 14. Fully 12,000 people were in attendance. The weather was as weather should be and a good time was had by every one.

Iosco county supervisors object to paying the $2,000 demanded by the Pinkerton detectives for their services (?) at the recent strike at East Tawas.

LADIES!

Do your own Stamping by using Briggs' Transfer Patterns. Send for sample.
G. I. FOX, Detroit, Michigan.
We want a good, live agent in this town.

IF YOU WANT TO SHIP
Fruit, Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, Honey, Beeswax, Beans, Potatoes, Vegetables, write to
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PRODUCE & COMMISSION DEALER,
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DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Orders and Consignments solicited. Prompt returns

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DEAN, GODFREY & CO.,
Griswold St. DETROIT, MICH
Correspondence solicited.

Farms For Sale!

The Finest List of Farms for Sale

Ever issued in Michigan. Contains over 150 descriptions with marginal red line notes, giving numbers of acres and price to each description, making a ready reference index. The last page contains descriptions of Detroit City property for sale. For free distribution by

GEO. W. SNOVER,
103 Griswold St.
DETROIT.

A written agreement made by a married man, that a certain debt not for purchase money should be a lien upon the homestead, is void unless signed by the wife.

Headache is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

Ann Arbor wants a street railway.

Invalid Ladies Attention.

For full particulars in regard to the new, quick and painless method of curing FEMALE DISEASES, so far as to lay aside all supporters and pessaries. Write to Drs. Peterman, Marshall, Michigan. N.B.—All Physicians can quickly cure their invalid lady patients with this treatment.

Waiting, Only Waiting.

She stands there in the shadow of the purple dusk, leaning against the gate in an attitude of careless grace, with her sweet, winsome face resting upon one little hand, while the soft evening breeze rustles among the maple leaves and tenderly lifts the fluffy golden hair from the low, broad forehead, and then rustles back amid the leaves again as though frightened at its daring boldness. There is a glimpse of shadowy pain in the depths of the watcher's beautiful opal eyes, and such a look of wistful pleading on the fair face as she whispers wearily, 'Oh, if he would only come,' that even the canary within its golden cage by the open window stops its merry carrol and drops to low, sweet notes that seem filled with a sadness and yearning like the heart of her out there in the twilight. The dusk falls thicker and darker, the slender, lithesome form sinks more heavily against the gate, the golden head droops lower and the look of pain and pleading deepens in the blue eyes, but no one comes, no one. Who is she waiting for? Oh-um-yes: well, dearly beloved she is the hired girl, and she is waiting for the potatoes that were ordered for dinner yesterday, and if the usual rapid time is made by the boy on the delivery wagon they will probably be along there some time next week.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 10, 1883.
"For diseases of the Kidneys, liver, bladder, and urinary organs I received great benefit from HUNT'S [Kidney and liver] REMEDY. I pronounce it the best."—H. W. Payne, Manufacturer Harnesses, Trunks, etc, 447 Main street.

Saginaw City is to have an electric light plant costing $30,000.

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.

Batter Cakes.—Take one pint of sour milk, a little salt and small teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a soft batter. They are much nicer without eggs.

See Here Young Man.

That girl of mine is twice as handsome
Since she commenced using Carboline
The Deodorized extract of Petroleum, and
I would not have her quit it for anything.

He who indulges sensual appetite is like a person who runs against the wind with a torch in his hand.

Cole's Carbolisalve instantly relieves the pain of Burns and Scalds and never leaves a scar. It is the best salve in the world for general family use 25c and 75c. At druggists or by mail.
J. W. COLE & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

To despise our own species is the price we must too often pay for a knowledge of it.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER. Fine Smooth, Cleansing, Refreshing, Preservative. 15c.

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

"ROUGH ON PAIN." PORUS PLASTER, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism. 25c.

A CARD—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions 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, N. Y.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE" Ask for it. Instant relief, quick cure. 15c. Druggists.

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.

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

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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.

Words of Warning and Comfort.

"If you are suffering from poor health or 'languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer 'if your are simply ailing or if you feel 'weak and dispirited, 'without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters 'will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtasked yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation or are young and growing too fast, as if often the case,

'Or if you are in the workshop, on the 'farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel 'that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating, if you are old, 'blood thin and impure, pulse 'feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties 'waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to 'give you new life, health and vigor.

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment and turn for a—cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

—If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin rich blood, the sweetest breath and health, $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

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

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Western Newspaper Union,
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Stomach and Liver
REGULATOR
CURES CONSTIPATION.

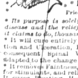
Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Heartburn, Malaria, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart when arising from indigestion or deranged condition of the stomach, Sick Headache or Migrain, Piles and Female complaints. The only medicine in the world that
Positively Cures Constipation.
Price, $1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles, $5.00.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS, FREE.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop'rs,
Manufacturing Chemists,
TOLEDO, O.

HAY-FEVER. CATARRH
I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms, did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm, and with the most wonderful success.—T. S. Geer, Syracuse, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER
Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c. druggists; 60c. mail, sample bottle by mail 10c. ELY BRO'S, Druggists Owego, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

The feeble grow strong when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used to promote assimilation of the food and enrich the blood. Indigestion, the chief obstacle to an acquisition of strength by the weak, is an ailment which infallibly succumbs to the action of this peerless corrective. Loss of flesh and appetite failure to sleep, and growing evidence of premature decay, are speedily counteracted by this great invigorant, which braces up the physical energies and fortifies the constitution against disease. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.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All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best
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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.*

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