SOME DAY.

Some day, with heart and pulses still,
With folded hands and sealed eyes,
And quiet face turned to the skies,
Not even thy touch shall wake one thrill;
So still I'll lie some day.

And thou shalt weep, and all fond names
Shall cross thy lips I may not hear,
And yet, ah! yet, thou'lt be as dear,
(For love shall live, tho' lips are still,)
As now thou art, that day.

And I shall come and fill thy dreams
With all sweet thoughts and fairest gleams
Of light and joy till thou shalt long
To cast aside this early thrall
And come to me some day.

For even in that bright land
I could not feel my joy complete;
Some cord would jar all else so sweet,
Without thy gentle hand—
So we shall meet some day.

POOR DICK WARRINGTON.

He had been a gentleman once, and a scholar, who had won honors at Cambridge, and was regarded as one of the best men in a college at that time unusually rich in promise. He had just seen one familiar companion of his in the old days pass into the New Law Cathedral, outside whose gates he was lounging. The famous Judge gave a glance at the disreputable loafer as he went by, but never recognized him; if he had done so, he would probably have spoken, for he was a kindly-hearted man. But this very fact made the reprobate more bitter. If his old friend had cut him, there would have been some ground for declaiming against the hollowness of mankind; but Dick Warrington knew well enough that he himself had sunk out of recognition, but one's own worthlessness is not so cheering a subject of meditation as the worthlessness of other people.

He pondered over neither, but only gazed moodily after the retreating figure of his old comrade, and then turned and sauntered into Long Acre. He was nearing his lodgings; they lay in a dingy court half a mile away, when it occurred to him that he had forgotten his mission. He had come out, with the idle good nature that seldom deserted him, to buy wine for his landlady's husband—dying the doctor's said, of consumption. Dick's quarterly pay had just arrived from the Social Hearth, for he contributed to that shady serial, which is a base imitation of the Family Herald, with none of its virtues and with all its vices. The Family Herald, indeed, has few vices; for it is an excellent periodical, and you may obtain from the editor, for nothing, advice on any earthly subject you choose to consult him upon, which advice will always be terse and definite, and improving. Also you may find essays on politics and social science therein, if you are intellectual—essays that inspire one with a wish that the editor of the Family Herald were happily controlling the destinies of our empire instead of the too patriotic cliques which control it at present. While, as for the tales—but this is no place to rhapsodize, even over the Family Herald.

Warrington was on the staff of the Social Hearth, which is, as everybody knows, a foolish and vulgar periodical, whose "criticism of life" is not worth twopence. It paid very badly; but he contributed more or less to several other journals; of which Bow Bells was the most respectable. It was a marvel how he with his talent could write badly enough to suit some of these editors. He said it took practice; but on the whole he succeeded admirably, and the stories and articles he furnished to the public showed better than anything else how far he had fallen. And yet there was a battered remnant of nobility in him, hardly conscious of its own existence. As some old picture may lie long in a dark lumber room hidden behind great masses of rubbish, till a kindly hand opens the shutter, lets in the fresh air and the sunshine and disperses the piled-up lumber, a chance touch shakes away the covering from the forgotten picture, scatters its dusty veil, and, hardly dimmed by years, its beauty gleams into the light again—a Turner, a Velasquez. So the spiritual virtuoso may come across strange treasure-trove, acts of chivalry, of self-forgetfulness in the most unexpected quarter, dear to his heart as the Elzevirs to the bibliomaniac. We were human Elzevirs once, may be; but like the shabby volumes the book hunter flings aside with disdain, we have been very much cut down.

Dick bought the wine and returned leisurely to his lodgings. He stole cautiously up the dark, crooked stairs into the narrow passage, and as he traversed it a strange thing happened. Through the venerable, ancient air of a London lodging house that landladies always seem to fancy improves with keeping—and, indeed, it does require a certain fine mellowness wherein are combined the essence of many different odors—there came to him the scent of heliotrope. With it returned the memory of a day when his sister had been to visit him, and with her one of her friends, a beautiful light-hearted girl whom Dick had cared for with a transient boyish passion. He had bought bouquets for them, and among the flowers he gave to his sister's friends was a sprig of the dim, gray-purple blossom.

He did not pause to wonder why the old scent came back to him in this widely different atmosphere, but passing on entered the invalid's room. Mrs. Hartley was not there, but he saw, standing by the bedside, a girl dressed in the garb of a private sisterhood with a cluster of flowers at her brooch. Her figure was slender and graceful, and he could see readily enough that she was a lady. His acquaintance included several women who had taken the "craze for humanity and typhus fever," as he irreverently expressed it, and Iris Enderby's presence did not astonish him, though he noted her beauty with pleasure. The hair was the deep brown that had gleams of ruddier color, and her eyes were clear and honest, and regarded one with a steady and fearless glance. She turned her head as Dick entered, and took him in completely, as he fancied, in about a second. There was nothing impertinent in her scrutiny, but much that was painful to a man whose inner life had never been intended to bear investigation. Insight into character is all very well for the people who have the insight, but it is sometimes trying to the unlucky character; and so Dick felt as rather defiantly he met Iris Enderby's glance.

"She thinks," he said inwardly, "that I am one of the people it will not do to encourage." The girl had formulated no opinion so distinctly; but yet his guess was not far from the truth. For there was no denying that Dick, with his battered costume, his rather dingy hands, and the reckless, devil-may-care expression on a face grown coarse that had once been handsome, looked a disreputable character, with whom a refined girl could have nothing in common. Therefore Iris withdrew her eyes with calm indifference, and went on measuring some medicinal compound.

Her face, with the indescribable air of fearless innocence about it that some faces will wear to the end, awoke in Dick a novel sense of embarrassment. He hesitated, but the desire to speak to her was too strong, and he crossed over to the invalid's side.

"Can I be of any use?" he asked politely.

"No, thank you," said the girl a trifle coldly; but her voice was very pleasant and musical. "Mrs. Hartley will be here presently." She turned a passing glance on him as she spoke, distrustful and yet indifferent. Evidently not the kind of girl to whom any one would offer impertinence in cold blood. But Dick paid no heed to the restraint; he spoke again, warming to the old manner.

"I have brought him some wine," he said, in a careless undertone, disburthening his hands as he spoke. "I thought it would be needed, and they have very little money. You see I have lodged here now for two years; and I am sorry he has broken down. There is no hope. I suppose?" he added, in a yet more guarded voice, though the patient was sleeping heavily.

The girl turned again, and looked him full in the face. He fancied he could trace in her eyes some regret for having judged him too harshly, and her voice was more cordial, though in all her intonations when she spoke to him, then and afterward, he thought there was a suspicion of disdain. He never blamed her, and he knew instinctively that if his old social standing had still been his, that element in her voice would have been rather more pronounced.

"There is very little hope, I am afraid," she said gravely. "Has Mrs. Hartley any friends who can help her? The doctor said he would require constant care."

"She has been earning for them both for some time," said Dick, "and her hands are full already. I do not think she has any friends who are likely to be of any use. If ever you are in need of a helping hand I hope you will rely upon me. I can easily sit up with him nights and never feel it." And indeed, he looked as if he were so used to sitting up all night that few additional times would make no difference to him.

"Thank you," said Iris, and was silent again. The real or imagined hauteur in her voice annoyed Dick unaccountably.

"Unless you are too fastidious," he said, in a sudden tone of bitterness that astounded himself, "to take help at the hands of a poor blackguard like me."

The girl looked at him, with a strange blending of compassion and repugnance in her eyes.

"You could have been a gentleman if you had wished," she said calmly. "If you are what you choose to be, why blame me for taking you at your own valuation?"

There was something terribly true and relentless about her words, and Dick winced under them as the most violent reproaches had ceased to make him wince.

"Thank you," he said. "You show me what I have to expect from people of a higher moral standard. And yet what right have you to assume that I am worthless?"

"It is your own epithet," she returned tranquilly. "But—forgive me—to a certain extent men write their characters in their faces."

Dick nearly swore a heavy oath, but he checked himself just in time, and spoke in tones of exceeding suavity.

"What excellent discrimination you have! Then you have ascertained that my character is too far gone to allow of my associating with you, to however small an extent, in a work of mercy."

A half smile broke over the girl's face, faint and transient, and yet it lit up the whole countenance and softened its youthful austerity.

"I did not say that," she returned, relentingly. "Who am I that I should look with scorn on any human being?" (This, by the way, she should have thought of before.) "Indeed, if you care to give it, I believe that we shall be grateful for your help."

"Thank you," said Dick, his anger melting as incomprehensibly as it had arisen. "I am at your service."

He sat up that night with Hartley, fulfilling mechanically whatever offices were required of him, but thinking very little of the invalid and a good deal about Iris Enderby and his own social status. He fell to drawing the most invidious comparisons—"trenchant parallels," as Henry Kingsley calls them—between himself and his old companions, who had walked in the light as persistently as he had walked in the darkness; between himself and his own relatives, leading unimpeachable, if prosaic, lives in the West End. When he gave place to Mrs. Hartley and slept at last, it was to dream of bishops, prayer books, and church institutes, everything calculated to awaken a sense of sneaking deficiency, and he woke still drawing invidious comparisons between himself and all of them. If Iris Enderby was to have this startling effect on his moral nature, he thought the less he saw of her the better; accordingly, he fell into long and interesting speculation as a whether she could ever be persuaded to tolerate him. He would find out.

There passed five strange, wild weeks, the most miserable, the most rapturous in Dick's life. It is not pleasant for a man to be scorned, knowing that he deserves scorn; but before a week was over Warrington was so badly in love with Iris Enderby that he thought he would rather be scorned by her than worshiped by any other woman. He did his utmost, humbly and persistently, to win her toleration. To do him justice it was always her toleration, never her love. Dick had most of the vices in the calendar; but there was no cold-blooded calculation about him and but little self-conceit. He knew that he had nothing to do with Iris Enderby, yet he was fain to conciliate her by word or action, by the delicate courtesies that please women. He had been a gentleman once, he said bitterly to himself; he would try to fall into the old ways again for the last time. It was easier than he had thought.

But Iris never changed. She was always courteous, somewhat kindly; but the look of scorn in her eyes seemed to Warrington's embittered vision never to pass away.

For five weeks he saw her daily—deft, tranquil, gentle, the light of that dark time; at the end of those weeks Hartley died. His death was sudden at the last, and only Warrington and his wife were with him. Iris who was to have watched that night came an hour later. When she entered with flowers in her hands, for she had brought fresh ones every day to please the invalid, Warrington was alone in the room. A dull pain was upon him heavier than his grief for the dead man, the hard, bitter consciousness that he should see Iris no more. He rose as she entered, and though he did not speak his look warned her of the truth; and she glanced hastily at the quiet face on the pillow. Her lips quivered, and the roses dropped from her hands, and were scattered, spots of glowing color on the dingy floor. Warrington, hardly knowing what he did, fell on his knees and began to gather them up, with a wild longing to speak at all hazards, to call her his saint, his divinity.

"Give me a rose," he said, huskily.

The girl's voice faltered as she answered him; but it had a ring of indignation that touched him to the quick.

"This is no time to talk of roses," she said passionately.

"Oh, you do not understand," he exclaimed hotly. "You have no pity for the living."

He did not glance up as he spoke, or he would have seen a strange look pass over her face. It passed like a shadow—was gone; she turned away, and the next moment he heard her voice, all sympathy, speaking to Mrs. Hartley. Then, feeling like an arrant coward, he slunk back to his own room.

Iris left an hour later. Some relatives of Mrs. Hartley's had come, and she could do little more. Dick reappeared as she was quitting the house, to offer his services as escort.

"Thank you," she said, not unkindly, but with quiet decision. "I would rather walk alone."

"It is very late," urged Dick.

"I am not nervous," she said in a cool tone of dismissal, and he fell back. But he was not to be baffled so easily. Iris might walk solitary if she liked; but she could not prevent his following at a suitable distance, at all events, till she reached the main street. He took no pains to keep under cover, for he was reckless; and indeed had she turned, his tall figure and careless gait would infallibly have betrayed him. But whether or not some instinct warned her of the truth, I cannot tell; but she never cast a glance behind, not even when her quick footsteps brought her into an alley rather too riotous for her liking, and he saw her hesitate once or twice. But further on, when they entered Garrick-street, he himself lessened the distance between them, for things were beginning to look ominous. Half a dozen sailors, British and foreign, but all drunk, and all very much excited, had just poured out of one of the worst public houses in the quarter, and were commencing a free fight among themselves. A little throng gathered, cursing and cheering, and obstructing the pathway, and Iris stopped, a good deal frightened. Dick noted one policeman on the extreme outskirts of the disturbance leisurely whistling for help; and then—it all happened in an instant—a drunken Lascar broke out of the throng and caught Iris by the arm. She uttered a low cry. The next moment that Lascar was lying on the pavement, to which Dick had flung him with perhaps unnecessary force.

Not for long. He was up again, with a demoniacal look of rage on his face, and he sprang at Dick like a wild beast. Something flashed in the crimson tavern lights. Then, as in a wild dream, the throng melted away, with fierce cries and ejaculations, and Iris was kneeling at Dick Warrington's side chafing his hands. There was a surgeon standing by, and one or two constables, looking down compassionately on the prostrate figure, and some one had said, "There is no hope." For the Lascar's aim was not made false by passion, and he had struck at the heart. A strange and wild dream, a life that she had tried to scorn, passing away for her sake into the darkness. Dick seemed to wake from a heavy sleep, with the sound of the sea in his ears as it thundered against far distant rocks. Stay, was it the sea or the tumult of the great city? The city was growing silent now! wrapt in an ever-deepening tranquility. Then memory came back to him; he knew what had come to pass; knew that he was dying. With a pang of regret at first, but when he raised his eyes, and saw Iris Enderby's face bending over him, he was well content. It was as colorless as his own; but there was a new expression mingled with its intentness, a look that he had dreamed of seeing there, but had never thought to see in waking life; that touched him with a vague fear.

"This is good of you," he said faintly. "I think it will not be for long."

"Can you forgive me?" said the girl in a low voice. "You have laid down your life for me."

Dick looked at her with amazed eyes. The surgeon had turned away. The two constables were speaking to each other in husky undertones.

"What have I got to forgive?" he asked wonderingly. "But I will never forget you. Ah, I wish my life had been worth your taking! A poor, poor failure! If I had known you sooner I might have had the heart to begin again; but I lost hope early—God knows why. You will never let it trouble you, this happy fate of mine?"

"It will trouble me," she said slowly, "all my life."

"Ah, no!" he said eagerly; and in that instant a strange look of nobility irradiated his face, a look it had not known for many a year.

"Forget it. I am not worthy of one regretful thought from you. Indeed, indeed, I am not worthy. And how could it end more happily? For if I had lived I should have sunk yet lower, and now I am not wholly base."

He paused. His words were growing incoherent.

"And you will give me the heliotrope you are wearing to take into the darkness, and I never shall be lonely."

"I have no heliotrope," said the girl clearly, though she shivered in the August night, "but I will you a rose."

The rose she had worn was drooping now. She laid it in his hand; then, stooping suddenly, she kissed his forehead with a long, soft kiss.

A light flashed into his face, and an expression so brief, so transient, she never knew whether it had been of joy or pain. Then all grew dim.

For years after there was one street that never echoed to Iris Enderby's footsteps; but now, of all dreary haunts in London, she loves Garrick-street the best, and the children have learned to wait for her coming there, with outstretched hands, and the scent of heliotrope, as she passes, floats on the heavy air.—*May Kendall, in Longman's Magazine.*

The Convivial "How."

In the old days, before the war, there was an impression general that an officer of the regular army, no matter how strict soever his incognito might be, invariably betrayed himself the moment he "moistened his clay" by pronouncing the monosyllable "How!" During the war the volunteer officers were quick to pick it up, and its use, whenever two or three were gathered together for the purpose of taking a drink, was universal. It was understood to be a refinement of the Indian guttural "Ugh!" which the noble savage always ejaculated whenever he quaffed his draughts of firewater down, and from the plains it found its way to the haunts of civilization. But, alas! the popular belief must be dispelled and the toast caused to give up its redolence of the "boundless prairie." Research has brought to light the fact that the word is of Roman origin; at least we have the authority of William Shakespeare for the assertion. In the first scene of the second act of "Julius Cæsar" the great dramatist puts into the mouth of Brutus this speech:

"Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of,
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! How?"

We dislike to destroy idols, but as that embodiment of wisdom, the late lamented King Solomon, hath it, "There is no new thing under the sun."—*Boston Herald.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

SOUP STOCK.

Put a beef bone weighing three pounds into three quarts of water and set on to boil. Cut up small a pound of lean ham or bacon, fry brown, then add the liquor from the bones; cover up the kettle and simmer five hours, strain through a hair sieve and set by till cold; remove the fat and it will be ready for any soup that may be required.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.

Melt three ounces of chocolate without sugar in a tin pan and mix it to a thick paste with one pound of pulverized sugar in a tin pan and the whites of three eggs. Roll this paste to the thickness of one-quarter of an inch and cut it into small cakes with a paste cutter. Butter a pan slightly and dust it with flour and sugar in equal proportions, and put the cakes in the pan. Bake in a hot oven. The oven should not be too hot.

APPLE FOLLY.

Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, three sour baked apples, vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs and sugar together, then add the inside of the apples, which should be roasted soft; flavor with vanilla; beat this to a stiff froth. Any kind of jelly can be used instead of apple.

SWEET MILK GEMS.

Beat one egg well, add a pint of new milk, a little salt and graham flour until it will drop off the spoon nicely. Have ready your gem pans, well greased and heated. Bake in a quick oven and send to the table hot.

CROQUETS.

To one pint chopped beef or veal, add one-half pint of cream and one tablespoonful butter (creamed), roll in about a tablespoonful of flour. Put all save the meat into a saucepan, season to taste and place over the fire to thicken; when this is done pour over the meat, mix thoroughly and form into shape, roll into cracker dust and fry a nice brown, or if preferred, bake.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.

Put into a bowl half a pound of flour, add a pinch of salt and stir in very gradually half a pint of new milk. Beat it until smooth, then add three eggs. Pour about half the mixture into a buttered pie dish and put into the oven to get firm. Then nearly fill the dish with apples pared, cored, sliced and slightly stewed with a little sugar and lemon rind. Pour the rest of the batter over them, return to the oven and bake one hour and a half.

PANCAKES.

One pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder, one cupful of cream, a pinch of salt. Sift the flour, salt and powder together, add to it the eggs beaten with the sugar and diluted with the milk and cream; mix into a thin batter; have a small, round frying pan, melt butter in it, pour about half a cupful of batter in it, turn the pan around that the batter may cover the pan, put on hot fire; turn it and brown the other side; butter each and roll it up; sprinkled with powdered sugar.

For the Orphans.

A Detroit poultry buyer was in Macomb county a few days ago on business, when, just about dark, his horse became frightened at some object along the road and ran away. The man was thrown out of his vehicle, but not badly hurt, and after he had pulled himself together he started on after the horse. Pretty soon he encountered three stalwart tramps, each one of whom had a club. As they obstructed the road he was forced to halt, when one of them said:

"Being as you are a well-known philanthropist, mebbe you'd like to donate a couple of dollars toward an orphan asylum."

"Where is it?"

"Out near Chicago. I don't just remember the exact dimensions of the building, nor the number of little kids as is cryin' their blessed eyes out fur their dead parients, but I know they is sadly in need of money. Ain't it so, boys?"

"You bet!" replied his two companions.

"If I give you two dollars will the orphans ever see it?" asked the Detroiter.

"Will they! Won't we purceed right there and give it to 'em afore Saturday night? You don't take us for a passel of gents without feelin's, do ye?"

"If he does," said one of the others, as he spit on his hands and gripped his club afresh, "I must clear my reputashun. I've allus been known as the friend of the orfans, and I can't 'low nobody to throw out hints that I am a liar and a hypocrite!"

"And it's the same with me," added the third.

The Detroiter handed over two silver dollars, and the tall tramp received them with:

"Now that's right. When a man won't give to the orphans you kin sot him down as too mean to live. On behalf of the leetle angels, many of which can't remember their paw nor maw, I thank you. If you ever come our way stop and see the children and hear them bless your name. Tom, you and Jim git out o' the road and let the public philanthropist pass on. I'm surprised that you'd stand in a gentleman's way! Good night old fel. Heaven will surely reward you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To the Hornet.

"If I had been Solomon," said the curb-stone philosopher, "I don't think I would have sent the lazy man to the ant."

"Where would you have sent him?" inquired a man with a drooping nose, who needed shaving badly.

"I would have sent him to the hornet."

"And what good would that have done?"

"A great deal, my friend. One hornet would have taught him more about enterprise in five minutes than he could have learned from a whole colony of ants in three weeks by the closest kind of observation. If you want to limber a man's joints in a hurry, send him to the hornet every time and you won't miss it. The hornet means business from the very start, and don't you forget it."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Systematic Giving.

The importance of systematic giving as a part of worship was urged by Dr. Parkhurst recently. "A single dollar," he said, "may look large, but when spread out over a year it is too thin to lie down upon and pray 'Thy kingdom come.'"

ADDITIONAL NEWS.

CONGRESS.

FEBRUARY 16—Bankers and business men of Savannah, Ga. presented a petition praying for the repeal of the silver coinage act. The House bill providing that the treasurer of the United States, may, with the consent of the secretary of the treasury, authorize the assistant treasurer to act in the place and discharge the duties of the treasurer, and that in the absence of either the treasurer or assistant treasurer the treasurer may designate a clerk of the treasury department to be acting assistant treasurer. Mr. Maxey offered a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the judicial committee to report what legislation in order to subject property moved into the Indian Territory to attachment or to levy and forced sale. Several other resolutions of minor importance were introduced and referred, when the educational bill was taken up and Mr. Jackson of Tennessee spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Maxey of Texas would never consent to to transfer to the general government the duty of a state especially as there was no warrant in the constitution for this departure in government policy. Mr. Pugh of Alabama was in favor of the bill. The debate was continued for some time, when the Senate adjourned.

The principal business before the House was the discussion of the Fitz John Porter bill. Mr. Wheeler of Alabama made a strong speech in support of the bill, and Mr. Cutcheon argued at great length against the measure. At the evening session discussion of the measure was continued. A bill compelling all vessels of the United States to carry the mails to and from all foreign ports when offered to them by the officer of the United States was reported back and placed on the House calendar. The bill was granting pensions to employes of the postal service who have been in the service for 20 years was adversly reported. A bill authorizing the president to raise two regiments of volunteer cavalry in New Mexico and Arizona to suppress Indian hostilities was reported and referred to the committee of the whole.

GENERAL.

The Last Sad Rites.

The funeral of Ex-Gov-Horatio Seymour took place from Old Trinity Church, in Utica, N.Y., on the 16th inst. The Rev. Dr. A. B. Goodrich of Calvary Church offered prayer at ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling's residence, with the family and relatives of the deceased, at 1:30 p.m. After the funeral service in the church, the remains were taken to Forest Hill Cemetery and placed in the Chapel of Roses, where Sculptor David Richards of New York took a cast of the face, preparatory to making a marble bust of the ex-governor. The weather was cold and disagreeable.

A number of very beautiful floral tributes, received from Washington, New York, Albany and other places were placed on and about the casket.

Among the persons of prominence present were Gov Hill, ex-Senator Conkling, state officers and delegations from congress and the state legislature.

After the services at the church a memorial meeting was held at the opera house, which was filled with people. Memorial addresses were delivered by Mayor Kinney and Gov. Hill.

EAST.

The water which for four days covered three square miles in Roxbury, Mass., has for the most part disappeared. Great mortality in the flooded districts is expected. People are coming to the station house at the rate of one every ten minutes asking for aid. In addition to coal, wood clothing and medicines are in demand, and the doctors walk the streets in company with the police, dealing out drugs and cordials to those who need them. Six large furniture wagons are kept busy distributing food and fuel to the needy.

Five thousand people have been thrown out employment by the flood in Lowell, Mass.

WEST.

James Ehle wife, father and three small children, and Mrs. Kinney, perished by the burning of the Ehle residence in the western part of town of Greenbush, near Plymouth Wis. on the 17th. A hired man alone escaped, and, as he is known to be a vicious character, it is thought that the fire and great loss of life is the result of revengeful incendiarism. The matter is being investigated.

MICHIGAN.

Taggart Settle It.

Attorney General Taggart having been questioned by the prosecuting attorney of Montcalm county as to whether legal action can be taken by the board of supervisors at a special meeting to divide the representative districts, the same having been neglected at the regular annual meeting, renders his decision that the board not only holds the power, but it is their duty to meet on call and divide the county in pursuance of law. Several counties are interested in this matter.

Henry Willis of Battle Creek, of Michigan ship canal fame, addressed the members of the Detroit board of trade a few days ago. He wanted the board to adopt resolutions to be presented at the next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Grand Trunk company in London next April, asking them to build a direct road from Detroit to Battle Creek. He explained that by such a route the distance would be shortened about 47 miles, and all the produce that is now diverted to the Toledo market would be brought to Detroit. The idea was favorably received by the board.

Articles of association of the Muskegon Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, capital $850,000, have been filed in Grand Rapids. The company will build a road from Grand Rapids to Muskegon. W. O. Hughart, president of the Grand Rapids & Indiana road, holds 186 shares, McGrath and L. N. Keating of Muskegon five each, W. R. Shelby, J. H. P. Hughart, J. M. Meatheny, and T. J. O'Brien, officials of the Indiana road, each one share of $100. The distance is about forty miles, and the building operations will be commenced as soon as a route is decided. It is expected that towns along the road will encourage the enterprise.

Washington papers announce the engagement of Miss Bertha Lincoln, daughter of the Hon. C. P. Lincoln, formerly of Coldwater, and Mr. Clarence Dresser, a member of the Chicago Inter-Ocean staff, the wedding being set down for April 20.

Ex-United States Senator Ferry is in Egypt He will return to Michigan in April and make Grand Haven his home.

The statistics prepared in the office of the superintendent of public instruction for the forthcoming report show that the total number of school children in the state is 595,657; the attendance in 1885, 411,954; increase over last year, 18,624; increase in enrollment, 6,958; total number of teachers 15,3?8; total wages paid teachers $2,7?5,280.16; number of schoolhouses, 7,164; increase of school houses 111; total seating capacity, 512,059; total value of school property, $11,207,540, an increase of $3?,000.

Says the Ann Arbor Democrat: "The body of Dr. White, the murderer and suicide of Battle Creek, is in the pickling vat in the medical college basement, awaiting the dissecting knife."

Physicians report an unusual amount of sickness in Wayne county, scarlet fever and diphtheria taking the lead in many localities. Several country schools have been closed temporarily in consequence.

Michigan railroads will issue tickets this year from all stations to Detroit and return at one and one-third fare, to those who wish to witness the league championship games of ball, to be played in Detroit.

The public schools of Carlton have been closed because of the prevalence of diphtheria.

It is thought the secretary of the treasury will order the reopening of the ports of Manistee and Ludington.

Charles McLeod, the convict who was stabbed by Foreman John Landers in Jackson prison died on the 18th.

Under a decision of Judge Tuttle tax-rolls of the towns of Baldwin, Burleigh, Grant, Plainfield, Sherman and Wilber, and the village of East Tawas, have been declared illegal, and certain taxes already paid can be recovered.

An unknown man, about 35 years old, was killed by the west bound train on the Chicago & Grand Trunk railway near Flint the other night.

Disastrous Effects of Malaria. A Malignant Poison.

There is no section of this country but what is suffering more or less from the effects of Malaria. It is the principal cause of all diseases which afflict the human family; it comes like a thief in the night and steals away our health, and leaves a legacy of suffering and despair. All epidemics of Fever, Erysipelas, Dysentery and other malignant and dangerous types of disease are caused by Malaria, and physicians seem absolutely at a loss what to do for it; their main dependence is placed in quinine, which often does more harm than good.

The only remedy that is pleasant to take, and that will positively cure Malaria and all of the diseased conditions arising therefrom, is Dr. J. B. Henion's Sure Cure for Malaria; it contains no quinine or arsenic, is pleasant to the taste, and will positively and permanently eradicate all Malarial poison from the system. It is kept by all druggists.

Dr. Henion guarantees to cure 8 out of every 10 that have been pronounced incurable, no matter what their disease is, if they will write to him or visit him at Rochester, N. Y., and to all those who use his Sure Cure for Malaria examinations and prescriptions are free.

A debt of $135,000 encumbers the Cincinnati Zoological gardens, and it is announced that they must be sold unless the business men of the city come to the rescue. A system of private subscriptions is proposed by the managers, whereby there is a faint hope of securing a longer lease of life.

Few monarchs can boast of progeny so illustrious as King Christian IX. of Denmark. Five out of his six children are married and have families. The eldest sons of each of these families are the prospective monarchs of Denmark, Greece, the British empire, Russia, and Hanover.

The Russian bath is the best cold luxury, and is said to be very invigorating.

IT IS SO EVERYWHERE.—E. B. Rall, druggist at Hiattsville, Kan., has this to write about Allen's Lung Balsam: "It is the best selling throat and lung remedy, and gives general satisfaction. I cheerfully recommend it." Buy the large $1.00 bottle for Lung Diseases.

The special collection of 1,800 copper, wood and steel engravings of Shakespeariana belonging to the late Richard Grant White has been bought by Wellesley college, Mass., for its Shakespeare library.

Don't neglect a cough and let it remain to irritate your lungs when a safe and speedy remedy can be had for 50 cents in Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure.

A couple were married by Judge Cheney in Los Angeles, Cal., Christmas, and in gratitude the bride presented the judge with a mammoth strawberry 3 inches long, 2½ in circumference.

When the follicles are not destroyed, Hall's Hair Renewer restores hair to bald heads.

For all ailments originating in disorders of the stomach and liver, take Ayer's Pills.

Courage, the commonest of the virtues, obtains more applause than discretion, the rarest of them.

IT IS USELESS TO ATTEMPT to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure. Dyspepsia, complaints of the liver or kidneys, scrofula, headaches, and all diseases arising from impure blood, are at once removed by DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the infallible purifier of the blood, and renovator of the system. It has never been known to fail.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

"I have used one bottle of your medicine, Athlophoros, and found great relief from it for neuralgia," writes Julia F. Hall, from Frankfort, Mich., in ordering two bottles of the remedy to be sent to her as soon as possible.

Age respects love, but, unlike youth, it respects little the signs of love.

MIND THE BABIES. Colds in the Head and Snuffles develop into a Catarrh which ruins the health. Use Ely's Cream Balm, a pleasant and safe remedy, which will surely prevent and cure. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. All druggists have it. 50 cents By mail 60 cts. Send for circular, Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

If we do not continually deny ourselves, we do not learn of Him, but of other masters.

Has been O. K. Ever Since.

Messrs. Ely Bros., Gentlemen:—My boy (? years old), was recently taken with cold which seemed finally to settle in his head. His nose was stopped up for days and nights so that it was difficult for him to breathe and sleep. I called a physician who prescribed, but did him no good. Finally I went to the drug store and got a bottle of your Cream Balm. It seemed to work like magic. The boy's nose was clear in two days, and he has been O. K. ever since.—E. J. HAZARD, New York City, Jan. 27, 1884.

Three things to admire: Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cures. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Black underskirts to wear with house, street and theater dresses are the most popular.

Use Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" for constipation.

Parisian ball dresses are ornamented by tiny flights of stuffed birds or real butterflies.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Black alpaca lined with red flannel is much used for underskirts.

In Holland, Mich, C. J. Doesbury publishes the NEWS, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

Parisian women wear tiny lace muffs in ballrooms.

A PURE AND RELIABLE MEDICINE.—A compound fluid extract of roots, leaves, barks and berries is Burdock Blood Bitters. They cure all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

Tan-colored Swede gloves hold their own in popularity.

FOR EARACHE, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelled Neck, and the results of colds and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas Electric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

Beaded tulle is very popular for ball dresses for young people.

Adolf Landz, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll Street, Buffalo N. Y., states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.

Mufflers for wearing inside dress coats are large squares of creamy white armure silk of very fine and soft quality.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1864. Advice free.

Fichus of crepe cross over the bust, one end is cut off where the other crosses it, the latter extending to the waist line.

When getting your boot or shoe straightened use Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they save money, give comfort and keep them straight.

Russian sleighbells are properly mounted and used on the tea table as call bells.

Halford Sauce Agreeable for family use. Only sold in bottles. Best and cheapest.

TIRED OUT!
At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Quality not quantity. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.
—THE BEST TONIC
For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion. It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
MRS. JANE ANDREWS, St. Helena, Mich., says: "I was suffering from liver complaint, had such languid feeling and no strength. I used Brown's Iron Bitters with great benefit, in fact never took anything that did me as much good."
MRS. J. E. CHEVALIER, ... East Montcalm St., Detroit, Mich., says: "I was suffering from the effects of malarial fever, was greatly prostrated ... and general debility. I used Brown's Iron Bitters and ... gave me new life and strength."
Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Who would throw away hard earned money for every new cough syrup advertised, when you can procure that standard remedy for coughs, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Great souls are always loyally submissive to what is over them; only mean souls are otherwise.

The affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love and cripples natural affection.

Give bread to a stranger, in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds all men together.

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying.

There are some men who are Fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light forever on their legs.

Salvation Oil, the celebrated American remedy, is guaranteed to cure rheumatism, sore throat, swellings, bruises, burns, and frost bites. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

A member of the Geological survey says that Salt Lake will be of great value in the near future, not only on account of the common salt it will produce, but also for the sodium sulphate it contains. The later is separated in a flocculent precipitate by the cold weather of midwinter, and annually thrown up on the shore enormous quantities. There are many other lakes in the far west whence an inexhaustible supply of commercial alkalies may be obtained at small cost. Mono Lake, Cal., alone being estimated to hold over 78,000,000 tons of sodium carbonate.

Two men called up the telegraph operator at East Weymouth, Mass., last week, and got him to go to the depot at midnight in order to send a telegram. As he entered the station the men drew revolvers and demanded the money in the safe, knowing it temporarily contained a large amount. Quick as flash the operator whipped out a pistol and "got the drop" upon the would-be robbers, who fled in terror.

The immense prehistoric shell heaps at Damariscotta, Me., are being dug up and shipped to Boston to be ground into dust and sold as poultry food. These deposits, which are described in Ernest Ingersoll's Census Report on American oyster industries, have long been an object of great interest to antiquarians.

A dose of Red Star Cough Cure will prevent you disturbing the congregation, and put you in a right frame of mind to enjoy the services. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

There are in the present congress four men who are over seventy.

A rustic visitor to Burlington, Vt., spent Thanksgiving day on the horse railway, making the trip, four miles twenty two times.

It is by copying after nature that man gets best results. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is nature's own remedy, is purely vegetable, can be taken by the most delicate. Cures all stomach, liver ... troubles. 50 cents.

Hoods on street wraps are popular in Paris just now.

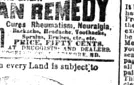
New Orleans is getting impatient for the completion of its promised theater, to hold 12,000 people.

SCRATCHES.—J. H. Shaner, Madison, Wis., says: "I cured a horse of the worst case of scratches that I ever saw, with Veterinary Carbolisalve. 25 and 50c. at Druggists.

It is better to look round of prosperity than back on glory.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.


ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Every Child in every Land is subject to

New Hollander (W. Australia).
Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough.
Which if not attended to in time will result in CONSUMPTION.
Take Taylor's Cherokee Remedy OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEN.
The sweet gum of a tree of the same name growing in the South, combined with a tea made from the Mullein plant of the old fields. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1.00 per bottle.
WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Head.
Relieves Pain at Once.
Allays Inflammation.
Heals Sores. Restores Taste and Smell.
POSITIVE CURE.
A particle is applied into each nostril. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Send for circular.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

These Discs represent the opposite sides of
B. H. DOUGLASS & SONS' Capsicum Cough Drops
for Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats, an Alleviator of Consumption, and of great benefit in most cases of Dyspepsia.
(BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.)
They are the result of over forty years' experience in compounding COUGH REMEDIES.
Retail price 15 cents per quarter pound.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

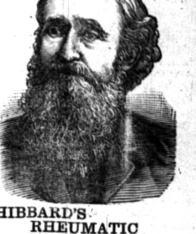
Burdock Blood Bitters
EVE FAILS to Cure CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA
LITTLE FALLS, N.Y.
I was troubled with Headache, Constipation, Loss of Spirits and Weak Stomach; but since commencing the use of your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS I feel better than I have for years. I have recommended it to many friends with the most excellent results. MRS. JAS. A. EWING.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

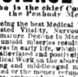
A NERVOUS DEBILITY ... kidney, bladder and private diseases cured ... remedies given ... physician's treatise; mailed free by the Medical Bureau, ... Broadway, New York.

Vinegar Bitters, a purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.
Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.
Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.
Vinegar Bitters cures Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.
Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.
Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.
R.H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N.Y.



HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP.
A GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
RHEUMATISM is caused by a "Retention of MORBID HUMORS in the system," and there is great
DANGER
that it may at any moment, attack the HEART and cause death instantly. The celebrated Dr. Cox, of England, declares that nine-tenths of all deaths by
HEART DISEASE
arise from rheumatism. Its slightest approach should strike terror!
HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP goes to the blood, which is the seat of the disease. It is a purely vegetable compound. It dissolves all acids, drives out all rheums, and expels all dangerous humors. For Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Neuralgia, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ringworm, and the innumerable kindred troubles, it is invaluable. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Always use HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC PLASTER in connection with the syrup. Made only by the
Rheumatic Syrup Co., JACKSON, MICH.

DROPSY TREATED FREE.
DR. H. H. GREEN,
A Specialist for Eleven Years Past,
Has treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; uses vegetable remedies, entirely harmless. Removes all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days.
Cures patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians.
From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.
Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember, it does not cost you anything to realize the merits of my treatment for yourself. I am constantly curing cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped a number of times, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Give full history of case. Name sex, how long afflicted, how badly swollen and where, if bowels costive, have legs bursted and dripped water. Send for free pamphlet, containing testimonials, questions, etc.
10 days treatment furnished free by mail.
Epilepsy fits positively cured.
If order trial, send 7 cents in stamps to pay postage.
H. H. GREEN, M. D., 55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.


THE Gold & Jewelled MEDAL
Was awarded by the National Medical Association TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
SCIENCE OF LIFE
who is the chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute,
It being the best Medical Treatise on Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, the Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excess in early life, which the author has proved may be alleviated and positively cured. It is a standard Medical Work on the above, and is a treasure to every young and middle-aged man. Warranted as represented or the money refunded in every instance; 300 pages; embossed muslin, full gilt; 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Price only $1.00 by mail, sealed, postpaid. Illustrated samples free to all. Send now. This work is universally recommended by the press, clergy, parents and teachers, and everyone of its more than a million readers. Every man, young or old, should read this book, and every sufferer should consult the author. "There is a balm in Gilead; there is a physician there." Address
DR. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUES
Used by the best manufacturers and mechanics in the world. Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., &c., for all kinds of fine work.
At the New Orleans Exposition, joints made with it endured a testing strain of over
1600 Pounds TO A SQUARE INCH.
Pronounced strongest glue known.
TWO GOLD MEDALS, London, 1883. New Orleans, 1885.
If your dealer does not keep it send his card and 10c. postage for sample can, FREE.
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

FARMS FOR SALE In Michigan.
New Price List just issued for Free distribution. Over 100 of the finest farms in the State fully described. Also a map of Michigan showing railroads, towns, cities, etc.
GEO. W. SNOVER, REAL ESTATE & LOAN AGENT
103 Griswold st., Detroit, Mich.

NEEDED In Every Household.
THE SMITH'S INFALLIBLE Fire Kindler.
Agents Wanted in every County and Town. One agent sold 125 in one day. Sell at sight. Send for circular and terms for Territory. Sample Kindler sent ... 50 c. Address W. ... A. MAN, ... Ill.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER
This article is a carefully prepared Physician's prescription, and has been in constant use nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits.
JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

A FREE SAMPLE.
To introduce the great household remedy, GORDON'S KING OF PAIN into every family, I will send a sample free to any one sending address. Mention this paper and address E. G. RICHARDS, Toledo, O.

WANTED an active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE! Particulars free. Standard Silverware Co. Boston, Mass.

A Casket of Silver Ware Free
To any person who will show it to their neighbors, act as our agent and send orders. Give your nearest express office. Address CONN. MANF'G. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. ... J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOME STUDY. Secure a Business Education by mail, from BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

6 CENTS For 50 New Chromo, Scrap & Gold Edge Cards. ESSEX CARD WORKS, Ivoryton, Conn.

200 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's album of 49 Card Samples for 10c. Steam Card Works, Hartford, Conn.

SAMPLE BOOK containing 51 samples of New Cards for 6cts. to pay postage. FREE! CENTERBROOK CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

W. N. U. D.—4—?

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.