THE TWO BELLS.

Long years ago, so runs the ancient story,
Two bells were sent from Spain to that far clime,
New found, beyond the sea, that to God's glory
And in His house together they might chime.
And to this day one bell is safely swinging
Within its shelt'ring tower, where, clear and free,
It hallows each day with its mellow ringing—
The other bell, the mate, was lost at sea.
And when in gentle chimes the bell is pealing,
The people listen; for they say they hear
An echo from the distant ocean stealing—
It is the lost one's answer, faint yet clear.
Ah, love, like those two bells we sailed together,
And you have reached your holy work and rest,
But stormy was the way and rude the weather,
And I was lost beneath the wave's white crest.
Over my buried heart the waters glisten,
Across my breast the sea-weeds wave and twine,
Dead is my soul's best life, save when I listen
And hear your spirit calling unto mine.
Then the old longing wakes; I start, I shiver;
I try to break the bonds which hold me dumb;
I turn, I strive with many a throe and quiver—
I feebly answer, but I can not come.
—Bessie Chandler in June Century.

A FUGUE.

From Household Words.

The sun blazes high, for it is 5 o'clock, and mid June. The roses are out in the rectory garden, and their luscious scent floats in on the drowsy air from the old round bed in the centre, which one cannot see because the red and white awning is let down over the study window.

Mr. Lascelles is out on parish work, and the study is the chosen resort of Catherine and Evelyn Lascelles, his daughters. Catherine, or Cathie, is a girl with fleecy golden hair; Evelyn wears her brown locks in a crop. Nature has given them a persistent wave, and the barber cuts them short. No fanciful dressing does she give to her head beyond the care of seeing that there is no order, or rather always a picturesque disorder in her locks.

The girls have been talking—one does not do much steady work on June afternoons. Their conversation has left a light of decision in Cathie's gray eyes, and a filmy haze, perhaps a voluptuous fire, in the deep-brown orbs of Evelyn. She throws herself full length on the bamboo reclining-chair by the window, and here are the last words of each sister.

Evelyn says: "It is wholly immaterial to me!" She is 18, and some indescribable expression on her face gives the lie to her haughty words. "I shall not move an inch! He comes, he goes—it is all one. And it is not all one to you!"

Here the soft fire in her brown eyes takes a flash, and becomes a sparkling fire.

"In the sense you would put it, it is all one," replies Cathie, the elder by one year; "but it is not all one if you look at it from my point of view. It may be very fine for young Gerald Wickham to come here, but it is not very fine that he should make love to both the rector's daughters at once. That is what people say——"

"Indeed! They make no mark between the two daughters?"

Evelyn would be careless but she cannot act the part.

"How can they? They only see us all in public. I wish aunt would send over for me!"

"As if you need wait for the sending! Gerald can follow you there."

"Can? Yes! Will—— No."

"Take care!" cries Evelyn.

And at the instant there comes, mingling with the scent of the roses, another perfume, that of—tobacco.

Gerald Wickham, the Squire's son, from the priory, lifts the red striped awning.

And Evelyn lies languid, playing with a huge red Japanese fan; the color has all gone for a moment out of her face, while he lazily leans against the frame of the French-window by which he has come in. Cathie's color heightens one degree—the smallest degree. He is nothing to her; but she is angry that he will make love to her, he for whom Evelyn is wearing out her fiery soul.

He is quite honest; he does not know yet which girl he likes best. He plays with both, but his nature—his lighter nature—wants the pride, the ambition, the fiery purposing of Evelyn's to make him a successful man. Will he find this out, or will he play on, and in the end think gentler Cathie "best," simply because he will have stung Evelyn into some bitter revolt against him?

He has nearly an hour of flirtation, if you please to call it by such an ugly word. But he is so bright and gay, he is taking the world to be a very good thing indeed, his future squireship is such a comfortable one, he is the very culmination of optimism—why not talk for an hour with two such nice girls as the rector's daughters?

Cathie thinks she knows why not. She slips out of the room, and puts some needful gear into a black bag, and goes down to the aunt who keeps house for the rector. Then she signifies her intention of going over to Aunt Mary's for a day or two.

"Mrs. Symons knows that Mary always wants the girl, and both girls always do just as they like, so she merely says: "Very well, dear."

And now we see Cathie standing at the rectory gate. Better, far better, to fly for a few days, for a week even, if only Gerald will in the interval come to his senses.

Something strikes the girl that she is doing a strange thing. Her visit is not strange—no, that might happen any day, because Aunt Mary, who is a wife to the doctor in Pucksleigh village, half an hour's walk along by the canal and the meadows, is more truly mother-like to these girls than is the other aunt, who has lived with them for so many years. No, there is no strangeness in going over there for a day or two, but is there not a vague mastering or commanding of fate in what she has taken for the reason of her action.

This thought made her grave. She does not feel the sweet evening coolness that comes across the shining canal waters; she does not see the fair white, and blue, and gold meshings of flowry and reedy things that fringe the bank; she does not hear the cheep and twitter of the waterfowl hidden in those rushy nests. No; and when she has walked for the half hour she pays no heed to a whistle that is directly towards her; she feels none of the reddening western light that is pouring over her head, and making of her such a sunny bit of fairness—no, she is simply absorbed in her thoughts.

She certainly does not see Aunt Mary wave back the author of that very pronounced whistle.

Chris or Christopher Landon, the doctor's pupil, or deputy, whichever you will, must keep out of sight so Aunt Mary decrees.

And she is a wise woman! She has the intuitive eyes of motherhood; she sees that Cathie with her bag has not come over to Pucksleigh without a reason. And so, alone, she comes out across the pretty, unkempt, daisy bestarred lawn to greet the girl and to hear her story.

It is soon told.

A whole week runs by, and a couple of pressing messages have gone over from Aunt Mary to her brother, the rector, to beg for Cathie a bit longer. What his women folks desire, good Mr. Lascelles also desires, so there is a second week running by with Evelyn alone.

Alone, do we say?

Not at all that.

One cannot go from the Priory to Pucksleigh without passing the rectory, and Gerald Wickham's steeds are accustomed to water at the rectory founts.

Perhaps the impassioned eyes—girls cannot always set a calm veil over their passion—of Evelyn declare their beauty to Gerald. He always stops there and never gets to Pucksleigh.

Perhaps at first he thinks he has something like an intention of going there; but days go on, and one day he wakes up to the fact that no such intention does at last have any influence with him.

He is sure which girl is "best" now. Evelyn is "best," the most perfect girl, the one woman for him.

And he makes his discovery in no dulcet, dreamy way. Evelyn has said some fiery words of scorn about his aimless, pleasure-loving, empty life, and, like a whipped cur, he has gone riding along the bowery lanes back to dinner at the Priory.

It is a tete-a-tete dinner with his father, and, like a tacit reproach to his own do-nothing state, he finds the squire is bent upon hurrying over port wine and strawberries. He is up to the ears in business; he has magisterial papers to con before the morrow; he has this and that to do. And telling it all as by habit to his son, he little thinks what purposes he is driving into that son's, as yet, irresponsible personality. He goes away to his den, and Gerald lights a cigar and saunters out over the quaint old pleasance with his collie at his heels.

A young man's fancies are turned many ways. Gerald may be somewhat displeased with the reproving world in which he suddenly finds himself, and he may be somewhat dissatisfied with his own actions, or lack of actions. We do not care to dive into the mystery of his thoughts; he is perhaps a thoroughly transparent, honest-souled individual, and as such may not reward our search. However, he smokes out a second cigar, and he finds himself at what he is pleased to consider a logical conclusion to one division of a multiform difficulty.

He will marry Evelyn Lascelles! Then he'll travel a while, then—how grandly easy it all stands out in the future, that the moonlit gardens frame in for him—then he'll put up for the southern division of the county. There must be a general election before the year is out!

"Hey! Presto!" cries the magician, "and is all of this to be carried out before the end of the year comes?"

"Assuredly!" answer Youth and Gerald.

The morning rises, and with it Gerald goes once again to the rectory. He then waits by the little green gate; looking in, he sees a tall man, with grizzled, closely-cut hair, walking along by his flower-beds. His lean hands are loosely clasped together behind his back, the long loose flaps of his clerical coat are quaintly opposed to the severe, thin, dry character of his physical self. He is either controlling or watching a girl in her morning gardening—a girl who wears a dark-hued crimson linen dress, and whose dark head is shaded by a big flapping willow hat.

A lilac bush, full with summer leafage, may screen him, and Gerald chooses to be so screened; it does not enter into his masterful plans that he should see the rector in any way but one that day.

How the dear rector dallies among the roses! But he goes in at last, and Gerald then clicks the latch of the little gate and——

Enough. By-and-by he walks into the study, and he has that interview with the rector which he had planned to have.

And another evening comes when he and his father, the squire, dine tete a-tete. The squire, good old man, is tired with his day; he and his brother-magistrates have had a full time of it, and he is predisposed for an after-dinner nap, and heedless of the restless vivacity of his son and heir.

But Gerald rules the hour. Suddenly his easy, happy-go-lucky nature finds a persistent masterfulness within, and what he wills he does. He tells the squire that he has "won his wife."

"Oh—hey! Well, that's right, my boy. And who may she be?"

The squire nods his head roguishly, and pours himself a further glass of port. "Maybe I have a guess."

"Miss Lascelles."

Gerald is loftily cool.

The squire smacks his knee; he has turned, and sits sideways in his comfortable everyday habit.

"Good—good!" he ejaculates half to himself. "Which one, though? They say——"

"They! Who are they?" and Gerald at once feels wrathful at any "they" daring to speak of him or his.

"Walcott, of Bray, and Ealy, and ——"

"Bah!" contemptuously. "It is Miss Evelyn Lascelles. I wonder you talk of private concerns with such men as those!"

"Miss Evelyn? Ha—hum!" rather dolorously. "My good sir"—the squire rouses, "those are all very good men—very good men, indeed. Walcott is older than we are in the county, mind you!"

"What may they have chosen to say of me?"

The young man has walked from his seat to the window, but here comes back again, rests his two hands on the back of his chair, looking at his father with a laughable defiance in his blue eyes, but after a second seats himself. Clearly the situation calls for no tragic demonstration.

"Why, the place pairs you and the other young lady; the fair one—Miss Cathie!"

"The place is wrong, then!"

Simultaneously with this Evelyn and her aunt talk of the same subject from their feminine point of view. Strange though it may seem, at the very hour when the squire is enlightening his son with the public opinion of the county, Mrs. Symons is giving to Evelyn her private opinion, which concurs with that of the public.

Some women are idiots—blind, foolish rousers of evil passions, destroyers of peace, and all with the "best intentions."

Evelyn is dazed for a moment. Then she gathers together her forces, and slips away to bed. But—you have had a hint of her fiery, passionate nature—she is wild. She has given her love; she has been played with—she sees it all now. No doubt Gerald has been hunting Pucksleigh, and no doubt he takes her because Cathie will have none of him!

Plainly, she is bereft of her senses. She lies awake all night, and in the morning she will fly to Cathie, and fling her gift of a lover back to her!

The morning wakes and she goes.

No Gerald, though, has been near Pucksleigh.

Cathie has had a "heavenly time," as she says in her hearts of hearts.

Aunt Mary is glad to have the girl under her wing just now, for she knows how the even tide of the Pucksleigh life is getting astir in its deeper nether waters.

Pucksleigh, as a hamlet, drones on as it seems to have droned since prehistoric times, and its future has no apparent scintillations of light darting towards the present. Pucksleigh, to Aunt Mary, is her own house, the doctor's house, and she knows that a drama of life is near its climax.

Her husband, the doctor, had a pupil, who is no longer a pupil, but works hand-to-hand with the doctor himself. An open-browed young man is Christopher Landon; he has but lately come back to Pucksleigh from winning his M. D., and he elects for a year to work on with his old master and friend, while he looks quietly about him for a practice.

He stands alone in the world; but fate has treated him kindly, and the wealth he inherits has never held before him a temptation towards idleness. He comes of a race of doctors, and the inherited bent of his mind has been happily fostered by the people among whom the lad has grown up. He is a grown man now; he looks forward with clear eyes on the broad vista of life that lies spread, sunlit, before him.

When he sees Catharine Lascelles come from over the meadow, and seeing he knows her well, he whistles a blithe welcome. He is hurrying out from the surgery when he hears voices. Ah, there is Cathie coming in under the trellised roses, but Aunt Mary is with her!

And Chris draws back. Suddenly he sees his own thought. He had wished for Cathie alone! That means one thing; and Chris is manly and true, and from that moment he clasps his lately awakened thought as a boy knight might clasp his first sword. He has a treasure—a thing to hold in purity and brave manliness before the eyes of the world!—in common village parlance he shows himself as this girl's lover! Surely a simple English gentleman would do this.

The doctor and Aunt Mary bid him "God speed!" but also bid him give Cathie time. As they see things, she is not a girl to be won hastily, even by a man she knows as well as Christopher Landon.

So days run on in the sweet summertime, and Cathie grows to forget the cause of her flight, because, unwittingly, her soul is becoming steeped in the sweetest rest she can know; for, one evening, Chris speaks some words in her ear—quiet, brave, manful words they are—and she, flushing rosy and red under them, is in an unclouded paradise. She just lays her hand in his. They are to walk along the valleys and hills of life. And he is satisfied with the still answer.

It is the very evening when, under the same radiant sunset, Gerald and Evelyn are thinking of her—Cathie.

The morning comes. There is a sea of harmony floating about her—serenest, divinest content. All is, if one may so speak, like one grand burst of majestic monotone.

Have you never heard many voices—hundreds of voices—singing free from the changing break of chords? And has not such music held your soul as by an almost godlike power?

But they are flying to her—flying across meadows, and by the reedy canal's banks. Burdened with the discords of jealousy, fired by the difficulty of counter-wills; by different roads they come, each bringing a surging, angry tumult into the grand monotone of peace!

But Gerald and Evelyn meet. Coming hurriedly, they have to meet where the garden paths join in a rounding drive.

The flight is over. No one runs away any more—no one flies to seek any more. Again we borrow from the ways of old music; all the discords, all the fine sweet melodies, all the quaint fancies are gathered together, and march in simplest grandeur of finale. The harmony is perfect: one would shout a cry of victory on the sound of the first creative theme.

Christopher, coming out of the dimness of the doctor's doorway, is drawing a white-clad girl along with him. The girl is Cathie, and she, smiling up at him, is saying something one does not hear.

At the moment two figures meet before their eyes. Chris draws Cathie's hand within his arm.

"We are going to the rector," says Chris. "Turn back with us."

Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie.

Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, in an article on Jackson in Maryland in the June Century, has this to say of the alleged incident which gave rise to Whittier's poem: "The troops being on the march, the General and staff rode rapidly out of town and took the end of the column. Just a few words here in regard to 'Barbara Frietchie,' a touching poem which sprang full-armed from the loyal brain of Mr. Whittier. An old woman, by that now immortal name, did live in Frederick in those days, but she was eighty-three years old and bed ridden; she never saw General Jackson and General Jackson never saw her. I was with him every minute of the time he was in that city. He was there only twice—and nothing like the scene so graphically described by the poet ever happened. The story will perhaps live as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.

"On the march that day the captain of the cavalry advance, just ahead, had instructions to let no civilian go to the front, and we entered each village we passed before the inhabitants knew of our coming. In Middletown two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white and blue floating from their hair and small Union flags in their hands, rushed out of their house as we passed, came to the curbstone, and with much laughter waved their colors defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed and raised his hat, and turning to his staff, said: 'We evidently have no friends in this town.' And this is about the way he would have treated Barbara Frietchie."

Letters received from her Majesty's ship Raleigh, on the West Coast of Africa station, contain particulars of a gallant rescue from drowning by two officers of the ship while she was between Fernando Po and St. Thomas. The night was very dark, and the Raleigh was going at a speed of six knots, when a seaman named Palmer fell overboard. Immediately the alarm was given. Commander the Hon. Curzon Howe, who was in his cabin on the sick list, suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, rushed to the embrasure port and plunged into the sea to the man's rescue. Lieutenant Denman followed directly afterward, and at the same time the engines were stopped, the electric light was turned on, a boat was lowered, and in less than ten minutes all three were got safely on board, and the ship was proceeding on her way.

HOW I WAS ROBBED.

The American Rural Home.

I was once detained at a small station on the C. B. & Q. railroad west of Chicago. The train was reported to be two hours late. Having finished my business in the town, which was two miles from the station, I was not disposed to return to the hotel and thereby incur the risk of missing the train and being compelled to remain over night. So seating myself in the little waiting room, by staring alternately at the lamp and the red-hot stove, I prepared to make the best of it. A minute later I was accosted by a new comer—a robust, singular, melancholy and odd personage. His age might have been 40, though he looked as the saying is, like 60. His beard was long, his hair was long, and his face, which was broad at the bottom, receded until his chin was lost in his throat.

"How'd do?"

He advanced in a heavy, lumbering manner and seated himself a few feet from me. I returned his salutation. In reply I made some common-place remark about the weather.

"Dunno," he rejoined. "A stranger here I am."

Turning his long and melancholy countenance in my direction, he fixed his coal-black eyes on mine as if awaiting further speech.

"Ah!" I said, beginning to feel a trifle uneasy.

"You'm a stranger," he grunted.

"Yes."

"Humph! Thought so."

He relapsed into silence. He finally shook himself, then attempted further speech.

"Goin' fur?"

"To Chicago."

"What might you be doin' thar?"

"Business."

I replied curtly, because I was not accustomed to make known my affairs to chance acquaintances.

"No 'fense—no 'fense. Thought you might be goin' on a wisit."

He turned his black eyes on me again. Here was something wrong. I had made a discovery. Those keen, flashing black eyes didn't belong to that stolid face. The stranger's boots were large and coarse, but the hands, though rough and dirt-stained, were small and shapely.

Here was a disguise, and for no good purpose.

In my disappointment caused by the train's delay, I had momentarily forgotten the sum of money which I carried. I involuntarily thrust my hand under my waist-coat, where in a secret pocket was stored my wallet. The stranger's keen eyes were bent on me just then, and I confusedly fumbled my watch as if that was the chief object of my solicitude. Fifteen hundred dollars was not an uncommonly large sum. But now exposed as I was, at that late hour it caused me uneasiness.

These not very pleasant reflections were disturbed by the entrance of two others, who like myself were bound to Chicago and anxious, as I inferred from their conversation with the ticket agent, to make a connection at that point with a train going east. They were well dressed and carried satchels. After purchasing tickets, they expressed to each other their disappointment on finding the train behind time. As they turned to me, I observed that they glanced suspiciously at my companion, who had not yet taken notice of them. Apparently they disliked his looks as much as I did. When they were seated they addressed me, and we engaged in agreeable conversation. From their speech, their attire and manner, I knew them to be gentlemen.

At last, near midnight, a whistle sounded, and a moment later the express halted at the station. As I threw my overcoat over my arm and picked up my traveling case, I observed the first comer to be taking a nap. I was about to awaken him, feeling that my former suspicions were due to nervousness, and feeling that, like myself, he might miss a great deal by missing the train, when I fancied his eyes to be but partly closed. This discovery rather staggered me. It made me excessively nervous. I hurried on with my two friends—feeling at every step as if the uncouth stranger were in pursuit of me. We were the sole passengers in the coach, and had seated ourselves comfortably, when in walked the object of my suspicions. He took a seat some distance in our rear, but on the opposite side, so that I could not watch him without his knowledge. By this time I felt so uneasy that I gladly accepted my fellow travelers' invitation to pass the time with a game of euchre. When the conductor entered we were deeply engrossed in our game,—so deeply that we did not at first observe what was taking place behind us. The stranger had fallen asleep—this time in earnest for the conductor had to shake him roughly to rouse him. When he did so he experienced the added difficulty of obtaining his ticket. His passenger was disposed to be contrary, but finally handed a paper to him which he read in a dazed way. After a glance at his passenger, he went on and we resumed our game, which through the small bets made, became rather absorbing. Luckily I received a hand on which I was willing, if there was need, to place any amount. To my surprise and indignation, just then, along stalked the stranger who, in passing, awkwardly stumbled against me, knocking my cards to the floor. He passed on without so much as an apology for his rudeness. He had no sooner passed than I involuntarily placed my hand to my breast.

My wallet was gone!

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed excitedly, "I've been robbed! That rascal has my money. Help me to arrest him."

"Hold on," replied one of my companions, "Let me call the conductor."

"Halt!"

The stranger shouted this as he faced us with a revolver in each hand.

My companions, both cowed, sank into their seats.

At this juncture, the stranger's accomplices entered—two at each end of the car, and advanced with drawn weapons.

I gave myself up for lost. Stepping forward, the stranger, taking no notice of me, ordered my companions to hold up the'r hands. They did so and were both handcuffed in a twinkling.

The Jesse James style, certainly, I thought.

"Aha!" ejaculated the leader of the gang. "We've got you fast, my beauties."

Taking my companion, the gang went forward, leaving me alone and unmolested. I did not understand this proceeding, though I clearly understood that I had been robbed of $1,500.

The conductor entered. He looked rather pleased, I thought, for one whose train was in the hands of robbers.

"Pretty slick—wasn't it?" he remarked, cheerily.

"I should say it was," I replied, my anger rising. "It was cool certainly."

"Jake's got 'em dead this time," he replied.

"Jake?" I repeated. "You mean Jesse James."

At this he burst out laughing. He then explained. The stranger was simply a detective who had tracked down my companions—two states prison birds—who had planned to rob me. The gang were the train hands who, at the signal, assisted in the arrest. You may infer my surprise and gratification. In the baggage car I found my late companions. At Chicago they were transferred to jail, and afterwards to Joliet for a long term of years. I recovered my money, and did not forget the detective, you may be sure.

How the National Currency is Made, Counted and Worn Out.

New York Mail and Express.

Washington Letter.—The great chilled iron and steel vaults of the Treasury are objects of much interest to visitors, but only certain ones can be entered by outsiders, and these only on a permit from the Treasurer. The five principal vaults are connected with the Treasurer's office, for the contents of which he is responsible. They are known as the cash vault, reserve vault, and silver vault, the redemption vault and the national bank vault. The cash vault is used more than all the others combined in the daily transaction of business, and presents more interesting features. It is constructed on the most approved modern principles, and is, strictly speaking, an iron-bound apartment lined with gold and silver. The walls, floor and ceiling are of chilled iron, built in sections. These walls are over a foot thick, the space between the inner and outer plates of iron being filled with heavy iron balls, forming a compact mass, the removal of which would require much time, skill and labor.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where all our national currency is manufactured, occupies a large brick building built expressly for it, at a cost of some $300,000. It has three stories and a high basement, and is in the Romanesque style of architecture. Here 250 plate presses are worked by hand, and over 500 men and women employed in the processes of printing sheets of bank-notes, bonds and internal revenue stamps. The long, spacious room, running the entire length of the third story, is a scene of intense activity during business hours. Six hundred sheets per day are printed on each press, and after each impression the delicate copper and steel plate must be removed from the press, carefully wiped dry, polished with whiting, inked and then returned to its place for another impression. The fibre paper must be handled expertly, and everything about the work done with precision and care. All is perfect system and exactness here. The greenbacks and other securities issued by the government, from the time the paper is manufactured until the finished note is issued, are subjected to a system of registering and checking at every step, so minute and precise, that the chance of any error or dishonesty in the handling of this most valuable product is reduced to a minimum.

The sheets, before being wet are delivered to the plate printers, counted and charged to them, and again counted in the presence of a lady assistant, who certifies to the count. Attached to the machines by which the wetting is done are registers which automatically count the sheets a third time as they pass through. Next comes the examining division, where, after the fourth count, the sheets are dried and counted for the fifth time. Lady experts then examine the sheets, and those which are pronounced perfect go into the hydraulic press, from which powerful machine they emerge in a smooth state ready for printing. Any sheets spoiled in printing—too light or too dark or otherwise imperfect—are thrown out by the examiner, but cannot be destroyed until after passing through a regular prescribed course. The lettering and numbering divisions, and the engraving division on the other floors, are interesting also. Visitors are permitted to inspect all the divisions of the bureau, and a guide is provided to conduct all who apply on a "tour" of the rooms. Of the 500 or 600 persons employed in the bureau a large majority are ladies, and some of the most difficult and responsible work is performed by lady experts. The bureau turns out an average of $100,000 in notes printed daily.

The redemption division of the Treasury is one of the most interesting and busiest. Here worn and mutilated bank-notes, retired from circulation, are examined and counted previous to being cancelled. Every year currency to the value of $200,000,000 is counted, cancelled and destroyed. The counting is done by female clerks, many of whom acquire great skill and seldom make a mistake. Some of these "countesses" have been at work ten years or more, and have counted many millions of dollars. They sit at long tables on which the notes are piled, and package after package is opened, the notes closely scrutinized and counted, and then turned over to the officials in charge of the cancelling machine, which is run by a turbine wheel.

How He was Saved.

No law is so powerful in its lasting effects as the law of kindness in dealing with erring men. Mr. John Roach the famous ship-builder, believes this. Out of the twenty-five thousand men employed by him during his life, seventy were found guilty of criminal conduct. He reformed sixty of these. We give his story of the way he reformed a confirmed drunkard, a "master workman:"

He had terrible sprees, and had them quite often. He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober, he was penitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. One morning he came in after one of his sprees, and said, "Mr. Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything of me. You took me up when I had nothing to do, and paid me good wages, and have borne with my faults till it aint human to ask you to bear any more."

"Mike," says I, "I won't discharge you, but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation," for an idea struck me. I went to my desk and wrote:

"John Roach—Sir: You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You have always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you, or love for my wife and children, to behave like a man, and I withdraw from your employment."

I gave it to him, and said, "I want you to promise me one thing—that you will always carry this with you, and that, when about to take a glass of liquor, you will take this out, read it, sign it, and mail it to me before you drink." He promised solemnly that he would. He stayed in my employ for years, and was never drunk again.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The MICHIGAN CENTRAL enjoys peculiar advantages as a route for the Western man who travels either for business or pleasure. In connection with the New York Central and Boston & Albany, it forms the Direct and Great Central Route to Syracuse, Albany, New York and Boston, to which points it runs through cars. This is the direct route to Richfield, Clifton, Ballston and Saratoga Springs, the Adirondacks, Catskills and the Hudson and is the only route that passes directly by and in front of Niagara Falls, and gives the passenger a satisfactory view of the Falls from the car window or platform. Trains stop at Falls View, where the finest views are obtained, for the express purpose of permitting the traveler to enjoy the scene to the best advantage.

At Niagara Falls connection is made with the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, running through cars to Clayton, where the steamers are taken for the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay and Montreal; and to Fabyan's and Portland, through the heart of the glorious White Mountain region.

With the Canadian Pacific it forms the direct route to the great Canadian cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, and to the wonderful lake and river scenery, full of delight to the tourist, the hunter and the fisherman, so recently opened to the world.

Nearer home its own lines offer a score of delightful summering places: Diamond Lake, with its emerald isle in brilliant setting; Sister Lakes, a restful refuge for the weary within easy reach of the city; Higgins, Houghton, Otsego, Mullet, Burt and Crooked Lakes, full of sport for the enthusiastic disciples of Izaak Walton; Topinabee, the site of the Northern Hay Fever Resort Association, and above and beyond all, the wonderful, wierd island of Mackinac, gem of the northern seas, paradise of the tourist and sportsman, washed by a crystal flood, bathed in an atmosphere of purity, and crowned with a halo of aboriginal tradition and historical association.

Altogether no road offers to the traveler more enchanting routes than those described and pictured in the beautiful little book called "In Summer Days," which O. W. Ruggles, the General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago, Ills., will send to any address, on receipt of a couple of stamps for postage.

Chickens should have an ample supply of green food. If good, juicy grass is not obtainable, lettuce leaves should be fed to them.

Spruce gum gathering supports a man in Bennington, Vt. During the winter he gathered 600 pounds, and sold it at $1 a pound.

Cattlemen in western Texas have organized an association for the sinking of an extensive system of wells for the watering of stock.

The authorities at Nelige, Neb., have imposed a special tax on every business man in the town in order to pay for public improvements.

The Corean government has issued an educational law which requires all children between 8 and 13 years of age to attend school.

There is a woman in Union Point, Ga., with a beautiful beard nearly a foot long. She is well-to-do, and thus escapes the dime museum.

It matters not whether the seed corn comes from the butt, tip or middle kernels of the ear. Any notion to the contrary is but a delusion.

The accumulation of books in the public library at Boston has increased so much that the city has appropriated $450,000 for a new building.

Wages in the mines in the Black Hills range from $2 50 to $5 a day, and are regulated by the amount and character of the work performed.

It is the easiest thing in the world to train up a child in the way he should go: all you have to do is to go that way yourself.—*Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

Measles have closed all the schools at Brattleborough, Vt., where about half the pupils and some of the teachers have been down with the complaint.

Of 7,000 persons inoculated for yellow fever by a Rio Janeiro physician only seven died of the disease, although the epidemic was of unusual intensity.

The rowdy west is not so bad after all. Tombstone, A. T., congratulates herself on the fact that for two weeks or more there has not been a case before the police court.

Official figures, that cannot lie, show that the eggs laid last year by the hens of the United States, were worth as much as all the silver produced in the same period.

If we practice goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.—*Cicero.*

Don't observe the superstitious habit of giving a newly-hatched chicken a pepper corn. It would be just as reasonable to give a newly-born babe a tablespoonful of mustard.

The whitish scurf on the shanks of fowls is a skin affection known to poultrymen as scaly legs. It depends on extremely minute parasite, and increases as they multiply.

The orchard is a good place in which to sow field peas. The pigs should be allowed to harvest the crop. The peas and fallen apples will make excellent pork before cold weather.

The greatest kindness you can do a young chicken is to simply leave it alone for the first twenty-four hours of its existence. There will be little difficulty experienced in getting it to eat afterward.

Sitting hens should not be fed on the nest. The eggs require about the amount of airing they receive while the hen is off for food, and the hen needs the exercise she will obtain while taking her rations.

Experiments are now in progress to make an artificial crossing between wheat and rye, so as to obtain a new and standard cereal for breadstuffs. So says the New York *Herald*.

When there is a full crop of fruit the insects are not perceived, but the following year, when there is a light crop, the insects injure no more fruit, but it is more apparent, and all the fruit will be attacked.

Just as in everything else, the man who loves the business and furnishes good comfortable quarters, and sees that the yards are kept clean, and exercises judgement in his sales, can make poultry profitable.

Manure is as necessary to successful farming as an engine to a steamship, or a fuel to a locomotive; and the amount of discussion on the saving and use of manure shows that their importance is well understood by intelligent cultivators.

Some eggs invariably hatch a little sooner than others. Remove the young chick at once and keep them from the hen until all are hatched. If you do not, the hen will be likely to quit the nest with the first comers, leaving the unhatched chicks to chill and die.

It is a wasteful policy, that of exhausting the soil so it will no longer pay the cost of cultivation. The feeding of stock carting the manure on the land, and the proper rotation will keep the soil intact. Hence it is more profitable everywhere to feed all the coarse grain on the farm than to sell. Once the exhaustive process is begun, it becomes every year more difficult to make a change for the better.

Why some people fail to make profit out of keeping poultry is well stated in the *Prairie Farmer*: Useless expense in putting up fancy poultry houses; lack of economy in purchasing stock fowls, feed and other supplies; lack of cleanliness about the house and yards; lack of marketing facilities; failure to market the poultry products at the right time; lack of knowledge concerning the different breeds, which causes them to select a breed not adapted to the special purpose for which they keep fowls; waste of food and neglecting to look closely after minute details of the business.

LYON'S Patent Heel Stiffener is the only invention that makes old boots straight as new.

Mules are more popular than horses for elegant equipages in Rio de Janeiro.

The Providence dairy company of Rhode Island, made 1,750,000 pounds of bogus butter last year.

100 Doses One Dollar

So thoroughly identified with Hood's Sarsaparilla is not a catch line only, but is absolutely true of this preparation: and it is as absolutely true that it can honestly be applied only to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the very best tonic medicine and blood purifier. Now, reader, prove it. Take a bottle home and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. Thus economy and strength are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been in poor health several years, suffering from indigestion, restlessness in the night, and in the morning I would get up with a very tired feeling. After taking only a part of the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could rest well all night and feel refreshed when I woke up. I must say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is all it is recommended to be." MRS. H. D. WINANS, 219 East Mason Street, Jackson, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

In Orient

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 615 rooms, fitted up at the 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.

IN THE COUNTRY ALL SUMMER.

The man who takes his family into the country for the summer should remember that he will save his children a great deal of pain and himself a large amount of money in doctors bills, if he is thoughtful enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The medicine is a standard specific for all cases of cramps, colic cholera morbus, diarrhoea, or dysentery

The Baptist home mission society opens the year entirely out of debt.

Better results are derived from Hall's Hair Renewer than from any similar preparation.

If you suffer with chills and fever, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will cure you.

Kentuckians speak of Judge Lindsay as a possible successor to Senator Beck.

Relief is immediate, and a sure cure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

The Sultan is a musician, and has composed a piece of music for the imperial band.

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Henry M. Stanley is said to have received a dislike for the American press, which he says has treated him unfairly.

George Gould says that his father, Jay Gould, "admires Mr. Powderly very much, and thinks him a very able man."

It Is Not Singular

that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing. It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

The Prince of Wales, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, purchased his camera and outfit in this country.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take. All druggists sell them.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. jars.

"ROUGH ON PILES"

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Rough on Rats' clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
Rough on Corns' hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c
Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

For the Blood, Nerves
And Complexion, use CARTER'S IRON PILLS.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Nausea, Etc.,
Are relieved by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates. Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do.

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE FREE.

KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Exhausted Vitality, &c. &c., and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses; 300 pages, substantially bound in gilt, muslin. Contains more than 125 invaluable prescriptions, embracing every vegetable remedy in the pharmacopoeia for all acute and chronic diseases. It is emphatically a book for every man. Price only $1 by mail postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE to all young and middle aged men for the next ninety days. Send now, or cut this out, as you may never see it again. Address Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Dr. Parker can be confidentially consulted on all diseases of man, his specialties.

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SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK. Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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THE ONLY GENUINE

Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier!

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, Scrofula, Old Sores, Blood Tainted, Chronic Rheumatism, Varicose Veins, Bladder and Kidney complaints, Gravel, Bronchitis, Consumption, General Debility

CURED BY Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

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Proprietors of Radway's Ready Relief and Dr. Radway's Pills.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS RECOMMENDED BY Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals,—in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, CRAMPS, SUMMER and BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY, IT IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH FOR CURING SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c.

Prices, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

FOR SALE BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS. Beware of Imitations.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day.

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THE ONLY BAGGER IN THE WORLD

NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, Ohio.

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.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,

Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY

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SALES LARGER THAN EVER.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known for more than thirty-five years as the best of all Liniments, for Man and Beast. Its sales to-day are larger than ever. It cures when all others fail, and penetrates skin, tendon and muscle, to the very bone. Sold everywhere.