THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, coddle your head on my shoulder, dear—
Your head like the golden rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.

Away from life's hurry and flurry and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom;
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut your eyes and hold your hands—
Your hands like the lazy, soft winds;
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.

On the north and west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and east by dreams;
The country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes—
Those eyes like a bright blue-bell—
And we will sail out under starlit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep
Till it reaches that mystical isle,
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we float along
To that allure that is blessed of God;
Then ho! for that lair land, we are off for that fair land—
That beautiful Land of Nod.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ROBBING THE STAGE.

The four horse mud-wagon, called by common consent a stage, which ran between Bokey's and Logtown, was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other corkscrew road which lead to Logtown.

The stage crawled slowly up to the top of the hill, and Black Pete, the driver, settled his foot firmly on the brake-strap, and with a "scat 'em, boys," the swearing horses started off, investing the almost invisible road below them on a keen gallop.

Round and round the rapidly varying road the stage and passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the horses around the sharp turns and again slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the canon which yawned below them. The sun was down and the moon was painting weird shadows on the powdered dust of the grade.

Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long shining black object was waved over them toward the stage. A shadowy figure rose in the moonlight among the bushes and from behind a black veil, which smothered the voice somewhat, came the hoarse command of:

"Stop! Stop!"

Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down for the bottom of the stage, pulled out the express box, and threw it into the road, muttering:

"Cuss ye, take it!"

The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shadows of the forest.

"What was that a highwayman?" gasped a passenger, who sat by the driver's side.

"I'm course it was," answered Pete; "didn't ye see ther shooting-iron? Thar goes a cool thousand dollars, as I knows on. You bet ther boys'll be out after him to-night. I sometimes wonder if that war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth off in some potry. Leave it to him! He'll shoot when he gets through with it. Didn't yer notice how level he held that shooting-iron right toward me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew brought the stage up to the hotel porch, where it stopped with a loud "Whoa!" from Pete.

It was a little, cramped-up, helter skelter mining town among the Sierras. One need not rise early in Scar's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will not see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until 10 in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins, looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, were built deep down in a hole between the surrounding peaks. And yet they actually had a telephone connecting them with the outside world.

The denizens of Scar's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercial centers, but their telephone was the means of preventing many of the inhabitants from spending the remainder of their earthly days at the insane asylum. Every evening when the echoing of the booming blasts and the thud of picks had ceased echoed in the half-dozen mining claims surrounding the camp the wearied, lonely miners gathered at the little cabin in which was placed the telephone and gave vent to their pent-up feelings by, not a free fight, but by a free interchange of language with the members of the camps above and below them on the line of the wire.

Such was their inborn détestation of any man who followed any pursuit which did not require active labor with his hands and such was their chivalrous respect for the sex, that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady by the name of Frances Goldsmith.

On the afternoon of June 20, 1880, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting for the daily crowd of manly gossipers to come in.

"Its too bad," she cried impetuously, "for Charley to work down in that old, cold, damp ground all winter, and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so he can be married like a gentleman," and a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face. "He shan't do it. Charley don't know anything about a mine, and he knows he have a little bonanza and not know it."

"Hello, Frank," shouted a smothered voice close to her ear; "are you there yet?"

Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I left the receiver hanging down, and they could not ring the bell."

She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

"Yes, I'm here; what is it?"

"Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage to-night to Logtown. Tom says there's at least $10,000 in sight. Charley is going to be a school-marm, and don't know it. Don't forget it. Good-by."

Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as those words came out of the wonderful little instrument.

"For goodness' sake! who is he talking to? Oh-h, y-e-s! why it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together, and Downey has stopped and switched my end on. Molley is a school-marm, is he? There's $10,000 in sight and Charlie don't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey to-night. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I'll go up there, I will. It's only eight miles, and it's 20 from Bokey. It's 5 o'clock and the stage gets there at 8."

The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hills, and the trail was steep and rocky, but Frank pushed on, muttering to herself, when she felt so tired she was tempted to sit down and rest.

"Charlie's a school-marm, is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight and he don't know it, eh? Well, he shall know it, and have all the credit of the discovery too. There, now!"

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral which here reached to her shoulder, she heard the sound of a stage coach coming around a bend close to her. With a despairing resolve to go in at any cost with the stage if she could not before it, she pushed her closed parasol through the bushes and waved it to the driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse from her excitement:

"Stop! Stop!"

But, to her astonishment and dismay, instead of stopping they had reached down into the boot, and, with a "cuss yer, take it!" threw a heavy box into the road, and lashing his four in hand into a run, disappeared down the canon.

Poor Frank crouched down into the chaparral in despair.

"Oh, dear! I haven't walked there and I've lost the stage, and poor Charlie—oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl, and she was not to be beaten until she was. She jut up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face, and bravely started on again to Logtown. It was nearly midnight and a half hour elapse I before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canon below her.

Breathless and panting she hurried to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Lanterns were in the street, clinching saddles on their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage driver.

"Hurrah! I know," he was angrily shouting. "I tell yer twar only a mile back, an' ther cuss shoved his shoot-ing-iron right under my nose. Why didn't I turn fer it? Thun war two uv em thar as sure as figtin'."

Pretty soon, with a yelland a whoop, twenty men galloped by in the darkness, a suggestive looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charlie. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, Charlie, have you sold that mine yet? Am I too late?"

"Too late for what? Sold it? No, and don't believe I will. Tom Bonn sent the money up by express and a road agent got away with the stage to night and the money went with it. I don't believe I will sell, either thousand on a played-out mine.

"Oh, goodie!" cried Frank. "I've got here in time after all! Oh, that is too rich! Oh, dear, I shall die!" and Frank's voice ended in a high squeak of laughter. "Road agent! There was't any road agent at all; I stopped the stage to get on and the driver threw a box at me."

No sooner had Frank told her story than she caught her in his arms with a wild shout.

About two hours afterward a file of dismounted, disgusted horsemen wended their way up to the tavern with a "suggestive rope dangling from one of the saddles" and a box containing gold dust.

It is sufficient to relate that Charlie did not sell his "$10,000 in sight," but, on the contrary, received in this larger sum—sufficient, in fact, to make him a happier man financially and matrimonially.

The Church and the Laborer.

Bishop Potter has written a pastoral letter to his clergy on the labor question, in which he urges upon them the economical side of the case, he comments with much severity on the moral condition of the wealthy classes among us as one of the causes of the strange growth of class hatreds on American soil. He says in one place:

"A nation whose wealth and social leadership are in the hands of people who fancy that day after day, like those of old, they can 'sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play,' careless of those who earn the dividends that they spend and pay the rents of the tenement houses that they own, but too often never visit or inspect, has but one doom before it, and that the worst. We may cover the pages of our statutes with laws regulating strikes and inflicting severest penalties on those who organize resistance to the individual liberty of the independent workman; we may drill regiments and perfect our police; the safety and welfare of a state is not in these things, it is in the contentment and virtue of its people. And these come by a different road. When capitalists and employers of labor have learned the dismissive fallacy, which may be true enough in the domain of political economy, but it is essentially false in the domain of religion, that labor and the laborer are alike a commodity, to be bought and sold, employed or dismissed, paid or underpaid, as the market shall decree; when the interest of workman and master shall have been owned by both as one, and the share of the laborer shall not be accounted more than a mere wage; when the principle of a joint interest in what is produced, of a common and hands that go to produce it is wisely and widely recognized; when the well-being of our fellow-men, their homes and food, their pleasures and their higher moral and spiritual necessities, shall be seen to be matters concerning which we may not dare to say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' then, but not till then, may we hope to heal those grave social divisions concerning which there need to be among us, as with Israel of old, 'great searching of heart.'"

She Wanted Too Much.

He had been courting a west end girl for a long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness at the noble blue eyes. "George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake? Yes, Fanny, and I gladly reiterate the statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No sooner Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution, than I." "Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling; what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough." He fainted in the parlor.—Washington Critic.

HER WEDDING PRESENT.

"Hush! it is Clarence Hyde's step."

And Rosa Eldon sprang to her feet rosy and smiling, with the freshly-plucked heliotrope trembling among her glossy brown braids, and her pretty, blue dress floating around her like an azure cloud.

Only eighteen, and very fair and lovely was our little Rosa—a trifle spoiled and wilful, perhaps, but what else could one expect? Every one petted and made much of her, and Clarence Hyde thought her the fairest specimen of feminine humanity that ever the sun shone on.

Lizzy Elton made room for her sister—Lizzy, just one year younger, and scarcely less fair, yet very different in character. Lizzy was quiet, and sage, and demure, while Rosa rattled away like a merry mountain stream flowing over its mossy stones. Lizzy thought her sister perfection, while Rosa was always lecturing Lizzy in a capricious fashion, and laying down the law to her in the most approved manner of elder sisters.

"How nice it must be to be engaged!" said Lizzy with a half-encouraging smile as Rosa paused at the glass to adjust her hair. "I wish I were engaged!"

"You! Oh, you are nothing but a child!" Rosa would say contemptuously. "There, give me my pocket-handkerchief."

And away she went, light and lithe as a blue winged butterfly.

Clarence Hyde was in the parlor, anxiously awaiting her coming, but Clarence had rather a disturbed face. He was a well-made, handsome young fellow, with laughing wine-brown eyes, straight features, and brown hair thrown back from such a broad forehead.

"Why, what makes you look so sober?" was Rosa's first arch question, when the ceremonials of greeting were duly gone through with, and she had time to take a good look into his face.

"Sober? Do I?"

He was playing rather restlessly with the crimson cord that looped back the white muslin draperies of the pretty lace window, that made Mrs. Eldon's cottage look like one of the lovely rustic habitations you see in old English engravings.

"Exactly as if you had the toothache or a bad conscience."

Clarence laughed in spite of himself.

"You are a witch, Rosa, my little idol dle guesser. I am afflicted with neither the one nor the other."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Rosa, what would you say if it were to become necessary to defer our marriage for some time?"

Rosa's exclamation of the infantile bloom and freshness of Rosa's face.

"To defer our marriage, Clarence? I can't imagine what you mean."

"Listen, Rosa, and I will tell you. My uncle has just come from California, very poor, and a confirmed invalid. I am his only living relative, and so he turns naturally appeals for protection and companionship. I must give him a home, Rosa. You know I had laid up just enough to begin housekeeping in a quiet economical sort of way, but this new plan will necessarily absorb my surplus for a time."

"I never heard of any uncle before."

"No, dearest; I knew very little of him—nothing personally—as he never visited my family during his lifetime."

Rosa's face was turned away from Clarence Hyde's; she was twisting a piece of paper round her slender forefingers.

"Rosa," he said, after waiting a minute or two for her to make some reply, "I know this disappointing one, which you would prefer—to begin housekeeping on this new scale—one hundred and a more frugal than I had originally hoped and intended—or to defer our marriage until I can earn enough to carry out those original arrangements."

She was silent for a moment, then she answered, in a voice which seemed to chill Clarence's bouyant young heart.

"Neither!"

"Rosa," hesitatingly, "I do not understand you."

"I spoke plainly enough. Neither! Do you mean that—"

"I mean that you must either give up your uncle or me. After all that has been said and known of our engagement, after its publicity and length, I cannot consent to its further postponement. Of course shall be poor enough, if we marry immediately, without filling our house with a helpless invalid."

Clarence Hyde looked at his fair fiance in perfect amazement. Never in the whole course of their acquaintance had he dreamed of such her character. He had fancied her all that was sweet, pure and womanly. Could it be possible that she was cold-hearted, selfish, and dead to all the sweet ties of nature?

"Rosa," he said mournfully, "is this to part us?"

"It is for you to say."

"Do you wish me to give up my poor, dependent uncle?"

"Either him or me," Rosa answered indifferently.

"It will be hard—very hard for me to lay aside the hopes of the work of my life," he said, earnestly; but, Rosa, duty is my first object. I cannot leave my uncle to wear out his few remaining days in poverty and solitude."

"Very well," answered Rosa, carelessly, pushing back a rich, golden, odorous purple blossom which had fallen from her hair; "Then we will consider our engagement at an end."

"And you can give me up so readily, Rosa?"

"Oh," said Rosa, a little impatiently, "here's she use of being romantic about it? You have chosen, and part. I have chosen mine. So let it be."

Clarence Hyde took his leave, dispirited enough, but determined to set up a fair idol and worship it with all the strength and tenderness of your nature, only to find after all that it is dust and ashes—hollow-hearted and false.

Cuthbert Hyde sat smoking his meerschaum by the open window as Clarence entered—a spare, shrewd-looking little old man, with deeply-seamed wrinkles on his brow, and restless sparkling eyes gleaming like coals beneath his shaggy brows.

"Clarence my boy something has gone wrong," he said, brusquely, after he had regarded his nephew in silence for a while. "Tell the old uncle what it is!"

"I have told you about Rosa Eldon, sir; well, she and I are—in fact, it is all over between us!"

"Engagement broken—eh? Past the power of patching up?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And it was on my account? Nay, boy, don't turn away—I can read the truth in your eyes. So she's played you false?"

"We are parted, uncle; is not that enough?"

"Well, perhaps so—perhaps so. It was well you found her out in time, Clarence. It's for the best, my boy."

Clarence Hyde was passing down the village street a day or two subsequently, towards dusk of a mellow August twilight, when a slight form glided up to him, and a tremulous hand was laid upon his own. He started first, but quickly recognized the face and figure.

"Lizzie Eldon!"

"Oh, Clarence, I could not rest without telling you how very, very wrong I thought Rosa, and how sorry I am for you."

"Thanks, Lizzy. I do not think she has treated me exactly right."

Lizzy burst into tears.

"How good you are, so cruel—so unwomanly? You were right, Clarence—you acted nobly! I think Rosa will one day live to repent it."

As Clarence walked there listening to Lizzie Eldon's impetuous words and holding her soft little hand in his own, he wondered that he had never before noticed how very, very pretty she was—a softer, more subdued style of beauty than Rosa's, yet not less beautiful in its way.

They haunted him all the night long, that oval, earnest face, those swimming blue eyes.

Day by day Rosa's image waxed fainter and more faint in his memory, and Lizzy's shy, gentle looks grew more frank in her presence.

"I do believe I've fallen in love with the girl, methought. "I wonder what she would say if I were to propose to her?"

Next to the wonder came its realization.

One fine October day, when they had strayed away from the gay hunting party, whose voices made the old yellow-leaved woods musical, Mr. Hyde asked Lizzy Eldon if she would accept the love her sister had slighted, and Lizzy, smiling and trembling, answered "Yes."

"Well, Uncle Cuthbert," said Clarence, eagerly, as he explained the position of affairs to his uncle that evening, after his bride-elect had left Lizzy home, with her nosegay basket only half filled—and no wonder, all things considered—"it will be so pleasant for us all to live together, and Lizzy says she will love you dearly. Lizzy is such a famous little housekeeper! She thinks it will be so pleasant to have you sitting by our hearth, Uncle uncle, you will go to see her to-morrow, won't you?"

"Yes," said Uncle Cuthbert, briefly—"I'll go."

And the next day Lizzie was surprised at her sewing by a brown-faced old man, who always carried his pipe both her hands in his, and imprinted a kiss upon her crimsoning forehead, just as if she were the oldest acquaintance in the world.

"So you're going to marry my nephew, are you?" said Uncle Cuthbert.

"Yes, sir," Lizzy made answer timidly.

"And you love him, Lizzy?"

"Oh, yes, sir"

"And you won't object to having the old man lumbering about the house, helpless and feeble though he be?"

"I shall be so glad to have you live with us, sir, for I never remembered my father—and—and you will be like one to me, I hope, sir."

Uncle Cuthbert kissed her again, and walked away as quickly as he had come.

"He's a very funny old gentleman," thought Lizzie, "but I know I shall like him."

He contemplated the present state of affairs very coolly—a little contemptuously, in fact.

"If you choose to adopt all dreams Hyde's romantic relations, why I cannot wonder at your taste," she said, lightly.

But Lizzy only smiled, and doubted to herself that Rosa could ever have really loved Clarence.

"No, no, no!" echoed her heart.

The day of the wedding drew near, Lizzy's white dress was nearly finished, and modest little presents were begining to be sent in from friends and neighbors.

"Here's my present," said Uncle Cuthbert, walking in one day and tossing a little box of carved wood into Lizzy's lap. "I don't care for wooden flowers myself when I was in California."

"Oh, uncle, what a dear little box!" said Lizzy, smiling her bright thanks, while Rosa elevated her nose rather scornfully.

"Well, but open it; it's lined beautifully," persisted the old man.

Lizzy obeyed.

"Why, there's a parchment deed in it, uncle!" cried the astonished Clarence, who was leaning over Lizzy's shoulder.

"Of course there is—a deed making over ten thousand pounds to Lizzie Eldon the day of her marriage," answered Uncle Cuthbert drily, "and I've got another one for you at home, Clarence, my boy! And the old uncle wasn't so poverty stricken after all. You must think, my young lady," he added, turning abruptly to Rosa, "that gold isn't gold because its a trifle rusty and tarnished. Appearances aren't everything in this world."

And so Clarence and Lizzie began the world with the fairest of prospects and true love enough to float the bark of life over ten thousand barks.

Rosa Eldon was somewhat chagrined in her secret soul, but she wisely kept her feelings to herself. Old Uncle Cuthbert, was quite satisfied with the choice his nephew had made.

Transatlantic Steamers.

Troy Times.

There are now about 130 steamships in the transatlantic service, most of which are rapid sailers, and the Oregon was one of the most recent construction. Her name shows that she was not a born Cunarder, and this leads one to a brief reference to the rules observed by different lines. The Guion ships, for instance, are named after States and Territories in the northwest, including Wisconsin, Nevada, Oregon, Alaska and Oregon. The last mentioned vessel, whose sad ate awakens so much notice, was purchased by the Cunard company from the Guion. The White Star line prefers names ending in "ic," as the Germanic, the Celtic and the Britannic. The Cunard company selects names ending in "ia," such as the Scythia, the Persia, the Servia and the Aurania, and the Anchor line purches the same practice. The National line very properly uses the names of nations, such as Greece, Spain and Egypt, while the Inman line honors various distinguished cities, such as Chicago and Berlin. The State line goes for States, and names its ships Pennsylvania, Nebraska, etc., but the Hamburg line dips into authors and gives us the Wieland, the Geilert and the Lessing, with other distinguished names. The Cunard line, on the other hand, love wine more than bocks, and hence the Bordeaux line names its vessels after the best brands, such as Chateau Leon Ville and Chateau Lafitte. The Bremen and Hull vessels are named after birds, and the United States and Brazil line selects names ending in "ance," such as the Finance, the Advance and the Reliance. The Monarch line, on the other hand, deals in monarchs, and its list comprises the Assyrian Monarch, the Lydian Monarch, the Grecian Monarch, etc. In this manner a remarkable degree of uniformity is preserved in the midst of a wide variety of taste.

GUITEAU'S AWFUL CURSE.

It Has Not Particularly Affected the Men Who Tried Him.

N. Y. World.—It was, after dusk on the 25th day of January, 1882, the weather cloudy and gloomy, that there filed into their box in the old criminal court-room of Washington twelve jurymen, who had listened for months to the testimony and arguments in the case of the trial of Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield, and announced their verdict, "Guilty, as indicted." Without, a drizzling rain and snow was falling, and the large, dingy old court-room was lighted by some half dozen candles placed on the Judge's desk and on the tables of counsel, giving but little light and adding to the dreariness of the room. Judge Cox took his place on the bench.

At one table sat Judge John K. Porter, Mr. Davidge and District Attorney Corkhill, representing the government. Mr. Scoville, the prisoner's brother-in-law and his leading counsel; the prisoner's brother and his sister, Mrs. Scoville, and some intimate friends of Guiteau, sat with him at an adjoining table. As the verdict was announced the prisoner exclaimed in a loud and defiant tone:

"My blood be on the head of that jury. Don't you forget it. That is my answer."

And when afterwards on February 4, 1882, the Court asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he replied:

"Every officer, judicial or otherwise, from the President down, taking in every man on that jury and every member of this bench, will pay for it."

And when the sentence was pronounced he repeated vehemently:

"God Almighty will cursey every man who has had anything to do with this case."

Various statements have from time to time during the last four years appeared in the press of the country calling attention to the realization of Guiteau's "curse" and the fulfillment of his prophecy.

A correspondent called on Colonel Corkhill, the U. S. District Attorney at the trial, for some of the facts connected with the history of those engaged in it, and whom Guiteau had specially mentioned in his curse. Colonel Corkhill was found at his law office in this city, and he looked little if any older than he did during the trial. Upon being questioned by the writer, correspondent to the subject, he said:

"Yes, I have seen these statements often, and I frequently receive letters asking me if there is any truth in the stories that are told. There seems to be an anxiety on the part of a large number of people to refer upon anything that borders on the superstitious, and it only needs the slightest coincidence of a prophesy and a corresponding occurrence to enable them to discover an inscrutable mystery in connection with it.

"As to the Guiteau trial, all the witnesses for the government that were called to prove the crime before the grand jury, and whose names were endorsed on the back of the indictment, and who were examined in chief by the Government, are alive and pursuing their ordinary business, except Surgeon General Barnes, who died some time ago. I saw the foreman of the jury, John P. Hamlin, of this city, a few days ago, and he informed me that all the jury who tried the case against Guiteau are alive and engaged in the business they were before the trial, except Mr. Michael Sheenan, who was sick at the time and has since died. As to the lawyers, Judge Porter was in very bad health during the trial, and died a long time after, and very suddenly very much. Mr. Davidge is looking as well and working as hard as ever. Judge Cox, who presided at the trial, is still on the bench, upright and in good health. The same is true of Chief Justice Carter, Justices Wylie and Arthur, James and Hagner, who decided the case sustaining the verdict of the jury on appeal. Justice Wylie has been retired but by the provisions of the law on account of age and long service. Mr. Justice Bradley, who denied the writ of habeas corpus, is still in the bench of the supreme court of the United States, though old enough to be entitled to retire if he desires. Marshal Henry is raising corn, potatoes and tobacco on his farm in Ohio, with probably more satisfaction and certainly with more success than when his policy, farmer-like form was seen shadowing the rooms of the court-house, and he was imagining he was performing the duties of his official position.

"Assistant Surgeon Lamb, who assisted at the autopsy, and who try unphantly carried off his bones, which he carefully had boiled and presented at government expense, is still carrying Guiteau's grinning skeleton in the National Museum at this city.

"The leading experts whom Guiteau specially cursed—Dr. John P. Gray, of Utica, Dr. A. E. McDonald and Allen Ray, of Buffalo, of New York; Dr. E. A. Kempster, of Wisconsin, and numerous other physicians in charge of the various insane asylums of the country, whose names I cannot now recall—are all alive and, with one or two exceptions, in charge of the same hospitals they were at the time of the trial. In fact, I think it remarkable that among the large number of active participants in that somewhat celebrated trial there should be but two or three deaths in over four years. Scoville is in Chicago trying to raise a $250 month alimony for his wife, who is trying to have him arrested because he has not succeeded. Guiteau's brother John, who was a spectator at his execution, is wrestling with the intricate and uncertain business of life insurance as of old, Hicks, Guiteau's ministerial adviser, has stopped preaching and has gone to Florida to raise oranges. It may be added that the hangman who adjusted the noose around Guiteau's neck is anxiously looking for opportunity, which he will have in a few weeks, of performing the same service for two other convicted murderers in the jail awaiting execution."

"The most clannish people that ever I heard of," said Dr. Rentoul, of Woolwich, in a recent lecture, "are the Scotch. There was once a man who had sprats to sell, and he went up and down the streets crying, 'Fine Scotch sprats! Beautiful Scotch sprats!' and he had a good demand for them. But some one took him to task for the name he gave them, seeing they were caught off Yarmouth. 'But I tell you they must be Scotch,' replied the costermonger, 'don't you see how they stick together?'"

It is fun to work on the New York Herald. Frequently an editor or a reporter finds on his desk a cablegram from Bennett telling him to take the first steamer and send him in London in nine days. One young man who crossed the water in obedience to such an order waited in London three weeks without hearing from Mr. Bennett. He then wrote to him that it was expensive staying there, whereupon Mr. Bennett replied: "Stay a year, until I get back. I know who is paying the expenses."

Michigan in the War.

In his address delivered at the semi-centennial celebration, Judge Cooley spoke as follows of "Michigan in the war:"

"Michigan, I say, not Michigan was found to be loyal to the core. All parties as by instinct, perceived that a great struggle was before us, which was not to final test the institutions of our fathers, and to determine for all time whether we were henceforth to be one of many nations, or one nation, one and undivided, one and indivisible. Not a moment did we hesitate, and reason not less than sentiment responded to the summons of the Union, and responded with the zeal as the need increased in urgency. Nor in this state only, though it took from associations which had tainted some others, many a doctor's bill, but it has brought enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The medicine is a standard specific for a common complaint of cholera morbus, diarrhoea, or dysentery.

A miner of Bodie, has dog which is constantly wandering about in the gold mine with his master. The latter recently gave his dog a bath, and thought he had carefully panned out the muddy water. The dog assayed $34.17 in fine gold.

A man in Bear Valley, Cal., started a fire in a chimney that had not been used for a year. There appeared to be some obstruction, and he understood what it was when 300 pounds of honey melted and ran down. The bees had been using it for a hive.

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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 has enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The medicine is a standard specific for a common complaint of cholera morbus, diarrhoea, or dysentery.

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