THE SPINNING WHEEL.

Joel Benton in Good Cheer.

In country houses long years ago,
The spinning-wheel went round and round,
And those who heard it will always know
Its solemnly quaint and droning sound.

The soft, white wool from the spindle ran
Into a thread so fair and fine,
That it always baffled the boy or man
Who tried to watch its even line.

For the wheel was given a curious twirl—
Some magic prompted its humming snore;
Yet it did not trouble the country girl,
Who learned its art on the kitchen floor.

I see her still step to and fro,
Pulling each roll in the deftest way,
And singing some air to make it go
With strange delight through the toilsome day.

On the burdened spindle the white thread grew
Just as her cunning foresight planned,
And it was wondrous to see how true
The swift yarn followed her guiding hand.

'Twas a charming picture in summer days,
But the wheel to rack and ruin has gone;
And the pretty spinner's grandchild's face
Is seen "croquet"-ing upon the lawn.

Hushed is that solemn, droning sound—
Its art is now forgotten lore;
So the spinning wheel no more goes round
On summer days by the kitchen door.

"THE RIBS OF DEATH."

Three months before I was born my father's boat went down in a sudden squall, within sight of home and of my mother who, with the rest of the fishermen's wives, awaited the landing of the little fleet.

Perhaps this was the reason I had such an instinctive horror and dread of the sea, even while it fascinated and drew me to it in its stormiest moods. It was a queer feeling that possessed me. When away from the sight and sound of the breakers I was restless and unquiet, near them I was awed and melancholy, but some craving of my nature was satisfied, and I was comparatively calm. I believe many of our people, who are intensely superstitious, looked upon me as doomed in consequence of this. "The sea always swallows what it gets a hold of," they said among themselves with sorrowful fatalism. We can hardly help being superstitious and gloomy—we who are born and reared in Callermouth. Nature is so stern in her moods and so cruel in her way of expressing them.

Miss Ashford, our Vicar's daughter, is very cross with me for saying things like this, but I cannot help thinking that even she feels them to be true sometimes during the long and stormy Winters on this northeast coast of ours. She is very kind and good, and as she is always busy working among us perhaps that helps her through. It was she who taught me how to write and put sentences together so as to make this story intelligible, and it was she who wished me to write it. Why, I do not know. When I told it to her first I hardly expected her to believe it, but she did and helped me through the bad time which I had after—but that must bide until I come to it.

Callermouth is only a cluster of cottages around a little harbor, with a pier and lifeboat house below. About a mile to the north is the ugly sharp ridge of rocks which bears the significant name of "Ribs o' Death." Many a fine vessel has struck and ground her timbers to matchwood, many a poor clinging life has been washed off those fatal ribs. They do say that in the old times many a ship was lured there to its destruction too; but I can scarce believe the grandfathers of our brave fellows, who lived by and on the waters just as now, could be inhuman enough to trade upon the danger and deaths of fellow-mariners. Only I must say that even yet, while any of our men would risk his life without thinking twice about it to save another, he wouldn't have any very definite ideas on the laws of salvage.

I was not a comely lass in the estimation of the village critics. In fact when I saw my little white face, with its big dark eyes, in the dim old looking glass which hung over the mantelpiece in our front room, and compared it with that of Bell Carr, our biggest and best looking girl, I used to feel very small and insignificant. She was a true fisher lass, tall and strongly made, with a swinging walk and saucy smile, and a ready word for every one gentle or simple. The artists who came here sometimes to paint us in our characteristic blue flannels always selected her, and passed me over. I was not a "type" and she was, they said!

Well, I was glad of it, for Willie wouldn't have liked me to act as a model!

Spite of my want of beauty, I had two lads came courting me, and Willie Lisle was the one I favored. Edam (Adam) Carr was too much of my own temper for me, too gloomy; I was afraid of him, had the same sort of mistrust of him that I had of the sea, and perhaps a little of the same idea of his possible power over me.

But Willie, with his bonnie yellow curls and his blue eyes, and his sunny smile, what girl could have resisted him? He brought his brightness into my life, and it seemed to go out like the sun beneath a cloud on the day he sailed in the Rowena, bound for China and the East Indies, from the Tyne.

All our most energetic and enterprising young men become sailors, if they do not feel satisfied to become fishermen as their fathers before them. It never seems to enter into any of their heads that there are other means of livelihood than these two callings. They cannot tear themselves away from the sea altogether, however they may abuse it. They inhale its salt breeze with their earliest breaths, its foam and spray beat on them, until it becomes part of them, as it were, and they are as much creatures of the waves as the fishes that swim beneath or the gulls that float above. So it was that when Willie grew discontented with his earnings as a fisherman, he went to sea to make more money in the hope of wedding me the sooner.

"I was not strong enough for a fisherman's wife," he said, "and he hoped to be able to keep me like a lady." Just as if I cared!

Though I was small I was not delicate, and I could, and indeed did, carry the creel as well as the best of them. For my mother married again, and when she died there were more little mouths to fill, and no one but me to do it; for their father was a lazy, drunken good-for-nothing, who fell over the cliff one night when he was rolling home from the "Old Ship Inn", and did no good after. Luck for them and for me, though it sounds queer to say it, he did not live long to be a burden; but we had some hard times now and then, when the weather was rough and there was no fish to sell. Only for the bairns I would have been housemaid at the vicarage, for which Miss Ashford had had me trained before mother died, but I could earn more money doing as the rest did, and look after the little ones at the same time.

The men favored me in the matter of fish, because they thought I had a stiffish hill to climb, and I will say that nobody was kinder than Edam Carr. I believe he was really fond of me, and I often reproached myself that I could not help shrinking from him. But I was not alone in that dread. They called him "Black Edam" for a nickname, because he looked so grim and dour. None of the men exchanged greetings with him when he stalked along past their friendly groups; nor did any of the girls laugh and joke with him. With one consent he was left alone.

Well, you see, here was a bond of union between us in his eyes. They looked on me as on one doomed, and on him as one unlucky, or unhappy, which means the same to them. "It's no use fightin' fate, Elsie!" he would say, looking down at me with his great gloomy eyes; "we were made for one another, we two."

But I used to shake my head and run away, though I dared not offend him by contradicting him otherwise. He got grimmer and blacker as time went on, and I did not forget my Willie, as perhaps Edam hoped I should.

The weather was uncertain that Autumn, and there was little dependence on the fish. Some days the boats were not off at all, some days they had no fish when they landed. I got work where I could, but those three mouths at home took a lot of satisfying, and I often went to bed hungry and cold along with them.

One afternoon I was wandering rather disconsolately on the beach, feeling low and hopeless, wishing for Willie and better days, when Edam, who was busy in his boat, called me as I passed by. "Elsie, come here and tell me what you think o' my boat?" he cried in a more cheery voice than usual, and, glad to be good-natured when I could, I stopped and admired the fine new boat he had just bought with the money an uncle had left him.

"But you've got no name for her," I said at last; "what are you going to call her?"

"That depends on you," he replied, looking up quickly; "If ye don't object I would name her 'The Bonnie Elsie?'"

That would never do I thought in a minute, it would be all over the place at once that Edam Carr had called his boat after Elsie Wilson, and that she was "off with the old love and on with the new."

"You musn't do that" I demurred as gently as I could; "there's prettier names and lasses, too, for that matter, in the place!"

His face changed for the worse in a moment, and an angry light blazed in his eyes.

"I'm not to heve yer name, then, forbye yerself?"

"It wouldn't do, Edam; folks would talk, and—and Willie might be vexed," I went on hesitatingly. What a coward I was to be sure! It was with the greatest difficulty in the world I managed to bring out my real objection. And yet I was so proud of being Willie's sweetheart.

"He's not yer man yet that he should mind," Edam replied sulkily, and then under his breath. "Maybe he never will be either."

I heard the end of the sentence, low as it was muttered.

"An' what's to hinder, if we're both of one mind about it?" I said sharply, losing my temper a bit at his obstinacy.

"Who knows? He might get a wife where he's gone, and he might never come back at all—"

"D'ye want to quarrel wi' me, Edam?"

"No, no, Elsie, we winna quarrel," he said at once. I'm a bit queer in the temper, but I wouldn't like to vex you."

"I'm goin' to try th' new boat, will ye venture out wi' me, lassie?" he went on quietly after a moment.

I did not know what to say. It would not be wise to offend him more than I had been unlucky enough to do already. There was no harm in sailing out a mile or so, providing he would promise to bring me back then. But, could I trust him? His mother, old Nannie Carr, had come up while we were speaking, and she took part with him.

"It's not much to ask ye, Elsie, and it'll please him ever so! He's gey queer to do we' just now, lassie," she said aside to me; "if ye can humor him a bit, ye might for ana sake."

She was a kind neighbor, and often the bairns got a dinner from her when I was away, so I did not care to refuse her. If she saw no harm in it who else would dare to talk?

Still I hesitated.

"D'ye think it's safe? The sea has been callin' off and on all day. Listen!"

And in the hush which so often precedes a gale we could distinctly hear that strange moaning, about which we always say "The sea is calling."

Edam threw a quick glance along the horizon.

"It'll blow hard afore the morn, but there's time enough to be out and in again for all that."

There was something in the tone which made me doubtful, but I did not want to seem a coward; so before long we were upon the open sea, tacking and turning to catch the breeze. There was more of that further out than on shore, but still not enough to send us along merrily, although the new boat was as light and swift and easy to manage as any boat could well be, and skimmed the waves like a bird.

"She's a bonnie one to go, Edam," I said after a little, but I got no reply. Edam sat with his eye fixed upon the distant sky, and I could see he was thinking something over very deeply. I followed the direction of his eyes, and did not like the prospect. A gleam of sickly yellow light lay down to the water, but above that were piled masses of heavy gray clouds, without a break, save in one place, where it was as though a mighty hand had pushed them aside to make a space for the tempest to break through. All around this space was hurry and confusion, while the rest of the sky was sullen and quiet. Far out the sickly gleam on the horizon was repeated on a gray green sea; nearer, the dark waves were beginning to show tops of white.

I did not like the prospect, nor did I like the notion of being out there on that angry-looking waste of waters at the mercy of Edam Carr and his caprices.

"Don't you think we should go back now, Edam?" I asked timidly; "it doesn't look over well out yonder," and I pointed to the far sea.

"Leave that to me, Elsie, ma darlin'!"

He had no right to call me his darling, but I was beginning to be very much afraid, and so I said nothing about that.

But all at once a rush, a whirl, and a roar caused me to scream out as a squall struck our little craft and made it heel over, wetting me to the skin at the same time. As a matter of fact, we fisher lassies are not at all brave upon the sea, though it may be almost our native element. There are very few Grace Darlings among us. Indeed, we hardly ever venture into a boat at all. So it is not to be wondered at that my courage should fail utterly when we began to ship heavy seas.

"Oh, take me home, Edam, or I know we'll never win back at all!"

But he took no notice more than to put things right and tight in a skillful way I could not but admire however angry I began to feel toward him.

"Are you never going to turn, Edam Carr?" I broke out at last.

A suspicion which I had often heard breathed in the village came back to me then, and I trembled for our lives. They said "Edam Carr was gettin' the same queer look his father had afore he went out of his heid and drowned hisself!" and remembering this and the few words his mother had whispered, I inclined to think he was mad at times. When I spoke he laughed out loud. It was the first time that I had ever heard him laugh, and it gave me an odd feeling.

"So you're afraid, ma bonnie Elsie? It's a long time since you and I were as much alone together as we are now, nothing but the boat that holds us two on all that world o' water! Eh, but its fine to have you all to mysel' like this!"

"Are you mad?" I excaimed, my thought taking words all unconsciously.

Edam laughed again, that horrible, cruel laugh which had no mirth in it.

"Maybe. Sometimes I think I am myself, but if I am, it's for love o' you."

His eyes were so bright and so wild I could not bear to look at them, and his hand, as he took hold of mine, burned with fever.

"For mercy's sake, Edam, take care! If ye don't mind we'll be both in the water."

"An' what o' that? At any rate we'll drown together, and ye'll never belong to another man."

I clasped my hands in an agony of terror. Oh, what a fool I had been not to have guessed what might happen! I thought of the poor bairns at home waiting for me now to give them their suppers and hear their prayers and tuck them up in their beds, and the tears rolled down my cheeks at the thought of how long they might have to wait.

"Oh, Edam, I didn't think ye could be so cruel!" I said between my sobs. But even the tears failed to move him.

"You have been cruel enough to me—it's my turn now!" he answered sullenly, as he altered the sail.

By this time the lurid gleam had almost died out from the sky and all was dark around us. The wind was blowing strongly and hurrying the masses of clouds across the heavens at headlong speed, and tearing at the water until the air and the waves mingled in one wild fray. How our little boat lived at all in such a storm is more than I can understand. In the hand of a less experienced boatman we should have been lost in no time.

"Do have pity on me and the poor little ones that have only me to look to, Edam—dear Edam!"

"Ay, it's dear Edam now you're in my power, but how long would it last if I let you win safe to land? Elsie, if you'll be ma wife I'll make for shore this minute—if not—"

"What then?" I faltered.

"I'll run us straight on to the 'Ribs o' Death,' and there'll be an end on't!"

What was I to do? I tried to be false to Willie for the sake of dear life, but it was no use. I couldn't get out the words which would make me so! If I must die I must, and there was no help for it, but, oh! It was hard, while the young blood flowed quick and warm in my veins, to be plunged headlong into eternity.

I gave one loud despairing cry.

"Oh, Willie, Willie! can you not hear me, my sweetheart, my darling? If you were only by I know you could save me. It's for your sake I die, Willie; but I love you so, I love you so!"

"Then die, Elsie, for ye shall never be his wife!"

I sank down in the bottom of the boat and closed my eyes. I could not look at my death, though I knew it must come. A dull stupor crept over me, and the agony of fear which held me before was gone. Was it my disordered imagination which made me think something had happened which sounds perfectly incredible?

It was getting too dark to distinguish plainly, but, surely, that was Edam Carr's big form I saw at the other end of the boat stooping over a coil of rope?

Then who was the man busied with the sail in the centre of it?

We were shut off from all human help there in the midst of a howling tempest, and yet some one had managed to come on board, and evidently to give us his assistance. No other vessel could possibly have approached us while my eyes were shut, certainly not without my hearing it. Where then, had this stranger come from?

All these thoughts flashed through my mind, but at the time I was too stupefied to wonder much. My faculties seemed dulled, and I could neither suffer nor fear any more. I simply waited for the end. I could see dimly the sharp ridge of rocks we were nearing, and from which nothing short of a miracle now could keep us.

But this miracle did take place. All at once our course changed and the boat turned from its dangerous way. Then, and not till then, did Edam seem to awaken to the knowledge that he was no longer managing affairs. With a sudden oath he started up and crept forward.

When he got to the figure standing with its back toward him I saw him raise his arm to thrust it aside. Then slowly, slowly, it turned and looked him straight in the face.

He cried out wildly, "God help me, for I'm mad now, any way!" and, throwing up his arms, he leaped overboard into the seething waves.

I watched him strike out when he rose, but I was too paralyzed to scream even. He had not a chance in that terrible sea, but was thrown like a bit of floating weed upon the very rocks he had been steering for, clung there for a moment, only to be swept back by the return of the waves. I saw this in the last lurid streak of light which flashed across the water before the night came, and in it were shown at last the features of my strange companion. Was it all a dream? I did not know even then, nor did I feel afraid, but as those eyes met mine a thrill ran through me, and I sank into unconsciousness. Late that night, when some of the men went down to see that their boats were secure, they found Edam Carr's new boat safely drawn up on the beach and me lying in it in a dead faint.

After that came a time of dull, stupid misery to me. I could never answer questions, nor give any account of that dreadful evening, save that Edam Carr had gone mad and jumped overboard, and had been dashed against the "Ribs of Death," and that I fainted when this happened, and knew no more. But then, how had the boat been brought into port? they asked. My story was proved true by poor Edam's body being washed ashore two days after. For long the people looked at me strangely. Their superstition made them regard me now as "uncanny" and shun me as something they could not account for. Besides, instead of the sea claiming its victim, as they expected it to do, I had been miraculously saved from it!

I often wonder I did not go mad myself during that dreary time.

For I settled in my own mind clearly enough how it was. I should never see my bonnie sweetheart more. I had not a doubt that he was dead and that my cry for help had brought him in the spirit to my assistance. For a while I nursed my sullen grief in silence; but at last Miss Ashford's kindness broke down the barrier and I told her everything. Only for that and because she did not laugh at me, but believed that I spoke the truth, I should have lost my senses or my life, for the secret was killing me.

"Truly there are strange mysteries we cannot hope to be revealed in this life," she said solemnly. "Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling of their affections? I would try not to think too much about it, Elsie; and don't give way to despair, above all. Think how the little ones need you."

It was all very well to talk, and I did try honestly; but I couldn't help thinking of my boy during the long dreary Winter nights, after the children had gone to bed, and I was left alone by the glimmering firelight. Then the tears would come, and, oh! it felt so lonely, and life so sad wanting him.

I was sitting thus one night, leaning my cheek upon my hand, and the stocking I was knitting for one of the bairns had fallen upon the floor, while I gazed into the dying embers. How long I sat I know not, but suddenly the coals fell together and flared up into a blaze, and there on the other side of the hearth, stood Willie, my Willie, laughing down at me.

I screamed and covered my eyes. I dared not look at what seemed confirmation of my worst fears; but in a moment warm, living arms were round my neck, and I was clasped to a strongly beating heart.

"Why, what ails thee, sweetheart?" One would say you'd seen a ghost!"

I did not tell him then that I had taken him for one. The tears were changed into tears of joy at once, and the world seemed bright and gay, now Willie was safe at home!

When I did tell him at last what had caused me so much misery, he laughed, and said I must have let my imagination run away with me. But he acknowledged to having had a troubled dream in which I called on him for help, though he always declares he cannot remember anything more about it.

I never look at the "Ribs of Death" without a shudder and a sigh for poor Edam's terrible death, and nothing will persuade me that I was not saved from sharing his fate by supernatural assistance. But I do not insist upon it with Willie, for he does not like me to talk about it. He wants my life to be sunny and full of hope and joy and love, and does his best to make it so now that I am his wife.—Belgravia.

A Review at Aldershot, Eng.

From the Brooklyn Union.

A member of one of the Brooklyn regiments sends the following from London, where he is spending a few weeks:—

When I saw you at the armory just before leaving for this part of the world, I told you I would endeavor to send something about the troops—regulars or volunteers—I might see here. I have not witnessed a drill of the volunteers, but saw the great review and sham battle of the regulars at Aldershot on July 2. The review took place before the queen and a distinguished party, comprising several members of the royal family, Indian princes, nobles, etc. There was a large enclosure for the queen and attendents. Myself and two other Americans and an Englishman occupied a carriage about 20 yards to the right of the enclosure, but quite close enough to get a good view of the queen. She came upon the ground accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck. The Prince of Wales was in the uniform of colonel of the 10th Hussars. He looked splendidly and rode a magnificent horse. Over his saddle was thrown a leopard's skin. I also saw the Duke of Connaught, Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord William Seymour, Lord Wolseley, Sir Archibald Alison, Sir Drury-Lowe and other soldiers of distinction. When the queen appeared upon the field she was heartily cheered. As near as I could ascertain there were about 14,500 officers and men on parade, 2,400 horses, and 60 guns.

The queen received the royal salute with a slight acknowledgment by inclining her head forward. As the troops presented arms the massed bands played "God Save the Queen." People shouted, men threw their hats into the air, and ladies clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs. The salute over, the queen went to the right of the line and then passed along the front. She was seated in a carriage drawn by four cream colored horses, and there were three other carriages, each drawn by four horses, and finally a magnificently mounted staff. The band of each brigade played as the queen went past. The party having returned to the saluting point—a flagstaff with the royal standard floating from it—the march past commenced. I never before saw anything so imposing. The batteries went past like a wall. The cavalry looked superb. I was more pleased with the light brigade than with the heavy brigade, although the first Life Guards were in the latter. The leading regiment of the light brigade was the 5th Lancers—a splendid body of men and horses. As the 10th hussars, headed by the Prince of Wales, came up, the cheering was tremendous. In this superb regiment the eldest son of the Prince of Wales is an officer. The prince saluted his mother in good style and then turned out and took post by the queen's side and she frequently spoke to him, apparently asking questions about the different regiments.

An Utter Stranger to Fear.

Thomas J. Bowditch contributes the following to "Fact and Fancy:"

Charles XII. of Sweden ascended the throne at the age of fifteen years. He was an utter stranger to fear. His first battle he fought at the age of eighteen years, and on that occasion, as the ships which bore him came near the place where his army was to disembark, he leaped into the sea and swam to the shore, being the first to put his foot upon the enemy's soil. It was for the attack on Copenhagen. One day, while conducting a siege, Charles was dictating a letter to his secretary to be sent home to court. In the midst of their work, the scribe writing and the king pacing up and down the room, occasionally stopping at the table to see a sentence finished, a shell from one of the enemy's advanced batteries struck the house in which they were, and exploded in the very apartment to which the closet they occupied was an anteroom. The shock was terrific. The wall of the house was demolished, floors torn up, pieces of shell crashing through the door into their little room, but, by a strange fortune, injuring neither of them by iron or splinter. The secretary, for a moment bereft of sense, dropped his pen. "My good man," said the King with perfect tranquillity, seeming not to have noticed that anything had happened out of the way, "why do you suspend your writing?" "Mercy, sire," gasped the secretary, quivering from head to foot—"the bomb!" was all he had strength enough to utter. "Well,—and what has the bomb to do with the letter I'm dictating to you? Go on!"

There are said to be 50,000 Mormon children in Utah.

MEXICAN CENTRAL.

Traveling Made Easy—The Place to go for Pleasure and Profit.

[*Extract from Mexican Letter.*]

The Mexican Central Railway has done and is doing more, I venture to say, to introduce Mexico and Mexicans to the United States and her people than any or all institutions, corporations or causes of whatsoever kind combined. It is as easy to-day to go to the City of Mexico from any point in our Western States as to San Francisco. I undertake to say that there is no smoother rail, no easier, safer road-bed of the same length in the States than that of the Mexican Central from Paso Del Norte to the City of Mexico, over 1,200 miles due south. Palatial Pullmans are run on all passenger trains, and the "grub" at eating houses en route is tip-top. It isn't American cooking, to be sure, but in many respects it is greatly preferable, and on an average, even to the stranger from the north, the viands are much more palatable than those served up on the run at our railroad eating houses. It is simply astounding to me that our people will flock to California by the thousands and tens of thousands during the winter months, when the same time and money and less trouble will take them to an infinitely better climate—a perfect climate—and through by far the most interesting portion of our continent—the land of the Montezumas—the only portion around which cluster old traditions with grand monuments of a past civilization. Something to study and interest there.

Fully three-fifths of the people of Mexico to-day are Peons, (Indians) descendants of the Aztecan tribes. And they have changed as little, less in fact, than their country. Their feet are still shod with sandals, as in the year 1, while cotton trousers and the Zarapi (blanket) complete a costume picturesque as well as comfortable. The towns are well in keeping with these people. One might easily imagine, in looking down from the railroad car as it circles around the City of Zacatecas for instance that he was in old Palestine.

Modern ideas and methods find slow acceptance there. Here is an instance: While the Mexican Central Railway was building "Paddy wheelbarrows" were introduced to facilitate the work of grading. The Peon looked askance, but was equal to the occasion. He knew nothing of the wheelbarrow, and cared less, but, under direction, proceeded to fill with dirt and then coolly placing it on his head marched off to the dumping place. No wheeling for him; he wouldn't wheel, and the "Paddys" were finally discarded.

That great revolutionist, the railroad, is steadily but surely bringing about a change, however, and if you wish to see Mexico as it is you mustn't dally, but start soon. In northern Mexico (Cihuahua) American influence is already in the ascendant, and, mark my word, the time is coming, not far away, when there will be a "revolution in Mexico," beside which these petty insurrections we hear of will be as nothing. No cannonading and bluster, but a civil revolution—the peaceful opening of a grand career for Mexico.

I say heartily to whomsoever may read this, if you have any time and money to spare and wish to travel, get a copy of "Prescott" and "The Fair God" and go to Mexico. It will amply repay you. Try it. The climate is healthy and delightful, the scenery unsurpassed, even by our famous Rocky Mountain region, and there is a breezy novelty about it that renders travel there a constant delight. Mr. H. C. Barlow, of Chicago, is the General Traffic Manager of the Mexican Central Railway, and if you wish any further information about Mexico, ask him.

W. E. A.

Dr. R. Butler, Master of Arts, Cambridge University, England, says: "St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic."

Women are the funniest when they say nothing; but women are so seldom funny.

A woman who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four sea-sons.

Susan says she enjoys seeing the girls go in bathing. She loves to see them spit the sand out of their mouths.

A modest youth was he:
He kissed her finger-tips,
She softly said, "Ah, me!
Why was I born with lips!"

Did you ever get your girl by an ice cream saloon on a hot day without stopping, and yet retain her good opinion? If so, how?

India long shawls are now made into dressing-gowns for men. That ends the talk about the extravagance of women who cut them up for wrappers.

A shrewd confectioner at the West End has taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who enters his shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

According to the testimony of physicians and coroners, in all parts of the Union, deaths have resulted from the use of cough syrups, containing morphia, opium and other poisons. In this connection, Dr. Sam'l Cox, of Washington, after careful analyses, endorses Red Star Cough Cure as being purely vegetable, and absolutely free from opiates, poisons and narcotics. Price, twenty-five cents.

Waiting-maid—Good-morning, doctor. My lady sends me to beg you to come to her husband as quickly as possible. She does not wish him to die, without your assistance.

It is said that a great many ladies who are enthusiastic homeopathists think that their favorite school of medicine is called homeopathy because they can practice it at home.

If you watch a woman's mouth closely when she dresses the children for Sunday-school, you will find out where all the pins come from, and of course it must be where they all go.

In some parts of France betrothed ladies wear a scarlet bow on the left shoulder. In some parts of America they wear a green beau on the left and right shoulder, alternately.

The reason why coachmen are so popular with the ladies need not be sought very far. Barnum's baby show of twenty years ago awarded the first premium to a coachman's baby.

Think of This

Many people have neglected slight manifestations of humor in the blood till the foul matter has become so powerful as to cause terrible scrofulous sores, awful suffering, and, finally, as the system becomes drained of all its strength, death.

Some have neglected distress after eating, heartburn, occasional headaches, and other early symptoms of dyspepsia, till this painful disease has become incurable, and the victim barely sustains a miserable existence.

Others neglect that tired feeling, pains in the back, weakness, languor, till general debility and kidney or liver disease becomes firmly fixed upon them and there is no hope of recovery.

Be wise in time: Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, catarrh, rheumatism, that tired feeling, and any disease or affection caused by impure blood or low state of the system.

Be sure to get "the peculiar medicine."

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

A deacon of a Greenville, Pa., church has a string of buttons half a yard long taken out of the contribution box within a few years What business has the deacon with buttons? They were contributed for the heathen, and several scores of heathens have been obliged to hitch their suspenders with a shingle nail because of this embezzling deacon.—Holyoke Transcript.

A German physician asserts half of womankind are mentally unbalanced. They may be in Germany, but if he comes over to this country he will be convinced right speedily that they have mind enough to give them a piece and to spare.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Customer—"Waiter, here is a button in the soup."

Waiter—"Button, sah, yes, sah, I guess dat's all right, sah."

Customer—"It's all right, of course, but I thought perhaps a button hole went with it."—Life.

Miss Katy Did in her green attire,
Sings nightly in her tree;
"It won't belong before Jack Frost
Will have a mash on me."
—Wash. Critic.

TRAMP—"I have lost an arm, sir, will—" Passer-by (in great haste)—"Sorry, but I haven't seen anything of it."—N. Y. Sun.

Important.

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.

A squaw refused to marry a Canadian Indian, and he took her scalp—a lock of her hair, as it were. She then married him, and it wasn't long before he hadn't hair enough for a scalp lock.

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges up to two hundred pounds. "My dear," said he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him; "help the fence."

"Is it fair," asked Mrs. Easy, "to allow your husband to attend a fair with some other fair, and pay her fare?" "Hardly fair; and if it was my husband, she'd fare hard," responded Mrs. Gripem.

There are more lies told by servant girls; but they lie to order, and do no wrong.

The drowned drunkard—"Yes, I always knew that water would be the death of me."

The anarchists would have everybody own the world. What's everybody's is nobody's.

The merry age comes with marriage—soon comes the crib-age and the squall-age from the small-age.

"Won by waiting." They changed the spelling to "one by waiting." After they were divorced it was again "one by waiting."

"DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!"

65 Cents Pays for a Year's subscription to the Weekly *American Rural Home*, Rochester, N. Y., *without* premium—"the Cheapest and Best Weekly in the World," 8 pages, 48 columns, 16 years old. For *One Dollar* you have *one* choice from over 150 different Cloth-Bound *Dollar Volumes*, 300 to 900 pp., and paper one year, post-paid. Book postage, 15c Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Farm Cyclopedia; Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Danelson's (Medical) Counselor; Boys' Useful Pastimes; Five Years Before the Mast; Peoples' History of United States; Universal History of all Nations; Popular History Civil War (both sides).

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Poetry has lines—tender lines—but a dish of them would sicken a monkey.

Riddles.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They should be carried out, and parents should not forget the resolutions that would never suffer them to be without that cough and croup cure, Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

If a tree were to break a window, what might the window say? Tremendous (tremend us.) Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein has a tremendous sale, for it mends all form of coughs, colds and lung troubles.

Engimas.

What are the best trees to protect us from cold? Firs (furs.) What is the best plant to cure croup? Mullein. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein is the great cough and cold cure.

What is the difference between photographs and the whooping cough? One makes fac similes and the other makes sick families. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein cures the sick families of coughs and colds, and in this it has no fac similes.

Wums for bait in the Adirondacks—none of your flies.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers produces, in one application, a permanent color.

We have used Ayer's Ague Cure, and have found it invaluable in malarial troubles.

Principal tools about a modern newspaper office—the ho-ax.

"BURNS AND SCALDS."—If you are so unfortunate as to injure yourself in this way we can suggest a remedy that will soon relieve you of all pain and quickly heal the wound; it costs but twenty-five cents and is sold by all druggists. Ask for PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

Felt goods, if you sit down on them—bent pins and carpet tacks.

"We commenced selling Athlophoros about a year ago. We have had the best success with it of any rheumatic medicine we ever handled," writes druggist O. W. Halstead of Mason, Michigan, and his experience is a common one.

The dude could not drown—oh, no; his head was lighter than water.

The Poor Little Ones.

We often see children with red eruptions on face and hands, rough and scaly skin, and often sores on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period, children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. If Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given, the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, rickets, fever-sores, hip-joint disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

"Every dog 'as 'is day"—'ash day, of course. English, you know.

A Lovely Complexion.

"What a lovely complexion." we often hear persons say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

The bedbug must have evolved since modern bedsteads were invented.

Mild, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The number of fools aspiring to serve in dime museums is daily increasing.

A Hard Fate

it is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

Poetry has feet—as a side-dish not equal to pigs' feet by any means.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world. It saves your horses and wagons.

Distress After Eating, Dyspepsia, Etc. Relieved by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. 25c.

A QUESTION ABOUT
Brown's Iron Bitters
ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. [illegible]

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS [illegible]

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS [illegible]

TAKE NO OTHER.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Fine FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES. Good pay to reliable men. SELOVER & ATWOOD, Washington St. Nurseries, GENEVA, N. Y.

There are Women

who have none of those ailments known as Female Complaints, yet who still need Zoa-Phora.

When a woman has been working about the home, or sewing, teaching, taking care of children, or of sick ones, until her nerves are all unstrung, and she feels as though she would fly to pieces, and everything irritates and annoys her, a dose of

ZOA-PHORA

will strengthen and soothe her nerves and rest her.

Sleeplessness is cured by Zoa-Phora.

For Sick Headache there is not a more reliable preventive and cure than Zoa-Phora; it works like a charm, in many cases where everything else has failed.

And any woman who does suffer from *any of those complaints peculiar to her sex*, should not delay a day to use Zoa-Phora.

Our book on diseases of women and children, should be read by every woman, especially by mothers of daughters. Sent in sealed envelope on receipt of five 2ct. stamps. Address, *Zoa-Phora Medicine Co.*

H. G. COLMAN, Sec. Kalamazoo, Mich.

(Mention this paper.)

N. B.—If your druggist does not keep Zoa-Phora write to the Zoa-Phora Medicine Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. [illegible] A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

WM. HANSCOM, Oshkosh, Wis., who was for seven years so afflicted with piles that he was unable to attend to business, is entirely cured by the use of Cole's Carbolisalve. Price 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists.

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

Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating, it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system. They make one feel as though life was worth living.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 315 King street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Standard.*

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

Princess Dolgorouki, widow of the late Czar, was once a Spanish actress.

MEN look slovenly with run-over heels. Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep boots straight. 25c. a pair.

The Chief Signal officer has decided to establish a station in Alaska.

Any Ache or Pain Relieved by Carter's SMART WEED and BELLADONNA BACKACHE PLASTERS.

CRAMPS CHOLERA-MORBUS OR DIARRHŒA EVERYBODY IS SUBJECT TO COMPLAINTS OF THIS KIND AND NO FAMILY IS SAFE WITHOUT HAVING A BOTTLE OF PERRY DAVIS PAIN-KILLER WITHIN EASY REACH. IT IS A SAFE & SPEEDY CURE ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

A Whole Night

ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St., New York.

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal Viscera. Purely vegetable containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA! DR. RADWAY'S PILLS [illegible]

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. [illegible]

Be sure and get RADWAY'S.

ELY'S CREAM BALM. CATARRH HAY-FEVER

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE FREE.

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A Great Medical Work on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, [illegible] Address Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch st., Boston.

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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. TWO GOLD MEDALS. RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

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PAGE'S MANDRAKE PILLS are a certain cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA. Price 25 Cents.

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I CURE FITS! [illegible] Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH

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W. N. U. D.—4—40