MY QUEEN.

From the Toronto Grip.

She rules with power, she rules with art,
Somewhat tyrannical, 'tis true;
Her throne is built within my heart,
Her sceptre sways o'er all I do.

Tis said when woman rules a man
She does so in such artful way
That he surmises not her plan,
And thinks to serve her is but play.

I'm gifted with a keener sight;
I know her schemes, her wiles are plain;
Yet still I think my burdens light—
As murmuring would be in vain.

I run her errands, pay her bills,
And nurse the babies half the time;
These are but sugar-coated ills,
That man gulps down in every clime.

And so she plays her queenly role;
I laugh and jest beneath her gyves;
Along life's road I pay the toll.
While she but holds the reins and drives.

Oh, yes, she rules. But tell her so?
I dare not for my very life.
Call me blind fool? Oh, wed, you know,
I dearly love my queen—my wife.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

This is truth.

Ann Daris was left a young widow, almost penniless; a little frame house a great tract of barren, worthless land, and her baby boy, constituted her earthly possessions. She was brave and strong, and she slaved at all work obtainable to elegantly clothe and daintly feed her precious little one. Several excellent offers of marriage she refused, not daring to risk her son's happiness with a step-father.

The boy grew beautiful and bright, but wilful and headstrong. At an early age he was sent to the best day school of the section, dressed and endowed like the child of a millionaire, his mother's hard labor obtaining the means.

There came a sudden change in the fortunes of this woman. Speculators offered dollars per inch of her land. Oh! She was shrewd and made grand bargains; in one week from poverty, she counted her thousands by the hundreds.

Clinton must go to college now to mingle with and out-spend the off-shoots of aristocracy.

Clinton went, he made money fly. His conduct became outrageous, finally he was expelled. His mother was sure he had been wronged and lied to her neighbors regarding his return home.

He went to Europe; a year's income, large as it was, met his every three months' expenses. He returned broken in health and the mother nearly killed herself in nursing him.

Then he started west with a large sum to establish a cattle ranch. Four months later a letter was brought to her by a kindly neighbor. It was one of the infrequent epistles from her son. She glanced at it and set her face into a strange smile, for the neighbor was there still.

"Good news?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! yes! It's from Clinton," she replied.

"I see it is post-marked St. Louis. I thought Clinton was further west," said the inquisitive friend.

"Oh, his place is much further west, away, far out. But the poor boy wants to see me, and has come as far as St. Louis to meet me, so I will not have such a long journey. I shall start in the morning, and must get ready."

The neighbor left. Then Ann threw herself on the floor and groaned. More trouble was upon her, and she had lied again. She was a woman of deep religious feeling, and the sin of falsehood lay heavy on her soul, but she must risk all to save the good name of her boy.

The next morning she left for St. Louis, Clinton was imprisoned, bail refused, for stabbing a man during a quarrel forced upon him. The mother would not believe him guilty. Lawyers and bribes at last set him free.

He obtained another large sum from his mother and departed, hardly bidding her good-by.

She returned to her home, aged, broken down. But when friends induired for Clinton her voice was cheery.

"He's well, and doing so well, with plenty of money and brightest prospects. It did him so much good to have me go out to see him." All of which was truth—of a certain kind.

The son never wrote to his poor mother except for money, and at last did not even write, simply draw drafts upon her. They were all honored.

Then she had to make a longer trip to see Clinton, this time in a state prison under an assumed name, for a cowardly murder. Her money, her prayers, obtained a pardon from the governer. Clinton was free, no longer the beautiful boy, but a great burley, brutalized bulley, with low vice and excess marked upon every feature of his sullen face.

Ann Dairs could no longer deceive herself. Her son was a villain. She acknowledged it in her heart, but gave no sign to him or others.

"Would he come home with her?" she asked, praying he might refuse.

"No, he would not. He wanted money to get away from the infernal place."

"Might she go with him?"

"What! go with him?" and a brutal laugh gave an answer.

He got the money and went away, forgetting even thanks. She returned sick and old—very old. But she reported that "Clinton was flourishing and happy. A splendid big man he was now. He wanted her to stay with him, but she preferred her own quiet home."

Much of her large fortune had been squandered by her son; it was well she had wisely insisted on an interest in the oil that gushed from the oil tract. One day, several months after her return, the cashier of the bank called. He handed her a check bearing a poor imitation of her signature. Her heart told her who had written that name. "That check was sent us from Cheyenne. W. T. Shall we pay it?"

"Yes, yes; pay it! Certainly! I gave Clinton when I was there blank checks, it's all right. He has large interests and needs large sums."

The cashier went away. The woman sobbed and prayed. She had lied again, her son was a forger, and of his mother's name. The large amount nearly exhausted her funds, but she said nothing. Soon after, however, the neighbors began to say that "Ann Dairs was getting queer." She shut herself in her little house without servant or friend, and gave welcome to no one who called. It leaked out that she had drawn every cent of her money from the bank, would only receive returns and dividens from her interests in the oil wells in cash paid into her own hands. It was concluded that she hoarded all this money in her home.

Nearly a year passed; two more checks had been sent to the town bank. The cashier was suspicious at first; he became convinced; returned them with information that Mrs. Dairs had no bank account now, and said nothing to the widow.

The man who had signed those checks must have drawn his own and correct conclusions.

There had been 10 days of continuous pouring rain over country and town. Ann's home was still in the little two-story house. It stood at the base of a hill along the upper side of which on a ledge 150 feet higher than her roof, ran the tracks of a railroad. There had been trouble on the road at that point for a week, the water from the still higher hills had gathered there in a great mass, the usual channels being unable to carry off the flood.

It was the last night of the storm; the elements seemed to riot in a final effort. In the beating rain, the rolling thunder, and howling wind. Ann Dairs did not hear two men forcing the door of her lonely dwelling. She knew nothing of their entrance until a light was flashed in her face from a lantern. Two masked men were at her bedside.

"You have a pile of money in this house," said one; "give it to us and we'll do you no harm. If you don't we'll murder you."

Ann was brave. She sprang to the window and shrieked aloud for help. The storm drove her voice in upon her. Strong hands seized her, but she fought furiously! Her nails tore the mask from off one who grasped her arms. There was a dazzling flash of lightning. By its light she recognized her son. Her arms and body became limp, her head dropped upon her breast.

"Take all, Clinton; it was for you, any how. The chest key is under my pillow; the chest is in your old room. Take it all, Clinton; but kill me before you go!"

Then she fell to hysterical crying and screaming. While the other robber secured the key, her son tried for a moment to quiet her; failing, with an oath, he said: "You want to be killed, and I'll do it; I ain't going to be lagged when the job's this near done."

The vile fingers closed about the throat that he once had circled with his infant arms; the murderous grasp tightened; the wide open eyes of his mother looked into his own, but met no glance of pity or remorse in return.

"Harry, man," said the other burglar, "let's get the swag and be off."

Tighter grew the grip. A moment more would finish the weary, sad life.

What was that noise? Something more than the storm!

The house was lifted, rocked; sent whirling around. Through the doors and windows great holes burst in the frame end, came an ocean of water and stones, railroad ties, timbers, iron rails, earth and branches of trees. It swept all before it, carried the house two hundred yards, forced out the front, and obtained an outlet.

A mass of shattered scattered planks alone remained of Ann Dair's house when the landside, from the track above, finally stopped a thousand feet away.

The neighbors hastened to the rescue. The widow was found but little injured. One of the party noticed a hand projecting from the earth; two feet under he unearthed a body, a shapeless mass except the face. By his lantern light he recognized Clinton Dairs. The other villian's corpse was discovered unden 10 feet of refuse.

When Ann Dairs was told of the finding of her son's body, though lying sick unto death at the house of a kind neighbor, she hed still more to preserve his memory; she said she knew he and a friend were coming to visit her, but she had given them up that evening on account of the storm.

"They must have arrived and been walking to the house when that awful landside overtook them," she said.

The neighbor who found the body was the bank cashier. He wondered how it was, if Clinton had not been at the house, he happened to have a bit of torn lace, as from the neck of a night dress, in his stiffened fingers but he said nothing.

The money safe was discovered. The two dead men were buried by the widow. A minister preached a touching sermon over the body of that "good son," Clinton Dairs, while his mother wept with covered face.

She lies about that son still; in all else her life is, and ever has been, blameless and holy.

Does the recording angel, as he notes the sin of falsehood drop that tear which washes out the record against this body and soul-sacrificing mother who waits and prays that the call may quickly come for her to go hence to the untroubled silence of the grave? It may be!—Alex. Duke Bailie.

Idleness In Youth.

Idleness in youth has ruined many men, lighted the prospects of thousands and made wrecks of men who would have otherwise rose to positions of honor and distinction. Upon this subject the Burlington Nonpariel has the following timely article:

Idleness in youth is just like drinking liquor—it forms a habit which grows until its victim becomes entirely at its mercy. The result of idleness finds young man at manhood's prime with no visible means of support, with no trade or profession, and too often with no desire for anything that at last savors of manual labor. The bread and butter problem stares him in the face, and he resorts to any means left him to make ends meet. Some of these men of course fall into the regular channel of trade and become useful citizens. Others become useless vagabonds, loafing from place to place, no good to themselves or anybody else. Others fall to the lower walks of life and become thieves. These are some of the results of idleness in youth. We are very doubtful if any of the lower walks of life would find any followers if children were engaged in healthy, profitable employment—not irksome hard labor, but as it were, a preparatory school for the real existence of manhood and womanhood which is sure to come in time. Parents who have nothing for their children to do but to loaf on the streets and hear and use profane and vulgar language, and participate in questionable sports from one week's end to another, are sure to reap a bitter harvest.

Views of English Women.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, who has lived thirteen years in England, is reported by a correspondent of New York World as expressing the following views of English women: "You spoke about the condition of women in America; but you must remember the ladies assume more self-reliance here than American women know. They are resolute, full of good health, are fond of exercise, and take to the sports of the field with the men. They do not expect the attention which American women demand; yet I think English ladies are treated with courtesy as real and substantial as the women of any other country. There may not be quite so much obsequious courtesy shown them, but in those elements of association which really tend to make up one's happiness there is as much attention paid women in England as anywhere in the world. It is an old country and its customs are well established. There is not the tithe of ceremony that most people think, and there is a great deal to commend in what American women find strange at first, but would very soon fall into."

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

How Colonel Lamont Puts in His Days and Nights.

Letter to Boston Herald.

The daily life of Colonel Lamont is as regular as it is busy, and that is saying a great deal. Eight o'clock finds him out of bed, and 9 o'clock finds him walking down the avenue to the White House. An hour later he is closeted with the president, and together they are going over the official mail of the latter, that is, about 100 letters which demand the personal attention of the president himself. At 2 o'clock he hastens home to lunch, and at 3 returns to complete the business of the day. Besides signing nearly every letter that leaves the executive mansion, he skims through the leading dailies, which his editorial training enables him to do with great rapidity. Articles for the presidential eye are marked with a blue pencil, and those to be cut out and pasted in the scrap book are marked with a green pencil.

Although the president generally leaves his office at 4 o'clock for a drive, indefatigable Daniel frequently stays there until 6 or 7. He has a spanking team of bays, which are always driven fast, and a couple of hours of the early evening are sometimes spent in spinning over some of the lovely suburban roads with his family. But this is only a recess. At 9 o'clock he is back to the office, and rarely leaves there before 11 o'clock. If he takes a night off, and goes to the opera with Mrs. Lamont, he returns to the office after the entertainment is over.

Colonel Lamont, is by no means a society man, and never "goes out" except when obliged to, and then only as a matter of business. At the White House receptions, however, he is always the major domo, and manages things as if he had lived in a spiked-tail all his life. I venture to say that Daniel is the only Democratic colonel in this city of "kernels" and "majaws" who never drinks or smokes, and he never has indulged in either habit in his life. By the way, this title of colonel is not one of courtesy only, as he was appointed on the staff of Governor Cleveland, of New York, with that title.

I asked the colonel what were his favorite books. "Favorite books?" he repeated; "why, I never read any. What time have I got to read books? The only reading I do is to skim through the newspapers, and I have to hustle to do that." "How about going to church, colonel?" "Well, that's another thing I don't have any time for. My wife goes to Dr. Sunderland's church, the same that the president attends, but I don't think my best friend can brag about my church attendance," and the colonel laughs good naturedly at his dereliction in that quarter, just as Postmaster General Vilas did when I asked him what church he attended. "My family attend St. John's Episcopal church," he replied rather shortly.

"And yourself, general?" I persisted. Then the general laughed and turned the subject like a diplomat, but he did not commit himself—and neither did Daniel.

The Shooting of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville.

General Badeau in St. Nicholas.

After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his staff to reconnoiter in front of the line he had gained. It was his idea to stretch completely around in the rear of Hooker and cut him of from the river.

The night was dark and Jackson soon came upon the Union lines. The infantry drove him back, and, as he returned in the darkness, his own soldiers began firing at their commander, of course mistaking his party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand and wrist and in the upper arm at the same time. His horse turned and the general lost his hold of the bridle-rein; his cap was brushed from his head by the branches; he reeled and was caught in the arms of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dismount, his wound was examined, and a litter was brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again, and a murderous fire came down upon the party through the woods and the darkness. One of the litter-bearers stumbled and fell, and the others were frightened; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail. Jackson attempted to rise, but his aid-de-camp held him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then the wounded general was helped to rise, and walked a few steps in the forest; but he became faint, and was laid again in his litter. Once he rolled to the ground, when an assistent was shot, and the litter fell. Just then General Pender, one of his subordinates, passed; he stopped and said:

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, General. I fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much broken."

But Jackson looked up at once, and exclaimed:

"You must hold your ground, General Pender, you must hold your ground, sir."

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne some distance to the nearest house, and examined by the surgeon; and after midnight his left arm was amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant had been wounded, he was greatly distressed, for the relations between them were almost tender.

"Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I have lost my right arm."

The Trick of a Lawyer.

New York Tribune.

Few lawyers in active practice make as many warm personal friends among their fellow members of the bar as did the late Aaron J. Vanderpoel. Despite the energy with which he advocated a cause and the merciless vigor with which he assailed his opponents' clients when occasion required, the generous and friendly feeling between him and the lawyers on the other side rarely seemed to be lost. Once in a while, however, he could not resist a temptation to take advantage of an antagonist's personal weakness. In an important case, involving immense corporate interests, tried before a jury more than a year ago, the side that Mr. Vanderpoel was retained on was gradually losing ground before the facts and arguments of the opposition. Then remembering the irascible disposition of the leading opposing counsel, Mr. Vanderpoel turned to one of his chief associates and whispered: "Let's make S— mad." And the way he set about it, the success he had, the effect it had upon the opposing counsel and the turn it gave to the aspects of the case formed one of the funniest occurrences which that court room had seen in many a day. It was also characteristic of Mr. Vanderpoel that, after the case had been concluded substantially in favor of his side, he should go to his discomfited opponent and with a playful poke in the ribs tell him of the methods used against him as if it was the best joke of the season.

When She is Engaged.

Society, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, is very much to blame for its readiness to declare an engagement off without sufficient reason and to circulate rumors prejudicial to the gentleman it an engagement is broken. This has often led to the final disruption of relations which otherwise might have terminated in a happy marriage. Unfortunately in an age of gold, money has become an important factor in modern matrimonial engagements. But plenty of young hearts find each other out, and despite the woes of civilization, the good old fashion of marrying for love is not yet extinct. Once engaged, the happy pair should avoid all demonstrations of affection, except that they may walk together arm in arm, and the young lady may drive out with her affianced with a servant behind. She must not, however, go the opera or theater with him alone; she must have chaperon if she would consult the prejudices of society.

An engaged girl should not take on airs. Some assume a different manner when engaged:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values herself so highly that to her
All matter else seemed weak. She cannot love
For take no shape or project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

She has the air of a victorious general who rides into a captured city. Fortunately, such conduct is not usual, but it is by no means impossible. Then, again an, engaged girl's conduct toward the family into which she is about to enter should be most amible and respectful. Some women have but to bow and smile to conquer the world; there are others who must study long and patiently to achieve a good manner. The worst manner is born of a coarse indifference and a self-sufficient arrogance. Breeding, cultivation, and manners come from the heart and mind. She is the precious daughter-in-law who comes into a family bringing all these as her dowry; who treats her future family with even more circumspect politeness than she would her own; who is so enchanting, so sympathetic, that the family do not wonder that Charles fell in love, and they all welcome this new addition with almost the enthusiasm of a lover.

When an engagement is announced the family of the lover all call on that of the lady. The announcement should come from the mother of the gentleman; as soon as is convenient and proper there should be an invitation extended by the family of the young man to that of the young woman. She then becomes an autocrat; everything is referred to her. She goes out with he future mother-in-law or sisters, and is one of them, in fact, though not in name; she can visit them at their house, but she must never travel alone with her lover. Our language is singularly deficient; we have no word to represent fiance and fiancee; "my daughter's engaged" is a very awkward phrase; "my daughter's beau" is old-fashioned; "my daughter's young man" is very countrified; "my daughter's lover" is scarcely a proper phrase, so we have to beat about the bush unless we adopt the French word, for the sake of convenience.

A fiance gives his fiancee a ring, a diamond generally, or a ruby set with diamonds. He may also give her a sapphire or turquoise. The etiquette to be observed by a young man toward his future bride may safely be left to the intuitions of his heart.

A Beautiful Church Service at Vienna.

Pastor Skene of Trinity Methodist church in Springfield, Mass., now touring in Europe, writes thus interestingly to Zion's Herald of attending service at the beautiful Greek church in Vienna:

When the service opens no priest is in sight. A responsive service of Greek readings is conducted by two young men, dressed in common citizens clothing, sitting on opposite sides of the church. The reading is monotonous and grows wearisome, till we begin to hear a low under tone from within the sacred enclosure at the east. The voice is rich and deep, and every moment grows more distinct. The young men cease their reading and a surpliced lad, carrying a huge lighted candle, swings open the centre doors and in the dim light by the richly-furnished altar, in the holy place, we see the priest reading from the holy book. His face is covered with a heavy beard as black as the raven. His robes are of a creamy white, richly embroidered with gold. His head is covered with a high round cap of plain black cloth. He continues the Greek reading, but does not advance beyond the door-way. As he solemnly intones the service there is a sudden burst of song above our heads, as if the heavens were really opened and the hosts were again chanting their sweetest songs. The effect can never be described. The cold chills went over me again and again, and breathing was difficult for a time. My whole being was thrilled as never before. So though the half-hour's service which followed these outbursts of magnificent music surprised us, and though we understood not a word of the service, we worshiped sincerely the God in whose name these strange people were met.

Speed of English Trains.

London Railway News.

It was stated the other day that the Midland Railway Company were building engines to cover the distance between London and Derby within two hours, but this was manifestly an error. True, some of their expresses are timed between certain points at a velocity of fifty miles an hour, but this does not represent the rate of speed for a continuous long distance journey, albeit one of the Midland expresses does a run of 70 1-2 miles at the rate of 51 3-4 miles an hour. The ordinary express trains of this company between London and Manchester, via Derby, a distance of 191 miles, accomplish the journey in 4 1-2 hours, or at a rate of speed of 45 per hour, and their new express between the same points, via Nottingham, Battersley and Ambergate, an increase in distance of 6 miles, does it in 4 hours 10 minutes; rate of speed, 45 1-2 miles per hour. The following is the order of priority, so far as speed is concerned, of three of the great railway companies: Great Northern, Granthum to King's Cross, 105 1-2 miles, 1 hour 58 minutes; velocity, 53 1-2 miles per hour. Great Western, Paddington to Swindon, 77 1-4 miles, 1 hour 27 minutes; velocity, 53 1-4 miles per hour. Midland, Kettering to Kentish Town, 70 1-2 miles, 1 hour, 22 minutes; velocity, 51 3-4 miles per hour. The Midland Company thus take third honors.

There are twenty universities in Germany. They show a muster-roll of 28,000 pupils. A seventh of these are lectured in the class-rooms of Berlin.

A First Battle Record.

Correspondent of the Atlanta Globe-Democrat.

One day in the spring of '61, when the clans of the Confederacy were gathering, there tramped into Montgomery, then the temporary capital, a company of gaunt, wild-eyed, jeans-clad men. As they marched along in irregular files, with an every man-tor-himself air, somebody on the side-walk called out:

"What command is that?"

"Independent Rifles," was the reply shouted back from the ranks.

"Independent Rifles," a spectator echoed with a grin.

"Rac-coon Roughs," came from the free-and-easy ranks, "I reck'n that'll suit you-uns."

Every man in the company wore a coonskin cap, and "the Raccoon Roughs" they were from that time on. The command had been recruited from the miners and mountaineers of the northeast corner of Alabama. They were neighbors and fellow-workmen whose associations lapped over State lines. Their captain was John B. Gordon, at present the Governor of Georgia, but he didn't hold the position long. "The Raccoon Roughs" were mobilized with some other companies, and became the 6th Alabama, to the command of which Capt. Gordon was elected.

At Seven Pines the 6th Alabama received its baptism of fire. Before that there had been some skirmishing, but this was the first battle, and, as Gov. Gordon describes the scenes, they make up for the regiment a first battle record which probably is without parallel on either side. A shade comes over the Governors expressive face and his voice drops to lower tones when he talks of that day.

"I started on that charge," he said, "with 600 men in my regiment. When the fighting ended at nightfall 396 of the 600 lay on the field dead or wounded. My Lieutenant Colonel was killed, my Major was killed, my adjutant was killed. Of forty-four commissioned officers only thirteen came out of that day's fighting unscathed."

"I had a brother with me, a boy," Gov. Gordon continued. "He was shot through the right lung, but recovered, only to die with Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. He was 19 years old. I had several bullet holes in my clothes when night came, but was not wounded. One ball raked across my chest, and would have shattered my right arm if I hadn't it uplifted to point with my sword a movement I wanted my command to make.

"The 6th Alabama," the Governor went on, "was opposite a portion of the Federal line which that side had no idea would be taken. We made the assault in the forenoon. There was a charge across an open field, perhaps a distance of 500 yards. Then we came to breastworks behind which the Federals were as thick as they could stand. As we went over their lines we found the evidences that they had no idea of being driven back. Cooking was going on, and in a house a meal had been prepared for an officers' mess. We followed them back of the works and into a swamp where a great many trees had been felled. It was impossible to go ahead there we stopped, stood in the water up to our knees and fought till dark. I had to detail men in there to hold the heads of the wounded above water to keep them from drowning. And some of the time I could not find enough well men to take care of the wounded."

"Governor, do you recollect of any other command which lost so heavily in a single charge at any time during the war?" was asked.

"No," replied the Governor after a little pause, "I don't recollect anything which was quite equal to it. Our loss was within three or four men of being two-thirds of the whole regiment."

Good Savers but Poor Investors.

Experience shows that of the women who do save money, a large number lose their little stores. This is chiefly by investing them in concerns which promise large interest. It cannot be too often repeated that large interest means risk. No company would go about offering high interest if it could get the money it needed for less, and there are so many people with money to invest that any safe concern can get as much as it wants at a low rate. Even if the grand promises of bubble companies could be realized your interest would probably be gained by oppressing or defrauding others. But they seldom or never are realized, and it is a well-known fact that a very large proportion of their victims are women who, ignorant of business and weary of the lengthy process of adding little by little to their savings, hope to become rich all at once, and so grasp at the shadow to find that they have lost the substance.

Again, do not be too kind to your relations. I do not say that you should be selfish or mean, but only prudent. Before lending money to be used in their business, see that the business is a safe one; you may have the fullest confidence in the honest intentions of the borrower, but make sure that his capability is also to be depended on. Many teachers give their savings to help in the education of their brothers. Here, too, charity should be guided by prudence. It is no true kindness to help a stupid boy to a university education; you had much better help him in some other way. It is also bad for him to be allowed to take your savings without any recompense. In most cases you had better lend than give; the knowledge that he must repay what he now spends out of his future earnings will help to keep him from extravagance.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Ventriloquial Genius.

A little Boston boy who was taken to the entertainment of a ventriloquist some time ago, and who was a close observer of the performer's modus operandi, accompanied his parents recently to his father's native town, and among the places visited during their rural sojourn was the country cemetery, where sleep the progenitors of his paternal parent. The latter pointed out to the child a certain mound, saying: "There, dear is the grave of your grandfather." The little fellow gazed curiously at the place of sepulture for a moment, and then seized by a sudden idea stooped down, and, rapping on the tombstone, said: "Grandpa, are you down there?" following it up with a self-supplied "Yes" in as deep and guttural a tone as his little throat could make vocal. "Does you want to come up?" he resumed in his natural pitch of voice, and again drooping to the lower tone answered his own query with a base and hollow "No." The parents, greatly shocked, cut short further ventriloquial efforts on the part of the too precocious child.—Boston Budget.

The killing of squirrels, prairie dogs, bears, mountain lions, wolves, and coyotes is quite an expensive item in the yearly budget of Montana. From Jan. 1 to August, 1887, that territory paid in bounties for the killing of the same $96,025.10

A boiler inspector in Rochester, N. Y., John Kelly, had scarcely got in one section of a double boiler in that city, on Friday last, when the other section exploded, blowing the building to atoms and forcing the section that Kelly was in so closely around him that it took seven hours to get his body out.

In all parts of the country the domestic-service difficulty is reducing many families to "first principles" or to the custom when women did their own work with the help of young girls from the neighborhood. Colored labor is as much a cause of disturbance in the south, as well as in the north, as the white.

There is a vast destruction of birds in Florida. Hunters visit the breeding-places and kill the birds by the wagon-load. They are used chiefly to supply the London market with plumage. A visitor tells of one hunter who boasted of killing at one nesting-place 180 old birds, leaving the young and unfledged birds to perish.

At the funeral of a distinguished member of the Boston bar it so happened that a prominent man who had been opposed to the deceased for a number of years was approached by a common acquaintance who said: "A sad event this is! I will not detain you, as I suppose you are going to the funeral." "Oh, no," replied the lawyer, "but I approve of it. I approve of it."

In Palestine, Tex., last Wednesday night, Mr. John Rampy and a neighbor climbed a big tree to watch for wolves. About midnight the wolves appeared. The neighbor blazed away at them, and turned just in time to see Mr. Rampy drop to the ground a dying man. It is supposed that the trigger of his shotgun must have caught on a twig. Anyway, he had shot himself fatally.

"An Enlish novel table-luxury is known as "pulled bread," which is designed to be eaten with cheese, and is prepared in this manner: Take a loaf of freshly-made bread, and while it is yet warm pull the inside out of it in pieces the size of your hand or smaller. Put these into the oven and bake them a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and as full of flavor as a nut. It is said to be delicious and tempting to a repetition.

The United States sub-treasury makes it a practice to close on all holidays that are observed by the banks and clearing-houses in New York city. The reason is that while the banks are closed the treasury can transact no business of moment and might as well close as keep open. So intimate is the relation between it and the banks that when the latter closes for a day the sub-treasury is forced to observe a law that it is not legally bound by.

A citizen of Gainesville, Ga., whose pet cow suddenly showed symptoms of going dry, consulted a cow doctor, who decided that she had the "hollow tail," and split the tail, inserted a quantity of salt and turpentine and bound it up. Going out the next day to see how the cow was getting along the owner caught a half-grown pig, which he had kept in the same lot busily engaged in sucking the cow, and this accounted for the falling off of the milk. He at once took the bandage off the unfortunate cow's tail.

Says *The Nevada City* (Cal.) *Herald:* A gentleman informs us that he noticed to-day in a creek near the western boundary of town six small boys, ranging in age from 6 to 12 years, who were engaged in mining. They had an old-fashioned rocker like the pioneer used, and the way those youngsters worked would surprise anyone who has ever noticed the look of discontent that comes over the average boy's face when he is asked to do work around home. Their countenances beamed with satisfaction and dirt, and they were on the jump. One boy managed the rocker, another stood knee-deep in a pool and with a longhandled dipper made of a lard can nailed on to a broomstick poured water into the rocker, while the others busied themselves picking, shoveling, and carrying dirt to the rocker. The boys are evidently trying to raise a stake for the fair.

DYSPEPSIA AND GENERAL DEBILITY

Yield to the Wonderful Curative Propertie of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

T. E. Woolsey, M. D., Bellaire, Mich.:

My wife has for some time been affected with dyspepsia and its attending troubles. and I have been all run down for a long time with what is called "general debility." We have both doctored and have taken highly advertised medicines, for some time but received no benefit, but by your advice we commenced using Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and we want to say to the public that it has given us greater relief than anything we have ever tried. It is a great blood remedy and you should not hesitate to recommend it.

You's truly,
NICHOLAS GARDNER.

June 25, 1887.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup is put up in large packages and is the greatest Blood Purifier known. Its peculiar combination makes it a great Family Remedy. For a dyspeptic, bilious or constipated person it has no equal, acting upon the stomach liver and kidneys in a pleasant and healthy manner. Read our pamphlet and learn of the great medicinal value of the remedies which enter into its composition Price $1.00 per bottle; six bottles for $5.00. For sale by all druggists.

A rubber sole for ladies' shoes, removable at pleasure, is out.

All sufferers with such chronic ailments as liver disease, dyspepsia, blood diseases, cough, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and kindred diseases should know that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is their best friend in such deep affliction. It comes to soothe, alleviate and cure.

Dr. Holmes says the English people are taller, stouter and healthier than New Englanders.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficiency. All druggists.

Algernon Charles Swinburne is in failing health and is leading a quiet and retired life.

They Will Not Do It.

Those who once take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will never consent to use any other cathartic. They are pleasant to take and mild in their operation. Smaller than ordinary pills and inclosed in glass vials; virtues unimpaired. By druggists.

It is said that a brother of Mr. Phelps. United States minister to England, is a tailor at Sioux Falls, Dak.

FREE—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A genuine Meerschaum Smoker's Set, (five pieces), in satin lined plush case Address at once R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street Chicago.

Weekly payment of wages is now required by law in Connecticut.

A New Project by the Brewers and Bottlers

Since the Moxie Nerve Food has taken the county by storm, and in view of the fact that its usefulness has settled the fact that it has come to stay, and has already become the leading beverage of the country and requires no license, nor does any harm, some of the leading brewers have proposed to Dr. Thompson to erect a gigantic company one fifth as large as the Guiness Ale Company, of England as a starter, and give each bottler and brewer control of a certain amount of stock A money received from stock sales to go into the treasury and become the common property of the company, and the interest on its investment to be used for advertising.

Invest at Lamar, Mo.,

The young Kansas City of the west. For particulars W. SMALL, Jr., Kansas City, Mo.

Carl Schurz is said to be permanently crippled by the result of the fall on the ice last winter.

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.

Page's Arnica Oil.

The best salve in the world for Burns, Wounds and sores of all kinds, Boils, Felons, Chilblains, Frozen Feet, Piles, Barber's Itch, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, and all skin diseases.

For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation, use Page's Mandrake Pills. Above remedies sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents by C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The largest watermelon grown in New Jersey was recently picked near Elwood, and weighed sixty-five pounds.

In an anglers' competition in Belgium 584 competed, each having his numbered station along the banks of a canal.

At Charlottetown, P. E. I., there are six brothers whose ages average over 77 years, all of whom are hale and hearty.

The artificial fruits to be used for trimming winter ball costumes are soft, instead of being as hard as so much rock candy.

Colonial windows may be made by filling the frame of an old spinning wheel with cathedral glass. The window frame follows the outlines of the wheel.

Women are at present given to poetry in praise of babies. It is mostly serious, too, and is therefore not a very encouraging sign for the babes.

Farmers residing on the lower Sacramento report that the scale-bug, so numerous and destructive during the past two or three years, has this season almost disappeared.

An ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory, worth £60. England consumes 650 tons (of which Sheffield one-third), for which it is necessary to kill 12,000 elephants yearly.

Color blindness is twice as common among Quakers as it is among the rest of the community, owing to their having dressed in drab for generations, and thus disused the color sense.

Five hundred bushels of peaches are estimated to be hanging on the trees at Bedford, Mass., which disproves the prevailing idea that New England is not a fruit-producing section.

Gen. Miles' sword is on exhibition at Tucson, Arizona. Many Mexicans who have not learned of the accident to the general are going into Tucson to see "the man that conquered the Apaches."

Farmers of Ulster county, New York, are being victimized by swindlers, who obtain their signatures in some way, which afterward appear appended to promises to pay, which are negotiated by a third person.

The papers of a civil suit against "Kid" McManus, now in the Bridgeport, Conn., jail, for the recovery of the property stolen at Fairchild's jewelry store, were served Monday. The damages were placed at $10,000.

A Newburgh, N. Y., young woman, Miss Jessie Shay, a pianist can play eighty classical pieces and two concertos from memory. She expects to make her debut on the musical stage this fall under the direction of Theodore Thomas.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of Spirits, General debility in their various forms; also preventive against Fever and Ague, other intermittent Fevers, "Ferro Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., N. Y., sold by all druggists; best tonic for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Bruises, Sprains, quicker than any known remedy. It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Dr. Radway's Pills.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all **Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR Disordered Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipated Habit.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

A Remedy which quickly charms
The infant in the mother's arms,
While drooping age will strive to drain
Each drop the goblet does contain.
This EFFERVESCING SELTZER fine
A blessing proves to me and mine.

You Will Save Money Time, Pain, Trouble and will CURE CATARRH BY USING Ely's Cream Balm. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS, 235 Greenwich St. N.Y.

DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS. A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and incapacity. Cures Old and Young, Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

Leading Nos.: 14, 048, 130, 135, 333, 161. For Sale by all Stationers. THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

Horsemen, Farmers and Stockmen,

If in want of Veterinary Medicines, or if you want your favorite recipe filled by a competent person, if you have a lame or

Sick Horse or Other Animal,

Call at or write to the only drug store devoted to the wants of the horse or other domestic animals. DETROIT VETERINARY PHARMACY 27 Lafayette ave., Detroit, Mich.

LOOK NEVER SUCH BARGAIN BEFORE $11 COLT REPEATING RIFLE 15 Shot New from Factory. We stake our reputation of 47 years on this Rifle, and guarantee it the biggest offer ever made. Send 6c. in stamps for Illustrated 100-page Descriptive Catalogue, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, Bicycles, Sporting Goods, &c. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere

RUPTURE Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES. DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

SURE CURE DISCOVERED FOR CATARRH Lauderbach's German Catarrh Remedy. Price $1. Samples free at Druggists. Mailed for 10c. in stamps. THOUSANDS CURED since the discovery of this method of treatment. Every mail brings letters from grateful persons CURED. R. S. LAUDERBACH & CO., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

PATENTS 15 years' experience; 4 years' examiner in U.S. Patent Office. Send model or sketch for free opinion whether patent can be secured. New book on patents free. References: Commissioner of Patents or any other official of the U. S. Patent Office. E. B. STOCKING, Attorney, 611 F St., Washington, D. C.

PAY NO MORE MONEY TO QUACKS! I will send you a 125 paged Book with Prescriptions for all Nervous, Chronic and Common diseases, accidents and emergencies for 12cts. stamps DR. WILLIAMS, 138 Wis. st. Milwaukee, Wis.

Best PLACE IN THE WEST to get a Business Education, learn Shorthand or Spencerian Penmanship, is at the DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Detroit, Mich. Estab. 1850. Elegant catalogue free.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

PENSIONS, Officers' pay, Bounty procured, deserters relieved. 21 years practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new law. A. W. McCormick & Son, Washington, D. C., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

SALESMEN WANTED by the oldest, largest and best known Nurseries in the West. Permanent positions; good pay. Outfit free. STARK NURSERIES, Louisiana, Mo.

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PENSIONS for Mexican War and Union Veterans. Milo B. Stevens & Co., Washington, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers

OPIUM Habit Cured satisfactory before any pay. Prof. J. M. BARTON, 28th Ward, Cincinnati, O.

W. N. U. D.--5--43

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A WET HEN

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called "TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker," and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. Tower, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.