THE VALUE OF TIME.

Those vaults of Time! what do they hold
In their unmeasured amplitude?
Could their profoundity unfold,
What scenes by mortals would be viewed!
Oh! that those portals were unrolled,
That human eye might once behold!

A passing angel gave the key,
And, opening those portals wide,
I saw mankind to each decree,
All dead—all dead—and side by side—
The high, the low; the slave, the free
Commingle in noiselessly.

The valued sage, that had died
On weary wings, were buried there
I saw the spectral shade of Pride;
Saw Hope received into Despair,
Souls in the silence they defied,
And laurels long since parched and dried.

A fatal atmosphere prevailed;
Earth's richest blooms had gone to dust;
All light and glimmered, waned and failed,
And Love had come to be Disgust;
The fluids of beauty had consumed
The downy cheeks where once it bloomed.

"Ye remnants of all things that were,
But are not! tell me, if ye may,
For all mankind's profound fear
And feverish anxiety
Is nothing here but death?" I cried;
And echo answered, "Death!"—and died.
Sanderaville, Ga. —Charles J. Bayne.

THAT COWARD.

On the river line of Missouri, in 1861, lived two families, small farmers, and both without paternal heads or guides. Dugal Moore, with his aged mother, constituted the one; Allen Dean, with mother and sister, held the other and neighboring homestead.

Both young men were not yet in their majority when the stirring events of secession shocked the Union. They had been close friends since boyhood. All the surrounding country knew that Dugal and pretty Jennie Dean, Allen's young sister, were and had been devoted lovers since they were old enough to know the meaning of such a word; likewise that the two farms were to be united as well as the lovers so soon as "things became more settled."

But "things" became more and more unsettled, and when the clash of war eventually caused all to realize that strife was a fixed and inevitable fact, then the troubles of the expectant pair grew, to them, far darker than clouds that lowered over our land.

For Dugal had the fiercest of his own opinions, and from the first he had been an outspoken advocate of the Union, while Allen, hot-headed, as strongly espoused the cause of the South.

When the call of the drum roused men to arms Allen was among the first to enlist under the Confederate flag. Everybody expected that Dugal would be equally prompt to fight for the stars and stripes; but Dugal made no sign. He had carefully weighed his duty to his country and to the old mother who had long overtaxed her strength to support him in his helplessness. If he left her she might starve, and to all the entreaties, demands and threats of those whose principles he supported his answer was simply: "I cannot leave my mother."

"Mammy call!" they called him and many other hard names.

They pointed to see that his mother should want for nothing, but he, having the long, clear head of the Scotch ancestry, could easily see what such promises were worth when all about him were poor as himself; and when the whole country was quickly becoming depopulated of every available man on one side or the other. So he stuck to his resolutions, and in a little time was really the only able-bodied young man in his section.

And all scouted him and avoided him, and the finger and tongue pointed him out as "that coward."

It was hard on a young fellow of twenty who had before been popular for those feats of strength and agility that are there so highly estimated, and who had been expected so greatly for his common sense that his elders often sought and followed his advice. And, worse than all, Jennie Dean cast him off; she could and would have sided with him politically, but to have the lover in whom she so gloried called "that coward" was far too much for a girl of that section to bear, and she held her head higher from him than all others.

Dugal stood even this without remonstrance, though no one ever knew how deep the iron entered his soul. He worked like a slave, and better, with his surplus and hands he was always ready to aid the many poor women who then stood badly in need of help, and though even those who received his bounty said he was only "trying to curry favor," yet this, with a scornful contempt of men, parties who visited his section, saved him from violence and death.

In the latter part of 1862 Jennie Dean was roused one night by a few clods thrown against the window of the room in which she slept. Fearlessly she arose and quietly she darted to the door of the poor house, now poorer than ever, and, opening it, admitted a worn, starving, ragged soldier, who, since he had reached shelter, needed the assistance of her arm to climb him in.

It was Allen.

He had been pursued by Union cavalry, and, boy like, yearning to see those he loved, had used his knowledge of by-paths and short cuts better, with his surplus and hands he was always ready to aid the many poor women who then stood badly in need of help, and though even those who received his bounty said he was only "trying to curry favor," yet this, with a scornful contempt of men, parties who visited his section, saved him from violence and death.

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It was Allen.

He had been pursued by Union cavalry, and, boy like, yearning to see those he loved, had used his knowledge of by-paths and short cuts better, and those he knew would shelter him, happen what might. Tenderly he was cared for and cured of wounds and doctored as best the sister and mother could with the simples at their command. Then he was hidden in a little unused loft under the roof and all was quiet.

Half a mile away, sitting head in hands by the fire, was the man to whom he was so devoted, was Dugal, "that coward." But though the body of his parent lay within such hearing Dugal had fled not half an hour before. The poor woman had bravely borne up against the despair of her son and the neglect of her former friends, but hard work and the quiet, inward suffering of wounded pride had worn her out at last, and the poor old lady had she seemed to fully understand how and why her son had acted as he did, and with her parting breath she blessed him and told him time would make all things right.

As the stalwart youth sat there, wondering in his turmoil of pain he could apply for help, he heard the tramp of horses on the road. He heard them halt. There was a shout.

"Hello, there house!"

Motioning the old negro woman, their only servant for years, to go out and see what was required, he resumed his moodiness and posture.

How long the woman was gone he did not note, but she returned crest, with the fire of wrath in her eyes.

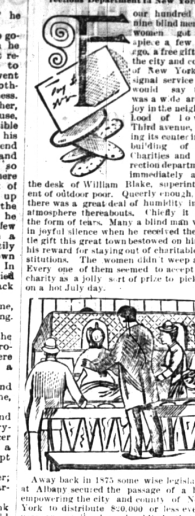
"Ha! Mars Dug! Dat'er stuck on Miss Jennie'll sing tudder side er mout' fore long I reckons. Dem dars Yankees, an' dey goin' cotch dat reb. Ali's wots comp' sickin' back yer. Dey didn's jist know de road, but I dun tell 'em de way, shuah."

Then Dugal rose with his face white with rage, the woman had never been nearer death than that moment. "Yes, I'll send the money by a few in stallments. Inclosed is note for £5.

Yours, very sorry,

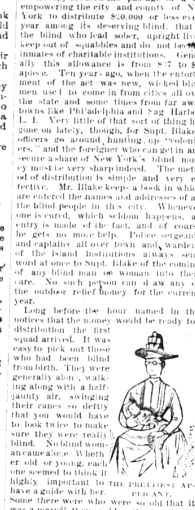
DESERVING ONES HELPED.

A Pathetic Scene in the Charities and Corrections Department in New York.



Away back in 1875 some wise legislator at Albany secured the passage of a bill empowering the city and county of New York to distribute $50,000 or less every year among its deserving blind; that is, the blind who had been, and might live, keep out of squabbles and do without the inmates of charitable institutions. Generally this allowance is from $2 to $41 apiece. Ten year ago, when the enjoyment of the act was new, wicked blind men used to come in from cities all over the state and sweep times from far away towns like Philadelphia and Sag Harbor, L. I. Very little of that sort of thing has gone on lately, though, for Mr. Blake—officers go around, hunting, up "volunteers," and the foreigner who can get in and secure a share of New York's blind money must be very sharp indeed. The method of distribution is simple and very effective. Blight—a term which covers all who are entered the names and addresses of all the blind people in the city. Whenever one is cured, who has been blind, an entry is made of the fact, and of course he gets no more help. Police sergeants and captains all over New York, and deans of the blind institutions always send word at once to Supt. Blake of the coming of any blind man or woman under their care. No such person can draw any of the outdoor relief money for the current year.

Long before the hour named in the notices that the money would be ready for distribution the first squad arrived. It was easy to pick out those who had been blind from birth. They were generally alone, walking along with a half-vacant air, swinging their canes so deftly that you would have to look twice to make sure they were really blind. Nobody would imagine at a glance that old or young, each one seemed to think it a perfectly important to run errands are have a guide with her. Some there were who were so old that it was a marvel they could walk at all. A few of them were young and pretty, but not many. Supt. Blake's office is reached by a twisting flight of steps, which leads to a narrow, railed platform before its desk. This ends in another short stairway, leading down to the main floor. About twenty men and women began climbing these stairs early in the day.



CASHING THE VOUCHERS.

each one clutching firmly in his hand the postal card notifying him that his money was ready. When opposite Supt. Blake's desk each applicant was gently halted by special officer William Walker and his hand was guided towards the desk. Every one seemed to have gone through the operation before, and at once handed in his postal card and received a small, oblong white check, which was a voucher for the payment of $40 to the person named thereon. Then Mr. Blake would say something pleasant to the man, invariably getting a silly reply, and away the poor fellow would go, guided across the room by special policemen, to the cashier's window, where their vouchers were exchanged for bright, new, gold double-eagles.

There was one man who sat far apart from the crowd, carefully watched by his mother. "Poor fellow, he's notoriously blind, but a big simpleton" said one of the policemen. The man was McCarthy, the paper-seller who goes along beating his alpha was with a broken stick and has the right to sell papers up Park row at a o'clock every afternoon.

A bald-headed man with a few white curls clinging about his temples came lounging along, leading his blind wife by the hand. His gaze was wandering and vacant, but his smile was worth going far to see.

MOST WRETCHED. "Ah, Robert McMenomee, my, how are you?" asked Mr. Blake.

"I don't complain, sir," said he, smiling broadly, "but I wish my woman is with me? Yes, the least is a wee bit bothersome. Oh, is that my ticket for the money? Well, God bless you, Mr. Blake, and the people that send us the money."

So they come, a long procession, white and colored, blind in all kinds of fashions. One young lady brought Mr. Blake a pretty red pin-cushion and another handed him a handsome bouquet of wild flowers. The happiest visitor of all was the widow McAlreavy, who struck an attitude and said:

"Mr. Blake, our noble friend, I thank you much for helping the blind."

A youngster in a neighboring town, who had gone out on a pleasure trip by his mother's consent, suddenly broke out crying, and when asked what the matter was, said: "Mamma will whip me." An effort was made to soothe him by explaining that as long as his father knew he had come, his mother would not scold him at all, without saying anything to her about it. This helped considerably the little fellow, who whimpered in reply, "Papa isn't the boss!"

Dr. Deloria is interested in the restoration of the festival of St. Mary Magdalen to the Episcopal prayer book. It is now observed as a feast by the White Cross crusade.

FALL DRESSES.

The Prevailing Modes and Making Them.

Various Novelties for the Ladies.

The late summer girl has generally adapted herself to the fall in the thermometer, and to the hope that she will have to endure no more inbreen heat. In this she may be disappointed, and by the time these words are read the temperature may be biting again. But for the present she has adapted to a considerable extent the gauziness of July. It may be that the thicker dresses are merely selections from the wardrobe, and not brand new; and, again, she may have clapped heavier trimmings on old garments. Our first specimen has had a wide, dark velvet sash made to her light India silk gown, and the velvet runs up the corsage in front.

The very last changes of fashion are being made for the summer of 1887, which is going into history as a season of extremes, in dress, as well as every in the one matter of bustles. Already the dimensions of that monstrosity are

A CURRENT SPECIMEN.

dwindling, and the fashion has therewith given the size of it is given as seen in the newest costumes.

The bustle begins to disappear. Where bustle draperies are pouched and distended, as in the case of the seated girl of the second picture, the new aim is to suggest lightness rather than solidity. That is to say, the material of the tournure is kept out by an isolated wire, and not by an inner structure. The effect is pleasanter, because the outer fabric seems to be extended itself, and to cover a deformity. The algebraic sort of jacket worn by the other girl is an autumn fashion that will likely, get into popular vogue.

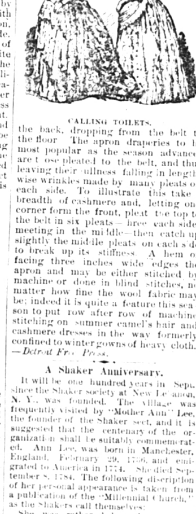
EXCURSIONS.

trimmed with dark navy blue silk stripes, and a band of dark blue cover the lower hem all around the skirt.

New things are English cut of a lining to tailors. Amateur dressmakers are advised that three breadths of silk are again used for the entire back of the skirt, drapery and lower part of the thus combined. These breadths are half a yard longer than the foundation skirt, and are arranged in large pleats, meeting in the middle at the top, and are then turned over in two pointed tucks in the tournure. The greatest latitude is allowed in arranging such draperies at the top, each modiste varying them to suit her fancy, so long as the effect is right. The turnover folds dropping down from the belt, though no longer new, are still popular. The jabot black drapery, which was formerly made with two stiffly folded narrow jabots, one down each side, is now more gracefully arranged in a single large jabot of very easy, soft folds down the middle of

Revamped dresses are sometimes trimmed now with dark ribbons horizontally. A style favorable to slim women, but not to short ones, is the Galatea dresses of stripped or blue and white twilled cotton are in favor. They are worn with skirt waists and sashes of a solid color, and the skirt has very long drapery showing its selvage, or else bordered with velvet ribbons.

A new trimming for one, two or seven rows of extremely narrow ribbon, called baby ribbon—fold together by links of gilt thread and edged with loops of the thread—is very effective, which is only a fourth of an inch wide. This is especially effective when of a different shade of the ribbon of satin and the links of gilt thread. The most brilliant as well as the most delicate shades of color are worn this season, but now as ever, it is still a matter of taste or choice, and mere vividness or simple neutrality is not sufficient. The epithets and quantity of a color and the manner in which one tint is to be used in conjunction with a contrasting hue, has so very much to do with the success of a gown that if its intended wearer is not positive as to her perfect taste in selection and combination, it is



CALLING TOILETS.

the back, dropping from the belt to the floor. The apron draperies to be worn popular as the season advances are two pleated to the belt, and thus leaving their ullness falling in lengthwise wrinkles made by many pleats on each side. To illustrate this take a breadth of cashmere and, letting the corner form the front, pleat two tops to the left in six pleats, three each side, meeting in the middle; then, on each side, slightly the middle pleats on each side to break up its stiffness. A hem or facing three inches wide edges the apron and may be either stitched by machine or done in blind stitches, no matter how fine the wood fabric may be; indeed it is quite a fashion this season to put row after row of machine stitching on summer camel's hair and cashmere dresses in the way formerly confined to winter dresses of heavy cloth. —*Detroit Fre. Press.*

A Shaker Anniversary.

Still for one hundred years in Sept. since the Shaker society at New Lebanon, N. Y., has celebrated the village was frequently visited by "Mother Ann" the founder of the Shaker sect, and it is customary on the anniversary of the organization to shall be suitably commemorated. Ann Lee was born in Manchester, Eng., in the year of 1736, and emigrated to America in 1774. She died in September, 1784. The following description of the anniversary celebration is taken from a publication of the "Millennial Church," as the Shakers call themselves.

The sisters are of a medium stature of woman; thick-set, but clumsy and otherwise well proportioned and possessed of good features. Her complexion was light and fair, and her eyes were blue, but keen and penetrating. Her countenance was mild and expressive, but grave and solemn. Her natural disposition was sound, strong and healthy, her manners were plain simple and easy, yet she possessed a certain dignity of appearance that inspired confidence and commanded respect. By many of the world, she was feared without prejudice, she was called beautiful.

What Busted the Corner.

Last Sunday a favorite local minister was delivering an impassioned account of the conducting of Gomorrah. He thundered away until he distributed the top boomers in the front pews. "What, the sinners ask, what could be worse than that city's job?"

"If it's a city lot," replied a just awakened man, "I'd give you $75 a foot."

"Eighty!" cried the other operator in the gallery, around by the familiar sounds.

"Ninety!" roared another jumping up "one hundred!"

And the whole congregation chipped in and would have bought Gomorrah right out of sight had not the sexton with great presence of mind called the worshippers to their senses by passing round the plate. That busted the corner.

John Willard Young, the youngest son of the late Brigham Young's first wife, is about 25 years of age and has ten sons and ten daughters. He says his father left an estate worth $2,500,000, or about $22,000 to each of his children.

George Francis Train, a very eccentric comedian, who just died at the Astor's Home, Philadelphia, was in the cast of the "American Cousin" the night John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln at Ford's Theater, Washington, April, 14, 1865.

Colorado has some 800 ranch-women and while others have been reported among these. This is a much better record than the men have been able to do, but it seems that they are trying to do pretty

FASHIONS.

Some statistical fend says King David's treasure amounted to $3,000,000 Reduced to tons it would be 6,250, sufficient to load 12,500 camels; made into a rod one inch square, it would reach 1,250,000 feet, or 236 3-4 miles; a rod one fourth of an inch square, nearly 1,000 miles; cut into three feet lengths, it would make 1,665,667; put into a fence six to the foot, it would reach 2,917,77 feet, or sufficient to make a good fence over fifty miles long.

At the meeting of savants in New York last week Professor Lucien Howe read a paper on the increase of blindness in the United States. He shown that in the de ade between 1870 and 1880, the population increased 38 per cent. while the increase of blindness was 140 per cent. Contagion is found to be the most potent agency in spreading blindness. The cost of maintaining the blind people in the country during the past year was $25,000,000.

The immigration statistics for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, are published. They show that the English are leading in the immigration from Great Britain to the United States. Thus from England and Wales came 74,783, from Ireland 60,230, from Scotland 18,633. The English now in the United States are fast becoming naturalized, and intend to take an active part in pol tics.

The eighteenth volume of the "Rebellion Record" bringing the history down to 1862, is now ready for distribution. The work was begun by the war department nine years ago. It is a strain on the imagination to imagine the number of volumes yet to follow Here is a sort of illustrati n of the far-reaching calamities of disastrous war.

Nearly all the women of the Salvation army have a heart worked in India ink upon the right shoulder. In case any one of them is taken sick or dies away from home, in a foreign country, the sign will entitle her to care or a suitable burial at the expense of the entire organization, whether she is or is not in good standing.

From Philipburg, Pa., Mr. S. M. Cross, writes, briefly and pointedly, thus: "Your Dr. Jacob's Antidote is a cure of neuralgia of the face and head." Price fifty cents.

Paul Dean lives with his mother at 417 East Fifteenth street. He is a printer; he is a seeker for the truth of this story, some time ago he was troubled with piles. The other day his mother had company to tea, and Paul was late to dinner. It was noted that the fond mother was anxious, and after seeing it too fully developed eggs, each containing a chicken in an advanced stage of development, she decided on a new feature in her story—Jamestown News. If it were not for the fact that the narrator of this story is a printer we should be inclined to doubt it.

Mr. H. Carl, 106 Fourth Street, Troy, N. Y., says: "My daughter had a sprained ankle; it was so bad she could not walk a step. My son had rheumatism about nine years, and could not walk without a cane. Both are now well, and I must ascribe the cure to Dr. Jacob's Antidote." Price Fifty cents.

Mr. Liberty (Proud's clerk), Mrs. McGuinness: "You're but just married, a new husband and it's enough out in a new bonnet." Mrs. McGuinness: "Sure, I'm not for par Mike but on never had the money to fill mine. McGuinness is well fixed, praise the saints."

Comrades! All Aboard!

Headquarters department of Iowa, Grand Army of the Republic, has selected the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad as the official route to the encampment at Fort Worth, Texas, November 9, 10, and 11. Through special trains will be run over this popular route for this occasion, affording superior accommodation to those attending the encampment. All post of the Grand Army invited as far as possible to put one in the C., M. & St. P. railroad in this occasion, and thereby make it some ton of route manifest to the people in Iowa by any other line of tickets and rates. Address Geo. H. Heaton, Chicago, Ill., or any ticket agent of the C., M. & St. P. railroad.

If you are good you know it; if you are bad everybody knows it.

Educate Your Sons.

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UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, an institution now in its 44th year and unsurpassed in its advantages, will impart to your sons and wards a thorough commercial or business course which is a distinguished feature of Notre Dame University, or a full course which comprises the Classics, Law, Science, Mathematics and Music.

Special advantages are offered to Students of the Law Department.

THE MINIM DEPARTMENT, a separate department for Young Ladies Hall, for boys under 13 years of age, which are taught by the

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, under whose maternal care they pass nearly the entire day in receiving instructions in the elementary branches of an English education, together with a fundamental knowledge of Latin, French, German, Vocal Music, Violin, Piano and Drawing. Separate rooms are provided for entering either the junior or senior department of the University.

Board, washing, mending, tuition and entrance fee for session of five months in the senior department, $150. The eighty-seventh session will open Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1887.

Before concluding where to place your sons or wards, send for a catalogue, which will be sent free. Address, to find full particulars as to course of Study, terms, etc., Rev. A. Lemonnier, C. S. C., Director of Studies, Main building, Notre Dame, Ind. Address, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President, Notre Dame, Ind.

Lightning has ked over three men who were sitting on a log in front of a grocery of Ma, Ky. Strange to say, there was no sensation. The other two exclaimed, "Lego! I'm sitting on a hot bone."

WORTH KNOWING.

The worst scald or burn can be cured without a scar if **Cole's carbolisalve** is promptly used. It instantly stops the pain. Sold by Druggists at 25 and 50 cents.

Bystander—Doctor what do you think of his lung injuries? Doctor—Humph! Two of them will kill him, and he has to for the rest of them time a one can tell.

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piles Remedy Free. Sold by druggists.

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

Fa-s's Arnica Oil.

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

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

Some of the finest Dropsy and its complications with the usual favorable results have been reported within twenty days. Remove all symptoms of dropsy in eighteen to twenty days, and a cure will follow within from twenty to forty days. Relief in the first dose the symptoms disappear, and in ten days at least two thirds of the dropsical accumulation has disappeared.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Such should be the last to condemn, because the merit of our treatment for yourself. We have testimonials from all parts of the country, and some of the most distinguished number of times and the patient has lived years after. Dr. Bendick's free pamphlet, containing testimonials, Tells of Dropsy, its Causes and Cure. Sent free to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Epilepsy (Fits) positively cured. Address, DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, M. D., Box, Marietta Street, ATLANTA, GA.

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For the cure of all disorders of the stomach, Liver Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists.

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