IN SPITE OF HERSELF.

Two of Mrs. Mortimer's excellent guests, gentlemen, were lolling in the smoking-room this lovely summer's morning, puffing lazily at their cigars as they endeavored to while away the time between breakfast and dinner in conversation and smoke.

One of them, who had just languidly informed his companion that his very marked attention to Isabel Whyte, his hostess's pretty but impecunious niece, was naught but "a little flirtation," was a tall, handsome man of about thirty years of age, with that unmistakable air of distinction which travel and good breeding stamp indelibly upon the face of those whom fickle fortune favors with her smiles. Leonard Ashley was a thorough man of the world.

The room in which the two men sat smoking opened through wide, French windows on to the lawn, but on account of the heat of the morning sun the venetian blinds were drawn and the view of the garden shut off.

"Well, well, old boy, amuse yourself, if you are not in any deeper than a bit of a flirtation," said Tom Mayne, after his friend's drawling reply to a little attempted advice. "But I tell you, old fellow, it looks extremely like an old fashioned courtship to outsiders, and the aunt has got her eye on it, and appears well satisfied with the turn affairs are apparently taking. There will be quite a 'cut up' in that quarter when you throw her over, and you had better take my advice and do it easy; commence now and cool off by stages, for you can't carry it much further without coming to some understanding. Oh, by the way, is the girl flirting too? Quite a bright little thing, she. Pity there's not a penny in the family; that's the only drawback to her making a man a very clever little wife; but of course as it is, it's quite out of the question."

"Quite," drawled Ashley, lighting a fresh cigar. "Let's go down to the river and have a paddle before dinner," and the subject of Isabel Whyte was blown away in smoke, as he lazily rose from his chair and walked to the window leading to the lawn.

As Ashley drew up the blinds and stepped out on to the terrace, a white muslin bustled round the corner of the building out of sight.

"Will Mr. Ashley join us at tennis this afternoon?"

It was Isabel who spoke, looking up brightly into the face of Leonard Ashley, who sat next her at luncheon.

Pretty little Isabel, whose penniless virtues as a rich man's wife had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, was gazing into the eyes of the man who was playing with her heart, with her innocent, trusting, captivated soul looking out through hers.

"With all my heart, Miss Whyte, if I may play as your partner."

She blushed her assent, with her blue eyes fixed on her plate.

The game that afternoon must have proved remarkably pleasant to Isabel, whose flushed and eager face beamed with enjoyment and satisfaction as she accompanied Leonard across the lawn after having been ignominiously defeated in five games.

Victory did not seem to be necessary to complete their happiness, however, for even Ashley showed an unusual earnestness as he walked by the side of Isabel with the racquets slung over his shoulder, and his tall form bent slightly as he talked in low tones to the girl.

His languid expression had given way to one of pleasure, and his handsome eyes snapped in a way that was in sharp contrast with his usual languor.

"Remember, Isabel," he whispered, as he parted with her at the house, "I am to have all the dances this evening!"

"Yes, all."

With a tell-tale blush she sped up the stairs.

Leonard walked thoughtfully off to his apartment, a mixture of strange feelings creating a turmoil in his heart.

When he reached his room, before changing his toilet for the evening, he threw off his coat and hastily seating himself at writing table began hurriedly a letter. He never ceased until the task which was a long one, was completed, except now and then to pause for a moment to find some suitable expression, for the wording of the epistle appeared to need considerable care.

He finished it at last, and carefully folding it placed it in an envelope, which he superscribed in his best hand:

"Wilfred Ashton, Esq., the Pines, Devon."

"There, uncle mine, this will be a little surprise for you at dinner to-morrow."

With these words he laid the letter upon the table and began with unusual care to arrange his evening dress.

"Come, Isabel, out here the moonlight is beautiful, and the air sweet with the June flowers. We have ample time to enjoy a walk among the shrubbery before the next dance. The breeze will cool you; your face is flushed and heated. Besides," he whispered, bending tenderly over her, "I have something to tell you which can be said better under the stars and in the silvery moonlight. Come."

A strange gleam came into Isabel's eyes which Leonard did not see, and the thin lips were set in a straight line; but without a word she slipped her arm through his, and they moved out together into the glorious night.

For some moments they walked on among the trees and plants of the excellently kept park, without either speaking. He seemed nervous and ill at ease, apparently seeking for words to express his thoughts. She was waiting.

"Isabel," he said, finally, suddenly finding his voice as they reached a rustic bench at a remote part of the garden. "Isabel sit here a moment, the moon is bright here, and I want you to read a letter I have written this afternoon. Will you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ashley if you desire me to."

She spoke as though she felt no interest in this letter or its contents, and the tone was so different from her usual childish, affectionate style, that Leonard looked quickly at her. She was not looking at him but straight ahead into the bushes at the other side of the path, and an expression of mingled pain and triumph, alike unusual to her, filled her eyes.

He did not see this, and taking the envelope from his pocket, which he had directed to his uncle that afternoon and left unsealed, he took the letter from it and handed it to her,

"Read it."

As he spoke all traces of his customary languid, careless manner left him, and his eyes sparkled with inward excitement as he eagerly watched her unfold and read the letter.

In an undertone, half aloud and half to herself, she read without changing her set expression:

"DEAR UNCLE,—I have changed my plans somewhat since I last talked with you, when you desired and I acquiesced, that I should pay my court to the daughter of your old friend. As I say, since then my plans are altered, and feeling that you are now my nearest living relative, it is right you should know of my intentions. The amount of it all is I have given my heart into the keeping of Miss Isabel Whyte, who has yielded to my love, and consented to become the wife of your affectionate nephew, LEONARD."

"P. S.—Let us hear from you."

As Isabel finished Leonard dropped on his knee, and taking her hands, cried, quickly,—

"Isabel, darling! may I send it? Will you give me the right? Say you will, dear. See I am waiting. You love me, you do love me, I have seen it in your eyes and in your words. Speak, Isabel; do not look so cold and calm!"

She turned her eyes upon him, still with that strange expression, and, with a half smile, said,—

"Would not that be carrying the joke a trifle too far, Mr. Ashley?"

"Joke?" gasped Ashley. "What do you mean, Isabel? You cannot think I am speaking in jest!"

"I mean, Mr. Ashley, that the old gentleman, your uncle, would probably echo the sentiments of your friend, Mr. Mayne, and yourself, that I might make a man a very clever little wife, only there is not a penny in the family; and, of course, as it is, it is quite out of the question, quite! And not having any personal ill-feeling against your uncle, I must decline to make him the subject of so practical a joke, and possibly put him thoroughly out of humor with his excellent nephew, all on account of 'a little flirtation'!"

As she finished speaking she rose to her feet, her lips set, and her eyes flashing with indignation.

Ashley said not a word. He felt the sting of his own words and was silent. The conversation which had occurred in the morning when he was yet struggling with the love which this girl had planted in his heart even during what him was but a flirtation, but with her a cruel reality until his cruel words had undeceived her, came quickly before him, and he knew that he had lost her; and oh! how doubly precious she seemed now that all hope of winning her had fled! He could not unsay those careless words which had so hopelessly wounded her sensitive soul, though he scarcely believed in the truth of them at the time. He knew that even if she had loved him that love was dead, or her womanly pride would henceforth smother it within her. He had no word to say, and bowed his head as she swept by him with a quiet nod.

She did not re-enter the drawing-room, but went at once to her apartment, where as soon as she had closed and locked the door, she threw herself upon the bed, in the agony of her heart found a vent in tears.

"Oh, how I loved him!" she sobbed aloud. "How I loved him!" and then with a new burst of tears she wailed: "And now, even now, I love him, but I cannot forgive those cruel words." * *

"Really, Mr. Ashley, this is very sudden. Cannot your business be put off for a week or more? or better still, cannot Mr. Mortimer, who goes up to town to-day, attend to it for you?" inquired the fair hostess, at the breakfast-table, when Leonard had made known his intention of leaving that morning.

"Thanks, Mrs. Mortimer, but unhappily the nature of my business requires my personal attendance. I am extremely sorry to have to shorten my stay, which you have rendered so enjoyable that it is a pain to have to leave."

"Well, at least you will lunch with us on the cliffs as proposed, and I will have you driven direct from there to the station in time for the afternoon train."

"I shall be only too happy to enjoy the few extra hours in your society," answered Leonard, politely bowing to Mrs. Lorrimer, and casting a covert glance at Isabel, who still retained her place beside him, having no reasonable excuse for changing it.

As he left the table he paused behind her chair a moment, and then with a sudden movement as though having nerved himself to speak, he bent over her.

"Miss Whyte," he said, "will you go?"

"Not this morning," she answered coldly. "I have a headache! I may join them after lunch, when the sun is not so hot."

She was avoiding him. He felt a sharp pain in his heart, but still persisting, he continued:

"In a week I shall be on the ocean, Miss Whyte; will you not grant me one favor before I go. For the sake of my—friendship if nothing else?"

She did not answer, but bowed her head assentingly.

"Go this morning to the cliffs."

Once more she nodded without a word, and he was forced to leave her thus. She felt that, for all, he loved her now, and he was going away for that love. She knew she loved him—loved him with all her strong, womanly heart but her pride had been wounded, and through that very love, and now she could not own it, though she felt he was suffering deeply for the wound he had inflicted. What could he want? Was he going to renew his attentions at the cliff? She almost wished he would, for she felt her love could not hold out against his pleading. No, he felt his position too keenly for his pride to allow him to recur to the subject again. Pride was widening the breach between two hearts which a flirtation had commenced.

The cliff was a picturesque spot, and no more charming place could be selected for a picnic or outdoor lunch. It overlooked the river about fifty feet above the level of the water, and shady trees grew almost on the verge.

Isabel was looking thoughtfully over into the river, seated on a low flat stone, when Leonard joined her.

"Miss Whyte!"

She looked up quickly; her face was pale and intensely sad, but she never started or changed color as her eyes met his. She had been thinking of him; he had been filling her thoughts. Why should his appearance startle her?

"Miss Whyte," he continued, "I asked you to come here to-day that I might say a few words to you before I went away that I could not in justice to myself leave unsaid. I will not detain you long, nor will I repeat anything which may pain you. First, for the words which you must have heard between myself and Mayne, I sincerely ask your pardon. I will not attempt to excuse them except to tell you that even of you I was unknowingly filling my heart. I know that since then you intentionally led me on that you might all the more surely strike your blow. I have no word or fault to find, I bow to your indignation, but for all that is past, I love you now, deeply, devotedly, with all my heart. My own words are my own shame. I could not go away without telling you this. Now, farewell."

He held out his hand as he spoke; his face was pale and set.

She took his hand mechanically, without meeting his eyes or speaking a word. He stood a moment, then, with a sigh, turned away and was gone.

For some time Isabel did not move, but remained sitting where she was, with her eyes looking unseeingly out over the river; then, with a little moan, she sank on the grass and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, Leonard! Leonard!" she sobbed, "come back to me!"

But Leonard Ashley was long since out of hearing, and once more her pride had ruled her heart.

But he was not destined to leave her so.

When Isabel had dried her eyes, and quieted her beating heart sufficiently to meet the rest of her party again, Ashley had been driven away to the station behind Mrs. Mortimer's lovely pair of grays.

The remainder of the afternoon passed like a dream to Isabel; her heart and brain were both numbed with a dull, aching pain, until as the merry party were driving homeward, when the sun was slowly disappearing amid crimson clouds in the west, a man on horseback, driving like a madman met them. Even the sight of this rider tearing along towards them, which immediately interested the balance of the party did not arouse the girl from her lethargy until he wheeled up alongside the carriage, and gasping for breath which he had ridden out, cried to Mrs. Mortimer: "An accident marm! The greys bolted—Mr. Ashley at the house dead!"

At the mention of Leonard's name Isabel came out of her stupor, sat upright in the carriage, her pale face now actually livid; then came a heartrending shriek, and she fainted.

But bad news is always easily exaggerated, and when the pleasure party arrived home, they did not find Leonard Ashley dead, although he had a narrow escape, and lay bleeding and insensible in the drawing-room. The horses had become frightened and unmanageable at the sight of the railway, and running had thrown Markham out against a post on the side of the road, and cutting an ugly gash in the back of his head, and rendering him with his black blood-matted hair and ghastly face, decidedly corpse-like in appearance; but on the arrival of the doctor they removed him to the apartment he had occupied, and made him as comfortable as human skill could, though he breathed heavily, and consciousness did not return.

The doctor would say nothing decisive when he had done everything in his power for the time, and was about to go, except shake his head gravely; but poor, pale Isabel, who had recovered her consciousness before they had reached the house, and had been foremost among them all with a helping hand, was not satisfied, and followed him down stairs to the door, and lifting her pleading, tearful eyes to his, faintly asked for the verdict.

"Well, little one," he said, looking at her pityingly, "I won't say there is no hope, but only constant watching and the best of care will bring him through."

Nothing more, but she thanked him for that.

For three days and nights she never left his bed for a moment while he lay unconscious. She had forgotten her pride now. His life depended upon her watchfulness and care, for who else could give him that unceasing devotion? The bitter words he had spoken were forgotten. When he returned to life, if he ever did, she would creep away unobserved, and he would never know that her unceasing care had ever brought him back.

On the fourth day he began to show signs of returning consciousness, and calling softly to the nurse who was sleeping in the next apartment, she looked at him for a moment, her eyes filled with soft love-light—for now in his helplessness could she not love him as she would if he were dead?—and moved lightly from the room.

From that moment he grew steadily better; the crisis is passed. Isabel had saved his life. She did not again enter the room, but each day met the doctor outside the door, and heard his reassuring report.

At last, one morning, as she was waiting outside his door, the doctor come out smiling, but did not close the door behind him as usual. Espying Isabel, he cried, heartily:

"Ha, there's the little nurse that brought my patient back to life. I've been telling Mr. Ashley about you for the first time this morning, and he is anxious to thank you; and seeing you saved his life, I think it is quite proper in him. Come, he is much better this morning, and it will do him good to see someone."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Isabel, turning pale, and pushing the kind-hearted doctor away, who was trying to draw her into the room.

"Come along, come along," he persisted, misunderstanding her objection. "I tell you it will do him no harm, on my word," and h laughed one of his hearty, ringing laughs, and, despite her struggling resistance, dragged her into the room.

The chamber was darkened, and at first she could distinguish nothing, as the doctor pushed her, with good-natured force, into the middle of the room, and went out and shut the door; but for Leonard who was leaning on his arm eagerly watching, the light was sufficient.

"Isabel!" he cried to the girl, who stood still in the middle of the room with her head bowed, where the doctor had left her, "Isabel, have you brought me back to life or death?"

There was a piteous, pleading tone in his weak voice, and he tried to hold his hands out to her. She slowly raised her eyes to his; hers were full of tears—all the pride was gone.

"Isabel, come!"

With a little gasping cry she moved toward the bed and sank on her knees.

"Forgive me!" she sobbed, "I tried to call you back, but it was too late—too late!"

He gently drew her towards him and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"Let us both forgive," he said, presently, and he put both his arms around her neck and rested her head on his breast.

For a long time they remained so, and then he said, softly putting his hand under his pillow:

"Here, Isabel, is a letter I have kept because it tells of my love for you. You have read it before, Will you post it for me?"

It was only a little half-frightened whisper that answered:

"Yes, dear!"

But it was enough to cheer the heart of Leonard Ashley.—Home Circle.

German Riding School.

The "Equitation" or officers' riding school in Hanover, Germany, is probably the most complete institution of its kind in the world, and it is mainly owing to its thoroughness that the light cavalry of the German Army is so efficient in the field. The best rider in each cavalry regiment is, upon recommendation of his Colonel, sent there for a period of three years, and, being already a good rider when he goes, returns to his regiment at the end of that time a most accomplished one, and renders valuable service to the riding classes of his corps. An officer at the "Equitation" rides four or five horses a day, and, as these are continually changed, he becomes familiar with every vice known among horses. Particular attention is given to the breaking in of "remounts" or young horses destined to the cavalry service, and the officers usually find their relaxation in steeple chases and "paper hunts," wherein Colonel Rosenberg, who was in charge of the "Equitation" for a long time, earned the reputation of being perhaps the most admirable horseman in Germany. Riding is very well taught at West Point, but it seems a pity that officers assigned to cavalry regiments do not receive a special training that would enable them to raise the standard of horsemanship in their branch of the service.

The latest information about Bismarck's plans is that he has 400,000 men within striking distance of the Holland frontier, ready at the signal to march over and annex that country, with its colonies, to Germany.

FARM AND GARDEN.

RADISHES IN HOT WEATHER.

We do not generally loose our relish for radishes until these go back on us by turning pithy and wormy. They need to be grown quickly, and should, therefore, succeed best in hot weather, provided there is sufficient moisture in the soil to keep them growing. Worms can be kept out by dosing the radish bed liberally with leached ashes. These also help to preserve moisture in light soil.

BLACK AND RED RASPBERRIES.

It is somewhat strange to the uninitiated that black caps are lower in price than the best red raspberries. The explanation is to be found in the plantations. The blacks are most productive, most easily picked and most easily grown. Still both are fairly profitable, more so generally than strawberries, as owing to the demand for drying and canning there is always a good demand for them at fair prices.

WEEDS IN POTATOES.

The labor of keeping potatoes free from weeds late in the season needs to be done carefully, so as not to disturb the setting tubers. But it will pay, not only in the better crop thereby produced, but in the ease of harvesting it. Few potato digging machines will do good work, and none perfect work where the ground is weedy. The most careful hand digging in some pieces will still leave some of the crop.

WILD CARROT SEED.

It is the general belief of farmers, and is probably correct, that wild carrot is the degenerated product of the carrot of our gardens, allowed to go to seed and grow under unfavorable circumstances. It is a bad weed where it gets a foothold. It is probably best for farmers to let market gardeners have a monopoly of growing carrot seed. They keep their land thoroughly cultivated and do not allow stray seeds to run wild and become a weed.

HORSERADISH SEED.

A paragraph is going the rounds saying that the horseradish plant never produces seed; that its only mode of spreading is from the root. It does not really need any other method of propagation, but we have seen a few horseradish seed on plants where the soil was thin and poor. As usually planted on rich gardens or alluvial soil the plant has no instinct teaching it the need of producing seed. Place it where it is pinched and likely to die, and it will propagate seed the same as all other plants.

WHOLE GRAIN FOR FOWLS.

Poultry do not need their food masticated. If they did nature would have provided them with teeth, and, as everybody knows, "as scarce as hen's teeth" has become a proverb. The work of mastication is done in their gizzards by the aid of stones and shells. It is better for the fowl's health to keep this mill suitably provided with hard food that needs grinding up. Young chicks are often injured by having too large a proportion of soft, watery food. It does not give the gizzard sufficient exercise. Try feeding whole wheat a little while. The chicks will become hard, plump and lively.

NEW OATS AND NEW HAY.

Oats of this season's growth, until thoroughly dried, are laxative. So also is new hay. The two together are apt to give horses the scours when changed suddenly to them from dry feed. It is better, where new hay is fed to pay an increased price for old oats, and thus keep the team in working condition. The higher price is well repaid in the increased nutrition and strength that old oats will give a working team. Where horses are not at work they need few oats, while a little laxativeness while resting does not injure them. It is while hard at work that inferior feed has its worst effect in reducing condition.

BLACKBERRIES FOR HEALTH.

The blackberry differs from other fruits in being a check upon laxativeness. It ripens later than other small fruits, thus coming at a time when the nights begin to be cooler and the danger from Summer complaint thereby increased. It is toward Fall that laxativeness of bowels is most apt to run into dysenteries, because then the patient is more likely to be suddenly chilled. Blackberries never hurt any one in this respect. If the fruit cannot be had, either fresh or dried, a tea made of the root is equally beneficial. All owe their good effect to a very slight astringent quality which this plant and its fruit possess.

JUDGING SHEEP.

It requires practice and long experience to enable a man to judge correctly of sheep. To the unpractised eye a flock of the same breed, with their uniform coats, like an exact reproduction of some one animal. But a good shepherd knows each sheep by its face, a part not generally covered with wool, and which in each presents some individual characteristic. The coat of wool does not hide the sheep from a practised judge. He can see beneath that and tell whether the animal is fat or lean, young or old. At this season wool is short and beginners can take easy lessons in judging sheep, growing harder through Fall and Winter.

WATER FOR SHEEP IN PASTURE.

There is possibly no greater cruelty to animals, or loss to their owner, than resulting from the prevalent notion among farmers that sheep do not need water at pasture. They can perhaps live without it, eating grass loaded with dews, and having a chance to drink when occasional heavy rains leave puddles on the surface. This is, however, a poor and unreliable supply. Where clear running water is provided, sheep will drink always at least once a day. In August, when pastures are dried up, and there are sometimes several nights in succession with little or no dew, sheep will drink several times a day if they have a chance.

SMUTTY CORN.

In some localities the black smut in corn is often the cause of serious loss. It is worst on land where this crop has been planted several years in succession, showing that the germs live over Winter in the soil where they fall. It is a fungus hard to get rid of where it has a foothold. The ears or stalks affected will be found early bursting with sap, and as the spores have not yet ripened so as to become easily detached, these diseased specimens may be removed without much danger of spreading the infection. Later in the season the fungus bursts, and its black dust is scattered by winds, where it gets on the stalks and into the manure pile.

CORN ON RIDGES.

Some one, who perhaps argued from his inner consciousness rather than from observed facts, once advised throwing two furrows of sod land together for corn, and planting on the ridges. Probably this was never practically attempted. Few plowmen can throw two sod furrows together evenly over a field holding the plow land side half the time against the air. If it could be done the benefit would be doubtful. The corn on the ridge, nourished by a double thickness of sod, might start well, but about midsummer the ridges would be broken down, leaving the corn too high and dry. Corn roots run over the entire space between the rows near the surface, and at the critical earing time they could be drawing on the sterile, dead furrows and having their drafts returned dishonored.

MIDSUMMER CHICKENS.

Eggs are not so good to eat in hot weather, even when freshly laid. Perhaps we do not in extreme heat need so hearty food, though there is also, doubtless, some deficiency in flavor. The eggs produced now will not usually hatch out so strong, lively chickens as those of the earlier laying, when the vigor of the hen was greater. Possibly the feed has somewhat to do with it. Farmers who have grain near their barns can usually get a clutch of chickens hatched about or a litte after harvest that will be lively and vigorous, while, when the hen has to produce her egg a day from grass and wheat she can pick up of innutritious refuse, she will make an egg accordingly, that will neither be good for much itself nor produce a vigorous chicken. But when hens sit out of doors on the ground the conditions favor hatching a larger percentage of chicks, even from poor eggs, than we get from better eggs earlier in the season.

HOGS KILLING RATTLESNAKES.

In the Southern States, in localities where the rattlesnake abounds, the hogs running wild in the woods are the inveterate enemies of this pest. Sows with young are the fiercest for this prey, and long practice makes them expert. The wary porker cautiously avoids exposing parts of its body where a bite would be dangerous or fatal. Turning its flanks to the reptile, it allows it to strike its fangs into the ham, which, having no blood-vessels, receives the venom without injury. After two or three strokers the rattlesnake's power has gone. Its venom is exhausted, and it must secrete more before its bite anywhere could do much hurt. Then the snake tries to get away, but the pig has earned her prize. She coolly kills him and she and her young make a meal off of the carcass. This is not a very encouraging statement for those who eat Southern pork, none of which, however, comes North. Our Northern hogs are usually too well fed to take up with such scandalous means of getting a living, and we never have heard of their killing, much less eating, snakes of any kind, though it has been said that when the Western States were new farmers considered hogs the best kind of stock to keep where rattlers abounded. They were less likely to be killed by them, and were a help in clearing the land of these pests. Before civilization came deer made war on the rattlers, gathering their fore feet together and coming down on the snake while coiled and ready to strike.—*American Cultivator*

He Tackled the Wrong Customer.

He was a consumptive-looking tramp, and you wouldn't have guessed that he had eaten a square meal in three months.

He plodded his weary way languidly into Chicago, this morning, and had just struck the outskirts, down Bridgeport way, when he encountered a long, lean, lank, cadaverous-looking individual, attired in a priestly robe and a starched standing collar, his back bent in the most humble and devoted manner, tackling a log of hickory, firmly clasped to a saw horse, which he was essaying to break up into kindling wood.

The tramp stood for a minute, amazed, transfixed to the spot, as it seemed. Finally he gave vent to his surprise, and his pent up indignation burst forth like a flow of water through a hole in a mill dam under a like pressure of fifty feet.

"Well, now, I swan to gracious, ef you ain't a poorty sort of a man to be a bible teacher, an' lead the blind out of the ditch, an' help to elevate the poor! You're the stingiest cuss I've seen since I've left Ohio! You wouldn't give a man a job to save him from going to the poor house nor keep his everlastin' soul out of perdition. But you'll go into your pulpit next Sunday, and you'll beg for money for them heathens, when you'd let one of your own flesh and blood like myself starve for the bare necessities of life."

And the clerical-looking chap caught that tramp by the throat, jammed his fist down his musical throat, knocked out all his teeth, flattened his nose past all recognition, and put both of his blood-shot eyes into mourning for sixty days or during the war.

The minister had gone away on a vacation of three days to Highland Park, and the 'ouster had donned the clerical robes and was masquerading as "a meek and devout follower of the Lamb."—*Carl Pretzel's National*.

Grace and the Moon.

Dear little Grace at the window stood,
Watching, that winter night,
The great round moon in the fair blue sky,
Where it shone so big and bright.

Till a cloud swept over its shining face,
Then she turned with a little pout:
"I wanted to look at the moon," she said,
But somebody's blown it out!"
—*Wide Awake.*

It Was Another's Child That Died.

Some time ago a married couple in this city adopted a child from an institution in Toronto, with the consent of the mother, who was a friend or acquaintance of theirs. The mother about a week ago came to the city to endeavor to get her child back, but found that it was dead and buried. Happening to be in Toronto, she called at the institution in question, and found to her delight that her child was still alive and well and an inmate of the institution. The parties in the city who had adopted the child from the institution in the belief that it was that of their friend had, through some mistake, got the wrong one.—*St. Thomas (Ontario) Journal.*

RONDO'S HOUSE.

Built in 1843, It Still Stands on Summit Avenue, St. Paul—Excellent Preservation.

When Joseph Rondo, in the year 1843, erected a cabin 14x16, of hewn logs, filled in with adobe, on the claim he had purchased three years previous of Edward Phelan, he did not think that he was erecting a building that in the year 1887 would stand within 150 feet of the handsomest street in St. Paul—viz., Summit avenue, and that would be passed daily by thousands of people, unconscious of either its proximity or its history. Yet such is the fact. Numerous buildings in the city have during the last six years been designated as "the oldest house in St. Paul," while this little structure, modestly shielded from an inquisitive public, maintained in silence its title wrongfully bestowed upon other antiquated and dilapidated houses. The residents on Summit avenue, and particularly those living in close proximity to Summit park, will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that the house rightfully called "the oldest house in St. Paul" is located in that vicinity. The building, as already stated, was built and occupied by Joseph Rondo in 1843, and was his habitation, as shown by official records, until 1855, when he sold it and the four acres of ground composing his demesne to the late John Nicols. In 1856 Mr. Nicols removed the old house from its original location to the eastern part of the property, and erected in its stead the substantial and commodious stone building now known as the Nicols homestead. Contrary to the usual practice, Mr. Nicols did not pull down the old Rondo house, but rather preserved it by incorporating it into a barn that was erected around and above it. Recently it was the pleasure of a *Globe* reporter to discover the old relic, and, by the courtesy of John R. Nicols, who succeeded his father as partner in the firm of Nicols & Dean, have access to family documents that establish beyond a doubt the claims set forth for the Rondo house. The middle door on the south side of the barn opens directly into the old house, which, except where the adobe has fallen out, is in nearly as good a state of preservation as when erected. The timbers are of oak, and plainly show the marks of the ax with which they were hewed. Those on the side are cross-sectioned, and all the intervening space around the room, excepting the doors and the windows, filled with adobe, composed of broken limestone as the foundation, cemented together with mortar. The original roof, as an examination of the hay mow will show, has been removed and the barn roof substituted therefor. In this connection it may be well to state when Mr. Nicols purchased the property, consisting at that time of four acres, it was regarded by his friends as a foolish venture, several of them predicting that "it would never be worth the price paid for it ($1,200), as it was too far out of town." Mr. Nicols was obliged to break a road through the hazel brush from St. Anthony street (Summit avenue) over which to haul the material for his dwelling.—*St. Paul Globe.*

A Georgia Bat Story.

Two wandering bats strayed into *The Smithville News* office Thursday night. They were very annoying, so we concluded to annihilate them. The editor armed himself with a broom, the devil got a long fishing-pole, and for two hours they made the air hot, but didn't get a bat. Finally, when they had given it up as a bad job, Ed Snellgrove came in and said he was the best bat-killer in town. The first flourish he made sent him stumbling over the stove; at the second he nearly knocked his head off against the old hand-press; the third lick he made "pied" three columns and a half of solid brevier type, and sent him to the ground, where he struck his head against a box of old metal furniture and near broke his neck. This time he put the broom down, remarking that "they were not the kind of bats he was used to." So we picked up what was left of him and had him taken home on a stretcher. He had forgotten how to bat.—*Lee County News.*

The People of Lake County Wild With Excitement Over the Discovery of the Eighth Wonder of the World.

T. Heffernan, Baldwin, Mich.: I have had rheumatism all over my body and limbs for two years. Have doctored with some of the most eminent physicians in Grand Rapids; also spent three months in the Reed City Hospital; during the time I was unable to go up or down stairs most of the time. I suffered terribly. By your advice I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and from the first it seemed to touch every place in my body, effecting my whole system. I at once began to improve; have taken four bottles and am entirely cured. I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world for a family remedy. Yours truly, CHARLES ROWE.

July 20, 1887.

Every word of the above is true and the man is never done talking about your medicine and the wonderful cure it has effected. Yours respectfully, T. HEFFERNAN.

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 a 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 $5.00. For sale by all druggists.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply, "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."

Biliousness, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., Are relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Queen Victoria is not a rapid correspondent. She has just answered President Cleveland's letter of May 26. Grover will not have to write again for three months.

ITCHING and irritations of the skin and scalp, burns, scalds, piles, ulcers, poisons, bites of insects and all skin diseases, quickly cured by Cole's Carbolisalve, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists.

Lieut. Schwatka says he has seen in Alaska huge mammoth tusks of ivory in the curve of which a man could stand straight.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on sea shore, by Hazard, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any other oils in market.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, PIMPLES and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists. J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS. The original Photograph, panel size, of this picture sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Address, BILE BEANS, St. Louis, Mo.

"O, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset by dangers. In short, ma'am I carry my life in my hands." "Ah, I see," exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't care to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."

Common-sense to drunkards in a nutshell. The nervous system is the seat of animal life, and its office is to furnish intelligence, sensation, and govern the functions of the body. When we are tired from any cause, a stimulant is very agreeable to the nerves. You get to repeating this agreeable sensation, and in due time you are a drunkard, because you have educated your nervous system to rely upon it, and soon you are in torment if you stop it. This is why you are a drunkard. Now if you can get a harmless food that will give actual support to your nerves, without irritation, stimulation, reaction or harm, and relieve you from that hankering for liquor, and make you a man again you would take it. Well, the Moxie Nerve Food will do it. Druggists have it. It is cheap, too.

Proud father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's son—Yes, father. P. F.—Ye know I told ye to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that 'ar medder there, for instance? F. S.—Cracky, what a place for a ball game!

The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among uncalled for baggage after a limited express train has gone by.

Use the Frazer Axle Grease, 'tis the best in the world—will wear twice as long as any other.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

It is announced that a new paving stone called quartz granite has been found in Dakota. It is supposed somebody has struck a batch of doughnut-baked by a young lady graduate of a cooking school, and dumped over the back fence by her mother.

R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Your Tansill's Punch 5c cigars are getting lots of friends. Traveling men say to us every day, "Why, they are better than most 10c cigars." Our trade has more than doubled since we commenced to sell them.

F. & A. L. MILLARD, Ellisburgh, N. Y.

To the novel colors invented for women's clothes of "crushed strawberry" and "whipped cream" has been added the color of "slapped baby."

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

Prohibition doesn't keep the lawyers of Atlanta from throwing law books, bibles and ink-pots at one another in the presence of the court. These proceedings smack very strongly of surreptitious rum.

The Richest Man in the World would be poor without health. The dying millionaire consumptive would exchange all he is worth for a new lease of life. He could have had it for a song had he used Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" before the disease had reached its last stages. This wonderful preparation is a positive cure for consumption if taken in time. For all diseases of the throat and lungs it is unequaled. All druggists.

A good American wine needs no bush, but that is required is a popular foreign label.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

There is no change in the style of fish ing this year, except that the jug has more body and not quite so much neck.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise, suggesting sure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The states of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi and Tennessee employ women as librarians.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

During the past winter no less than one hundred children have burned to death.

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.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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.

DROPSY TREATED FREE.

Have treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; use vegetable remedies entirely harmless. Remove all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians. From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember it does not cost you anything to realize the merit of our treatment for yourself. We are constantly curing cases of long standing—cases that have been tapped a number of times and the patient declared unable to live a week. Give a full history of case, name, age, sex, how long afflicted, &c. Send for free pamphlet, containing testimonials. Ten days treatment furnished FREE by mail. If you order trial send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. Epilepsy (Fits) positively cured.

H. H. GREEN & SONS, M. D.'s, Atlanta, Ga.

Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, **RHEUMATISM,** Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and **All Aches and Pains.** The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but **It Cures You. That's the Idea!** Sold by Druggists. 50 cts. Song Book mailed free. Address **WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.**

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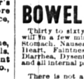

I have been a periodical sufferer from Hay Fever since the summer of 1879, and, until I used Ely's Cream Balm, I was never able to find any relief. I can say that Cream Balm cured me.—L. M. Georgia, Binghamton, N. Y.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

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

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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, 617 F St., Washington, D. C.

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I will send you a 12-paged Book with Prescriptions, and all Nervous, Chronic and Common diseases, accidents and emergencies. Send stamps ... DR. WILLIAMS, 1 ... Milwaukee, Wis.

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

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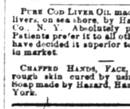

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The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

"Woman's Work is Never Done,"

But it can be made much easier if Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap is used in the Kitchen and Laundry.