TROUBLED.

If it were not for fairies, this world would be drear;
(I'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)
The grass would not tangle,
The bluebells would jangle,
And things would be stupid and queer, you know,
And everything dull if the fairies should go.
(I'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)

I love to believe in the godmother's mice,
And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, heigh ho!
And it's cruel in Willy
To call me a silly.
If brothers would only be nice, you know,
Not tease and make fun, all my troubles would go.—
I'd believe in the fairies forever,—heigh-ho!
—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

Isora's Bridal Vow.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

"Nay; I urge nothing. It shall be as you say. Only, in that case, the authorities may chance to come hither to inquire of your father about a certain James Garside who has disappeared from among us very suddenly and mysteriously. What answer do you think he will give them?"

"You would really do this?"

"I regret to say that my duty to society would compel me to take this course," he replied with a graceful bow.

"And yet, if I consent, you will keep silence?"

"Till death."

"What becomes of your duty to society in that case?"

"It yields to a higher claim of my duty to my own family, Rose. A baronet would not exactly wish to see his father-in-law swinging upon the gallows."

"Oh, I cannot bear it!—the mere idea drives me beside myself. Sir Laurence, I consent."

"There spoke my pretty bride!" and he kissed first her hand, and then her unresisting lips. "And now for a shining fetter for my little captive."

He slipped a costly diamond ring upon her finger.

"You will forget all this in time, dear;" he went on more gently. "When you are Lady Gray; when every woman of your acquaintance is wondering at and envying you; when you have your carriages, your horses, your servants around you, and have exchanged this humble parlor for the luxury and elegance of your own boudoir at Winstead hall—trust me, all this that has happened will seem like the feverish fancy of a midnight dream; and it will seem impossible to you that it could even have happened."

She fixed her eyes full upon him with a look of sorrowful reproach.

"Sir Laurence!"

"Well?"

"Did you ever love?"

"What a question! Do I not love you? Have I not given you every proof of my affection possible, under our present circumstances?"

"I know that my poor face has pleased you," she answered sadly, "and that for many reasons you have preferred me for your bride above others who are far better fitted by birth and education for the place than I. But that was not what I was thinking of. Did it ever happen to you in your youth, when your heart was generous and open, did it ever happen to you to love then, with all your heart and soul and strength, as I have loved Jamie—as I love him now?"

He did not seem to hear the latter portion of her speech. His face grew dark as he heard the question; a rush of sorrowful and gloomy thought furrowed his brow and troubled his eye, and he gazed at her for a few moments with a look that fairly frightened her.

"Love!" he said at last, recovering himself with a violent effort. "Love! Pshaw! What can a girl like you know of such a love as I have felt in those mad days of which you speak so ignorantly? Never speak of them again to me. Remember the old proverb: 'Let sleeping dogs lie;' and take care how you rouse the memories of the past which I have been trying so long to drown, and to forget! Have I loved? I tell you, girl, my love has been like the hot simoon of the desert; has blasted everything it came near! Be thankful that you are spared, and never speak to me of this again!"

He left the room as he spoke, without a farewell or a caress, and from the window she saw him hurry down the garden path like a man scarce conscious of his course. But at the gate he turned and came swiftly back again. He stood beneath the window and called her.

"Rose, are you there?"

She came forward and parted the vines, to hear what he had to say. Her face in that living frame of luxuriant green was more like a fanciful picture than a reality, and the cloud passed away from the baronet's brow as he looked at her.

"When you are Lady Gray I will have you painted like that," he remarked. "Those vine tendrils have a good effect in your golden hair—I must speak to Winsard about that. But I came back to say something to you, which is this: How soon can you be ready for the ceremony? I want to call you mine as soon as possible, and see if that or anything else will do me good," he added to himself in an under tone.

"There are many preparations to be made," she began, hesitatingly.

"Away with them all! I'll hear of none! Come to me as you are! I want you, Rose; and I must have you. Listen. A week from to-day shall be the time; and then we will go straight to London, and you can buy all you want there with me to counsel and advise you."

"But Sir Laurence—"

"Not a word! Not a word! I'll not hear it! I shall send my housekeeper down to you to-day. There are chests of finery at the hall, enough to dress out forty ladies, even as fair as your bonny self, and she and you, and anyone you like to call to your assistance, must manage the matter between you. I shall send for a special license at once, and in a week's time I'll be a married man, Rose. Not a word! Not a word! I shall see your father at the hall. Obey us both, and if kindness, and rank, and wealth, and luxury combined can make you happy, you shall never regret the day that makes you mine. Farewell, Rose—I will come again to you to-morrow."

He went in good earnest this time, and she remained at the open window lost in painful thought for a long time. As she was about to turn from the window her ear caught the sound of horses' hoofs upon the green and springy turf beyond the garden.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and then with a breathless, headlong rush, a powerful black hunter swept by, bearing a lady rider on horseback.

She passed the cottage at a hand gallop; then with a sudden tightening of the bridle, wheeled round, and the next moment the well-trained and delicate mouthed animal stood still as a statue, though a slight quiver ran through every vein and muscle with the speed of the pace and the check.

He lashed his long tail impatiently about as he stood, pawed daintily with one hoof, and turned his dark eyes backward, as with arching neck he champed at the bit, and sent flakes of foam flying over the rider's dress.

But still the lady stirred not—still her eyes were bent upon the cottage window where Rose still stood, though her slack hand loosened the rein, and her proud head bent a little upon her breast.

She was, in truth, like a beautiful picture—rivaling even that in the woodbine frame—as she rested there. Sitting squarely down in the saddle, her shoulders "even with her horses ears," her light hand holding—not resting upon—the snaffle rein, while the curb hung loose from her fingers, the tip of her dainty foot just resting in the flat stirrup, she looked the thorough horsewoman in every sense of the word. Without one change of position, by simply tightening the curb and holding her horse well together, Rose felt that she might clear the cottage palings the next instant, without being shaken or decomposed by the leap, high as it might be.

Rose felt this, I say, and admired the stately grace of the unknown rider—the beauty of the steed. But something in the fixed gaze that never left her face, troubled and annoyed her, she could not say why.

Had the intruder been of her own age, she would have gone out and accosted her without delay.

But the mature fulness of the splendid form, as well as the worn and sad expression of the face showed that the stranger had been tasting the joys and sorrows of life, while Rose yet lay smiling in her cradle.

The black horse, obedient to the slightest gesture of his mistress, moved a step or two nearer the gate.

The lady gave a hurried glance round the garden and at the house, then fixed her wild black eyes once more upon Rose.

"Are you alone?" she asked in a deep musical voice, that had something foreign in its tone.

"Yes, madam," replied Rose, blushing deeply.

"I am fatigued. I have ridden fast and far this morning."

"Will you alight here?" said the girl, advancing to the door. "Our home is but a humble one, but it can give you rest and shelter if you will accept it."

"Thanks—I shall be glad to do so. But first I will ride over to yonder pool and let my Hamet quench his thirst. Shall I, my pretty one—my darling ebony prince?"

The horse hearing himself addressed, neighed, whinnied, and tossed his head proudly.

"Well, we will go there, then, Hamet, and on my return, maiden—but, what has turned your face so pale?"

"The pool, madam, did you say the pool?" asked Rose in a stifled voice.

"Yes—I saw one not far away. In fact, I can catch the gleam of the water through the trees even now. We will be only a few minutes."

"Madam, do not go—do not go! I will bring water for your horse, or serve him with food gladly. Alight here and rest yourself."

"Nay, for the food Hamet will thank you in his own way when we return. But those little hands of yours can never lift a heavy water-bucket to his mouth, and Hamet has some queer fancies. He will let no one place the bucket on the ground for him to drink. He will be served royally, or not at all. The pools which nature has scattered by the wayside are the only streams to which he will bow his head. He is a haughty creature, and a spoiled one. Eh, my darling. Go now to the pool, since you are so haughty, my prince; we will return soon, maiden."

And before Rose could utter another word of expostulation, the black horse was off and away, covering the distance between him and the coveted draught by a succession of long easy strides, more like the swinging motion of an easy chair than the jerking gallop of many so called ladies' steeds.

CHAPTER VI.

Rose stood upon the threshold gazing after the flying figures with a troubled heart. What would the lady see at yonder pool? Would the black horse, true to the instincts of his kind, start, and tremble as he neared the place where blood had so lately been spilled? Would a pale form rise from the depths of these unhallowed waves and scare the intruders away? Would not something in the very silence and stillness of the place whisper of what had been done there in tones that could not be mistaken by the hearer?

Feverish fancies all! The black horse bent his mouth to the pool and drank his fill; and then the two came galloping back again to the cottage at the same easy and slinging pace. Rose went out to the gate to meet them. In an instant the lady was out of her saddle and standing beside her, though towering, by head and shoulders, above the cottage girl.

"Bring hither a mouthful of forage, and Hamet will wait quietly for me," she said, and Rose went round the house toward the little stable to do her bidding. When she came back, with an armful of fragrant clover hay, the black horse stood at the gate alone. He turned his large dark eyes upon her with a pleased, intelligent glance, and whinnied affectionately, and rubbed his head on her shoulder, as she placed the forage on the ground before him and loosed his bridle that he might eat more comfortably.

When she sought her guest again she found her standing by the window of the little parlor looking on at the pretty scene.

"You love horses, then?" she asked, as Rose entered the room.

"Very much; and a more beautiful one I have never seen than yours."

"His beauty is his least good quality. Hamet is of the purest Arabian breed, and has all the courage and fidelity of a true son of the desert. I love him more than I can love any created thing. But something here," she laid her hand upon her heart she spoke, "something here tells me that my days are numbered. If my presentiment is a true one, Hamet shall be yours. Will you accept him and care for him while he lives? I could not bear to think that strangers would beat and ill-use and degrade him, and break his noble heart after I have gone."

Rose looked with a new interest on the proud, dark, melancholy face.

"I accept the gift, and if the time comes when he needs it, he shall have an easy and pleasant home with me. But I hope that your foreboding is a false one, and that Hamet may grow old and die in your service yet."

"Hope for no such thing, if you are a true friend to me. Life has no charms for the desolate and the unhappy. The grave is the best and only refuge for them, and I know only too well how the sick heart longs for its blessed silence and shelter. But I did not come here to speak of myself. They tell me that you are soon to be a bride—a happy bride."

She stopped short, for a crimson flush rose to the girl's brow, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"I am to be a bride," replied Rose, in a low tone.

"And a happy one, of course. Sir Laurence Gray is more than twice your age, I know; yet what of it? He will make a gallant bridegroom still, and you know the old proverb, 'Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave.' Sir Laurence will give you gold and gems.

'And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare.'"

"Do you know Sir Laurence?" asked Rose, suddenly looking her full in the face.

"Know him? Yes, at least I knew him once—and far too well for my own peace of mind, here or hereafter. Why do you ask me that?"

"Forgive me. I did not mean to offend, or to recall anything that might give you pain. Yet, if you have any influence with him—"

"I have influence, and such as he dare not for his life withstand. Do you wish me to use it in your behalf?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wary Admiral.

The late Admiral Bailey was once cited as a witness in a civil lawsuit, an ordeal to which he was totally unaccustomed. His nautical friends cautioned him to beware of the tricks of the lawyers, who were always intent upon making a witness contradict himself, and thus convict him of being a liar and a perjurer. Nothing could be more calculated to alarm the conscientious old salt than the prospect of having his own word questioned. At last he was called to the stand. The first question asked, after being sworn, was: "What is your name?" Here was a matter for deep reflection. He carefully weighed every consideration in mind, and was seemingly lost in abstraction until the question was repeated, sharply and incisively: "What is your name, sir?" There was no more time allowed for reflection, and the answer was jerked out of him: "The-o-do-rus Bailey—or words to that effect." And he added, after a long breath: "If that's perjury, make the most of it. I won't say another —— word to criminate myself!"—Argonaut.

Bloomers in Central Park.

One of the most pleasant sights of Central park, on pleasant afternoons, says a New York paper, "is to see the procession of women bicyclists who ride in bloomers and seem to rejoice in their emancipation from skirts. They have ceased to excite astonishment and almost comment, and certainly demonstrate the common sense and appropriateness of a dress that is not only cool, sensible and comfortable, but modest and becoming. The latest bicycles for women are now being made without the drop bar, and we may expect to be able to discriminate between the sexes when on wheels only by the fullness of the trousers and the character of the back hair. An authority on the subject, who rides every day, tells me, however, that the majority of the women will always prefer the drop bar as being more distinctive and feminine."

Not the Fault of the System.

Banks strengthens his memory by the use of a system of mnemonics, to learn which he paid the inventor $25.

Rivers intrusted a package to Banks' care the other evening and the latter apologized next morning for having failed to deliver it.

"The fact is, Rivers," he said, "I forgot all about it."

"But how about the $25 system of mnemonics?"

"That system," retorted Banks hotly, "is all right. I forgot to apply it—that's all."

Couldn't Guess.

College Chum—Who is that pretty girl over there?

Junior—The one in the blue dress?

"Goodness, no. She has a nose like a parrot."

"The one in black?"

"That peaked thing! Of course not."

"Oh, you mean the one with red flowers in her hat?"

"No, I don't. I mean the one talking to her."

"Eh? You don't call her pretty, do you? She's my sister."

Royal Bicyclists.

The royalties of Europe patronize the bicycle with as much energy as the boys of America. The king of the Belgians exercises upon one daily, little Queen Wilhelmina rides one when she is at her castle of Het Loo, and the czarowitz, Princes George and Nicolas of Greece, are all cyclists. The bicycle of the khedive of Egypt is a gorgeous machine, almost entirely covered with silver plating.

Truthful, But Not Polite.

Edith—What a quick turn for repartee Harry Prince has.

Mabel—But he never says anything to wound one's feelings.

Edith—And he is so gallant! You should think the world of him. He was so prompt in your defense the other day. Somebody remarked: "There are no frills on Mabel Stone," and Harry replied: "On the contrary, she is distinctly plain."—Boston Transcript.

Too Egotistical.

"Sir, I hear you using the word donkey very frequently in your conversation."

"Yes; your ears do not deceive you."

"Am I to understand that you apply the word to me?"

"Why, what makes you harbor such an unjust suspicion? Don't you know that there are lots of donkeys in the world besides you?"—Texas Siftings.

Profound Theory.

Mr. Janson—I'll jist bet it was the women that started this here strike.

Mrs. Janson—For the land's sake!

Mr. Janson—That's what I said. It's the fashion this year fer men to be out o' work, and them there railroaders' wives wouldn't rest till their husbands was in the fashion.

Quite Correct.

Miss East—They are so disorderly in your section of the country. Were you ever held up?

Miss West—Of course, and I consider it anything but disorderly, when a lady finds it difficult to stand alone.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE PREACHES OF OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

"The Stork in the Heavens Knoweth Her Appointed Time, but My People Know Not the Judgment of the Lord." Jer. 8:VII.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 21.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon to-day through the press, "October Thoughts," his text being Jeremiah 8:vii.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it afloat he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet-dispositioned turtle dove, mingling in color white and black, and brown, and ashen, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallows, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out-of-doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle doves, and cranes, and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call bidding them onward; while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from Ceylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me, in this sermon, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary, and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life, and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace, that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology though the street, it would put an end to any panic! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father, and Christ for our Savior, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for their annual flight southward, they take their places mid-heaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder can not reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward. We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Miller of England, and Alfred Cookman once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now, that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said, "It is not very great. We shall have, after a while, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn; but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul, and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow, those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but, saying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God—if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say, "No, we can not stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top, or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are now so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say, "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said, "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but oh, my friends, we can not extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest.

REMINDERS OF THE PAST.

Edgehill, the scene of the first battle between King Charles I. and his parliament, is soon to be sold at auction.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has received from the Mexican government a beautiful book, commemorative of the world's fair.

The upbuilding of Jerusalem is still going on. The Yankees are running street cars there, and there are 135 liquor saloons with bars.

The oldest mathematical book in the world, which dates some 4,000 years back and was written in Egypt, contains a rule for squaring a circle.

In 1796 Cleveland, Ohio, consisted of two log houses and four inhabitants. One of the houses was known as "Pease's hotel," and was kept by John P. Styles and his wife.

In 1860 the assessed value of South Carolina was $489,000,000, while the combined values in Rhode Island and New Jersey aggregated $421,000,000. After the war the combined values in Rhode Island and New Jersey amounted to $868,000,000, and the value of South Carolina was $183,000,000.

One of the oldest pieces of wrought iron known to be in existence is a sickle blade that was found by Belzoni under the base of the Sphinx. Another ancient piece of iron is the wrought bar of Damascus steel, which King Porus presented to Alexander the Great. This bar, which is of unknown antiquity, is still carefully preserved in the National Turkish museum at Constantinople.

BRAVE TRAY.

He Not Only Saved the Child, But Her Doll Also.

Tray was one of those noble dogs who live about the docks and save people who fall into the water.

One day a little beggar child was sitting on the edge of a New York quay. She was playing with her doll, and singing to herself and having a nice time, so that she forgot how near she was to the edge, and all at once she lost her balance and fell into the water.

The poor child screamed as she fell in, and the people on the dock all rushed to the edge and looked over, but the water was very deep, ten or twelve feet deep, and the current very strong. While they were all calling on each other for help, and none willing to be the one to come forward, a dog ran up. He saw the child struggling in the water and he leaped over at once. He dived down to the bottom, then he rose near her, and in a minute he had her tight and swam with her to land.

The people took her from him, and she stood on the pier dripping with water. Then they turned to praise him, but he was gone. He had jumped over again.

They were surprised. They thought another child must have fallen in without their seeing it, but they were quite willing that Tray should have all the responsibility of saving it. This time Tray was a long time under the water. They began to wonder what had become of him, but no one thought of doing anything to help the brave dog. They did not even throw a rope out that he could have caught in his teeth, although the current ran very strong where he had gone down. However, he did come up to the surface in time and they saw that he had something in his mouth.

He came slowly to shore, for he was very tired. He had been down to the very bottom of the river and fished up the doll which the little girl had in her hand when she fell over and now he came to her with it. It was just as good in Tray to save the doll as to save the child, but the people laughed at him except the little girl. Tray trotted off home. He did not know what a hero he was or how much better than the people who thought themselves so much wiser than a dog, and yet would not run a risk of hurting themselves to do what he had done without thinking of himself at all.

Liked Military Surroundings.

The lieutenant is talking at dinner of the military manœuvres.

"And just then we were embraced and surrounded by a division of cavalry—"

Unsophisticated Maiden, who loves the soldiers—Oh, it must be glorious to be embraced by a division of cavalry.—Fliegende Blaetter.

What We Can Come To.

On a territory about the area of Montana, Japan supports 40,000,000 people in comparative comfort. Reckoning our own area at twenty-four times that of Japan, this country at that rate would support 960,000,000 people.

Proof Positive.

Fond Wife—You have been drinking again.

Husband—What makes you think so?

Fond Wife—I don't see what else would have made you come home so early.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY RUN.

The three Winter brothers of Berks, Pa., whose combined ages make 270 years, are outdone in this respect by three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Ewing, aged 92, Mrs. Elizabeth Zell, 94, and Mrs. Martha Morrison, 97, who live at Lancaster, Pa.

Three evangelists who are working in the coal regions near Scranton, Pa., recently held a revival meeting for the miners of the Ontario mine, under uncommon circumstances. It was at the bottom of the shaft. Slips of paper with the words of hymns printed upon them were handed around, and the miners, gathered in the gloom of the mine, joined heartily in the service of song.

A party of ten went ghost hunting in an old churchyard at Providence, R. I., the other night. Each was armed with a gun. They had no sooner secreted themselves behind tombstones than a strange noise was heard. Instantly each hunter discharged his weapon in the air and took to his heels for home. One, in his terror, ran into a barbed wire fence and was seriously injured.

A dispatch says that a man fell asleep on the bridge across the Delaware at Lambertville the other night, and dreamed he was in his bedroom at home. While thus dreaming he began to divest himself of a portion of his clothing, and then, instead of creeping into bed, as he imagined, he actually crawled out of one of the windows of the bridge and fell a distance of more than fifty feet to the water below.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"So you think Florence will not accept Mr. Billion." "No; never." "Why not?" "She can't induce him to propose."

Wheelman, sententiously—The bicycle is no longer a toy. Ordinary Citizen, earnestly—No, sir, it isn't. I've been run into by one myself.

Beggar—Will you give me a dime? I am starving. Bilkins, hurrying past him—So am I, and I am going to be late for dinner if I don't look sharp.

Frank—It makes me so mad to see my wife so dead gone on that fool of a McFlurter. Dick—Oh, be charitable! She used to think just as much of you.

Doctor—Well, Tommy, you found the pellets helped you, didn't you? Tommy—Yes, siree; I sold them to a boy for ten cents to shoot out of his new pistol.

"A man in town is pullin' teeth free all this week," said Mrs. Haicede. "That's jist my luck," complained Mr. Haicede, "I ain't got a single tooth that needs pullin'."

"There's nothing like fresh air," said the business man. "I used to think that," said his partner, "till the new clerk came here. He has an air about him that is altogether too fresh."

Tommy—Paw, what makes them have the weather office away up on top of a high building? Mr. Figg—That is so that it will be too much exercise for a man to climb the stairs and kill the weather man.

"You don't seem to admire young Lankins," said one girl. "I don't." "He is the champion all-round clumsy man. He handles a tennis racquet as if it were a chafing dish, and a chafing dish as if it were a racquet."

The nursery maid, wheeling the perambulator, meets papa and mamma. P. and M. are delighted. Papa—Oh, let's take a peep at dear little Ootsy-tootsy! Maid—Gracious goodness! I forgot to put the baby in!

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Duplicates.

When the ignorant young Buckeye farmer struck a gas well on his place he sold out for enough money to make him quite an eligible matrimonially, and it wasn't long before he had married a very nice girl. She was looking over the wedding presents with him, and was struck by an unusual state of affairs.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I declare there are no duplicates in the whole lot."

He studied the collection intently for a minute or two with a puzzled look.

"Duplicates?" he said. "Duplicates? What's them? Some of them new fangled things they always give folks at their weddin's?"

Does Away With the Call Boy.

Now that telephones can be bought outright and used to good advantage in replacing the old call-boy system in large hotels there is no doubt of their ultimate adoption and very general use. The new Hotel Majestic, corner of Seventy-second street and Central park, West, New York, will be entirely equipped with telephone service, and the National telephone company of Boston, has received an order for 500 sets, or 1,000 instruments.—Electrical Review.

Well Known.

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy looking man to a New York publisher.

Publisher—I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well known name.

Poet—That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken.

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"John Smith."—White Plains Weekly.

FOR EARACHE, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelled Neck, and the results of colds and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

A man who was hanged the other day in Oregon is said to have been descended by two lines from the family of one of the Revolutionary heroes.

In Holland, Mich., C. J. Doesbury publishes the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

Teacher—Give an example of the truth of the motto: "United we stand, divided we fall." Johnny—I—can't think of any ma'am. I don't believe it's true, anyhow. "What? Do you know of any case in which it is not true?" "Yes'm. A step-ladder."

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

The steamer Empress of Japan, which lately arrived at Vancouver, while on the way between Hong Kong and Yokohama struck a large whale, cutting it almost in two. Parts of the animal stuck to the vessel and had to be taken off as they impeded its progress.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Among the many uses to which celluloid is now put is the making of jewelers' ring trays. A ring tray of white velvet lasts ordinarily but a single season; carefully as it may be handled it is sure to get soiled. A celluloid tray can be cleaned, and it lasts for years.

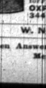
If you've neuralgia, take St. Jacobs Oil—rub it on—rub it on hard—keep rubbing it on—it has got to stop the pain—that's what it's for.

A fashion paper says: "See that your trousers are properly creased before making a call." If you are calling on your girl, however, you generally press your suit after you get there.

BACKACHE.

Perhaps you don't know that BACKACHE and LAME BACK come from disorder of the KIDNEYS. We give you two points; ninety per cent. of Backache is due to improper working of the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are sure cure for all Kidney Complaints. This assertion can be backed by strongest testimony. Fifty cents will prove it to you. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.



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W. N. U., D.--XII--43.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

There are thousands of people who would die before they would steal chickens, who are downright robbers in other ways that are not so risky.

Karl's Clover Root Tea, The great Blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c., 50c., $1.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The man who will not improve his talents steals from himself.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

It is the troubles of tomorrow that make people heavy laden today.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A new York workman owns a cap which he values at $500. He calls it his "lucky" cap and states that while he has had it the best of luck has been his.

Adolf Lalloz, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach; sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.

In the dominions of the British empire alone some 8,000 individuals vanish every year without leaving any indication as to their whereabouts or even appearing again.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

The merchant tailors of the town have sent to the authorities of the university of Gratz, Austria, praying that hereafter no student shall be given his diploma unless he shall first show that he has paid his tailor bills.

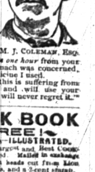
"Fagging" has become entirely obsolete at Eton. Thirty years ago it was carried on with great brutality. "Tom Brown at Rugby" has, it is said, done more to kill the old system in English colleges than any other agency.

TO PUT ON needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery: It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on *healthy flesh* not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat-foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit.

M. J. COLEMAN of *17 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass.*, writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with untold agony for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that day to this I do not know, thank God, what even a slight headache is. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in one day (for his advice only) the sum of $10.00 with $3.50 for medicine, and derived no benefit. I got more relief *in one hour* from your medicines, as far as my stomach was concerned, than from all the other medicine I used.

If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."



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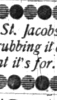

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