THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM.

The boy lives on our farm, he's not
Afeard o' horses none!
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,
Er rack, or pace, or run.
Sometimes he drives two horses, when
He comes to town and brings
A wagon full o' taters nen,
An' roastin'-ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team," he says,
An when you drive or hitch,
The right un's a "near horse," I guess,
Er "off"—I don't know which—
The boy lives on our farm, he told
Me, too, 'at he can see,
By lookin at their teeth, how old
A horse is, to a T!

I'd be the gladdest boy alive
Ef I knowd much as that,
An' could stand up an' drive,
An' jist push back my hat,
Like he comes skallyhootin' through
Our alley with one arm
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well! to you
The boy lives on our farm.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.

"Awh," she said, scanning me closely, with the clear, reasonable eye, that seems peculiar to the fisher-folk, "'ee can bide a bit. I seed 'ee war a stranger when 'ee comed over top o' the cliff, m'appen 'ee be th' chap fro' Trevenick as is livin' to Smuggler's Hole?" she added with a sudden change of tone as she set bread and fish on the table.

"Yes, I'm the chap from Trevenick," I said, "and to all appearances you haven't heard much in my favor."

"Naw," she said coldly, "I ha'nt heard much to you'n credit. Why couldn't 'ee let a poor sawl be, 'stead o' doin' constable's work when, as I hear tell, 'ee be rich eno' to do nothin' fo' a livin'? But laws, little perky folks is allus up to mischief!"

She stood with her magnificent arms akimbo, looking as if for two pins she would have taken and shaken me like a rat.

But I was hungry and I was happy, so I ate and drank diligently, answering her not a word.

"Iss," she went on, with a grand disregard of the laws of hospitality, "iss, you'm rich, and Judith's poor, 'ee 've got the best o' un; but if 'iver a sawl went inn'cent to her crool death that sawl be Judith Croft."

She spoke the last word defiantly as if inviting contradiction, and I said to myself, "Judith is richer than she thinks, for she possesses one friend in the world besides Stephen."

Aloud I said,

"You are the first woman I have heard express any doubt of Judith's guilt."

The fisherman's wife laughed angrily.

"Does 'em knaw her so well as I knaw her?" she said; "she niver made but wan fren' 'mongst the women, and I war that wan, an' I knawed her inside an' out as we'l as a page o' thicky bible upo' that shelf."

"And yet you have never been near her," I said. "I have heard her say that she had not one friend in the world save Stephen Croft."

"Awh," said the woman sadly, "'tis true nuff, if friens is reckoned by frienly actions, but my baw, he be terrible masterful, an' when Judith war took him ses to me, 'I forbids 'ee t' go anighst her, howsomedever friens 'ee was, her baint fit for a honest woman to stand by, naw.' An' I could niver make 'un bliev' her warn't t' blame. 'Pison be pison,' ses he, 'an' who wanted 'un out o' th' way so bad as her did?' An' every baw i' th' village blinkit at his wife, as if so be her meight ha' got th' same notion in her head toward 'un."

"If she did not kill him," I said, "how then did he die?"

"How can I tell 'ee?" she said scornfully. "God a'mighty's got his own way o' takin' o' folks, an' praps God a'mighty war angry wi' Seth for coming home an' meddlin' in what he'd spoilt enuff aready. I niver could abide meddlers myself."

"Why were all the women so hard on her?" I said, pushing back my chair from the table; "judging by what I have heard, she never tried to take a lover away from any one of them."

"Do 'ee think her'd any need t' try?" said the woman contemptuously, "wheriver she war, thar war the one woman, th' rest o' 'em was pale shadders, an' th' men could as lie' deny th' sun war shinin' as keep their eyes fro' strayin' to she. Laws, I always makes lowance fo' handsome folks—seems as if 'em warnt meant fo' jest wan sawl's happiness, but Judith niver wanted no 'lowance made for she. Her war made fo' luv', but somethin' in her kep' her straight, an' luv' she niver took, an' niver knawed, till Steve comed t' Trevenick, an' years apo' years they passed wan anither by wi' on'y their eyes to speak th' warld o' luv' atween 'em. An' th' wigles was all as mad as mad, 'cos he wouldna look at 'em, an' th' baws was bitter an' wild 'cos Judith preferred he, an' so it was that she'd narry a frien' 'em all but me, an' 'tis little 'nuff good I'se been to she. If yo' see her"—(the woman's voice softened, and tears stood in her eyes) "will 'ee tell her that 'Lizabeth ha' carried a sair heart 'pon her account, but she daurna disobey her man, an' her hant a 'nuff book larnin' to write her a letter."

"Yes," I said, "I'll tell her, but you will be able to do it yourself before long."

"Naw," she said, "that can niver be. An' do her find it in her heart to forgive 'ee?" she added bitterly, "but the lamb allus looks up piteouslike to the butcher, an' praps her spirits that broke, her blood be turned to watter."

"Her spirit is not broken yet," I said. "Stephen Croft is the more downcast of the two."

"An' ther'll be th' little 'un," went on the woman sadly, and now the tears fell heavily on her breast, "what'll 'un do wi'out 'un's mother? Pr'aps my man 'ud let me take 'un—fo' a he'm so set agen her. Awh, but 'tis a crooked warld. Years an' years my arms has ached fo' want o' a child t' fill 'em, an' here's Judith 'ull ha' that gied t' her that her cant keep."

"Please God, she shall," I said gravely, "and your man shall give her a warm welcome, and ask her forgiveness for his ill thoughts of her. And perhaps," I added, (for she had already touched me), "you'll forgive me, too, some day."

"Naw," she said with spirit, "that I niver will. I baint no scholard, but I spelled out ivery word 'ee telled up agen her, an' from fust to last I thought 'ee a fule, an' a meddlin' fule, as is wuss nor all. But 'ee niver knawed her, an' how she niver did Seth an ill turn, fo' a' th' croel things 'un did to she; th' only desate her iver shawed 'un war when she gied 'un th' stuff to make 'un slape, when he war like a figger on wires wi' th' tremblins. I knawed it, an' I niver blamed 'un; her'd a bin murdered times an' times but fo' quietin' o' 'un."

"And yet," I said, "it played her false in the end. If she had not given Seth Treloar a dose of it the night he came home, she might have been made a miserable woman, but she would never have been accused of his murder. It was the one mistake she made in her otherwise blameless life."

"Iss," she said, "the only wan—an' 'ee 'm found out that, have 'ee? After 'ee'd got 'un into jail, an' wove the rope to hang 'un—awh!" she added in a low tone of disgust, "let yer pity bide t' home, man, 'tis like nothin' so much as a bitter swate apple to my thinkin'."

I shrugged my shoulders, laid some silver on the table, and was turning away when my money came flying past me, hurled by a vigorous hand, and followed by as vigorous a tongue till I got well out of hearing.

But as I climbed the cliff I felt only gladness that Judith had one such faithful friend, and she a woman.

CHAPTER XIV.

Twilight was lengthening into dusk when I came in sight of Smuggler's Hole, and the motionless figure of Stephen sitting across the threshold.

Silent he sat but the cliff was alive with moving figures, and half a dozen old gaffers and gammers had crowded their heads against the narrow casement and were peeping in.

At my approach they slunk away, but not far, and I heard broken ejaculations of pity and horror escape them, as if moved by some deplorable spectacle upon which they had just gazed. I did not stop to question Stephen, but passed in, and saw that a frightful change had come over the Styrian during my absence. His face was absolutely livid, and out of that ghastly pallor burned two eyes that expressed a craving and agony such as I pray God I may never see in a human face again.

He had torn open his embroidered vest as if to gain air, and every few minutes he was shaken by a convulsive shudder that he strove to check with the locked arms that he pressed downwards across his body. Beside him stood the cup and platter, absolutely untouched.

I turned away and drew down the blind, shutting out the furtive faces, white against the dusk, who were peering in, and then I bade Stephen close the door also, and come in, also, which he did, and having kindled a fire and lights, I questioned him as to what had gone forward in my absence.

"I doant knaw what 'un wants," said Stephen, in the faint, weary voice of one who had not touched food that day, "not meat an' drink, fo' sure, him's got plenty, an' I proffed 'un whisky, but 'un wouldn't ha't, but 'tis summut 'un wants terrible bad, an' 'un keeps on clamourin' i' that furrin' lingo t' get 'un."

"Has Dr Cripps been here?" I said.

"Iss, an' 'un on'y grinned, and sed yon chap 'ud be wuss afore 'un war better, an' 'un war comin' back t' bide th' night wi' 'ee, an' 'spected Judith an' me 'ud hear summut t' 'sprise us afore we was much older."

"Good," I said, intensely relieved to hear of Dr. Cripps' intention, and then I drew my chair to the fire, and bade Steve take the other, keeping my eyes turned away from that horrible figure in the background.

Gradually, the warmth and rest overpowered my limbs and I slept.

In my dreams I found myself in an Indian jungle, with the savage roar of some wild beast, at a distance drawing each moment nearer to me, and I woke at last to find that the sound was real, and on glancing at the clock saw that I had slept three hours.

I sat up, and looked at the Styrian from whom the last vestige of self-restraint had fallen and could no longer control the cries that he had, hitherto by sheer physical force succeeded in strangling.

"Him ha' bin clamorin' t' me to wake 'ee," said Stephen, whose features bore more than their usual impress of pain, "leastways, so I guessed 'un to mane. Look 'ee, I'm thinkin' him'll be dead by mornin'!"

"My box, give me my box!" shrieked the Styrian, straining at his chords, as if he would burst them. "Give it to me! You can sleep, devil, while I die here and you are committing a murder as she did when she kept Seth Treloar for twenty-four hours without—" he stopped abruptly, and a crafty look overspread his livid face.

But he had said enough. I saw that he could have bitten his tongue out for the slip.

"I talk madly," he exclaimed, making a supreme effort that I could not but admire; "keep what you stole, I can do without it. But set me free, put me on the road to the nearest town, and you shall be troubled with me no more."

"I will set you free," I said deliberately, "and I will give you back your box of poison, if you will give me in writing a full confession of how you taught Seth Treloar to use it, of the effect produced by a sudden cessation of the doses, and other particulars that you will know how to furnish."

The Styrian's eyes searched my face for any sign of relenting, then turned them upon Stephen Croft, who had dropped into a weary sleep, his golden head leaning against the wall, but more really beautiful in the unconsciousness of sleep than even in his waking moments.

The man's eyes darkened as they gazed upon him.

"I can die, but I will not give her up to him. After all, the worst suffering is now over, and a few hours more will see it out. Let the poor fool be happy with her in his dreams, for in life he never shall be. My dying will soon be over—theirs is to come."

The malignity of his look and voice froze me, then his head sank on his breast, and his hair, matted with sweat, hid his face from me.

And my heart went cold, for I had never counted on such resolution, and I was loath to have his blood upon my soul.

Looking back after long years on that night, I seem to feel and hear the intense stillness in which I waited for the sound of Dr. Cripps' approaching feet, a sound that never came. Later, I knew that a railway accident a few miles away had kept him hard at work of the most painful description until past dawn, but then I blamed him bitterly for failing me when I most wanted his counsel. For as the hours went by, each moment a hell to the man I watched, as it was an hour of torture to me who beheld him, I expected each moment that death would come to the rescue, and so he and his secret would escape me forever.

How was I to tell where real suffering ended, and simulation began when I had not even his face to guide me?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Pacific coast is fast increasing in the out-put of codfish.

THE WHITE SLAVES.

DR. TALMAGE SCORES OPPRESSORS OF LABOR.

Underpaid Sewing Women a Blot Upon Our Civilization—The Wrath of God Will Surely Fall Upon Their Cruel Employers.

BROOKLYN, June 3.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who is now on his round-the-world journey, has chosen as the subject for to-day: "Martyrs of the Needle," the text being Matthew xix, 24, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment, I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the emperor would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it, demanded. But, as soon as they had sinned, the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at four score years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning.

But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with dishevelled hair, reading the last novel; and who, having drugged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their card-case and go out to make calls; and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be, how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty, and outrage of that father and mother, who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Stael said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, regicide, infanticide. There are women toiling in our cities for $3 and $4 per week, who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worn-out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the $12 gaiters in which her mother walked and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade, that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence, and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea, prevalent in society, that though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet, and make mats for lamps to stand on, without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds, or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work, I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may, with delicate brush, beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical; if you would, in the eyes of refined society, preserve your respectability. I scout these finical notions. I tell you no woman, any more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

If we want a place in this world we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before he occupies it. The lark, by its morning song, earns its breakfast before it eats it; the Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve, when it says if he "will not work, neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health; and very soon Nature says, "This man has refused to pay his rent; out with him!" Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is, that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said if woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel, and to her home as men have.

But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering-ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-axe have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

I go still further, and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is a gigantic injustice—that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national government: for a long while women clerks in Washington got $900 for doing that for which men received $1,800.

To thousands of young women in our cities to-day there is only this alternative: starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations; and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death; and their employers know it.

Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two mill stones of his wrath and grind them to powder!

I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice!

There are about 50,000 sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly and hunger struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or a crust they chew on their way through the street. Here they come! The working girls of the city! These engaged in bead-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, enamelling, cigar-making, book-binding, labelling, feather-picking, print-coloring, paper-box making, but, most overworked of all, and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They can not afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat! You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire! Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death!

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium, she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments at 8 cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day! Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me?"—"Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?"—"Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and he kicked her down the stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats, and have shoes made, and contract for the southern and western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say: "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss; but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot.

The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life, and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity. Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be somebody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited, or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray, or sing "Rock of Ages," for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older, there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part Auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—Auntie always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly; and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded: "I say unto thee, arise!"

ONE SPECIES OF BLACK MAIL.

Threatening to Build a Stable in a Good Residence Neighborhood.

There is no other city in the United States where the negative use of private property has become such an abuse as in New York. In many instances this dog-in-the manger policy—won't build himself and won't let anybody else build—is but a species of conservatism that belongs to the middle ages. But in very many it is simply and purely a species of blackmail. The property owners next door or in the near neighborhood would willingly buy out the objectionable place only the price is fixed far above the market rates.

"We can't pay such a price as that. Why, it's twice as much as the property is worth!"

"Very well—it's my price—you can take it or leave it. I'm going to build a stable on it if you don't purchase!"

And there you are. All through the heart of business New York this real estate blackmail is held over the heads of those who would build befitting the grandeur of a great city. It is not by small holders, but by very rich men, or by estates managed by agents. Whenever an enterprising man or big corporation desires to build a new business block anywhere, he or it is almost sure to find some owner of this kind to embarrass or stop the projected improvement. It may be the estate is founded on ground rents, or it may be the property of some resident abroad who is satisfied with the present investment and won't sell at all. The probability is, however, that the owner will sell, but demands such an exorbitant price that it comes very properly under the head of blackmail. It is to pay me so much—you can't get along without my plot—it is my price, or stop!

HISTORY MADE BY LUCK.

Many Notable Events Have Occurred Because of Trivial Happenings.

Dr. Lafferty, of New Orleans, recently delivered a lecture on "Lee's Lack of Luck." The doctor told how two English snobs, at a restaurant in Paris, by their sneers drove Murat out of service as a waiter and through this accident Murat became marshal of France and king of Naples. Samples of lucky accidents were numerous in ancient and modern history and there were also many examples that went to show how many of the ancients believe in good luck or good fortune. Napoleon had lost Waterloo through the mere accident of bringing on an attack of sick headache through eating onion and lamb against the advice of his physician.

In 1866 a quarrel between Conkling and Blaine decided the presidency of the United States many years afterward, when Blaine ran against Cleveland.

Abraham Lincoln, after being a member of congress, desired to secure a clerkship in Washington, but he was defeated by Justin Butterfield. He was disappointed; but had he not been defeated he would have spent his life in obscurity instead of becoming president of the United States.

Oliver Cromwell was once on board a ship bound for America, but he was taken back by a constable, and the result was that he became one of the greatest men England ever knew.

Ulysses Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five.

The great silver mine, the "Silver King," had been discovered by the lucky accident of a prospector throwing a piece of rock at a lazy mule.

A PECULIAR STONE.

It Is Called the Devil's Looking Glass and Dazzles the Eyes.

"One of the most peculiar of stone formations is the 'devil's looking glass,' on the Nolochuchy river," said a traveler to a reporter. "It is a palisade which rises abruptly from the river to a height of about 200 feet. It is perfectly smooth and about 100 feet wide. When the sun is at a certain stage it throws a shadow over the water and reflects the sunbeams as a mirror would, dazzling the eyes of the beholder, sometimes almost blinding him with its brightness.

"To go upon the river in a skiff and look down into the water is to see an image reflected, but always distorted. It is this which gave the name to the formation, and there are several interesting legends connected with it, some of which are devotedly believed by the mountaineers. One of these which is generally given credence is that every night at midnight, when the moon shines, the devil goes there to bathe and make up his toilet, using the rock, with the reflection of the moonlight, as a looking glass."

Possibilities of Surgery.

The extent to which the human body can be mutilated without causing death is beyond what most people think. Of course the removal of the largest limb is a familiar fact, but the successive removal of all the limbs would in most cases result in nothing worse than inconvenience. In the same way the internal organs may be extirpated. This is facilitated by their quality. One kidney may be removed and the other will make up for the loss by doing double work. One eye may be taken out and the sight remains practically unimpaired. Large portions of the brain may be removed with no injury to life or intellect. A portion of the intestines has been cut out and the ends sewed together and their normal action and function have not been interfered with.

RUSSIAN THIRD-CLASS TRAIN.

An Englishman Glad to Get Out of It After Riding a Few Miles.

Mr. Stevens, in his journey through Russia, made up his mind to travel one stage in a third class railway carriage, says the London Chronicle. This plan would give him information that might be useful and would also save him a little money which he could turn over to Count Tolstoi for the starving peasants. He found the experiment extremely unsatisfactory. He says:

"The third-class carriages were so densely packed that there was hardly room for me, but after much scrambling I secured a seat near the door.

"I shall never forget that journey. It was an awful experience. I felt as if I were being frozen to death and being roasted alive alternately. Outside the cars the temperature was 35 degrees below zero. Inside the mercury stood at 77, a difference of 112 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Inside it was so hot that even the muzhiks, who are fond of roasting themselves, gave signs of discomfort. The heat came from a large iron stove, which the attendants kept feeding with birch firewood. As for myself, I was melted; The perspiration poured out of every pore of my skin.

"My unfortunate fellow travelers gave vent to their feelings in groans or ejaculations.

"Now and then the door was opened by a new arrival and instantly the carriage would be filled with an intensely cold air.

"'Hi, you, there!' the muzhiks would call out; shut the door! You are a-freezing us to death!'

"A curious phenomenon sometimes occurred on such occasions. The cold guests which forced themselves in when the door was opened immediately condensed and crystallized the vapor so that we had a miniature shower of snow in the carriage.

"A few of the passengers appeared really to enjoy this alternate freezing and roasting. They crowded about the stove. One, a tall, sturdy soldier carrying a sword of tremendous size crept so close to the stove that the escaping gases made him fall down in an unconscious state, from which he was aroused with difficulty. He was wearing his military overcoat.

"At the first stoppage I bought a new ticket, and went into a second-class carriage."

Master of Balliol College.

A few years ago, Professor Jowett was one of those who extended an invitation to the extension students to meet at Oxford. Desiring to find lodgings for some of them at Balliol college he suggested to the dons that it would be a graceful thing for them to vacate their rooms for a fortnight, and allow him to assign their rooms to his visitors. The dons demurred. The master, however, had sole control of the chapel services and the buttery. The former he lengthened very considerably, and the resources of the latter were reduced to the lowest ebb. This policy had the desired effect, and the dons began to leave town for a holiday. As the last of them disappeared in the direction of the railway station, weighed down with hand-luggage, the master rubbed his hands, and said: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."—Argonaut.

Much Puffed Up.

There is no class of persons of whom one may say that "knowledge puffeth up" more truly according to James Payne than our classical scholars. "There is something in the dead languages which causes those who make them their study to have, as the Scotch say, 'A guid conceit of themsel's.' Of Whewell, it was said that 'science was his forte and omniscience his foible.' Professor Donaldson used modestly to admit that he knew nothing of botany; but the whole circle of the science was, with this exception, supposed to be at his fingers' end. 'What I do not know,' says Jowett, (for though somebody said it for him, it comes to the same thing) 'is not knowledge.' The last utterance of a well known classical authority is said to be as follows: 'Tennyson dead, Browning dead, Jowett dead; I feel almost alone.'"—Argonaut.

Hard Times in Georgia.

"What do you think of the times, colonel?"

"Hardest I ever saw."

"Worse than the war?"

"Ten times worse than the war. We all had plenty of money then."

"Yes, but you had to pay $60 for a pair of boots then."

"Don't care a darn if I did. I had the $60. Now I haven't got 50 cents."—Atlanta Journal.

Circulating Picture Galleries.

A contributor to the London Graphic suggests the establishment of circulating picture galleries, which shall occupy the same relation with regard to paintings as does the circulating libraries in respect of books.

Round Churches.

There are four round churches in England. Northumberland possesses one, little Maplestead in Essex, another, the Temple church, London, is the third, and Holy Sepulcher, Cambridge, is the fourth.

GENTLE JOCULARITY.

"He married such a cold girl."

"Poor fellow! And he is so completely wrapped up in her."

Meekison—Why did the policeman club Yokes? Bangs—For getting in his way when he was getting away from a fight.

"Has Footlights made anything out of his play?" "Jerusalem, yes; he picked up a barrel of cabbages after his first performance."

Jess—Miss Fitz gives her age as 29, but she means 30. Bess—Then why doesn't she say 30? Jess—O, that's the way merchants mark their goods nowadays.

Tutter—Awfully pretty baby, Hender, but—er—what is it, girl or boy? Bender—Can't you tell it's a girl? "No. How on earth can you tell?" "Can't you see? She's reaching up to put her mother's hat on straight."

Sunday School Teacher—Children, do you know the house that is open to all—to the poor, the rich, the sad, the happy; to man and to woman; to the old and the young? Do you know the house I mean? Little Johnny—Yeth, ma'am, I know. Sunday School Teacher—Well, Johnny, what house is it? Little Johnny—The station house.

An old darky arose recently in one of the Southern prayer meetings and exclaimed: "Brethren and sistern, I've been having a dreffal time since last we met together. I've been chawing hard bones and swallowing bitter pills. I'm afraid I've broken every one of the Ten Commandments, but, thank the Lord, I haven't lost my religion!"

THOSE who could not eat cake, hot biscuit, bread and pastry because of indigestion have found that by raising them with Royal Baking Powder they are enabled to eat them with perfect comfort.

Royal Baking Powder is composed of chemically pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, and is an actual preventive of dyspepsia.

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House Proceedings.

Mrs. Jones—John, I——

Mr. Jones—I object.

"Object to what, you fool?"

"The deductions are not germane."

"But you haven't heard what I was going"——

"Object! Object!" (Goes on reading.)

"John, this is important"——

"Regular order-r-r!"

"What in the world is the matter with you"——

"Previous question! Wow-w!"

"Mr. Jones, can I speak with you, or are you a regular, driveling idiot"——

"Let the words be taken down. I demand that the words be taken down!"

"Mr. Jones"——

"'Bject! 'Bject prev's ques'n! Wow-o! Waagh Yee-oop! Owoof! Mr. Speaker, move 'djourn! Wa-a-gh! Whoop!"

John slammed down his paper and fled. His good wife glanced at it and found the cause of his unusual interest.

LIII Congress—house proceedings.

A Picture 500 Years Old.

The oldest picture in England is said to be the portrait of Chaucer, who died in 1402, which was probably painted in the low countries twenty years before his death. It was discovered in an old garret in the house in which Cromwell was born at Huntington. Count Truchens a well-known collector, after examining the painting, said that it was first painted in water colors and afterward painted over in oil for preservation, and he certified that the name Chaucer in the background was laid on with the painting.—New York Sun.

FOR indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach, disordered liver take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

Steel rails average 180 tons to the mile; iron 145.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Mich., writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The word with the most syllables is latitudinarianism.

An Englishman has invented detachable heels for boots and shoes.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

In South America rain frequently falls in torrents from a clear sky.

A spider's eyes are not in his head, but in the upper part of the thorax.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds quicker than any other remedy, because it combines the lung-healing quality of the pine tree with other valuable medicines. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

They Have no Use for Beaver Flesh.

The Mohave Indians of the far West have one curious superstition that is supposed to be of comparatively recent origin. They refuse to eat the flesh of the beaver and declare who so eats beaver's flesh will have a swollen neck. An agent who has lived for some time among the Mohaves conjectures that some of the Indians must have eaten the flesh of beavers poisoned for their skins and died with swollen necks. The memory has been handed down through the tribe and no Mohave eats beaver flesh since that day.

Pythons have real legs and feet.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose.

The snail, minute as it is, has 30,000 teeth.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

In Japan you buy the dress by the weight.

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

Oklahoma has a sheriff named Fightmaster.

BAD DRAINAGE causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than any other month.

Which Will You Be?

A farm renter or a farm owner? It rests with yourself. Stay where you are and you will be a renter all your life. Move to Nebraska, where good land is cheap and cheap land is good, and you can easily become an owner. Write to J. Francis, G. P. and T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb., for a descriptive pamphlet. It's free, and a postal will bring it to you.

Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the national flag on June 14, 1777.

M. L. Blair, Alderman 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '89: He had used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

There are 160 counties in the United States named after the Father of his Country.

The Beauty of Niagara

can never be described and it has never been pictured so adequately and satisfactorily as in the splendid portfolio just issued by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It contains fifteen large plates from the very best instantaneous photographs, which cannot be bought for as many dollars. All these can be bought for ten cents at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, 66 Woodward ave., corner Jefferson.

Rats and mice are unknown in North Dakota.

You Don't Have to,

go 2,000 miles to reach the land of the prune. The irrigated lands of Idaho along the line of the Union Pacific system are capable of producing the class of fruit seen in the Idaho Exhibit at the World's Fair. Why! by stopping in Idaho you'll save enough on your fare and freight to make the first payment on your farm. Investigate.

Advertising matter sent on application. Address E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

When suddenly frightened lizards will often drop their tails and scurry away. The discarded member, bouncing up and down, attracts the attention of the enemy and enables an escape to be effected.

A BAD TEMPER and a bad liver—you'll always find joined together. Make a note of this, and see if it isn't true.

Now, why not give your naturally sunny disposition a chance? Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will do it for you. They correct your disordered liver, clear up your system, and make life look different to you. They do it in a pleasant way, too. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most natural remedy.

Keep a vial of these tiny Pellets in your vest-pocket. They'll give you a *permanent* cure for Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Indigestion, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels.

The makers are so sure you'll be satisfied that they'll agree, if you're not, to return the money.

For twenty-five years these Pellets have sold on their merit. Why buy other pills, when P. P. P. are "guaranteed"? There's nothing likely to be "*just as good*."

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Davis' Cream Separator Churn, power hot water and feed cooker combined. Agents wanted. Send for circular. All sizes Hand Cream Separators. Davis & Rankin B. & M. Co. Chicago.

WANTED SALESMEN on a salary. $100 to $150 per month, to sell California Wines. Send one postage stamp for full particulars. M. J. MANIX, No. 1310 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

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