

THAT BOSTON MAID.
That Boston maid I much admire because she puzzles me.
Proud she is in commonplace as well as her
Of sunset or of promenade, of snowstorm or of dew,
Her speech is polysyllabic, and thus is ever new.
We walked together—she and I—one evening in the rain,
And saw a rainbow afterward. And yet it were quite vain
For me to try to translate her. "Aqueous vapor," "hue,"
"Elastic and concentric"—these, perhaps, will give a clue.
Like other maids, she loves ice cream, and soda water, too.
But in their nomination she is apt to rattle you.
"Concocted confection" is the one, and I am not quite sure
Just what she calls the other in her pet nomenclature.
Though singular in speech, she is a pretty girl to see,
And therefore I admire her much, although she puzzles me.
Propose? I dare not; yet of life a year or two would give
To know just how she would frame yes—or yet a negative?
—J. A. Waldron, in Judge.

DAWSON'S UMBRELLA.
And Miss Lovelock's Provision for a Rainy Day.

Batter! pat! pat! The rain was pouring down on the glass portico. A sudden storm had swept up out of a clear sky. Everyone was caught unawares, the omnibuses crowded before you could look around. There was actually only one umbrella in the stand by the door of the Cafe de Luxe. I stood, in a new hat and a light gray frock coat, and eyed the umbrella speculatively. I knew the owner. He had just gone in to lunch. He was a large and long tuncer. I was in a hurry. Perhaps the storm would pass. I could send it back by a commissionaire. I was very apt to take cold, and my appointment was really very important.
Thus prompted of Satan, I put my hand toward the umbrella. At the moment I perceived, like a stage villain, that I was observed. In fact, I was not alone. A young lady of most attractive appearance stood a few feet from me, almost under the portico, gazing wistfully out into the wet. She wore a summer costume. She looked at her watch, then again at the storm, and murmured, disconsolately: "Oh, I shall be late." An insinuation of generosity overcame me. Without another thought for my sensitive chest or my light-gray suit, with a firm proprietary air, I laid hold of Dawson's umbrella.
"Allow me," said I, "as cabs seem unattainable, to offer you an umbrella."
A glad light leaped into her eyes. "Oh, I couldn't," she said. "What would you do?"
"I don't mind a wetting," I answered, heroically. "Pray take it. You can send it back here at your leisure." (Dawson could not have much more than a faint smile.)
"I couldn't think of it," she repeated, "You will get soaked through."
A sudden thought struck me. After all, I had no business to lose sight of Dawson's umbrella.
"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "our roads lie the same way. It's a large umbrella." And I opened it. It was not a very large umbrella; but how could I know that?
"I go this way," said she, with a motion of her hand westwards.
"My way," I cried. "Come, this is providential."
We started.
"If you wouldn't mind taking my arm," said I, "we should be better sheltered."
"Oh, perhaps we should. Thank you!" she nestled quite close to me. We walked along talking. My left shoulder got all the drippings, but somehow I was indifferent to that.
"Are you sure you are thoroughly sheltered?" I asked.
"Perfectly," she answered. "But you're not, I'm afraid. You're too kind. Mamma will be so grateful. I liked this simple friendliness."
"I thought there was no chance of rain to-day. You are more careful, Mr. Dawson."
I could not repress a little start.
"You know my name?"
She laughed merrily.
"It's on the umbrella—half an inch long," she said; "I couldn't help reading it."
There it was—"Joshua Dawson, 4 Calceolaria Villas, West Kensington, W." Somehow the address annoyed me—I myself live in St. James street.
"A strange way to make acquaintance, isn't it?" she asked, with a coquetish glance.
"Delightful. But you haven't allowed me to make acquaintance with you yet. Haven't you your name anywhere about you?"
"My name is Lydia Lovelock," she said; "don't you like it? It's prettier than yours."
"Certainly prettier than Joshua Dawson," said I, wishing Dawson had chanced to be a duke.
"Joshua Dawson isn't pretty," she observed, with candid eyes; "now, is it?"
"Then you wouldn't take my name instead of yours?" I asked to keep up the conversation.
"Your umbrella's enough to take for one day," she said with a blush. As she spoke, she slipped and all but fell on the shining pavement. She gave a little cry: "Oh, my ankle!" and leaned heavily upon me. I held her up.
"I believe I've wrenched it badly," she said. "Oh, what a lot of trouble I'm giving you, Mr. Dawson."
She looked lovely—I give you my word, positively lovely—in her pain and distress. I don't think I said so; but I said something, for she blushed again as she answered:
"That's very nice of you; but how am I to get home?"
"I must come with you," I said. She shook her head.
"I can manage now."
"But you'll never be able to get out."
"Oh, yes. But—perhaps—the rain's

almost stopped—may I keep the umbrella? There are some steps to mount to our door, and—"
Now, could I do anything else than press Dawson's umbrella upon her? She took it and, with a last bewitching smile, vanished from sight. I turned and almost ran back to the Cafe de Luxe, determined to make a clean breast of it to Dawson. When I was fifty yards off I saw him under the portico. The manager and four waiters stood round him in disconsolate attitudes. One or two of his remarks—he was talking very loud—reached my ears. I changed my mind. I would wait till he was calmer. I turned away; but at that instant Dawson caught sight of me. A second later he was pouring the story of his wrongs into my ear.
Here came my fatal weakness. I let him go on. He took me by the arm and walked me off. I could not escape him; and all the way he thundered against the thief.
"If it costs me twenty pounds, I'll bring him to justice!" he declared. Really, I dared not break it to him just yet.
Suddenly, from round a sharp corner, there came upon us—almost running into us—Lydia Lovelock herself, with Dawson's umbrella in her hand. He had been narrowly scanning every umbrella we passed. He scanned this one, and cried, darting forward:
"My umbrella!"
With a little scream Lydia turned and fled. Dawson was after her like an arrow. I pursued Dawson. Why, oh, why, did she run away? Surely she must have recognized me.
It was a very quiet street we were running up, and our strange procession attracted little notice. The chase was soon over. I caught Dawson just as he caught Lydia. For a moment we all stood panting. Then Dawson gasped: "My umbrella! Thief!"
Lydia seemed very agitated. Of course I came to her rescue. Avoiding Dawson's eye, I hastily told my shameful tale. Lydia's face brightened, but still there was apprehension in her looks.
"This lady, believe me," I said, "is entirely blameless. Of course she thought the umbrella was my own. My sole consolation, Dawson, is to think that had you been in my place you would have done the same."
"I don't see," remarked Dawson, rudely, "why it consoles you to think me a thief."
I preserved a dignified silence.
"However," he continued, "if this young lady has quite finished with my property, perhaps she will be good enough to give it me back."
Lydia did not take the hint. She clung to the umbrella.
"If—if you would be so kind," she stammered, "as to lend it to me for to-day—the weather is still threatening—I would return it to-morrow."
"Your request, madam, is a modest one," answered Dawson, sarcastically; "but, as you observe, the weather is threatening and I want my umbrella. Kindly give it me."
"Really, Dawson, to oblige a lady—" I began.
"Why don't you buy her an umbrella?" sneered Dawson.
"If she would accept it, I should be—" I stopped. To my surprise, Lydia laid her hand on my arm and said: "Oh, do, please! And may I keep this till we get to the shop?"
I did not understand her; but we turned round and began to walk, looking for a shop. She was a very strange girl. She lagged behind; I had to wait twice for her. Once she took a turning as though to leave us, and when I called her back she pouted.
Suddenly Dawson looked up.
"It rains," he said.
It did.
"Put up the umbrella," said Dawson, roughly.
"Let the lady have it," said I, indignantly.
"We'll share it," grinned Dawson.
"You can get wet."
But Lydia did not put it up.
"The rain's not much," she faltered. It was now pouring. With a muttered oath, Dawson snatched the umbrella from her. Lydia shrieked and ran away like a frightened rabbit—ran at the top of her speed up the street again.
"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Stop, my dear Miss Lovelock."
"Holy powers!" exclaimed Dawson. He had opened the umbrella; as he did so there was a thud on the pavement—two, three thuds. In amaze I looked down. There lay a silver cigarette-case, two purses and a gold watch. Dawson burst into maniacal laughter as he pointed at Lydia's retreating figure. That girl could run.
For a moment I stood dumfounded. What a revelation! Dawson chuckled in Satanic glee. Sadly I stooped down and picked up the purses, the cigarette-case and the watch.
"Great!" I cried; and my hand flew to my waistcoat-pocket.
It was my watch.
I did not prosecute Lydia, because I could not have overtaken her, and for other reasons. It was altogether too sad, too disheartening, too disappointing a discovery. Dawson, however, observed that it seemed to him an excellent example of poetic justice in real life.—St. James Gazette.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.
—Rev. G. C. Tenny has been sent out from Michigan as an Adventist missionary to India.
—Rev. Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, of Columbia, Mo., has accepted the presidency of Grand River Baptist college at Galtatin, Mo.
—In Pennsylvania, women belonging to the Protestant Episcopal church not only vote for vestrymen, but are elected to that office.
—The Lord's Day union has been organized in India. It was suggested by our Rev. F. W. Warner, of Calcutta, and is designed to agitate in favor of Sunday observance.
—Rev. Henry A. Adams, formerly rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church of Buffalo, and later of the Church of the Redeemer of New York, has joined the Roman Catholic church.
—Mrs. George William Curtis has established a free scholarship fund in memory of her husband in the Staten Island academy. It is the proceeds of the edition of "True and I," published last Christmas.
—A bill providing for freedom of public worship has been introduced in the Hungarian parliament. It concedes the right of everyone to choose the form of religion each may prefer. Its practice, within the requirements of public order and morality, is guaranteed.
—In one hundred and seventy years after the death of Christ the whole Bible had been translated into Latin by some unknown author into what is now known as the old Italian version. By the year 200 it was extant in Greek, Syriac and Latin, and by the ninth century in thirteen languages.
—A conference has been suggested of Congregationalists, Christian or Disciples, and Free Baptists, to propose a basis for a practical alliance between the three denominations, the proposed basis to be submitted to the representative bodies of each denomination for discussion and possible ratification.
—Rev. Dr. E. R. Knowles, of Worcester, Mass., has declined a request to take charge of the Gallican church in Paris, from which Pere Hyacinthe has retired. As the church is now in the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Utrecht Father Hyacinthe can no longer act as rector, because he married after his ordination to the priesthood.
—The Massachusetts Home Missionary society last year received \$152,556. Of this amount \$34,820 came from the Sweet fund, and \$97,736 from all other funds. There were sent to the American Home Missionary society in New York \$173,400; \$76,989 of this through the Massachusetts society, and \$98,941 direct. There was spent in home mission in Massachusetts \$68,543.—Christian at Work.

—Application has been made to the World's Gospel union for an evangelist under the following conditions: A small country church in Illinois has begun to plan for special revival work the coming fall. They are now praying earnestly that God may send them a chosen worker as an evangelist at that time, and one of the workers has given ten members of the Ladies' Missionary society a pig each. These women are to take in washing, sweep the school-houses, etc., to get corn to fatten the pigs, and in the fall the pigs will be sold and the money used to pay the evangelist.

HE WAS WELL FIXED.

A Candidate for Honors Among the Wall Street Magnates.
Before me on a western road sat two admirable specimens of the genus "haysseed." They were garrulous old chaps and talked and chewed tobacco as a school girl chews gum.
"I reckon we'll lose Ben Gross afore long," said one, branching off on a fresh topic.
"Eh?"
"Yaas—'t won't s'prise me a bit of Ben goes to New York an' speckulates."
"No; you don't say Ben's a gittin' a rich 's that!"
"Wall, I guess he 'bout the best fixed man in our place now, since W. F. Simpkins died."
"Ye don't say! How much d'ye s'pose Ben's worth now, biled down?"
"Wall, ye kaint jest tell. I know o' my own sartin knowledge he has over forty-five dollars in the bank an' his crop o' taters ain't dug yet. They'll bring him in right smart o' cash."
"Ge whiz!"
"Yaas—an' John Summers owes him three dollars and seventy-five cents on that old game of poker yit. He's slow, but he's good fer it, I guess."
The other was silent for some time, evidently ruminating upon such vast wealth. Then he suddenly inquired:
"W'at's he goin' to monkey with in New York?"
"Idunno. Wall street, like es not."
—N. Y. Herald.

The Missing Link.
The hand-organ has often been voted a nuisance, but never before, probably, for the reason that it set up too high a standard.
Edith had been to church for the first time.
"And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.
"I didn't like the organ very well."
"Why not?"
"Tause there wasn't any monkey with it."—Harvard Lampoon.
Animal Intelligence.
Watts—I tell you, old man, I saw the most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence to-day that could be imagined.
Potts—What was it?
Watts—A bridal party started from the house across the street from where I live, and one of the horses attached to the carriage threw a shoe. Now, what do you think of that?—Indianapolis Journal.
Why He Did So.
"Why did you tell Wearisome that you didn't have time enough to listen to his fish story?"
"I thought I had just as much right to tell a lie as he had."—Brooklyn Life.

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That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? Thousands say Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has cured us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take
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Butter per lb. 8 .24
Eggs per dozen 18
Lard per lb. 16
Ham per pound 16
Pork, whole, per pound 07 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound 06 to .08
Wheat per bushel85
Oats " "50
Rye " "80
Wheat flour per bbl. 4.25
Hay per ton 12.00
Potatoes per bushel75
Turnips " "25
Onions " " 1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck 25 to .35
Cranberries per qt.12
Tallow per lb.08
Shoulder " "14
Side meat " "14
Vinegar, per qt.08
Dried apples per lb.05
Dried cherries, pitted18
Raspberries18
Cow Hides per lb.03
Steer " "05
Calf Skin 40 to .50
Sheep pelts90
Shelled corn per bus.65
Corn meal, cwt. 2.00
Bran, " 1.25
Chop " 1.25
Middlings " 1.25
Chickens per lb.12
Turkeys " 14
Geese " " 10
Ducks " " 10

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