

Past, Present and Future.
The Past, forever fled away,
Has shed its influence on our day,
To instruct us we discern;
And from its ample store supplied,
To make the good our minds abide,
Is what we all should learn.

The Present, which is ours to share,
Should find us all resolved, with care
Our duty well to do;
Then let us strive as best we may
To improve ourselves from day to day
In truth and virtue too.

The Future, which is hid from view,
Is full of hope if men prove true
To follow reason's call;
For then in progress we prove,
That peace, unity, joy and love,
May be the lot of all.

—Investigator.

Then and Now.
I did not know thee then as now,
For life was in its very maid;
And 'mid the beauty, bloom and bloom
I carved, ran a devious way,
To make the good our minds abide,
Is what we all should learn.

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Story of a Human Hand.

A SCOTCH LOVER'S REUSE.
When I tell you that in my story
There is a broken wheel and a storm,
Perhaps you will accuse me of romance;
But I did not break the wheel or storm,
And I do not know the man or woman,
I assure you that the wheel of Lord Fergus' carriage broke opposite the door of an inn; also that there was a terrific storm in the mountains.

Lord Fergus was not an ordinary man. That he was a gentleman was evident. Aside from that, however, it would have been difficult to decide whether he was young or old, good or bad, handsome or otherwise. Some times brusque, his manners at other times were of a more refined character. Occasionally, without apparent cause, he had sudden accessions of wild glee or rapturous meditation. At such times all that was obscure and strange about his inconceivable being was revealed, and seemed to concentrate, as in a double focus, in his eyes, intense, unfathomable and majestic. His gaze expressed such a magnetic force, that the gentler sex, that the noble Lord always took the precaution of putting on green glasses when he desired to be loved for himself.

It is needless to add that he was generally regarded as a magnetizer. In vain did he contradict this explanation with great sincerity; it was not by magic he drew the hearts of women, but by sympathetic projection, that he sometimes quite involuntarily exercised a sort of fascination over the weaker natures. No one believed it, so persistent are the vulgar in wishing to have explained by ordinary methods effects of which they cannot comprehend the cause.

—That is all may. After Lord Fergus had been sufficiently discussed, they all agreed it to be impossible to understand the man. The secret of his power lay entirely in the expression of his eyes.

Lord Fergus was dreaming in the large waiting-room of the hotel, the rolling of a carriage and the cracking of whips suddenly disturbed his reverie. Curious and idle as all travelers, he hurried to the balcony, and saw a young lady descending from a carriage, carried, who, as well as he could judge from so great a distance, appeared to be a noble lady.

The lady propped to the Princess Gelsomina Cordilione. At that moment a heavy roll of thunder shook the house and made every window rattle. The princess, however, remained with clasped hands, hurried toward Lord Fergus, exclaiming:

"In heaven's name close all the doors and windows, and remain in the middle of the magnificent tunnel for two long hours. Every time Lord Fergus attempted to get out, the princess, with a gesture of error, retreated him to be silent. But if speech were denied them, their eyes were frequent, and when a crash of thunder had passed away, their desires were more indolently united than if their acquaintance had extended over a period of years. 'Is true, they had spoken to, but silent love is the most vehement.'

"—Mildred," then said the princess, "I thank you for the service which you have rendered me. Now, if you will, be so kind as to order the carriage, my gratitude will be complete."

Lord Fergus, with lightning rapidity, did not do her bidding, and returning immediately announced the carriage. The princess bestowed a gracious smile upon Lord Fergus, who bowed profoundly, and then, in a moment, an expression of pain distorted the face of the princess. She stopped, pressed her hand to her left cheek, and exclaimed, with a suggestion of tears in her eyes:

"Oh, how I suffer!" As she spoke she sank into a chair.

Lord Fergus felt no surprise. He had watched her from the moment of her departure with imperturbable calmness, but understood the language of love too well to suppose an adventure happening to two such powers as his lady and himself could end thus abruptly. I say two powers, for if Lord Fergus had a magnetic gaze, the princess possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness. The human ear has never heard anything comparable to its music. Clear, rich, and vibrant, it ruled, caressed and inspired. At the first words which Lord Fergus thought: "It is inconceivable that if that voice commanded the sacrifice of my life I should obey without hesitation." In response to the lady's plaint he approached her, and having contemplated her with his supernatural regard, asked:

"Are you ill, princess?" and his intense look seemed to add: "Do you think I will permit you to suffer?"

The princess raised her fine eyes glancingly to his face, and replied in a beautiful form of pain gliding like diamonds in their depths. "Yes, suffering intensely from neuralgia," she responded. "Oh, if some one could help me!"

"I will relieve you immediately," said Lord Fergus. "Lift up your head and look at me." As he spoke he laid the point of his index finger between her eyes. Omnipotence of irradiation and sympathetic projection! The princess, without the slightest hesitation, with an embarrassment, whatever, lifted up her head at once, and the operator passed his finger lightly along the right eyebrow. This prelude was

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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so assured, so grave, that the most captious mind could not have refused to recognize it in a power sure of itself and of its infallibility. The princess, it is instantly, and all the sympathetic currents of her nature seemed to concentrate beneath the lovely brow which the light fingers of the operator were caressing. What followed, human language has no words to describe. The whole soul of Lord Fergus had passed into his fingers and seemed to emanate in waves of electricity from their very extremity. He began by passing his hand over the forehead and cheeks of the princess, scarcely grazing them, causing delicate skin to tremble as if brushed by soft zephyr. Returning afterward to the junction of the two eyebrows, he followed the contour of the delicate arches with his thumb, swept, going back, the cheeks, and upward to the inner canthus of the eye, to touch lightly the nose, glide lightly along the upper lip, linger a moment at the corner of the mouth, and reach at length the center of the chin, where he stopped.

Lord Fergus, as an experienced operator, had reasons for stopping at this first phase—the preparatory phase, in fact—for in starting anew from the chin, the operator became more energetic and animated. He had some faintly remembered cases of neuralgia from the sick who were unable to bear his irradiations. He hesitated, then, to observe the result of his efforts. But when he saw the princess's completely resigned expression of the lady left him in no doubt; and after remaining a moment with head thrown back and eyes closed, in order to collect his thoughts, he proceeded to the forehead, with great nonchalance, pointed with his left hand to his right sleeve, which he fastened at the end. The princess opened her arms.

But when Lord Fergus sprang forward in a transport of joy easy to imagine, she recoiled, and with a cry of horror hid her face in her hands.

"I cannot," sobbed she. "I will never be able to."

Then falling upon her knees before the operator, she explained to him with tears that her gratitude toward him was boundless; that she had passed days and nights thinking only of the work which she had done for the cause of his mutilation. Since that fatal day she had suffered the torments of the lost; she had kissed the hand of the man who had saved her, and had prayed in every church and convent in the universe that a new hand might grow. She loved Lord Fergus; adored him; but his mutilation inspired her with repugnance and horror absolutely unquerable. She would die of it, but she could never be his wife.

Lord Fergus listened attentively. He slowly raised his hand, gazed at the princess as if he would read her soul, and said:

"I cannot love me. And if my hand had not been amputated you would not have loved me."

The princess made a gesture which signified she would not cut off, and the princess assented.

"Will you swear to me?"

"Upon my last hand," responded the weeping princess.

"Lift up your head," said Lord Fergus, solemnly; "dry your tears, and my God, has answered your prayers, and performed a miracle. Behold!"

Lord Fergus lifted his hand, and a swimmer from his sleeve a hand full of life and vigor.

They were sitting in a boat upon the Lake of Como, and as they drifted were enjoying the light breezes perfumed with the sweet scents of jasmine, violet and honeysuckle. The wind lifted them; they were talking about their courtship. Lord Fergus, with adorable fatuity, explained how he had won her.

"The hand I mean, my love," said he, "I purchased from a thrifty peddler in the market at Beane; a skillful workman who repaired it for me. The rest you know."

The princess looked at him, and struck him on the lips with a rose she bore in her hand.

"False!" cried she. "How could an unsophisticated woman resist such a diabolical ruse? But you remember our first meeting?"

"When I had the neuralgia?"

"Yes."

The princess laughed merrily as she explained to him the perfect peace of mind which she had found in the village of Tyrol. A man on horseback, who claimed to have come from Bern by easy journeys, was inquiring of his horse, and she, at that moment, an expression of pain distorted the face of the princess. She stopped, pressed her hand to her left cheek, and exclaimed, with a suggestion of tears in her eyes:

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POPULAR WEATHER SAYINGS.

Upon What the Weather of New Hampshire Has in Store.

The chief signal officer at Washington is seeking material for a collection of "popular weather sayings, proverbs, and prognostics used throughout the country, and by all classes and races, including Indians, negroes and all foreigners." Our readers may be interested to see a collection made in New Hampshire for use.

The writer does not vouch for the correctness of the prognostics. He gives them as they were given to him, and the reader may judge for himself as to their value. The divisions made by the chief signal officer are twenty-three in number.

1. The sun. A halo around the sun indicates that there will be rain or snow soon. If the sun rises clear and soon goes into a cloud it will rain before night. If the sun shines while it rains, it will rain the next day. A sun dog, or rainbow, in the morning, indicates that there will be stormy weather very soon.

2. The moon. "One Saturday change is enough for seven years," as the saying is. If the moon is in the waning phase, it is a sign of a storm. The nearer the time of the moon's change to midnight the fairer will be the weather during the seven days following. The nearer to midday the phase of the moon, the more stormy or wet weather may be expected during the next seven days. The space for these calculations is two hours before and two hours after midnight and noon. A halo around the moon indicates a coming storm. The number of stars seen within the circle shows the number of days before it will clear. The more stars the brighter the weather. Dandelions, tulips and other flowers close up before rain.

19. Various objects. When smoke hangs down holes and piles the dust high before 11 o'clock A. M. it will be fair the rest of the day.

20. Trees and plants. If the leaves of maples and other trees turn up so as to show the undersides, it is a sign of rain. Dandelions, tulips and other flowers close up before rain.

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23. Stars and meteors. The aurora borealis always indicates a change of weather, and if it is very red, the weather will be very cold. If there are no falling stars to be seen on a bright summer evening, you may look for fine weather. If there are many falling stars on a summer evening, you may expect thunder and heavy rain.

24. Rainbows. "If you go to the foot of a rainbow, you will find a pot of gold." When there is a rainbow at night, it will not rain the next day.

25. Other sayings. "All signs fail in a dry time."

Physician and Artist.

Dr. Carleton gives, in the *Union Medical*, the following anecdote of Nelaton, the great French surgeon, as he was called by his patients. The painter Meissonier, one day broke one of his legs, rendered frail by overfeeding. Meissonier, desolated by this accident, and unable to attend to his work, resolved to have recourse to the prince of surgical science, who at that time was Nelaton; but not venturing to declare his ailment, he telegraphed to his master for him. The painter, living at Boulogne, Nelaton, who was in Paris, went to the railway station, and, finding the patient, began talking of various things, with the master of the house, who, although he had painted many battles and carried off many victories, knew nothing of the art of medicine. Nelaton, becoming impatient at the delay, and knowing the value of his time, asked, to the great embarrassment of the patient, "What is the matter? Presently the wounded brute was brought in on a magnificent cushion, howling with pain in spite of all the doctors' attentions. At this spectacle, Meissonier, forgetting everything else, exclaimed in agony: "Save him! illustrious master, save him!" Nelaton dressed the fracture, and the doctor, who had been waiting for the patient, came to Paris he called on him. This he soon did, and was producing his purse, crammed with francs, when the patient exclaimed: "Stop, sir, you are a painter, are you not? Just put a gray coating on those two panels which the cabinet-makers have finished. This was indeed a noble revenge; for the painter, who had just worked up at the end of a few days produced two of his masterpieces on the panels.

President David R. Atchison.

General David R. Atchison, ex-senator of the United States, and who he is now a member of the United States Senate, was, by the operation of the constitution, the legal president of the United States for one day, is now a member of the United States Senate. Mr. Atchison tells us as follows how it was that he was president for one day: It came about in this way. Polk went off on the 4th of March, 1849, on Saturday, 12 o'clock A. M. The next day, the 4th, occurring on Sunday, General Taylor was not inaugurated until Monday, the 5th, at 12 o'clock A. M. It was then canvassed among senators whether there was an interregnum. It was decided that the president of the United States was the president of the United States, being chairman of the senate, having succeeded John Magnum, of North Carolina. The judge asked at the way of the day, in the morning and said, joyfully, that, as I was president of the United States, he would appoint him to be president of the United States. Other senators came to me and advised me to claim the franking privilege for life under the law giving a president of the United States that which he would appoint him to be president of the United States. The office of president was vacant from Saturday at 12 o'clock A. M. to Monday morning, the 5th. General Taylor was sworn in.

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

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Or slow twilight, still and shadowy,
Does her light stealing to the sky,
Out across the mystic waters
Lying cold, and dark, and deep,
Evening tints, with precision broken
Slow, like bright promissory creeps,
Far behind are din and tumult,
Doubt, anxiety and fear:
Past the river's silent flowing
These are rest, and peace, and cheer.

Precious friends are hearts of loving,
Near and dear, and kind and true,
Where with faith that knows no doubting
Tired feet, joy-winged, may come.
Homes are waiting, bright and lowly,
Where the heart that trains true love,
Oh, 'tis well, 'tis well in splendor
May not richest be in love.

Homeward going, heavenward going,
Friends pass onward one by one,
When the day is calmly shining down,
Through the shades, at rest of sun.
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—Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

To be disposed of under the hammer
—A carpet-lack.

It is not always the flower of the family
—A cynical old teacher says that
"lovers are like armies; they get along
well enough till the engagement begins."

"There," she said, waving her marriage
contract in the air, "there is the
flag of our union!" —*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A race between a carrier pigeon and
a man, ended by a half mile and a
close if the pigeon had a mile to the
start. —*Texas Herald.*

Lightning lighted a ball in central
Ohio the other day. It is getting
bolder every day and may tackle
more than a baseball.

A stamp like a boy: It is said ninety
millions of postage stamps are annually
sold in this country and all of them
have to be licked before they will do
their duty. —*Pleasanton.*

A stock breeder in New Mexico has
a horse pasture of sixteen square
miles all fenced in. It must carry
a man to have to run all over the lot
of the pasture to get a horse to
drive down water after a half gallon of
oil. —*Chick.*

"Mamma, what makes angels?"
asked a little boy who was reading
of the heavenly habitations. The
mother glanced out into the orchard,
and with a warning look, solemnly
replied: "Unripe fruit, my dear." —*New York Commercial.*

A man may be right in the bosom of
his family, sitting down to a big meal,
knowing that he is rich and all right
in every way yet will the sight of a
dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a
nervous as a well-fed dog is made
when he sees a boy pick up a stone
and throw it in the opposite direction.
—*Rock.*

A woman in France slept seventy-
three days in one inn—when she
awoke and learned that her husband
had been taking his meals at the
table of the inn, she had a horse
of getting out of bed at daylight and
going to market, she was mad that
she declared she wouldn't go to sleep
again as long as she lived. —*Norfolk Herald.*

Some men have tact. Said the bride-
groom, who didn't wish either to offend
his bride or die of internal dis-
comfort: "My dear, this bread looks
delicious; but it is the first you have
ever made. I cannot think of eating
it, but will preserve it to show to our
children in after years as a sample of
my mother's skill and dexterity." —*Boston Post.*

Supplies for Old Sol.

A writer in the *Kansas City Review*
says: The effect of cometary precipita-
tion on the sun cannot be detected
on the earth, except by means of
erful instruments. What is the sun?
It is a colossal ball, 86,000 miles in
diameter, whose mighty mass is 331,554
times greater than that of our earth.
Comets cannot fall into this awful
furnace? Nothing but one firebrand
in the configuration of Chicago. Ex-
ploding comets are the cause of the
use of the sun's shining, greater up-
heaval than the downrush of a dozen
comets. Cometary collision on the
sun injure man? Indeed, such impact
is not to be feared. The sun's heat
and astronomers are agreed that part
of the present supply is kept up by a
constant inflow of matter from the
away in some kind of the universe
chained to an expiring world—a home
that is already suffering from lack
of police. The real danger lies not in
cometary downrush, but in the fact
that not enough meteors and comets
fall gravitating toward the sun.
Longer comets can strike the sun the
longer man can inhabit the earth.

A Reasonable Request.

He had never told his love, her ac-
quaintance with her very strong one,
but would suddenly have pleased her
kiss about his neck and imprinted a
kiss upon her rosy mouth, she was
naturally startled.

"Sir, this is insufferable."

"Forgive me," he cried. "I was mad
to act thus. I beseech you, pardon me."
"No, I can never forgive you, never."
"You have forfeited my friendship, you
must leave me at once and forever."

Vainly he pleaded; she was obdurate.
So glaring an offense could not be con-
sidered.

And so he said he would go. His
whole life would be embittered, for he
felt that her image could never be ef-
faced from his mind. He had loved her
in vain.

"I will go," he said, sadly, "but be-
fore I leave there is one boon that I
would ask. I feel that I am un-
warrantably intruding upon your
time, and I would like to see you
again, if you will grant this one little
favor."

"What is it?" she asked, gently,
touched by his emotion.

"Won't you please to take your arm
from around my neck?" —*Saturday Night.*

Harvey U. Benson, of Paw Paw.

Harvey U. Benson, of Paw Paw,
Mich., has brought suit against a lady
for \$5,000 damages because she mar-
ried a man who had been engaged to
herself to Benson. She pleads in ex-
tenuation that her Paw Paw com-
pelled her to marry the Black man.

Keeping Grapes.

In Europe a method of preserving
grapes is now being extensively used.
The cluster is cut with a piece of
the cane still attached, and the lower
end of the cane is inserted in the neck of
a bottle containing water. Grapes thus
treated are kept in a perfect manner
for a long time. The European jour-
nals have figured racks and other de-
vices for holding the bottles, in such a
manner that they may sustain the
weight of the fruit, and also to allow
the clusters to hang free, and such as
they would upon the vine. We are not
aware that this method has been tried
with our native grapes. These, even
at the holidays, when the price is the
highest, sell for too little to make this
method profitable, but for home use
the experiment seems to be worth try-
ing. —*American Agriculturist.*

There are fifty race courses in Ken- tucky.

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Tired feet, joy-winged, may come.
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Near and dear, and kind and true,
Where with faith that knows no doubting
Tired feet, joy-winged, may come.
Homes are waiting, bright and lowly,
Where the heart that trains true love,
Oh, 'tis well, 'tis well in splendor
May not richest be in love.

Homeward going, heavenward going,
Friends pass onward one by one,
When the day is calmly shining down,
Through the shades, at rest of sun.
Through the dunes we may follow,
Through the snows with pleasing hands
We may only wish them to be
The friends of our hearts, and true lands.
Yet for as the ways seem brighter;
Light gleams o'er the mystic tide
When beyond is silent flowing,
They have reached the promised side.

—Boston Transcript.

THE EVENING TRAINS.

Whether rainfall or the snowing
Hassens daylight swiftly by,
Or slow twilight, still and shadowy,
Does her light stealing to the sky,
Out across the mystic waters
Lying cold, and dark, and deep,
Evening tints, with precision broken
Slow, like bright promissory creeps,
Far behind are din and tumult,
Doubt, anxiety and fear:
Past the river's silent flowing
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