I loved you once, but now-I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love: With day and night it alters, And onward still must move. Like earth, that never falters For storm or star above.

I loved you once, but now-I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days, How eagerly I sought you! Youth, shining hope, and praise: These were the gifts I brought you.

In this world little stays: I loved you once, but now-I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes Here in our arms half sleeping-So passion wakeful lies: Then grows to manhood, keeping Its wistful young surprise: I loved you once, but now-

I love you more than ever. When age's pinching air Strips summer's rich possession, And leaves the Lranches bare. My secret in confession Still thus with you I'll share:

I loved you once, but now-I love you more than ever. -[G. P. Lathrop.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

"How lovely!"

"Purty as a pictur'. There ain't nothin' that lays over an October sunrise on these mountains. Look at | she said, after a while. "I fear his the mist risin' from that cascade life is in danger-' t'other side of the valley. Makes a sort o' thing, don't you, Miss Pem- that flashed lightning-like through

"Oh, yes, indeed. I am a worglimpse of such scenery as this is to continued: me worth a journey across the continent," and the truth of Miss Pem- he sometimes loses control of it. The

flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. They were on horseback, and had halted on a high plateau where the highly, and without pausing to consunrise and this choice bit of moun- sider the consequences he struck the tain scenery had burst simultaneously upon their view.

To look at these two riders one both were somewhat out of place in at the first opportunity. The thought each other's society. One was a beautiful young lady, fresh from the from my mind, and I fairly dread heart of ultra-civilization, with an Charley's return. Perhaps you could unmistakable air of culture and high contrive to save him, Mr. Langdonbreeding; the other was a hardy miner, whose knowledge of the world was confined to the wild, mountainous gold regions of California and Nevada. One had a slight, willowy form, displayed to good advantage in a neat-fitting habit of some rich ma- woman's readiness to jump at conterial: the other revealed a tall, ath-

by no means unbecoming. chance. A party of tourists from some Eastern city had stopped for a month at the little town of Blazeaway, and Miss Pembroke and her oath he'd kill your-Charley Brantparents were of the party. Blazeaway, one year ago, had been nothing more than a mining camp, but it had grown like a mushroom in the night, as it Tom.' He is a low, dissipated halfwere, and had become so popular breed. Of course you know him." with travelers and pleasure seekers that a passable hotel was now one of drunken scamp and vagabond," said its most important institutions. In Joe, with emphasis. "He oughter its immediate vicinity was some of been hung long 'ago. Why, bless expected that Brantley was not prethe grandest scenery to be found in your heart, Whisky Tom 'ud murder the whole range of the Sierra Neva- his mother for a glass o' whisky. das, and this with its delightful When he says he'li kill a feller you climate and many advantages of loca- needn't flatter yerself that he won't tion was the secret of its attractive- try his blamedest to do it, jest as

in his speech and manner, and a pe- an' he can knock a woodpecker out o' legends and anecdotes connected Why, Miss Pembroke, you're white with the points of interest that came as a ghost!" under their observation.

Strange to say, the proud Miss Mr. Langdon? Pembroke became deeply interested in this Joe Langdon. She found him an entertaining companion, with that should befall him it would kill views and ideas similar to her own, if me. I know it would!" they had only been cultivated, and It would have been hard to tell she was amused rather than shocked which was the paler of the two, only by his simple, unpolished language, for the sun-bronze on the miner's He liked poetry, and she read to him face. It was a trying ordeal through sometimes by the hour, while he lis- which he was passing, and for a motened with beaming eyes and bated ment it seemed as if he were turning breath. And while she marveled to ice; but the big, unselfish heart that a man so utterly without culture | melted beneath the piteous, pleading and learning could be fond of such gaze of those eyes that had played things, it probably never occurred to such havoc with it during these her that it might not be so much the sunny weeks. Joe Langdon wiped poetry as the musical rhythm of her the perspiration from his brow, conrapt attention.

At any rate they were good friends, tation. and when the entire male portion of "If so be," he said, with another the excursion party went off for a two great effort to be calm-"if so be it weeks' hunt up the Sacramento river, should come in my power to do Char-Miss Pembroke was left with little ley Brantley a service, I'd do it, of else to amuse herself with beside this course-for your sake! But come, new admirer of hers. It was certainly Miss Pembroke," he added, in a more a great comfort to her to have him cheerful tone, "you mustn't let yeralways near her, as guide and protec- self think o' sech things. I guess tor, when she went beyond the limits | Mister Brantley ain't in sech danger of the little town.

on purpose to see the sun rise. Lang- down the mountain. We'll have a don having expatiated on the beauty | sharp appetite for breakfast after the of the scene as viewed from a certain ride, I reckon; but it won't do for point on the mountain, Miss Pem- you to carry that white face back to proke went into raptures over it.

again and again. "How good of you to he said: "What do you say to a thing new for my enjoyment. I rag off the bush in a mile stretch." perior, 10; Lake Michigan, 1 wast induce the rest of the party to And away they galloped at a reck-Ontario, 4; Detroit River, 5.

the way," she added, "the gentlemen are expecting to return to-morrow, and I presume they will propose an early departure for some other point. I am so concerned about Charley that I shall be glad away, absorbed in thought.

"Charley who?" asked Joe Langdon, almost sharply.
"Why, Charley Brantley. He is one of our own party, you know.

You must have seen him. "You mean the handsome fellow close to you the day we rode over to the mine!

A conscious blush reddened the lady's cheek. 'Yes," she replied; "that was Chrley Brantley.

Langdon saw the blush and moved uneasily in the saddle. "Do you love him, Miss Pembroke?"

"Sir!" "Do you love Charley Brantley?" It was a plain question, plainly put. From another person it would have been resented as a most impertinent one; but even the haughty Miss Pembroke could not get angry with how can a man help it. She ain't this frank, simple-hearted man. With heightening color she replied:

'Yes, Mr. Langdon; I don't mind telling you that I do love him. We are engaged to be married.' She was not looking at him. She

did not see the gray pallor that crept slowly into his face, or the nervous manner in which he raised his hand to his throat and pulled at his collar as if it were choking him.

She was looking out over the valley, too much abashed by her own confession to meet her companion's gaze. "I am anxious about Charley,

Joe started and looked positively rainbow. You kinder take to this guilty. Had she read the thought

his mind? But the girl did not see-did not shiper at the shrine of nature. One know. With eyes still averted she

"Charley has such a temper, and brook's assertion was reflected in her day he went away he caught a man in the act of stealing his silvermounted rifle, which he valued so fellow across the face with his riding whip. I have since heard that the man has sworn vengeance on him, could not avoid the impression that and declared he would kill him is so terrible that I cannot drive it

> "Eh? I-I don't-did you speak to me, Miss Pembroke?" She looked at him now, with an expression of surprise. She saw how

clusions she exclaimed "You believe it, too. You think were coarse and unpretentious, but "You believe it, too. You think "Wait a minute, Miss Pembroke,"

They had met by the merest said the miner, making a mighty effort to recover composure, and partially succeeding. "You say some feller has taken an

ley. Who is the feller, an' what's his name?"

"The people here call him 'Whisky

"Whisky Tom! I know him for a soon as he can make a sneak on the It so happened that Joe Langdon, feller. All I'm s'prised at is that the miner, became the favorite guide he tried to steal a rifle-unless he of this particular party on their sight- wanted to sell it for money to buy seeing expeditions, during their so- liquor with. He never uses firearms journ at Blazeaway. He was a good- nohow-couldn't hire him to have looking, big-hearted, intelligent fel- anything to do with 'em. He does low, with a certain rough eloquence all his shootin' with a bow an' arrow. culiarly graphic style of relating the the top of a Californy pine every clip.

"Oh, won't you try and save him,

"Save who?" "Charley. If anything like-like

own sweet voice that engaged his scious that he was trembling, and I hope you'll be happy. Good-byethat she would surely notice his agi-

but what he'll take keer of hisself all They had risen early this morning right. It's time for us to be movin' I ever witnessed!" she exclaimed, they had started off at a brisk canter, propose this morning ride, Mr. Lang- race, Miss Pembroke? Let's see

see this before we leave here. By less rate of speed, leaving a cloud of dust in their wake.

It was the next day after this occurrence that Joe Langdon stood leaning against the trunk of a huge tree, just beyond the limits of Blaze-

He was alone, and he could scarcely have looked more pale and haggard if he had just risen from a long, wasting illness.

"I don't know what ails me, onless I'm goin' starin' mad," he muttered to himself. "I didn't think it 'ud with the long moustache that kept so strike me all of a heap to know that she loved some other man, but that's jest what it's done-blame my skin if it ain't! I'm blowed if I understand myself at all. It's the fust time I was ever kerflummixed by a woman, an' I reckon-I reckon it'll be-the last.

He made a movement as if to wring his hands, but seemed to check the impulse, as if he were ashamed of his

weakness. "Joe Langdon, you're a blamed fool!" he said, unconsciously speaking aloud. "You've got the brass of a road-agent to go fallin' in love with a fine lady like Laura Pembroke. But like other fine ladies. She makes a feller forget that he's nothin' but a rough cuss; an' she couldn't talk any nicer to the President himself than she does to me. I don't know what I've been thinking of all this time. I ain't fit to be mentioned in the same day with her. I can't bear to think of her going away-

"You can't, eh?" interrupted a sneering voice. "If that is the case, it is time you were being taught a

Joe looked up with a start. Charley Brantley stood before him, tall and handsome, with an angry gleam in his black eyes.

The miner felt himself growing weak to think he had committed the to avert the disastrous consequences erowning folly of betraying his secret to this man. "So you are in love with Laura

Pembroke," continued Brantley, with cutting sarcasm. "I have heard of your persistent attention to her during my absence. And you think you can't bear to see her go away from here. That is bad, truly. Wait a minute, Mr. Brantley,

said Joe, his voice husky. "You have heerd what I was foolish enough to say out loud, an' there's no use in my denyin' it now. I do love Miss Pembroke, but I didn't intend to let of his most profitable vegetables. her know it, nor you. I know she ain't for me; I know she's to be 'And knowing that, you have the

impudence to tell me that you love her-you, a low, miserable specimen of humanity, too ignorant to realize your own audacity!" cried Brantley, his temper getting the better of him. You're a scoundrel, sir-a dog-'

"Stop!" If Joe Langdon's face deathly pale he was, and with a was pale before, it was ghastly now. "Stop!" he repeated, and his voice was terrible from its very calmness. 'There ain't but one man on earth an' live-an' you're that man. But you musn't do it ag'in, sir-by the only her love for you that saves you

> "You threaten me, do you?" cried Brantley, in a white heat of passion. You threaten me-

> Whatever was in his mind to say, it remained unsaid, for at that instant Joe Langdon sprang upon him with the quickness of thought, and bore him heavily to the ground.

The attack was so sudden and unpared for it, but with a furious curse he struggled to his feet and drew his revolver.

He was about to fire when he heard a woman's scream, a man's shout, and a strong hand seized his arm and

"Drop that pistol!" cried a stern "You wouldn't shoot a man voice. when he's down!"

What had happened? What did it mean? Was that Joe Langdon lying on the ground with an arrow quivering in his side? Was that Laura Pembroke kneeling beside the prostrate miner? Was this Mr. Pembroke who had grasped his arm and wrenched the pistol from his hand? Charley Brantley realized these things gradually, like a man waking

from a nightmare. "You told me to save him, Miss Pembroke," said Joe, faintly, as the weeping girl lifted his head to her "You told me to save him, an' I've done it. I see'd that wretch, Whisky Tom, lurkin' behind the bushes yonder, with his bow drawn and an arrow p'inted at Brantley. I knowed what it meant, an' I knowed Tom never missed his aim, so I-I jumped onto Brantley and pushed him out o' the way, an' took the arrow myself. Good-bye; don't cry for me. I'm glad it turned out this way.

good-bye-" And Joe Langdon was dead. It was merely an episode; and after a handful of citizens had run the murderer down and hung him to the nearest tree, after the fashion of Western justice, the event was not

long remembered. But there were two who never forgot-Mr. and Mrs. Brantley.

LAKE ERIE has during the past year kept up her record as the most dangerous of the great lakes for navigation. The record for the year on the lakes was 128 lives lost, 58 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of the hotel. You'll skeer everybody 24,228, and valued at \$1,040,400, were "It is the most beautiful sight out of a year's growth." Then, after lost. Partial losses by stranding, collisions and fire bring the grand total losses on boats to \$2,112,488. By lakes the loss of life was: Lake don. You are always thinking of some- which o' these horses can take the Erie, 59; Lake Huron, 38; Lake Superior, 10; Lake Michigan, 12; Lake

THE ALLIGATOR'S USEFULNESS.

An Unknown Friend to the Southern Planter Recognized too Late.

Not till after the wholesale destruction of the alligator has rendered them almost extinct did it dawn upon man's intelligence that this uncouth saurian has been of material assistance to him by destroying large numbers of the smaller animals which prey upon field and garden crops. This fact is coming to be recognized in Florida, and also in Louisiana. The following on the subject is from the agricultural columns of the Times-Democrat:

"The demand for alligator skins at the North, where they are tanned and made into valises, satchels, pocketbooks, etc., has caused them to be hunted so closely that it has almost resulted in their entire destruction. Before the demand arose for their hides the bays and bayous of Louisiana were full of the saurians. which did no particular damage except in catching a stray pig or cur dog, but otherwise they were not

supposed to be of any value at all. With the disappearance of the alligator it was noticed that there was a marked increase in the number of other mischievous animals especially in the rice fields of Plaquemine Parish. The muskrat increased to such an extent that it was almost impossible to keep up the levees which were built for the purpose of keeping the water on the rice during the growing season. The damage caused by the rats burrowing through the embankments necessitated constant watchfulness and entailed much hard labor, either in rebuilding them entire or in digging out the burrows and filling in with solid earth. The rodents also infect the front levees, honeycombing them in every direction, necessitating constant attention

resulting from a crevasse. "Truck farmers in the lower part of Plaquemine have also complained that since the extermination of the alligator that the common rabbit, the raccoon and other wild animals have increased largely, and that the rabbit especially has proved very destructive to cauliflower, cabbage and lettuce; in fact, our informant said that if these animals continued to increase he would be compelled to erect a woven-wire fence around his truck farm or abandon the culture of some

"Several years since the police jury of the parish of Plaquemine passed an ordinance forbidding the killing of the alligator, and with their increase came a corresponding decrease in the number of destructive vermin. We understand that the law has since been repealed. For what reason we do not know.

Bird Butchery.

womankind. Terns from Cape Cod, black partridges, hoopoes, golden compelled to take out 500 tons on the that can call me sech names as that, orioles and blue jays, pretty kiti- ground that she was overladen. wakes from Sunday Island, egrets and herons from our southland and Eternal you musn't do it ag'in, it's | bobolinks and rail birds from our own fields and woods are murdered to feed the female passion for display. The women of the period will hoot at the Tamil and the Sinhalese for slitting their nostrils for the insertion of jewelry, but they will kill and mutilate harmless carolers that plumes may dance from their bonnets.

In the case of the kittiwake, the plumage is taken at a season when the birds have hardly learned to fly, and it is usual to tear off the wings while the bird lives. Then there is another side to the question. great deal of arsenic is used in the preparation of these feathers, and the eyes and nostrils of the wearers are exposed to danger. A more important aspect of the case is that all life depends on vegetable life, and Michelet declares there can be no vegetable life without bird life .-[Washington Star.

The Power of Thought.

"Human beings often die from the effects of imagination," said Dr. E. T. Sinclair. "One case, well known in medical annals, but which has never been given general publicity, is that of a condemned murderer whom the Royal Medical Society obtained the consent of the crown to experiment upon. He was to have been hanged, but the day before the execution he was told that instead of hanging he was to be bled to death at 6 o'clock in the morning. At that time physicians entered. The eyes of the condemned man were bandaged, his head held over a basin of water. A sharp, quick stroke with a knife, made over his temple, not sufficient, however, to break the skin, and a physician dropped tepid water. adrop at a time, upon the supposed wound and from there into the basin. In twenty minutes the man was unconscious, and in an hour and a half he was dead. The cases where men have had a premonition, which they believed, that they would die at a certain time, are explained usually upon this principle. Premonitions of this kind are very apt to prove fatal, and then they are considered as occult and mysterious."-[St. Louis Globe-

A Texas Congressman's Story.

"Major Wintersmith rushed into General Hanson's room one day in a state of great mental disturbance,' said Col. Kilgore of Texas. " "leneral," he exclaimed, 'a man

out here in the hall stopped me just now and took me for you. "'He did?' said Hanson; 'I'll go

out and kill him." " 'Oh, don't trouble yourself about that,' replied the Major, 'I've killed' him already.' "-[Washington Post.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S STRATAGEM

It Might Have Worked but for an Unexpected Incident.

The following story is told of Timothy Coffin, who was for a long time Judge of the New Bedford District, says the Boston Herald:

When a very young man he was retained in a case of sufficient importance to bring out almost every resident of the town, so that the little New Bedford court-room was nacked when court opened that morning. Coffin had been secured as counsel by the defendant. Although it was his first attempt in open court, he had made little or no preparation, thinking that he could get through somehow or other when the time came. Thus, when the counsel for the defendant came into court that morning he was greatly surprised and no less agitated to see the big crowd and realize the wide public interest in the trial at hand.

He saw that he had looked upon the case too lightly. The prosecution was strong, and he had made not even a slight preparation. To lose the case meant the loss of a hoped-for reputation. Could be afford to commit this blunder by displaying his ignorance of the case? How could he get out of it? These were a few of the questions that were known to have flashed through the young lawyer's head, for afterward he himself told of the awful perplexity of the

Being a shrewd inventor, he devised a plan. As soon as the court had been called to order and the crier had said his little say, he arose and asked for a postponement of the trial, on the ground that he had just receleed a telegram announcing the sudden and fatal illness of his mother, who resided at Nantucket.

Scarcely had the words of this appeal proceeded from the lips of young Coffin, when an elderly woman quietly arose in the balcony of the courtroom and gave utterance to these words: "Timothy, Timothy, how many times have I chastised thee for lying?"

Timothy recognized the sound of that voice only too well. It was that of his mother. This being Timothy's first public case, the old lady had secretly come up to New Bedford to see how well her son would do. Her presence was, of course, totally unknown to him. The further developments need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that Timothy Coffin in after years made sare that his excuses would not be thrown back at him by any member of his own family.

Large Sailing Ships. The largest sailing ship affoat is

the French five-master La France, launched in 1890 on the Clyde, and owned by Messrs. Ant Dom Bordes et Fils, who possess a large fleet of sailing vessels. In 1891 she came from Iquique to Dunkirk in 105 days, with Over five million birds are massa- 6,000 tons of nitrate, yet she was cred each year to plume the hats of stopped on the Type when proceeding to sea with 5,500 tons of coal and

There is not a single five-masted sailing ship under the British flag. The United States has two fivemasters, the Louis, of 830 tons, and the Governor Ames, of 1,778 tons, both fore and aft schooners, a rig peculiar to the American coast. Ships having five masts can be counted on the fingers of one hand, but, strange to say, the steamship Coptic. of the Shaw, Savill & Albion Company, on her way to New Zealand, in December, 1890, passed the Governor Ames in 14 degrees south 34 degrees west, bound for California, and two days later, in 6 degrees south 31 degrees west, the French five-master La

France, bound south. Passengers and crew of the Coptic might travel over many a weary league of sea and never again see two such object lessons in the growth of sailing ships in quick succession. The largest three-masted sailing ship is the Ditton, of 2,850 tons. - Chambers'

In Life Short or Long?

If life is so short as some think it is, it may be made to seem much longer and sweeter by a better care for our comforts. Minor troubles are much magnified by neglect and delay. We give too much time to hunting up causes when we ought to deal promptly with effects. This is much the case with pain, which should be cured at once and cause looked into afterwards. Miss Ida M. Fleming, 7 S. Carey Street, Baltimore, Md., states that for years she was subject to frequent attacks of neuralgia, and tried any number of remedies without avail. She was given quinine, which she says affected her nervous system. She suffered night and day during these attacks until she tried St. Jacobs Oil, which finally cured her.

A mi-take is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Chener & Co., Toledo, O. \$100 Reward, \$100.

The easiest thing for a fool to do is to tel how little be knows.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

The man who leans on his blessings can-tot walk straight.

1410 Bus. Potatoes Per Acre.

This astonishing yield was reported by Abv. Hahn, of Wisconsin, but Salzer's potatoes always get there. The editor of the Turai New Yorker reports a yield of 736 bushel. and 8 pounds per acre from one of Salzer's early potatoes. Above 1410 bushels are from Saizer's new seedling Hundrel-fold. His new early potato. Lightning Express, has a record of 803 bushels per acre. He offers potatoes as low as 25.50 a barrel, and the best potato planter in the world for but \$2. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH

60 postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive free his manmota potato catalogue and a package of sixteon-day "Get There, Eli," radish.

The man who knows the least shows it the

Brown's Iron Fitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Hiliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nervescreates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

The "Georgia thumper" grasshopper has a wing spread equal to that of a room.

Buy the baby a dress with money saved on mailable articles in drug line. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, 67c; Liver Pills, 12c; Prescription "2905," Best Worn Remedy, 12c; Porous Plasters, 12c. Free catalogue. E. A. Hall, Charleston, S. C.

The only use of a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder during flight.

"I HAVE BEEN APPLICIED with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to 'Brouch's Bronchial Troches.'"—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

Machine glass blowing is a failure.



Headache - Weak Stomach, Etc.

Strength Imparted & System Built Up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Dear Sirs:—I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all my friends and acquaintances as one of the best tonics to strengthen and build up the system when one feels all run down. For years I suffered with very severe

Headaches and Stomach Troubles. These spells would unfit me for work and left me in a very weak condition. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it helped me greatly. I can truthfully say I received more benefit and relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's sarafilla Cures

than from any other source or medicine I have ever taken. I am willing the above statement should be published for the benefit of other sufferers." MRS. O. E. BEEBE, Solon, N. Y. N. B.-Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cures liver ills, const-pation, bilusness, jaundice, s ck headache, indigestion.

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Scott's Emulsion, a preparation of cod-liver oil almost as palatable as milk. Many mothers have grateful knowledge of its benefits to weak, sickly

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