A Death and a Life. Fair young Hannah, Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos; Hale and clever, For a willing heart and hand he sues. May-day skies are all aglow, And the waves are laughing so! For her wedding Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing: Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos. Hannah shudders, For the mild southwester mischief brews. Round the rocks of Marblehead, Outward bound, a schooner sped. Silent, lonesome,

Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Sailing away! Losing the breath of the shores in May, Dropping down from the beautiful bay, Over the sca slope vast and gray! And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind.

For a vision comes on the rising wind Of a gentle face that he leaves behind. And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim.

Thinking of him.

Far into night He watches the gleam of the lessening light Fixed on the dangerous island height That bars the harbor he loves from sight. And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the

Of how they weathered the southwest gale, To brighten the cheek that had grown so

With a wakeful night among spectres grim-Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-vo! Here's the bank where the fishermen go. Over the schooner's side they throw Tackle and bait to the deeps below. And Skipper Ben in the water sees, When its ripples curl to the light land

Something that stirs like his apple trees, And two soft eyes that beneath them swim, Lifted to him. Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the slit sails tear and

'Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore, Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!" And each man worked with the will of ten: While up in the rigging, now and then, The lightning glared in the face of Ben, Turned to the black horizon's rim, Scowling on him.

Into his brain Burned with the iron of hopeless pain. Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that

Pierces the memory, cruel and vain-Never again shall he walk at ease Under the blossoming apple trees That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze, While soft eyes float where the sea gulls

Gazing with him.

How they went down Never was known in the still old town. With the look of despair that was half a

Faced his fate in the furious night-Faced the mad biliows with hunger white, Just within hail of the beacon light That shone on a woman sweet and trim. Waiting for him.

Beverly bells

Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells! His was the anguish a moment tells-The passionate sorrow death quickly knells. But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe Is left for the desolate heart to know Whose tides with the dull years come and

Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim, Thinking of him.

. Poor lone Hannah. Sitting at the window binding shoes, Faded, wrinkled.

Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse, Bright-eyed beauty once was she, When the bloom was on the tree; Spring and Winter. Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor Passing nod or answer will refuse To her whisper: "Is there from the fishers any news?"

Oh, her heart's adrift with one On an endless voyage gone! Night and morning. Hannah's at the window, binding shoes. 'Tis November.

Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews. From Newfoundland Not a sail returning will she lose, Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen, Have you, have you heard of Ben?"

Old with watching, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes. Twenty Winters Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views. Twenty seasons-Never one has brought her any news.

Still her dim eyes silently Chase the white sails o'er the sea. Hopeless, faithful, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes. -[Lucy Larcom.

SAVED BY A CALF.

'The whole course of my life was changed, and my love's young dream destroyed in less than a minute by a calf, and a fortunate thing it was for me," srid the wife of a prominent citizen of Lycoming county, Penn., now visiting friends in this city. "My father was the leading business man in a bustling lumber village, and there were three girls of us, a sister older and one younger than I. Father was kind and indulgent, but very level you, and I want to go home!' headed, and had been a widower for some years. When I was 18 a goodlooking young chap fr. m somewhere down the Susquehanna came to clerk snip, and fell in love with the good- | York Sun.

looking clerk, or thought I did, and he fell in love with me. That young man, it seemed to me then, was the bravest, most ambitious youth that ever lived. I see now that it was only cheek and brag. But he was my ideal of a lover, and I believed it was impossible for me to live without

him. "Father wasn't long in discovering the very tender relations that had come to exist between me and his self-assertive young clerk, and he called me to him one day and told me that he was sory to see that I was such a silly girl, and that I must get over it at once, and then informed my brave and steadfast idol that at the end of the month he could go back home. Of course my heart was broken. Life had lost all its charm. I felt I was the victim of a stern and unsympathetic parent's cruel will and I wished that I were dead.

"Now, although this lover of mine was clerking in my father's store for \$20 a month and his board, his father was a rich lumberman, and he was the only son. When I was at the height of my misery over the paternal interference that had ruffled the course of my true love, as I think I was in the habit of calling it, my idol and I met one evening, quite by chance, of course, at the house of a neighbor of ours, and what did my brave knight propose but an elopement, and what did my romantic soul do but prompt me to agree to the proposition on the

"There was a railroad station eight miles distant. The last train for anywhere left that station at 7 o'clock every evening. All we had to do was to drive to the station, get the train, go to the county seat, only an hour's ride, get married, and be happy ever after. We fixed on a certain nightthis was along toward the middle of December-and got everything ready for the elopement. It was a good hour-and-a-half drive to the station over the sort of road we had to travel on, and so we were obliged to take an early start. The winter had been very mild. There was no snow. It was just beginning to get dark when I Weekly. stole to where my valiant lover was waiting for me with a horse and wagon. I knew that the chances were all in favor of my level-headed father discovering the whole plot before we could reach the station, and I was sure that he would be on our track Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown, with a horse a good deal faster than the one we had to depend on. But I had no fear that he would overhaul

> "Before we had gone one-quarter of the way night had set in for good, but there was a moon, and that helped us along amazingly. We had got good reason to believe we were safe. when suddenly the horse stopped with a snort of terror, reared up, and tried to turn in the road. A cut with the whip straightened him up, but he kept on snorting and showing evidences of terror. I looked up the road and discovered the cause of all this. An immense bear stood on its hannches at one side of the road growling and snarling and showing a disposition to advance upon us. When my brave lover saw the savage beast he rose up in the wagon, gave a yell, and gasped: "Oh! Jennie, let's go back."

"I forgot all about the bear. I gazed in amazement at my gallant knight. He was as pale as a sheet. The lines hung loose in his hands. I seized them, jerked them away from him, took the whip, and, as I held the horse from turning round, ordered the cowardly youth out of the wagon-He crawled out of the back end of the wagon, and tore down the road as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Then I whipped the horse with all my might, and he sprang forward and whizzed the wagon past the growling bear so close that it almost knocked the ugly beast over. I drove on to the station, had the horse put out, and went in the little hotel there to wait for father. My love's young dream was gone as if it had never been. Ten minutes after I reached the station the train came and went. Ten minutes later father came tearing on horseback up to the door. I met him.

"Father," said I, 'I've been saved by a calf."

"Then I told him all about the adventure on the road.

"Saved by a calf!' he exclaimed, 'You mean saved by a bear.'"

"'Not at all,' I replied. 'If Jerry hadn't been a calf and the biggest kind of a calf, that bear wouldn't have been any more than a stump in my way. I was saved by a calf, I tell

"My gallant lover was never seen around our neighborhood again, and somehow or other, father always seemed to think more of me after that in father's store. I was a romantic than he ever had before."-[New

The Carnival in Rio De Janeiro.

There are two totally distinct seasons at Rio, when the town presents an altogether different appearance; the summer, which lasts from October to April, and the winter, from May to September. In the summer, which is the autumn and winter in Europe, when the sun pours down into the narrow streets, Rio is anything but an agreeable place. The heat has driven away the rich and leisured classes, the great merchants, the diplomatic corps; in fact, all of any position or fancied position hasten to the suburbs on the breezy heights overlooking the city, or to the little country towns in the neighborhood, such as Petropolis and Theresopolis, whilst others take refuge on the islands of the bay.

The town becomes a perfect caldron; but this does not prevent a great excitement over the Carnival, which is an justitution to which the Fluminenses, or river folk, are particularly devoted. This relic of the old heathen Saturnalia.is fast disappearing from Europe; and now that Italy is a united kingdom, it is no longer properly kept up even in its former headquarters,

At Rio, however, Carnival-time is livelier than ever, and there are societies for celebrating it in grand style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a most characteristic manner, and is distinguished not only by the richness of the costumes and the originality of the vehicles in the processions, but by the absurdity of the caricatures in what may justly be termed an open air review of the chief events of the pre-

In the time of the empire the ministers of Dom Pedro defraved the expenses of the Carnival, and though a republic has now been established the old customs am kept up, and the revolution are spared no more than were their predecessors; moreover, like them, they are the first to laugh at the ridiculous caricatures of themselves and their actions in these witty exhibitions, in which full scope is afforded to the imaginations of the popular poets of Rio .- [Harper's

A Bumble Bee Chased by a Humming Bird.

An observer writes that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of life, and describes a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland, (Me.) garden, where a humming bird with an angry dash expressed its disapproval of the presence of a big bumble bee in the same tree. The usually within a mile of the station and had pugnacions bee incontinently fled. but he did not leave the tree. He dashed back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the humming bird in close pursuits

Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned. In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it has taken to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up the chase and alighting on a twig. It couldn't have been chasing the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of its unprovoked attack except that it wished to have all the honey itself. - Chicago Times.

May Displace Gunpowder.

A commission of German artillery experts has been testing at the Justerborg a new explosive which is intended to replace, ultimately, gunpowder in the German army. The explosive is a brower, fatty substance of the consistency of frozen oil when exposed to ordinary temperature. It retains this consistency up to 112 degrees Fahreheit. A shock or a spark does not set it off. When used in guns the explosion is obtained through contact with another chemical compound. The explosion is almost unaccompanied by smoke and the detonation is inconsiderable. The recoil is very slight, even when the heaviest charges have been used. The explosive does not heat the weapons sufficiently to cause difficulty in the way of rapid firing, and cartridges once used are easily refilled. For the present rifle, model of 1886, the new compound is not available, but if future tests be as satisfactory as the recent ones it will be introduced generally in the artillery branch of the service. Four models of new army rifles having many advantages over the rifle now in use, have passed successfully the trials of the small arms inspectors. The inventer of all four is Mr. Weiss of the Gera dynamite factory .- [Chicago

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Hood's Sarsa- Cures Sarsaparilla and it has done me a vast amount of good. Since beginning to take it I have not had a sick day. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mns. E. M. Bunr, W. Kendall, N. Y. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Billousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache, 25 cents.

Settled by Arbitration.

The outline of the postoffice had become indistinct in the gathering darkness and the streets in the vicinity were filled with people hurrying homeward, when the reporter observed a man with a stubby beard who with some difficulty was holding a position on a corner, solemnly shaking hands with a line of newsboys. Some of the .passers-by. discouraged in their pedestrian efforts for rapid transit, stopped to watch the proceedings, for the sight was unusual. Had some local celebrity chosen this time and place to hold a reception? It might appear so but for the small number of guests.

The true significance of the little scene, however, was understood only by those who were earlier on the

There had been a flerce altercation between the man and one of the boys, and the companions of the latter, coming from all directions, tell upon the man with so vigorous an onslaught that an old Irishman said afterward ccese and ruled the proceedings out of order.

"Youse fellers ain't givin' de bloke a square deal," he said "There wouldn't 'a' been no scrap if Joe hadn't cheated," and he followed with an argument that was evidently convincing, for when he flaished his burst of eloquence with what probably was a borrowed phrase, "Yer oughter 'pologize," the boys did, actually.

Each side conceded something and the handshaking followed, and although a couple of idlers moved away somewhat reluctantly, disappointed in not seeing a fight, and while some of the spectators laughed at the little peacemaker, the last in the line, extended a grimy little hand to be clasped in the larger one, half a score of hearts beat lighter because of his plea for justice. - Boston Journal.

Verdi married young, winning . charming Italian girl, who made his home ideally perfect.

U. S. Government

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The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made

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The Mannish Girl.

She begins innocently enough. She has a troop of brothers, perhaps, and is drawn into their sports in spite of herself. She catches their contempt of girls; cuts off her hair like Maggie Tulliver; takes pleasure in a riding habit and its odd accouterments. Horses and dogs are her favorite com-

So she falls out of sympathy wirh her sex. She loses its delicacy; she is reckless of its conventions. That is always the peril of the mannish girl. But the fact that a woman in body, she tries to be a man in mind, exposes her to the animadversions of the ribald.

As she mingles with the world, she feeds a kind of vanity by being mannish. To talk slang, to smoke cigarettes, to ride to hounds, commend her, in a measure, to her male companions. They declare her to be jolly, fetching, stunning. They cultivate her society. They take her yachting when they leave her companions at home. They love to chat with her in a box at the horse show. They even propose a surreptitious visit to the Arion ball.

But they rarely marry her. That is where the maidenly girl has her full revenge. When it comes to taking a wife-a wife who shall adorn his table: a wife who shall entertain his friends-a man seldom thinks of the mannish girl. He knows that the arts by which she attracted him will be just as attractive to others. He knows that the lack of refinement, which has a kind of zest in the girl of twenty, will turn to hopeless vulgarity in a matron of

Then what is the end of the mannish girl? Eternal spinsterhood or the divorce court. If no man wik have her she gets more acidulated month by month. Her mind turns to bitterness. She has nothing but Ill to say of her neighbors. She purveys wretched gossip for the social columns of the newspapers, and when a woman does that she has set the tombstone on her career and on her reputation .- Truth.

Rough on the Hogs.

A gentleman stopped at a cabin, where an old negro woman lived, and, while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water, entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five hogs." said the old woman; "but dat's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" "I nebber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan' like to say what become ob de shoats. I nebber makes mischief, I doesn't." "Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin' my neighbors. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I ain't agwine that he thought they'd "murder him to say nothin' agin' him." "Do you from head to toot." But just as this think that he took them?" "Mister, outcome of the affair seemed probable | dat man's dead, an' I doan' want ter a ragged little fellow appeared on the | say nuthin' agin' him; but lemme tell ver, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumbling-block ter hogs."

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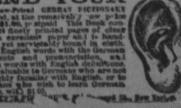
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