A COUNTRY MAID.

Her eyes the sun kissed violets mate, And fearless is their gaze; She moves with graceful, careless gait Along the country ways. The roses blushing in her cheek That ne'er decay nor fade, Her laughter gay, her words bespeak, A simple country maid. No flashing gems adorn her hair, Nor clasp her lily neck, No jeweled circlets, rich and rare, Her sun browned hands bedeck ; But pearly teeth through lips as red As reddest rubies gleam ; The tresses o'er her shoulders spread A golden mantle seem, Her looks are kind, and sweet the smile That sparkles in her eyes; Her mind, her heart are free from guile She is not learned or wise. No worldly art, no craft has she Acquired, her charms to aid ; And yet she stole my heart from me, This simple country maid. -M. Rock, in Chambers' Journal.

MART.

BY KATE N. SLATER.

"Sandy come home yet?" A querulous "no" was the answer. The questioner was a fisherman's daughter. After this concise reply father's boat.

coarsely clad figure and face, with coming home, heard the welcoming she awakened. sadly clear against the background of desolate sands.

"Mart, you don't forgit thet of love and care, only bread !" and Mart's half heeding re- grew lonely for Mart. ply rang back to the querulous mother. She, and the loud voiced, often silent, father-with nature's doesn't matter where-Mart half carved from the cliffs across Sanday's awakened. The voice sounded very beach-scarcely helped to soften sweet as it spoke Sandy's name, and Mart's tense, half starved nature the eyes looked very pleasant as they which spent its whole force in her smiled into Sandy's and answered love for little Sandy. Often these capable lives, undeveloped, are more so sweet to hear Sandy laugh as he susceptible to absorbing passions was being painted into a picture by than those not held in the vice of an the artist and hear the child's eager iron force of circumstances. talk

Sandy was a frail little lad with all the beauty of Mart, but none of with y'r eyes seeing something off her strength. At her repeated calls of "Sandy, Sandy" he looked up. "Want me, Mart?"

"Yes, Sandy. You'd better come home now." Then the two returned to the rough, bare cottage, the drying of nuts and the meager cookery.

Sandy sat down to watch this last

"Well, Sandy, I'm come to say At this fretful call of the mother the two went through the low door good by again. Yes-going, Mart. into the bare interior and to their But when the shore is bleak, and rude cots. Soon the mother could seas and shores gray-I'll come not rise from her cot and had only again for a different picture. Then Sandy's feeble care, and one night, I'll see you again-you and Sandy. when Mart came home, Sandy was Good by.'

asleep, and the woman-had gone As the winds began to get a little across the sea. Mart only loved colder and the sea a little grayer, Sandy harder and clung to him Sandy began failing faster, until Mart could only leave him a little closer.

Soon the days were too long for while and even then could hear his the failing strength of the child; he voice. "Mart, I'm so tired !" The could not be left alone, so Mart with fisher lad came by with kind words, a new addition to her frozen calm- but Mart turned away toward the sea, ness took the few dishes, one rude watching the gray shadows that fell cot, and the stools, shut up the little from sky to sea and the dulled surf cottage and went across Sanday's tossing along the shore. Sandy beach to a ruder one. Now she could would not live till the artist came sometimes carry Sandy out in the again.

One night as she lay beside him, sunshine where she mended nets, or could run at noon to watch him eat clasping him close in her strong his bite and hear is, "Mart's come." brown arms, she dreamed of being Then there was not the long sunset back at the old home across Sanday's run across the beach. beach with father's boat at sea. She had left Sandy playing with strings

"Mart's a high flung lass." "She's too uppish for fisher folks." mother, and gone down to the Point

"Ye can't git 'er t' talk," said a -a miniature capenear. Then came robust lad in answer to the two com- a picture of sunny, wide sands, ments of the fisher girls. Mart never sparkling waters and a wretched ship joined them when the nets were put upon the shore. Of this she was away-and lads, lassies and wives thinking when a shadow fell across all stood aloof from the silent, hand- her eyes, and looking up she saw a some creature. Sometimes, as Mart black skeleton ship bearing down sat holding the little fellow, hun- upon her. The shore wreck fell and grily devouring him with her eyes Mart, running for the mainland, saw and patiently answering his wonders the skeleton float past with the wreck about the sky and the sob of the sea, grimly following in its wake, and at she fretted a few minutes in silence she could hear the gay banter and the same time felt the Point becomand then started for the beach where loud laughter, and once she heard ing quicksands beneath her feet. Sandy had gone to watch for the her own name spoken: "Mart Immersed in sands to her waist she need'nt be so uppish; she hain't a looked up and found she had reached As she crossed the beach she would single red dress. She allus wears the shore, now a sandy cliff above have delighted an artist hunter for that brown one." Then she held her. A familiar hand pulled her rare bits of the sea's weird. The him up to watch the swaying boats ashore and while out on the sands

its its latent possibilities, stood out, cry of the women and held Sandy Next day Mart moved about with closer to her sea weighted heart. a slow step, more than usually Poor little Sandy! He felt no lack silent. She had all the superstition of love and care, only sometimes he of a long line of fisher ancestry, and the skeleton ship, their evil omen,

would not leave her. Then Sandy was paler, and her heart was still But somehow and somewhere, it with a great despair. Mart had no tears.

"I'll not mend nets t'-day." The rough fisherman only smiled kindly in answer, for he knew Sandy was The fisher children ran out to ill. his childish queries. Then it sounded tell her the artist had come, and Mart half saw him strolling down the sands, but the black shadow blinded her-blinded until it choked. but she went on to the little home, and Sandy.

Sandy was no longer in pain; no out in the sea there. an' y'r fingers more cries; no longer an aching 'mong the nets." He was very kind back. The pale little face lay quite to Sandy-and Mart loved Sandy and still on the pillow; the eyes had now grew brighter with his every smile, shadows in them; the lips half whiswhile her step gained new spring pered : "Hain't it-most-time-fer with every bit of his added deceptive Mart - t'come?" Mart fell beside him.

gone across the sea.

MARY A. LIVERMORE. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lucy Stone, Dr. Henry Black-

A DISTINGUISHED WOMAN OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

She Did Valiant Service During the Platform Orator, Retiring From from Mis. Livermore's. Active Life to Pursue Literary Duties.

No woman was ever more appropriately claimed by every portion of her own extended land than Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. No woman was ever more widely known personally. She has lived in the North, the South. the East and the West. She has lect-Union, and even Europe has its claims upon her, for she has lectured continent, through interpreters.

Mrs Livermore is a link between two generations. She knew and and whips beside the querulous thought with the great thinkers of a generation ago. Garrison and Wen- rounding her, she has failed to grow dell Phillips were her compatriots. old. She not only lived with Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne and their contemporaries, but, with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has lived to see the last leaf flutter from the bough where it clung. for Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was the last man of a group of brilliant literary lights of which Boston may well be proud.

A mere slip of a girl, she left her father's home to go into what seemed the far South, in response to a call from a family school in Southern Virginia.



MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

linen. While she was in the South, Mary Ashton Rice, as she was then known, Sandy sat down to watch this fast operation with impatience, and finally said, "Mart, hain't ye most done?" Soon the voice sounded sweet when he had called her Martha"—to sea fet-tered Mart had sounded as sweet to the user state of the might cry of the wel-comers rang out. And Mart was saw unutterable deeds of barbarism. gies were to be devoted, for she had not then thought of the suffrage question, in which she is now so deeply interested. When she left her position in the South and returned to Massachu- of everything that he had. setts, teaching a school of her own in Duxbury, and afterward relinquishing it, in 1845, to become the The bankers of China, according to wife of the Rev. D. P. Livermore, she Frank G. Carpenter, have a guild, was ready to sympathize with the and it depends very much upon them. anti-slavery sentiments constantly whether the government is supplied growing warmer in the North, and with money for the war. There are after moving with her husband to nearly 1,000 banks in the two cities Chicago, in 1857, she made use of the of Shanghai and Tien Tsin, and their columns of the paper Dr. Livermore members all work together. They published there for soliciting the co- have their connections with other operation of the public in the behalf banks of the empire, and they fix the

well and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe were the founders of the Boston publication, but of them all only Garrison had had any newspaper experience, and Susan B. Anthony's Revolution, in New York, was the only publica-Civil War and Became a Patriotic tion of the sort in the country, aside

And now, after an active public career of forty years' one of America's most famous women has decided to make herself a little less of a living

sacrifice to public demands. Such is the wonderful life of a woman of the age, who has witnessed progressive changes in every sphere relative to women, who has seen the ured in nearly every State in the establishment of colleges, the revodevelopment of philanthropies, the lutionized attitude of the press and in England and Scotland, and on the half a century ago there was practithe legislation for women where a cally none. All this she has witnessed, in all these things she has participated; yet, never failing to mingle with the young people sur-

America a Hundred Years Ago.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

Imprisonment for debt was a common practice.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats. A day laborer considered himself

well paid with two shillings a day. Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticised the sermon was fined. Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground. Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year around.

Buttons were scarce and expensive. and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

There were no manufactures in this country, and every housewife raised her own flax and made her own

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to rouse sleepy contribu-

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, hat formed the dress of an artisan. When a man had enough te . he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more. A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed

All Yankee Quartermasters.

When the two twin-screw steamers of the American line, the Paris and the New York became naturalized, there were only two or three American citizens with a master's certificate who were thought to be competent to command them. The American line has decided to educate ambitious young natives of nautical inclination in the art of transatlantic navigation, so that the greyhounds of the future will not lack skippers.

The line has retired all its foreignborn quartermasters on the New York and put in their places native Yankees. all under 25 years of age and all desirous of becoming fourth officers. The young men are togged in jaunty suits of blue, much like that of the naval tar, and have an hereditary love of the salty air. They are well paid and treated with consideration.

The father of one of them, P. M. Dickey of Massachusetts, was a clipper captain and was lost at sea while on a voyage to India. Dickey has been following the sea almost since he knew how to walk. The father of J. T. Tanner, another quartermaster, was commander of a whaler and was also lost at sea. The father of T. P. Pratt of Maryland went down with his ship. Young Pratt has a strong liking for a sailor's life-above the forecastle. The other quartermasters of the New York are George Horton of Pennsylvania, who has had training on the schoolship Saratoga; T. F. Crockett of New York, who has served on the United States ship Dolphin, and F. T. Ellis of Maine, who comes of a family of sea rovers from Maine.

A Little Thing.

"It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort which by daily use has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear of him who thinks to die unmourned it will fall like choicest music." It is a simple thing to sufler ordinary pain ; but when it comes by day and night with neuraigis's cruel hurt, there's nothing better to cure it than St. Jacobs Oil. which, p-neurating to every part that aches, lenses the pain and leaves a perfect cure be-hind it. It's a little thing to do, but the com-lort of relief from such distress will make one feel the happier hours of life.

The sea-cypress, a kind of coral. sometimes has 6,000 to 10,000 animals on a single branch.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their bearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A waste of time is about as bad as a waste I money.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh The Contain Mercury.

Contain Mercury. as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the wholesystem when entering it 'hrough the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on pressr.; tions from reputable physicians, as the demonst the x-cill do is ten field to the good you damage they will do is ten fold to the good you car possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh (ure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Han's Catarrh Cure be sure toget the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, O in, by F. J. Cheney & to. Te timonials free. By Sold by Druggists, price 75c, per bottle. damage ti lo is ten fold t

coaxed her off to the shore where she lands or of Sandy's beauty which was her Mart groped silently with her launched the tiny boats she made so like hers. for him-watching them while they drifted forever away.

"Mart, d'ye ye s'pose my ships 'll come back?"

"Guess not, Sandy."

"Won't they find father's boat?" "No." "Say, Mart, where do ships go to

'at never come back?'' "To the bottom."

'Well, do the fishes go there too? If they do, how d' they get to heaven?'

'Don't know," was Mart's terse, characteristic reply.

"Well, I don't b'lieve it. Those ships must go somewhere else."

Meanwhile the eyes watched for a paint the waters with a livid glow child, hand in hand, went across the | want the boy again." wide sands-home.

or ever came, and the girl only loved | can cherish hopeless, half meaning-Sandy more. After the days of sus- less memories more than anothercertainty, the thought of living must way, never selfishly having an idea be settled. There were many anxious of any culmination. So Mart dreamed no gentle words of her father's ex- and weakening back, but still deday, "Ye mend the nets well, lass." Small memory this, to carry through the years, of a father's loving words.

The talk ended by Mart going daily to the village to mend nets for the village fishers. In the long days while she was gone frail Sandy grew frailer, and without his one companion his lonely little heart grew too, grew more querulous and the fingers beat every lass." Mart t' come?''

"How d'ye s'pose I know when it's time fer Mart t' come."

So he finally took to silently watchthe first shadows, he would see the | face beside her. masterful figure coming across the beech and his glad ery, "Oh, Mart," would sing out. Then came supper and the short evening-happy to Sandy-when they could sit outside on the sands.

"Mart, did ye see any big boats t'day?"

"Yes, one."
"An' laddies?"
"Yes."
"Mart, does the sun
bay just as it does here ?'
"It looks just the same
"Well, Mart, d'ye s'p

same sun? "It's time ye stopped your tongues."

set at Gray

ose 'tis the

Mart never measured her love by loving voice of a Christ had spoken words, nor, indeed, measured it at all. it. Then the eyes looked as pleas-After the coarse bread was baked he ant when they told her of distant

"Mart, ye do look awful pretty

"Mart' -- and the girl started --

strength.

"were you ever in a picture before?" "No, I've been allus a fisher lass." "Do you know this one will hang

in a beautiful hall in a large city

where many people will see it?" "How'd I know?" Mart glanced at Sandy's happy face and went on mending. Words were a small part

of Mart's life, love and happiness. So day by day, while the brown fingers, the waves, the nets and the boy's face were being woven into the picture, the voice and the eyes and the kindness grew to be a part of her life-her's and Sandy's.

But summers soon fade, and one day the handsome artist looked kindalways ended Sandy's play began to voice said: "Good by. Mart. I'm going away to-day, but I'll come the half seeing girl and the frail again another summer and then I'll

Mart worked on-and remembered ; But no boat came home that night. for lives like those, intense, rude, pense were over, and fear had become live on them in a half dazed sort of conversations between the fretful on, all the while loving Sandy more mother-complaining of John's death | tenderly, only sometimes growing -and quiet Mart, who remembered half afraid of the shrinking limbs cept when he had carelessly said one ceived by the summer's fitful strength.

The fisher wives wondered as they gossiped in their cottages at the change in Mart.

"Wonder what do make the lass s' quick stepped of late?" said one weather beaten old dame.

'An' she's brighter," said another. while the lassies down at the village more lonely. The querulous mother, were often heard to say, "Mart's More than little fellow often shrank from her one had spoke kindly to her now and sharp impatience at his oft repeated one had given Sandy a plaything. remark : "Haint it 'most time fer He often spoke words that were graciously received by handsome Mart as she passed among the fishers.

Summer quickly came, and the nets were again spread upon the

picture man 'll come again?" Mart wondered too.

laughed and was happy, and so was two days. Mart. This time she was painted with Sandy in her arms coming across the sands beyond the village to the shore and the drying nets. lay dormant in the half awakened years past. nature.

Very soon Mart's world was over. A good sized black jet butterfly It was a very little of life, after all. will make a fashionable bonnet.

For the few days Sandy was with despair. The fisher wives came and went, but Mart neither saw nor heard them-she was dumb. Then she went back to her net mending, her dreamships, and her anguish, but the fingers moved slowly.

The mending day was almost done. The fisher girls were speaking in hushed tones, a forbearance Mart did not even notice,

"Help! Oh, my wife, my wife!" Only a moment revealed all to Mart-the artist, the drifting boat with its solitary occupant, and in that one moment Mart's pent up soul awoke. The broken moorings and drifting boat were not new to her. Her own soul was. The hopeless

sail, but when the great big sun that | y at her and Sandy and the pleasant out before her, bare, cold and hard. love, the long, hungry life stretched He had been a part of her life, her's and Sandy's.

Only a moment, and the brown arms were going toward the boat; the wife was reached, rescued. They had nearly come to the shore and to the outstretched hands. The moment of heroism was nearly over when the fatal paralysis of superstition came upon Mart, the black shadow of her dream again floated past, and rough hands drew her ashore almost tenderly now. Stern faces grew pitiful and softened into tender lines. Dry eyes were wet. They touched her with awe-not for the tenderness they had withheld; not because she had passed out of their lives; not with pity for the supreme love that had opened the doors for Mart's soul -but just for the heroism with which

the roughest can feel a sympathy. The artist and his wife walked slowly and reverently away; the boats were again coming homewithout the welcoming cry. The shadows were come and gone. The hand had reached out to save Mart.

A Dissection of a Living Subject

The people of Texcoce, Mexico, are greatly excited over the dissection ing the long sunsets and the fading beach; the lassies sang and joked as of a peon named Antonio Vangose, glow of the sands touched with their they mended with Mart beyond them while still alive. While a medical sinking splendor. Sometimes, with -silently working, with now and student was making a dissection, the the last faint glow. sometimes with then a glance at sea or at Sandy's supposed corpse writhed in agony "Say, Mart, wonder when the "Don't kill me." The dissector endeavored to put back pieces of flesh and sew up the incisions. The effort He did come again, and Sandy was of no avail, and the man died in

A Successful Beekeeper.

Near Evarts, Mich., there is a bee-The body had the old tense attitude keeper who keeps nearly 350 colonies that made her picturesque when we in seven different yards, and who first saw her in the dreary surround- raised over 20,000 pounds of honey ings at the old home, but the eyes this season, and who has not failed were half tender, suggestive of what of getting a good crop for eighteen

WRF. After moving to Chicago Mrs. Liv- guild, and there are silk guilds and ermore wrote for every department of all sorts of manufacturers' unions. her husband's paper, beside attend- These guilds have magnificent ing to all her household duties and halls in the great cities, and the Hanthe care of her children, at the same kow tea men may have a club house. time furnishing stories and sketches in Shanghai and Canton, and some of for periodicals. But with the work the finest buildings in China to-day of the United States sanitary com- are those possessed by the trades mission began the most telling work unions. I have visited many of of her life.

lyceums, which were always on the full of well dressed Chinamen, who lookout for novelties, frequently are chatting together, drinking tea asked her to go and relate her expe- or playing cards. They are, in fact. riences in working for the soldiers, 'ne much like the big club houses of condition that she was have the en- America in their social aspects, and tire evening's proceeds for the benfit many of them have beautiful gardens of the commission. Such offers were connected with them. not to be refused, so she always went.

"I had never dreamed that anybody knew who I was," said Mrs. Livermore, in relating her experiences, "or that my experiences were of interest to anybody, until we began to have our great sanitary fairs for the benefit of the commission. Little sliding up tilt at the end of pers that Mrs. Livermore had done this or that, and with the success of our first fair began the real trials.

anxiety on our part, for the starting of the fair had involved a debt of \$10,000. But there were no fears after the first day, when we took nies of the household. \$25,000. Everybody entering the halls in which the fairs were held was obliged to pass under the national colors, and even the traitors came to ask us if there was anything they could do to help us."

In beginning her lecturing, however, Mrs. Livermore's interest in the She had in one savings cooled . bank \$3,000 in her own right. She informed her husband that with this she intended to establish a paper to be devoted to the trolley which residents labor unday. be devoted to the cause of woman

suffrage. The result was a pronounced suceditor. William Lloyd Garrison, the acid upon the steel.

Chinese Guilds

of the Union soldiers of the civil rates of interest and regulate exchange. The tea merchants have a these buildings through the courtesy It was about that time that the of Chinese friends. You find them.

The Pittsburg Voice.

Residents in Washington are quick to note the idiosyncrasies in local accent as developed in the changing communities of the West and South. They have discovered what is known each sentence. From the lips of an Allegheny belle it makes a cheery and piquantefeature of the capital "There had been a great deal of receptions, but gives a half pathetic turn to the utterances of her mamma. and it is rumored that it sometimes adds a querulous note to the harmo-

Fanciful social philosophers have tried to solve the Pittsburg up shoot. They say it is the result of traveling by car up the sudden inclines of the tional colors, and even the traitors steep hills which surround, with not only passed under the colors, but their suburbs, the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. They say that it is simply a gaso for breath translated out of the murky suffrage question was by no means atmosphere of the smoky city. There are even those who say that the Pittsburg voice is only an indication

Why Tunnel Rails Wear Out.

Steel rails are known to have a cess for the Agitator. When in 1870 short life in tunnel and other places the Boston suffragists wished to es- into which the fumes from locomotablish a paper there was nobody tives are discharged. This appears to among them who felt competent to be due to the conversion of the sulassume the responsibility, and Mrs. phu: in coa: into sulphuric acid, and Livermore was asked to become its the subsequent chemical action of

The less a man talks the more time he has to think.

Dr. Klimer's twamp-Roor cures ail Kidney and Bladder troubles. Famphlet and Consultation frea Laboratory Binghamton, N. L.

Don't underrate anything because Ton possess it.

The Standard

remedy for all stomach and liver complaints is Ripans labules. One tabule gives retief, but in severe cases one should be taken after each meal until the trouble has disappeared.

Abuse a man unjustly, and you will make riends for him.

Karl's Clever Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complex-ion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., 15.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain. cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Ambition makes more sleepless nights than in-omnia.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy. --M. P. DIETRA, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Borrowing is the canker and the death of every man's e-tate.

Hattie Well and Happy Used to Suffer From Impure **Blood and Eruptions**



Lawrence Station, N. J.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my child of impure blood and eruptions on the head. She would scratch her head so that it would bleed. The sores spread behind her ears, and the poor child suffered terribly. I flootored her the best I knew how but the sores did not get any better. But thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Oint-



Hood's Pills take, easy in effect. See