

EVERY YEAR.

Life is a count of losses,
 Every year;
 For the weak are heavier crosses
 Every year;
 Lost springs, with sobs replying,
 Unto weary autumn sighing;
 While those we love are dying
 Every year.

The days have less of gladness
 Every year;
 The night more weight of sadness
 Every year;
 Fair springs no longer charm us;
 The winds and weather harm us;
 The threats of death alarm us
 Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows
 Every year;
 Dark days and darker morrows
 Every year;
 The ghosts of dead lovers haunt us,
 The ghosts of dead friends taunt us,
 And disappointments daunt us
 Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
 Every year,
 As the loved leave vacant places
 Every year;
 Everywhere their sad eyes meet us,
 In the evening's dusk they greet us,
 And to come to them entreat us,
 Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
 "Every year."
 "You are more alone," they tell us,
 "Every year."
 You can win no new affection,
 You have only recollection,
 Deeper sorrow and dejection,
 Every year.

The shores of life are shifting
 Every year;
 And we are seaward drifting
 Every year;
 Old places, changing, fret us,
 The living more forget us,
 There are fewer to regret us
 Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
 Every year;
 And its morning star climbs higher
 Every year;
 Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
 And its heavy burden lighter,
 And the days immortal brighter,
 Every year.

—James W. Covert, "Pittsburg Post."

Jerry Duncan's Philosophy.

By NELLIE BURNS.

Jerry Duncan's cow was dead; yet, dead; there was no mistake about it. But Jerry seemed to doubt the fact; the calamity was too dreadful to accept. Again and again he took hold of her horns and shook them; called her by name; but it was to no purpose. There was no response. The cow was dead.

"I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved it possible fer you 'a' been took from me like this an' leave me alone an' 'bout any means 'o' serport, Betty," said the old man, stooping over the cow's prostrate body. "You wuz all I had. You wuz both my comp'ny an' my livin', Betty. But then I s'pose some good'll come out o' it, or I wouldn't 'a' happened."

He straightened himself, turned around and walked slowly out of the barn. As he was hobbling across his dooryard on his wooden leg a neighbor chanced to be passing by. He stopped. "Jerry, I hear your cow is dead," he said.

"Well, so 'tis," the old man responded. "That's too bad, too bad!" the neighbor returned, sympathetically. "It w'd be a great loss to you, wouldn't it?"

"It 'pears that way now, but then I s'pose some good'll come out o' it some way. But it's mighty hard to see it, since the milk I sold wuz all I had to live on. It's about the hardest blow I've had since my old woman died. I tell you, I come pooty near givin' up my philosophy then. You see, I've allers held strong to that b'lief that some good comes out o' ev'ry thing that happens, or in figurative language, ev'ry cloud has its silver lining. But I couldn't see nothin' but the cloud fer a long time after that. But when I got so I could reason it over, and thought how ole Polly wuz a-gittin', how she suffered from neuralgia, how her teeth wuz all out and we not able to git no more how her eyesight an' hearin' wuz goin', an' then thought o' her bein' out o' all sech misery, why, sir, I saw the blessin' plain enough then."

The old man passed an instant, thrust his wooden leg forward, and continued: "Now, like as not you wouldn't think there wuz any bright side to a feller losin' his leg an' havin' to hobble around on a wooden stump like this. But there wuz, with me. 'Fore that accident when I lost my leg, I use to suffer tur'bul pain in it from rheumatism. When I lost the leg I lost the rheumatism. Can't you see the silver lining there? But about the cow, I confess the cloud looks pooty black; an', as yet, there ain't a sign of a lining, that I can see. You see, I ain't as young as I once wuz. The fact is, an' I might's well own it, I'm just erub laid on the shelf. I ain't good for no kind o' hard work. An' Betty wuz all that stood between me an' the poorhouse. That trip over there has been a starin' me in the face a long time. I've put it off from year to year, fer seems like I'd would choke me to eat dependent bread; but, after all, I'm a-faird I'll have to go. Good evenin'!"

Jerry turned abruptly and walked in to the house. A quaver had come into his voice, and he wuz too proud a

man to let the world see such weakness.

The neighbor, Henry Boone, a man of middle years, watched the old man for a minute in silent pity, then walked away. The unique originality of Jerry Duncan's character made him of peculiar interest to his neighbors. His hopeful, industrious, independent nature commanded their sincere respect, which appreciation was practically evinced by a generous patronage of the milk which was his sole dependence for a living. The queer application of his quaint philosophies to the problems of life was a source of much entertainment. He would permit no person to prefix Mr. to his name. He claimed that God introduced Adam to the world as Adam, not Mr. Adam; and he wanted no better authority on etiquette than that. So he addressed all persons by their Christian names, and in indulgence to his whim every one called him Jerry.

Jerry entered the house, took a seat in his great arm-chair, where he remained for some time in moody contemplation. The grief from his great loss made him restless; so he got up and went back to the barn. He had traveled back and forth from the house to the barn all day. He took a seat on an old box by Betty's body, and stroked her stiff, white hair. As Jerry sat looking at his dead cow an idea flashed through his mind that made him fairly jump to his feet. It came to him like an inspiration. Jerry certainly accepted it as such.

"I'll do it—I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "I'll stuff Betty; I'll preserve her in that way for me to look at. It'll be sech a comfort to me." Hunting and trapping had been Jerry's pursuit in his younger years. And in connection he practised the art of taxidermy, and sold stuffed animals at fancy prices.

With the espousal of the plan of stuffing his cow, the old man's whole being was aroused to enthusiastic action. He had not felt such zeal for years. He did not stop to weigh the practical issues of the question, as to cost, labor, and what he would do with the cumbersome body of a stuffed cow. At the first conception of the idea he accepted it completely and conclusively as a fitting and pleasant thing for him to do in honor of Betty's past virtues.

In this inspired frame of mind he went to work. A man was hired to assist in the heaviest of the labor. It was a tedious and difficult task for the old man; but patiently and diligently he persevered, until at last Betty stood, mounted on the barn floor, in all the glory of her best days. She was solid white in color, and Jerry had washed her hair and brushed it until it glistened with a snowy whiteness.

There was just one flaw in her appearance—one of her horns was broken. Jerry had thought nothing of this during Betty's life, but now that her good looks were the object of his ambition, this imperfect member was a source of great annoyance to his artistic eye. One evening as he sat alone thinking of the broken horn, and how he could remedy it, his eyes chanced to light on the antlers of a moose hanging on the wall, cherished relics of his hunting days. As he have seen, Jerry was of a fanciful turn of mind, and as he gazed on the antlers a thought came to him that made him burst out laughing.

"I'll try it, sure's I live," he said. The next morning the great antlers were taken down and carried to the barn. Betty's horns were removed, and these were substituted in their stead. When Jerry had completed the change he stood off and viewed the amalgamated creature, and he laughed as he had not done for years.

"Well," he exclaimed in a delighted voice, "if I haven't created a new animal. Why, Betty, you don't know how well you look. You wouldn't know your own self." For fear of being laughed at Jerry had kept his operations with the cow a profound secret, pledging the man to secrecy who had assisted him. But after adjusting the antlers he regarded his success as such a triumph of art he could no longer keep it to himself. So that evening, as Mr. Boone was passing by, Jerry called out:

"Say, Henry Boone, stop a minute. I've got somethin' to show you." He led the way to the barn, his neighbor following, Jerry swung the door open, and Mr. Boone came upon—what? He was fairly startled at the creature that confronted him.

"Why, Jerry, what is this and where did you get it?" he asked, in astonishment.

"As to what it is," replied Jerry, "I shall call it the antlered cow. As to where I got it, why it's jest simply my cow, Betty, stuffed, with some moose horns on." When Mr. Boone comprehended the full significance of the achievement, he leaned against the wall and laughed convulsively.

"Jerry," he said, "don't think I am making fun of your cow, for I'm not. It struck me as being such a funny idea to stuff a cow, and she is so queer looking that I just couldn't help laughing. You are really a genius, Jerry. The work is splendidly done, and you've made an entirely new creature. There isn't anything in the whole animal kingdom like it."

"Well, you see," returned Jerry, "I used to do a sight o' sech work in years gone by, an' when Betty died it jest seemed as tho' I couldn't give her up. You don't know how much Betty wuz to me. I ain't got no childun, no wife, no kin-folks to sot my feelin's on. An' Betty had kinder filled up the vacant place in my heart. An' while I wuz a lookin' at her the day she died, she thought come to me that I could keep Betty to look at by stuffin' her. I b'lieve, sir, that thought come right from Heaven, fer next to the comfort o'

havin' Betty erlive is the pleasure I've had in fixin' her up like this."

Mr. Boone was a man of keen business faculty, and possessed that intuitive sharpness for seeing a dollar whether it is obscured in stocks or in a dead cow. He saw that Jerry had, in following out his odd fancy, made a creature that really had a money value, and that might be turned to account in the old man's support, and while Jerry was talking a plan was forming in his mind.

"Jerry," he said, "I believe you will be able to make some money on your stuffed cow."

"How?" asked Jerry, eagerly.

"By havin' a kind of little museum, and charging for admission. You know the County Fair holds here next week. If you should have a small booth on the grounds with your antlered cow on exhibition at a low admission charge I really think you would make something on her."

The old man fairly staggered at the suggestion, so great was the surprise. He stood for a moment in dumb joy, then said:

"Henry, I'm much obliged to you fer that idea. I never should 'a' thought o' it. I b'lieve, too, I can make somethin' on her. I've seen wuss-lookin' things than that in musiums. And I don't deny the fact that I need the help. It tuk almost my last dollar to git materials fer fixin' Betty up, an' I've bin tur'bully troubled to know wher I'd git more."

"Well, Jerry as I am one of the officers of the Fair Association, I will see what I can do in getting you a free stand on the Fair ground, and you can try the plan anyway," said Mr. Boone. "I'erhaps you can still make your living on Betty, though she is dead."

"An' in case I can, Henry Boone," exclaimed Jerry, in a delighted, triumphant voice, "can't you see the good that'll come out o' Betty's death? S'pose I can earn my livin' on a dead cow, don't you see how much erud that is o' a live one? Why, ther'll be no hay an' grain to buy, no milkin' to do, no drivin' back an' forth to paster. Can't you see the silver lining 'a' that, plain enough?"

The next morning, as Mr. Boone was passing by, Jerry stepped him again. "Henry," he said, "another idea has come to my mind about Betty. I've bin a-viewin' her over, an' I find that by cuttin' off her tail to about four inches an' trimmin' it to shape, an' parin' down her hoofs, I can make her into a mighty respectable white moose. Betty's legs are so long, an' her body so short an' round, she's pooty near the shape of a moose. Now which do you think would be the greatest curiosity, an antlered cow or a white moose?"

"Why, as to that, Jerry," Mr. Boone replied, deeply amused. "I think you had better decide for yourself. A white moose would certainly be a great curiosity, perhaps more so than the antlered cow."

"Well, I think I'll have the moose," said Jerry. "A moose is a uncommoner critter than a cow, and then I'd have sech pleasure in fixin' it. I use to feel kind o' shame o' Betty's angler shape, s'pecially when the boys would laugh at her an' call her a Texas steer. But you see now there was a blessin' in them long legs, only I couldn't see it then. Of course I ain't goin' to claim that it's a real moose. I think I'll advertize it as a home-made moose. But of it'll give folks the idee as to how a moose looks, I don't see but what it'll answer ev'ry puppus o' the genuine critter."

Mr. Boone took a kindly interest in the old man's novel venture, assisting him in his preparations for the exhibition. When the Fair opened Jerry occupied a closed booth, in the centre of which stood the curious-looking creature. On the outside an attractive advertisement of a home-made moose, with low admission charge, was arranged by Mr. Boone. Proud and hopeful Jerry sat inside, collecting the coins that came slowly at first. The cautious public was shy of venturing its nickels on a sham creature. But as those who pioneered the way praised the animal, others followed. And, too, Mr. Boone stimulated the patronage among kindly hearts by spreading the report of the old man's need and his object in making the exhibition. And when the three days of the Fair were over, Jerry had taken in the sum of fifty dollars.

Stationed near Jerry on the Fair ground was a traveling museum. The proprietor of this examined the moose and saw the patronage it elicited. he decided it would be a valuable acquisition to his collection. And at the close of the Fair he offered Jerry the sum of one hundred dollars for the creature; but the old man would not dispose of it until he had consueled with his kind neighbor.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Boone, "sell it, by all means, Jerry. The money will be worth more to you than the animal. And I will have a talk with you this evening as to how to invest it."

So the trade was made, and Jerry went home with his old heart relieved and gladdened by his success.

True to his word, Mr. Boone saw the old man at the close of the day.

"Jerry," he said, "my plan for you is this: For you to invest this money in three good cows and go a little heavier into the milk business. Then you will be able to hire a boy to deliver milk and drive your cows to pasture. I've one knows how clean and careful you are with your milk, and you could have a good many more customers among the neighbors."

As Jerry comprehended the full significance of this suggestion his old face lighted with joy.

"Why, Henry Boone," he exclaimed, with eager, excited voice, "what a master hand you are at plannin'. Three good cows an' a boy to wait on me! I never s'pected nothin' to equal that this side o' Heaven. An' think o' me

INDUSTRIAL MATTERS.

A New Cotton Mill to be Built at Spartanburg, S. C.
 In its weekly review of the business interests of the South, the Manufacturers Record shows that the assessed value of property in the Southern States from 1890 to 1895 increased \$37,800,000, or 7.95 per cent; while the increase in the ten Western States—Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas—was \$90,125,000, or 1.03 per cent, and the increase in the Pacific Coast States and Territories was \$80,900,000, or 4.1 per cent,—the increase in the South being four times as great as the ten Western States named and twice as great as the ten Western States and the Pacific States and Territories all combined. Special reports show that the coal output of Alabama for 1895 was over 6,000,000 tons, and coke 1,000,000 tons—an increase of the two combined over 1894 of about 1,800,000 tons. The total iron ore, coal, coke, limestone and pig iron handled by Alabama railroads in 1895 was over 11,000,000 tons.

Among industrial matters reported for the week were the closing of contracts for the power equipment of two immense stations for the electric road between Washington and Baltimore, the contracts aggregating 6,000 H. P. of boilers and engines. A large number of Southern cotton mills have declared dividends running from 3% to 4 and 5 per cent, for the past six months. Orders are being placed for new machinery for a \$500,000 mill now being built at Spartanburg as an addition to an established mill. In Macon a cottonseed oil mill company has built three plants for the refining of cottonseed oil, the manufacture of compound lard, the making of soap and the manufacture of a salad oil as a substitute for olive oil, thus using at home the entire product of the cottonseed instead of shipping to other points to be made into these various products. Contracts are to be let in Atlanta in a few days for a twelve-story steel fireproof office building, a \$175,000 depot in Galveston and a \$700,000 office building in St. Louis.

In railroad matters there is a considerable evidence of increasing interest, and a number of new enterprises are being projected. The Carolina Millard road has been leased by a new company composed of Southern and Northern people, and it is reported that it will be extended to Charleston or Savannah and westward to Greenville or Anderson. Contracts are to be let for a line between Beaumont, Texas, and Port Arthur; a eight-mile line is under construction in Tennessee to reach phosphate beds; a company has been incorporated to build a belt railroad around Fort Smith and extend it to coal mines five miles distant; the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk line have asked for charter privileges to extend their road about 20 miles in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, Va.; the Arkansas Harbor Railroad Company of Texas has been chartered, with a capital stock of \$3,000,000, by Baltimore people for the purpose of building an important line for Arkansas Pass; a number of other railroad matters are under way.

In the organization of industrial enterprises, there is an indication of somewhat more activity, and during the week a large number of companies covering a wide variety of industries were reported.

Peculiar Wills.
 The will of Pauline Campbell, made in July, 1883, is one of the most peculiar wills recorded in the New York Surrogate's office. One paragraph is: "I direct that my said executor and executress, before named, as soon after my decease as possible, have my pet dogs and birds cremated, and their ashes put upon my grave, in order that the agonies attendant upon their separation from me be spared them." She requests that she be buried in a white pine coffin, with no color or polish upon it, and that the funeral cortege shall consist only of a hearse and one carriage.

On the wall of the record-room is framed a document between two panes of glass, so that it can be read from either side. Between the pieces of glass is a sheet of paper bearing on each side bits of paper once torn and afterwards pasted together. That formed the will and codicil of Charles M. Ogden. The papers are correctly drawn, and the will and codicil were admitted to probate. Mr. Ogden, in a fit of delirium just before his death, tore the paper to pieces, but the scraps were afterwards gathered up and pasted together, and Mr. Marsac has had it framed for preservation. An unsuccessful contest was made of the will.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.		
GRAIN ETC.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	68	39
CORN—No. 2 White.....	33	33 1/2
Oats—Southern & Penn.....	24	24 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	40	41
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	15 50	16 00
Good to Prime.....	14 50	15 00
STRAW—Eye in ear lds.....	13 00	13 50
Wheat Blocks.....	6 00	6 50
Old Blocks.....	7 50	8 00
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Std. No. 3 & 4.....	65	50
PEAS—Standards.....	95	1 00
Second.....	85	
CORN—Dry Pack.....	21	60
Moist.....	10	20
RIDES.		
CITY STREETS.....	7 1/2 @	7 3/4
City Cows.....	6	6 1/2
Southern No. 2.....	5	5 1/2
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks.....	23 @	24
ONIONS.....	40	42 1/2
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls.....	6 1/2 @	7
Clear rib sides.....	6	6 1/2
Hams.....	10	10 1/2
Mess Pork, per bar.....	10	10 00
LARD—Crude.....	4	4 1/2
Best refined.....	4	4 1/2
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crm.....	23 @	24
Under Fine.....	21	22
Creamery Hlls.....	23	24
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy.....	10 1/2 @	11 1/2
N. Y. Fine.....	11 1/2	11 3/4
Skim Cheese.....	6	7
EGGS.		
EGGS—State.....	17 @	18
North Carolina.....	16	18
LIVE POULTRY.		
HICKENS—Hens.....	9 @	9 1/2
Ducks, per lb.....	10	11
Turkeys, per lb.....	10	11
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Inter.....	1 50 @	2 50
Sound common.....	3 00	4 00
Middling.....	6 00	7 00
Fancy.....	10 00	12 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves.....	2 50 @	4 25
SHEEP.....	2 00	3 00
Hogs.....	4 00	4 15
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKAT.....	10 @	11
Red Fox.....	40	45
Skunk Black.....	—	1 00
Opossum.....	22	30
Mink.....	—	80
Other.....	—	6 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Southern.....	3 10 @	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	70 1/4	71 1/4
RYE—Western.....	48	49
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/2	35 3/4
OATS—No. 3.....	24	25
BUTTER—State.....	17	22 1/2
EGGS—State.....	19	30
CHEESE—State.....	7 1/4	10

An Extraordinary Memory.
 There is a bank cashier in Chicago who was the hero of a wonderful performance, just after the great fire. The books of the bank in which he was employed were entirely destroyed by the flames, and with no data except the passbooks of the depositors and his memory, this man restored all the 1,500 accounts so successfully that every depositor was satisfied.

Effective.
 Mrs. Ferry—Dear, that necktie is getting frightfully seedy.
 Mr. Ferry—I guess it will do for another week or two.
 Mrs. Ferry—George Ferry, if you don't come home to-night with a new tie on, I'll buy you one myself.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Unforeseen.
 If we could only foresee, what misery might be prevented. One of the many chroniclers of events in the life of Napoleon says he lost Waterloo from a pain in his back, being unwittingly thereby for personal direction of the battle. It is always the unexpected that mars the best anticipations, and thus so many business men, laboring men or women, primed for success, are taken down suddenly. Nothing comes more suddenly than an attack of lumbago to stiffen or twist the muscles of the spine and lay one up. In ten minutes, however, St. Jacobs Oil will cure the soreness and stiffness and make the back supple and strong. If Napoleon could have had this great remedy at the right time, he would have changed, perhaps, the map of the whole of Europe.

Almost always the most intelligent are the most generous.
 Jonah's Gourd Grew Fast.
 In one night twenty feet long! That was a miracle. But Salzer's Sand Vetch, the coming hay plant, grew ten inches in seven days on fine, dry soil, without a drop of moisture. That's something for drought tried soil; so is Giant Spurry, Teosinte and lots of things you'll find in our mammoth catalogue. (A. C.)
 If you will cut this out and send it with 2c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Cross, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten rock-rose grasses and grains, including Sand Vetch, free.

The concealed man is a weed masquerading in a flower.
 How's This!
 We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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 We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him in this respect.
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 Manifested in many different ways, like sores, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scrofula is a wholly free from it in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

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 and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.
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