the main want worker are to be beginned from much there in the coming spal. With many for the principal edies they extend where they put their reacting the many to be tripped to not want to be tripped to be the first the first their labora. The New Eva editorial notices that there would be mean. The New Eye editorial notimediates that there would be prosmediated for the use of money to cortweether thus far prevented candidates
acceptly putting money out. Time will
whether the advice given by the reform
a will be heeded, or whether there will
mother annual carnival of fraud. None the condidates are particularly anxious to send money, but if it is started all will pitch and then the boys will have a good time. The New Era is sincere and will prosecut il who use money, it is about time the erection of the new county jail is begun.

THE SHERIFF'S FIGHT.

Very little was accomplished by the political bosses on Monday. The contest for sheriff in giving them much trouble. Both combinations are anxious to best Burkholder, but as bow to accomplish their purpose they are divided. It is contended by some that if Hippey was out of the road, Keller could was, and by others that if Keller would fraw Hippey could easily win. Burky dependent about the matter. He don't independent about the matter. He don't to withdraws, and says he can win would prefer to get on the Sensenig er is willing to take him. Walker, of West Resupfield, will poll several hundred votes, and it he was out of the road Hippey would got them. As the fight stands to-day Burkheider has the best of it, with Hippey or Keller a good second.

There is very little change in the prothon-

sty's contest. Hartman and Mentzer are withdrawn at the proper time. McMelien has not yet given any intimation as to whether will stay in the field. He has no love an, but hates Mentzer, and will bly stay in the fight to annoy Mentzer GEYER'S WALK-OVER.

In the register's fight, Geyer to-day has a ralk-over. Not so by reason of his great opularity, but because of the division orces of his political enemies If Clayt Myers, who is his only real competi tor, could induce Aldus Herr, R. F. Green and Charles H. Geiger to withdran the might have a chance of winning. If all these remain in the field he will certainly be defeated. The above named candidates are and where Myers would be, and if they althoraw, their strength will naturally go to

SYMPATHY FOR GRISSINGER. Schaffner, of Marietta, is making a good canvas for the treasurship, but the odds are against him. The sympathy of the people this year is for Grissinger, who has been a candidate for this office for the past six terms. He always polled a good vote, but was always a little short. The townships adjacent to hi home have given him a solid vote in the times gone by, and will do so again this year. EDITOR GRIEST'S CHOICE.

The announcement of David B. Landis for county commissioner has somewhat upset the calculations of the political bosses. The set-up for that office were agreed upon ago. Gingrich, who was run by Mentser last time, is now in the other con stnation with Gust Derrick as his associate The hog ring candidates are Al Worth and hey. Gingrich will have, in addition to the support his combination will give im, all the strength that Major Griest can bring to him. The major will be for every other candidate of Mentzer's except Hershey. He would be for him, but Gingrich's support of his son for the clerkship of that office has d him under obligations that he can no conscientiously get away from.

BRUBAKER WAS THIRD. A new candidate for prison-keeper was an ed a few weeks ago-S. W. Shirk. He will be made the Sensenig candidate while Jacob B. Smith, an ex-underkeeper has been for the opposition candidate. It will be does fight with the chances in favor of Smith. If AL Hagen was put on the Senseniz set-up, he would poll a large vote. One of the can the last primary, when he was a candidate received the third highest number of rotes. That statement is true, but Mr. B was a very bad third, polling only 812 votes of 15.413 cast for the three highest candid ates

CLERKS OF THE COURTS. The contest for clerk of the quarter session is between Potts, Killian and Scholl, Kil lian will be made the Mentzer candidate ut a doubt, and either Potts or Schol that of the other one of the factions. George Hunter or Clinton could be made if eithe one of the factions took hold of them, but that is not probable. Clinton three years ago polled over three thousand votes and did no

Brubaker, and Al Smith over 5,000 more.

older had nearly 8,000 more votes than

belve the support of either of the factions. whether he would run for the orphane court or quarter sessions clerkship, had dropped to the orphans' court clerkship, believing that the orphane' court judge bill will be killed in the Senate. He has heretofore trained with Moutzer and has been one of his best men. This year he is with Sensenig. Mentzer has selected for his oppo-ment L N. S. Will, who was commissioners sierk a term and who was beretolore a fo

There are about half a dozen candidates fo roner in the field, but the fight is still beoman and his predecessor, exper Shiffer. These will be the candiof the respective combinations, and it is a toes up as to who has the best of it.

ABOUT ILLEGAL PRES. Of all the candidates announced, Burk for is the only one who publishes that he will not take illegal fees or allow his depu-ties to charge them. Of course the other es may they do not intend ito take sal fees, but they do not think it worth e advertising to the world what the law is they shall charge. e general impression, however, is that

The general impression, however, as the hase has not been any county officer, as far hask so the memory of man runneth, who has not charged illegal fees. A correspondent

The Republican primary election for the mission of country officers is rapidly appreciating. A number of candidates are alterly huming in the fields. For many years to principal effices in our Court House row hard been formansas to their respective occurate by reason of their extertion of illegal has from the people who are unfortunately street to come in business contact with the tentral pulsary in the last given an important to the acramble of these literative offices. It is well known that these of these offices in the past have a heavily mortgaged to political ring that, to whom undoubtedly a portion of the political gains have been paid. Hiegal

quadrupte the fees to which they are entitled by law. The legal fee bill, as required by law, to either not posted up in the offices or in placed where it cannot be seen by the casual nather for information. Indeed, no attention is paid by these officers to the fee bill. Willing deputies do the dirty work of taxing illegal free, in order to save their task-masters from the occurs of the charges, or possibly from a prosecution for the penalty prescribed by the fee bill act. Is the not a savey state of affairs for this grand out county? Would such extertion be because in any other county for the state? The people should require a public piculage from all friends outstands to agree as obarge legal fees only, buttone they give them their votes and support, and suc that their piculges are carried one by the successful candidates when thing are sworn in office. If our newspapers would agree the interest of official regimery. Let it be made an issue at our coming promery election.

secie set up is about as follows now, us is subject to change : Sheriff, Harry register, Geo. S. Geyer ; treasurer, Stephen Grissinger ; clerk of quarter sessions, Harry scholl; clerk of orphans' court, Levi L. Kreider ; commissioners, John Gingrich, Gust Derrick ; coroner, D. A. Shiffer,

Mentzer's combination as now arranged is : Sheriff, Abram Keller : prothonotary, John W. Mentzer; register, Clayton F. Myers; treasurer, C. A. Schaffner; clerk of hans' court, I. N. S. Will : commissioner G. A. Worth, Benjamin Hershey ; coroner,

THE PAIR SWIMMER AT BARNUM'S. Miss Beckwith Chats About Her Graceful Art. From the New York Sun.

A thrill of unusual interest stirs the immense assemblages that crowd to Madison Square Garden to see the giant combined circus show of Barnum and Forepaugh when Agnes Beckwith trips out upon the elevated agnes Beckwith trips out upon the elevated stage, and, bowing gracefully before the 7,000 pairs of eyes that are fastened on her admiringly, takes a dashing header into the huge water tank provided for her purposes. The picturesque aquatic expert 's the sister of William Henry Beckwith, the champion wimmer of the world. She is a comely, swimmer of the world. She is a comely, blue-eyed English girl of four-and-twenty summers, and no performer in the whole circus presents a hore striking picture than she just the instant before she makes her smiling face disappear from view in her thrilling dive. A flowing robe of old gold plush is wrapped about her from her throat to her feet as she steps out upon the piatform. She tosses off the pair of rubber overshoes with which her feet are shod, and, then flinging saide the robe, quickly trips to the edge of the tank, with her limbs encased in flesh-colored tights and a dark-hued jersey drawn snugly about her waist. Her soft, blond hair hangs in small curis upon her shoulders. In she goes, and when she comes up her hair is as straight as an Indian's. She dives and waltzes, floates like a swan, turns somersaults, swims under water freely, and finally caps the climax by propelling herself along with graceful undulations of the body while her hands and feet are bound fast together. Meanwhile her brother, dressed in white tights and a blue jersey, behaves as if he had lived in the water all the days of his life.

"How did you learn to swim so?" a Sun reporter asked Miss Beckwith, as she stood toying with her pretty plush robe and waitblue-eyed English girl of four-and-twenty

reporter asked Miss Beckwith, as she stood toying with her pretty piush robe and wait-ing for the moment when she should amaze the circus by her sudden header into the

wimming tank. tonk.

Oh, I inherit the art," she said, se she tossed her golden hair about her shoulders.

I am the daughter of a swimming teacher, "I am the daughter of a swimming teacher, you know—Prof. Frederick Beckwith—and I learned to be as fond of water as a fish when I was only four years old. That was in the Lamboth baths in London. I got so that I could atmost live in the water, and when I was a little girl of 12 years I swam my first public endurance trial. That was on the Thames, from London to Greenwich. It was a journey of five miles, and all along the banks people were gathered to watch me. It was quite a novelty, you see, for a little girl to swim that far. Four years later I swam again in the Thames, this time ten miles, from Winchester to Greenwich, and the crowd was even greater. But the greatest trip I ever made was the swim from eat trip I ever made was the swim from Chelses Bridge to Westlake and back to Westminister. That's a distance of twenty est trip I ever made was the swim from Chelsea Bridge to Westlake and back to Westminister. That's a distance of twenty miles. A big steamboat went along with me. There were a lot of professional singers on board who sang glees and other songs. Every once in a while, to show them that I enjoyed the sport and that I was in joily good spirits, I swam up close to the steamer and joined in the choruses. It was splendid fun.

fun.
"Your brother says that you could live in "Your brother says that you could live in the water if you wanted to."
"Well, I can and did do so," the pretty swimmer said with some spirit. "It was at the Royal Aquarium is London. The public were good enough to get interested in me after those long swims on the Thames, and I was engaged to appear in feats of endurance. First I remained in the water continuously for thirty hours, then for sixty hours, and finally for one hundred hours in a week. I ate all my meals in the great tank during the time. That was living in the water, wasn'

There is only one woman in all England that spends as much of her life in the water as the handsome mermaid of Barnum's show. That woman is Miss Saigeman, but Miss That woman is Miss Saigeman, but Miss Beckwith proved her superior ability as a swimmer by defeating Miss Saigeman in three straight races at Birmingham, Lambeth baths, and Hastings, winning the ladies' swimming championship of England. Four years ago she made her first dip into American waters in a swim with her brother from Sandy Hook to the big pier at Rockaway.

Miss Beckwith's brother learned to swim when he was only i years old, too, and now, at the age of thirty years, he holds the swimming championship of the world. He won the American championship at Beston from Riley. "I stand ready at any time," he said, "to swim any American who wants to get

to swim any American who wants to get

that beit back."

Champion Beckwith has a peculiar English style of overhand stroke that sends him so swiftly through the water that he won the nickname in England of "The Little Aquatic Steam Engine." He is credited with saving fity lives. Once a bather at the Lambeth Baths was seized with a cramp and was drowning when Beckwith, who was then only a lad, plunged in and saved him. The man dressed and walked away some distance from the bath without saying a word to the boy.

"See here," called out Beckwith's father "See here," called our because a many,
"ain't you going to thank this boy?"
"Oh, yes, I almost forgot," the rescued
bather said languidly. "Here's tuppence Let the little fellow get a glass of beer."

Beck with is willing to bet a heap that there isn't a swimmer in the world that had another adventure like that.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS. Some Thoughtful Remarks on a Subject of

Mary A. Livermore. If I were able, I would change the public sentiment so radically that no girl should be ornsidered well educated, no matter what her accomplishments, until she had learned s trade, a business, or a profession. There would then be lewer fathers and brothers tolling like galley-slaves to support healthy and vigorous human beings in stagnating idieness—idie for no other reason save that

God has made them women.

Lack of technical and industrial training not only makes dependent and inefficien women of our daughters, it puts them in a fearful peril morally. Indolence is always demoralizing. It ruins health, destroys beauty, and enfeebles the will. "Out of 2,000 fallen women in New York, 1,880 had been brought up to do nothing; 525 pleaded desti-tution as the cause of their sad life." In view of these facts, which might be multiplied indefinitely, ought we not to rid ourselves of the inherited social idea that it is a shameful

the inherited social idea that it is a shameful thing for young women to be taught to support themseives by honorabl industry?

In an early stage of the late war, before the government had organized its various departments, I saw a body of soldiers march from the St. Louis camp of rendesvous, and embark on boats to go down the Mississippi. Among them were companies without uniforms and without equipments. The men wore the citizens' dress in which they had entisted. It was explained that they had been ordered to the front immediately after collaiment, in advance of the arrival of their uniforms and guns, to maintain the morale of the army, which was unfavorably affected by the mustering out of large numbers who had milisted on short terms of service. Uni-

forms, guns, and the all-important drill would be given these raw recruits, we were told, when they reached their destination.

Two or three weeks later, I met some of these very unequipped men, still without uniforms, on board a hospital boat, steaming slowly up the river en route for the superb general hospitals of St. Louis. Some of the poor fellows were so rent with shot and shell that their own mothers would not have recognized them. I heard their pitiful story from many lips, but it was always the same story. Hardly had these green boys in the clothing of civillans reached their regiments, when they were surprised by the enemy; and without guns or an hour's drill, they were plunged into a sharp, disastrous engagement. Shot at, shot down, they could make no defense; for they had not been supplied with the munitions of war, nor taught how to use them.

It is as wasteful, as unwise, as inhuman, to send our delicately-nurtured and tenderly-reared young daughters out from the home to fight the battle of life without a preparation for it, without an equipment in the form of an industrial and business education, as it was to send these hapless young fellows to fight the enemy without drill, and without guns. The results are more disastrous, and reach farther. Our daughters are not shot down, like the untrained military recruit; they live, but with no individual grasp on life. They become anxious concerning the future, with no power to provide for it. At the mercy of circumstances which they know the mercy of circumstances which they know not how to control; victims of petty beliefs, old abuses, and respectable tyrannies, they drop into mental ill health, and be dily disease

comes with it.

Or they marry, and make faithful, loving, lovely wives to admiring husbands. But the husband dies. He was living on a salary, which ceases with his life. His young widow has one or more children. What is she to do? has one or more children. What is she to do? Or the husband may drop into permanent invalidism, or into bankruptey, or into dissolute habita. If the young wife has not been in part prepared for such emergencies by previous training, her lot is hard indeed.

"Oh, you can't prepare girls to meet such emergencies!" said an eminent clergyman, in whose parlors this topic was being earnestly discussed. "You must prepare them to be good wives and mothers, and risk the rest. There you will have to leave them, and trust in God."

Our trust must be in God, to be sure, No one disputes that. And yet I have the deepest respect for the advice that Oliver Cromwell gave his soldiers, "Trust in Good, and keep your powder dry!"

SOME DAINTY CAKES.

ome Good Recipes That Will be Appreciated by the Thoughtful Housekeeper, From the Country Gentleman.

These dainty little cakes, easily made at nome by any one who likes cake baking, are specially pretty and suitable for light enter-tainments—a " tea" given for a young lady friend, a child's birthday party, or an even ing gathering for intellectual, charitable of purely social purposes. How many occa sions there are, in these busy days, when a woman, alive to the requirements of the hour, wishes to exercise hospitality, without making a serious demand upon time o noney to furnish a supper! Two or three baskets of mixed cakes like these, with good roffee or chocolate, will be found amply suffi cient upon most of these occasions. Some delicate sandwiches, directions for which will be given in another paper, make a very good substitute, if one does not care to offer both.

Doth.

Cake Pans.—For baking small cakes it is
desirable to have two sets of pans—one in
squares, the other rounds—six or tweive joined together for convenience of handling. Any tinsmith will make them if they are not found in stock. Be sure that these are not too large, as nothing is more awkward than

a big small cake.

Madeleines —One fourth pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, four eggs, thoroughly beaten, whites and yelks separately; half a pound of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine. Bake in little rounds. This sherry wine. Bake in little rounds. This is an old and thoroughly reliable receipt, but, like all rich cakes, must be carefully made and baked, requiring thorough beating and a moderate, steady oven. All cakes with a large proportion of butter, like this, require longer baking than light cakes made with soda or baking powder.

Genuine Sponge Cake.—Made by measure, is easy and always popular. Beat the yelks of ten eggs thoroughly, add two cupfuls of powdered sugar (one pint), the grated peel and juice of half a lemon, then, lightly, half a pint of flour and the whites of the ten eggs beaten to a still froth. Bake in squares in a

seaten to a stiff froth. Bake in squares in hot oven.
Three Egg Sponge Cake.—Is more eco

nomical and equally sure. Three eggs, one cuptul of pulverized sugar, one cuptul and one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of cold water, four teaspoonfuls of sods, half a teaspoonful of cream of tariar, both scant, and rind and juice of half a lemon.

Sponge Dominoes.—May be made of these squares, baked very thin and marked off like dominoes, with chocolate icing, or the sponge cake may be baked in thin sheety and cut in squares.

Chocolate Icing.—Set in a gentle heat in the oven two ounces of Baker's chocolate in a deen plate. When melted, add two table.

the oven two ounces of Baker's chocolate in a deep plate. When melted, add two table-spoonfuls of milk and one of water; mix all well together and add one cupful of sugar; simmer for five minutes and spread hot upo

Almond Jumbles.—Three fourths of a pound of almonds, blanched and chopped tine, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of augar, one pound of flour, one cupful of sour milk, five eggs and one-half teaspoonful of sods. Flavor with rose, leed Tablets.—Pretty and delicious cakes may be made in variate from a single logi. d Jumbles -Three fourths of

and tableta.—Pretty and delicious cakes may be made in variety from a single loaf. The Madaleine mixture is a good one for this purpose. Cut thin, even slices and trim off the crust; then cut them in little oblongs, about one inch by two. Put two of these together with jelly or leing, and ice them neally on both sides. French Iring.—This is best done with the French or fondant icing, which is also the finest most convenient and which is also the finest, most convenient an economical icing made, and can be kept or hand ready for use at any time by simply warming it. The only secret in making it is the exact amount of boiling, for which it is is the exact amount of boiling, for which it is difficult to give directions, as a single minute makes a great difference when a critical point is reached, and only practice will give expertness, but it is well worth while for every dainty cook to take this practice. A pound of sugar and a cup of water should be put in a perfectly clean sausepan and watched, but not stirred, while boiling. Remove any scum that rises, and after ten min-utes try the syrup from time to time by dip-ping a lork in it and observing how the drop run off. When they thread—that is, leave s run off. When they thread—that is, leave a fine hair line filament banging to the fork—set the saucepan away from the fire to cool. When blood-warm (it should be as thick as very thick molasses), stir it with a spoon as long as it can be stirred, then take up the mass in the bands and work it like dough until it is compact, smooth, creamy candy. Put in a jar or tumbier, and covered with olled paper, it will keep for months and need only setting in a saucepan of hot water to soften it to use at any time. Stir while warming. This icing may be flavored and colored in a great variety of ways, and forms the basis of the best confectionery as well a the best icing for cake.

OLD-PASHIONED ROSES.

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
) it the doorway here within 'em
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker an' sadder Than the mornin' glories makes, And the sunshine would look sadder For their good, old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o' Sort o' make a feller like 'em ; And I tell you when I find a Bunch out wur the sun kin strike 'em, It allus sets me thinkin' o' the ones that used to grow, And peek in thro' the chinkin

And when I think o' mother, And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuza't any other,
'Less they found 'em up above 'em !
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wus a sayin', They ain't no style about 'em Very gaudy or displayin';
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these postes,
And the holly hawks and sich
Than the hummin' bird at noses

In the reses of the rich.

Ores the door with shame, if you have sinne If you be sorry, open it with signs.
Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
and comfortlesss for lack of pleashis
Be not absoled for that, but open it,

-James Whitcomb Riley.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY! A gloomy desolation reigns supreme. Snow covers the earth and the frosty air bites sharply. The voices of na ture are hushed, and the dismal wail of pip ing winds is the only sound that breaks the monotonous silence of the forest which has re-school in summer days with the minchirp of myriad insects. Icy fetters still the normur of the mountain brooklet, and

"Where twisted round the barren cak The summer vine in beauty clung, And summer winds the stillness broke, The crystal icide is hung."

This is the month when the golden-haired maiden lavishes her most winsome smiles upon the high collared youth whom she will "cut" when the sleighing season is over. How indescribably delightful to her it is to sit for hours at the window watching the sifting themselves through the branches of the cedar to the ground below! Visions of prancing steeds and jingling sleigh bells dance in her head, as she remembers with joy the hasty promises of the reckless youth who earns \$6 a week and must needs spend 7 to live up to them. And,

Now along the snowy highway,
slip the cutter and the maiden,
And the young man who is sproney.
And the great big robe of bear-skin,
And the great big robe of bear-skin,
And the horse whose mouth is justaBout as hard as is his harness.
And theyouth, whose 'stache is sprouting.
Puts his arm about the maiden,
Not attending to the equine:
And they tumble down a snow-bank,
And the young man gets a glimpse of
Frills and "everlasting triumning,"
And a pair of lengthy stockings,
Sur-ped and of enerful carmine.
And the bill that young man payeth
On the morrow, knocks his salalty for several weeks to "blazes."

FEBRUARY! The winds are stronger, but not so biting. The days grow longer. The sun draws nearer, and its genial rays soften the hard ground, and loosen the toy fetters of the streams; but the cold nights again shu the earth with its frost locks. The strife be

It is during this month that all kinds of social and religious convivial festivities are at their height. Church "teas," social balls and hope are the order of the day ; the pleasure-loving youth finds himself, as it were, tossed be tween Scylla and Charybdis, and fortunate and worthy of envy and praise is he who can pliet his tinancial skiff past the shoals and whirlpools of these religious and worldly This is the month, too,

This is the month, too,
When the youth with red probosels,
And the maid whose cheeks are painted
Just as crimson as her nose is,
test upon the long tobosyan.
And the maiden much strighted—
sees how long and steep the chute is—
tims to scream and yell for dear life,
Till the youth, so true and gallant,
Fits up close and holds her tightly.
When her screams are changed to laughter,
And her fears are gone forever.
Soon the tobog 'gins to wabble,
Goes through many curious capers,
And directly it o'erturneth,
And the young man and the maiden
Turn themselves in various grotes-que
Shapes and many very funny,
Crude and laughable positions,
Which reminds you of the antics
Of those goats that got inspired
When they foolishly did venture
Much too near the cave of Pythian,
And were thrown into convuisions.

MARCH! Nature begins to arouse herself from her dormant winter's eleep. The familiar voices of birds begin to be heard in the leafless forests, "calling for resurrection over the graves of flowers." Already tion over the graves of flowers." Already the srow-drop and daffodi, harbingers of the viclet and trailing arbutus, have come, and right bravely do they take the cruei winds of March. What though these March days are "cold and dark and dreary" and the winds howl and moan as though they would never cease! Nature's whispering voices are heard amid the lull of the roaring elements reminding us that elements reminding us that

"Those stormy clouds on high, Veil the same sunny sky That soon (for spring is nigh) Shall wake the summer into golden mirth,"

This is the month when the high collared dude begins to experience feelings akin to remorse that he has not yet paid for his last suit of clothes; for he knows full well the time is nigh at hand when the fur-collared overcoat must be divorced from the seedy suit teneath; and he planneth by night and plotteth by day many evil machinations to meet the impending painful emergency.

Now the dirty, lazy Talian
With his wheezy, creaking organ
Makes the balmy days most hideous
With his never ceasing grinding.
But the bad boy at the window
Throws unto that man a penny
Which he eagerly doth pick up;
And the dreadful oaths that issue
From the Pps of that Italian
Are enough to make the devil
Wink and blink with mortified
Shams and frighted consternation;
For the penny that that urchin
Threw unto the man so reckless
Itad been heated to a white heat
At his mother's kitchea fire.

APRIL! Nature is now thorough!y arouse The hum of insects and twitter of birds are heard in every tree and bush whose twigs and branches, laden with their aromatic buds and biossoms, sway and nod in the spicy breez. What a change a month has wrought! Those bare, crooked trees that pointed their skeleton fingers towards the gray, relentiess sky of March now litt up their budding, fragrant branches in the gladdening sunshine of brighter days; and the cold winds that piped so dismaily through their leafless branches are now changed to soft and balmy zephyrs that diffuse abroad the delicious aromas of green fields and flowering orchards. Oh, month of nature's resurrection! What a lesson thou dost teach! As it is with the trees and flowers, so it is in a better, higher, and broader sense with man. For he, too, must fall into the earth like the flowers, stripped and bare, and must shed his earthly joys and splendor as trees their leaves. But in the spring-time of sternity he shall come forth renewed and glorified; and the poor plant that was bent and crooked with the cold and gloom of earthly imperfections will then lift. and branches, laden with their aromati gloom of earthly imperfections will then lift up its branches, laden with the fragrant opening buds of the fruits of the spirit, in the pure and white light of the sunshine of

Who is that youth with cadaver-like coun tenance who plods wearily along the crowded thoroughfare? He has a large roll of manu script, neatly tied with a blue ribbon under his arm, and his whole appearance under his arm, and his whole appearance betokens a personage of singular idiosyncrasy. Is he an escaped lunatic? Not exactly. He is a poet, and he has written a few verses on "Beautifut Spring," which he wishes to sell to a local publisher. Is he happy? Oh, yes, he is very felicitous. See how serencily he smiles, and with what a supervisions at a representation of the representations are recommended. supercitious air he regards the more common pedestrians. He is very much impresses with his own greatness, and he is thinking o the golden harvest he is about to reap which the golden narvest he is acout to reap which will enable him to spend the coming summer season by the "sad sea waves," where he will write more poetry and regain much of his lost vitaity. Will all his fond hopes be fully realized? Let us follow him and see. Lo, gone but a few minutes,

When a freedful noise and clatter And a frightful rumpty bump, Humpty rumpty tumpty bump, Issues from the open window Of the sanctum that was entered by the young and hopeful poet. Louder, louder grows the racket, And the rumpty bump increases, And above the din and clatter toons the shrill cries of the poet. And above the din and clatter tome the shrill cries of the poet, Mingled with the dreadful caths of The much excited effice. Then a-down the winding stairway, Comes a rolling, tumbling object—Ragged, torn and bruised and bloody—which, alsa, you'd scarcely think it, is the bard who spry and happy, Ascended them strenely smiling, But so short a time before.

"Now May with life and music The blooming valley fills. And rears her flowery arches For all the little rills."

Welcome art thou, ob, month of flowers!
What April has begun May completes. The
buds and blossome that timidity and reservedly kept securely folded their tiny
petals from the fickis winds and sunshine of
April, now boldly and gladly unfold themselves in the fresh fuliness of their fragrant,
beauteous splendor. There is not a nook,
however cold and resentiut, that has not its
blooming flower. The earth teems with life
and sotivity. Bursing insects, singing birds,
gushing springs and whisparing trees blend
their volces in a never cessing symphony of
nature's sweetest minetralsy.

"And deep within the forest
Are wedded turtles sees.
Their auptial chambers seeking—

To class the boughs above."

This is the month when the small boy realizes the true "poetry of existence." His joy grows more intense every day as the time draws near when the big circus is to arrive. He plays hookey from school to gaze in blissful anticipation at the wonderful, many-colored bills and lithographs that decorate the show windows and bill boards of his native town. The phantasmagoria, born of these very suggestive and wonderfully realistic posters, haunts his pillow by night and monopolizes his thoughts by day. His mind is too much occupied with grappling with the all-important and perplexing problem of the most expedient method of "dead-heading it" into a circus tent to allow him to take any interest in such common, every-day pleasures and amusements as hiding his sister's buttle, putting old rubber into his mother's kitchen fire, or stealing peanuts from the corner huckster, who is made supremely happy by the scarcity of his presence about the neighborhood. And,

When the long expected morning

the scarcity of his presence about the borhood. And,

When the long expected morning pawns upon his native city,

He i - stirring bright and early.

Though on every other morning His sleepy eyes he n'er opens

Till his mamma comes and fans him with her slipper, long and slender,

Teiling him "get up, you lazy good-for-nothing scalawag."

No such calls he needs this morning :

Long before his ma awaketh

He is out upon the commons earing at the busy workmen

Putting up the circus canvas.

And he makes himself quite usctul,

Carrice water for the horses,

Gives thecircus men some pointers Carries water for the horses, Gives theorrous men some pointers On the bearings of the city; And be worketh like a trooper, Doing chores of all descriptions, Till his hands are torn and blistered And his head is aching, aching, Oh, so dreadful, dreadfully. Then he asks in tones so meekly: "Please, mister give me a ticket To the circus and the side show." But the man whom he addresses Turns upon him savagely, Andex claims in tones mestangry, "Get out o' here, you little scape go And exclaims in tones most angry,
"Get out o' here, you little scape-grac
What the devil are you doing
Hound about here anyway?"
Then that little frightened urchin
Sinks off pensive and chagrined;
But he gets into that circus
In a most propitious moment,
When no one about is watching,
the quickly, defly slips in underNeath the loose and flapping canvas.

JUNE! Peace and beauty reign supreme The sun shines in the unwrinkled heavens, breathing a gentle warmth upon the singing forest and verdant fields. The air is laden with sweetness as " if all the angels of God had gone through it bearing spices home-ward." Across the fields of grain come the mellow sounds of the dinner horn, and "drowsy tinklings" from the distant farm where the hay-makers are busily at work.

Now among the forest trees Dryads sigh upon the breeze, For the picnic p-rites sing sods and pop bottles into the spring

That young man you see meandering towards the suburbs of the great metropolis, with a beaming smile agitating the roots of his blonde moustache, is in love. He has been "gone" on a certain black-eyed damsel for some time. He is not an overly sentimental youth, but these lovely June days have had a tendency to give a tinge of poetry to his affections for his beautiful houri, and on this pleasant June evening, when the birds are singing so sweetly and the pure air animates everyone with birsful and delightful feelings of joy, he is bending his steps towards the suburban residence of his sweetheart, where he will sing in his most dutest tones under her window in the silvery light of the moon, "Good Night, Sweetheart, Good Night," He has been forbidden the premises, but what of that. "Love laughs at lock-smilths," and he is a brave and learless lover. The night is well on when he reaches the suburban villa. His fair one occupies a room in the rear of the house, and he must needs climb the orchard wall to get beneath her window. Nimbly he leaps over, "oh, how quick is love." But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? "Its the east, and his sweetheart is the sun. (She has evidently not retired yet.) Rapture permeates his whole being, but he is too full (of bliss) for utterance. Now she sighs, "Ah me!" This exclamation from the lips of his loved one is too much for the enraptured youth, and in his rich, musical voice he murmurs: "How you vos, mine loie?" "Faith an' who be yez that distharbs me so?" comes the answer from the maiden.
"Dun you know who I vos?" "Shure an' it's yerself, Misther Frellinghausengonsen! Faith an' I didn't know yez 'tai a 'tai. But phwat are yez afther doing in our gardin down there," Yez betther be after makin' yerself scarce about here: if the brute of o dog gits hould o' yez divil a That young man you see meandering towards the suburbs of the great metropolis

in our gardin down there? Yez betther be after makin' yerself scarce about here; if the brute of e dog gits hould o' yez divil a pace of flish will he lave on yer bones."

"Och, mine Gott! Do you tink a Tutchman vos a geese? Mine lofe, mine lofe, there ish more perils in dose eyes of yours than a "An' do yez love me so much loike yez used to, thin?"

Mine lofe, by yonder blessed moon I schware dot tips mit sphleador now dos tree tops dere..."
"Now don't be afther swearin' at the moot loike that But, hist! some one calls Sthay around a bit of o while, I'll be afther re-

turning dirictly."

But the youth does not stay. For But the youth does not stay. For Now upon the n idnight silence Breaks a loud and dreadful barking. And the young man leaveth quickly His place beneath that window light—Taxeth to his heels right smartly—And a deg, long carred and yellow, Close behind his tlying tootsteps Barks and how's most nideously. Nearer, nearer, comes the bull-pup, Faster, faster, runs the lover; But the orchard wail is distant, and the youth is much excited. So 'lis not so much a wonder That he leaves much of his clothing With that dog, long-aced and yellow. And he wanders in the moonlight Through the streets of the great city Will the seating of his breezhes Gone, and he is also minus

Gone, and he is also minus Coat and hat and vestcoat, too, JERRY CRUNCHER. (To be concluded next week.) HOW TO ACT IN A SICK BOOM.

Some Points That Would He Wall Wort Awhile Impressing Upon Everybody. Thursday's lecture by Dr. James Tyson the nurses of the University hospital, Phile delphis, on " The Hygiene of the Sick Room Patient and Nurse," was largely attended by

Dr. Tyson began by explaining the proper position and surroundings of the sick room. He said it should be the best room in the house, and should contain not less than 1,700 cubic feet 1. a., 12 feet high, 12 feet long and 12 feet broad. The room should have a southern exposure, both in summer and in winter. Light is an indispensible condition except in a small class of cases, such as brain fever and affections of the eye. There should be no wool hangings, nothing that cannot be removed and washed. The furniture must be limited to such articles as are necessary to the comfort and needs of the patient and nurse. The necessity of good ventilation was particularly emphasized by the lecturer. The body, he said, produced or exhaled carbonic soid and consumed or breathed in oxygen. With the vegetable world the case is different, for it consumes or feeds on the carbonic soid and produces oxygen. Growing bonic sold and produces oxygen. Growing things are carbonic acid consumers and oxy gen producers. On this account, Dr. Tyson said, plants were useful in a sick room during the day, because they consumed the car-bonic acid in the room, which it was impor-tant to get rid of, and supplied oxygen to the patient. HOW TO SECURE VENTUATION.

In every sick room there should be some way for the fresh air to get in and the bad air escape. The cracks in the doors and chinks in the windows allow of this to s slight degree, but more effective measures should be adopted. A very simple way to secure ventilation is to lower the window a little at the top and keep it so constantly. Let the opening be at the top of the window, because this is the most harmless place for the air to come in. Another more elaborate plan, which precludes a drait, is to raise the sash at the bottom and substitute a plain board; the opening which is left between the sashes, by raising the sash, will allow the fresh air to enter. In hospitals and other institutions elbows are often used which fit into openings and prevent a rush of air across the room. The foul air should pease out, moreover, as readily as the pure air comes in. The best way to dispose of the air exhaled from the lungs is to have an open fire on the hearth, or, if the weather forbias this, you can no doubt open the doors and windows wide. A substitute for the open fire is a lighted lamp placed is the chimney place. This will suck out the bad asr. Heaping generally have appliances for intreducould be adopted. A very simple way to

ing fresh air and disposing of the bad air. In some instances, as at the Pennsylvania hotpital, fans are used to aid in ventilation.

The danger to patients from exposure, in using these various measures, is slight. The window which is opened should be temporarily closed when the patient, for any reason, is particularly exposed. There is a great difference in the susceptibility of patients to cold, according to the nature of the disease. Fever patients very rarely take cold, while those suffering from pulmonary troubles are easily affected in this way. In the latter cases a cold breath sometimes gives the patient a cold.

Care should be taken to lessen the agencies in the sick room which consume the air. A burning gas jet feeds upon the air to the same extent as three or four ordinary persons, and two candles or one lamp consumes much oxygen as one man. Hemember, then, to diminish the means by which oxygen is consumed.

TEMPERATURE OF THE SICK ROOM. The temperature of the sick room should be carefully regulated. There is no regular rule which can be followed, for the temperarule which can be followed, for the temperature varies according to the nationality of
the patient and the nature of the affection.
In Engiand the sick room is generally kept
at a temperature ranging from 60 to 75 degrees, while in this country the thermometer, as a rule, ought to register between 68
and 70 degrees. There is greater danger of
the patient catching cold from a slight
change of temperature than from a marked
change. In the latter case additional clothing
would naturally put on. Consult the thermometer often. The room should not be
kept as warm by night as by day, for at night
the patient is less exposed, and, as a rule, there

GENERAL CARE OF THE SICK ROOM. As to the general care of the sick room, Dr. Tyson said there were two all important elements—order and cleanliness. of the physician's care, these two conditions will accomplish all that is generally tions will accomplish all that is generally required. The various utensiis used in giving medicine or cleaning the room should not be allowed to remain in the room after they are used, or, at least, should not be left of place. A brightly polished waiter, with a few clean vessels on it, is rather a pleasant sight to the eye, but a soiled tumbler or coffee cup should never be seen. Hed pans and urinals should be promptly removed, and, after they are cleaned, should be left with a little water in them. If, in addition to a liking for clean liness, your nurse has the knack of tastefully decorating your room with a few flowers or iccorating your room with a few flowers or

decorating your room with a few flowers or otherwise, your are very fortunate.

Look well to the hygiene of the patient, and by this is meant the general management of the patient from day to day, independently of the physician. Every patient should have the face washed daily, and the hands washed three or four times during the day. Twice r week the body should be washed from head to foot. The patient's linen should be kept fresh. The teeth should be kept carefully clean, and if the patient is not able to use the tooth brush, or has none, the nurse should use a sponge, fastened to a stick, and clean the teeth. Many of these things are not pleasant to do, but it is supposed that nurses wish to do their duty thoroughly.

The bed linen should of course, be kept clean and smooth, and the latter not only for comfort's cake, but also to avoid bed sores. In certain diseases additional precautions against bed sores are necessary. In such cases wash the body with alcohol, bathing whisky or alum water. Sponge the parts subject to pressure. Be alive to the possibility of the occurrence of the sores.

HYGIENE OF THE NURSE. It is not everyone who can or should be a nurse. Defective health should forbid professional nursing; good health is prerequi-site to such work. Nursing is entirely comsite to such work. Nursing is entirely compatible with good health, but there are certain rules which should be carefully carried out. (1.) Take a daily siring. From one-half an hour to an hour in every day is sufficient for this purpose. Sometimes the condition of the patient prevents even this, but this rarely happens. (2.) Take a daily bath. This is an important part of a nurse's hygiene. Let the water be tepid, and bathe upon going off duty—day nurses at night, night nurses in the morning. (3.) Dress carefully. In infectious diseases wear wash dresses, but in ordinary cases let the dress be of neat cloth. The cutts, apron and cap should be often The culls, apron and cap should be often changed, and should look fresh. The hands, and indeed, all of the person must be kept

OWR ON ROYLBO'RRILLY.

The Consequences of Editing Out His Blank Observations and Cursory Remarks From the Boston Record.

A certain famous Boston author and canceist is sometimes charmingly consistent. A been telling a tale out of school which illustrates this characteristic quality of this amiable man's composition in a delightful way, This author once sent to the periodical in question several years ago a very spirited question several years ago a very spirited and interesting description of one of his canceing trips. He marked a good round price on his manuscript, and with the imperative grace of gonius, requested an immediate answer, yes or no. Of course the article was accepted at once—did he ever have one sent back?—although the magazine manager faitered at the price demanded.

And too the ratition ranges of the story

one sent back?—although the magazine manager faltered at the price demanded.

And, too, the ratting pages of the story had one rather grave/fault—all of theswearings of the canceling expedition were set down in black and white. It may be that they were not all, but there were certainly enough of them to last any ordinary pair of canceless through a summer excursion. Now, the assistent editor, who read the copy for the printer, was a person much opposed not only to many expletives, but also to the frequent imbiblings which were further recorded in this o'er true tale. So, after a check for his full price had been sent to the clever and accomplished writer, this editorial hand judiciously applied the scianors and the blue pencil, cutting out the emphatic exciamations and the mention of those extra drinks which seemed unnecessary to the full literary success of the article. It was done with fear and trembling, but it had to be done, and all that could be hoped was that justice might be tempered with mercy when the wrath of the writer should be directed toward the official judgment which had dared to tamper with his manuscript.

But nothing happened directly. There was

his manuscript.

But nothing happened directly. There was nearly a fortnight of absolute slience on the part of the contributor after his article appeared in the magazine; then the manager received a note requesting him kindly to re-turn those parts of the canceling story which had been cut out, as he wished to sell them to another publisher.

Stomach Distils Acids.

These, if existent in a natural quantity, and functions of digestion and assimilation. But the artificial acid resulting from the inability of the stomach to convert food received by it and heartburn, which are the most harassing symptoms of dyspepsia. The best carminative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Far more effective is it than carbonate of sods, magnesia or other alkaline salts. These invariably weaken the stomach without producing per-manent benefit. No man or woman chronically drapeptic, and consequently herrous, can be in possession of the full measure of vigor allowed by nature. Therefore, invigorate and regulate the system, and by so doing protect it from malaria, theumatism and other serious maladies.

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Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary "For twelve years!"

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" All the time !"

Respectfully, B. F. Boors, Saulebury, Tean.,

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1995.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

Mas. Parsus Grand. ASSESSMENTAN, MASS., Jan. 15, 1895.

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"A tour to Europe that cost me \$1,000, done "less good than one bottle of Hop Hitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous "weakness, sleepleseness and dyspepsia,"—Hr. M., Auburn, H. Y.

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Baby Saved. We are so thanking that say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constitution and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Ecchoster, N. Y.

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