TAKEN AT HIS WORD. A Pleasant Love Story.

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bedroom, crying and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months; and to such a "nice, handsome man," as all the young ladies declared, that surely she ought to have been happy with him. And so she had been, until-un-til, to tell the truth, Mr. Bob Palmer, lorgesting, or seeming to forget, that he forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with these very young ladies, at all the parties in Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any six-months wife cry-especially one o sensitive as

Nellie. Not that Mr. Robert Palmer loved his httle wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage – neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his morals, any more than she did his constancy. But Mr. Palmer did his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man, and loved to amuse himself and to be amused. He liked the society of pretty and lively women, both married and single; and, in a word, he liked to flirt, and saw no harm in it. So, while he hung over the young ladies' chairs, laughing and pay-ing gay compliments, or promenading with the young married ladies, his wife would be looking over a photograph would be looking over a photograph album, or conversing solemnly with some old gentleman, or noticing some shy and awkward child, while pr ing to be unconscious of her husband's proceedings. Not that she was compelled to enjoy herself in this solemn way—she, usually so bright, and pretty, and agreeable—but she had no heart for anything else now. Of late, all her liveliness and chattiness had left her, and she answered absently and smiled histlessly, and, if compelled to dance or sing, 'did so out of time and out of tune, to her husband's great vexation. It is thus that more average version. It is thus that many a young wife set-tles down into a dull and faded old woman, while her husband grows hand-somer and heartier, and wonders what on earth could have so changed her.

"Hallo! been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle, as he entered Cossing ma intra winstle, as he entered the room, on returning from his office. "What's the matter now, Nellie? Ca-mary refused to sing, or Madame Vig-lini not put flowers enough in your bonnet?" "Oh, Bob! how can you?" sobbed Nellie, hearing frach."

"Oh, Bob! how can you?" sobbed Nellie, beginning afresh. "Lock here, Ellen," said her husband, aitting down on the lounge, and speak-ing more seriously; "I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about, I should like to know? It's an insult to me to one sincling about the honse in this go sniveling about the house in this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking sullen and miserable, as you did last night, at Macklin's. Why, people will think me a perfect devestio tr will think me a perfect domestic ty. rant

rant!" "Ah, Bob, don't speak sc! I can't help it, indeed. I do feel sc miserable. You make me so, Bob." "I! Well, that is rich! Ferhaps

you will be good enough to let me know of what enormity I've been guilty, that has turned you into a modern Niobe?

has turned you into a modern Niobe?" "Nothing really wrong, dear; but, oh! if you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love, and—" Here poor Nellie broke down again. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide. "Whew!" whistled he; "if this isn't "Wheen!" a blog is a boy isolays!"

really absurd. So, she's jealous!" "Indeed, no, dear Bob! But-but" -she could hardly speak for the chok-ing in her throat- "you can't under-stand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection respect before every one, or how it humbles and mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves her rivals-like Is abel Baden."

Mr. Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry. "You're an absurd little fool, Nellie,"

"Fourse an absurd hitle fool, Nellie," be said. "As if Isabel Baden were any-thing to me beyond a pleasant and agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!" "She don't think so," said Nellie;

and-and the others don't think so. "and—and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut me out, and is trying to bet people see it."

Lovell. He is constantly in my house; dressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered dressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention from her husband and his companion, until, seeing something in Miss Baden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned, as with a sudden de-termination, to the gentlemax at her side. He was a recent comer to the and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood, for two hours, the center of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like himself." "Why, Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wall-flower and 'spider,' and said you were ashamed of me." said you were ashamed of me. side. He was a recent comer to the side. He was a recent comer to the town—very pleasant and handsome— and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try and make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased, and was himself so agreeable, that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned; and, to her sur-prise, she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did: and now," he retorted, severely. "Now, dear, that is quite unreasona-ble of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie, reproachfully; " and new that I am obeying you, you get icolona." herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did; and her firitation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm, now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so. Wherefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photograph albums, nor talking to deaf old Mr. and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell—" "Similar to those that I heard in re-gard to you and Miss Baden, I prosume? manded, angrily. "And what is Capt. Lovell to me?" "You encourage him, madam. You firt with him." albums, nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to "As you do with Isabel Baden." "A nan may do what is not permissi-ble in a woman."

frequent, he became rather puzzled. "She's got in the dumps again, I suppose," was his thought, "and is trying

to disguise it under pretense of being ill. Dare say I shall find her crying or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling-bottles round her-or perhaps she's gone home." At that instant a little laugh at his

elbow startled him, and, turning, he saw Nellie, bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious

Why, the deuce!" was his thought: "what on earth can they have been talk-ing about all this while?" Then suddenly meeting his wife's eye, he smiled, and whispered, "Enjoying yourself, and Nell

'Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me, pray." He passed on, but didn't go far, and,

as he stood whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking and how gay she was, and how coquettishly she was ex-changing light repartee with that flirting fellow, Tom Harrison. And all the while the handsome stranger never left her side. It was perfectly evident that he admired her. "If she were not a married woman he

would certainly fall in love with her-she-my wife;" and he felt a little re-sentful of the a imiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly, or daneed more gracefully than upon this evening." "Don't you think, Nell, you've daneed enough for one night?" said her hus-hand, toward the close of the evening; "for a married woman," he added. "Perhaps so," she answered, cheerful-ly; "but I've enjoyed myself so much! Keally, L almost forgot that I was a married.

ally, I almost forgot that I was a mar-d woman, and felt like a girl again." ried

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that follow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired, as they walked down stairs.

That remarkably handsome with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered,

stifily "Oh, I thought you meant Capt. Lovell, of the artillery. Ah! here he is-just one moment, dear-I quite for-

got And Nellie spoke a few words to the Captain in passing, of which her hus-

When the human mind gets down to hub-dew into a rut of thinking, it's hard to lift in out. band could distinguish only something about "that book." Talents are best matured in duelisto; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world. Upon my word," he said sarcastic

ally, ready. you appear very intimate al-

Because, love, we've discovered that "Because, love, we've discovered that we're congenial spirits. We like the same things—books, music, scenery; in-deed, everything—and have the same opinions on most subjects. You know how pleasant it is to meet with one who can comprehend you—not your outer self merely, but with a sort of soul sympathy." sympathy.'

Soul fiddlesticks

"You never did have much senti-ment, Bob," sighed Nellie, in an injured tone. "Sentiment be hanged! Come, Nel-

same cell. Very few men acquire wealth in such

FOR THE FAIR SEX. Fashion Notes.

Alsatian bows, lace edged, are worn.

Mother-o'-pearl buttons are exceed-ngly stylish. Cascades and plastrons are formed of

oral jet fringe. Breton lace, plaited, trims dainty cos-tumes beautifully.

am much more ashamed of you "he retorted, severely.

"Jealous? not I! But I am offended

"What is Miss Baden to me?" he de

6 in a woman." "Ah, that is it! " said Nellic, with her i sigh. "You men may neglect a fe-may wear out her heart and life

with anguish may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintance by showing devotion to another; and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must here all in musch silvara.

but must bear all in meek silence,

never even imploring mercy, lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough

of this, Bob; and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Baden than I do for

Capt. Lovell; but I will not be neg-lected and humbled in the sight of the

as she at him, and then he rose and

"And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?"

"No more than I ought to do for my cousin Laura's affianced husband,"

"These six months; before I met him; and I would have told you of it,

She stopped, and looked half archly

n his face. He understood her, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her ten-

Words of Wisdom.

Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, thyself to thy friend,

Only what we have wrought into our ters during life can we take away

Happiness can be built on virtue alone

must of necessity have truth for its

Sin produces fear, fear leads to bond-

age, and bondage makes all our duties

If you are fishing for a good reputation you had better bait your hook with

Menand women make sad mistake bout their symptoms, taking their

Yague, theasy longings sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener still for a mighty love. As they who, for every slight sickness take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their charac-ter, do rather weaken it. It is easy to say "Wa mill forest'

It is easy to say "We will forget," but perhaps the hardest task given us is to lock up a natural yearning of the heart and turn a deaf ear to the plaint, for captive and jailer must inhabit the

longings sometimes for imes for religion, and

"I will do so no more, love!"

"Never flirt any more?" "Never!"

Oh. Bob! how could you ever have

seat by her side.

said his wife.

old

wife

took a

but-

derly

doubted

with us.

irksome.

bout

vague, uneasy

foundation.

ood deeds.

replied.

Affianced?"

Handkerchiefs of pink or blue batiste have edges of ecru torchon lace.

Egyptian necklaces are composed golden lizards alternating with gems. Handsome silk stockings have lace in-ertion let in from the toe to the instep

Paon green velvet and creme pompa doursatin form some elegant costumes.

Beads and ornaments of amber deco-ate the Moorish or Oriental fabrics exquisitely. Satin skirts have the front openings

between the paniers filled in with tiny plaited frills.

Pretty fichus and vests are made of crepe de chine and brocaded gauze, deco-rated with satin ribbon.

Polonaises are very long, gathered up in the center and looped high each side, forming small paniers.

All monotony of dress is completely broken up by the striking autumnal colors generally adopted.

Bonnet shapes covered with silk net and beaded with jet or beads of any and all colors are most stylish.

Pretty ties are made of pompadour gauzes, blue and pink Surah and such laces as point d'esprit and Breten.

small, frequent and feeble, the breath-ing becomes oppressed, there is a ten-dency to deliritum, and death may occur as a result of the shock to the nervous system. In general, if one limb is en-tical in a bar of the shock to the sector.

Ribbon with pearled edges is new this winter and is costly enough not to be likely to grow common. The shock to the nervous system is best relieved by a prolonged hot full bath. The patient should be immersed in water at 100 degrees, save the injured

The novelties in necklaces of twisted wires of gold and silver were in olden times worn by those in authority.

A fall parasol is covered with damase and edged with a silken cord; another is of foulard, bordered with an embroider-ed band and finished with a lace flounce.

whole world. I am not a slave, but a wife, and demand the honor due to me!" Her mood was a new one to her hus-The novelties in fancy jewelry are ear-rings and brooches of flies, sun beetles, lady birds and bees, which are such good imitations that they are often mistaken hand. She sat erect and provel look-ing him steadily in the face, with bright, clear eyes, in whose depths he could still read great tenderness; and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment, as steadily

Dressy bonnets for the winter will be of long-haired white felt, trimmed with white and colored feathers and lined with turquoise blue, ruby or gold shir-

red satin Exquisitely delicate is the cream-colored fabric, embroidered in pink rose buds and foliage, the half-blown blossoms being faint in tint and the leaves the rare yellowish green of early spring. Small black or white lace shawls are

arranged on the shoulders in folds, tied in at the waist with long ends hanging in front. Others are secured to the waist by a pretty lace pin or bunch of flowers.

The new bonnet strings are made of double satin or silk, are about four inches in width and finished at the ends with fringe, showing beneath it a dainty lace plating. They are seeured beneath the back bait with a force new back hair with a fancy pin.

An exquisite costume for a bride is of moonlight-blue satin and brocaded silk, decorated with embroidery and rare point lace, the loopings of the drapery being secured with silver fern-leaf pins, the buttons, ornaments and jewelry to match match.

match, A plain black velvet cloak is most charming for this season, and can be worn with any rich dress. Still later in the season pretty out of door jackets of fancy cloth, in the various shades of gray and beige, trimmed with very pretty and often costly buttons of wrought-iron, old silver or oxydized metal, will be exceedingly popular. The new bounct ribbons are miden

The new bonnet ribbons are wider than heretofore, ranging from two and a half to four inches. They come in all the old favorites, to which are added the new shot ribbons and twilled silk serge ribbons, which are very handsome. As already indicated, the strings are loosely tied at the back of the bonnet, instead of being brought r. und in front.

New smoked pearl buttons are exquis-itely carved in curious and pretty de-signs, some bearing a tiny house sur-rounded with shrubbery; others a bird, a flower or a branch with a tiny bird's nest filled with eggs. All of these are finely cut to show the variety of tints in smoked pearl.

The Women of Egypt.

The Women of Expit. They are not allowed to go out of doors as women in other countries are, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same hut with the people. These huts are made of mud without windows, and the doors so small that the wonder is how the people get in. They do not wash their babies till they are a year old, because it is considered unlucky to do so. They rarely comb their hair from month to month. Their chief meal is at sunset; the rest of the time they eat at a piece of bread when they are hun-gry. They never use plates or knives or forks. All sit around the table on the foor. Bread is their daily food and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy "street bread." The women clean the corn and carry it on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the sides of an oven and baked in less the sides on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the sides of an oven, and baked in *less* than a minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travelers are usually expected to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goatskin half filled with milk is hung on a peg, and then a woman jerks it to and fro till the butter comes. Then she drains it, but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

Tobacco in the Hen-Roost.

HOME DOCTOR.

SURNS AND SCALDS.

These injuries are not essentially dif-ferent in their nature, the difference being simply that one is caused by moist heat, and the other by dry. They are often so slight as to be of little moment, but concentrationally they are no servere as to but occasionally they are so severe as to require the most prompt and energetic treatment.

When a burn does not break the skin when a burn does not break the sain, it is of little consequence, and should be treated like any ordinary inflam-mation. Keeping cold water upon the part until the smarting ceases, and then the application of glycerine, or, if this is not tolerated, common lard rubbed upon the burned surface, is all the treatment necessary. If blisters are formed, they should be pricked to let out the

have severe chills, the pulse may be small, frequent and feeble, the breath-

tirely involved, or a greater part of the trunk, the prospect of recovery is small. The treatment in the severest cases

ould be both constitutional and le

part of the oil to two parts of collodion This may be kept in an air-tight bottle

done from without is to protect the ex-posed surface from the irritating influ-

the general circulation, should it be-come disturbed. People in general trust too much to external agencies, and

too little to the only true source of heat

1. Accidental cuts from knives, cut-ting tools, scythes, etc., are more likely to occur on the face and limbs than on

the body. All that is requisite in gen-eral is to bring the parts together as ac-

curately as possible, and to bind them up; this is usually done by adhesive plaster, when the cut ceases to bleed.

lance

nce of the atmosphere, and to

ing, the vitality within.

water, and then a poultice of slippery elm bark and water, or a mixture of beeswax and lard melted together and spread upon a cloth, may be applied with great comfort to the patient.

But if the injury is more extensive, overing over a large surface, and es-becially if the tissues of the skin are lestroyed, the difficulty is necessarily distressing and often dangerous. In such cases the nervous system may be-come affected, so that the patient will

Elmira Gazette.

LITTLE BILLY Was told: "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day, after reflecting seriously a minute or two, he asked: "Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"—Paris paper.

when we were school by together now proudly guards the left field in some crack base-ball club, and is playing for a fielding average of .976.—New Haven Benitter Register

the river with a good-sized pole in her hand, and a wrinkle across her nose, hand, and a wrinkle zeross her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much! she's got a boy down that way who promised her, with tears in his eyes, he wouldn't go in swimming. -Stubenville Herald.

Phelps was fined \$10 for contempt of

RAFHAEL died without knowing the rapture it is to catch the expression on the face of a man who chases a street-car three blocks, and then, just before he makes the jump for the step, pulls up suddenly and goes back to the side-walk, trying to look as though he hadn't ust discovered that he hadn't a solitary es a street. ust discovered that he hadn't a solitary, ingering red cent about his clothes.

HE looked up very humbly, and said he was sorry to be found in such a place, but he could assure the court place, but he could assure the court that he was never in the prisoner's box before. "Never?" asked the court, with some severity. "Look-a-here, Judge," said the culprit, "name the fine, but for Heaven's sake don't spring that 'Pinafore' gag on a fellow."—Turner's Falls Reporter.

TAFFY. Of all confections in the list, The girls deem taily sweetvat; And, with a mouth well filled and kissed, Their joy is the completest! So boyn, when they asparking go, Are in U = odern fashicn-They taff is a shiy bestow, And could - et il love's passion. Chicago Commercial Advertise. TAFFY.

Lightning Rods.

plaster, when the cut ceases to bleed. Nothing is so good for this purpose as paper previously washed over on one side with thick gum water and then dried; when used, it is only to be wet-ted with the tongue. When the cut bleeds but little it is well to soak the part in warm water for a few minutes, or keep a wet cloth on it. This re-moves inflammation and pain, and also <section-header><text> a tendency to fainting which a cut gives some persons. If the bleeding be too copious, dab the part with a rag wetted with creosote. 2. A good salve for sores is unsalted butter and grated carrots simmered well and strained clear. rots simmered well and strained clear. 3. To stop bleeding from wounds, an equal quantity of salt and flour, put on a cloth and applied to a wound, will stop bleeding. It may be left on for days or weeks. 4. The best application for any and all flesh-cuts and raw sores is gas-coal tar, which may be had at any gas works where gas is made from each

PITH AND POINT.

RACY reading-News of the turf. Tur early fruit fetches the worm.

THE hair crop is very short this ason. ALMOST every German is a musica

WHAT a barber should talk about

while shaving a man-About two see onds.

"BUSTHEAD" is the popular name for whisky in West Virginia. And those who indulge in it are usually "busted."

An exchange asks: "In the vegetable race who ever saw the tomato catchup?" No one, of course; but the tomato can.

"Mv Soul's at the Gate," is the title of a new piece of mnsic. He had bet-ter be careful, or he may find the old man's sole at the gate, too, some of these fine evenings.

June evenings. June, with a rose in her hatr. Sweet as her break is sweet, Her lips equiver with song. With a ripple of soft warm air Bürred by her love urged test. Is booming right along. A LITTLE dog in a front yard will

The start and the start when a following the particularly when a fellow is trying to slip out of the front door without making any noise, and the old folks happen to sleep right over the front stoop.

LITTLE BILLY was told : "Never ask

Some persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class

part, and the temperature of the water should be increased until it cannot be tolerated any hotter. The bath should be continued until the nervous prostration is relieved, or from thirty to forty WHEN you see a woman going toward If the burns are deep, a good applica If the burns are deep, a good applica-tion is a thick solution of gum arabic, which may be prepared in a few min-utes by dissolving the gum in hot water. After it is applied, it may be dusted over with powder, and so the tissues underneath will be completely protect-ed. Another good remedy is collodion and sweet oil, in the proportion of one part of the oil to two parts of colledion

-Studenville Herata. "GENTLEMEN of the jury," said Mr Phelps to the twelve men of Worthing-ton, Minn., who had convicted his daughter of selling eider without a license, "all I've got to say is, you're a set of jackasses, and you may wave your ears over that soleran truth." Mr. Pholps was fined \$10 for conterrut it.

for any length of time, and may be ap-plied by a camel's-hair brush. It imme-diately forms a firm covering to the exposed surfaces, and so takes the place of the destroyed cuticle. If these subof the destroyed cuticle. If these sub-stances are not at hand, common dry flour may be dusted upon the injured part to the depth of half an inch or so. All liniments to "draw out the fire" are An infiments to "draw out the hre' are worse than useless, for there is no fire there to draw out. It should be borne in mind that these, as well as all other injuries, are healed by the action of the vital forces alone, and all that can be done from without is to mind the

Let people see it." "Fiddlesticks!" said Bob, rising im-patiently from the lounge. "I'm aston-ished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense as well as temper," he added, severely. "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society as I do, instead of going moping about in this fushion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron-strings; and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself than skulking away in holes and cor-mers, like a spider, watching your but-terfly of a husband to see if you can't letect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare." Mr. Palmer took his hat and waked

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His His wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and mused awhile, with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling. "Yes," she said to herself, "since he

has requested it, I will amuse myself "as he does,' and see how he likes it! Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not use to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved you!"

And once more, despite her resoluteby closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would

come. There was to be, that very evening, a party at Col. Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing her-self for it. She had been, of late, rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her busband's glance of approval and his remark that the pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence, her eyes and checks were brighter, and her spirits more buyant, as she entered Mrs. more buoyant, as she entered Mrs. Johnston's crowded drawing rooms. Bearcely had they paid their respects to the hostess, when Mr. Falmer accosted, er, rather, was accosted, by Miss Baden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensuire him before his marriage; and, ent, a gentler an ad-

gnick with your wrappi has been a stupid evening, and I shall be glad to get home and to bed." When Robert Palmer came home next

day, he found his wife, not crying, as before, in her bedroom, but in the par-

lor, practicing a new song. "Capt. Lovell called this morning," sho said, "and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah!" he answered, with an expres-sion of indifference; and, as his wife again struck up with the first few notes, he muttered to himself, "Confound Capt. Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's, Capt. Lovell was At Mrs. Campoell's, Capt. Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer; and then other gentlemen dis-covered hor attractions, her piquaney, and coquettishness, and *flirtableness*;

and so, in a very few weeks, Mrs. Pal-mer was a belle. She did not seem in the least to care who her husband was attending upon, and, indeed, he could rarely get a word with her at all, when arey get a word with her at all, when at the gay assemblies which they con-stantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl," and that he was her husband; but she only laughed, and said there but she only laughed, and said there was no harm done, and that she was en-joying herself so delightfully, and feit herself more a belie than even when a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorbed, heart and soul, in Bob Palmer. But now it was Capt. Loyell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts, as well as a good part of her time. She sung and danced with him; she read the books he sent; and so frequent were his vis-its, so constant his attentions, that at last Mr. Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

forth. "Ellen," he said, as he one day closed the door on the departing Captain, "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected-most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow,

manner as to receive substantial plea manner as to receive stostantial pleas-ure from it. Just as long as there is the enthusiasm of the chase, they enjoy it; but when they begin to look around and think of settling down, they find that that part by which joy enters is dead within them.

In the struggle of life the hero and the coward, the conqueror and the con-quered, need sympathy equally. Often the mind which upholds others needs itself to be upheid; the honest heart that seems so bold and true is fainting from secret sorrow, dying from some little wound which sympathy could a'aunch.

s'aunch. Hearts, more or less, I suppose, most of us have, but we keep them so close, cased and padlocked—we wear an out-side so hard and dry—that little or none of the love that may be within escapes to gladden those around us. And so life passes without any of the sweetening to society that comes when affection is not only felt but expressed. To an ordinary observer, the mass of

To an ordinary observer the mass of people one meets scenn happy and joyous. Here and there, perhaps, we see a carc-worn, sad face, but the multitude pass on as sunny and smiling as if there was no trouble in the world. But could we lift the veil and look beneath this gay exterior, we should discover many a hid-den grief, so many hearts are there that ache and make no sign, and that is not the bitterest sorrow that the world sees and hardest to bear which must be kept concealed and never spoken of.

THE Prussian Government appears determined to make sure that the shall not, like the French soldiery, be permeated by the leaven of democratic permeated by the leaven of democratic ideas. The troops stationed in Berlin have been forbidden to read the Liberal newspapers, and their quarters are to be searched at regular times for the prohibited journals and for other ob-jectionable publications. Severe pun-isliment is promised those with whom such articles are found. is gas-coal tar, which may be had at any gas works where gas is made from coal. A barrel of it, costing \$2, has been in use at the Kirby homestead for ten years and is not half gone yet. Coal tar, when applied to a flesh-cut, shuts out the air and thus stops the smart-ing; it will also keep off the flies. It is very healing, and it is antiseptic-that is, cleansing—and will prevent the growth of proud flesh.

A Bit of Moss.

To the eye of Him who watches over To the eye of Him who watches over a sparrow's fall there is nothing great, nothing small. The man of science trains his eye to a similar impartiality in looking at nature. A most to the un-trained eye seems insignificant. To the eye of the botanist it is a little world. A friend once complained to the great Swedish botanist that Sweden did not afford scope enough for the did not afford scope enough for the study of nature. Linnæus haid his hand upon a bit of moss, on a bed of which they were reclining, and said : "Under this palm is material for the tudy of a lifetime!"

Tobacco in the Hen-Roost. A French gentleman has developed a theory that the inhalation of tobacco backed by fowls causes their flesh to assume a wonderfully white color and become very tender at the same time. He accordingly shut up a chicken in his fowl-house, and set fire to a store of place. The young fowl, so far from being averase to the odor of the narcotic, which had in a fex days' time of the state of the odor of the same time. The young fowl, so far from being averase to the odor of the narcotic, which had in a fex days' time of the same of the odor of the same the factor of the same the same time. The young fowl, so far from being averase to the odor of the same the factor of the same the same the same the factor of the same the same time. The same the same the stupid state-protably in a rather stupid state-protably in a rather stupid state. He rather, blacked, cooked and eater, and a short time after breakfast the thief was the the best of the doctor, headless of the factor is nocturnal escapace. He was built to have been poisoned by the toothe contained in the flesh of the same the same with some difficulty averd from death. tndy of a lifetime!" One day, when lost in an African desert, Mungo Park came across a tuft of moss. This bit of green growing in an arid waste was a messenger from God to the desponding explorer. "If God cares for the moss," he said to himself, "surely He cares for me." And he went on his way, exhilarated by the sight of a bit of moss.

the sight of a bit of me

Wordsworth speaks to cars that can hear:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

It appears that Mark Twain has had the mumps in Paris, after all. W the foreigners took for the mumps only Mark's natural cheek.

Love is lowilness: on the wedding ring sparkle no jewels.

A Grammatical Error.

A Grammatical Erfer. Colorado has the most delightful cli-mate in the world, and bed-bugs. A mother in Israei residing there requires her granddaughter, a young High School miss, to read to her daily some portion of the Good Book. While so engaged recently the young lady sud-denly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, grandma, I declare here is a grammat-ical error." The old lady only replied: "No mat-ter, darling. Kill it, and go on."-Harper's Magazine.

ter, darling. Kill in Harper's Magazine.