Grastvale lay hidden in the hills in idolent

repose,
It lay there, like a snowflake, in the bosom of a rose. Against the mountains on the East, the East winds vainly pressed,

And the mountains stopped the fury of the storm-burst from the West. But the Grassvale people waited for a rail-

road to come down, And tunnel through the mountains and wind grandly into town;

Through the weed-grown streets of Grassvale men would saunter to and fro And tell how, when the railroad came, the little town would grow.

Every night to Durkee's grocery came a crowd of men to talk it With big empires in their fancy and two

nickels in their pocket; But the crowd trod down the dahlias in each housewife's small front yard. And whole droves of pigs went rooting down

thy village boulevard. Every morn the magic sunrise all the eastern

hills would streak, And God flung His sunset banner from the topmost western peak;

But moss grew on the houses where no paint had yet appeared.

raise a beard.

The chimney of the old town hall was thrown down by the rain. And they stuck a rusty funnel through the

bottom window pane; At the little church the steeple blew off one tempestuous day, And they left it as a rendezvous where hens

could go and lay. The great dream of the railroad banished their uneasy fears,

Although they had a suit of clothes but once in fifteen years; For they reasoned when the railroad should death,

come winding down their way They should have a pair of trousers almost every other day.

And we all wait for our railroad, while our front yards grow with thistle, Lay and listen in our valley for the locomotive's whistle:

Yes, we build up mighty railroads in our superhuman brain, While we ought to climb our mountains and just foot it to the train.

-S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

LOST IN THE SWAMP.

BY H. H. LEWIS.

"Halt thar!"

At the startling command, delivered in a voice harsh and peremptory, I in my ear: stopped and peered uneasily into the semi-obscurity ahead.

"Throw up yer hands, an' mighty quick, too!"

The ominous click of a rifle furnished the exclamation point, and at the sound my arms elevated themselves almost in-

A man clad in a tattered suit of butter- chance to escape. nut stepped out from behind a clump of draggled bushes and limped toward me,

Seen by the dim light filtering down est. the thick overgrowth he appeared a commonplace camp follower, some straggler from the adjacent forces who had, like myself, lost his way, but as he drew nearer I noticed that he that of a feeble person after great physi- any more risks. cal exertion.

"Stranger, hev yer seen my Martha round here? My Martha, an ol' woman with gray hair an' wrinkled face? Tell

me or I'll plug ye!" His voice ended in a scream that echoed through the woods like a wild beast's howl and curdled the very blood

"No, my good fellow, no, I haven't this cursed swamp. What is the matter?"

The evidently half-crazed wretch hesitated for a moment, then grasping me by the arm, said flercely: "I believe ye know, ye heli spawn! Tell me what he yer done with my pore ol' woman, or I'll"—— Then letting his voice sink to man? Hain't I allus been kind an faith— is one which is found in every trakteer a whispering sob, "Oh marster, ef ye'll ful, an hain't I love ye from the time I or tea house and is of the nature of a just give her back to me; we've been first saw yer purty face? Won't yer come musical box with a few pipes. nigh thirty years together, her'n methirty long an' happy years—an' she would never rest easy ef I wuz gone even over night. We uns never had no children, an' the love af 'em wuz added like it." to my share. Oh marster, won't ye obleege a poor ol' man that jest wants to go down the hill in peace with Martha

an' bother no 'un?" He fell at my feet and grovelled in the mud, shaking with an intensity of

Here was a quandary indeed, and caused by my own carelessness, too. It was the day before the memorable 1st of June, 1862. Company B, First New York Light Artillery, of which I was a the lost Martha, probably killed by a distinguished private, had been en chance bullet from the battlefield. camped for two weeks on the Chickahominy about five miles from Grapevine

Bridge.

About five o'clock a staff officer galloped up with orders for us to break either.

There was something ridiculous in the station. While en route through the idea of being shot by a lunatic after hundreds of specimens of the glittering red crystals they had succeeded in producing. The rubies were admitted swamp I suddenly remembered having left a couple of chickens hidden near the old camp, which I had confiscated while out on a foraging expedition the night before. Anything in the shape of edibles was worth its weight in gold in those days, and without more ado I dropped slyly to the rear and started back, think-

on an old rotten log to think it over.

Seeing that a night's lodging in a didn't bestir myself, I arose and again commenced feeling my way through the mass of noisome weeds and miry clay

Just as I had joyously discovered a gray sky I was summarily halted in the limb! manner described above.

The lunatic, for such he undoubtedly was, soon sprang to his feet, and I could see that his violent mood was again ing seized him while off guard and run free air, thanking God for my escape. the chances of measuring strength, but the life of me do it.

Now it was too late, and the situation | bullet at every step. was getting desperate. A manaic is a dangerous person at any time, but when he is in possession of a loaded rifle and bridge, and feeling myself safe at last, looks upon you as an aggressor, then you passed over and rejoined my company

are in deadly peril of your life. My uneasiness increased, and it was the signal for recommencing hostilities. with a very faint heart that I asked him The next day I told my story to the As the face that has no beauty is the first to in a sympathetic tone if I could help Captain, and he sent me back with a

him in his search. "Help," he grimly replied; "yes, ye kin help, an' it won't be long before ye the only thing that met our view was a find her, or I'll kill ye like a fetted dog. heap of still smoldering ruins, in which

Come along o' me!" Motioning me to lead the way he placed the muzzle of his rifle against my back, and then we started.

The moon had risen and her silvery light penetrated through the overhanging branches, lending a weird and gruesome aspect to the scene. Afar off the plaintive hoot of an owl sounded to my Minister to Central America, occurred overwrought nerves like an augury of

We had proceeded about two miles in this highly disagreeable manner when I there for the purpose of capturing and noticed that the ground was getting feeding upon the seals. Mr. Pacheco firmer and the trees more scattered. Suddenly we stepped into a small clear- of a high bluff to wait for the return of ing, in the centre of which stood an old log cabin; it was evidenty inhabited, for a faint trail of smoke hovered around the top of the old plastered chimney and on a line stretched near the house hung several well-worn hickory shirts.

I had only time for one hasty glance when my captor grasped me by the shoulder and rushed up to the open door. As we stepped inside I stumbled over some soft, yielding object and almost fell. The interior was but dimly illuminated by a few smoldering logs on the hearth

Releasing his grip the old man shouted "Stand whar yer air while I light the

dip. Don't try to skin, 'cause I hev the

I heard a fumbling in the gloom and the sound of a foot kicking against some piece of furuiture. The idea stack me that now would be a good hopeless case. Mr. Pacheco has killed

If I could only get through the door and across the clearing in safety it would holding a cocked rifle pointing directly be a comparatively easy matter to secure the banks of a dry bed of a stream.

fell full length on the door.

Bang! spat! a bullet struck just above seemed laboring under some strong emo- my head, sending a cloud of dust into bolt of the animal which saved the rider. tion. It was evident by the peculiar my face. For the space of a minute all The other hunters came up in a moment movement of his body, a convulsive heave was still. I was afraid to move after the of the chest, and deep respiration, like warning. It was too close a shave to run that had made such a courgeous charge

Suddenly a faint gleam lighted up the room and I saw him standing a few feet away holding a tallow dip above his head and peering in my direction.

He held the gun in one hand, and had evidently reloaded it. Shambling over close proximity of that rifle I hurriedly the cold perspiration started at every

met a living soul since I lost myself in and stood his gun in a corner; then, with tears running down his cheeks, he burst into a paroxysm of grief awful to behold. Striding up and down the little room, his arms raised in an attitude of prayer,

"O Martha, why hev ye left your ol" back dear an' liven up the ol' house is a burnin' in the chimney, an' I done got everything reddy, jest as ye allus

His voice was as a little child's in its pleading monotone.

Seeing that his attention was still at-

in a pool of blood! A dark stream welling from a hideous wound in her breast showed how she had met her death.

It flashed upon me that this must be

It was all plain now. The old man, crazed by his terrible loss, had, with the vagary of sudden insanity, refused to Casey's division had crossed early that morning, and along in the afternoon we heard the sound of heavy firing in the direction of Fairoaks.

Vagary of studen lasably, fetused to make the disfigured and verneuil, who, for some time past, have been making chemical experiments in the trackless swamp. It was pitiful indeed, but I had to look after my own valuable than mere theory was the fact safety, and not waste any time about it

into the fire. I gave a sudden leap and

tangled in the swamp. The more I first I had the upper hand, then my adtried to extricate myself the deeper I got versary, with almost superhuman power, and at last giving up in despair, sat down wrested himself free and grasped me around the neck with a death-grip. I could feel myself growing weaker and miasmatic bog would be my lot if I weaker, and knew I must conquer soon or give up.

Resolving to make one more effort, and, having noticed that in our furious strugthat threatened to engulf me at every gle we had neared an old iron pot, I grasped his hair with both hands and dashed his head with violent force clearing of the undergrowth ahead and against the iron; His arms relaxed, and could catch faint glimpses of a patch of I rose to my feet trembling in every

It was enough. There only remained one idea, and that was to leave such dangerous quarters without loss of time. In a second I was at the door, and, not coming on. I bitterly regretted not hav- looking backward, passed out into the

Dashing rapidly across the clearing to he at that moment seemed so broken and where an opening showed the presence in such deep trouble that I could not for of a road, I hurried from the fatal spot expecting to hear the sharp ping of a

> After running a mile or so I had the great good fortune to stumble on the just as the first gray streaks of dawn gave

> The next day I told my story to the squad to find out what had become of the old man. On reaching the clearing we discovered the charred remains of the old couple.

He had found his Martha! -- New York World.

Lassoing a Grizzly.

One of the most exciting hunts had by Mr. Pacheco, the recently appointed during one summer night off the California seacoast where the seals were in the habit of going. The bears came and his riders took a station at the top the hugh grizzly that they had seen go down below to feed. He came back about 11 o'clock, and when he was fairly upon the top of the cliff the four lassos whirled and the bear was caught. They were never more successful in a first effort. The four lassos were thrown as if directed by one hand. Each paw was caught, but the bear was greasy from his seal feeding, and one lasso after another slipped off. Of course, in such hunting each rider has two or three lariats in reserve. As the lariats slipped off the bear charged. To protect themselves it was necessary to throw new

ropes and upon the instant. This fight kept up for nearly an hour, when the bear and his hunters both gave gun a-pintin', and will shoot quicker'n up the contest. He was too slippery to be held, but the persistence of the hunters had so daunted his spirit that he was very glad to run off at the last, when the hunters became convinced that it was a many grizzlies. In one instance he had a very narrow escape. This was when he was riding along upon shelter in the friendly depths of the for- grizzly he was after was thirty feet be- Judge is nominated alternately by France low him. As a proof of the wonderful Moving silently toward the square agility of this animal, Mr. Pacheco says patch of light near the door, I braced that this particular bear, without the myself for a sudden dash, and tripping slightest warning of attack, bounded from the bed of the stream clear and clean to the flank of his horse. It was the sudden and in three minutes afterward the bear was lying helpless in the nooses of the hunters .- Chicago Tribune.

A Peculiarity of Russian Customs.

Our St. Petersburg correspondent, says the London News, sends us a curious story of the operation of the customs towards me he viciously poked the muzzle laws in Russis. It appears that the into my side, muttered some incoherent British and American Congregational words in a sing-song voice. I lay still as Church, to celebrate the jubilee of its Stepping hastily back from the too death, not daring to move a muscle; and foundation, resolved on getting a new one proximity of that rifle I hurriedly the cold perspirition started at every organ, and at the expense of \$2500 obtained from London an instrument which Apparently satisfied, he moved away duly arrived at Cronstadt. But here the difficulties began. There were forty cases and these happened to come in two ships, thirty-two in one and eight in another. Church organs are practically unknown in Russia, where church mu-sic is entirely vocal. The only instrument known corresponding to the organ is one which is found in every trakteer

The custom house officials claimed again? It is so lonesome now. The fire the duty on six organs, saying there were pipes enough for so many. After long negotiations the organ was allowed to pass through under protest and is now being erected under the supervision of the custom house authorities. Two officials, with swords, are on duty at the tracted, I cautiously regained my feet door and watch every one going out to and, glancing to one side, looked down see that he does not take an organ away upon the body of the dead woman lying with him. During Divine service the guards take an occasional peep to see that everything is above board.

Making Artificial Rubies.

What is the use of exploring unknown and dangerous countries for rubies when the secret of their artificial production has been discovered? This was the question which the Academy of Science discussed on the report of MM. Fremy that the two chemists exhibited some course of the experiments, nearly lost lighted squarely on his back. The vio-lent shock knocked him down almost on the two chemists found that, at a certain ing it would be an easy matter to catch up with the company before they got very far ahead.

After securing the fowls I set out again, but, missing my way, became en-

ANDORRA AND SAN MARINO, AND HOW THEY ARE RULED.

One, With Thirty-Three Square Miles, Enjoys the Luxury of Two Presidents-Their Governments.

Until France adopted her present form of government, modern European re-publics were all tiny bits of territory that seemed hardly worth a monarch's conquest. In all cases, too, they have een mountainous lands. Indeed, in several instances, they have been little more than a mountain or a range of mountains. Switzerland's centuries of republican freedom are known to all the world, and this little country is the largest of the mountain republics in which Liberty has long made her home. Two others there are of which the world knows little, and perhaps cares less. How many men, ten years out of school, can give the geographical position of Andorra or of San Marino? A word as to these tiny republics.

It was a German princeling that is said to have declined a gift of a longrange rifle cannon, upon the ground that there was not room in his principality to give the weapon a fair trial. Small territories and scant revenues have made even some of the more conspicuous German princely houses famous for simplicity and economy. But it must be a small principality, indeed, that is smaller in area or population than the Republic of Andorra.

This tiny State lies on the south side of the Pyrenees, between the Spanish Province of Lerida and the French Department of Ariege. Its area is 160 square miles, not very much more than than that of Philadelphia. Its population is 7000. The people are mostly busied in smuggling, mining, and the manufacture of tobacco. Those not thus employed are shepherds. The country has free parish schools. The people speak a Spanish dialect. The Republic is a survival of many such once flourishing in the valleys of the Pyrenees. It has maintained its independence since the year 1275. The country is divided into six parishes and each parish has two consuls, who, by the aid of local councils, decide all questions concerning roads, police, public lighting, taxation and the division of pasture lands. Finally, there is a general council of twenty-four members, four from each parish. Since 1866 these officers have been elected by all heads of families. Before that the elective franchise was confined to an aristocracy maintained by primogeniture.

The army of Andorra consists of 600 men, under militia organization. These men hold themselves ready to be called out at the wish of the State. The command of the militia is intrusted chiefly to two officers, one nominated by France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel, a Spanish See. The army is exempt from foreign service, and the chief business of the two officers, or Vigniers, as they are called, is to administer criminal justice. Civil cases are tried between two Aldermen, deputies of the Vignier. A Civil Judge of Appeal, however, may set aside the judgments of the Aldermen. This and by the Bishop of Urgel. The final appeal is to the Court of Cassation at Paris, or to the Episcopal College at

The little Republic pays an annual tribune of \$194 to France, and in consideration of this payment free trade prevails between the two countries. A like sum is paid as a tribut; to the Bishop of Urgel. This tribute and the expenses of government are paid by a species of tax levied as rent for the use of pasture land. The people live the simplest sort of lives, and are scarcely conscious of any government beyond the neighborly understanding necessary to the existence of a civilized community. Andorra, the capital, is an ode little town of 1000 inhabitants.

Far smaller than Andorra is that other mountain republic, San Marino. It lies upon the Adriatic, surrounded by Italian provinces. The area of the country is only thirty-three miles square, and, in fact, the republic is merely one mounta'n peak, 2200 feet high. On the sides of this mountain stand the town of San Marino, founded in the year 441. The place is accessible by only one road, and is not only walled, but has three forts. It contains the Governor's palace, six churches, a theatre, and two great cisterns for the supply of water. Nothing could be more curious than the Republic's system of government. The Legislature consists of sixty members, elected for life, equally from nobles, citizens and peasants. The little Republic is amply provided with Presidents. There are two chosen every six months. There are likewise two Judges and two Secretaries of State. The army consists of 950 men, or about oneeighth of the entire population. The town has a population of 1600. The court of last resort is a council of twelve, elected by the Senate.

The town, or capital, is curious in more ways than one. Not only does it lie impregnable on the hillside, but it proudly proclaims its independence by means of a statue of Liberty in the piazza. The houses are of dressed stone, and the streets, bobbing up and down, as they do, are charmingly picturesque. San Marino has no customs tariff against Italy, and obtains foreign tobacco duty free, through Italian territory, by reason of a promise to abstain from raising tobacco. To avoid any difficulty over the troublesome question of international copyright, San Marino forbids the use of

the printing press within her borders. According to tradition, San Marino was founded in the third century by a mason named Marinus. It first figures in European history in the year 885. Since then it had varying fortunes in peace and wir. Time and again the tiny bit of territory has been the subject of grave dispute, and for brief periods it has lost its autonomy. In 1631, however, San Marino's powerful neighbors acknowledged ler independence, and this boon was secured to the little Republic when the present Italian Kingdom was formed,-New ."ork Star.

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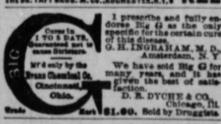
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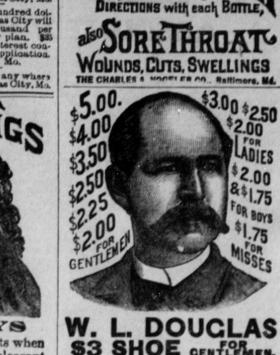
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