

LIFE'S VICTORIES.

The bravest man is he who owns,  
Through good report and ill,  
In sunshine, in the darkest hour,  
A self-reliant will.  
Let come what may, no coward he,  
For facing fate o'er fearlessly,  
He braves the most tempestuous sea.  
Others may falter by the way,  
Others may faint and fall,  
But onward e'er he meets the worst,  
And nobly conquers all.  
He knows that far the clouds above  
The stars o'er shine, and grandly prove  
The boundless measure of God's love.  
Whoever, in the ranks of Truth,  
Shall strive to reach the van,  
And lead the Right to victory,  
Does honor to the Man.  
No laggard he, no slothful one,  
For every day some good begun,  
He toiled till his work is done.  
Though fortune ill and cares oppress,  
Though sorrow come and pain,  
He knows there is in every grief  
A victory to gain.  
He reads, encouragement to find,  
This warning precept on his mind:  
Hope points before! Look not behind!  
Who would life's noblest triumph win,  
Must struggle for the Right,  
And be, when Wrong and Sin assail,  
A hero in the fight.  
So that, when earth and night are o'er,  
His feet shall walk that shining shore  
Where trouble cometh nevermore.  
—Caleb Dunn, in New York Ledger.

LAYING A GHOST.



It was a merry party of seven young people, and were spending our summer vacation in the Isle of Man. Our requirements for a holiday residence were that it should be a pretty place, a seaside place, and a cheap place. In the days of which I speak Ramsey combined all those advantages. Our little party consisted of my sister and myself, three young girls who were in our charge and two South American boys, whose parents had placed them with my mother, in Birkhead, on leaving Europe to return home. My mother was unable to leave home that summer, so I was the eldest of the little holiday party, and I was not yet twenty years of age. Yet I was the keeper of the purse, the matron, the representative of authority, order, discipline, in our little community. We had very nice lodgings in a beautiful position, facing the sea. They were more expensive than we wished, but the fact that the only other lodger was a quiet old lady, who lived there winter and summer, and made it, in fact, her home, decided us to take the rooms. We were all so young that I felt it would not do to have noisy excursionists or objectionable young people might share the house. All went pleasantly for the first few days. The boys spent their mornings in bathing and their afternoons in boating—they were dear boys—and in the evenings, which I insisted we should all spend together, they were the life of our little party. Our landlady declared openly that we were the nicest lodgers she had ever had, and our fellow inmate—the old lady—visited us in our little parlor. She was a tall, handsome old lady, very thin, with sharp aquiline features and large, glittering black eyes.  
"My dears," she said. "I came to see you; it is my duty, as I know the ways of the place. You, of course, cannot know them, but I hope you all lock your doors at night?"  
Here she looked around our circle and finally fixed her eyes on Edward, who answered with a little nervous laugh. "Indeed, no, ma'am, I never lock my door."  
"Very wrong boy—very wrong indeed. It is the only possible way to keep out!"  
"What, ma'am?" asked Edward, after waiting a reasonable time for the old lady to finish her sentence.  
"The draught, boy, the draught!" Edward was now giggling openly, so I said gently that "a little extra air was rather pleasant these hot nights," and I was relieved to find that the old lady's attention had wandered to my sister Carry.  
"My dear," she said abruptly, "you have beautiful hair."  
"Do you think so, ma'am?" said Carry modestly.  
"Think so; of course I think so," said the old lady, in an angry tone. "Any one might covet such hair."  
"Her wicked sister has often coveted it," said I, laughing.  
Our visitor looked at me sharply; then rising abruptly said to Carry: "Be advised, my dear, you lock your door at night," and left the room.  
The boys at once exploded in uproarious laughter while the puzzled Carry turned to me.  
"What can she mean, and why should we lock our doors when she herself is the only stranger in the house! She surely does not mean that we should lock our doors against each other?"  
"For fear your wicked sister should cut off your hair, eh, Carry?"  
At this moment a telegram was brought in which made us forget all about the old lady. It told us to be ready early next morning for a drive to Peel, as a cousin of mother's, an old clergyman, of whom we were very fond, would bring a carriage for us immediately after breakfast. All was now haste and preparation, the landlady taking orders and giving advice as to the substantial cold lunch which I wished nicely packed and ready to go with us; and very cleverly the landlady entered for us, and very content were our hungry party the next day,

when, after the long drive and the sightseeing, and thrilling tales of the dungeon at Peel Castle, and of the spectral dog which haunts the ruins—very content were all to sit round my snowy cloth on the green and partake of the good things spread thereon.  
"Shall you dream of the spectral dog?" asked Canon Goodman, laughing, as we drove home at last through the twilight.  
"Don't talk of it," said Albert, the younger of the boys. "It is all very well while we are here together in the daylight, but by-and-by, when Edward and I are alone in that horrid little dark room of ours—"  
"Lock your door," said Edward in a sepulchral voice.  
"Oh, I dare say," said Carry, with a nervous shiver; "but you can't lock out a ghost."  
We got home late and very tired, and went at once to our rooms. Half an hour afterwards just as I was putting on my candle, Carrie came in in her dressing gown, with her beautiful hair down her back. Carrie really is a pretty girl, and her hair is wonderful. It fell in bright soft ripples nearly to her knees.  
"Jane," she said, coaxingly, "do let me sleep with you to-night."  
"This hot night!" I exclaimed; "why, Carry, how uncomfortable we should be."  
"Do let me, Jane! Somehow I can think of nothing but that horrid dog. I shall not close an eye if I am alone."  
Of course I let her stay with me, and in five minutes we were both asleep.  
Next morning when we all met at breakfast, I asked, laughing, if all of them had "locked their doors."  
The girls laughed and shook their heads.  
"No one, I suppose, saw the spectral dog?" said Carry.  
The girls again shook their heads, but Edward colored and looked away.  
"Edward," said Carry, "you look guilty; I am glad some one else was afraid. I was too frightened to sleep alone, and went in to Jane."  
"I was not frightened," said Edward, indignantly, "but it came to me. I saw and felt it."  
"Saw it!" exclaimed all the girls at once. "Oh, what was it like? Had it fiery eyes? Did it not feel cold and corpse-like? What did it say, or did it only bark?"  
"Oh, how lovely to really know someone who, with his own eyes, beheld a ghost!"  
"It came from your room, anyhow, Miss Carry. The night was so hot that I was restless and could not sleep, and as I lay awake I heard your room door shut and something trail itself across the lobby; and then my door gently opened and something dim, and tall, and black, entered and came towards the bed."  
"Horrible! Did you start up? Did you scream? We heard no noise."  
"No," said Edward, "somehow it fascinated me and I felt that I must lie still and watch it. There was very little light, so I only saw it like a darker spot in the darkness, moving slowly toward the bed."  
The three girls shivered; Carry's face was as white as paper, so to break the spell, I said:  
"But the spectral dog could not look tall, Edward, though, of course, it would look big."  
"How can you tell?" said Carry, "you never saw a spectre. What did it do, Edward?"  
"It glided over toward the bed. I could hear it breathe quite distinctly."  
"I did not know that spectres breathed," said I.  
Carry stamped her foot.  
"Do let Edward tell us, Jane; no wonder it did not go to you. No spectre would condescend to visit any one so prosaic and commonplace."  
Edward continued his tale.  
"It stood up, tall and dim and dark, beside the bed, then it slowly bent over, held my head with its black paws, heaved a deep sigh, then slowly raised itself and again glided noiselessly from the room."  
Here all drew long breaths of wonder. For some minutes there was dead silence, then all began to talk at once.  
"Well," I said at last, "if there is going to be nothing but 'spectral conversation' I shall go and hunt up Canon Goodman and get him to take me for a breezy walk on the hills to blow all this nonsense out of my brains."  
In the afternoon our old fellow lodger, Mrs. Considine, came in to us. Her eyes looked blacker and more glistening than ever, and her manner was certainly very odd. She asked Carry if the noise of the sea did not prevent her sleeping, as it had been a rough night.  
"Oh," I said, "Carry came in to me last night, and you know my room is at the back of the house and away from the sea."  
"Ah, Miss Carry has changed her room."  
"Only for one night," I said. "They were all made nervous by hearing the legend of the spectral dog at Peel Castle yesterday, and Carry could not sleep alone lest it should come to her."  
"Then now you will lock your door?" said Mrs. Considine.  
"Indeed I shall not," said Carry. "I should always imagine I had locked it in with me."  
"Locked it in—with you and that beautiful hair. Yes, I see; it would be most imprudent."  
On hearing this speech Carry glanced at Edward, and catching his eye she both tittered audibly. Fortunately the landlady just then knocked at the door, and asked Mrs. Considine to speak to her, so she left us without noticing the two young people's rudeness.  
That night I awakened with a sudden start and sat up in bed, listening intently. I heard in the stillness low

moan from the direction of Carry's room, and a moment after the words: "Oh, Jane, come to me"—not screamed, but sent, as it were, by the mere force of their fervor—through the intervening space to my ear. Not waiting to strike a match, I was in an instant in her room, the door of which I found open. She was lying quite still, moaning most pitiably: "Oh, Jane, Jane! come to me."  
"My dearest, I am here," I said, taking her in my arms. "What is wrong? Are you ill or in pain?"  
"Oh, Jane, it has been here, just as Edward described it! Oh, take me into your room; let us go away from this horrible place."  
Of course I understood that my poor little sister had had a nightmare, and that it was no use reasoning with her just then, so I led her to my room, her eyes hidden on my shoulder, lest even in the darkness she should see the dreaded shape. Once in my bed, I wrapped her in my arms and by degrees she ceased to tremble, and in a little time we were both quietly asleep.  
We did not wake till nearly breakfast time, and were dressing hurriedly when suddenly it struck me that there was something very unusual about Carry's head.  
"Carry," I said, "what have you done to your hair?"  
"Done to my hair?" said Carry. "Nothing."  
"That is nonsense, my dear; just look at your hair."  
Carry went to the glass.  
"Then, Jane," she said, turning a white, awe-stricken face to me—"Jane, it was no dream; something did lean over me in the night and touch my hair."  
"Some one has played a wicked, practical joke," I said angrily; "and, besides frightening you most cruelly, has quite spoiled the front of your hair. One side is cut off; of course, now you must cut the other side and wear a horrid fringe. Mother will be angry when you go home to her with a fringe."  
Poor Carry began to cry and at that moment the breakfast bell rang. There was no help for it—a lock had to be cut off the left side of her hair to make it correspond with the now shorn condition of the right side. I locked the long, silken tress carefully away, and Carry combed her fringe over her white forehead, and was consoled to find that she looked prettier than ever. The instant we entered the breakfast-room every one cried out: "Oh, Miss Carry, how nice you look with a fringe!"  
Carry was too indignant to answer, and so was I. One of the horrid young wretches had certainly played this cruel trick, and probably all the others were in the secret. I resolved to say nothing about it till I could consult with Canon Goodman as to the best punishment for them, but in the mean time I really could not bring myself to speak to them. Unfortunately the canon had gone to Douglas for the day, so justice could not take the evil-doers till his return. In the mean time I was disgusted with their hypocrisy. They talked as though they believed Carry had herself cut off her front hair just to see how she would look with a fringe.  
Carry kept her temper admirably, never answered them, and never alluded to the occurrences of the night, but, of course, they all saw that we were not friends with them, and the more they tried to get back again into favor the more indignant I felt and the more I longed for the Canon's return, that they might reap the consequences of their wickedness.  
I was quietly working that evening, soon after the lamps were lighted. The girls were playing "consequences" and the boys had disappeared, when suddenly I heard Edward's voice at the door, asking earnestly if I would speak to him. I thought he was going to confess what he knew of last night's work, so I went to him at once.  
"Miss Jane," he said, "something very queer is going on in Mrs. Considine's room. Do come to the window and see."  
I answered indignantly that I was not "in the habit of intruding on the privacy of ladies, not of spying through their windows."  
"But it is dangerous," said Edward. "She has a candle, and I feel quite sure she has some of Miss Carry's hair—anyhow, it is just like it."  
A light, dim, but distinct, began to dawn on my bewildered mind. I took Edward gently by the hand.  
"Show me the window," I said.  
We went quietly together round to the side of the house. Edward leaned across the little balcony and drew back the trailing sprays of creeper which partly screened the window from my view, and I saw poor Mrs. Considine, with flowers on her head, a candle in one hand and a tress of Carry's golden hair in the other, dancing before a large mirror, talking to herself and to the back of her hair alternately, but often going dangerously near to the lace curtains which fluttered in the draught.  
The spectral visitation was explained. The poor crazy lady had evidently been aware of her propensity for wandering through the house at night, and had resolutely wished us to lock her out of our rooms; but finally she had coveted my sister's lovely hair, and had contrived in the night to possess herself of a tress, which was evidently a cherished thing. I need not tell of my indignant remonstrance with the landlady for treacherously leaving us unwarned of the mental condition of her lodger, nor of the tears and humble apologies with which she propitiated me.  
"The poor old lady was quite harmless, would not hurt a fly—only she loved pretty things, and the young lady's beautiful hair was too much for the poor dear to withstand, and if she

might make so free, the young lady looked more sweeter than ever with her pretty fringe, so no harm was done, but in a manner of speaking, only good."  
Will it be believed that it was Carry's view of the subject also; that she begged and prayed of me not to give up the lodgings; that from that day she took the "poor dear," as she called Mrs. Considine, under her special protection, and that finally, when at the end of our holidays we were leaving Ramsey, she presented her, as a parting gift, with the other lock of hair.—London Crosses.

**THE BIRD OF FREEDOM.**  
**SOMETHING ABOUT EAGLES AND THEIR WAYS.**  
**They Are Fond of Their Home, and Live to a Great Age—Parent Eagles Are Good Providers.**  
THE great golden eagle, according to the Detroit Free Press, is one of the most distinguished members of its mighty family. It is found in many parts of the world, a kingly inhabitant of mountainous regions, where it builds its nest on rocky crags accessible only to the most daring hunter. Some large specimens which have been captured have measured nearly four feet in length, while the magnificent wings expanded from eight to nine feet.  
The nest of this inhabitant of the mountains is not neatly made like those of smaller birds, but is a huge mass of twigs, dried grasses, brambles, and hair heaped together to form a bed for the little ones. Here the mother bird lays three or four large, white eggs speckled with brown. The young birds are almost coal black, and only assume the golden and brown tinge as they become full grown, which is not until about the fourth year. Eaglets two or three years old are described in books of natural history as ring-tailed eagles and are sometimes taken for a distinct species of the royal bird, while in reality they are the children of the golden eagle tribe.  
Eagles rarely change their habitation, and, unless disturbed, a pair will inhabit the same nest for years. They live to a great age; even in captivity in royal gardens specimens have been known to live more than a hundred years.  
Eagles are very abundant in Switzerland. Although not so powerful as the great vulture, which also inhabits the lofty mountains, they are bolder and more enduring. For hours the golden eagle will soar in the air high above the mountain-tops, and move in wide-sweeping circles with a scarcely perceptible motion of its mighty wings. When on the hunt for prey, it is very cunning and sharp-sighted. Its shrill scream rings through the air, filling all the smaller birds with terror. When it approaches its victim its scream changes to a quick kik-kak-kak, resembling the barking of a dog, and gradually sinking until sufficiently near, it darts in a straight line with the rapidity of lightning upon its prey. None of the smaller birds and beasts are safe from its clutches. Fawns, rabbits and hares, young sheep and goats, wild birds of all kinds, fall helpless victims, for neither the swiftest running nor the most rapid flight can avail against this king of the air.  
The strength of the eagle is such that it will bear heavy burdens in its talons for miles until it reaches its nest, where the hungry little ones are eagerly waiting the parent's return. Here, standing on the ledge of rock, the eagle tears the food into morsels, which the eaglets eagerly devour. It is a curious fact that near an eagle's nest there is usually a storehouse or larder—some convenient ledge of rock—where the parent bird lays up hoards of provisions. Hunters have found remains of lambs, young pigs, rabbits, partridges and other game heaped up ready for the morning meal.  
Over its hunting ground the eagle is king. It fears neither bird nor beast, its only enemy being man. In Switzerland, during the winter season, when the mountains are snow-bound, the eagle will descend to the plain in search of food. When driven by hunger, it will seize on carrion, and even fight desperately with its own kind for the possession of the desired food. Swiss hunters tell many stories of furious battles between eagles over the dead body of some poor chamois or other mountain game.  
Eagles are very affectionate and faithful to their little ones as long as they need care; but once the young eaglets are able to take care of themselves, the parent birds drive them from the nest, and even from the hunting ground. The young birds are often taken from the nest by hunters, who with skill and daring scale the rocky heights during the absence of the parents which return to find a desolate and empty nest. But it goes hard with the hunter if the keen eyes of the old birds discover him before he has made his safe descent with his booty. Darting at him with terrible fury, they try their utmost to throw him from the cliff; and unless he be well armed and use his weapons with skill and rapidly, his position is one of the utmost peril.  
The young birds are easily tamed; and the experiment has already been tried with some success of using them as the falcon, to assist in hunting game.  
The golden eagle is an inhabitant of the Rocky Mountains, but is very seldom seen farther eastward. Audubon reports having noticed single pairs in the Alleghenies, in Maine, and even in the valley of the Hudson; but such examples are very rare, for this royal bird is truly a creature of the mountains. It fears neither cold nor tempestuous winds nor icy solitudes.  
The eagle's plume is an old and famous decoration of warriors and chieftains, and is constantly alluded to, especially in Scottish legend and song. The Northwestern Indians ornament their headdresses and their weapons with the tail feathers of the eagle, and institute hunts for the bird with the sole purpose of obtaining them. Indians prize these feathers so highly that they will barter a valuable horse for the tail of a single bird.  
The best emeralds found in the United States come from North Carolina.

**Man's Fall.**  
Since the original fall of man we have had some signal examples of great falls—not to include Niagara or the immense fall in values which the times have brought about—in the nature of accidents which waylay men at all times. One such is that of Mr. George W. Lord, Olanta, Pa., who says he fell down stairs and suffered four weeks with a sprained back. The use of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him. Mr. G. Roeder, 693 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., relates that he jumped from his engine in collision and sustained a very bad sprain to his ankle; he had to use a cane for weeks, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Never fall out with so good a thing.  
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**It Pays.**  
It pays to read the papers, especially your own family paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. For instance, R. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., are now advertising, offering saying positions to parties who engage with them, devoting all or any part of their time to their business interests. It might pay you to write to them.  
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