A Death and a Life. Fair young Hannah, Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos; Hale and clever, For a willing heart and hand he sues. May-day skies are all aglow. And the waves are laughing sol For her wedding Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing; Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos. Hannah shudders, For the mild southwester mischief brews. Round the rocks of Marblehead, Outward bound, a schooner sped. Silent, lonesome, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

.

Sailing away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May, Dropping down from the beautiful bay, Over the sea slope vast and gray ! And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind,

For a vision comes on the rising wind Of a gentle face that he leaves behind. And a heart that throbs through the fog

bank dim, Thinking of him.

Far into night He watches the gleam of the lessening light

Fixed on the dangerous island height That bars the harbor he loves from sight. And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale

Of how they weathered the southwest gale, To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale

With a wakeful night among spectres grim Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo! Here's the bank where the fishermen go. Over the schooner's side they throw Tackle and bait to the deeps below. And Skipper Ben in the water sees,

When its ripples curl to the light land breeze. Something that stirs like his apple trees, And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,

Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar, And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!

"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore, Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!" And each man worked with the will of ten; While up in the rigging, now and then, The lightning glared in the face of Ben, Turned to the black horizon's rim, Scowling on him.

Into his brain

Burned with the iron of hopeless pain, Two thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain.

Pierces the memory, cruel and vain-Never again shall be walk at ease Under the blossoming apple trees That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze. While soft eyes float where the sea gulls

Gazing with him.

skim.

How they went down

Never was known in the still old town. Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown. With the look of despair that was half a frown,

Faced his fate in the furious night-Faced the mad Lillows with hunger white, looking clerk, or thought I did, and he fell in love with me. That young man, it seemed to me then, was the only cheek and brag. But he was my ideal of a lover, and I believed it was impossible for me to live without him.

"Father wasn't long in discovering the very tender relations that had come to exist between me and his self-assertive young clerk, and he called me to him one day and told me that he was sory to see that I was such a silly girl, and that I must get over it at once, and then informed my brave and steadfast idol that at the end of the month he could go back home. Of course my heart was broken. Life had lost all its charm. I felt I was the victim of a stern and unsympathetic parent's cruel will and I wished that I were dead.

"Now, although this lover of mine was clerking in my father's store for \$20 a month and his board, his father was a rich lumberman, and he was the only son. When I was at the height of my misery over the paternal interference that had ruffled the course of my true love, as I think I was in the habit of calling it, my idol and I met one evening, quite by chance, of course, at the house of a neighbor of ours, and what did my brave knight propose but an elopement, and what did my romantic soul do but prompt me to agree to the proposition on the

spot.

"There was a railroad station eight miles distant. The last train for anywhere left that station at 7 o'clock every evening. All we had to do was to drive to the station, get the train, go to the county seat, only an hour's ride, get married, and be happy ever after. We fixed on a certain nightthis was along toward the middle of December-and got everything ready for the elopement. It was a good hour-and-a-half drive to the station over the sort of road we had to travel on, and so we were obliged to take an early start. The winter had been very mild. There was no snow. It was just beginning to get dark when I Weekly. stole to where my valiant lover was waiting for me with a horse and wagon. I knew that the chances were all in favor of my level-headed father discovering the whole plot before we could reach the station, and I was sure that he would be on our track with a horse a good deal faster than

had no fear that he would overhaul 118. .. Before we had gone one-quarter of the way night had set in for good, but there was a moon, and that helped proval of the presence of a big bumble us along amazingly. We had got within a mile of the station and had good reason to believe we were safe. when anddenly the horse stopped with a snort of terror, reared up, and tried to turn in the road. A cut with the whip straightened him up, but he kept on snorting and showing evidences of terror. I looked up the road and discovered the cause of all this. An immense bear stood on its hannches at one side of the road growling and snarling and showing a disposition to advance upon us. When my brave lover saw the savage beast he rose up in the wagon, gave a yell, and gasped : "Oh! Jennie, let's go back." "I forgot all about the bear. gazed in amazement at my gallant the chase and alighting on a twig. It knight. He was as pale as a sheet. The lines hung loose in his hands. I seized them, jerked them away from him, took the whip, and, as I held the horse from turning round, ordered itself .- [Chicago Times. the cowardly youth out of the wagon. He crawled out of the back end of the wagon, and tore down the road as fast experts has been testing at the Jucteras his legs could carry him. my might, and he sprang forward and in the German army. The explosive whizzed the wagon past the growling is a brows, fatty substance of the conbear so close that lit almost knocked sistency of frozen oil when exposed the ugly beast over. I drove on to to ordinary temperature. It retails the station, had the horse put out, and this consistency up to 112 degrees went in the little hotel there to wait Fahreheit. A shock or a spart does for father. My love's young dream was gone as if it had never been. Ten minutes after I reached the station the train came and went. Ten minutes later father came tearing on horseback by smoke and the detonation is inconup to the door. I met him. "Father," said I, 'I've been saved

The Carnival in Rio De Janeire. There are two totally distinct seasons at Rio, when the town presents bravest, most ambitious youth that an altogether different appearance; the ever lived. I see now that it was summer, which lasts from October to April, and the winter, from May to September. In the summer, which is the autumn and winter in Europe, when the sun pours down into the

narrow streets, Rio is anything but an agreeable place. The heat has driven away the rich and leisnred classes, the great merchants, the diplomatic corps; in fact, all of any position or fancied position hasten to the suburbs on the breezy heights overlooking the city, or to the little country towns in the neighborhood, such as Petropolis and Theresopolis, whilst others take refuge on the islands of the bay.

The town becomes a perfect caldron; but this does not prevent a great excitement over the Carnival, which is an institution to which the Fluminenses, or river folk, are particularly devoted. This relic of the old heathen Saturnalia is fast disappearing from Europe; and now that Italy is a united kingdom, it is no longer properly kept up even in its former headquarters, Rome and Venice.

At Rio, however, Carnival-time is livelier than ever, and there are socicties for celebrating it in grand style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a most characteristic manner, and is distinguished not only by the richness of the costumes and the originality of the vehicles in the processions, but by the absurdity of the caricatures in what may justly be termed an open air review of the chief events of the preceding year.

In the time of the empire the ministers of Dom Pedro defrayed the expenses of the Carnival, and though a republic has now been established. the old customs am kept up, and the revolution are spared no more thau were their predecessors; moreover, like them, they are the first to laugh at the ridiculous caricatures of themselves and their actions in these witty exhibitions, in which full scope is afforded to the imaginations of the popular poets of Rio. - [Harper's

A Bumble Bee Chased by a Humming Bird.

An observer writes that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of the one we had to depend on. But I life, and describes a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland, (Me.) rden, where a humming bird w

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written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are facts, proving that Sarsaparilla possesses absolute MERIT, and that Hood's Cures



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Hood's parilla Cures Sarsaparilla and it has done me a vast amount of good. Since beginning to take it I have not had a sick day. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Same parilla." Mus. E. M. BURT, W. Kendall, N. Y. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Billousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache. 25 cents.

Settled by Arbitration.

The outline of the postoffice had become indistinct in the sathering darkness and the streets in the vicinity were filled with people hurrying homeward, when the reporter observed a man with a stubby beard who with some difficulty was holding a position on a corner, solemnly shaking hands with a line of newsboys. Some of the passers-by. discouraged in their pedestrian efforts for rapid transit, stopped to watch the proceedings, for the sight was unusual. Had some local celebrity chosen this time and place to hold a reception? It might appear so but for the small number of guests. The true significance of the little

scene, however, was understood only by those who were earlier on the spot.

There had been a flerce altercation between the man and one of the boys, and the companions of the latter. coming from all directions, fell upon the man with so vigorous an onslaught that an old Irishman said afterward that he thought they'd "murder him from head to toot." But just as this outcome of the affair seemed probable ccese and ruled the proceedings out of order

The Mannish Girl. She begins innocently enough. She

has a troop of brothers, perhaps, and is drawn into their sports in spite of herself. She catches their contempt of girls; cuts off her hair like Maggie Tulliver; takes pleasure in a riding habit and its odd accouterments. Horses and dogs are her favorite com-

panions. So she falls out of sympathy wirh her sex. She loses its delicacy; she is reckless of its conventions. That is always the peril of the mannish girl. But the fact that a woman in body, she tries to be a man in mind, exposes her to the animadversions of the ribald.

As she mingles with the world, she feeds a kind of vanity by being mannish. To talk slang, to smoke cigarettes, to ride to hounds, commend her, in a measure, to her male companions. They declare her to be jolly, fetching, stunning. They cultivate her society. They take her yachting when they leave her companions at home. They love to chat with her in a box at the horse show. They even propose a surreptitious visit to the Arion ball.

But they rarely marry her.

That is where the maidenly girl has her full revenge. When it comes to taking a wife-a wife who shall adorn his table: a wife who shall entertain his friends-a man seldom thinks of the mannish girl. He knows that the arts by which she attracted him will be just as attractive to others. He knows that the lack of refinement, which has a kind of zest in the girl of twenty, will turn to hopeless vulgarity in a matron of forty.

Then what is the end of the mannish girl? Eternal spinsterhood or the divorce court. If no man will have her she gets more acidulated month by month. Her mind turns to bitterness. She has bothing but ill to say of her neighbors. She purveys wretched gossip for the social columns of the newspapers, and when a woman does that she has set the tombstone on her career and on her reputation .- Truth.

Rough on the Hogs.

A gentleman stopped at a cabin, where an old negro woman lived, and, while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water, entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five bogs." said the old woman: "but dat's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" "I nebber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan' like to say what become ob de shoats. I nebber makes mischief, I doesn't." "Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin' my neighbors. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin' him." "Do you think that he took them?" "Mister, dat man's dead, an' I doan' want ter a ragged little fellow appeared on the say nuthin' agin' him; but lemme tell ger, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumbling-block ter hogs."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal cnjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headacher and fevers permanently curing constipation_ It has given satisfaction to millious and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts co the Kid-neys, Liver and Bowels withcat weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrep Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Just within hail of the beacon light That shone on a woman sweet and trim, Waiting for him.

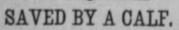
Beverly bells Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells! His was the anguish a moment tells-The passionate sorrow death quickly knells. But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe Is left for the desolate heart to know. Whose tides with the duli years come and

Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim, Thinking of him. Poor love Hannah. Sitting at the window binding shoes, Faded, wrinkled, Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse, Bright-eved beauty once was she. When the bloom was on the tree ; Spring and Winter, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor Passing nod or answer will refuse To her whisper : "Is there from the fishers any news?" Oh, her heart's adrift with one On an endless voyage gone! Night and morning. Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November. Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews. From Newfoundland Not a sail returning will she lose, Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen, Have you, have you heard of Ben?" Old with watching, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes. **Twenty Winters** Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views. Twenty seasons-Never one has brought her any news. Still her dim eyes silently

Chase the white sails o'er the sea. Hopeless, faithful, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes. -[Lucy Larcom.



"The whole course of my life was changed, and my love's young dream | by a calf."' destroyed in less than a minute by a calf, and a fortunate thing it was for me," srid the wife of a prominent citizen of Lycoming county, Penn., now visiting friends in this city. "My father was the leading business man in a bustling lumber village, and there kind of a calf, that bear wouldn't have were three giris of us, a sister older been any more than a stump in my and one younger than I. Father was | way. I was saved by a calf, I tell branch of the service. Four models kind and indulgent, but very level you, and I want to go home!' headed, and had been a widower for some years. When I was 18 a goodlooking young chap fr. m somewhere down the Susquehanna came to clerk seemed to think more of me after that ventor of all tour is Mr. We's of the in father's store. I was a romantic than he ever had before."-[New Gera dynamite factory.-Chicago snip. and fell in love with the good- | York Sun.

"Then I told him all about the adventure on the road.

"Saved by a calf!' he exclaimed. 'You mean saved by a bear.'"

"Not at all,' I replied. 'If Jerry hadn't been a calf and the biggest

"My gallant lover was never seen somehow or other, father always the small arms inspectors. The in-Herald.

an angry dash expressed its disapbee in the same tree. The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the tree. He dashed back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the humming bird in close pursuit.

Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned. In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it has taken to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hound, after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up couldn't have been chasing the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of its unprovoked attack except that it wished to have all the honey

May Displace Gunpowder.

A commission of German artillery borg a new explosive which is intend-"Then I whipped the horse with all ed to replace, ultimately, gunpowder not set it off. When used in guns the explosion is obtained through contact with another chemical conpound. The explosion is almost unacompanied siderable. The recoil is very slight, even when the heaviest chirges have been used. The explosive does not heat the weapons sufficiently to cause difficulty in the way of repid fring. and cartridges once used are eadly refilled. For the present rife, midel of 1886, the new compound is not available, but if future tests be as stisfactory as the recent ones it will be introduced generally in the stillery of new army rifles having may advantages over the rifle now n use, around our neighborhood again, and have passed successfully the fials of

I IMINO TON is Market a square deal," he said "There wouldn't 'a' been no scrap if Joe hadn't cheated," and he followed with an argument that was evidently convincing, for when he finished his

burst of eloquence with what probably was a borrowed phrase, "Yer oughter 'pologize," the boys did, actually.

Each side conceded something and the handshaking followed; and although a couple of idlers moved away somewhat reluctantly, disappointed in not seeing a fight, and while some of the spectators laughed at the little peacemaker, the last in the line, extended a grimy little hand to be clasped in the larger one, half a score of hearts beat lighter because of his plea for justice -- Boston Journal.

Verdi married young, winning . charming Italian girl, who made his home ideally perfect.

U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U.S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

ROYAL, Absolutely Pure.	LEAVENING GAS.
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The OTHEE POWDERS TESTED are reported to con- tain both lime and salphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively,	$9.53 \dots 114.$

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nonored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspensis, Mala-ria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Direction, tones the nerves-creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children. largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing,

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

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Thunder is the bass drum in the music of

Malaria cured and eradicated from the sys-tem by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enr ches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digrestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength

A man does wrong for the same reason that worves steal sheep.

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