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Poetry. ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of children, Laughing over little joys, Sighing over little troubles, Fingers brushed and broken toys, Wishing to be the older, larger, Weeping at some fancied wrong; O, the happy, hapless children! Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of lovers, Walking slowly, whispering sweet, Dreaming dreams, and building castles. That must crumble at their feet; Breaking vows and burning letters. Smiling lest the world shall know! O, the following, trusting lovers! Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of people, Hurrying, pushing, pushing by, Bearing burdens, carrying crosses, Passing onward with a sigh; Some there are with smiling faces, Bat with heavy hearts below; O, the sad-eyed burdened people! Still, they come, and still they go.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY EUGENE J. HALL. The night-Jew was falling on hillside and plain. When one who was weary and poor, With travel-worn feet and in sickness and pain, Returned to his own fathers' door, Forsaken and friendless, in sorrow and shame, Once more to the home of his childhood he came.

He was ragged without, he was hungry within; His soul had gone widely astray; He sat in luxury, riot, and sin, Substances had wasted away. With torn, bleeding feet, and with uncovered head, He came for a shelter and morsel of bread.

The father, beholding his penitent son, Rejoiced that the lost one was found, Near child's him harshly for what he had done. And lifted him up from the ground. He saw him returning, no longer to roam, And joyfully, tenderly welcomed him home.

Are you wasting the years of your manhood away. In vanity, folly, and sin? Your friends will forsake you, your strength will decay. The reaper will gather you in; Then haste to your home, ere you die in despair. Your Father is waiting to welcome you there.

Your soul may be weak and your sins may be great, You heavenly Father to-day Will greet you again if you knock at the gate, Or turn you in anger away. Tho' far from His presence in sorrow you roam, With kindness and love, he will welcome you home.

Select Tale.

A WILD RIDE.

Before I begin my story I must tell you that I am a commercial traveler, born and bred, so to speak, to the business. I have my wife about me, and, as I often happen to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them.

I am an Englishman—English to the back bone—and live on roast beef, bottled ale and old port wine, I am one of the men who don't dream and don't fancy.

When I see a thing I see it. When I hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw on one particular occasion I mean to tell you.

You will not offend me if you doubt it. Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell the story.

It was in the year 18—, and the month was May, and the place was England. I had left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, traveling toward a little town where I had business. It was an old-fashioned inn, and the people were kind and obliging.

Travelers did not often stop at that inn, I suspect, for they were as particular about my measles though I had been a prodigal son some home for the holidays.

The



Post.

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They killed the fatted chicken for me and made much of me altogether; and to crown all, as the train did not stop in time to take me on, as I wanted to go, and as it was only a matter of five miles or so, what did the landlord do but hint up a rusty old coach that was tucked away in the coach house, and ordered his man to drive me over that evening. It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was sheer good will. So I shook hands all around, and remembered the chamber-maid and the waiter with half a crown each, and off I rode. It was getting dark fast and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of a way; why, it made you think of ghosts, if you were a commercial traveler.

"Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the old gentlemen of the road would like to have met me and my black bag fifty years ago."

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I would not have felt as safe as I do now. Just then the coach came to a sudden pause.

"Hallo," cried I out of the window; "what's the matter?" "It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky; she won't move one step."

With that he began to shout and crack his whip, I, with my head out of the window, watching him, when suddenly the beast started off like mad, and I drew in my face and saw I had company.

While the coach was at a standstill a lady and gentleman had slipped in. They sat on the seat opposite me, and though it was an intrusion I had not the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one years, it was just as much as he could be, and she was not seventeen. I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantle-piece the perfect image of what they were, as pretty, and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered, and hers, too. She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than I would like a daughter of mine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves. She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent face my two eyes ever rested upon. As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet coat and white silk stockings, and lace ruffles at his wrists. And they had one large cloak—his, I fancy—cast about the two of them, though it dropped back a bit as they sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fancy ball, perhaps," said I, "and just took a lift on the way." And I touched my cap to them, and says I: "Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she looked at me and stretched out a little white hand. "Oh, sir," she said, "look out at the back of the coach, I pray you, and tell me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window. "There's a man on horseback riding up the road, said I, for I saw one." "Oh, heavens!" said she. "Courage, Betty!" said the young fellow. "They shall never part us."

Then I knew it was a runaway match. "I see how it is," cried I, "Keep up your heart young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you through thick and thin. I'll do my best to help you."

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. "Oh, my darling, I hear the horses' feet. There are more of them. Oh, sir, look; tell me."

I looked and saw many armed horsemen following swiftly. "Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

He drew his sword, Among other things he wore a sword. I pulled my pistol from my pocket. We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we were on the margin of a precipice. All the time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger. "Have a care!" cried I.

"Faster!" cried the young man. Suddenly there came jolt and a scream from the young lady. I heard him say, "At last we're together."

And the coach lay flat on its side—not over the precipice, but on the edge of it. A man is a little stunned by a thing like that.

When I climbed out of the window and helped old Anthony up with the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quietness, I remembered that no one else got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers. They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of housemen I had seen dashing up the hill. They could not have passed us in the narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet I am called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness. Thank God for all His mercies. It's a strange thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked. "Why? I say I was her last wish, you know, and beside I thought it might be useful in kinder preparing her for the here—but never mind that now. I sent the remains round to the company's office in a push cart, got a receipt, saw Maria touched off, so to speak, and two days after that they returned me a beautiful majolica jar full of ashes, scented with forget-me-not, and the stopper tied in with pink ribbon."

"That was pretty." "Yes; I was very much pleased at first, but I had to keep the bottle out of sight after a while, though, because people were all the time opening the jar, under the impression that it contained preserved ginger or rhubarb, or something."

"That must have been unpleasant." "Unpleasant—well, I should smile—I mean I should weep. Why, actually, one day while I was living in New York, I came home and found a new servant girl polishing knives with the remains—just think of it."

"Terrible, sir, terrible!" "But, what I was going to say was this. About a year after my wife was kindled—I mean cremated—I was in New Orleans again, and I happened to meet the superintendent of the refractory ore—I should say the corpse-burning furnace—at a banquet, and he got so full that I had to see him home. On the way we stopped in a place or two for a steadler—you know how it is—and the result was that he got very communicative about his company—in fact, gave the whole business away."

"Did eh?" "Yes, sir; he squarely owned up that they didn't burn the bodies at all. He said they just dropped 'em through a hole in the bottom of the furnace, took 'em out the back way at night, and sold 'em to the medical students."

"Gracious! and the ashes?" "Mule ashes, sir; nothing but mule ashes! They would just cut up some old mule carcasses, the superintendent said, pitch in enough to make a bad smell, and then sell the ashes to the grief-stricken relatives at \$25 a bottle. Terrible cheeky, now, wasn't it?"

"And all this time you had—" "Zad been carrying that old jar of mule ashes all over the country. Just imagine how mean I felt!" "You threw it away then?" "Well, no," said the widower, as he winked a tear out of his left eye; "the more I studied over the matter the more I concluded the mule ashes weren't so much out of the way after all. You see, poor Maria was an awful stubborn woman—t-r-a-s-t-a-d-o-u-s-a- stubborn—and—yes, I kinder thought mule ashes would do mighty near as well, all things considered."

And heaving the resigned sigh of one who had succeeded in bracing up under great sorrow, the anti-cremationist smiled softly, lit another cigar and walked out.—San Francisco Post.

"Why men drink is what staggers us," says a woman's journal. What men drink is what staggers them. A Chicago man has succeeded in making beer's oil out of sunflower seeds, and a Georgia genius has produced delicious butter from cotton seeds. Talk about any country getting ahead of us!

One of the Secrets of Cremation. He was a jolly-looking man, with a round corporation a burgundy-tinted nose, and the general exterior of a contented mind, and as he offered us a good cigar, lit another, and said: "How about this local cremation scheme?"

"Well, how yourself?" "The fact is," said the stranger, reflectively, "I had a pretty tough experience with one of these cadaver-roasting concerns once, and I thought maybe you might like to make an item of the facts so as to warn the people here in time."

"Fire away." "Well, you see, it was in New Orleans, My wife died there, and as a cremation company was having a good deal of a boom there just then she made me promise to have her spirit sent up through their flue, as it were. Said she thought it would be nice and melodious for me to carry her ashes around with me wherever I went—in a vase, you understand."

"And you complied?" "Why, yes. It was her last wish, you know, and beside I thought it might be useful in kinder preparing her for the here—but never mind that now. I sent the remains round to the company's office in a push cart, got a receipt, saw Maria touched off, so to speak, and two days after that they returned me a beautiful majolica jar full of ashes, scented with forget-me-not, and the stopper tied in with pink ribbon."

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Get I. Recently a Nevada man invented a lying machine, and went around trying to sell 'em. The machine was warranted to trot out a first-class lie on any subject, at a moment's notice. But it didn't sell well. He took it to a horse trader, said the trader: "Come, you, get out of this. I tell the truth in my business." The inventor presented it to a lawyer, but he also looked horrorstricken and offended. A fishing party looked hankering at it, but their language was to the effect that they abhorred untruth. A young man who was engaged to three different girls also felt indignant at the offer. At last the disheartened inventor tried an editor. The writer flew mad in a minute. "You scoundrel!" he cried, do you mean to insult me?" "N-o," tremblingly answered the poor man, "Then what the blazes do you mean by offering me that thing?" "Why, I—I thought you might occasionally want to use it in your business."

"You wretch, what do you take me for?" "Oh, sir, I didn't mean to insinuate that you were a liar! I don't for a minute think, sir, you could tell a lie."

"That's it!" cried the editor, "that's what I'm mad about! You conceived a machine that I can't lie all around and that without an effort, I never was so insulted in all my life! Get it!"

In the Penitentiary. "You are living a very secluded life," said a traveler to a man at whose cabin he had stopped for a drink of water.

"Yes, rather. I got tired of society." "Must find it lonesome out here in the woods. I must confess that you like the woods of Arkansas better than I do. Say, are you tired of society?"

"Yes, worn out. I have been in different circumstances. Last year I lived in Little Rock. I had a fine house and plenty of company. Frequently when men came to town from the country they'd stop with me, but I grew tired of company. I gave up the large house and left town."

"Got into debt, I suppose." "No; didn't owe a cent. Gave up the house willingly, and am much more contented in this little hut."

"Very strange case. Don't understand it."

"Perfectly plain. I was in the Penitentiary."

The man who was about to marry for the sixth time, and who replied: "We've usually got," when asked by the minister to stand up. He recently led No. 7 to the altar, and when asked for the ring, replied: "Parson, I've hooked onto six of 'em without a ring, and I reckon we kin get along this time."

I'll try and remember it in the future, though.

A Canada blackwoodman promised to send the minister fifty pounds of maple-sugar for marrying him. Time passed and no maple-sugar arrived to sweeten the minister's house hold. Some months later he saw the newly-married husband in the town, and ventured to remind him: "My friend, you did not send the maple-sugar you promised." With a saddened countenance he looked up and replied: "To tell you the truth, governor, she ain't worth it!"

The French are notoriously an ingenious people. The death of game this season has created a new set. The juices of pheasants, partridges, and similar birds are extracted by a process imperceptible to the buyer of the birds, and these juices, placed in hermetically sealed bottles, are subsequently used to give a gamey flavor to entrees of pigeons and chickens, which are represented, and, above all, charged for, as the real article.

"This house for sale," was the way the landlord spelled the announcement. A smart fellow came along and asked, "when will this house sell?" "As soon as some one comes along who can raise the wind," was the cool answer.

Sound investments—Those in telephones. After a will is filed the lawyer rasps at it. The charge at Yorktown—ten dollars a day. The wormy chestnuts contain the most meat. Walls have ears but no nose. Nevertheless they often wear specks. How to make heavy bread light—Soak it in kerosene and apply a match.

It takes just three people to keep a secret properly, but two of the three must be dead. A Texas man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.

Do not Sleep in a draught. Do not go to bed with cold feet. Do not stand over hot-air registers. Do not eat what you do not need just to save it.

Do not try to get cool too quickly after exercising. Do not sleep with insecure false teeth in your month.

Do not start the day's work without a good breakfast. Do not try to get along with less than nine hours sleep.

Do not sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind. Do not use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse.

Do not stuff a cold lost you be next obliged to starve a fever. Do not try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter.

Do not sleep in the same undergarments you wear during the day. Do not eat snow to quench thirst; it brings on inflammation of the throat.

Do not toast your feet by the fire but try sunlight or friction instead. Do not drink ice-water by the glass; take it in sips, a swallow at a time.

Do not try to keep up on coffee and alcoholics when you ought to go to bed. Do not strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light.

Do not try to lengthen your days by cutting short your nights' rest; it is poor economy. Do not take some other person's medicine because you are troubled somewhat as they were.

Do not use the eyes for reading or fine work in the twilight of the evening or early morn. Do not wear close, heavy, fur or rubber caps or hats if your hair is thin or fallout easily.

Do not eat anything between meals excepting fruits, or a glass of hot milk if you feel faint. Do not blow out a gaslight as you would a lamp—many lives are lost every year by this mistake.—Dr. Fox's Health Monthly.

Bad Thoughts. Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are like rot in timber; like rust in iron. They eat into man. And when the process has gone on for awhile, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruin! Ships go out to sea all bright with fresh paint, their sails all spread and streamers flying, and never come back, never reach the port. Why? They met a storm and went down, because they were rotten. Under the paint was decay! Just so bad thoughts, vile, impure thought, rot the manly oak of character, rust the iron of principle, shaken all the stays of virtue, and leave the man, the woman to the violence of temptation, with no interior of reserve power to withstand the shock. Bad thoughts fed and fattened are the vice of society.

What the editor said to the burglar: "What do you want here?" "Said the burglar, gruffly, "Money!" "Hold on a moment," quoth the editor, and I will help you; I've been looking for money myself for ten years, but perhaps two of us may have better luck."

A shoe horn—A sherry cobbler. A stage whisper—"Fare, please." A guilt frame—The prison window. The study of music has a sound basis. Sound investments—Those in telephones.

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AN EYE WITNESS TO BUSINESS.—Gus De Smith went into a cigar store on Woodward avenue and purchased a cigar for a nickel. On lighting it he took occasion to put about a half box of matches in his vest pocket. "Look here," said the tobacconist, "next time you just bring your matches along, and I'll give you a cigar."

Morse, who invented the telegraph and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet.—Lonell Citizen.

The concert given by Patti in New York City for the benefit of the Michigan sufferers, netted \$5,000. A manufacturing concern advertises that it has a separate room for girls 240 feet long. "Short but sweet," as an old maid said when she kissed the dwarf who was on exhibition. There are Indians in California known as the Salt River tribe. They must be Democrats.

Cuticura. Blood Poisoning, Scrofulous Ulcers, and Itching Humors, Abscesses and Glandular Swellings. Lead Poisoning. Dr. J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Remedy is the greatest medicine on earth. Had the worst case of skin disease in my life. It cured me in three months. My mother had it twenty years, and I had it for three years. Cuticura would have cured me in three months, but I would not believe it until I used the Cuticura Remedy. Internally and externally. Cuticura is a cure for all skin diseases. Dr. J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio. Sold by all druggists. DEPOT, WELLS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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PARSONS EXTERMINATOR. Kills, Mice, Rats, Fleas and Lice and all other household pests and vermin. It is a powerful and effective cleanser of the entire mucous system through the blood, which it purifies of all impurities, always present in the case of Catarrh, and is sold by all druggists. General Agents, WELLS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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