Apples ripe and rosy!

Nora did not faint, nor cry out nor weep. She sat still and shivered, while she clasped her hands with a strange feeling that henceforth she had only herself—only those weak hands with which to fight the battle of life.

"Twelve o'clock," said Chloe, looking at the clock, "dey mostly goes 'bout dat noon or midnight. De Lord rest his soul, 'pears like he always was so onrestful here, he nebber could settle down but de Lord, He knows."

Little Bunny was standing at her Apples ripe and rosy.

Little Bunny was standing at her mother's knee and looking up with her pathetic eyes. Even to the child the mystery and miracle of death was manifest, and she did attempt to go to her father or to speak to him.

"Come, honey; papa's asleep," cried Chloe. "You can kiss him goodby, and come wid your auntie. I'll jes settle her for her nap, an' den you'll may be get awink. If ebber a poor soul wanted rest, you does."

Nora shook her head. She felt that her

Nora shook her head. She felt that her heart was too full, her brain to busy for sleep. The past, with all its memories, moved before her—a shifting pageant: One short dream of love, pique, estrangement; a marriage hurried into madly that one should know that she was not pining; the few restless, stormy, miserable years; her little child, who had once more wakened her heart to ecstacy, only to thrill it with a degree rains and Apr-les ripe and rosy! only to thrill it with a desper pain; and now, death—this sudden stop to all.

But there was little time for retrospect or meditation. The future lay before her—a future of struggle and toil. She knew that when her bills were paid there would be but a few hundred dollars left; only enough to go North; to pay, perhaps for medical treatment for Bunny, and afterward—she scarcely dared to face that afterward!

Philip Leonard's mortal remains were laid under the magnolias, and the young widow was making her hurried prep-arations for departure, when Chioe entered the room one morning with a let-

Nora took the letter with a throb of curiosity: It was large and business-like. It was addressed to "Philip Leonard, Esq.," and Nora felt a little thrill as she opened it. How savagely her bushand would have recented such as husband would have resented such an act had he been living, and she could not help a timid tremor now, as if she expected a ghostly hand to almost natch it away.

But she opened it, and read as fol-

lows:

"New York May 28.

"Philip Leonard, Esq.: Upon examining the will of our late client, Nicholas Reeves, Esq., by which he leaves his entire property to next of kin living at the time of his decease, we instituted proper inquiry and find that you are entitled to said estate. We desire you will at once onen correspondence with will at once open correspondence with us. Your late relative's solletoes. "Sturm & HURLBUT."

Inclosed was a slip cut from a city

ewspaper: Died on the 16th of May, at midday, half-past twelve o'clock, suddenly, of meurism of the heart, Nicholas Reeves, Esq., of Great Russel street, Bedford

Nora telt a great and sudden relief as she read this letter. A burden was lifted from her life. She knew well what money can do. How it smooths the rough places and makes "the wil-derness to blossom as a rose."

She saw her darling in restored health, with the baby-bloom on her face, with all the abounding grace and freedom of childhood now back again through some man's wondrous skill. She saw vistas of happiness for herself-foreign travel, cultured society, unlimited books. Oh, God was good to her-very good! and she had so often murmured; or werse, perhaps, forgotten Him en-

She read the letter over again with a "Oh, yes! You're like the old woman quick throbbing heart full of thanks-giving. Ah! what was it that suddenly dropped like a cloud before her and the sunshine of her hopes, as if at high noon a pale eclipse had fallen over every-thing? She had not noticed these par-ticulars on the first reading: "To the next of kin living at the time of his de-cease;" then, the words from the newspaper item-"at half-past twelve o'clock

"The sixteenth?" why, that was the day her husband had died-the very day, only he had died before twelve! and this man had died afterward; so they were paupers after all, and could

not claim a penny!

The revulsion of feeling was horrible. She felt as if she had been suddenly de-prived of a rich inheritance. Although she had owned it in imagination only for she had owned it in imagination only for about fifteen minutes, the thought of giving it up sent great pangs of anguish through her soul. Ah! why had she been dazzled with such visions only to make life seem harder, barer, bleaker than before? Why should God lift her up and cast her down? Had life been so sweet, so tranquil, so smooth, that she needed this chastisement?

of a fond wife who is dreading and fear-ing the final blow.

At last, through weariness and watch-She could not bear it-she would not. If she only had to suffer she might endure it; but this money meant life and health to her child. She threw down the letter and paced the room as she thought of it. She held the golden keys of life as it were in her hand. Should the threw the work some as a week some she throw them down for a weak scru-How could she live on bereft of

"God forgive me!" she murmured.
"I cannot cast this fortune aside for a mere qualm of conscience. Who knows that our time was right, or that the dif-

> And she paced the floor still, with fast throbbing heart, her head aching with a hundred tumultuous thoughts.
> "No one knows," whispered the arch-

> tempter at her ear, "what time your husband died. No one knows but Chloe, and you will leave her behind you. The secret may be forever shut in your own heart. You need this money, and it seems as if God had put it into your hand. The next of kin knows nothing of it, has not expected it, does not need it, in all probability. At all events, your need is the greatest; yours is a case of ite and death."

One more thought of her child, and Nora's strength gave way. She sat down and answered the letter. She gave the time of her husband's death as in the afternoon, stating that she was alone with him at the last. She inclosed documents proving his identity, and then sat down trembling and afraid to await

The answer found her in a Northern

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

woman, setting her bowl down and touching Philip Leonard's brow and hands; "de las' change, my lamb, de change dat must come to ebbery soul on dis yer planetary ball, de las' change—eath."

Nora did not faint, nor cry out nor weep. She sat still and shivered, while she clasped her hands with a strange feeling that henceforth she had only herself—only those weak hands with which to fight the battle of life.

"Twelve o'clock," said Chloe, looking at the clock, "dey mostly goes 'bout dat ond the control of the control of the past yet in the person of Dr.

face the past yet in the person of Dr. Niel Collamer; but when her child's health is in question a mother forgets overything.

Dr. Collamer, receiving, one by one, the throng of visitors that waited in his anteroom, looked up and saw a lady in deep mourning leading a golden-haired child by the hand. He drew himself child by the hand. He drew himself

very proudly, and there was only an additional chill in his voice as he said, "Mrs. Leonard."

Nora grew pale. Perhaps he would not undertake the case. She had forgotten almost that he had cause for resentment in the memory of her own suf-

"Excuse me!" she faltered. "I would not have intruded, but for my child. Oh, Niel, she is all I have; your skill is so lauded I could not go to anyone else with the same confidence! Oh, save her, if you can! I have suffered enough. For the sake of the days when we were to have been all to each other, save my 'Madam!" exclaimed Dr. Collamer.

quietly; "you agitate yourself unneces-surily. I am a physican. I refuse no one, my best skill is at your service. God forbid that any memory, however painful, should stand in the way of my

duty."
Nora sank into a chair and burst into tears. The revuision of feeling was so great, the old love so strong in her heart. To see him take her child on his knee in such a caressing way, to hear him question the little thing with all that tenderness of tone that had so thrilled her in the old days was oh, so bitter-sweet, so full of rapture and of

It would be a tedious case, of course all such diseases were slow to yield-even the most hopeful. So Nora settled down to a daily expectation of those visits which made the charm of her life. And Dr. Collamer, too, began to feel the icy world of pride in which he had shielded himself melt and break beneath the smiles of the only woman he had ever loved. So,

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands," and Nora, in surprise, one morning, suddenly recollected that her husband had been dead just one year that very

At the thought came back a memory of her struggle and crime. It had haunted her occasionally, of course; but security and success had hushed her fears, and the unwelcome visitant came seldomer now. This morning, how-seldomer now. This morning, how-ever, she was in somber mood; because Bunny seemed feverish, perhaps because her own heart was growing restless and questioning painfully about her own

was like a breath from a vault to Nor: -gloomy, funeral. She hastily turned tway and laid the child on the bed looked into the pale, worn little face, her heart misgave her. Had she grown so absorbed in her own self that she had ased to note the changes in her dar-

"Does Bunny feel very sick?" she asked.

"No; God is coming to cure Bunny," said the child, confidently. "He can do more than Dr. Collamer, you know. He made blind people to see, and lame people to walk, and I want Him for my doctor. So I just asked Him, and I know He'll come; maybe to-day, or to-

morrow. I'm waiting for Him." Nora felt a strange chill at this words ould it be that the day of revenge was t hand? Was this the lamb for the at hand? sacrifice, this child for whom she had sinned, whose life she had bought with such a price?

She had dared to believe that she. weak, erring, sinful mortal as she was, held in her hands the keys of life and death; and now, perhaps, God stood ready to show her that only He could fulfill or mar the schemes of men, that the mysteries of life and death are His alone. She looked anxiously into Dr.

Collamer's face when he appeared.
"The child is worse," she said. "I see it now; she has not been gaining at

"I am glad you see it for yourself!" he said kindly. "I have not been able to tell you. There was no hope from the first, a complication with the brain." Bunny lay in a feverish sleep, and the mother stood by her with a startled, agonized face as if she would fain snatch her up then and hold her back from the gates of death.

"No hope!" she groaned. "Oh, my

God, I am punished?"
"Punished?" echoed Dr. Collamer, in a questioning tone. "My dear Nora, you are not, I hope, one of those who fancy God is argry with you for loving your child?"

Nora did not speak. She buried her face in her hands. What was all her wealth to her now? It could buy a few feet of earth for her child-nothing more, God was breaking her idol before her eyes, that she might see where her idolatry had led her. Suddenly an unusual bustle in the hall startled her, and then a low knock at the door.
"Bress de Lord, honey, I'se foun' you

ference in time might not— Ah, me! where am I drifting? Am I turning swindler—thief?" exclaimed a well-known voice, which made little Bunny open her eyes and stretch out her arms. "Yes, I'se

and stretch out her arms. "Yes, I'se come a hard road to trabbel to get to my pore lamb. My heart's been a breakin' bout her, honey, and I was boun' to get to her ef it took my last cent. And how is my pet?"

"Chloe!" said the child, in a quick, excited voice. "When you came in I was in heaven, and my back was straight, and I had wings like the angel in the picture over there." angel in the picture over there. Chloe knelt down by the bedside and kissed and fondled the little hand. "One ob de Lord's lambs," she cried,

"I always said so. Does yer mind, honey, dat las' day when de master died. I was bringin' in de beef tea, cos he got so onrestful befo' twelve o'clock, and dis lamb—"

"Yes, yes, Chloe, you must not excite her," cried Mrs. Leonard, in a sudden burst of anguish and terror.

her," cried Mrs. Leonard, in a sudden burst of anguish and terror. Dr. Collamer counseled quiet, and left a soothing potion, Chloe fell into her old place, and the child seemed happy with her, but Nora was still like

a haunted spirit, there was no rest for her. The avenger was on her track, she felt, and in a few days all would be over—the deubt, the fear, and the longing. Her imagination, fevered and unnatural, went out in vague speculations about that other heir—the true one, whom she had defrauded. Who was she that she had dared to say, "My need is greater than thine?" Who knew what misery her hand had wrought? Perhaps there was poverty of the direst kind in that household, sickness, privation, death even, that money and care might have averted. How many had she murdered? she wondcred, with a sickening pang; how many hearts had she wrung? how many hopes shattered? She seemed to walk among graves all those terrible days till the end came. It came one day at sunset—a sunset of rare beauty, when the

set—a sunset of rare beauty, when the clouds of pearl opened and a glory glimmered through, "As it the golden streets of heaven were breaking into view."

hands and cried:
"He is coming! He is opening the gate! He will make me well!" Nora dropped on her knees. She had prayed for life for her child, and God had given it to her, even life everlasting! She resolved then and there to give up the wealth that had tempted her. If God would wash away that stain, hence-forth that life should be dedictated to

And so when she came back to the desolate house it was with a feeling that God would keep a niche in heaven to hold her idol. The child was not lost, it was still hers.

"Still ners, maternal rights serene
Not given to another;
The crystal bars shine laint between
The souls of child and mother." She must take up her cross and con-

fess her sin, and then go out into the world, God helping her, to redeem the ast. But Niel Collamer could not resist

the sweet pathos of that face. He could not help offering her the comfort of a love that had survived all shocks. "You do not know me," murmured Nora, in the deepest abasement; "wait till you hear what I have done." And then she told him the whole story, and how she had already begun to make amends. "The next heir will soon

"He knows all now," answered Niel, with a smile holding her hands; " and so you remember what we used to read together in those old days: "He laughed a laugh of merry scorn; He turned and kissedher where she stood;

' If you are not the heiress born, And I,' said he, 'the next in blood.'" "Why, I see nothing for it but to carry out the ballad. We two will wed,

some pleasant morn, and you shall still have the fortune.

And then he suited the action to the word, and "kissed her where she stood."

stood."

She lifted up bewildered eyes.

"Can it be?" she murmured.

"Yes, I am fext of kin; but after ali, you may have all the right to the money, as we cannot at this late day compare the company description. clocks. So, my darling, we shall never She sat down with Bunny in her arms know whether the fortune is yours or at the open window, and somehow the faint, subtle odor of magnolias seemed perior airs on account of it."

The Biter Bit.

Sometime in 1864 there were a number of army officers stopping at a hotel Washington. Among them was Captain Emerson. There was also a Captain Jones, who was a first-rate fellow, a good officer and very pompous. Emerson and Jones used to have a good deal of joking together at the table and isewhere.

One day at the dinner-table, when the dining-hall was well-filled, Captain Jones finished his dinner first, got up and walked almost to the dining-hall door, when Emerson spoke to him in a loud voice, and said: "Halloa, captain, see here. I want to speak to you a min-ute." The captain turned and walked back to the table and bent over him, when Emerson whispered, "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you?"

The captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up and put his finger into his vest pocket and said, in a voice oud enough for all to hear to him, "Captain Emerson, I don't know of a man in the world I would rather lend five dollars to than you, but the fact is haven't a cent with me to-day," and he turned on his heel and walked away. Emerson was the color of half a dozen rainbows but he had to stand it. He never heard the last of it.—Detroit News.

A Cure for Croup.

Croup, it is said, can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alumn and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alumn; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instanta-neous relief will follow. If the child te very young, the nurse must hold it steadily (especially if it be in a fit) with both hands, while another person adds the water. A hot cloth and blanket should be got ready to receive the child directly it is taken out of the bath, so as to prevent any sudden chill. Five to fifteen minutes, or longer, according to circumstances, is the time the bath may be used. A proper thermometer for the bath is valuable, for the exact temperabath is valuable, for the exact tempera-ture of the water can be thereby noted. At the first immersion of the child the water should be about eighty degrees, which can then be brought up to ninety-

Hay as Food for Hogs.

But few men are aware of the fact that hay is very beneficial to hogs, but it is true nevertheless. Hogs need rough food as well as horses, cattle or the human race. To prepare it you should have a cutting-box (or hay cutter), and the greener the hay the better. Cut the hay as short as oats or shorter, and mix with bran, shorts or middlings, and feed as other food. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill, as other slop food, is highly relished by them. In winter use for the hogs the same hay you feed your horses, and you will find you feed your horses, and you will find that, while it saves bran, shorts or other food, it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything that can be given them

The organ rolled its notes from the growing diapason to the gentle flute; and the congre-gation accompanied by deep sepulchral coughs to coughs scarcely audible, because they from not yet heard of the Bull's Cough Syrus.

The Child on the Door-Step.

"Did she leave any children?"
"Yes, this bit of a child."
"And who'll take her?"
"I don't know. We are all very poor around here, sir, but we must find her a place somewhere. God help the little girl, for she's all alone now!"
The sexton had called at an old tenement house on Lafavette street east to ment house on Lafayette street east to take a body to a pauper's fie'd—the body of one whose life had been worn out in the tread-mill of hunger and despair. Nobody knew that the mother was dead—hardly suspected that she was ill, until one morning this child appeared at a neighbor's door and quietly said:

said:
"Would you be afraid to come over to my house, for ma is dead and I'm keeping awful still, and I'm afraid to talk to her when she won't answer."

The mother had been dead four hours. Long enough before day came the flame of life had burned low and died out, and that child, hardly seven years old, had been with the corpse through the long hours, clasping the cold hand, kissing the white face, and calling for life to return. When they asked if she had any friends she shook her head. When they told her she was alone in the great Then the child stretched out her tiny they told her she was alone in the great world she looked out of the old window on the bleak November day and an-

"I can make three kinds of dresses for doll-babies, build fires and carry in wood, and I'll work ever so hard if wood, and I'll work ever so hard if somebody wil! let me live with them!"

There was no funeral. There was no need of a sermon there. The lines of sorrow around the dead woman's mouth counted far more in heaven than any eulogy man could deliver. There was no crape. In place of it three or four honest-hearted woman let their tears fall upon the white face and whispered:

"Poor mother—poor child!"

The child's big blue eyes were full of tears, but there was hardly a tremor in her voice as she nestled her warm cheek

her voice as she nestled her warm check against the lips stilled forever and said: "Good-bye, ma-you'll come down from heaven every night at dark, won't you, and you'll take me up there just as

soon as you can, won't you?"
The landlord locked up the house, and the child went home with one of the women. When night came she stole out of the house and away from those who sought to comfort her, and going back to the old house she sat down on the door-step, having no company but the darkness. An officer passed that way, and leaning over the gate he peered through the darkness at something on the step and called out;
"Is anybody there?"

"Nobody but a little girl!" came the

"It's a little girl whose ma was buried o-day!" He opened the gate and went closer, and as he made out her bare head and mocent face he said :

"Why, child, aren't you afraid?"
"I was afraid a little while ago," she not to let anybody hurt me I got right over it. Would anybody dare hurt a little girl whose ma is dead? They could be tooked up, couldn't they?" He offered to go with her to the house where she was to have a home for a few days, and taking his big hand with the

nce she walked beside him and said:
"I ain't going to ery much till I get to bed, where tolks can't see me!"
"I hope every one will be good to "he remarked as he put his hand

ver her curly head. 'If they don't be, they'll never go to eaven, will they?" she queried.

There was a long pause, and then she

But I guess they will be. I can make a doll out of a clothes-pin and a piece of calico, and I guess somebody ill be glad to let me live with 'em. If ou see me over on the step some other light you needn't be a bit afraid, for I ain't big enough to hurt anybody, even it I didn't want to cry all the time! Octroit Free Press .

Wanted to See the Editor.

A man on the cars was offered a news paper. He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust and remarked:

"I don't want any news from that paper. "I supposed everybody read it in these parts," I answered. "Has it been pitching into you?"
"Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think it had. But you just let me meet the editor of that paper,"

"You never make anything by strik-ing an editor," I said; "better grin and

"Yes, that's all right for you to say; but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper," "What did he do?"

"What did he do?"

"Do? He did a deal. Here's how it is. I often go to Springfield on the evening and come home on the tirst train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony, and we went to Music hall and the theater. When we came out we met some friends. Of course I could not get right out, so I treated; in fact, we were having a treated; in fact, we were having a pretty good time, when some fellow came in and began to raise a row. In less than no time the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and fined \$7 40. I did not care much, because I gave a name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out; but the next morning I'll be eter-nally confused if that very paper didn't have it all in and my name too."

"Did your wife see it?" "I should say she did."
"Did she make a fuss?" "Fuss! Godfrey Elihu! Are you married?"—Springfield (Mass.) Republi-

The Armies of Europe.

No wonder Europe is suffering from hard times. The army of each country is a burden that would almost bank-rupt a continent. Russia has a miliforce of 3,046,800 men, 600,800 be longing to the reserve and 2,446,800 to the standing army. France has a regu-lar army of 1,689,000 men. which, with the territorial army of 1,208,000, makes a total of 2,897,000. In 1892 this will total of 2,897,000. In 1892 this will be increased by 300,000 reserve men. The German army consists of 2,004,300 men. In 1892 the total strength of Italy will be 2,024,200 men. Austro-Hun-gary possesses I,194,318 soldiers. The armies of Europe make a total of over 16,000,000 who are learning the art of 16,000,000 who are learning the art of war and who can be called on at any prosperity?-Detroit Free Press.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The number of packages of tomatoes put up in the United States last year reached the great total of 19,968,000—Maryland leading off with 6,840,000; New Jersey, 5,592,000; Delaware, 7,884,000; New York, 1,680,000; Massachusetts, 960,000; Pennsylvania, 182,000; Pacific coast, 1,200,000; Western and other States, 1,320,000. Yet many of the present generation can recall the time when the tomato was regarded as a

Hereare Dr. Thomas Guthrie's excellent reasons for being a total abstainer:
I have tried both ways; I speak from
experience. I am in good spirit because
I take no spirit; I am hale because I use no ale: I take no antidote in the form of drugs because I take no poison in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance I sought only the public good, I have found my own also since I became a total abstainer. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one— first, my health is stronger; second, my head is clearer; third, my heart is lighter; fourth, my purse is heavier.

Scarlet fever is a scourge as much to be dreaded in Northern cities as the yellow fever is in the South. A leading cause of the disease being spread is from ladies visiting houses where there are cases, or attending funerals of those who have died from the malady, thus impregnating their clothing and carrying the germs to their own and other families. This disease should be treated in a manner similar to small-nox as rein a manner similar to small-pox as regards quarantine regulations. It is not less terrible in its fatality, and not unfrequently leaves the convalescent with deafness, blindness, or some other erious affection.

Official whippings are continued regularly at Newcastle, Del., and are regarded as a matter of course by the residents. On the last whipping day five convicted thieves were punished. The first was a German, who was not severely lashed, and he walked away smiling. The second was a tramp, who bore the ordeal without flinching. Two negroes, who came next, writhed and muttered under the pain of severe blows. The fifth was a boy of fifteen. He was so frightened that it was necessary to force him to the post, and at the first stroke he desperately freed himself by pulling his hands out of the staples. A andkerchief was used to faster him, but he got loose again before the pre-scriped twenty blows were completed, and pathetically begged the sheriff not to strike so hard.

The movement in temperance known as home protection, which, in reality, is woman's bailor on the dram shops, is gaining in favor in all parts of the coungaining in favor in all parts of the country. Five of the annual conventions of the women's christian temperance unions, held in the separate New England States, have passed home protection resolutions indorsing that line of work. At the late annual meeting of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union in Indianapolis, a resolution was passed to the effect that "the organizations there represented should in each State befree to choose their own methods of work," thus removing all restrictions of that body from such State women's unions as shall decide to ask for the temperance ballot. Eleven State

ment; only three really oppose it, and their ranks, it is said, are by no means solid.

organizations already indorse this move-

Eggs and Cats in Law.

There is a famous case on the books of Norman hotel keeper and the customer who ordered a six-egg omelette prepared but went away in a hurry with out paying for it, and when he returned fifteen years later offered the landlord fifteen tranes, being for the original cost of the eggs and the interest thereon com-pounded. The landlord claimed a fabulous sum, alleging that the six eggs would have produced so many chicks, from which would have issued so many hens; that with the product of these innumerable fowls he would have bought farm, which in so many years would have yielded so much money, which being invested, etc. The court, however, non-suited the landlord because the eggs had been broken for the omelette,

and so could not have been hatched.

The case has been outdone in an Indian court. A, B, C and D buy cotton in partnership and store it in a warehouse which is invested with rats. To discourage these vermin they buy a cat, of which each is to own a leg. The cat breaks that one of her legs which is owned by A, who binds it up with cotton soaked in oil. The cotton takes fire, the cat takes refuge in the midst of the cotton bales and the whole property is destroyed; whereupon B, C and D sue A, alleging that it was his leg which caused the conflagration. The court promptly decides against them with costs, and orders them to pay A for his conton and heart their own lesses on the cotton and bear their own losses, on the ground that the cat couldn't walk on the broken leg, so that it was the three sound legs which carried her into the

New York's Dead Millionaires. The New York correspondent of the

cotton.—Paris Figaro.

Detroit Free Press writes: The death of Peter Goelet closes the list of big millionaires who were among us a few year ago. And they all dropped off be-tween three score ten and four score. John Jacob Astor went first, and then in quick succession Commodore Vander-bilt, A. T. Stewart and Wm. C. Rhine-lander, and now Goelet. Astor's wealth was estimated at \$50,000,000, Vander-bilt's at \$100,000,000 and Stewart's about the same. Rhinelander's property rep-resented, it is supposed, \$10,000,000, and Goelet's is estimated at \$20,000,000 Goelet's is estimated at \$20,000,000. The money of Astor, Rhinelander and Goelet was all in real estate and mort-gages. A good deal of the Astor prop-erty has been divided since the old man's death, and some, I believe, has been sold. Astor himself never sold any. It was the same case with Goelet. He would as soon have thought of selling his right hand as of parting with a house or building lot. He had the name of a skinflint, though some say he did not de-serve it. But whether a skinflint or not he certainly knew how to take care of his money.

Whittier and other poets are immortalizing the virtues of the pumpkin. But they never allude to the siren sweetmoment by the great powers. With ness with which it deludes the unso-such an "old man of the sea" as this phisticated water-bug and lingering fly on its shoulders how can Europe expect to the saccharine depths of its pie form. -St. Louis Spirit.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NO. 42.

It is the man with the rheumatism who is every inch a' king.

The only housework some girls do is when they begin to dust around after a beau.—Andrews' Bazar.

He said that her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'T is false!" he said he presumed so.—Boston

Professor Stewart, a mining expert, says in the most unqualified terms that Maine is a promising silver-bearing

region. It is estimated that there were 36,000,-000 sheep in 1878 in the United States, which produced a total of 210,000,000 pounds of wool.

Indiana claims to be the banner wheat raising State this year. The crop there is placed at 55,000,000 bushels, which is about 20,000,000 more than Minnesots is credited with.

"What's fame?" yelled an excited ora-tor, "What's fame? that ghost of am-bition! What's honor?" And a weak-minded man in the crowd said he sup-posed she had clothes on her, as any fool ought to know .- Derrick.

Under a South Carolina law which provides that money won at gambling shall, upon proof, be restored four-fold, a firm of Charleston has entered suit for \$79,000 against the proprietors of two fashionable resorts, the amount al-leged as having been lost by young men in whom the firm was interested.

A St. Louis boy was delighted when a fine, six-bladed knife dropped down to him apparently from the sky. Wrapped arcund it was a paper on which was written, "We are fastened in the dome; for heaven's sake help us out." Two girls had ascended to the top of the court house and closed a self-locking

Farmers Crockett and Nichols quar-reled about a hog, at Lindale, Mo., and agreed to settle the difficulty with knives. One had a dirk, and the other a less handy but larger pocket knife. Nichols was killed on the spot, and Crocket lived only two hours after the fight. Twenty-seven cuts were counted on their bodies.

Mrs. Jas. A. Skirven exhibited at the Kent county (Ind.) fair a specimen of California squash. It is from two to three feet in length and nine to ten inches in diameter, and regularly curved. Its excellence is said to consist, in part least, in the fact that while growing it may be sliced off in any suitable or convenient quantity and cooked, leaving the remainder on the vine for future use. It is on this account, a curiosity.

During the procession on Lord May or's day a large stone was thrown into the carriage of the retiring lord mayor. A smilar attention was once paid to George III. when going to open parlia-ment, and he picked up the stone and presented it to the master of the horse, seated opposite, as a proof of the affection of his subjects. The royal State carriage is provided with bullet-proof shutters, which can be adjusted by a spring; but the king, whose courage was never questioned, would not use them.

A man living near Glen Mills, Pa., was attacked by one of his cows the other day, knocked down and gored. He caught the beast by the nose and roared for help, but none came, the cow meantime stamping upon him and man-itesting a determination to kill him. Soon the other cows in the field what was going on and rushed to the spot, when, to the surprise of the man, instead of assisting their companion, they violently assailed her, knocking her down and finally driving her away. The cow died on the following day with every symptoms of brain disease.

Do It Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual negligence, that men degenerate insensibly in their workmen

"That is a good rough job, said an old man in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant in itself, but strongly made and

well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is in most cases, a good citizen. For one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenous mechanics, rose from the great

humilate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer unabashed, "and I did it well." And because of his doing even mean things well, he rose to greater.
Take heart, all who toil! all youths in

humble situations, all in adverse cir-cumstance, and those who labor unap-preciated. If it be put to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if it be but to wax threads, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the fect nigher up on the ladder. Says the good book; "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men"

before mean men.

Save the Rags.

"A penny saved is a penny got," is a maxim as true as it is old. And there is many a neglected opportunity in almost every household by which pennies that are otherwise allowed to go to waste might be saved to the family. Take the one item of rags. How few housewives think of saving the little scraps of calico, of linen, and the old wormout clothes of linen, and the old worn-out clothes, and selling them to the paper-manufac-turers? Thousands upon thousands of dollars are thus wasted every year that ought to go into the family coffers. If housewives and their children and helpmates would carefully save all the rags through the year, and lay aside the receipts from the sales, they would be astonished, when the holidays came around, at the size of the fund accumulated from this source. The recent lated from this source. The recent rapid advance in the price of rags renders it doubly important that the matter should be attended to. If the "gude wife" don't feel like bothering her head and hands with the matter, then let her encourage the children in the work. It will pay to save the rags. Don't neg-

VOL. IX.

Ripe Apples. Apples red and apples fair; we them lying here and there, In the market, on the stand, Everywhere throughout the land. How the children love to eat

There they come with metry shout, Lads and lasses; school is out. With his penny little Ned Buys an apple round and red; Roguish Nelly loves so well

> ery where iren tove so well

o, faithful beastarly loves a feastthe air, pricks up his ears hen the rosy fruit appears. Well he knows he'll get his share, Apples ripe and rosy.

Hearths are glowing; winter's here-Nats and apples and good cheer: Father, mother, children, all Love the wholesome fruit of tall. Heaven bless and multiply

A Turn of Fortune's Wheel.

The air, was freighted with the faint scent of magnolius—great masses of cream-white bloom shone everywhere. Nora Leonard, leaning from the window, pale and weary, hated the heavy fragrance She knew she could nevernever again catch the faintest hint of that subtle odor without a sudden vision of all the suspense, the pain, the crushed hopes, the despair, that had wrung her heart since she entered the place. The very loveliness gave her a sick pang-it seemed such a mockery to her desolate

heart:
"Nora, where are you? Where the deuce do you keep yourself? I'm choke ing-some water—anything! Oh! You're rilling I should choke, aren't you? But you won't be a rich widow, you see; and a poor widow with a deformed

child won't—"

"Oh, Philip, hush!" cried Nora, hurrying to the bedside with a flush rising on her pale face. "Don't—don't talk of our darling in that way. There is hope, if she can only be put into the right hands. And I shall try—after—"

"Oh, after I'm dead and gone. Go on, don't have the least consideration for my feelings. I don't mind it, bless you! I knew I should lay my bones in this confounded hole when they sent me here—not much beside bones, I should say."

The invalid was indeed wasted to a skeleton. His eyes were wild, gloomy and cavernous, and a heetic spot burned on each check. His long, clawlike hands clutched nervously at the bed-clothes. His voice was harsh, cold and eruel; although the death damps were already on his brow, he had not grown more gentle or more kind. Jealous and theree in his love, he was full of sullen resentment that he must at last release the woman who had been his bond-maid so long, leaving her free to listen to

kinder words, to be consoled, perhaps, by a tenderer love, while he was lying stiffand stark-turning to mold—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "It's as good a place to die in as anywhere else, I suppose," he said, moodily, looking into his wife's face; "if you can say any place is good to die in, for a follow that wants to live. I could make another fortune if I only had the time." about that now," exclaimed Nora, bathing his forehead.

who, when her husband wanted to give some parting instructions, said, 'Never mind about that, you just go on dying.' You're in a confounded hurry, ain't "You are exciting yourself."
"It does me good. It quickens my pulses. I believe I am just dying of stagnation. A good game of poker, now. Confound that quack doctor that sent me here."

'The elergyman called yesterday-"I won't see him. I don't want any sulphur and brimstone slung around here, and as for the place where they're all twangin' on golden harps, it must be

"Dear Philip, you frighten me! How can you say such reckless, daring A fit of coughing stopped the sick man's angry answer, followed by complete exhaustion, and Nora sat by the bedside, wearily, sometimes moving the restless head, stroking the nervous hands, or bathing the hot brow, in a lifeless sort of manner that showed none of the cagerness of love or the anguish

ing, Nora dropped into a troubled sleep. No movement stirred her from her uneasy dreams. A dead silence-a strange, uncarthly hush fell upon the room. No more the busy hands clutched at the bedclothes, no more the wild, herce eyes shot out their baleful tires. The heetic flush burned out on the

hollow cheeks, and ashen hues settled there, but Nora slept on. A fly settled on the still face and walked over it without molestation. " Beating heart and burning brow,

Ye are very silent now. The sound of a striking clock and tht opening door startled Nora from hearest. It was high noon, and Chloe, the kind nurse, had brought in her master'e heef-tea. Clinging to her skirts came the only child, a tiny little creature four years old, her fair hair falling about her neek and almost concealing the slight curvature of the spine which threatened her with permanent deformity. In the dark eyes there was that look of pathetic questioning which we often see in children who have been doomed to suffering. From those shy, startled eyes Philip Leonard had nicknamed his baby Bunny, and she had found a secure place in his

'Here's de beef-tea, honey," cried Chloe, cheerily; "strong enough to toxicate a pussun."

Nora looked at the bed. She had already felt the sense of stillness there.

"Look at him, Chloe. I think, I am sure, there's a change."
"A change, sure nuff," said the