VOL. X.

In woodland ways now strangled with the

The blue, sweet violets will soon be spring The golden-headed acoustes will blow, And in the meadows robins will be singing. Then from the streets into the fields I'll go;

And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!" Or, if not then, when strawberries are red, And flag flowers stand among the blowing

rushes, When roses bloom, and in the trees o'erhead There is a dreamy melody of thrushes, My test again the mossy turi shall tread;

And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!" Or, better still, I'll sail the windy sea,

Fail of large music, billow to billow sing

And lie 'mid broken lights, and sea-drift free, Hearing in dreams of land the ship bells

ringing-Yes, oceanward, when summer comes, 17

And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!" Oh, heart, I said, thine is the weariest way; Why wilt thou ever disenchant to-morrow

Time is so niggardly with each to-day, Surely 'tis well from future days to borrow Art thou afraid such drafts will be to pay?

And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!" Then 'mid man's tretful dwellings, dim an

I'll dream of peace, eternal flowers m fading,

And of that tideless sea whose happy flow Keeps not a note of sorrow or upbraiding. Some day I'll fird that happy land, I know And my heart noswered, "Thou shalt go! -Harper's Weekly.

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

I was never happy at Aunt Browne but there seemed no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come out so to speak, as far as any one so repressed could come out, but I might as well have staid in. I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some garrulous octogenarian Aunt Browne's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first sea-son—it had always been weakly—and the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seemed, stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one who was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing the changes rung upon the old maid, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins, Susette and Anne. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which they had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second hus-band, Cedric Browne had relead him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the house and piazzas for Susette's birthday fete. I sometimes wondered what Aunt Brown would have thought of the proceeding, as she had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Perhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frastrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in order to be importuned. I believe all my favorite heroines had conducted in this wise. However, we rowed home through the sunset, our boat heaped with the pink

"You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain that C dric looked like a thun-

flowers, in silence.

The next day was the fete. Every brought presents for Susette Cedric gave her an antique necklace of turquoises; I was sure he had meant it We had supper out of doors, under the great pine-trees, and dancing by moonlight. That day I began to regard Cedric Browne attentively. known him under the same roof for weeks at a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him foreordained to minister to Susette's happiness, "as inaccessible as a star in heaven," so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to live at Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he should regard me with any tender emo tions I had never even dared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him till to-day. I had never observed till to-day that his eyes were as tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the musicroom, that his smile was simply en-chantment. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with usonce again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and by night, I could see from my window, and from occasional gampses into the drawing-room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's com-

"Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to

Walter one day.
"Who's he?" asked Walter from his "Why, Cedric, of course-Cedric Bridget says so herse'f," as if

that put the matter beyond dispute. The next day, when Cedrio came up to amuse Walter with the affairs downstairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you really Aunt Susette's beau, Cedric? Adrienne's ever so nicer. When I'm a map I'il marry Adrienne."

Then you'll be luckier than I," said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning

It was a year since then. I no longer went out; I was fairly passes. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. was a good nurserymaid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion, in the family. In the meantime I could have merricd any day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and traisfer my labors to the parsonage. Wreath, wore in him that is a series of the meantime I could have merricd any day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and traisfer my labors to the parsonage. RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880.

To be sure, this wouldnot have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into possession of a certain family secret that I began to revolve the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same yearly income from the estate for the family use, and that I, Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the msn whom I had refused, and who had forgotten me. Earning my own livelihood was out of the question, drudgery was my only vocation, and that was too badly paid to be encouraging. I looked at the Rev. Abel Amherst often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's place, if Cedric would only vacate. Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the cagerness of a lover, and for the first time I began to hesitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amherst: but

trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amherst; but whenever I began to think with some whenever I began to think with some interest of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite the Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture uninvited, and blot out his rival as a strong similarly fades a his rival's, as strong sunlight fades a

negative photograph "There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house, "in the music room, on the top of the dado, under Mozart's picture." I went into the music room, but there

was no letter to be seen. "Perhaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.

"Grand.ma cooked a letter over the tea-kettle," said little Teddy, reflectively.

tively.

"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting paper, but the fire answers the purpose quite as well."

At that time I had never heard of opening letters by steam. Well, we ran-

acked the house for that truant letter, but in vain.
"Who was it from, aunt?" I asked.
"How should I know, child?"
"But the handwriting — the post-

mark "The postmark was blurred."
"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked,
with sudden eagerness. Cedric had
gone abroad some months before, and I
had not heard of his return.
"A foreign stamp! No. Were you

"A foreign stamp! No. expecting a foreign letter?" Were you "N-o; but it is the unexpected that

always happens, you know."
"It's awfully provoking," said Susette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes Mrs Clark was going to send you."

"Nothing more likely; but what has become of it? It's a prolonged game of hunt the thimble."

"And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Mrs. Am-herst." put in Anne, "or of a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Austra-lia.—" And then the door-bell rang.

accepted Mr Amherst. Everybody behaved as if I had. I received congratulations and a ring, and the parish begun repairs upon the parsonage, before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Am-herst all about Cedric and my mistake, and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for anybody else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most undemonstrative lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers, and perhaps they weren't as gushing in real life as novels pictured. He used to kiss my hand when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad, I tancied, wi ha look which might mean that he afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry the woman he loved wasn't all fancy had painted it; and often I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him everything about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided the sight of Cedric in the interval before in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling upon him; he seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surprised me more than once with traces of tears upon my face; the sound of his voice made my heart turn and quiver within me. If I had dared to withdraw at this juncture, I'm afraid I should have done so; but it was too late; and though I felt like a hypocrite whenever Mr. Amherst appeared, his looks of sober satisfaction, which reminded me of those lines of Matthew Royden on

Sir Philip Sidney, "A full assurance given by looks. Continual comfort in a face, The lineaments of gospel books,"

might have taught me that all was well with him. "You are the oddest sweethearts ever saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride."

In slior, a thousand years of purga-tory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding. Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; was the only male relative, the head

of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably. "We shall see," said he. "I'm afraid should make a poor figure at giving Adrienne away;" and he stroked his triste mustache as he spoke, and looked at me just as he looked that day when we gathered the laurel for Susette's fete —I could have sworn he did. I didn't answer, for fear my voice would be husky, and the tears would start.

The wedding was to be quite private
—only relatives. Aunt Browne arranged everything to suit herself and the pro rieties; it didn't become a clergyman's bride to make a great parade. At the church, I remember, parade. At the church, I remember, my veil caught in the carriage door, and an orange blossom tumbled from my wreath, which Cedric picked up, and wore in his button-hole. Then he drew my half-lifeless arm within his, and directly the wedding march pealed forth in great resounding waves of melody. My grandmother's India mus-

lin blew out in abundant creamy folds behind me, and Cedric and I were standing before the altar, and Mr. Amherst was reading the marriage service!

I believe that Aunt Browne fainted, or she would have forbidden the banns.

"You see, it was impossible for me to give you away, Adrienne," said Cedric, later, when we were steaming out of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may he find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Browne! If it hadn't been for him, I should have been of all men the most miserable today. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story you thought right to tell him, and added that he would not deny he was making a sacrifice; that in renouncing you he renounced all that made life lovely to him, except his work; yet he felt it was better one should fail of a heaven on earth than two should suffer; and that if I loved you, as I had once said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so it? said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so, 'to avoid explanations,' he said. I couldn't believe in my luck, you know, Adrienne. We bandied letters to and! fro, canvassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still a dozen things happen to letters every day." happen to letters every day."
"Yes, and something happened to yours," I said.

Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband had taken the children home to a new mamma, and Aunt Browne had gone to "the land of the hereafter," when Cedric was repairing the old house for a summer residence, in ripping away the ancient dado in the music-room, which had always warped away from the wall in warm weather, leaving a little crack, the carpenters unearthed my lost letter. Had it slipped down there, or had Aunt Browne given it a push? We give her the benefit of the doubt.—Harper's Bazar.

Dirt and Bodily Heat.

The part which the skin plays in the regulation of bodily heat is not adequately estimated. The envelope of complicated structure and vital function which covers the body, and which nature has destined to perform a large share of the labor of health preserving, is practically thrown out of use by our habit of loading it with clothes. It is needless to complicate matters by allow-ing it to be choked and encumbered with dirt. If the skin of an animal be coated with an impervious varnish, death must ensue. A covering of dirt is only less inimical to life. We are not now speaking of dirt such as offends the now speaking of dirt such as offends the sense of decency, but of those accumulations of excluded matter with which the skin must become loaded if it is habitually covered and not thoroughly cleansed. The cold bath is not a cleaning agent. A man may bathe daily and use his bath towed even roughly have required. towel even roughly, but remain as dirty to all practical intents as though he eschewed cleanliness; indeed the physical evil of dirt is more likely to ensue, because if wholly neglected, the skin would east off its excrementitious matter by periodic perspirations with desquamation of the ewilds. Nothing but a feeting of the ewilds. tion of the cuticle. Nothing but a fre-quent washing in water, of at least equal emperature with the skin, and soap can nsure a free and healthy surface. The cet require especial care, and it is too much the practice to neglect them. The omission of daily washings with soap and the wearing of foot coverings so and retard the circulation of the blood through the extremities, are the most common causes of cold feet. The remedy is obvious; dress loosely and wash frequently.—Lancet.

Time for Reading.

Many busy people declare they have no time for reading; but they are mistaken. They have all the time there is, and some of the world's busiest men ave found that enough to make themselves accomplished in one or more de-partments of knowledge. The trouble is no lack of time, but wasteful habits in regard to it. Many persons enter-tain the notion that one must have regular and definite hours of the day or week set apart for reading in order to accomplish anything valuable. There never was a greater mistake. The busiest life has margins of time which may serve, like the borders of the old missals, to enrich and exalt the commonplaces written between. Fitteen minutes in the morning, and as many more in the even-ing, devoted faithfully to reading, will add appreciably in the course of a few months to one's store of knowledge. Always have a book at hand, and whether the opportunity brings you two hours or ten minutes, use it to the full. An English scientist learned a language in the time his wife kept him waiting for the completion of her evening toilet; and at the dinner given to Mr. Froude in New York, some years ago, Mr. Beecher said that he had read through that author's brilliant but somewhat lengthy history in the intervals of din-ner. Every life has pauses between its The time spent in local travel in street cars and ferries is a golden opportunity, if one will only resolutely make the most of it. It is not long spaces of time, but the single purpose, that turns every moment to account, that makes great and fruitful acquisitions possible to men and women who have other work in life.-Christian

Drinking Too Much. Children are not apt to believe they When you come in the house, panting and thirsty from play, you will take a tumbler of water, and drink it down as fast as you can, and then rush out to resume play, and, perhaps, repeat the drink. Now, the next time you feel thirsty, try this experiment: Take a goblet of water, and slowly sip it. Before it is half gone, your thirst will be fully quenched, and you will feel better for having drank only that which you need. And again, we are all apt to acquire the habit of drinking while eating our meals. Animald don't do it, and it is hurtful to us. Nature gives ua all the saliva we need; and if any one will chew his food slowly and thoroughly, and not take a swallow of drink until through eating. the desire to do so will soon leave, and he will require only a few sips of water

tea or cofiee, after the meal is finished.
This practice, too, will do wonders in
the way of keeping off indigestion, dyspepsia and sickness.—Golden Days. The only time that oleomargarine successfully takes the place of butter is when it catches a fly and holds it.— Philadelphia Herald.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Waistcoats are going out of fashion. The day of the white chip bonnet is

A new lace is painted in peacock eather eyes. Silk muslin bonnet crowns will be

much worn.

Ruby beads and yellow pearls are the latest novelties in beads. Friezes should be from twenty to twenty-four inches deep.

It is impossible to make a collarette too large for the fashion. Blondes wear black lace scarfs with out any white lace or flowers.

Yellow sunflowers and crimson poppies are favorite flowers this season. Sleeveless habit corsages of velvet or satin are worn over ball dresses of tulle

Beaded passementeries are largely used for trimming silk and satin mantles and dresses. Spring and summer mantles are weighted with a profusion of lace, rib-bon and jet fringe, network and orna-

ments. Corduroy underskirts will continue to be worn under draperies of silk foulard, Yeddo crape, and light woolen

dress goods. The new woolen mixtures are no heavier than the French buntings, and are covered with alternating dashes of

two colors. Dresses of India muslin made in Paris are decorated with sultana scarfs of Oriental silk, embroidered with

either gold or silver. Scarfs of scarlet tulle, beaded with tiny pearl beads, are worn to advantage by those to whom scarlet is becoming, in place of the white illusion neck scarfs of last fall.

Square handkerchiefs of bright colored striped foulard are twisted into pretty dress caps for ladies and fastened on the head with large Spanish pins or bouquets of artificial flowers.

The latest novely in dress goods is ecru cotton, thicker than the heaviest unbleached muslins of last summer, and with bayadere stripes of bright shades of blue, scarlet, yellow and black. Over these bayadere domestics are sometimes draped the cheese cloths of

last summer. A Paris letter says that the airy lace, satin and ribbin muffs have prov d so pretty an addition to the toilette that they have established a position in the ballroom, where they are carried in the hand or sewn to the dress. They look very well made to match the dresses

in the plain Oriental silks, printed with designs in gold or silver. The newest and simplest fichus are very large, and are of Indian muslin embroidered on the edges, so that lace is embroidered on the edges, so that lace is not needed for trimming them, though the latter is sometimes added. They are in four different sizes, of which most are graceful additions to house toilettes for the present season, and will be worn out of doors during the summer, when, with the wide-brimmed garden hats, they complete most picturesque costumes. most picturesque costumes.

Novelties in lingerie are constantly ng. petticoats cut out on the border in squares. In each of these open places is a small inserted puffing. Some of these skirts are made of blue surah, with inserted puffings of light blue satin. The square pieces which are cut out of the lower part of these skirts are not more than six inches long and there are a number around the skirt

In London for dressy occasions hoods and muffs made of brocade, with strands of gold running through, are very fashionable. The hoods are separate from the dresses or jackets and are finished off in front with long loops and ends of colored (generally red) satin ribbon about three inches wide. The muffs have ribbon and lining to match. and are trimmed with black or coffee colored lace. Sometimes the toque is also of the same material.

An Ancient Dance in Tuscany. A Chicago Times correspondent, writing from Tuscany in Italy, says: Dur-ing this visit I witnessed many interesting rustic games and ceremonies notably a marriage, with its escort of maidens with their lamps, and a dance celebrating that charming custom among the ancient Italians, the opening of summer, which Virgil describes in a famous passage of his first ecloque. First came an invitation to the goddess of corn, two pretty and graceful girls representing the priestesses of Ceres—the one fair and garlanded with white flowers, the other dark, and crowned with purple flowers. They pause to strike their uplifted tamborines, while behind them their sisters rush breath-less but shouting with flowing garments and outspread arms. Two young men with purple caps and embroidered vests advance, each with a silver amphora or sacred vase of wine, which is first sipped by the priestesses, followed by the maidens who surround them, then by the young men who closely folied by characteristic songs and recita-Then all join hands, a youth and maiden alternately, and form two immenserings, all being crowned with chaplets of grain and grasses, and the priestesses decked with additional garands of the same nature hanging like a scarf across their shoulders. The leader directs the movements of one ring until they all sink down exhausted, when they are relieved by the other ring al-ternately until the old Roman dial on the church tower marks the morning hours and pale moonlight gives place to the glowing day. Then they are led, smiling and bowing their heads, in review before us, and then before their o'der friends who are seated as spectators, and then again bounding off in a lively circle they twist and turn it into all imaginable shapes, seldom breaking the magic ting, returning again and again to the groups of spectators for in-spection and approval, and again bounding off in the mazes of the intricate dance. The leader will perhaps conduct them to the brow of the hill and then starting back some of them are sent down the bank and recovered by the clasped hands in the chain; and then laughing and shouting she leads them to the border of a mass of grain spread out to dry, and drawing back as before, some of them are thrown headbefore, some of them are thrown head-long into the long white straw, the leader constantly passing through the ring and turning it, as it were, inside out. Along the blue Mediterranean or on the borders of the inland lakes the shores and waves have offered means of bright enjoyment to these dancers for many happy generations.

IN A PANTHER'S CAGE.

A Female Animal Trainer who Goes in Among a Half-Dozen Full-Gröwn Mexicau Panthers which are the Ter-

The value of coolness and presence of mind was strikingly illustrated at mind was strikingly illustrated at Cooper & Bailey's stables, Philadelphis, where the great London circus was in quarters. In the main building, where most all the animals of the menagerie are kept, was a cage containing five or six full-grown Mexican panthers, whose six full-grown Mexican panthers, whose flerce aspect and savage capers are the terror of all who pass through there, Directly opposite these panthers there is a cage containing lions, and on either side of them are cages containing tigers and leopards. Savage as the tigers and leopards appear, there is not half the terror in them for the keepers that there is in the long, stealthy, cat-like animal, the Mexican panther. In size they are about as large as a full-grown setter dog, though their whole appearance is of the cat order, having long claws, sharp teeth, and eye-balls which, in their anger, gleam and quiver like livid fire. These animals at Cooper & Bailey's, on the day in question, seemed fire. These animals at Cooper & Bailey's, on the day in question, seemed worse than usual. They had been fighting among themselves until their heads and ears were bleeding, and upon the approach of any visitor near their cage they would spring against the iron grat-ing, with gleaming eyes and exposed fangs, with a force that would shake the

tangs, with a force that would shake the cage from top to bottom, at the same time thrusting their claws through in their efforts to clutch the intruders and bring them within range of their teeth. To stand off and look at them would provoke them almost to madness. They would bound against the grating with a loud and savage scream, and strike and tear at the iron rods with their claws in a way that would make their claws in a way that would make the stoutest-hearted visitor fall back the stoutest-hearted visitor fall back and almost shudder to think of the con-sequences should they by any mischance once get at large. Even the keepers themselves, after they had prodded up the tigers and leopards and passed close to their cages in safety, made a detour when they came to the panthers, giving them a wide berth. Presently a young woman, dressed in bloomers and with her hair tightly done up on the top of her head, came along, with a stout whip

in her hand. 'See," said one of the keepers, "she's going into the cage."
"What?" exclaimed three or four

different voices, amazed. "She's going in among the panthers; she's training them," said the keeper.
"Surely she won't go in among them as they are now?" said one, while others fell back still further and some hastened

away.

Meantime, the girl had gone up close to the cage, whip in band, and, with the assistance of the keeper—who was also her husband—the panthers were also her husband—the panthers were driven back in one end of the cage, the man using a long stick, with the end of which he gave them some vigorous raps on the nose. After a great deal of snapping and scuffling among each other—each animal, every time he was hit, seeming to visit his vengeance for the blow on his pearest follow—these the blow on his nearest fellow—they were all gotten back in the end furthest from the cage door. The man then proeeded to unfasten it, his work being in terrupted frequently by the animals some of which would now and then bound out of their corner over the backs of those of their fellows who stood in the way and land half-way up the floor of the cage, where they would draw themselves up in a crouching posture, and with eyes of fire and a deep, low whine or growl they would remain watching him as though only waiting for him to get inside to make spring. The keeper, without showing he least discomposure, went on with his work until the door was opened. The young woman, who had been standing beside him with her whip in hand

and a pleasant smile on her face, with out a moment's hesitation stepped up and the next moment was inside the cage. The moment she got in there was the most terrific screaming and fighting of any time yet. The panthers would jump over each other in their eagerness to spring upon her, and would spring half-way up the cage, but would get no further, being held back by fear. They would then spring upon one another and tear other's ears and scratch and each fight, this being apparently the only means that would satisfy their ferocity. Mean-

time the woman stood perfectly still, holding her whip out and speaking to them in a soothing manner, as though she was pacifying a favorite dog or cat. Gradually the screams and growls be-gan to get lower and lower and the fighting among one another began to cease. Still they kept growling and looking at her and showing their teeth and snap-ping now and then until she had ad-vanced a step. Then they began to growl again, and one of them sprang over the others and got nearest to her, but had no sooner alighted than he was pounced upon by another, and they again began to fight. Then the young woman, with a bold step, advanced a pace further and struck one of the animals with the but end of her whip, at the same time scolding him. He sprang back to the end of the cage among the others. while the woman, carelessly letting her whip fall in a harmless position, pro-ceeded to soothe and caress the panther nearest her, patting him upon the top of the head and stroking him on the back until his growls had almost subsided, and he sullenly allowed himself to be petted, winking his eyes and mouthing like a cat, the other panthers meantime having grouped themselves together in the end of the cage looked on with sul-len growls. If any advanced she gave them a sharp rap on the head and or-dered them to go back, and they obeyed. While she kept petting the one in question she never lost sight of the others, keeping her eyes on their every movement and being always prepared to use the whip on the slightest provocation. Sometimes three or four, as though jealous of the other, would spring for ward and approach sullenly, as though inviting her to caress them, too Then she would take one to each hand and pat and stroke them until they became pacified and quiet, and she seemed as much at home with them as though they were so many cats. But this pacific state of things would not last long. They seemed to be taking their caresses under protest and to be ever on the brink of a revolt. This would be signalized by a deep growl from some one of them, which would instantly communicate itself to the others, and the next instant there would be a quick spring and one of the animals would find himself pounced upon by another, and they would claw

and gnash each other until the young woman would raise her whip and give them both some sharp blows, which would send them into the corner and

would send them into the corner and make them settle down for a little time. "What would be the consequence if she was to show any fear and retreat toward the door?" asked one of the bystanders, who had been almost spell-bound by the scene before him and had not found himself able to speak before. "The consequence," said the keeper, shaking his head, "would be that every snimal in that cage would spring upon

animal in that cage would spring upon her and tear her to pieces in a minute.

In the Matter of Advertising.

If you have goods to sell, advertise. Hire a man with a lampblack kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive

eassenger.
Remember the fences by the roadside

as well. Nothing is so attractive to the passer-by as a well-painted sign: "Millington's medical mixture for mumps."

Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before they leave town, and they need some inspiring literature for food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a tancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent. more than it is worth, and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot dvertisements, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing, or he is puffing and "phewing" at the heat is the time above all others when he reads an

advertisement.

Print in the blackest ink a great sprawling card on all your wrapping paper. Ladies returning from a shop-ping tour like to be walking bulletins, and if the ink rubs off and spoils some of their finery, no matter. They never will stop at your store again.

Don't fail to advertise in every circus programme. It will help the circus to pay its bills, and visitors can relieve the tedium of the clown's jokes by lock.

the tedium of the clown's jokes by look-

the tedium of the clown's jokes by looking over your interesting remarks about "twenty per cent. below cost," etc.

A boy with a big placard on a pole is an interesting object on the streets, and lends a dignified air to your establishment. Hire about two.

Advertise on a calender. People never look at a calander to see what day of the month it is. The merely glance burriedly at it so as to be sure that your hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled with or without a "p,"

When the breezes blow, wafted by a paper fan in the hands of a lovely woman, 'tis well to have the air redolent with the perfume of the carmine ink in which your business address is printed. This will make the market for decent

ns very good. Patronize every agent that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory, dictionary or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered at a reasonable price.

But don't think of advertising in a ell established legitimate newspaper. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where the farmer, the mchanic, the tradesmen in other lines, and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and after the news of the day has been digested, it would be read and pondered, and next day people would come down o your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or wo, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.— New Haven Register.

John Bright.

It is related that once a party of Americans entered a studio, where a ine portrait, just completed, was stand-

ing on the artist's easel.
"Oh," said one of the Americans,
"that must be John Bull."

"No," quietly responded the artist, it's John Bright." The anecdote forcibly illustrates the truly British physical type of the Quaker orator and statesman. In personal appearance, certainly, he is an Englishman of Englishmen. Robust, though not corpulent, of body; with a round, full face, and bold, straight nose; his countenance rounded, open, healthfully ruddy, having a remarkable purity of complexion and fine texture of skin; the eyes, large, gray, clear, bright, some-times stern and defiant, but in repose often gentle and kindly; decision vigor most plainly expressed in the resolute mouth and firm jaw and chin; face less mobile than calm and set the brow broad and white, and arched high at the top; the whole frame strong, well-proportioned, almost massive, in dicating great powers of endurance, and giving, even at his present age, no hint of that delicacy of health which has in recent years impaired his public activity. In his company, one has a keen sense of his power, one feels himself in the presence of a born leader of men. He holds his head high, and looks you, and every one, full in the face; and that with a keen, searching glance that that rather robs you of your ease. Self-re-liance, honesty, pride of intellect, resolution-nay, even intolerance-may be

John Bright is now in his sixty-ninth year. He is two years younger than Gladstone and six younger than Lord Beaconsfield; and as English statesmen are a peculiarly vigorous race, and often continue their public activities into the cighties, it may be hoped that he has still some years of labor in the cause of reform before him. His public life began in 1843, when he was thirty-two years of age, in which year be was elected to parliament by the old historic city of Durham. Four years later be took his seat for the first time as the representative of the great progressive constituency of Manchester. His career in the house of commons, therefore, has extended over a period of thirty-seven years .- Good Company .

The spread of contagious diseases among horses in London is attributed in a great measure to the public cattle troughs which have of late years been established from motives of humanity.

NO. 7.

By-and-Bye.

"By-and-bye," the maiden said—"by-and-bye He will claim me for his bride,

Hope is strong, and time is fleet; Youth is fair, and love is sweet.

Clouds will pass that fleck my sky. He will come back by-and-bye-by-and-bye."

"By-and-bye," the soldier said--"by-and-bye-

Often have I fought and bled-I shall go home from the wars, Crowned with glory, seamed with scars. Joy will flash from some one's ava

When she greets me by-and-bye-by-and-

By-and-bye," the mother cried-"by-an Strong and sturdy at my side,

Like a staff supporting me, Will my bonnie baby be. Break my rest, then-wail and cry-Thoul't repay me by-and-bye-by-and-bye.

Fleeting years of time have sped-hurried bye .-Still the maiden is unwed; All unknown the soldier lies, Buried under alien skies;

And the son, with blood-shot eye, Saw his mother starve and die. God in heaven! dost Thou on high Keep the promised by-and-bye- by-and-bye? -Ella Wheeler.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are three men to one woman in

There is not a single insane asylum in Arkansas.

Ice is being shipped from Montreal to Why is the letter D like a sailor? Be-

ause it follows the C. Three million acres of fall wheat have been sown in California. Edwin Booth, since his bankruptcy

in 1876, has made some \$300,000. Tobacco and rhubarb are the pipe plants of the country.—Marathon Inde-

pendent. A compass must be of the feminine gender, else it couldn't handle a needle so well.—Modern Argo.

The total number of voters in Great Britain and Ireland is 2,866,966, or about one to every eleven inhabitants. According to the last national census there was one voter to every four and a half inhabitants in the United States.

"The organs of taste are very sensitive," a writer tells us in a magazine article this month, but his information comes too late to be of any value to us. We bit into a bad clam two weeks ago

and found that out .- Fulton Times. The notion of putting a light inside the body, so as to see what is going on there, and to take remedial or preventive measures accordingly, is not entirely new, but it is very interesting. This is the aim substantially of the "polyscope," an invention which, it is asserted, will render an examination of every part of the human body feasible.

It gives some idea of the trade beween Minnesota and Manitoba the imports into Manitoba at Pembina amounted last year to \$448.344, mostly in fur skins, and the experts to \$750 941, mostly in lumber, cotton goods, cattle and meats, iron and steel, plows,

carriages, sugars and steam vessels. Western papers are claiming that In-diana built the first railroad in this country, and cite a road with woo rails put down near Shelbyville in 1833. But the railroad from the granite quarries in Quincy, Mass , to ti lewater, miles long, was projected in 1825, and

was in operation the following year. PENNY-WISE. Can you tell me," said a punster Who had in our sanctum popped, And upon the floor was seeking

For a copper he had dropped. Can you tell me why, at present, I am like Noah's weary dove?" And he glanced with inward tremor Toward a gun that hung above.

"Wouldst thou know," he queried blandly, As he dodged the cudgel stout, Which was shied at him in suger-"'Tis because I'm one cent out." -Boston Journal of Commerce

Secretiveness of Children.

The secretiveness of childhood is little understood; that would probably be pronounced rather a trait of maturity, yet I doubt if plotter or confidant ever had a more religious secrecy than a thoughtful child. We are apt to think of children as fresh from nature's unspoiled inspiration, and frank as the air or light-not considering that they come of the far-stretching heritage of their kind, and must have derived concealment and privacy along with other ten dencies from their parents. No child can have an unprejudiced temper and spirit, and instead o' wondering at the naughtiness of them, fathers and ers, knowing themselves, should thank God hourly that their children are better than they. The child has secrets from everybody, certainly from its mates; it has as much trouble to find a sympathetic fellow as its elders have. It was not every boy that snow-balled and slid down hill with you to whom you could tell your speculations about the earth turning around and yet our stay-ing on when we are heels up. It is rarely that the girl is discovered who can real'y enter into the other girl's feelings about her doll that died because the sawdust blood ran out.

Nay, the germs of distrust and with-

drawal into self may be observed in the very cradle, where the mewling infant, rejects sturdily the food from one hand that it accepts eagerly from another, and smiles at the impossible language of a woman, when much more impossi-ble language from a man's mustache is scornfully and noisily rejected. Even in the elementary goo goo there is, one sees, room for sympathy to show. We sees, room for sympathy to show. We that have grown up are constantly showing the errors of children—petulent, passionate sulky, careless, destructive, disproportionately valuing little things and large, hurting most those we love most, paining ourselves more irremediably than all, and going counter to our own desires from mere cantankerousness. We are a mirror of our past petty selves, yet how little we realize this as we see the child grieve, and disobey and defy. What! do we treat children so—and shall we rebel at the thought that we have less than our the thought that we have less than our deserts of kindness? - Springfield 1 epub-