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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Hood's Restored Health.

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"Gentlemen—On August 10, I was taken to St. Joseph's hospital unconscious from the heat; my temperature was 106°. I remained in the hospital two weeks; I was unable to work for four weeks after that, but then felt compelled to turn in, as I have a wife and five children. I soon began to feel as though undergoing continuous shocks from an electric battery.
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of my body seemed in a constant state of quivering agitation and tremulousness. Heat flashed from the calves of my legs up through my thighs and body; my left arm and hand felt as though on fire, and my head ached as if it would split when I stooped down. I had great pains in my back around the base of the spine. I continued to stick to my work, feeling that if I must again go down I would do so
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I have always been athletic, but I had lost all appetite, and my strength failed me; I was on the point of giving up. I had read much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, and concluded to give it a trial. Before I had taken half a bottle my appetite became as voracious that I would be compelled to eat between meals.
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WHEN DAISY TRIPS ACROSS THE SQUARE.

When Daisy trips across the square
In sloppy days, with grace and care,
I look without, perchance to see
What like the weather bids to be.

Each morning, just at half-past eight,
She comes with light, elastic gait,
Then, halting, just in front of where
I wheel around my office chair,
She lifts her skirts with movements rare,
And trips across the open square.

I do not know the creature's name,
Or where she goes or whence she came,
And so I call her Daisy, for
She rivals all I ever saw.
Each day I think I'll look no more,
But, somehow, just as she hails there,
I look to see her cross the square,
And then that old childhood idea,
That sights through window glass appear
Unlike they do to open view,
Crowds all my modest thoughts askew;
And whispers that the sights I see
May not be all reality;
And that is no act unfair
To watch my lady cross the square.

And so the tiresome days go by;
And still I watch with eager eyes;
For now it lights up life, I swear,
To see my unknown cross the square.

Boston Courier.

A WOMAN'S ERROR.

Early one dull October day a girl came quickly along the farm lanes toward Marldon. There had been much rain and little frost that autumn, so that the country had not quite lost its summer tinge of greene, but winds had blown incessantly and given the foliage a tattered, disconnected look. Something of the same look, seared and uneasy, was repeated in the girl's face. Every now and then glanced behind her, as if she expected to hear footsteps or a call. Nothing came. The population in this country district was scanty, and she only passed a cart, driven by a man, and two or three children, truants from school, who were climbing the hedges in search of the few remaining blackberries. As she saw them in the distance the uneasy look in her eyes became more marked, and she scurried by them on the opposite side of the narrow, muddy lane without a question, although she was sure they could have told her what she wanted to know.

Presently she came upon an out-lying whitewashed cottage, with a garden still full of chrysanthemums and geraniums and smoke flying lightly out of a chimney. She paused, then closed her rather tremulous mouth determinedly. "No," she said, "I won't. I'll find the house somehow.

At last, seeing a man working in a field, she called to him over the gate:

"You needn't come no nearer, but I wish you'd tell me where the minister lives."

"I ain't coming no nearer," said the man, surprised. "See that little white house by the big elm? Anybody'll show you."

She went away in the direction he pionted out. As she came near she heard the cry of a child on the other side of the wall and slackened her pace.

"Well, it's his place, he's got to come, and I was told to fetch him." She rang the bell and asked for the minister.

"I don't know as you can see Mr. Wood," said the girl who appeared in answer, "but if you like to step in you can leave a message with the misses."

She hesitated. "I'll stop here," she said.

In a minute or two she heard a light footfall, and Mrs. Wood came into the passage.

"You asked for my husband?" she said kindly. "I don't know your face. I think you must be a stranger?"

"We haven't been here long. We'm over to Arlington."

"And you wish to speak to him?"

"He's wanted to our house," the girl answered in a dull tone, as if she were repeating a lesson. "John and Tom's both dead, and mother's dying. Father's down, too, she added.

The curate's wife turned white and stepped back.

"What is it?" she said faintly.

"Diptheery. Everybody's that scared of us they won't come nigh the house. The baker puts the bread inside the garden gate." She spoke stolidly, as if already the cutting off from human fellowship had become a matter of course, and she did not look up at the shrinking figure of the wife and mother, who stood staring, but as no answer came added, "The minister's wanted."

"Why did you come here? Arlington is not in this parish."

"There's no use going to Mr. James."

"You must try. Go back and say my husband can't come."

The girl glanced at her with dreary acceptance before she made a a final attempt.

"Mother's awful bad. The doctor says her can't last the night."

The other stood stiffly, bracing herself to her words.

"It's terrible. Mr. Wood would be very sorry if he knew, but he can't come. He's away," she added. And taking out a purse as meager looking as herself she dropped a few shillings into the girl's hand. "There, go," she said hurriedly, "and mind you don't speak to any one in the village."

"I ain't going to speak to no one," returned the girl, with a touch of indignation in her voice. She held the money in her limp hand without looking at it or thanking the giver, her eyes meditatively fixed upon the door, the handle of which the minister's wife was grasping as though fearful that she might force an entrance. Once more she vaguely repeated, "Her won't last the night."

"You'd better go back at once."

They heard a child at that moment call "Mother, mother!" The girl lifted her heavy eyes and looked full in the wife's face.

"Yes, I'll go," she said briefly. Turning away, she went along the road by which she had come, and Mrs. Wood stood rigidly watching her, still holding the handle of the door. As the last flutter of the faded lilac print was lost round a corner the tension failed, and she leaned against the door with all her limbs trembling.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she murmured, "If John knew, he'd never forgive me. What business had they to send for John when they're none of his?"

She paused, her sense of justice refusing to take shelter behind this thought. Arlington was a tiny hamlet, lying strictly within the borders of another parish, where the vicar was very old and infirm, but the curate of Marldon had never shrank from responding to any call which came from the two or three families inhabiting the poor, low lying, damp, out of the way cottages. Least of all would he have refused now. As she felt in her own conscience what his conscience would suffer for the act she started upright and turned to run and tell him. But she had one of those strong wills which from their very power over their possessors, are often unsuspected, and it rose up now like iron. "No," she said, "he shall not go. His throat is weak, and he is so careless of infection that he would let the children play about him, as they always do. If he had known that he was wanted, I would not have tried to stop him. I wouldn't lay the sin of refusal upon his shoulders, but if I take it myself God cannot be angry with him. I will take it—I do take it." She lifted her gray face to the gray skies. "Good Lord," she said solemnly, the sin is mine." Then she opened the door and walked determinedly into the little room where her husband was writing.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Only a girl," she replied, her heart beating.

"No one wanting me? Well, that is a mercy, for I have stuck at this sermon long enough."

She had gone behind him and now stood looking over his shoulder.

"How you slave day after day!" she exclaimed at last, with an impatience which surprised him. "If there's nothing else, there's always a sermon to be written, and they take so long! Other men don't spend so much time over theirs."

"I never was quick at this sort of thing," he admitted readily, "and I'm not sure I do much good by it. However, it has to be done."

"I wish you'd go way and take a holiday!" she exclaimed abruptly.

"Take a holiday!" he repeated in amazement. "My dear, are you mad? Pray, what would the vicar say, and who would do the duty?"

"Oh, I'd find some one. I'm quite certain I could find some one, and you are looking so tired that you are very likely to break down unless you get a change. If it were only to Donnington, John," she hurried on, putting up her hand to check his interruption, "it would be better than nothing, and you know that Mary has been worse, and it would be the greatest comfort to them!"

"My dear Louisa."—She pushed his hand aside breathless.

"Come, say yes, say yes, just to please me! Let me go and pack your bag, and then you can start by the 3 train.

He began to laugh.

"What are you talking about? This is October, and we will discuss a holiday when August comes around and the vicar has had his, I can't imagine how such an unreasonable idea got in to your head! Pray, take it away with you and leave me to my sermon." As she did not reply, he looked round and saw tears in her eyes. "My dear love," he said in a changed voice, "I shall begin to think it is you who are overdone and want the holiday. If you are really speaking seriously, recollect how much illness there is about—you know I should not like to be absent even for one night when it might be a sick soul was in sore need of help."

"Everything falls on you?" Her tone was sharp and resentful, for already she was fighting with remorse and a great fear.

"Well, well," he said, smiling, "we needn't grumble. Hard work agrees with me, and, God knows, I've more blessings than most men. Hadn't you better see what those children are after?"

Dinner time came, and she helped the children methodically, although she was more silent than usual, and if her husband had been an observant man he must have noted it. His own thoughts, however, were busy with the possibilities of a village reading room he was starting and with setting a Latin exercise for his boy. He had no conception of the remorse with which his wife—brought up to feel duty the hightest obligation of life—was battling. It struck him at last, however, that she looked even paler than usual, and remembering with some uneasiness the little scene in his study, he said kindly, "I am afraid, my dear, that the children have tired you."

"No," she said. "No." Then quite suddenly—suddenly even to herself—for it did not seem to her that the thought had flashed into her mind until that moment, she added, "But if you won't go to Donnington I believe I shall."

"You!" he exclaimed in utter bewilderment, for his wife's reluctance to leave home had passed into a proverb in her family.

"Yes. Why not? Annie can manage for you and the children for a few days, or perhaps your sister would come."

"Mary is not really worse, is she?"

"No. But she feels seeing so little of us. If you don't mind, I think I will go—this afternoon."

As she said these words she flung him a frightened look, but the amazement of her first announcement had swallowed up that of the second.

"Of course I don't mind," he said slowly. "I dare say you're right. I'm afraid I've been selfish in keeping you away from poor Mary. Won't you take one of the children?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, with a quick shudder.

John Wood was a man of easy adaptations, and by the end of dinner the first strangeness of her proposal had worn away. She was relieved from any fear of his wishing to see her off by his telling her that he was obliged to go immediately to a distant part of the parish and would take the elder children part of the way with him. And when he offered to leave her bag at the station she said she would prefer to carry it herself.

"How long shall you stay?"

"Oh, perhaps a few days. It will depend upon what I find when I get there. You won't expect letters, will you, John? I'm going to have a real holiday."

"So it seems," he said smiling. "But do just what you like, and by all means enjoy your holiday. I must be off. Goodbye." And he kissed her.

She would have like to warned him against taking the children into any house where infection might lurk, but dared not. She felt as if the very word would betray her. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she moved like a person in a dream, packed her clothes, took the pudding in a basket, saying she wanted it for a sick woman, kissed the younger children and went out of the house. As she passed the turning where the road branched to the station her thoughts began again to follow, step by step, the girl who had walked along the green lanes that morning, unsatisfied. She had a quick imagination, and she pictured her dragging drearily back to the death haunted house with no better message of comfort than that that the minister was absent. Suppose she spoke to any one on her way home—it was only natural for a girl to talk—and learn the truth? Suppose—as she half fancied—the girl herself suspected the falsehood? The neighbors would rise and cry shame upon her husband—her husband, who would readily have laid down his life for his God and his people, and she would have brought it on him. It was this conviction which now carried her on her way. She could not have put her intentions into words, but really she grasped at the idea of atonement which presented itself, fancying that if she went to tend the sick woman no one could complain, and that her nursing might save the flickering life. Then in a day or two she would really go on to her sister's.

At the door of the first cottage she reached stood the girl who had come to her that morning. She might have been expecting the doctor or watching him depart. Although the cottage was close to the road, already it seemed to have put on an aspect of tragic forlornness.

When Mrs. Wood spoke, the girl turned her face without showing any surprise. It was the older woman who trembled.

"How is she?"

"Weaker," said the girl laconically. The other turned pale.

"Has the doctor been here?"

"Yes."

"I'm come to nurse her. I hope you won't mind, because I know a good deal about sickness, and you must have too much on your hands. Perhaps I can do her some good. At any rate, I'll try," she added humbly. "You know who I am?"

"Yes," said the girl, half closing her eyes, and glancing at her visitor with what might have been indifference or contempt. "You can come up if you'm minded to."

She led the way, climbing a rickety staircase which led directly into a low room with one small window set deeply under an overhanging ragged thatch. The room felt dreadfully stuffy. On a truckle bed beneath a gray counterpane lay the sick woman—by her side, gaunt and livid, the husband sat leaning forward, his arms resting on his knees. As the curate's wife came nervously in he merely glanced at her without speaking. The tragedy of his loss or his own illness absorbed his faculties. She looked around upon the untidy, repulsive details, and the disgust they caused sickened her so that she caught at a chair, as if the hold upon it would prevent her from running away. Then the stronger impulsive swayed her again and carried her to the woman's side although she saw it was useless to speak to her.

"Is there anything we should give her?" she asked the husband. He pointed to a bottle.

"There's some stuff the doctor left, but her can't swallow." His own voice was hoarse and raucous. To her it sounded like the voice of despair. Her heart sank lower as she began to realize her helplessness.

All through the time that followed she fancied the dying woman's eyes, with an awful look in them, were fixed on her despairingly. Go where she would in the room, they overtook her and asked why she had dishonored her God and her husband. For a time she fought them with the iron strength of her will, but they were stronger. One by one they broke down in her defenses and left her shuddering. Yet it was night before she gave away altogether. The girl had gone down stairs, the man was sleeping, when she fell upon her knees by the bed side and cried out piteously: "Oh, don't, don't curse me any more! He shall come to-morrow."

Was it fancy that the eyes which held hers brightened? For a moment she thought so, and yet to her own ears to-morrow sounded like a mockery. Wild dreams of flying to fetch him were in her brain when a speaking to the girl below, a step on the creaking stair, made her heart stand still, for step and voice were her husband's. She sprang to her feet and shrank back, her thin hands nervously grasping each other and as she was in the shadow he did not at first distinguish her. But as his eyes realized who it was he stopped in sheer amazement.

"Louisa?"

She came out trembling and grasped ed his arm. "Oh, John?" she sobbed.

"What brought you? I thought you were at Donnington."

"You'll never forgive me," she said disregarding. "They sent for you to come this morning, and I was afraid to tell you."

"Afraid?"

"Because of the infection and the children. I said you were away, and then—then I grew so miserable, thinking what they might say of you if they found out that it was a lie, that I couldn't rest. I fancied I might come and do something to make up by nursing her, but I haven't, John, don't be too angry! I'll never be so distrustful again."

He made no answer to her appeal, but put her gently on one side and stepped forward to the sick woman, who lay more quiet. When he knelt and prayed, there was a new fervor, a new tenderness in his dry voice. The girl had come up, the man rolled off the bed and stood with his eyes fixed on his wife's ashen face. The other wife had her face buried in her hands. Presently her husband touched her on the shoulder.

"Go down," he said. "I will come presently."

Never before had she been afraid of him, but his voice sounded like the voice of a judge, and she said to herself that he could not forgive her for having kept him away until it was too late, and she did not dare disobey. She stood miserably at the open door, looking out into the lane and at the light swaying of the trees against a wind swept sky, and it seemed hours before he joined her there.

"She is gone," he said quietly.

"God forgive me!" she returned with a shudder.

"Don't you think you had better go and see if there is anything you can do for them?"

"Oh, I can't!" she cried involuntarily, but the next moment she had left his side and was climbing the stairs. When she came down again the two went silently out into the lane. It was she who spoke first. "You need not be afraid," she said, "I shall never forgive myself." Then as he did not answer, "how did you hear?"

"They told me in the village this morning that there was serious illness at Arlington."

"Yes; but of course, if I had let you know that a messenger had come to fetch you, you would not have waited."

"I came pretty soon."

"This evening, I know, but too late for that poor soul to say what was wanted. Oh, it was dreadful of me! Nothing that you can say is too bad."

"It was not like you, but, happily, it did not matter to her, for I walked here directly after dinner. I did not tell you where I was going, because you are so easily frightened about infection."

"She stopped and held him from her with both hands. "You have been here before to-day?"

"Why did you not know? Did they not tell you?" he asked in surprise

"Not a word! But, John, I thought it was you—I don't understand—there was some one she was hungering to see?"

"Ah, yes, poor woman! They had but one other lad, and he has gone to sea. I suppose she knew more about the death of the two younger boys than they fancied, for she has been calling out for him all day. But there was no possibility of getting at him."

She drew a long breath of relief.

"And this was what you meant when you said you had some distance to walk?"

"And what you meant when you started for Donnington?"

"Yes—don't talk of it. I am ashamed."

She was silent, then cried out suddenly, "The children! I am sure you did not even change your clothes when you got home. Oh, John, how could you, how could you? And I not there to see after after them."

Tae Spice Habit.

New York Herald.

"It is not the liquor itself which excessive drinkers consume that causes all the woes they suffer," said a physician, who is also a man of the world, in a cafe overlooking "Herald" square. "In many cases the liquor habit is accompanied by another, almost equally pernicious, which I call the spice habit. It is as insidious and almost as hurtful as the other. It arises from the custom which American drinkers have established of nibbling at cloves, peppercorn, allspice, bits of cinnamon, scraps of lemon peel, calamus or other pungent condiments after swallowing their beverage.

"In every well ordered barroom nowadays is to be found a tray containing some or all of the spices I have named, and from it three men out of five who take drinks in the place will select a bit of this or that condiment after finishing their tipple. These nuisances are taken in a majority of cases either to remove the taste of the liquor from the drinker's mouth or the odor of it from his breath, but so common has the practice become that in many instances it is as much a habit as the drinking itself.

"The evils of it are severe and varied. Cloves are a powerful irritant to the stomach, and not infrequently they remain in it unassimilated, serving as a nucleus for the crystallizations of alkaline properties, until finally they gather a coating which gives them the appearance of globules of glass. Peppercorns, which many drinkers eat between tipples, have a highly debilitating effect upon the system; cinnamon depresses the action of the heart, and calamus, or sweet flag root, has a bad effect upon the liver.

"The spice habit—and many drinking men are such slaves to it that they carry cloves or other condiments in their pockets to nibble at in their working hours—is scarcely less injurious to its victims than alcohol. It is an evil, moreover, which proprietors of saloons are largely responsible for increasing."

He Had to Wait.

From the Lewiston Journal.

A man with a whip in his hand and muddy cowhide boots upon his feet tramped up into City Clerk Allen's room and demanded: "Can I get married here?"

"You can take the first steps towards it."

"First steps? I have taken the first steps for the last six or seven years, and now I'm going to finish it up. I want to be married right off. My gal is down there holdin' the horses, and if you'll marry me, I'll hitch 'em and she'll come up. Hey?"

"You will have to get published and wait awhile before you get married."

"Wait! Wait! By the sweet apple tree, I won't wait. Jane's been telling me to wait all these years, and I'll be cussed if I'll wait. Wait! Pooh! See here, young fellow, if you don't marry me I'll have you discharged. I'm forty years old and my own man. I won't be fooled with."

The clerk finally explained to the man that the law required him to wait, and he consented and was published.

Wiggs—I haven't heard of Skulkley since he got mixed up in that forgery scrape. What is he doing now? Waggs—Time.

They Misjudged Him.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Coarse-grained, rough in his ways and speech, the men in the shop wanted none of his society and felt pity for his wife and children. He kept his place because brute strength was needed instead of skill. While other workmen sang and whistled he was silent and morose. Children sometimes looked into the shop, but if they caught sight of Big Sam they fled in terror. A child lost and frightened and hungering would have run away at sight of that scowling face.

The other day, just before the noon hour, something went wrong with one of the machines in the shop. There was a crash and a smash, and workmen ran about crying out that Tom White had been killed. They thought so at first, but as they washed the blood from his face and put a coat under his head for a pillow they discovered that life was still there. One man rushed away for a doctor, while Big Sam coolly gazed at the injured man for a moment and then put on his coat and walked out doors.

"That's like him—a man without the feelings of common humanity," the man whispered to each other as they noticed his going.

Down the streets and through the yards came a tot of a girl not over six years of age with a dinner basket in her hand. Every noon for the last six months she had put in an appearance, and a score of the workmen had come to know her as Tom White's girl. That was her father's dinner in the basket. Strange that no one remembered that as the whistle blew she would be at the door—that if no one met her she would walk in and see that mangled and bleeding object. But one man did remember it and that man was Big Sam. The child approached to find him smiling as no man would have believed he could smile, and when he spoke to her she looked up in surprise that so big a man should have such a kind and womanish voice.

"Well, little tot, that's pop's dinner, eh?" he said, as he reached out for the basket. "I'll hand it in to him myself and you may run back home. I wish I had a little girl like you to bring my dinner."

"Yes, sir," she replied, as she stood with a finger in her mouth and shyly looked up at him.

"Is the mamma home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you run home like a good girl and tell her that your pa is coming soon. He hurt himself a little—just a little, mind you—and the boss says he'll give him the rest of the the day to smoke his pipe at home. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just hurt his foot, you know, and maybe we'll have to help him over. Not much of a hurt, but we'll come over with him. Tell your ma we'll soon be there, and she isn't to be a bit worried. Your pa is just laughing over it, but we'll come over with him."

The child ran away smiling, and Big Sam entered the shop with the dinner basket in his hand. Tom White opened his eyes and looked from the man to the basket and back and his lips quivered.

"Don't worry, Tom," whispered Big Sam. "I was out there in time to catch her, and she'll tell the wife that it's only your foot—only a trifle of a hurt."

And when the others knew what had occurred they whispered together:

"We have wronged Big Sam and will ask forgiveness. He was more thoughtful and tender than any of us."

Why He Prospered.

A certain man was hanged, that he died. And left two sons, honest men.

Now one of the sons was a blacksmith. But the other was a physician.

And after their father had been taken from home these brothers made their homes in other lands.

And the blacksmith would have prospered. But it befell that one asked him how his father made end. And the blacksmith looking angrily upon him, answered, "He was hung." For the blacksmith was an honest man.

Howbeit, presently, when a horse was missing, men gathered and hanged the blacksmith, saying. "This man must take after his father," but whether he caught up with him the tale telleth not.

At the same time, in his own city, one inquired of the physician by what means his father died. And the physician covered his face and wept.

But while he wept he considered, saying within himself: "If I say 'He was hanged,' then shall I shock this man and give him pain, and it is my office to relieve pain. Nevertheless I must tell the truth."

He said therefore, "My father died of heart failure." And again he wept, the questioner weeping with him.

Then, this being told, men said, "Doubtless, since his father died of heart failure, this good physician and loving son hath made study of kindred diseases." So they resorted unto him.

And the physician became a specialist. And he looked at them who came and coughed once and sneezed twice and demanded $100. And they gave gladly for the physician was an honest man.

Care of the Feet.

Faithful care of the feet has more to do with good looks than most young ladies are inclined to believe.

They must be kept warm and comfortable by proper coverings, and by daily bathing and rubbing.

No part of the body requires bathing more than the soles of the feet.

The pores here are very active and should be kept open.

If the feet are given to excessive perspiration a few drops of ammonia should be added to their daily bath of water.

If they burn, or are very tender, bathe them in weak alum water.

The water should always be warm.

Cut the nails carefully, shorter than the finger nails.

No horse is so lazy that it will not run away.

Sam Houston.

The romance of Senator Houston's life is hardly known to the present generation, yet it contained enough to furnish enough material for a half-score of novels. Escaping from his mother when at the age of 17 he fell madly in love with the Indian maiden Tootoolee, (Swallow,) and followed her to her home, adopted the habit of the Cherokees, married her, and for three years, Washoka hunted and fished and fought as a young Indian brave and an acknowledged chief; his unexpected return to his family, grown during his absence, though still wanting six months of his legal majority, to that heroic stature which then, dressed in hunting shirt and moccasins and blankets and head-gear, and ever afterward however clothed, made him a man of mark; his abandonment, sixteen years later in life, while Governor of Tennessee, when his early pranks had been forgotten in his success as a lawyer and triumphs as a politician, of his young and accomplished bride the day after marriage; his resignation of office, and winding up of business, and settlement of affairs, with the utmost deliberation, against the most earnest entreaties of friends and jeers of foes; his securing by deed all his not inconsiderable property to his mother; his return as an Indian chief, to the wilderness, reclaiming his wife, and dwelling three years longer with his tribe; and his sudden departure, at last, for Texas, for the purpose of becoming a herd man on the prairies—all show clearly enough the large element of savageism there was in his character. And yet he was superbly endowed by nature; was a great soldier, lawyer and statesman; possessed an executive ability unsurpassed, whether as Governor or Senator; was the most popular of men; and in polished society was its ornament and delight.

Memories of Home.

"The heart has memories that never die." The rough rubs of the world can not obliterate them. Feeble age, trembling on the brink of the grave, has them when all else has fled and been forgotten. They are memories of home—of early home—the time of gay dreams and sunny hours, and cloudless skies, and visions of bliss and glorious happiness. The traveler climbing the mountain of land not his own, will, amid all his toils and all his changes, ever and anon, to the time when, a youth or a schoolboy, he roamed the fields and hills of his own native home. The mariner, rocked by the storms of the sea, or resting at some foreign port, will run through the long lapse of years back to the hours, when with a brother or sister, he frolicked the joyous hours away. Neither change nor time, neither age nor years, neither distance nor disease, neither guilt nor passion, can ever efface or blot from the heart these memories of the springtime of life. The very criminal in his cell, or the culprit with but one more night to sleep before he ascends the scaffold to expiate his crime, will have these memories coming to him; not, however, as enemies to accuse, but as ministers to exhort; not as demons to scoff, but as angels to compassionate and entreat. They will be thoughts and dreams, not of his disgrace and earthly agony, but they will be thoughts such as will reproduce on the verge of eternity, the freshness of emotion, of life, and desire, with which existence on earth began.

Too Much Discount on a Blue Chip.

Lew Dockstader, the burnt-cork artist tells a good story of a reformed gambler which is worth repeating. Two gamblers who had been in business for a long time and grown rich, decided to dissolve partnership, one because he desired to reform and the other for the reason that he thought he could find wider and better fields in the work. The one who desired to give up his wicked life became known to the Christian people, and he was installed in the fold of the church. The old partner went west with his paraphernalia and flourished.

At the end of the year he came back to the old town to visit his former partner. It was Sunday night when he arrived, so he went directly to the church and took an aisle seat in the back part. Soon the organ began to play some lively music and two men walked down the aisle bearing silver plates. One of them was the reformed gambler. As the pennies and nickles began to drop into the plate the prosperous gambler rummaged in his pockets for some change, and when his old partner passed him he dropped a blue chip into the plate. The reformed man looked up quickly and recognized his partner. The blue chip in the plate made him nerv