The Somerset Herald.

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We are "out of date" they say,
Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything:
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom;"
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman life his wife—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospect be not bright,
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by;
We are behind the times, we know—
Ned and I.

Chamber's Journal.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Southall sat upon her back porch shelling black-eyed pease into a bright new tin pan upon her lap. Whenever the bottom of it became well covered she emptied the shelled pease into a big wooden tray that sat upon the floor back of her left hand. At the right was a big splint basket full of the long yellow-rod pods, with just beyond it another in which she cast handfuls of the snaky hulls. A mat of honeysuckle curtained the porch so thickly that only a stray sunbeam got through it here or there to make a round yellow blur upon the clean cedar floor. Though it was August, and all the yard dry as powder, a foot-mat of plaited corn-shucks lay at the porch steps, so well worn as to show that the use of it was imperative. The sun fell upon it; the porch faced south. At one side a big tawny setter lay lax and panting, now and again rolling upon his back, but evidently without energy to snap at the flies which tormented eyes and nose.

The house wall was of hewn logs, with cracks neatly pointed, and whitewashed. The door and windows had casings of smooth unpainted poplar, clean as soap, sand and scouring could make them. There were two square front rooms, with a passage between. The porch started at the back door of it, and ran down the side of the kitchen, which was lower than the rest of the house, and set on to it L fashion.

Mrs. Southall could look into the kitchen windows without stirring from her seat. Just now she had little intention of stirring, despite a strong inclination. She was a dumpy, roundish women, with no lightness of motion, to whom her fifty years had brought a greater weight of flesh than her frame could graciously bear. Besides, one foot, swathed in flannels, lay at ease upon the cricket in front of her. A severe sprain had left her for three weeks past prisoned within her own yard, when she especially wished to be up and doing.

She had strong homely features under a thick shiny skin. A thatch of stiff hair barely threaded with gray was strained back from her narrow bulging forehead. Her eyes were gray, so deep-set and intense as to redeem her face from commonplaceness, while they accented its lack of charm. She wore a clean stiff-starched calico gown, girt about the waist with a leather belt, over which a scant check apron was held in place by very narrow strings.

Presently she called through to a slim girl at work inside. "Ma'y Frances, are you ready ter make them pies?"

"Most, Aunt 'Cin; the dough jus' needs a little more workin'," a young voice replied.

At once Mrs. Southall sat more upright saying: "Ma'y Frances, how often must I tell you my name is Lucindy? Heaven knows I wish it wan't! I do think my mother might uv give me a Scripcher name. But Lucindy Bascom I was christened in ter the Methodis' Church an' ter change hit is sacrilege; so let me hear no more of yo' Aunt 'Cins. We've all got enough original sin about us, without hevin' any more tacked on to save yo' breath.

"Yes'm, I'll try. I forgot," Mary Frances said, meekly. "But about the pie; you want apple and grape and plum, don't you? and a peach-cobbler too?"

"Yes, I reckon you had better make a peach-cobbler; thar ain't nothin' yo' uncle Dan'l likes better hot fer dinner. An', Ma'y Frances, in makin' the others, don't forgit ter make one o' each sort extry deep an' extry sweet—yo' uncle Dan'l does hate er po' pie—an' mark the crust different, so I can tell where ter cut him a piece."

"I'll pinch the others round the edges and mark his with the fork," Mary Frances said, obediently, though a laugh lurked in her eyes. She was too young, too unformed, to see anything but the humor of Aunt Lucindy's affection for the sulky fellow, at least fifteen years younger than herself, whom she had married in the second giddiness that is said to visit on single ladies at forty-five.

Mrs. Southall dropped her eyes a minute, then raised them to say: "No, come to think uv it, you'd better make 'em all alike—all good; it won't break us, I reckon, of sugar is so high. You Uncle Dan'l be mortified ter death ef any-body was ter come ter-morrow an' he found out thar was difference in what wus set befo' him an' them. H' its mighty high-toned, you' uncle Dan'l is. I never fergit how he set and cried—yes, actually cried, him er man—the first Christmus after we got married, when every nigger on the place wus off festivalin,' an' I had ter feed the stock an' milk an' keep up fires—sait it hurt 'im so ter see his wife doin' sech. He poor dear, tried his best ter help; but Spook cow kicked him over when he was pullin' the calf erway; an' the devil—the very devil—got in them mules an' horses; the'd bat their ears an' kick the minute he stuck his head inside the stable do'. You, uv all folks, Ma'y Frances, oughter know how high his feelin's is; fer when yo' par died an' let' nothin'n the wide world but you an' er passel er debts, you remember how he said: 'Lucindy, I see the Lord's hand in this; He don't mean that you shall be by yon'se'f no mo' when business keeps me late in town, ner that thar sha'n't be some er yo' name ter sing tribble in Ashbury meetin'-house when hit pleases Him ter take away yo' voice.'"

"Yes, I remember," the girl said very low, with a sort of catch in the words. She was a pretty creature, wholesome as the spring, with blue eyes now dim and wet, hair yellow and olive looking as the silk of young corn and cheeks as delicately pink as a fresh opened wild-rose. She did remember only too well the day of desolate misery; back of it the merry, kindly, easy going life with the father who was so unlike his sister. If they had had but a dinner of herbs, love and mirth gave sauce and savor to it. By contrast, she fairly hated the stolid prosperity, the grinding plenty about her. She would run away from it out of hand, only there was Alan—and hope.

As if in answer to the feeling that was not yet conscious thought, a knock fell on the front door which stood wide open. At once the red setter gave a sharp sonorous bark that changed to a howl of welcome as a tall young fellow came through the passage with a covered eartned dish in his out-stretched hand.

"Howdy, howdy—bless my life! Ma'y Frances, come out yere; here's Alan Keith come ter see us! Set a chair fer 'im, an' give 'im er fan—that new turkey-tail one thar by the mantel-shelf, an' er drink er water too. I know he's hot an' thirsty. Who's this fer, Alan—me? Oh, thanky! It's the beautifulest white honeycomb that ever I did see," Mrs. Southall said volubly, affecting not to notice how the young folks had reddened at the touch of hands, nor the tremor in Alan's throat as he greeted Ma'y Frances. Finding the pair speechless, she went on:

"Take off yo' apron, Ma'y Frances, an' set an' rest erwhile. Yincey can tend ter the rest o' the cookin'." Then to Alan: "I jes had this girl a makin' pies. I don't want ye ter think I'm ever goin' ter put drudgery on my own flesh an' blood. Ma'y Frances ain't all the niece I've got, but I'm bound ter say she' the best. Thar ain't no sort er work that she can't do an' ain't more'n willin' ter turn 'er hand to."

"Do hush, Aunt C—Lucindy, I mean," Mary Frances said, imploringly. It revolted her unutterably, this parade of her excellencies to one whose judgment of her meant all the world.

He looked over at her with a little embarrassed smile; then, seeming to take courage from her distress, said, with half a twinkle of the eye:

"I'm mighty glad to hear it, Mrs. Southall. I'm such a lazy fellow myself I want to know all the industrious girls who could take care of me, if I could persuade them to have me."

"Oh, so you are going to turn Mormon?" Mary Frances said, laughing. "Well, if you get about six real smart wives, maybe you'll live in clover."

"No; I'll try it with just one," Alan retorted.

Mrs. Southall laughed indulgently. Mary Frances had fetched a spoon, a china saucer, and a crisp flaky biscuit. Her aunt was eating bread and honey with the satisfaction of a child. Between morsels her eyes went from one to the other of the young pair in a way which made it plain that the course of their true love would run smooth as she could contrive it. Fidgeting with her bit of honeycomb, she said:

"Well, I ain't afraid er missin' my dinner when I come ter see you, Alan, not even ef yo' wife ain't a great worker. With the start you've got—house an' land an' stock—I don't believe you could fergit how ter work ef you tried ever so hard."

"You jus' wait an' see. I'm gettin' so triflin' I'm a fair field fer missionary enterprise." Alan said, with another laugh. "An' that reminds me," he went on, heedless of the shadow on Mrs. Southall's face, "that I came partly to ask if I mightn't come back to-morrow an' help get you over to church; it's going to be a great day—this first Sunday—an' you know we can't possibly do without you in the choir."

"Why, I didn't know I wus seech a stake in the fence," Mrs. Southall said, her face beaming. "I ain't never done nothin'—only my duty. You know, my grandpaw was one er the first stewards when the meetin-house wus built, an' the bishop hisself told me, when I went up ter Conference last year, that he'd never seen ernother class-leader with the power in pr'ar of Brother Bascom—that's my father. An' ef my poor brother did fall away from the Methodis' way he staid an Episcopal ter the last. Ma'y Frances thar wus baptized an infant the same as me. Though I know our righteousness is filthy rags, that works won't save none uv us no more'n they did the thief on the cross, I do feel sorter proud ter think how I an' my folks has tried ter do the will er God, not with eye service as men-pleasers, but because it wus all done in His sight."

"You came next to the presidin' elder; 'way ahead of the circuit rider; we all knew that," Alan said, gayly, "That's why you must be there when we try the new organ."

"The what?"

Mrs. Southall sat so upright that the pan fell out of her lap, sending a fusillade of shelled peas all over the floor. Her finger clutched the spoon so hard the handle bent visibly, the saucer tilted to drop honey on her purple calico front. Her face grew almost as deeply purple as she reiterated, "The what? say that over, Alan unless you're jes' jokin'."

"There's no joke that I know of; the church has got an organ; that's all there is to it," Alan said, respectfully.

"How did it come by it! tell me that, please? Thar wasn't no money raised, no talk uv it that I ever heard when I got laid up three weeks back. Do you mean ter tell me that Ashbury stewards an' preachers and all have done this thing underhand without tellin' me, that is the mother er the church?"

"No, ma'am; no indeed! You see it's this way; Somebody gave the organ. All they did was to take it and be thankful—it was all they could do," Alan said, eagerly, intent to explain away the hurt to sister Southall's churchly dignity.

"Who was that somebody?" she demanded, fiercely.

"What makes you want to know?" asked Alan.

"Because I'd like ter wring his neck an' make organ bellows out er him," Mrs. Southall said, her square jaws setting hard. "Young man," she went on, "I hope you've spoke the truth; that you, my church brethren an sistren, have not been colloguin to trick me. Twenty years ago they tried the same thing. I fit them, tooth an' toenail, ag'inst the desecretion er the sanctuary. You don't remember it. You warn't much more'n four then; but I beat the organ crowd that I've stood flat-footed ag'inst ever sence, an' shall stand till I die."

"Why Aunt Lucindy, what difference can it make?" Mary Frances broke in. "I'm sure the music will be better, an' certainly you believe God ought to have the very best of every thing for His house and worship."

"Don't talk you 'Piscople ways ter me," Mrs. Southall said, angrily. "Child, it ain't the sound, but the sperit that is pleasin' ter our Lord. You must sing with the soul when you come up ter the holy place an' what soul, I'd like ter know, is thar in er box er wind an' brass? To my mind it's a heathen sound, worse'n the abomination of desolation. I've sung tribble in Ashbury meetin'-house thirty-five years, but jes as shore as they keep that thing thar—try ter praise God by machinery 'stid er the humble an' contrite heart, I'll never set foot thar again alive, an' ef they carry me in my coffin, I'll do my best ter rise an' confound 'em," Mrs. Southall said, gettin' unsteadily to her feet and leaning heavily upon the back of her chair. Mary Frances ran to her side, but was waved off. For a minute the elderly woman stood a statue of tremulous fury, then she bent her gaze full upon Alan Keith, saying slowly.

"Alan—I don't know as you know anything more'n you've told—but this I say—if you do know whar that—organ [gulp over the word] came from, I want you ter tell them that sent it never ter come about me no more. I've no fellowship fer 'em—no Christain feelin'. Dan'l shall take our letters at once—we'll go ter some little church whar the members don't wanter mix fashion with thar religion. It comes hard ter leave the place whar my fathers an' mothers have set under the gospel droppin's—but I'll do it ruther'n ter hear that squakin' an' boomin'—ter see the place I love made er theayter, with the little preacher fer play-actor. I mistrusted him when I found that poetry book in his saddle-bags; now he's showed the cloven huff an' all I can do is ter say, him an' his organ crowd keep far away from me."

Young Keith stood up very straight.

"Mrs. Southall," he said, respectfully, "I never meant ter tell anybody—it seemed too like boastin'—I bought the organ all by myself. I love the sound of it; it helps ter take my soul from earth. Last fall I sowed extra wheat a purpose to make the money, and from the way it yielded I can't think God saw anything wrong in the purpose. I bought it—it's only a little one—wishin' I could buy better, the very best. Now you say I sha'n't come here no more. Then I must say somethin' else before I go—"

"Needn't take the trouble. I know it; you want Ma'y Frances; you'll never git her with my consent. You'd better go on home an' quit thinkin about her," Mrs. Southall said, frigidly, though curious small tremors ran through her voice.

Keith turned to Mary Frances and held out his arms. With a little shamed cry she slipped within their clasp, then sprang away, hiding her face in her hands. Keith drew them down tenderly, saying:

"Little girl, you'll marry me, what ever happens?"

"Then she'd better do right off; she can't stay here no longer ef that's her purpose," Mrs. Southall said, her lips narrowing to a line.

"The sooner the better for me," Leith said. "Get your bonnet, sweetheart. My mother is ready and waitin' to welcome her daughter."

Mary Frances went close to her aunt put out a timid hand and said, softly: "Aunt Lucindy, please—please—don't be so mad. Alan didn't know. He wouldn't—he couldn't have done it—if—if he had dreamed how you felt about it. I—I can't bear to—leave you—this way—after you have been so kind."

"You can stay; but ef you do, you'll never speak ter him ag'in," Mrs. Southall said, nodding her head. Then, as Mary Frances began to sob, she broke out wildly:

"Lord God! Father almighty! What has Thy po' servant done that this thing should come upon her? Haven't I been faithful in season an' out, goin' Sundays, rain er shine, ter Thy po' temple ter sing Thy praises an' raise the tunes? An' it seemed You had give this child ter me that wus childless. Have I made an idol of her? Are you jealous that I must lay her on the altar?"

"Come away; we make her worse by staying," Alan said, again taking Mary Frances' hand. The girl made as if to renew her appeal, but shrank from the set face and tense gaze that fronted her. Bending, she laid her lips lightly to one flaccid hand, then went after her lover, who whispered, exultingly: "We'll have music for our wedding, dear—an' ever after, I hope."

Mrs. Southall kept her word. Nobody, indeed, who knew her could have a doubt that she would. Though Ashbury meeting-house crowned the hill opposite her home, was in plain sight of her front gate—she ignored it utterly. Upon the two Sundays when there was service there she shut herself in-doors to read the Bible and sing her father's favorite hymns. Upon the other two, with her meek husband beside her, she trailed painfully off to Big Rock chapel, a good ten miles away, where another itinerant brother dispensed what she esteemed the sincere milk of the word. The road ran past the Keith farm, where Alan and Mary Frances lived and were happy as the day was long. If by chance Mrs. Southall encountered them, she gave them a severely courteous greeting and passed on. She had hardened at all points; even to Daniel she was now sometimes a pitiless judge, although she weakened visibly as the months went by.

He was a gentle easy-natured fellow, the exact moral complement of his wife's stern fibre. He had for her an odd clinging dependent affection, which she returned with the worship that is both dower and curse of a narrow intense soul. So when, three years after Mary Frances married, he fell into a low state, over which the doctor looked grave and shook his head, it is not surprising that his wife felt the solid earth slipping from under her feet. With all her strength she fought the thought of loss. Day and night she watched, tended, soothed him, humored sick fancies, and sought to coax him into the expression of his lightest whim, feeling the while a band of lead gripping the heart in her bosom, till not even a suppliant song could come from her throat.

One Sunday morning early he grew very restless. "You must go to yo' meetin' ter-day," he said. "You've missed three Sundays runnin' on' count o' me. I tell you I ain't wuth it. You oughter ter go—you must go. I sha'n't have er minit's peace unless you do."

"But what's ter become of you while I'm gone? Dan'l dear, don't ask it. It's sinful ter let anything come between us an' our God, an' I couldn't worship rightly fer thinkin' of you," the wife said, so gently that few who knew her would have recognized the tone. The sick man patted her hand and smiled.

"Oh! I'll do first rate," he said. "Jus' you try it and an' see ef you don't find me better when you come home. I'm partly worried over yo' stayin' in so close. Git ready an' go now, right off."

Demur was vain, refusal out of the question against his weak persistence. With her heart in her throat the wife left him, actually went half-way before her breaking courage drew her back to him.

The house stood wide. Within there was only emptiness. After one wild look at the vacant bed and chair, Mrs. Southall turned and ran toward the church. What instinct guided her she never knew. At the door she stopped short, partly that the hated organ was filling the low building with throbbing waves of sound, partly that well in front of the pulpit she saw her husband propped snug between Alan and Mary Frances, with a golden-haired toddler upon his knee, who played decorously with the old man's open faced watch.

As the voluntary ceased, the singers, the minister even, were constrained to silence. For Mrs. Southall glided up the aisle to her husband's side, knelt a half-minute in silent prayer, then dropped into her old seat at his elbow. Her face was white, and working tears were washing out the hard brilliance of her eyes. Her husband drew a little contented sigh, then laid a hand on hers, saying, weakly, yet so all might hear:

"So you caught me, Lucindy! Well, you see, 'twas this way. I've been meanin' all along ter ask you ter bury me here, an' let the music play. I've come ter hear the practisin' heap o' times on the sly. Me an' Danny here's had good times lis'enin'. I wanted ter hear it of a Sund'y, so the golden harps in Paradise wouldn't sound so strange."

"Dan'l, Dan'l, you needn't go 'way ter hear 'em," Mrs. Southall sobbed, clinging fast to his hand. "Stay, we'll come ev'ry Sunday," she pleaded. "Only don't leave me—don't Dan'l, don't!"

Daniel smiled faintly. For a minute his eyes closed convulsively. Then he looked straight into hers and said:

"Lucindy, I've been er coward—the worst sort—but jest erbout this one thing. 'Twas me put Alan in mind ter git the machine. Now ye know the truth. Maybe I can live er die in peace. I never lied ter ye about nothin' else. Ma'y Frances knew it all the time; but she give her boy my name."

"It's the best name in the world," Mrs. Southall said, brokenly gathering the baby to her breast. Holding him fast she turned to face the congregation, saying: "Brethren an' sisters, let me speak truth too. In this time of trouble I've searched my heart an' found that what I called zeal fer pure worship wus mostly mean low-down jealousy. I'd sung down everybody fer thirty years, but I knew I couldn't sing down the organ. I've asked God ter fergive me. Now I ask you, and pray that you mean to do it."

Everybody said, "Amen."—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Fly in Amber.

In one of the European Museums may be seen a piece of amber, in which is deeply embedded a perfect fly. Now, neither the amber nor the fly are curiosities, but the curiosity consists in how the fly got into the amber. An equally wonderful curiosity may occasionally be seen in country drug stores, in the shape of huge drastic cathartic pills, put up in cheap wood or pasteboard boxes. The curiosity with these "jokers" consists in knowing who asks for them, when it is generally known that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, sugar-coated, and put up in glass bottles, always fresh and reliable, but little larger than mustard seeds, are an efficient cathartic, regulate the liver, and cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia.

"Willie," said the boy's interested uncle, "I hope you take pains with your lessons in school."

"I took pains with 'em to-day, anyhow," replied the young gentleman.

"Unusual pains?"

"Yes, sir; unusual pains. Teacher whipped me twice."

A Polite Sheriff.

"The most polite man I ever knew," said J. D. Ewans, of Mississippi, to a *Star* reporter, "was a colored man down in my county. He belonged before the war to Col. White, one of the most cultured and polished gentlemen in the South. During reconstruction days Tom was elected Sheriff and the first year he held the office a white man was sentenced to be hanged. I knew the doomed prisoner and at his request was with him several hours a day for the last week of his life.

"The sheriff came in the first time I was there and, adressing the prisoner, said: 'Scuse me, Master Bob. I jess come fur jess a little advice. Yo' see, we ain't neither ob us as used ter ceremonious occasions of dis kin' an' I jess wants ter know how yo' would like ter had de gallows, facin' de sun or de oder way.'

"The prisoner told him to have his face away from the sun.

"'Thank yo', Mars Bob. I'll done hab it dat way. We don' wan' to make no expositions ob ourself by not doin' what is propah on sich events.'

"Upon the next occasion the sheriff came in:

"'Mars Bod, scuse me one moment, gemmen. I jess wants ter hab yo' show me once mo' how you done tie dat knot. Mos' curiosest knot I ever seed.'

Upon the morning of the fated day, as I went in, the sheriff had the doomed man's foot thrown over a chair and was blacking his boot, the other one having already been polished.

"'Mawnin', sah,' he said to me, 'Mars Bob jess gittin ready. I done borrered a suit an' necktie from de cunnel an' jess slickin' im up. Den I gits inter my own dress suit dat I had made a pupos, an' Mars Bob an' me, we gwine ter be de bes' dressed ob anybody.'

"Arrayed in full evening dress, the convicted man and the Sheriff mounted the scaffold when the time came. 'All right now, Mars Bob,' said the sheriff, as he adjusted the cap.

"'Scuse me, sah, jess a minute,' and he touched the fatal spring."—*Washington Star.*

The Lead Pencil.

A carload of California redwood was recently shipped to Nuremburg, in Germany, for use in the manufacture of lead pencils. Owing to the exhaustion of the supply of cedar it has been necessary to find a substitute of it, and redwood seems to be the only kind of wood except cedar with a sufficiently straight grain. There is in this a suggestion of the enormous number of lead pencils consumed annually. Nuremburg is the principal seat of the manufacture of them, which is widely distributed. It is necessarily a growing one, for as fast and as far as civilization spreads there is a demand for lead pencils. The more complicated business relations are the more use is made of pencils. On the railways and in the departments of State and Federal governments they are consumed by the carload. In the cities nearly every person carries one, even to the small boy, who amuses himself in disfiguring posters and sometimes books, when he can think of no other variety of devilment. He gets in school the habit of carrying a pencil.

* * *

In the early ages he carried a stylus. In a New York museum one may see a pathetic memorial of the long past. In ancient Egypt the slate was of wax spread over a board. To erase an inscription on it the fingers were passed over it. In the specimen referred to there are symbols and beneath them a child's expression of chagrin at failure to accomplish the task, whatever it was. Some one has imagined the little fellow's head aching, symptom of a fever of which he soon died. The slate was put away with his body and found with it after a lapse of ages, bearing his marks on it. But pencils of earth or chalk were not unknown in those remote days. The artists used them in their monochrome pictures. So did the Greeks. Wet colors came into use about four centuries before Christ and then the brush was employed. Job wishing that his words were printed in a book, exclaims "That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever?" The claim of the territory of the Ohio was set forth on lead plates graven with a pen of iron and buried at certain points in the territory.

* * *

Graphite is called black lead. Were pencils once made of refined lead? The small boy often has one of that kind, his own handiwork, and can easily disfigure pages with it. The best graphite for drawing pencils comes from English mines of Cumberland, but an abundance of fine quality is had from Siberian mines. It has to be crushed, though, for it is seldom homogeneous enough in the original state to be trusted in the work of an artist. For a long time there was a problem how to cause the crushed particles to adhere without cement, which injured the quality of the pencil. That was solved by pressure. The crushed material was put in glued paper, with an orifice, and placed under the receiver of an air pump. When the air was drawn off the orifice was closed mechanically and the mass subjected to pressure, which left it as compact as a block from the mine. The masses thus prepared were sawed into sizes for pencils. People often fancy what the result would be if the world was suddenly deprived of some small convenience the value of which is seldom thought of. What would the world do if suddenly deprived of lead pencils?

Victims of youthful follies suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials, sent in a plain sealed envelope. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why—"Henry, Henry, Baby has swallowed a tack." Husband—"Never mind. You can buy a whole box of them for a few cents."

What Some Things Have Cost.

The magnificent National Capitol at Washington has cost, since the laying of its corner stone in 1793, very nearly $15,000,000, but the State Capitol of New York, at Albany, although not yet completed according to the architect's designs, has already cost almost $23,000,000, and is the most expensive building of modern times.

The largest and most expensive City Hall in the United States is that of Philadelphia, and its principal tower is to contain the largest clock in the world.

The greatest price ever paid for a horse was $150,000, given by Mr. Malcom Forbes, of Boston, for Arion, which he bought from Senator Stanford of California. Axtell, the trotter, brought $105,000, when three years old, while in 1891 Saint Blaise was sold for $100,000.

One hundred and three thousand dollars has been offered and refused for a Hebrew Bible now in the library of the Vatican at Rome. This makes it the most vaunable book in the world, so far as dollars and cents go.

In 1635, when the entire Dutch nation was crazy upon the subject of tulips, a single