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A Broken Wing. I walked in the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing, And I found on a bed of mosses A bird with a broken wing. I heard the wail and each morn'g It sang its old sweet strain; But the bird with a broken pinion Never soars as high again.

EDWARD MEYRICK'S FRIEND.

Mr. Thomas Springer had lived several years in New York city, and yet could at any time have disappeared without causing any anxiety or leading any one to feel more than a moment's curiosity, not to say responsibility. To begin with, his name was not in the city directory. He never was anywhere when the canvasser for the directory was on his rounds. He invariably left the house where he roomed just before the annual visitation both of the directory man and the assessor of taxes and while these detectives were out, was either traveling or lodging as a transient in some hotel. He took a lodging and paid his rent monthly in advance, but he found his table at some one or other of the numberless hotels and restaurants, wherever he happened to be when his hour for dining came round. He had no place of business, for he had no business. He had money, enough and more than enough for his needs, which was all invested in government bonds. It must not be supposed that Mr. Springer because he had so slight a hold upon the community was a mere vagrant. Having nothing to do, he fell into the most methodical habits of doing it. He was the most punctual of men and the most orderly. He kept all personal effects in a single trunk, and he had simplified his life so perfectly that it never required more than half an hour for him to get together in his room all that he possessed and pack it neatly in his trunk. The time had come round for one of his periodic removals on a Saturday, and his trunk was packed, ready for the carriage; he had taken leave of his landlady with his usual formula: "I am grateful to you for your care of me. I am going off on a journey to-day and am not going how long I may be gone, so I will not ask you to reserve the room for me," and she said, as his landlady always did: "Oh, I hope you will come back again, sir, and if anybody asks for you, where shall I say you are?" "I should really like to come back," he replied. "You have taken excellent care of me, but I won't promise; good-bye, good-bye." Then this landlady like all the rest cherished for months a vain hope that the quiet gentleman who paid in advance and never made any trouble would come back. For some reason the carriage did not come, and Mr. Springer, getting impatient, went out to look another. He stood in the doorway looking up and down the street, but there was no man or woman either, but presently a sturdy young fellow came slowly along the sidewalk. He may have seen Mr. Springer's anxious face; at any rate he stepped briskly to his side and asked if he could do anything. "Do you want your trunk carried?" he asked, with a little hesitation and a slight blush. "I am strong enough to carry it some way. I'd like to earn a little something." Mr. Springer looked a second time at the young man, but was not, however, much younger than himself, but more robust and self-possessed. The young man had asked a favor, but Mr. Springer, who was always rather helpless in an emergency, seized upon him as a deliverer. "Oh, if you would," he said gratefully, "I was looking for a carriage, but I don't see any. It is not very far, only to the Grand Central depot." He said this last in a low tone as if wishing not to be overheard by his landlady who was standing near. "I will pay you liberally. I will pay you what I should have to pay the hackman, and very willingly." "Come along," said the young fellow, shouldering the trunk and marching off, followed by Mr. Springer. It was not a long walk, and as the porter was a vigorous one Mr. Springer found it easier to drop behind and follow his trunk. At the depot the trunk was checked duly for Oakdale, a village in the interior, for which Mr. Springer had bought his ticket. There was a half-hour yet before the train was to start, and he had no time to be so worried. Now that he had nothing to do, he covered his equanimity and taking out his pocketbook gave his extemporized porter a dollar. "It's more than a hackman's fare, isn't it?" asked the man, still looking at it wistfully. "No, it's not more than I might have been charged," said Mr. Springer. "You've no idea," he added, candidly, "how they will take advantage of you if you only seem to be in a hurry."

"fession?" The man laughed. The truth was he had so much an air of good breeding that Mr. Springer beginning his sentence to a workman felt disposed to end it to a gentleman. "No, my profession— but the man hesitated a moment. "No matter about my profession," he added, "if I can only get something to do." "What can you do?" Mr. Springer asked. "I haven't many friends," he went on, "but I may be able to give you some advice. You appear to be a stranger. Are you not an Englishman?" "Yes, I suppose I can't conceal that. Well, I play the organ." "Play the organ? Dear me. Why, I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning for an organist wanted. He was wanted in Oakdale. In fact that's the reason I'm going to Oakdale." "What are you an organist?" "Oh, no." "Then you were looking out for a friend? Fardon me." "Oh, no, not at all," said Mr. Springer, stumbling over his words. "I can't make it clear all in a moment. I wanted to go out to town to spend a few days, and I remembered having heard the clergyman of Oakdale preach and so I thought I'd go there for Sunday at any rate. You see there's sure to be a church." The young man looked again at this nervous gentleman, but suddenly bethought himself. "Will you, my dear sir, do me a great favor, a very great favor, and mention my name to the clergyman?" He scribbled his address hastily on a piece of paper. His name was Edward Meyrick and the address he gave was that of a reputable music firm. "But I don't know the clergyman," began Mr. Springer; then he said, looking at his watch, "There will be another train to-night. Will you allow me, as a friend, to— to put you in the way of going to Oakdale?" He said it as delicately as he could, but it was a bold thing for him to do. Mr. Springer used afterward to say that it was the turning point of his life. "Why, I'll go now," said Meyrick heartily. "There's nothing to prevent. I thank you cordially. In fact I should have asked you if you had not got the start of me. What is the fare? Will my dollar pay it?" "No, I think not," and Mr. Springer, who had grown uneasy again, looked nervously at his watch. "It is almost time for the train to start." "Well, here, come along to the booking office," and before Mr. Springer could bring himself well together, Meyrick had him at the little window, had asked the price of a ticket and almost helped him out with his pocketbook. Only when they were aboard the train and were steaming out did Mr. Springer recover his self-possession. He looked furtively at his companion, and found him a ruddy, well-conditioned young Englishman, with decision and frankness in his face. His dress was scrupulously neat and except for the story he had told of his poverty and the confirmation which that obtained from his sudden portage, Mr. Springer never would have taken him for a man in need, but would have thought him an English gentleman on his travels. Every once in a while Edward Meyrick broke into a low laugh, which he tried to suppress. The laugh somehow gave Mr. Springer more confidence than anything else. "You seem amused," he said at length. "Do I? Oh, I beg your pardon, to be sure, but every time I think of myself shouldering that trunk I imagine myself in Pall Mall," and Mr. Meyrick laughed again. "Then you've not been long in this country?" "Oh, come now, if you'll excuse me, I won't try to give an account of myself. Just take me for granted, will you? I'm strictly honest and respectable, I do assure you, though appearances may be against me. I'm desperately hard up, to be sure, but if I can suit your friend the clergyman—"

"Let me remind you," said Mr. Springer, gently, "that he is not my friend." "Oh, never mind. If he wants an organist, I am pretty sure I shall give satisfaction." Then Mr. Meyrick plunged into talk headlong and amused Mr. Springer with a lively account of his passage. Mr. Springer thought he had never met a more agreeable fellow, and the consciousness of having, as it were, set him on his legs again, gave him a little flutter of pleasure. Besides the young man was an Englishman, just landed, and Mr. Springer fraternized with him as he was not wont to do with his countrymen. They were very slight reasons which had determined our hero to go to Oakdale, in fact, the reasons were just two. In the course of his patient reading of the newspapers he had fallen upon a bit of letter writing which referred incidentally to the neat country tavern there, and once at Trinity he had heard a clergyman preach who was said by some people passing him in the aisle to be the rector of the parish in Oakdale. It did not take many reasons to decide Mr. Springer. Two were quite enough in this case. The country tavern was attractive looking and Mr. Springer for a moment felt a little pride at having brought this Englishman to a house which would give so agreeable an impression of American country life; it was Meyrick's first excursion out of New York. The host offered them the register, and Meyrick who was making haste to Americanize himself wrote his name boldly, but Mr. Springer was intent upon the county map which hung in the hall. "Will you register your name, sir?" said the host to him. "It's of no consequence," said Mr. Springer, firmly. Meyrick looked a trifle surprised. The host looked displeased. "You must excuse me," said he, "I am very particular about my house. I would rather lose a guest than—"

"Oh, I'll answer for him," said Meyrick with alacrity. "Here, I'll put him down as my friend," and he seized the pen and added after Edward Meyrick, New York, "and friend." "You can give us a couple of rooms, landlady?" The man hesitated still. "What is your charge till Monday noon?" asked Mr. Springer, and drawing out his pocketbook he insisted on paying in advance. The host shouldered Mr. Springer's trunk and took his bag in his hand. The two rooms adjoined, and setting down the trunk in one room he was carrying the bag into the other. "You can put those both in here," said Mr. Springer. "But where's your baggage, then?" The landlady turned to Meyrick. "Oh, I'm light-weighted," said that gentleman. The landlady looked perplexed. "I'll answer for him," said Mr. Springer, suddenly. "Well, I never," grumbled the landlady to herself, as he went away. "They're a precious pair, Edward Meyrick and friend. The friend seems to pay all the money and have all the baggage, and Edward Meyrick has the name." But the landlady had accepted the money and he tried hard to pocket his suspicions also. There was nothing more in the conduct of the two to excite his suspicions. They took their supper quietly and went out to walk afterward, first inquiring the way to the clergyman's house. Nothing could be more decorous than that, nevertheless the landlady made up her mind that the unknown was a detective who had come down to ferret out some forgotten crime. The clergyman's house was not far away, but when they came in sight of it Mr. Springer turned aside. "I will take a walk while you go in," said he. "I am not necessary to the business. What did the landlady say was the name of the clergyman?" "Johnson. The Rev. Mr. Johnson." "No." "Why, do you know him?" "That was not the name of the one whom I heard preach," said Mr. Springer, faintly. "Well, he's only been here a few weeks, the landlady said. Come in, Mr.—Mr.—. By Jove, I declare I don't know your name." "No matter, no matter," said Mr. Springer, hastily; "and you needn't mention me. You know I don't know anything about you." "That's a fact," said the Englishman, laughing. "We do look like a pair of conspirators. Going? Well, I'll see you at the inn," and as Mr. Springer walked quickly away, he himself kept on and rang at the door of the rectory. It was late in the evening before he returned, and knocked at Mr. Springer's door. That gentleman was sitting by the light of a kerosene lamp, reading. "All right," said Mr. Meyrick. "The thing's done, thanks to you." "But you didn't mention me?" "It would have been rather different to do that. No, I made my errand known, and found luckily that Mr. Johnson had engaged no one." "What does he look like?" asked Mr. Springer, whose hand was shading his eyes. "Tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, high cheek bones, long chin"—so he told off his points. "Do you think it is the clergyman you heard?" "No," said Mr. Springer, faintly, "it is not. But go on." "Well, it seems that his sister has been playing the organ since his last organist left, but she is needed in the choir. He took a lantern, we went over to the church and stayed an hour there, with his small boy blowing while I played. The short of it is, he engaged me on the spot, and I enter on my duties to-morrow."

"Did Miss Johnson go with you?" "Yes. It was her opinion I expect that decided the rector. I don't think I knew much about music, but she did. She evidently knew her own mind." Mr. Meyrick was ready to stay and chat, but Mr. Springer confessed himself very tired and they bade each other good-night. When church time came the next morning Mr. Meyrick's friend unexpectedly declined to go with Mr. Meyrick. No, he would keep his room that day, and as he had given already various indications of oddity, the young Englishman simply accepted this as a new but nowise strange sign of insanity. To be sure he had come to Oakdale apparently for the express purpose of going to church, yet he did not stir out of the house, and scarcely left his room till night-fall. Then he strolled out with Mr. Meyrick and heard this young man's account of his day. It had been very interesting. The service was good, the sermon was good, and the sister of the rector sang in a way to inspire any organist. "So you will stay and play the organ?" asked Mr. Springer. "Most certainly. I am better off here than I should be in New York. To-morrow I will repay you. The rector has promised to pay my first quarter's salary in advance." "Oh, no, not at all, not at all," protested Mr. Springer. "I consider the money most excellently laid out, most excellently laid out, most excellently. It was a service to Mr. Johnson and to his sister." The Englishman looked at him. "By Jove, so it is," he said. "I'd not thought of it before in that light. They owe you thanks." "Oh, no. And don't mention me. You won't mention me, Mr.—Mr. Meyrick." "I'll try not to, Mr. Meyrick's friend. It's a run go, though," and he laughed again to himself. Mr. Springer continued to spend his visit to Oakdale in extreme seclusion. He bade his friend good-bye the next day after breakfast. He would return to New York by the first train. "Now, really, I say," said Mr. Meyrick, as he walked along the platform with him, holding his arm, for Mr. Springer's hat was so drawn down over his eyes as almost to blind them. "It's too bad to let you go and not be able to get sight of you again. Do give me an address to which I can write in case—"

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Matters. There is no radical change in the manner of making costumes, but they may be varied according to individual fancy. Waists are generally terminated in one or two deep points in front, and continued to the overskirt drapery at the back. They are, except for extreme full dress, cut open, sometimes as far as the waist, to display the chemise. When closed at the throat they are finished with wide collars, a deep box plaiting in front, and sometimes the small hood at the back. Edges of basques are finished with a cord. Sleeves are cut to suit individual tastes. A few puffed at the shoulder and the leg-of-mutton sleeves are on suits of foreign design. Fringes, rascamenteries and beaded ornaments of the richest descriptions trim the skirts. Sunflowers embroidered in bullion and silk embroideries on tulle in natural colored flowers are beautiful and expensive trimmings. They are made in sets of collar, cuff and pocket trimmings, and are also sold by the yard. The white Spanish laces, beaded and fringed with wax and crystal beads, are appropriate trimmings for wedding dresses. The ends of all tabs and similar trimmings are gathered and finished with a tassel or other ornament. This idea is carried even to millinery, where the ends of ribbons and bonnet strings are either gathered at the end or shirred a few inches above and the ends fringed, producing the same effect. The colored plaitings of last season are replaced by the edges of the newest importations of walking dresses by bands of colored plush. Shirred trimmings are still used, but not so extensively as last season. Knife plaitings share the favor they have held so long with box plaitings this season. The whole front of a dress is sometimes laid in fine knife plaits. This is seen only on plain silk and satin. Dress patterns with embroidered trimmings are one of the novelties. A new material for infants' closings is of snow white cloth, with raised figures. Black lace is seldom seen this season—never in millinery—and only the richest Spanish lace is used on black silk costumes. A large shawl is the most effective trimming for one of these serviceable toilets, draped to form the overskirt. The smaller shawls are used as a fichu or tie, for either house or street. Several kinds of white lace are used for trimming white finchus. The centers are of mousseline de soie or silk muslin and edged with Breton, Duchesse, Valenciennes, Maltese, Three corners and the new Vermeille lace. Three finchus are caught by a large bow of the belt and fastened by a ribbon called the Watsonian bow. Ties of seven, eight and nine inches in width are of India mull with lace or embroidered insertions and edged with lace. Chemisettes of Duchesse lace are finished at the neck with crepe lace ruchings. Jabots are made with cascades of these laces and range in price from \$300 up to any price, according to the lace used. Breakfast caps are worn universally by married ladies as well as matrons. They are made generally of satin ribbon and Breton lace, and occasionally a handkerchief, with delicately-printed border, is effectively used in their manufacture. Irish tating and crochet laces are very fashionable. The newest lace of the season is the real Irish point or Carrickmacross, from two to five inches wide and from \$5 to \$15 a yard. An imitation of this, on batiste, is called Honiton, or Irish point embroidery, and is from eight cents to \$3 a yard.—New York Herald.

The Parlians of Paris.

Right in the very heart of Paris, in the Rue des Lyonnais and next door to the church of Saint Medard, the visitor who has courage enough to see such a sight may find a lodging-house and restaurant frequented and patronized by the parlians of Paris. The somber building, covered with smoke, and beamed without and within, has no flaming placard. Its owner has not christened his house with any high-sounding name to qualify the word "hotel," and the lantern which hangs out at the first floor alone indicates that lodging may be had within. The windows of the ground floor are closed, and the panes have been carefully whitewashed to save curtains. Now and then a man comes slouching down the street, pushes with his shoulder against the greasy door, and enters. The hesitating wanderer, who casts his eye up at the lantern and shudders when he reaches the door as if all hope were abandoned, has perhaps seen better days. His demeanor contrasts strangely with that of the next comer, who has his hands in his pockets, jingling the few coppers which will enable him to eat and drink, as well as obtain a bed. All sorts and conditions of men find their way to the Rue des Lyonnais. The place has a reputation for cheapness, and poverty gives men straggling bed-fellows and companions, so that the fastidious must put all their finer feelings in their pockets when they find that their ideas are not counterbalanced by a certain sum of money sufficient to enable them to maintain their reputation. Follow the man who has just gone in, who looks like a student of the Raoul Rigault school, and who carries a bundle of manuscript under his arm, as if he had been taking copious notes at some lecture, or had been copying some data from the well-thumbed folios in the public libraries. The door, when pushed open, leads to a passage, the floor of which is caked with dirt. In front are the stairs, and a lantern stands on dark days at the turn so as to prevent the lodgers from breaking their limbs. On the left of the door is the restaurant, with its low ceiling, dirty floor and green tables, while an indistinguishable odor of damp straw, old clothes, etc., pervades the place. Honesty does not appear to be a prominent trait in the character of the customers of this establishment. The powder platters, which are used to protect the food served from any contact with the table, are attached to the wood with thin but stout chains, for the proprietor knows that the merest trifle has some value in the eyes of a man whose cravings and stomach cause him to rise against his neighbor, take what belongs to him, and find some customer for the stolen property. Benches, worn and stained with use, are the only seats provided, and the luxury of knives and forks is unknown. True, every customer carries his own knife, and knows how to use it on a pinch, while more than one has been arrested by the police, dragged from his lair, his hands and finger-nails bearing traces of the bloodshed he has committed. Forks are quite superfluous where fingers can be used, and then meat is not sold in the restaurant. Portions of vegetables fried in some nameless fat can be had for a penny, while the bouillon, or broth, which has some "eyes" of grease on it for the sake of appearances, is sold for about half that sum. Contrary to the custom prevailing in other establishments of this description, neither wine, coffee or brandy is sold here. The only beverage the customers can obtain is what the proprietor has been pleased to denominate "beer," made without hops, by the owner of the place in some dark cellar, and sold for two pence a quart—a price which effectually prevents any grumbling. Bread is generally brought into the house by the customer, who can buy old crusts and leavings from the restaurants for three half-pence a pound. So much for the restaurant, which has peculiarities of its own unlike the house in the Boulevard de la Gare, where the customer enters, take a penny from his pocket, (and places it on a plank, when it is swept in by some unclean individual, and in return a tin panikin, full of fiery spirit, more than half vitriol, called "cognac," is handed out, while the receptacle which contains it is chained to the counter, or like that house in the Rue des Anglais, where men may pay so much an hour and drink as much as they can.—London Globe.

Interesting Figures.

Nin veh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty-six miles round, with a wall thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 435 feet long, 225 feet wide, with 127 columns sixty feet high, each one the gift of a king—it was 100 years in building. The large pyramid was 481 feet in height, and eighty-one feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The Labyrinth, in Egypt, contains 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delyhos was so rich in decorations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 300 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round. A romance may sometimes be hid in a package of coffee. In a coffee grinding mill in Chicago a maiden of advancing age placed in several packages of coffee a card saying that any gentleman matrimonially inclined might address her. An aged and wealthy Milwaukee widower quarreled with his housekeeper and while preparing his lonely breakfast found "Aggie's" card, and now she is Mrs. Milwaukee.