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Memory.

A POEM WRITTEN BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.
[The little poem given below was written, it is stated, by James A. Garfield before his first term in Congress—hence some twenty years ago.]
Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me,
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuncful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pen e'er portrayed,
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gentle, sloping hillside bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long silent years, and round us stand.
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls,
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill
Surcharged with sorrow, cast with somber shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Sut as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
"There woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, the life-path leads along.

KEEPING COMPANY.

"Ned! Ned!" The call rang out from the house door, floating over the garden, till it came faint and weary to the barn door, utterly unable to penetrate the barred portal.
"Ned! Ned!" Nearer and nearer came the cheery voice, and a pair of light feet carried it down the path, to ring out again clear and strong, as a little doubled fist pounded an accompaniment on the wooden barrier.
A frank face, and head covered with crisp curls, now decorated by long straws stuck in with a promiscuous carelessness suggestive of Lear's crown, was popped out of the window of the hay-loft.
"What is it, Katie?" I'm giving the beasts their breakfast."
"Come down! You must come down! I've got the best of news for you."
"What is it? Wait! I'll be down! Why, Katie, what are you all dressed up for?"
"You'll never guess. Susy Willis has come home. She sent me over word this morning to be ready for church early, so we could have a long walk before we went into meeting. She's coming over for me."
"Susy home!" That was all Ned said, but there was no doubting the accent of content in his voice.
"Her father has written that he is coming back to Allentown next month, and Susy's mother sent for her to leave school, and be here to meet him. Oh, Ned, ain't you glad? She's been away more'n two years."
Glad! If there was any faith to be placed in beaming eyes, smiling lips and trembling fingers, Ned was to say the least, not sorry; but he said nothing, only hurried the preparations for leaving the barn, his face the while speaking his pleasure, while, Katie, her tongue doing the work of two, ran on with her glib chatter.
"I wonder if she's altered, prettier or smarter. I wonder if she'll let you be with her now, Ned. Perhaps she'll want to keep company with some smarter fellow, now she's had so much schooling. Hurry, Ned, so you can go with us!" And flying up the path again, Katie entered the neat farmhouse, and went to her room to add some trifle to her dress. Looking wistfully up the path for her expected companion she tried to be patient, but the fingers would fidget, the feet beat tattoo, the eyes flash with eagerness, while her father's comments, as he leaned over the gate, smoking his Sunday pipe, did not diminish the fever.
"Ay, Katie, don't drum a hole in the window! Are you dancing a jig, Katie? Come down here and talk to Jack!" and

the magpie's hoarse voice, calling "Katie," echoed the invitation. Suddenly both comment and restlessness ceased, while the two faces, beaming with loving mischief, watched the path. Coming from the barn, round to the front of the house, yet in his blouse and round hat, was Ned, the idol of both the warm hearts watching him. His pretty bunch of flowers told one cause of his delay, and his lingering step was explained by the second figure now advancing from the path. Katie had watched so eagerly.
Slowly the two came toward the house—Ned trying to summon up courage to address the pretty, neatly-dressed maiden, who had grown from a little girl to a young lady in her two years' absence; while she, her loyal heart fluttering at the sight of her old sweetheart, tried to look unconscious of his presence.
Nearer and nearer to the farm door, the distance between them narrowing every moment, they sauntered on, till at last they stood opposite the old farmer, neither daring to speak the first word. The pretty flowers were in danger of being eaten up, as Ned bit nervously at the stems of the pinks and roses, while Susy's pocket handkerchief was rapidly becoming transformed into a rabbit in her gloved fingers.
How long they would have remained thus can only be guessed; but a clear, ringing laugh from Katie, seconded by her father's hearty bass, broke the spell, and Ned said:
"I'm glad you're home again, Susy!" and managed to present his flowers and hold open the gate before her blushes faded away.
It did not need much urging to turn the long walk into a talk in Katie's room, while the farmer and Ned assumed their "go-to-meeting" garb, and by some slight of hand Katie found herself transferred to her father, while Master Ned escorted the fair Susy to church, and not a week passed before all Allentown knew that Ned Clarke and Susy Willis were still "keeping company."
Ned and Katie Clarke were the only children of old Farmer Joshua Clarke, whose wife had long before died and left him to be both father and mother to her handsome boy and girl. They were still little ones when they became motherless, but Aunt Kate, Katie's godmother, had filled her sister's place at the farmhouse until Katie was sixteen, when, thinking her niece trained for a perfect housekeeper, dear Aunt Kate consented to get brighter another home, whose master had waited for her since her sister's death. So the three in the old homestead were left to link their love still closer in the absence of the wanted housekeeper, and Katie's pride was to let no comfort be missed, no deficiency tell of their loss.
In easy circumstances, devotedly fond of his children, finding love all around him, Farmer Clarke was the most cheery, bright old farmer in Allentown. Universally respected and beloved, his old age brightened by his children's happiness, he was ready to enter heartily into any youthful scheme, to give his full sympathy to all the young boys and girls who came to him for advice, and above all to watch, with almost boyish glee, all the village courting. Katie, being a universal belle, had as yet selected no special favorite to torment, so the old man had full leisure to watch Ned, visiting his room for sly remarks, dropping words that brought up the frank blush so becoming to a manly face, or even, at times, letting his sympathy bring the roses to Susy's cheek.
Never did the course of true love promise to run smoother. Susy's father was a traveling peddler, whose journeys often led him hundreds of miles from Allentown, now east, now west, north, or south, as his fancy or pack suggested. His earnings were good, and Mrs. Willis rented a pretty cottage and lived in comfortable style, while Susy could boast of two years' "schooling" at the academy of B—, miles away from her native village. It is true that Jim Willis, the peddler, was counted a hard man, one keen at a bargain, and close-listed in business; but no one doubted his love for his wife and Susy, their only child. There had been always kindly feeling between the family and the Clarks from the time when Ned drew Susy and Kate to school on one sled, or tossed apples from the boys' bench to the golden-haired lassie on the girls' side. Mrs. Willis knew Ned's worth; his sturdy uprightness, his frank, generous heart, his bright intelligence and faithful love; and she wished no more brilliant future for her darling than the life of Ned Clarke's wife promised to be. So the long summer walks, the confidential talks, the thousand devices to win favor that the youthful swain proffered his love, were all smiled upon by the inhabitants of farm and cottage, while Susy's gentle, loyal heart never dreamed of acquiescing, but let Master Ned read in every look and blush the tale of his success in wooing.
The summer months sped merrily, and it was well understood in Allentown that when Jim Willis returned there would be a wedding, while not a "boy" in the village would have dreamed of daring to court a smile or word from Susy.
The long evening shadows of August were falling from the houses and trees, when Katie sat dreaming in her little room. Tea was over. Her father had gone to town the day before with provisions, and would not return until far into the night. Ned had gone to see Susy, so there was no one to interrupt the musing. She was thinking whether,

when Susy came to the farmhouse, she might not think of quitting it, and the various pros and cons of Bob, Harry and Will flitted through her coquetish little heart as she deliberated on their several cases, her heart free to choose from all of them.
Suddenly looking up she saw Ned coming slowly down the path from the cottage. He reeled from side to side, as if intoxicated, while his faltering step, his bowed head and drooping figure terrified his sister greatly. He must be ill! Very ill indeed he looked as he passed the gate she had hastened to open for him. He made no answer to her piteous inquiries as he passed her to enter the kitchen, where he sank down upon the floor, resting his head on his clasped hands, and sobbed the hard dry gasps of a strong man in agony.
"Oh, Ned! dear Ned! what is it? You frighten me so! Ned, Ned, dear! Is Susy sick?"
He looked up at the name, his face ashy pale, his eyes burning and dry.
"Don't speak of Susy, Katie! Don't! It kills me!"
"But, Ned—" "I'll try to tell you, Katie. We never have had any secrets."
She had seated herself on a low stool, and drawn his head to rest upon her breast, and her gentle touch, her face of tender love seemed to soothe him, for his harsh, choked voice softened as he spoke to her.
"Jim Willis has come home, Katie. He's made a heap of money speculating, and bought a house in Cincinnati, and is going to take Susy and her mother there to live; and he says I can't have Susy—she's going to be rich, and a city girl—and I'm only a poor country cloddy!"
"Ned!" "He said so. She's to go to Cincinnati and make a great match, and I can never see her again."
"But Susy—what does Susy herself say?" "He wouldn't let me see her, except when he lifted her into the coach to go away—all white and dead like—where she fainted."
"Go away?" "They're gone. He came home this morning, in a coach he hired in town, and he made them pack up and get ready to go right off—wouldn't let either of them come here—tried to get away before I came, and drove me away as if I had been a loafer. Oh, Katie, how can I live?"
The loyal heart was nearly breaking. Every word came in a gasp, and the pallid face and quivering lips were faithful witnesses of the terrible agony of this unexpected blow. From a boy to a man he had cherished a dream of future happiness, and it was a pain that no language can adequately describe to see it thus ruthlessly dashed from him.
Katie was powerless to console him. The shock was to her only second to his own, for Susy had been to her in the place of a sister from their childhood, and she loved her brother with a passionate devotion that made every tone of his voice, every quiver of his pale lips a blow on her tender heart.
Far as Cincinnati really was, its actual distance was nothing compared to the vast space their simple imaginations threw between them. Susy was to be carried away, far from her home, far from them, and if the destination had been Egypt or Constantinople the shock would have gained no force. Ned's heart dwelt on the pale, senseless face, as he had seen it carried by him, till his poor brain fairly numbed under the burden of his grief, and he lay silent, only sometimes moaning as the sorrow became more poignant in a new light. Night fell, the long hours drew out their slow length, and still the two remained mute and motionless, trying to realize and bear this strange misfortune. Daybreak stealing in, and the sound of the farmer's heavy wagon in the yard, roused them at last, and poor Ned, unable to meet the cheery voice and face of his father, stole away to his room, leaving Katie to tell the news.
It is impossible to describe the farmer's wrath. Hot words of burning indignation poured from his lips, and, for the first time, Katie heard an oath from her father's lips, as he cursed Jim Willis for his chiselry, cruel heart. Then came gentler thoughts. Susy, his little pet, second only to Ned and Katie in his heart, lost, carried away from them torn from her home and lover—and here the thought of Ned's grief conquered every other, and the old man strode up the narrow staircase to his son's door. It needed just such fatherly tenderness as he brought to win Ned from his careless agony to the relief of tears and speech, and far into the morning the two sat talking of this hard turn in fortune.
The morning duties called them down, and if Katie's heart ached over her brother's untouched breakfast, it was comforted by seeing how deep was his father's sympathy.
Days passed and weeks and Ned tried to bear his sorrow like a man. There was no wast of sympathy at home, where the loving eyes watched his pale cheeks with a tender interest that was almost painful, and the brave heart that would have given Susy its full wealth of love was generous to the home circle, and for its sake tried to live down the pain of disappointment. I know that to be a proper hero Ned should have moped and drooped, snubbed Katie, been savage to all human nature, and finally have left home to work out his spleen in some new life. But Ned's heroism had a strong element in his

pure Christian faith, which taught him to do as he would be done by, to honor his father, to bear his cross patiently; and so, if his merry whistle had ceased, his voice gradually resumed its clear cheerfulness, and his manner grew doubly tender toward Katie, as he marked her sympathizing love. Not a word dropped from any of them that could give one shadow of reproach to Susy, and some vague ideas of a rescue occasionally suggested themselves to Ned, where his love might win her from her father's tyranny or melt his obstinate resolve. The idea that Susy could ever be his wife without that consent never occurred to him.
The winter had set in before one word of the fugitives reached Allentown, then Katie had a treasure to show, a letter from Susy.
"Dear, dear Katie" (so it read), "I may be doing very wrong to write to you, after all that father has said; but mother has given me permission to write once, so I am now trying to tell you that my love for you—for Ned"—(here a great blot told of a tear)—"and your dear father, is just the same, though we shall never see each other again. I have been very sick; so sick on the road here that we had to stay nearly two weeks at a town where father had some business, and that is why I did not write before. Oh, Katie! I must mind father, who says I must never think of Ned again; but it is terrible hard not to. Nights I lay awake and think of all the nice days in Allentown where we were keeping company, and my heart seems breaking when I think we may never meet again on earth. Oh, Katie! comfort Ned. Tell him that I will never, never let any other boy court me—tell him I never can forget him, though I must try; tell him I did love him with all my heart; and don't let him quite forget me, even if he marries some other girl. Don't write to me—mother says not; but think of me sometimes, and give my love to Ned and your father."
"That was all; but Ned felt when Katie told him he might get the letter, that mines of wealth could not purchase it from him.
Five years passed, and no word came from Cincinnati. Katie was a wife now, and mother to a bouncing boy crawling about the floor, but Ned was true as steel to his old love. No word of courting had ever passed his lips since Susy left him, and if his tall figure had developed to manliness, his voice grown rougher, his frank face older, the boyish love still nestled down in the depths of his heart, and he resolved to live ever a bachelor for Susy's sake.
Katie's new cares had somewhat clouded her pain at Susy's departure, and the name that had once been so sweet a household word was now rarely heard in the farmhouse.
There was something very touching in the manly courage which Ned brought to bear upon the sorrow of his life. Never, save on the one night when the suddenness of the blow prostrated him, had he given way to the passionate grief in his heart, and his calm pursuit of the weary routine of life evinced more moral courage than is often given to great deeds that make the world ring.
It was Sunday morning, and everybody at the farmhouse had gone to church except Ned and the baby. The junior member of the household was fast asleep on a rug before the fireplace, and Ned was reading, when a shadow fell upon the floor, and a voice, low and sweet, spoke his name.
He scarcely dared breathe as he looked up. So pale and thin as to be almost spirit-like, dressed in the heaviest mourning, the large, earnest eyes hollow, the lips white and trembling, surely that could not be Susy? He had pictured her living in wealth—forgetting him, perhaps—but never, never this pale, grief-stricken woman.
"Ned, don't you know me?" Still doubting, he rose and came to meet her, till, with a glad cry, he opened his arms and folded her closely, as if never again to let her go.
"Susy! my Susy! Oh, how can I ever be thankful enough? Oh, Susy! and the hot tears fell on the sweet face, as he marked its white, wasted lines.
"Father took to drink after he got rich, Ned, and it is three years since mother died. We were very wretched, and we were not used to their ways; after mother died, father was scarcely ever sober, and I had a hard time taking care of him, till about a month ago he was taken sick. We'd spent nearly all the money long before; but I did sewing, and sometimes father earned something, until he was sick. Then we were very poor; but just before he died somebody sent him some money they owed him. He gave it to me, and told me to come here with it, and ask you to forgive him for parting us; so after he died, I came to see if you still cared for me, Ned?"
"Care for you! Oh, Susy, I will care for you all my life! I will care for Susy!"
But the white lips gave no answer, the head fell back nerveless, and as he had seen her on that heavy day of parting, he held her now. The weary, over-taxed frame had given way under its load of sorrow and trouble, and it needed all Katie's tender nursing, all Ned's loving care, to win the invalid back to them from her long, long illness. For days her life hung on a thread, but at last the color came flitting back to the pale lips and cheeks, and when the year of mourning had passed, there was not in Allentown a prettier or more winsome wife than Susy Clarke.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The Greeks called scissors a "double razor."
The pea is supposed to be a native of France.
There is red and green as well as black ebony.
Charcoal deepens the tint of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias.
The owl, which easily digests meat, cannot digest bread or grain.
The beryx, a fish of the Atlantic and Pacific, possesses fossil fac-similes in coals.
Animal fats or oils are contained chiefly in the cellular membrane beneath the skin.
The horsefly has 4,000 eye lenses, the cabbage butterfly 17,000, and certain beetles 25,000.
Lime is a preserver of wood. It has been noticed that vessels carrying it last longer than any others.
Cocoa beans possess twice as much nitrogen as grain, and therefore chocolate furnishes much nutriment.
Dr. Cornelius Herz, in France, transmitted audible speech 800 miles with the aid of his telephonic system.
In some water plants the flowers expand at the surface of the water, and after fading retreat again to the bottom.
A mixture of one part of alcohol and nine parts of crystallized carbolic acid is stated to afford great relief in cases of bites from insects.
A row of guncootons reaching from Edinburgh to London, it is said, could be fired in two minutes, so rapid is the transmission of detonation from one part to another.
The Chick-a-dee and the Eagle—A Fable.
Once upon a time a Chick-a-dee and an Eagle had nests in the same forest. The forest was plenty large enough for both, and peace and harmony might have prevailed but for the jealousy of the Chick-a-dee. Having been created by nature for a small bird, and having digestive organs for only bugs and worms, it made him wroth to behold the Eagle having such spread of wings and such appetite for large game.
One day, after the Chick-a-dee had put in ten hours' hard work for grubs, he beheld the majestic Eagle pounce down and secure in a moment a fish large enough to last him three days. This capped the climax, and the Chick-a-dee flew higher up in the tree to consult the Buzzard as to what could be done.
"I'd lie about him," was the advice of the Buzzard, after thinking it over.
The Chick-a-dee therefore flew through the forest spreading lies and slanders regarding the Eagle, but the results were not satisfactory. No one seemed to believe them, and many advised the Chick-a-dee to continue his grubbing and let other Birds do as pleased them best. In this emergency the tiny Bird again applied to the Buzzard for advice. The unclean Bird picked his teeth over the subject and replied:
"You must go to the Eagle and tell him what you think of him."
Early the next morning the Chick-a-dee set out on his mission. Meeting the Eagle in mid-air he began a tirade of abuse, but the Eagle did not seem to hear. Enraged and exasperated, the Chick-a-dee used still stronger language, but the result was the same.
"Say! say! I'm abusing you!" he finally called out. "I've slandered you, lied about you, and now I insult you, and you dare not resent it."
"Little atom," replied the Eagle, as he slowed up a little, "if struck by an Eagle I should strike back. When a Bird of your size bothers me I cannot even afford time to stop and eat him."
MORAL.
A chick-a-dee can't increase his own bulk by slandering the size of an eagle.
—Detroit Free Press.

Troubled.

My mind was ruffled with small cares to-day,
And I said pettish words, and did not keep
Long suffering patience well; and now how deep
My trouble for this sin! In vain I weep
For foolish words I never can amuse.
Yet not in vain, Oh, surely not in vain!
This sorrow must compel me to take heed;
And surely I shall learn how much I need
Thy constant strength my own to supersede,
And all my thoughts to patience to constrain.
Yes, I shall learn at last, though I neglect
Day after day, to seek my help from thee;
Oh, aid me, that I always recollect
This gentle heartiness; and Oh correct
Whatever else of sin thou seest in me!
—Henry Sutton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A gold middle—A burglar in a miser's coffers.—Marathon Independent.
Missouri train robbers are men of iron nerve and steal disposition.
"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," unless the fellow is feeling in our pocket for our watch.—Salem Sunbeam.
There was a large attendance at the schools to-day. Every boy who hadn't lost an eye brought two pupils.—Pittsfield Chronicle.
Brown Loudly boasts that his heart is always in his house. Fogg says that Brown is so close-fisted that he is in no danger of ever losing it.—Boston Transcript.
When you are telling a friend a joke poke him in the ribs. He'll be more interested in the yarn, and can put a mustard plaster on the sore spot when he goes home.—Kookuk Gate City.
A housepainter recently wanted to join the fire department, but as it took him over fifteen minutes to climb a ladder, and then he had to go down again for something he had forgotten, they didn't employ him.—Boston Post.
Jumping over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bulldog that is a total stranger to you, is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and rob existence of a tiresome sameness.
A man called out to his creditor, "Get out, you Ornithorhynchus!" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An Ornithorhynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"
This is alleged to be the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was so funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember just what she said; but Professor Mitchell's answer was just too funny for anything!"
—Syracuse Herald.

Curious Pets.

There lives in Sandwich, Mass., on the borders of one of the most charming lakes in America, Mrs. F. H. Burgess, who is at present attracting no little notoriety through the relation she sustains to the inhabitants of this lake. It has been her custom once or twice a day for quite a period to feed the fish in this lake, and a few days ago we chanced to be favored with an invitation to witness this novel feast of the funny tribe.
She first splashes the water with her hand, when in a moment there may be seen approaching from every direction hundreds of large shiners, then eels varying in size from one to three feet in length, may be seen cautiously approaching. Next turtles appear on the surface, ten, twenty and thirty feet away, their necks stretched apparently to see whether it is friend or foe who is disturbing the waters. In less than three minutes these various species had collected directly before her, and as she commences to feed the water is fairly alive with them. They take bread directly from her hands, and turtles would allow her to take them entirely out of the water, and while she held them in one hand they would eat with the greatest voracity from the other. But the eels amused us the most. There was one she called Quinn, measuring about three feet in length, that repeatedly came to the surface, and would glide back and forth through her hands and several times she lifted him partially out of the water, but he was careful to keep his head under. He seemed to feel that she would take undue liberties with him so long as his head was in its natural element, but the moment he saw daylight he would dart back as only an eel could.
Another small one, about a foot in length, seemed to be particularly fond of her caresses and could be handled about as she pleased, it being understood that she was to remain under water though.
Taken altogether it was one of the most novel entertainments we have ever witnessed, and visitors to this locality should not fail to ask the favor granted to the writer.
The lady is evidently much attached to her pets, and takes pride, as well she may, in showing them.—Marblehead Mirror-Journal.

Too Early.

"Come, now, it is time for you to go to bed," said an Austin lady to her little children; "you must go to bed. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?"
"Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them."
—Texas Siftings.