

One Square, one inch, one insertion....	\$1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	5.00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	12.00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	35.00
Two Squares, one year.....	65.00
Quarter Column, one year.....	20.00
Half Column, one year.....	35.00
One Column, one year.....	100.00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Job work, cash on delivery.

The Shadowed Cross.

In wedded love our lives had begun
One year—no care, no golden year—
And then he died, my darling died,
And for the joy that harbored there,
My heart was filled with dark despair.
I traced the haunts he loved the best
In dear, lost days—alas, so brief!
And memory's breathings, once so sweet,
But fanned the furnace of my grief.
They brought no tears to my relief.
At early dawn I sought his grave,
Mid quaint-carved stones, o'ergrown with moss,
And lo! upon the hallowed mound—
In seeming emblem of my loss—
There fell the shadow of a Cross.
And, kneeling there in tearful woe,
Methought I heard my darling say:
"Oh, love! thy grief a shadow is,
Which, as a dream, shall pass away,
Where shadows melt in cloudless day!"
Then found my anguish vent in tears,
Strange founts of heav'n-born peace, the
shed
Around my soul a holy calm:
And when I rose, thus comforted,
The shadow from the grave had fled.
—Good Words.

An Unceremonious Wedding.

"One thing I am determined upon," remarked Mrs. Sue Hathaway, decisively. "You, Fan, shall have a decently ceremonious wedding. When I think of the harum-scarum way in which Charlie and I were thrown at one another, the wonder is not that we haven't quarreled since, but that we were ever really married at all."
"Tell me all about it, Sue dear," coaxed Mrs. Hathaway's youngest and pet sister, as she folded and replaced in their boxes the dainty articles which she was preparing for her own trousseau. "You have always spoken of your wedding day as the most unhappy day of your life; but I cannot conceive how that can be, when you and Charlie love one another so dearly."
"And if we had not quarreled each other beyond all possibility of quarreling, we would certainly have broken out in engagement an hour before the ceremony was really performed. I sincerely trust, dear Fan, that your married life may be as happy as mine has proved, and that heaven may defend you from a wedding day as chaotic as mine."
"My remembrance of the affair is that it was a perfect success. You are such a manager, Sue, you are always in request for tableaux and private theatricals. I never knew an occasion which you were not equal to, from a charity bazaar to the state dinner the ladies gave the foreign deputation. I was only eight years old when you were married; but I remember that I was your bridesmaid, and that I wore a puffed mull, with pink kid gloves. They were the first kid gloves I ever had, and I was as proud as a peacock of them. I wouldn't carry a bouquet for fear of soiling and hiding them, but marched in, arm in arm with Isabel's oldest boy, with my hands displayed as conspicuously as possible."
"And do you happen to remember what a scamp that boy was? He was the cause of more than half my tribulation. He was a regular little Ishmael—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. And when I think what a Bohemian Isabel has been all her life, and of the wildly preposterous way in which she was married, I don't wonder. She was studying abroad when she met her husband. They had both gone to Europe for a number of years, and they concluded to be married at the American consul's, and continue their foreign residences, instead of coming home for the ceremony. They were married in the evening and took a steamer immediately after for some Mediterranean port. Isabel's trunks had been sent on board during the afternoon, but when they drove down to the wharf at night they found that the ship had moved from its anchorage, and they were obliged to hire a waterman to row them out. The water was very rough, and in a sudden lurch of the little boat Isabel was thrown overboard. She was promptly rescued by her husband and got safely on board, but in a completely drenched condition. Now comes the ridiculous part. It was a cargo steamer which only carried a limited number of passengers, and it so happened that there were no other ladies on board. Isabel's trunks were buried in the hold where it was impossible to get to them, and the valise which had fallen into the water with her, had gone to the bottom, and Isabel retired to her stateroom to improvise a toilet out of some flannel underclothing of the captain's and two Marselles bedspreads."
"How very dreadful!" exclaimed Fan, choking with laughter.
"She succeeded, too; she basted up a wrapper of the bedspreads with a Watteau plait in the back, trimming the front with a Turkish towel torn in strips, and breakfasted next morning in that costume. Her husband told me he never saw her dressed so becomingly."
"I always thought Isabel was a genius," Fan remarked, admiringly.
"Yes, but what a very singular proceeding! Isabel is five years older than I am, and I look up to her for certain qualities. But she has no idea of ceremony or etiquette, and she utterly abhors convention. Now I say that getting married at all is concession to

conventionality, and if you are going to acknowledge the claims of society so far as that, you might as well do the thing respectably and in good form. I am a manager, as you say, and it was for that very reason that the entire arrangement of my wedding was left to me. We were living in the old family mansion in the country, two miles from the church, and of course the wedding had to be at the house. This troubled me from the first, for the ceremony is always so much more solemn and impressive before the altar, and I wanted to think of it as a sacrament, to really feel the sacredness of the vows I was taking upon myself. Instead of this, I knew perfectly well that I should be distracted by people whispering and giggling during the minister's very prayer. What restraint can there be in parlors where one has danced the German a score of times, and where one expects to dance again in a few moments? Besides, the house was to be crammed with company, and I was morally certain that everything would be in confusion. Charlie's family were coming; they are very aristocratic; and I was more afraid of them than that I am now, especially of his sister Adelaide. She is the most envious and spiteful creature in the world, did all she could to spoil the match, wanted Charlie to marry some particular friend of hers. Then there was Aunt Sue Stockstill, for whom I was named. We were all very fond of her, and our love was tempered with a respectful admiration which amounted almost to fear.
"The entire second floor was given up to guests, and we were huddled in the little bedrooms under the mansard roof. You and I had Bridget's room, and she slept on a pallet in the kitchen. Charlie had a cot bed in the hall. All of our boys slept in the stable loft. Father swung himself up in the hammock on the back veranda; it was July, but he took a horrid cold all the same. Mother had the trunk room until Isabel arrived with her two boys, when it was given up to her, and mother camped on the lounge in the back parlor. Now that is only the background to the picture. We had no city caterers to provide the banquet. Mother made every cake, and had her hands quite full enough to provide a handsome table for her guests. I had loads of beautiful flowers sent me, and Isabel took the decorating of the parlors off my hands. That was really a great help, for she has exquisite taste and rare inventive genius. She rigged a superb wedding bell out of an old hoop skirt, and turned the old rooms into bowers of beauty. But I had all of the receiving and entertaining of the guests upon my hands, and all the little arrangements to make which are always left to the last moment. Your dress came, and had to be altered; I sat up late into the night to do it. Then you and your tiny groomsman had to rehearse your entrance, and your young nephew did behave abominably. He caught your dress out of my hands and raced with it downstairs into the parlors. He got himself up at the last moment like a wild Indian, instead of dressing as he should have done. He left the water running until it soaked the cat over the balustrade, and made a bonfire in the wood-house; he sifted a quart of salt into the ice cream as it was being frozen in the cellar. There was no end to the pranks that fellow perpetrated. The wedding presents were displayed in the library. They were superb. I had not expected anything so beautiful. But Adelaide whispered about that with the exception of one dozen spoons it was all plated ware, and that half of the porcelain and bric-a-brac was hired for the occasion."
"Isabel repeated her remarks to me just in time to raise my angry passions to a white heat, and to send me downstairs inwardly raging on my wedding morn. We were to be married at noon precisely, in order to take the 3 o'clock train for the city. I had a very elaborate and becoming traveling costume, which I had decided to wear, with the addition of a real white Spanish lace mantilla arranged as a veil. Aunt Sue met me at breakfast. 'My dear child,' she said, 'I can't bear to think of your not being married in white. Nothing else is suitable for a bride. Wear the India muslin in which you looked so lovely at your graduation.'
"I did not dare displease Aunt Sue; but the muslin was crumpled and yellow; it would look dreadfully by daylight. There was still time, and I determined to have shutters closed, curtains drawn, and the rooms lighted as for evening. Brother Ned helped me arrange four dozen wax candles on brackets among the flowers. When they were lighted, the rooms made me think of Victor Hugo's description of the marriage and sparkling as fairyland, and the tumbled muslin would look very well. I ran upstairs to dress. But first I had your hair to curl and gloves to fit, and then I must need wash the vermilion from the face of that boy. Then Charlie, who was vainly trying to tie his cravat without a glass (he had dressed in the bath-room), came to me for assist-ance, and I saw the minister drive up to the door before I had begun my toilet. I was half dressed when Charlie tapped at the door. 'Sue—Sue, dear! they are having a council of war downstairs, and they don't like the idea of our being married by artificial light in the daytime. The majority think it is an affection, and it rather strikes me so, too. Isabel asked me to ask you to let her take down the candles. She didn't care to speak to you about it

herself; she said you had so much to fret you."
"Tell her to take them down," I replied, in a choked voice, and then I burst into tears. It was the last straw, and Charlie and I came nearer to quarreling then and there than we ever did in our lives. I hadn't the heart to go on with my dressing, but sat and boo-hoed until Charlie came to the door again to say that the company was waiting. Then I dashed into my clothes. I had no time to comb my hair, but Charlie pinned the lace veil over it rather awkwardly, so that we deluded ourselves into the idea that it did not show, and I stood up in my creased and second-hand gown, with unkempt hair, and face and eyes swollen with weeping, and was married, with the glare of noonday displaying all defects. They say that the consciousness of being well-dressed gives a peace of mind which even religion cannot impart. Imagine, then, my torture to be a gazing-stock at such a time before all those people! I had it in my heart to murder them all and then kill myself. Then afterward, we had thought, of course, that the company would remain and dine with our family, and then take the evening train for the city. But no. Adelaide thought it would be so jolly for all to go down en masse. Ned had to drive like mad to the livery-stable to get conveyances for them all, and Charlie and I got to the station in separate carriages. The engine was decorated with evergreen and flags in my honor, but the conductor thought Adelaide was the bride, and gave her my seat, and I was very nearly left, for Ned came driving me up with our slow old Pilgrim just as the conductor had given the signal for starting. Charlie was on the rear platform waiting for me. He pulled the cord violently, and jerked me on, while Ned gave me a parting push. My elegant traveling costume was torn half off me. How every one laughed! and Aunt Sue made a spectacle of me by producing her housewife and sewing me up before the assembled multitude. Then half of the party went to the same hotel that we did, and I leaked out that we were a newly married couple, and altogether it was the most completely mortifying and disheartening day of my life."
"You poor thing!" laughed Fan. "If you had only had a nice competent sister, as I have, to take all the worry off your mind, then you could have resigned everything to her good providence, as I do, and have calmly awaited your fate with folded hands."
"Yes; if I had had some one to rely upon I might have given my thoughts to more serious matters. Or if Charlie had been more conservative in his ideas, more punctilious in matters of etiquette, he might have helped me out, but he did just as every one else does, left everything to me, and I had the satisfaction of making a grand fiasco of it all. But I will do better by you, Fan. You are not to be married until June; that will give us plenty of time to complete the arrangements. The ceremony shall be at St. Andrew's, and I will give you the most recherche of receptions. I am very glad the professor has decided to spend his vacation abroad; it is just the thing for a bridal tour. You can have your selection of the young men from the graduating class, with whom you flirted so unconsciously, for your ushers. To think of your receiving all that attention from the undergraduates, and then marrying a grave professor! It does seem so funny."
"But he is not grave at all, Sue; and he is very young for his honors. Only thirty, and I am twenty-three, a real old girl. You don't realize how time flies."
"Well, if he is not old, he is at least dignified and formal—good material to work with at the start. He would give a certain prestige to any occasion. I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you married in good style. You will redeem the family."
Mrs. Hathaway left the room with a flutter of drapery, and Fan fell into a muse. Her father and mother lived alone now in the old family mansion, Isabel was in Europe again, Ned and the other boys were out West, whilst she was whiling away the winter at Sue's beautiful home in the city. She was weary of society, and she wished that summer was nearer, when Alston could leave his college duties and claim her. She cared as little for ceremony as her Bohemian sister Isabel; she wished it all over, and herself settled in a home of her own. Home! What a delightful sound! Should she ever realize the word?
There was a ring at the door. The postman had brought her letters from her professor and from her mother.
"DARLING FANNY" (wrote the first),—"I can't wait. June is a long, long way off, for the winter is only just begun. Moreover, there is no need of waiting. We were idiots to think of it. Mrs. Delaney has gone South for the winter and has advertised her lovely home to let, furnished. You remember it, do you not? It was at a sociable there, behind the garnet plush curtains in the bow-window, that you told me—The house has had its associations for me ever since. I never go by it in the evening and see the light streaming through the stained glass over the hall door without fancying that it says to me: 'I know your secret; I've a weakness for lovers.' That house is to let, or, rather, it was; it is no longer, for I have rented it. Don't start and drop this paper. The house awaits its mistress. I've told the kitchen girl that you will appear Monday morning. Now don't say you can't, for I have just received a letter from your

mother, and the thing is to be. She thinks it decidedly the most sensible plan she has heard of lately. Why should I spend my evenings in a boarding-house for six months longer, when I might toast my toes instead at my friend's? The thing is preposterous. I inclose your mother's letter to me, in which you will see that she proposes that I bring you to her next Saturday evening. We can then be quietly married at church after the regular Sunday service, and can start for our own home by the early train Monday morning, which will land me at the college in time to attend to my regular classes. I know that your sister very kindly intended to make a social event of our marriage; but I have a horror of 'events,' and, besides, I can't wait. She must come with you and see the knot properly tied. I will meet you both at the depot at half-past four Saturday P. M."
The letter from Fan's mother re-enforced the professor's plea, and gave a maternal sanction to the hasty marriage. Fan ran to her sister's room, only to ascertain that she had gone out in the carriage, the maid did not know whether it was Saturday, and half past 3 in the afternoon; and scribbling a hasty note of explanation, which she left upon her sister's dressing-table, Fan packed a hand-bag and departed. She reached the station a little too early, and sat in a corner of the waiting-room, enjoying watching the people come and go, trying to imagine their histories, and wondering whether they were going on errands like her own. At last the train trundled in. There was the usual hubbub of embracing friends, importunate cab-drivers, and hurrying travelers. She eagerly scanned each passenger who emerged from the cars. Her professor had not come. Inexperienced in the ways of travel, she began to be nervous. She still sat in the corner of the big room, outwardly calm, but inwardly quaking. A old gentleman by her side, who, like her, had watched the crowd with meditative interest, his stubby chin resting pensively on the horn handle of his umbrella, turned to her and remarked, "Such a power of people!—such a power of people! Nary two on 'em alike; nary one on 'em you ever see afore!"
At last she stepped to the ticket-office and inquired the last train from the college station. Yes, one would be in at 8 o'clock, but no train went out after that to Edgely, her mother's home. Could she not go out at 9 o'clock to Junction and catch the night express at that point? "Yes, that was possible," and Fan sat down again and waited. The 8 o'clock train brought the professor, weary and anxious. He had lost the earlier train, and feared all would go wrong in consequence. The idea of the express at Junction raised his spirits at once. They set out in high glee, only to be delayed by the heavy drifting storm sufficiently for their train to reach the junction five minutes after the express had left. Here was a predicament! They stood together upon the platform, stranded, upon a stormy Saturday night, in a strange town, the last train left for everywhere, and the station-master locking his door for over Sunday. There were no carriages in waiting; and inquiring the way for the nearest parsonage they set out for a tramp together through the storm. "Courage, Fan," said the professor; "there is no way out of the mess but to get married as quickly as we can."
A meek-eyed minister's wife answered their summons. Her husband was at home and sick in bed; not so ill, however, but she thought he might marry them, though he had been somewhat delirious during the day. They might follow her into the bedroom; she was sure no license was required. And so the professor in his snow-flecked ulster (Fan thought hysterically of her sister's words, "His presence would give prestige to any occasion") and Fan in her damp rubber waterproof stood together hand in hand by the good man's bedside. Fever had left him a little incoherent. He made the professor promise to obey Fan, and Fan to support the professor, but otherwise they were soundly and sacredly married, and the minister's wife was made to smile by a crumpled bill of large amount pressed into her thin hand. A telegram announcing the event winged its way to Fan's mother, and a long sleighride of twenty-seven miles across the country carried Fan the next day to her new home. But Mrs. Sue Hathaway never, never forgave them their unceremonious wedding. —Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE LADIES.

Love and Light Heart.
I once inquired of a maiden of thirty who was large, healthy and fair to look upon, what kept her so young-looking, for she seemed scarce twenty. She replied: "Love. I have, besides my mother, brother and sisters, and their families, to love a host of friends and admirers, so that I have no time to mope and regret I'm not beautiful." And I've often wished married women loved more, for I verily believe if they did they would keep healthy, young and handsome longer than they now do. But the cares and trials of life are deep and wearing, and we women are so crowded with them that few of us have time for ennobling our lives in any direction. In fact, we are too tired to even love, unless it is our babies, whose little lives cling so close to our own that they are a part of it; and the songs and kisses they call out of us tend to lighten the daily task, so that the back bends under its burden, instead of breaking.
The loving and happy wife and mother is the handsome and healthy one, usually. As old age overtakes her she still keeps the lovelight in her eye, for it has become habitual to her, and the world is her family. The husband would find his daily cares lightened if he kept the thrill of affection as of old, and if husband did not forget to be the lover still it would be a better and a happier world. Just imagine the charmed life of the new-married couple, and the effect of such love and life upon the home and children perpetually.
Smiles bring dimples and roses to the face. Laughter makes work easy, and puts flesh on the bones, and unselfishness adds a charm to the owner that gold cannot buy or thieves rob you of. Our bodies are the houses our souls live in, and whether it be a palace or a hovel, depends on ourselves as builders and occupants. Shall we not teach our little ones, then, to build wisely and well—to cultivate purity, cheerfulness, generosity, charity and love? How can we better teach these things than by first setting the glorious example? —Jewell, in California Agriculturist.

Fashion Notes.
Buff tints are revived.
New beiges are striped.
Ombre fabrics are out of style.
Cheese silks are coming into favor.
Scarlet rings are now worn by ladies.
Velvet ribbon is seen on new bonnets.
Silk-muslin bows are worn at the throat.
Very little jewelry is worn in the street.
Half-mantles of velvet or moire are worn.
Dark-green bonnets have pale-blue plumes, and garnet bonnets have pink plumes.
White chudda dresses for the house are made in tailor fashions—simple and severe.
Dark straw hats, with gloves and hosiery to match, are announced for next summer.
Sulphur yellow, with brown, is a stylish combination for dresses and bonnets.
Dolly Varden lives again in a new polonaise, a novel neckerchief, and a daintily shaped dancing shoe.
In spring costumes there is a tendency to use lengthwise tucks in clusters in the place of kilt plaitings and shirrings.
Watered silks are combined with cashmere, serge and plush in the French costumes imported for misses and little girls.
Oper work, wheel, and Kensington embroidery, in Hamburg edgings and insertions, form the bosom trimmings of domestic chemises.
Pale rose and pure white dresses, with silver and pearl accessories, form the favorite evening toilet for young ladies of high fashion.
Jerseys are brought out with a lace ruffle at the bottom, and lace bretelles on each side of the front, which is now cut open and buttoned up.
Embroidered India muslin ball-dresses are worn over bright satin skirts with the Camargo waist of the same material as the skirt.
Mousquetaire gloves are the most popular, but ladies of good taste wear buttoned or laced gloves, if more becoming to their hands and arms.
Black, blue and lemon-colored pocket handkerchiefs of sheer linen, embroidered with contrasting colors, are among the eccentric novelties lately imported.
Lace is the most fashionable, as well as the most elegant and most economical trimming for all costumes, wraps and toilets light enough to admit of its use.
Petticoats are profusely trimmed with needlework flowers, resembling the needle-wrought bands that border the new nun's veils, gingham and batistes.
For second cloaks, are inexpensive wraps of the English homespun cloth, in dark brown colors, with red threads at intervals, or else of green cloth with mustard yellow threads.
In many garments the style is enhanced by having all the trimming placed lengthwise, both in front and back, rather than to shorten the appearance of the wearer by a crosswise border of great breadth.
Many satin grounds with colored stripes are prepared for trimming, but their novelty is the boldness of their coloring. Imagine green with olive stripes, sea green with bronze, Tiffen and rose porcelain blue with rose and roads.

Soon!
Let it be soon! Life was not made to long
For distant hopes of dim futurity.
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off
song.
Oh, where my heart has rested let it lie;
Hope is the morning; love the afternoon.
Let it be soon!
Let it be soon! The treasured daylight dies,
And changes sadly to the chill of night.
But summer reigns forever in thine eyes,
And at thy touch grief stealth out of sight,
After sad years of longing love must swoon.
Let it be soon!
—Clement Scott.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
What pain is most agreeable to a burglar? Window-pane.
"The sanest man I ever met," says Josh Billings, "is a henpecked husband when he is away from home."
It is pleasant to remember that no hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a half-dressed man somewhere on the face of the earth calling for a shirt. —Rome Sentinel.
A dollar-store pin young man,
A heart full of sin young man,
A stand-on-the-corner
Looking-for-money,
Tobacco-stained chin young man,
—Wide Oscar, in Northwestern Herald.
"Does our talk disturb you," said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railroad station the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply. "I've been married nigh on to forty years." —Hartford Times.
"Why did you send me that almanac, Augustus?" asked Angelina. "Because, darling," answered Augustus, as he vainly strove to twist the few downy sprouts upon his upper lip into a curl, "because, darling, I wished you to select a date for our—the, aw—ceremony." "Oh, I see!" she said; then, smiling a bewitching smile, she murmured: "Call it the first of April." Augustus will some day succeed in raising a mustache, but he got to see Angelina no more. —Smerville Journal.
The Steubenville Herald explains how the young man was a little too previous in the following fashion: He sat at her feet in quiet poise. He looked into her face and said softly: "Ah, dear, I could sit here forever." "Could you, love?" answered she. "Yes, sweet." "You are quite sure you could, darling?" "I know it, my own." "Very well, then, you sit there, for I have an engagement to go out with young Mr. Fitzspooner and I won't be back this evening. Turn down the gas and fasten the night-latch when you go away. Ta, ta, dear." And she went out.
The Use of Wealth.
There are thousands of rich men who are not skinflints who have the reputation of being so because they have never been known to have done any special good with their money. A man who is worth \$50,000 can do more to make himself loved and respected by all with whom he comes in contact, by the judicious expenditure of a thousand dollars in charity than by giving the whole fifty thousand dollars after he is dead. It seems as though it would be mighty small consolation to a millionaire to leave money to some charitable purpose, after death, and be so dead that he couldn't see the smiles of happiness that his generosity had created.
Suppose a millionaire who has never had a kind word said of him except by fawning hypocrites who hope to get some of his money, should lay out a beautiful park worth a million dollars, and throw it open free to all, with walks, drives, lakes, shade, and everything. Don't you suppose if he took a drive through it himself and saw thousands of people having a good time and all looking their love and respect for him, that his heart would be warmed up and that his day would be lengthened. Wouldn't every look of thanks be worth a thousand dollars to the man who had so much money that it made him round-shouldered? Wouldn't he have more pleasure than he would in cutting off coupons with a lawn mower? —Peck's Sun.

Ben Vorlich's Echo.
An Austin man, of a literary turn of mind, is very fond of his dog, that barks day and night. A neighbor asked what the dog's name was.
"Echo," was the reply.
"What kind of a name is that?"
"It was the name of Ben Vorlich's dog."
"Who the mischief is Ben Vorlich?"
The owner of the dog smiled in derision, and replied:
"You never could have read Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' In the chase Ben Vorlich was one of the principal hunters. Echo is the name of his dog. Don't you remember where it says:
'No rest Ben Vorlich's Echo knew'
"This dog never takes a rest either, so I call him Echo."
The neighbor did not say anything, but that night he softly called Echo to the fence, gave him a piece of sausage, and now Echo is as silent as Ben Vorlich, and even more so. —Texas Siftings.
General C. A. Whittier's new residence, Beacon street, Boston, will cost \$2,000,000. It will have ninety-five feet high and twenty inches thick, and from fifty to fifty-five rooms; also the "largest wine cellar in the country." On the fourth floor is a great music room, ceiled and paneled in hard wood.