RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established ruses.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements areast be half for in advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

Volces of the Sea. Wakeful I lay at night and heard

The pulsings of the reatless sea. The morning surges Sounded like dirges From some far back eternity, Whose spirits from the deep are stirred,

Awaking with the morning light, Again I listened to the sea; But with its surges We heard no dirgos, But only life's activity; Morning dispelled the gloom of night.

At noon I sauntered forth to view The throbbing of that living ees; Sill it was surging, But only urging

All men to be both strong and free-Strong in the soul with conscience true.

At closing day once more I stood, Gazing across that mighty soa; Far ships were sailing, The light was failing; Time, lost in immortality, Was the reflection of my mood.

It is the mind, and not the place, Our moods and not a varying voice, That fills with sadness, Or theills with gladness, A soul whose once great ruling choice Reflects in all things its own force,

## WHERE SHE WAS.

"I don't care!"
"Well, I dono as I do!"
And they had been just six weeks

married, these two.

Pretty Sally Masters and Will Gray were poor people; he was a farmer, and she had worked in a factory in Lynn.

It was like a new life to her to get ont into the sweet country, but she knew nothing at all about farm work and cared less; it was all knew to her, and

at first was very hard.

Then she had a quick temper and a quick tongue, and Will was the only son of a widow and had always had his

own way.

His mother was dead when he married Sally, on he could not have brought a wife home to the lonely farm, for it would not support three people as yet, though Will worked hard to make it pay; and the year before he had received five hundred dollars from really and company for the right to run. a railroad company for the right to run their road straight through his front

This seemed a fortune to Will, and he thought very little of the road being only a few rods from his door, in com-parison with the money which enabled him to buy a wood-lot bordering on his

engines made, and scolded to think the wagon never could come up to the door; for she was afraid to cross the track in it, and the barn lay on the other side of both road and railway.

However, a thing that can't be cured

the endurance. But butter-making and cooking were troubles to her, and to-day Will had grumbled at the specks in the butter, and pushed his plate away at breakfast because the buckwheat cakes were sour. Sally had been afraid they would freeze in the pantry, so she set them on the knew shelf above the stove, and they were fast.

How she wished that she had had a home and a mother to teach her home duties, instead of being an orphan ever since she could remember and working so many years in a factory.

But Will never thought of that'; he fancied a woman knew housework if she did not know anything else, and he had to take a long drive to-day and should miss the good breakfast he really needed, and he felt very cross.

He pushed his chair back and said: "I can't eat those things." "Very well, you don't need to!" snapped Sally, who was just ready to ery, but would not show it for the

"I had ought to have some breakfast to go thirty miles on, and I'm goin' over to Mystic to-day."

"I hope 'n trust you'll get somethin' you can eat over there. I s'pose 'Phrony knows how to make good things."

"I bet she does !" said Will, emphat Now 'Phrony was a pretty, bright,

capable girl, Will's own cousin, and he had never thought of marrying her. She was just like his sister, for till very lately Uncle Dan had lived on the next arm, and the children had always layed together.

But Sally had met Sophronia before and after her own marriage, and in her foolieh heart had grown jealous of her beauty and capacity to do all kinds of home work.

This morning the mention of Mystic, the village where Uncle Dan lived now,

was the drop too much. Sally's face flamed and her eyes grew

"Perhaps you'd better stay to Mystic when you get there, seein' things aint to your likin' here!" she said, with bit-

"Mabbe I had, if you can't learn how to cook vittles half-way decent," was Will's spiteful response.

"I'm sure I don't care!" she an-"Well, I dono as I do," he replied,

and walked across to the barn. Sally was so angry that she flew round the kitchen as if she stepped on air; that dimple in her cheek would some it, set things to rights a little, and pre- tongue.

It seemed to her as if she heard in It seemed to her as if she heard in her own ears the boiling of her rage; she certainly did not hear out-door sounds at all; it was accidental that in stepping past the window she saw Will drive off down the hard road without so much as looking back to his home. She had not heard the sleigh bells at all.

If some one else had been there for her to talk to, probably she would have

her to talk to, probably she would have cooled down sooner; speech is a safety-valve many times to an overburdened

But she was all alone in the house and the nearest neighbor lived round a hill out of sight.

And as she flew round putting the dishes away and setting back the table in that bare, silent room, its only outlook sheets of dazzling snow, gray woods, with here and there a dell-green

She looked back to the time of her marriage, and scorned herself for having believed Will ever loved her. Just for a few hard words? you ask.

"Words break no bones," the pro-verb says, but they break hearts, which is worse; and words mean very much to a woman, though very little to a man.

Will, by this time, was whistling along in the old sleigh, not thinking at all of his parting with Sally, but of the feed and flour he must buy in Mystic, the price of cranberries and the probable weight of his pig—it was so near killing time. ing time.

But poor Sally, pitiable as well as blamable, for to have a quick, high temper is worse for its possessor than for anybody else, still brooded over her trouble.

She blamed Will for his hateful words, excused herself and pitied herself for her lonely, motherless life and inexperience, and planned a great many things to say and to do that should show Will she would not be trodden on and abused weakly and meekly. She finished her active work, built up the fire and sat down to her mending; but by this time she had come to tears—she felt so sorry for herself—and they dropped so fast she could not darn.

Just then the morning train thundered by and spun out of sight round a

sharp curve.

She remembered that she must go out to the barn and gather the eggs, as she always did about that time—she was so afraid to cross the road unless a train had just passed.

She did not put on her hood, for the day was so bright—and her head was so bot with anger and are in a that the

enough to hold them, and to her astonishment she found Will had not fed either the cow or the pig; and her abated anger rose to think that he had gone off without doing his barn work.

"That's a little too much," she said must be endured, so she set herself to to herself. "I aint a goin' to do his chores for him, anyway! I've got enough to do in the house, and don't suit mister at that. If he thinks he's got a dumb slave to work for him, he's mistook. I" — here the cow lowed and the pig took up his own grunting com-plaint. They had heard her voice and knew that there was a chance of break-

> Sally had a tender, pitiful heart for all her temper. "Poor critters," she said. "I dono as I had ought to be ugly to them cause he's ugly to me. I'll run over

> and fetch a basket and get my hood and mittins anyway. I'll feed 'em, but I'm bound I won't clean 'em, so there!" and boiling over again with fresh wrath she left the barn and slammed the door behind her.

Meantime Will went on his way to Mystic, where he arrived in due time, did his errands and went to Uncle Dan's, where he found a good and abundant dinner; and a plentiful meal of chicken pot-pie, mashed potato, boiled turnips, new rye bread and baked Indian pudding put him into excellent humor, so that when 'Phrony, who had been before too busy serving and eating to talk, asked, "How's

Sally?" he said, very honestly:
"Why, sho's well, real well; but she
got kinder put out with me this morning, and I don't blame her a bit, for I begun it, kinder faultin' my breakfast, and I guess I made her mad; shouldn't

wonder "Why, Will!" said 'Phrony, with an accent of reproach that said more than her words.

"'Twould be strange if she did know about housework to once," said mild Aunt Gray; "she never had no mother nor no folks so's she could learn; be sort o' softly to her, Will; she's a lonesome little cretar, with nobody but you to hold on to, ye know.

Will's really kind heart began to trouble him; he went out again into the street estensibly to finish his errands, but really to buy Sally a rose-pink silk tie that would look so pretty in con-trast with her rich dark hair and eyes, and perhaps cast a glow on her too

pale, smooth cheek. For Will had an instinct of taste in his nature, and knew very well how at lest went over pretty and refined-looking his wife was the sage remark. even beside 'Phrony's less delicate and

more blooming beauty. So he stepped into the sleigh and drove off, thinking how he would "make friends" with Sally, and how hot coffee and persuaded him to drink

and now he was sorry. He got there at last, just before sundown, and driving into the barn was received with a

chorus from the cow and pig

"Jerus'lem!" he exclaimed. "I

never fed them critters this morning!
I did lose my head, that's a fact. Well,
I've got to tend 'em now. Wonder
Sally didn't. Mebbe, though, she did
not come over, or, if she did, she
fetched the eggs and didn't look at
nothing else."

Very speedily he fed the hungry

"William Gray, Taunton. Your wife
"William Gray, Taunton. Your wife

Very speedily he fed the hungry beasts and put out his horse, resolving to go in to supper and finish his barnwork afterward, for he was hungry.

There was no light in the house,

which looked rather cheerless, but then Sally was frugal and sat far into the twilight without a lamp, so he went on and opened the kitchen-door.

cedar, or a round, flat cypress on the barren hill-side, and one expanse of stainless sunny blue above, her thoughts across the floor as he stepped in.

in the open fireplace; the wax fruit was under its glass shade, between the glass candlesticks on the shelf; and the big Bible, the photograph album, the copy of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy—all wedding presents—occupied the small round table in the middle of the room, and took a ghastly tint from the green paper shades and the wan light of dying

Everything was as prim, as dull and as musty as ever. Sally was not there. There was but one room upstairs, and either side of it a dark attic; he lit his lantern and searched there, but

found nothing.

Then he took a bee-line for the near

"Hey ye s'arched the barn?" queried old Grandsir Phelps from the chimney

Will had not thought of that; so Royal Phelps went back with him and peered into every corner of the bin, mow, harness-shed and cellar.

They found the eggs she had left in the hay, but they did not find Sally. Then the two men went over the house again, peered shudderingly down into the well, and weighing the bucket with heavy stones and lenghtening the rope, let it down till they heard the wood strike hard against the rocky bottom from whence bubbled up that living spring. Nobody was there.

"You haint tramped around the lots any, hev ye?" inquired Royal Phelps.
"Nowhere only tow'rds your house,"

answered Will. "Well, then, when mornin' comes we kin track her; for it snowed about an hour arter breakfast, and there haint ben no passin' onto the road sence, for I've ben a-choppin' 'long side on't the hull time to-day; and I took a bite along so's not to stop; I was boun' to finish up to-day."

But would that morning ever come? It seemed not to Will; he walked the house while Royal snored in the rocker, and recalled with despair and distress how he and Sally had parted in the morning in anger; parted now, it seemed, for the last time.

He had not much imagination, but he had enough to conjure dreadful things about his wife's fate. All alone there in the farmhouse what might not have happened? Or, more probably, had she not fled from him forever, afraid of his temper and his tongue? He blessed the shower of snow that had fallen in his absence and must tell the story of her flight; and he made a few but very earnest resolutions as to his future conduct toward her-if, indeed, any future found them once more

But morning came, and on no field or road, not even on the railway track in either direction, was there a footprint except those of Will's old horse and the two men. Sally's light feet had not traversed

that yielding service; nobody had been there.

Then Will broke down; without food or sleep, oppressed by the awful mystery of his loss, as well as by the less itself, he grew half-crazy, sobbed, raved and tramp ed the house till Royal Phelp at lest went over to fetch his wife, with

"He's past my handlin'; I guess women folks'd know better how to fatch hot coffee and persuaded him to drink

she was in one of those rages that exalt the body with the passion of the mind, and make any action easy while the inner temper lasts.

and go, and how her lovely eyes brighten by the passion of the mind, and make any action easy while the inner temper lasts.

and go, and how her lovely eyes brighten by the pared to get dinner; but Will still lay on his face in the bedroom, as wretched and hopeless as a man could be.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs beat on the

ornsted snow up to the back door.
Will jumped up and rushed out, and a man handed him a telegram; he did

"William Gray, Taunton. Your wife is at Seyms Station very ill."
"Can I go back to Taunton with you?" he said to the man, handing the telegram to Mrs. Phelps, with a light in his eyes that told the relief he was

scarcely conscious of as yet.
"Reckon you kin, for another dollar," and with a nod to the astonished Mrs. Phelps Will was off, and in an hour was seated in the train for Seyms

She could not move or speak when the train stopped, and the men took her from the car supposing she was perhaps fatally injured.

She did revive, however, but only enough to whisper Will's name and town in reply to persistent questioning, before delirium set in, and when her husband reached the hospital where they had taken her she did not know

from any railway. He knew that neither he nor Sally would ever again feel safe

at the old place. So far, their first quarrel has been their last; the resolutions have been well kept. Saily can make pot-pie and rye-bread, as well as many other things, quite as skilfully as Cousin 'Phrony, and she is so happy with her husband and her baby that she sometimes thinks Will lost all his bad temper when he found his wife at Seyms .- Youth's Com-

# A Boy Lover's Tragic Deed.

panion.

A most singular and romantic case of immature passion ended at St. Paul, Missonri, in a tragedy. For several months Albert Drake, a well-connected youth of sixteen years, had been in the agonies of a first love with Miss Jennie Faulkner, fifteen years old, daughter of a well-to-do and highly respected family. The affair having assumed a more dangerous form than a schoolmate attachment, the mother of the girl forbade the youth the house and further association with her child. She had no further objection than their youth. Young Drake asked the girl to elope with him, but she declared her intention to obey her mother. Having broken the news to her lover in person gently but firmly, young Drake accused her of having deserted him for a rival, and they separated in mutual distrust. The next day the girl was returning from school when she met the lad and spoke pleasantly to him. He was white with passion and made no answer, but drew a pistol and fired it point blank at her face. Although they were only a few feet spart his aim failed him. She turned on her beel and ran down the street. The boy ran after her, firing as they ran, until a gentleman caught the girl up in his arms and ran into a house with her. Drake came quickly upon the scene and demanded admittance, but was refused. In the meantime a party was in pursuit of him and he ran from them. In his flight he fired a shot at himself without effect. As the pursuers were gaining he sud-denly stopped, placed the pistol in both hands, and laying the muzzle against his forehead, fired, and fell dead upon the street.

At the residence of Jesse McCollum, two miles from Canton, Ga., there is growing a rosebush that was planted ince the war, in a flourishing condition, which measures eleven and a haif Twenty years ago he retired suddenly fruitless. Every compositor on a paper, inches in circumference, measured six from business, secluded himself in a as a rule, knows the handwriting he inches above the ground.

Oftener ask than decide questions. This is the way to better your knowledge. Your ear teach you, not your

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The writer of a report on English fac-

An 8,000-acre ranch in Bexar county, has been fitted up for that purpose. The owner has on it forty-five Shetland mares and 100 Zacetecas ponies, a Mexican breed, and he thinks that he will succeed. The Zacetecas ponies are spotted, cost no more than a goat, are very hardy and well adapted to the saddle. They roam over the mountain dle. They roam over the mountain like flocks of sheep and are about as gentle. In a short time every child in the United States will be supplied with they had taken her she did not know a beautiful prize spotted pony—accord-him, and it was weeks instead of days ing to the owner of the ranch.

> of the brigands is broken up and they are discouraged. "My own explanation of the change," writes Mr. Warner, "is that the brigands have gone to keeping the hotels in Sicily, and take it out of the travelers in a legal but more thorough manner. I might as well say here, from considerable expegreater freedom of action. And, lastly, rience in Sicilian hotels, that they are on their way to be first-class. Their prices are already first-rate. They have only to raise the accommodation, the food and attendance up to the prices and they will be all right. The landlords have simply begun at the wrong

A piece of good luck has befallen the orisoners in jail at Council Bluffs, Iowa. A young giant, who stands six feet eleven inches high in his stockings, weighs 275 pounds and is only twenty years old, has been added to their numbers. As soon as they perceived that his gigantic proportions were likely to fix the gaze of visitors to the jail, they put their new comrade on exhibition at ten cents a head. At the approach of a visitor the giant retires from the corridor to his cell and refuses to emerge until the dime has been handed to another prisoner duly appointed to colprovided the prisoners purphase toacco and other luxuries to cheer the dull routine of jail life.

An accurate little photograph of Mr. Longfellow is given by a writer in the Indianapolis Journal: "His dress was scrupulously tasteful and becoming. His hair and beard, set off against a snowy collar and a coat of black, showed silvery bright, but were in quantity and texture much thinner and finer than his engravings represent. features, too, were not so full and rugged as in his portraits, but were minutely lined with time, and of that peculiar pallor of complexion that comes only of extreme age. Yet he was won-derfully agile in his movements, and continually shifting positions—some-times settling forward, his elbow rest-ing on the table, the head propped restfully in his hand; then, suddenly leaning backward, the entire figure assuming an air of enviable languor.

Cincinnati has a strange hermit in Edward Holroyd. He was once a partner in a large and successful dry goods house, and at that time was public spirited, jovial and widely known. from business, secluded himself in a very handsome suburban residence, and has never since been off the premises. For months no human being sees him, his orders to the family who live in the property of many sees the second bravery of many the second bravery of many the second bravery of many sees the second bravery house being sent out from his room in writing, and his food being passed in is, perhaps, greater than the first.

through a wicket. The building is going to ruin through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither The writer of a report on English factories and workshops has drawn a picture which is anything but alluring of London bakeries. He found that it a great number of cases the staff of his is prepared amid surroundings which are as unhealthful as they are unappetizing, and that in some establishments the arrangements are positively shocking.

Reports from Louisana indicate that the cane which was covered by the floods is not so much injured as there was reason to fear that it would be. This is accounted for by the low temperature at the time of the floods, which retarded the growth of the young cane instead of rotting and killing it. In the regions which escaped inundation the prospects for a large crop of sugar are favorable.

going to ruin through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through stinginess are untended, but neither through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through stinginess nor lack of means, as his property has appreciated to \$250,-000 in value, and he frequently gives away money in charity. He takes the daily nowapapers, and seems to keep informed as to what is going to ruin through neglect, and the frongh stingings nor lack of means, as his property has appreciated to \$250,-000 in value, and he frequently gives away money in charity. He takes the daily nowapapers, and seems to keep informed as to what is going to further through neglect, as his property has appreciated to \$250,-000 in value, and he frequently gives away money in charity. He takes the daily nowapapers, and seems to keep informed as to what is going to further through neglect, and the daily nowapapers, and seems to keep informed as to what is going to for invalue, and he frequently gives away money in charity. He takes the daily nowapapers, and seems to keep informed

#### Both Saw the Ghost.

willight without a lamp, so he went on and opened the kitchen-door.

A cold chill strack him; the place is a rai ran and the content of the partial properties of the properties of the properties. The low light of the setting sun struk across the snow-fields with wang little are the king sluy's hood and shawly and her mittens were on the shelf. Sally must be in the bedroom, sick no doubt.

Sally must be in the bedroom, sick no doubt.

With an anxious heart Will opened the door into it. Nobody was there, the room was in its name chertes of the partial windows abounted the same dark-red verlow turbed and amooth as a the outer drifts; the white-curtained windows abounted the same dark-red verlow turbed and any life of the content of the partial of seeing a ghost. Will opened the door into it. Nobody was there, the probably fally had put on her Sunday cloak and bonnet, the same dark-red verlow turbed and amooth as the content drifts; the white-curtained windows abutting out even that wintry the content of the partial properties of the probably fally had put on her Sunday acroased the about of the probably fally had put on her Sunday acroased the about the same dark-red verlow turben and jaunty, jet-trimmed sack she had looked so well in when they were married. Almost as if he were afraid of seeing a ghost, Will opened the close door to see; therethe things hung against the wall, straight and smooth, sack and shawl too, and the toque was on the shelf above and the content in the open fireplice; the war fruit was under the process of the probably sally had put on her Sunday acroased the same thanks the probably sally had put on her Sunday acroased the same thanks the probably sally had put on her Sunday acroased the same thanks the probably sally had put on her Sunday acroased the probably sally had put on her Sunday acroased the same as the costed door to see; there the things hung against the wall, straight and monoth, sack and shawl too, and the toque was on the shelf above and the probable of the common in the ope

## Digitated Stockings.

From time immemorial stockings with toes have been used occasionally, particularly in the treatment of certain foot troubles. Lately they have come into more general use, and not a little public discussion has arisen over the fashionable novelty. The London medical authority, Lancet, is strongly inclined to favor them as likely to conduce to comfort, and sparse many perduce to comfort, and spare many per sons who now suffer from the develop farm and a piece of meadow on the other side.

But when Sally came there she combattly: there were plenty of eggs plained a good deal of the noise the plained a good deal of the noise the solution. Then he took a bee-line for the near oct through the family were full of pity and astonishment and suggestion, he did not find the stockings in the solution of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of soft corns between the took, a serious trouble. Then he took a bee-line for the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of soft corns between the took, a serious trouble. They would also be more cleanly than the stockings in the solution of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of soft corns between the took, a serious trouble. They would also be more cleanly than the stockings in the solution of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of soft corns between the took, a serious trouble. They would also be more cleanly than the stockings in the solution of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of the near oct through the sons who now suffer from the development of the near oct through the near oct through the sons who need the near oct through the near oct thr common use, because they would naturally absorb and remove the acrid moisture which accumulates between the toes, and which is the gena well fitted digitated sock or stocking will remove a mass of material from the toe of the boot, and, at the same time, secure increased breadth and space for expansion across the base of the toes. The new stockings, supposing them to be well cut and fitted, possess many ad-

#### vantages." A Strange Scene in the House.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times alludes to an odd scene in the House of Representatives a short time ago. Alexander H. Stephens was allowed ten minutes, and he wheeled himself around in the peculiar vehicle in which he sits on the floor of the House, and spoke in favor of pasing some bill which would give the honest claimants against the United States a chance to have their claims considered and paid. Mr. Stephens was very much in earnest, and he gesticulated with his gloved hand with such vigor and spoke lect the fees. With the funds thus in such loud, clear tones as seemed a marvelous exhibition from such an attenuated, feeble and paralyzed body. In his seat he wheeled himself all over the open space in front of the clerk's deak, and the members gathered around him in a circle, so that it would have appeared to a stranger in the gallery, who did not know what was going on, that the members were looking at an expert exhibition of a curious kind of a bicycle. Mr. Stephens was applauded when he finished.

## Secrets of Newspaper Men.

There is probably no newspaper man of experience in the country who does not hold secrets of importance in his mind, which, if made public, would create a sensation, but would stamp him as being unreliable, and consequently unfit for his profession. great race for precedence in the publication of news impels him to do his utmost to outstrip his contemporaries, but a higher feeling, a dictate of honor, keeps secret the trust reposed. Frequently a person would like to know the authorship of certain matters published, and whether his efforts were directed to "pumping" the managing editor or the galley boy, they are alike

Patience, the second bravery of man,