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Our One Life. 'Tis not for a man to trifle, life is brief, And sin is here— Our age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear. We have no time to sport away the hours; All must be earnest in a world like ours. Not many lives, but only one have we— One, only one. How sacred should that life ever be, That narrow span— Day after day filled up with blessed toil, Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil. Our being is no shadow of this air, No vacant dream, No fable of those things that never were, But only seem. 'Tis full of meaning as of mystery, Though strange and solemn may that meaning be. Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night, No idle tale, No cloud that floats along a sky of light— On summer gale. They are the true realities of earth; Friends and companions, even from our birth, Oh, life below how brief, and poor, and sad! One heavy sigh! Oh, life above, how long, how fair, and glad! An endless joy! Oh, to be done with daily dying here Oh, to begin the living in your sphere. Oh, day of time, how dark! Oh, day and earth How dull your hue! Oh, day of Christ, how bright! Oh, sky and earth. Made fair and new! Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green! Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene! —Donor.

MY LUCKY HIT.

I like change; I delight in the unknown and unexpected, in contrasts and adventures. I had been "out" several seasons, and knew by heart the deadly, lively routine of a winter in the city. Therefore I was spending the winter in the mountains of Maryland with Margaret Hastings. Margaret had been a "belle, a beauty and an heiress," a wife and a mother. She was now only the last. Her handsome husband had carried her away from her past, worn out her beauty, spent her fortune, and died in time to save his memory, at least. She shut herself away from the world to mourn for him in singleness of heart, and give her time to his children. It was something of a surprise when she wrote to me, once her intimate, and begged me to come to her for the next four months. She had quietly and steadily refused all advances for so long that we had grown indifferent to her movements, and seldom spoke of her, except to pity her changed fortunes and her infatuation. When the letter came I forgot her rejection of intended kindness in the quite selfish idea of something new. It was not until I saw her, pale and sweet and sad, that I felt for her any of the old-time love, and realized there might be more in my life with her than the mere escape from tiresomeness or the rapidly waning pleasures of novelty. She lived in a small house on the mountain side—a curious, rambling, one-storied structure, with an attic, in which we slept, and old little porches between the downstairs rooms, where they jatted out or lapped over each other. She "kept her carriage"—a light rockaway—and a steady horse; and her servants, an old woman, a half-grown girl and a young man. Everything around her was neat, but plain in the extreme. Society there was none. The few farmhouses scattered here and there along the valley were only shelters for their hard-working, poorly paid owners. No one had time for mere courtesies or means for other than pure hospitality—food and warmth for those who absolutely needed them. She was the "great lady" of the country, and went to and fro in a sort of stately exclusiveness, which enabled her to devote every moment to her little ones—a boy and a girl. I did not wonder she had at last grown restive, and reached out a longing hand for some kindred touch. We had a very pleasant time together. It was so delicious to do just as one pleased, and take up only such interests as one chose. I read a good deal, and walked, and drove and, above all, talked. There was so much to tell of my world, once Margaret's as well. And there were some things to hear in the quiet hours when the depths of our natures were reached. I began to believe, after all, that "love is enough," for Margaret had had that, and minded nothing else. She had not been at all deceived as to her husband's real self, and did not attempt to deceive me. They had simply loved each other, each with the best that was in them; and if his best had been poor enough, it was his, and she asked no more. One night we had an adventure that suggested the charms of a more civilized state of society, as well as its drawbacks. The children were in bed, the servants upstairs with them—the man went to his own home at night—and we were reading in the east room. The silence was profound. The very fire was noiseless. Suddenly we raised our heads with one impulse and gazed steadily into each other's eyes. "What is that?" whispered Margaret, after a moment that seemed an age. "Some one at the long room window," I answered, almost breathlessly. The long room ran off at right angles

from the east room; the dining-room branched off from the long room, parallel with the east room. Between them was a covered porch. Each had three or four windows and two or three doors. There was not a shutter to the first nor a bolt to the last. And we were a household of women unarmed and unprotected. The noise continued. There was no doubt of its meaning. Some one was trying the windows of the long room, steadily, carefully, persistently. To reach the stairs and join the rest of the household we must either pass through the long room, all uncurtained and open to inspection from three sides, or across the porch to the dining-room, thus going out into the black night where we knew not what danger lurked unseen, but fearfully near. We sat in terror too deep for words, and then, as with one thought rose, slipped quietly through the door on to the porch, sped across it, and threw ourselves breathlessly into the dining-room. "Oh, Fan!" gasped Margaret, "were you ever so glad in all your life before?" "Never!" I answered, "I thought I would never reach that door! Oh, what can we do?" "Let us ask Betty." In the same noiseless manner we crept upstairs and roused Betty in her attic. She was an enormous, dingy old creature, who looked able to protect herself and a score of women younger, fairer and less ponderous. But she was as great a coward as either of us, and less cautious. The young girl awoke calmly, and instantly got out of bed, and commenced dressing herself with all speed, and no words. "What are you going to do, Kitty?" asked her mistress. "I'm a-goin' to see if there is a man about," she answered, quietly leaving the room. I followed her, and together, holding each other tight by the hand, we crept down the stairs again, and softly opened the door of the long room on the tiny entry. The four gray spaces in the blackness clearly defined the window, and at first we could see nothing else. But there was the noise and Kitty's fingers trembled. Presently we saw. A man was bending forward at the end window, with a regular low movement, that explained the sound perfectly. He was turning the handle of some boring instrument just under the catch. We fled precipitately. "He's ther," announced Kitty, "an' he's a comin' in." Betty groaned. It was curious, but the knowledge that no one could hear a cry had the effect of suppressing them. Under any other circumstances, where there was the faintest shadow of hope that it would have brought us help, I am sure each and all of us would have screamed lustily. But we knew our danger and its hopelessness. We were awed from the first. The mountains had been gaining an evil reputation for some time as the resort of the border ruffians of the war. Margaret's mode of life, in its difference from their own, had long passed for the outcome of enormous wealth in the eyes of the valley people, and her fame had spread across the ridge. Kitty put it into words in her usual terse manner: "This comes of yer big silver teapot, Mis' Hastings." "Oh, Kitty, hush! And it is only plate. Oh, I wish I could throw it out of the window to him." "It was only a horn," I moaned, "or a pistol." "There's the dinner-horn," cried Kitty. "Can you fire a pistol, Fan?" cried Margaret. "I can do anything," I answered frantically. "Anything but stand here and wait for that wretch. Kitty where is the horn?" "Out to the barn." "Oh, you little goose!" "And the pistol is downstairs in Bertie's tool-chest on the porch," sighed Margaret. "There is one, then? Oh, on the porch!" I think the few seconds that followed were the longest, the most terrible, the most heroic of my life. I have always felt proud of myself when I recall the sinking of my heart, and the wonderful victory over my natural and excusable cowardice that brief struggle brought about. "I will go and get it," I said, very quietly. "Tell me exactly where it is." "Oh, I cannot! You will have to take a candle!" Could anything be worse? Go out into the night with my very life in my hand, and a light to show where I was! But I was wrought up to it. "Very well, give me the candle. Kitty, come down and stand ready to lock the door, if any one comes." Margaret began to cry and Betty to moan, but neither of them uttered a word. Kitty and I again crept down the stairs. I had an unlighted candle and some matches, which really was an afterthought full of relief, since it allowed me to slip unperceived through the dining-room door, and to reach the chest under the welcome cover of darkness. The night was profoundly dark and still. I remember distinctly the deeper shadow of the mountain against the gloomy sky just over my head as I paused for one brief second to draw breath and steady my hand. Then I knelt down, raised the lid of the chest,

struck a match, and looked in before applying it to the candle. The pistol was ready to my hand, and I recollected that only the day before Bertie had found it somewhere upstairs and carried it down in high glee. I seized it and rushed in to Kitty's welcome presence. Margaret had joined her, and had come to her senses. "It is not loaded, Fan," she said softly, "but I have the cartridges here. He is still at work. Light the candle and slip them in, and then we can fire from the long room door." "Do you mean me to shoot 't'heman?" I gasped. "No, only to fire at him. You'll never hit him, but I wish I could!" I followed her advice. I was not an adept, but I knew enough to load a modern breech-loader. Then we put out the candle, softly opened the door into the entry and the opposite door into the long room. Margaret and Kitty stood close to me, but at my back; the man was just raising the window. The next instant the thunder of heaven seemed ringing in my ears mingled with the crash of broken glass and a wild, terrible cry, half-oath, half prayer, followed by a dull, sickening thud. A very demon of rage took possession of me. All fear was gone. I dashed across the room, and, one after another, in frenzied succession, fired the remaining barrels of the revolver out into the night through the shattered window. Then I turned and fled upstairs after Margaret and Kitty, who were leaning as far as possible from the attic-window, and screaming for help at the top of their lungs. It was nearer than we hoped. When Kitty paused to take breath before a fresh outburst, there were audible through the thinner piping of Margaret's cries a thin rattling and rapping on the door below us. Kitty only added greater volume to her shouts; but, nevertheless, I heard distinctly a clear and full halloo that brought comfort to my heart. "Oh, do hush!" I screamed, shaking them vigorously. "There's a man downstairs. Listen!" "Who's there?" piped Margaret, musically, for all the quaver in her tones. "What is the matter, ladies?" answered a gentleman's voice. "What has happened?" "Oh, for the love of heaven!" burst forth Betty; "we're all murdered in our beds!" "Is there anything wrong?" impatiently reiterated the voice. "Yes, there is," I called in my turn. "Who are you, and I will come down?" "I am Professor Jouvain." "From Ralston?" exclaimed Margaret. "I thought I knew the voice. Oh, thank God!" She sank crying on the floor by the children's cot, and I hurried away. By the time I opened the east room door, where the lamp was still bright and the fire glowing as when we sat down to our books and a quiet evening, the professor had been joined by some of the neighbors. The ringing shots had echoed far and with terrible meaning through the quiet valley. There was the rapid beat of running footsteps, coming nearer and nearer, to right and left, as we stood facing each other. The professor was tall, dark and handsome. I saw at a glance, as he stepped into the circle of light, that he was another sort from any I had seen of late—or ever. He was wonderfully cool and calm—the quietude of strength and gentleness. Involuntarily I bent toward him, relieved, soothed, thankful, at rest. He drew my hand through his arm, and led me at once to the large, low couch near the fire. "Sit down, and tell us all about it," he said, smiling pleasantly. "You are chilled from excitement. What has frightened you? Who fired those shots?" "I did. Oh, I shot a man! Do you think he can be dead?" "Dead!" cried one of the farmers, with a jolly laugh. "My lawd, miss, I'll bet he ain't dead, ef you p'inted it at him." I heard them all laugh; I saw the professor's grave smile; but I did not mind it. There was more behind than they knew. The cry and the fall came back to me with terrible meaning. "Oh, but he was hurt! It was the first shot. Oh, somebody, please, go! He was at the window of the long room, on the other porch." "This way!" cried Kitty, opening the door into the long room and taking up the lamp. They all followed her except the professor; I candidly own I held him and would not let him go. "Oh, don't leave me! I am so frightened. It was so terrible!" "But it is all over now," he said, gently. "You must not lose your self-control when you have been so brave. I must go now. They are calling me. Don't move! I will come back and tell you what it means." There was no need for him to come back. I heard plainly what they said to him, although their voices were curiously subdued and muffled. "She's right, professor. She hit him. He's a goner!" said one. "Laid him out like a log!" exclaimed another. "It's Sam Prout," said a third. And then it suddenly rushed upon me in its full meaning the thing I had done, and they were putting it into words, unceasingly but freighted with eternal woe to a lost soul.

A sense of fear and horror I had never conceived came upon me, a wild despair that crushed me, and from which I suddenly slipped away into a vast blank. When I saw Margaret's pale face close to mine, and felt some one's hands moving across my forehead, and some one's strong grasp on my hands, I knew that I had fainted for the first time in my life, and I knew why. "Oh, Margaret!" I cried, faintly. But it was the professor who answered me, bending over me, and cheering me with his voice and eyes. "The man is all right, Miss Fannie. You did hit him, but he was only stunned." "Then I am safe?" "You are, certainly. And quite a heroine. As soon as you are able, if you wish, you shall see your prize, although he is not beautiful to look upon." Margaret kissed and patted me for a few minutes longer, and the professor held my hands and chafed them mechanically. I was myself again, and a very merry, light-hearted self I felt after that terrible burden of blood and death. I looked up at the professor and laughed. He loosened his hands suddenly, and stood up very straight. "Will you come now and see Sam Prout in the flesh?" he said, with an effort to appear unembarrassed. We went. The farmers were keeping guard over poor Sam in the dining-room, while awaiting the constable's arrival. He was sitting in a great chair, leaning his head against the chimney-piece, a very much used-up man. There was a good deal of blood about him, and his head was bound up pretty tidily, if not scientifically. He looked pale and dazed and wretched, and I felt quite ashamed of myself for the ruin I had wrought. What creatures of the moment most women are, to be sure! We only peeped in at the door for a few seconds, and then went back to the east room. Of course we were too excited to think of rest. The professor had been thrown too close to our inner lives to seem strange, and we sat over the fire chatting as coolly as friends of years. He told us how he came to be on hand, riding home from a lecture in a neighboring town in order to complete some work at the college early the next day (and which, by-the-by, he seemed to have forgotten), and we told him every incident and throb of feeling during our experience. We saw Sam Prout off in state, and then went to bed. The professor and a young farmer from the adjoining place volunteered to remain until morning, and were made comfortable before the fire in the east room. Left to himself, the professor remembered his task, and did set off at daybreak, leaving his adieux for us with Kitty. But he came back that afternoon, and Margaret invited him to stay to tea, because he had missed his breakfast. He did not refuse the invitation. That was the beginning of a gay season. We were the belles of the county, and had admiring and awe-struck visitors from all quarters. How many times we went through the recital of our night of terror, I dread to think. Every nail-hole and paint-scratch about that window remains photographed upon my mental vision. Then there came the trial of Sam Prout, and we had a court scene, in which the professor and I seemed to figure largely, to the great delight of the public and his serene enjoyment. I was very broadly complimented for my bravery and prompt action, and Sam was sentenced and sent off to jail. "Now, Fan," said my father, who had come down to see me through the ordeal, "I intend to take you home with me, my fair lady! I am inclined to think Sam was not the only victim of your night's shooting, and the other may prove fatal. If it does, you will be best out of the way." "What do you mean?" I asked, somewhat faintly. "You know very well what I mean. You are inclined to be soft-hearted toward the sufferer, and I am not. You shall not marry Professor Jouvain, if I can help it." "Well, you can't," I said, coolly. My father and I were "cronies" always, and said what we pleased to each other. He looked at me intently, got up, adjusted his glasses and then turned me round for inspection. "I think you mean it," he said, slowly. "And I had such a splendid chance for you in New York!" "I have had two or three myself," I replied. "But they were nothing to the professor. He is a man after my heart." I saw my father's face redden with mingled embarrassment, irritation and amusement, and I turned hastily. The professor stood just behind us and had heard every word. I covered my face with my hands in shame and confusion. "Mr. Crawford," began the professor, instantly and coolly, "it will not surprise you if I enter upon this subject, since your daughter has broached it?" "No, sir; not at all. Nothing surprises me now!" said my father, as coolly. I felt an arm, strong but infinitely tender, take me into its kindly shelter. "Your daughter's expression of her feelings naturally prepares you for the acknowledgment of mine," continued the professor. "Naturally," interjected my father,

"She is the one woman of the world to me"—here the arm trembled a little, but held me close. "If you will give her to me, I shall devote myself to making her happy." "I think you have made a very fair beginning toward a successful ending," said my father, grimly. "Possession being nine points of the law, I need make no merit of gracefully ceding the tenth. At all events, she is evidently young." And my father walked away, carefully closing the door behind him. Of course, there could be but one ending to my story. I have been the professor's wife these five years, and I am more than ever convinced that "love is enough." But I have never owned before that the professor, like Sam Prout, was brought down unexpectedly. When I fired that candid confession at my father half in jest, half in earnest protest against his objections to the professor—I had no idea it would strike home. Until that moment the professor had never spoken to me of his feeling for me, and I was not at all sure of it. How can a girl be sure of such a thing until she is told? And what would have become of me had he met the acknowledgment in any other way? But he did not. It was all right, as it turned out, and I don't care in the least when he laughs at my "lucky hit." False Eyes. Most people are under the impression that the artificial eye is in the form of a globe, and that to have it inserted it is necessary that the entire eyeball should be removed. But this is not the case. In very few instances is the eyeball completely destroyed, and to cut it out to make room for a false eye would be an operation equally dangerous as useless. The artificial eye is merely a thin shell of silica that can be inserted under the eyelids by the individual himself. It is held in position by the contraction of the lids, and is moved about by the optic muscles pretty much in the same manner as the natural eye. No disagreeable sensation is felt by the wearer, and, as far as appearance goes, it would be difficult to detect anything out of the common, to such a degree of perfection has the manufacture reached. There is a great difficulty in matching eyes, as the contraction and dilation of the pupil when exposed to sunlight or on entering a room, causes the eye, of course, to assume a darker hue than it really has, owing to the difference in the density of the pupil. The only way in which this can be remedied is to have the artificial eye several shades darker in color than the natural eye, a difference which is invariably the practice. The first thing a man, after getting an artificial eye does, is to ask every friend what they thought of it; whether it matched in color and size his other one, and so forth, and the friend, glad to have a chance of airing an opinion, after a slight examination declares the color wrong and probably the eye a misfit in every way. The purchaser then comes running back to the shop and storms and rages until he is assured that it is owing to a natural phenomenon that his eye assumed a slight change in size and color in the open air, and so on. A comical side of the picture is when the party who is anxious to remedy his defect comes attended by, say his family and a few others; these collect around him, and each perhaps selects a particular eye from the case and declares that it is just the thing. The argument waxing hot and heavy and the inevitable conclusion is that the unfortunate man is compelled to go away with an eye unsuitable in many respects, and which he is only too ready to come back and change a few days later. While on the subject of eyes, it may be said there is scarcely anything more absurd than the practice usually current of going to Europe for ophthalmic advice whenever it is required. American oculists have long since earned for themselves a world-wide reputation by their wonderful skill in treating this disease, and besides understand the peculiar phases which are the product of a different climate far better than their European competitors could possibly do. Mistaken Kindness. Mormon wagons took sunflowers along with them on their way to Utah, and Iowa farmers have had a hard time fighting the pest. A single Scotch thistle planted in Victoria—the Scotchmen there had a congratulatory dinner over it twenty years ago—has covered tens of thousands of acres and been the destruction of farms. The scattered grain emptied from the bags of German troop ships in the Revolution knocked millions off the value of our grain crop for all time to come by bringing the Hessian fly. A careless man set out a French grape-cutting a few years ago with phylloxera on it, and the pest is now sprinkled along the Pacific coast, creeping inland. Its ravages in France have cost \$400,000,000. A man with a taste for peppery greens planted water-cress in New Zealand, and the little plant has spread so that the local legislature has to appropriate a round sum yearly to improve the water-cress out of existence and the water courses. A kindly, misguided man brought over to New York a basketful of sparrows not twenty years ago, and the little wretches have already driven half our song birds into the woods. In South America the same thing was done, and the birds are cleaning out the fruit crop.

Our Manufacturing Cities. The statistics of manufactures, as returned for the tenth census, show New York to be the greatest manufacturing city in the Union. Philadelphia, which has hitherto enjoyed that pre-eminence, is now relegated to the second place, though its capital invested in manufactures, \$170,000,000, is \$6,000,000 more than is credited to New York city. In number of establishments New York has 11,163 and Philadelphia 8,877. The amount paid in wages during the census year was New York, \$93,370,000; Philadelphia, \$60,000,000. The value of the materials used in the industries was: New York, \$275,000,000 and Philadelphia, \$187,000,000. The value of the products was: New York, \$448,000,000; Philadelphia, \$304,591,000. The largest single item of manufacture in New York is that of men's clothing, the product of which for 1880 is valued at \$60,798,000. The wages paid in their manufacture were \$40,200,000. The value of the product in the manufacture of women's clothing for the same period is \$18,930,000. Viewing only the value of the product, meat packing is the second largest industry in New York city, its product for 1880 being \$29,297,000. "Printing and publishing" shows a product of \$21,696,000. The cigar product is \$18,347,000. That of refined lard is \$14,768,000, and sugars and molasses, refined, \$11,380,000. In Philadelphia the largest single product of manufacture in value is sugar and molasses refined—\$24,291,020. The industry having the largest capital invested is that of woolen goods, with a capital of \$11,763,000, and whose product in 1880 was \$21,350,000. The value of the product in the manufacture of men's clothing is \$18,500,000; that of cotton goods, \$16,350,000; carpets, \$14,263,000; drugs and chemicals, \$11,804,000; machinery, \$9,684,900; boots and shoes, \$9,034,000; worsted goods, \$8,327,000; hosiery and knit goods, \$7,683,000; printing and publishing, \$6,834,000; leather, dressed skins, \$6,741,000. The third manufacturing city is Chicago, with 3,479 establishments, having a capital of \$64,000,000, paying \$38,000,000 in one year in wages, and whose product in 1880 was \$241,000,000. The leading manufacturing industry is meat packing, whose product in the census year was \$85,000,000. Brooklyn is the fourth city, with 5,089 establishments, paying \$27,000,000 year's wages, and the value of whose products is \$169,000,000. The leading article is sugar and molasses, refined, the product of which in 1880 was \$59,711,000. Boston ranks fifth on the basis of the value of the manufactured product, it being \$123,000,000; men's clothing and sugar and molasses, refined, being each \$16,000,000. The sixth city is St. Louis, with a product of \$104,000,000, of which \$13,769,000 is flouring and grist mill products. Cincinnati is the seventh manufacturing city, its product in 1880 being \$94,000,000. The manufacture of men's clothing brought \$13,873,000 of this and meat packing \$11,614,000. Baltimore comes number eight, with a product of \$75,000,000, the largest item of which is men's clothing, \$9,446,000. Pittsburgh is the ninth in rank of manufacturing cities in the value of its product, which in 1880 was \$74,000,000. It has \$50,000,000 of capital invested in manufactures, which exceeds that of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston and Baltimore, and makes Pittsburgh in that respect the fifth manufacturing city of the Union, those ranking it being in order Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Brooklyn. The number of Pittsburgh establishments is 1,071; the men employed are 91,551; the wages paid in 1880 were \$16,918,426, and the value of the materials used was \$41,201,000. The largest item of manufacture is iron and steel, the products of which are \$35,490,000. The next is glass, with a product of \$5,000,000. After Pittsburgh the cities rank in the order of the value of their manufacturing products as follows: Newark, tenth; Jersey City, eleventh; Cleveland, twelfth; Buffalo, thirteenth; Providence, fourteenth; Milwaukee, fifteenth; Louisville, sixteenth; New Orleans, seventeenth, and Washington City, eighteenth. President Arthur's Letters. President Arthur, it is stated, receives 600 letters every day. Allowing him to give each letter one minute's time, ten presidential hours of the twenty-four are accounted for. A famous Englishman of a century ago, who suffered from the same kind of inundation, used pleasantly to say that one-third of the letters he received were answered, that another third answered themselves, and that the other third got no answers of any kind. It is to be supposed that the President follows the precedent of the Englishman, who borrowed his practice from a royal philosopher of the classic time. Land in England. Land in corn-growing parts of England is falling off in value. A small estate in one of the eastern counties, which four years ago was valued at \$125,000, was put up at auction three weeks ago and the highest price offered for it was \$45,000. It comprises 490 acres, and was bought in by the trustees. It is said that in the same part of England much arable land is running to waste for want of capital to pay for the labor it requires. No farming except grazing and dairy farming is said now to pay for the outlays.