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Christian Roth's Story.

(Stuttgart, May, 1882.)

I've called, Mr. Consul, this morning, to ask, if you please, your advice on a matter that gives me great worry—'Let's hear it (wants money I know).'

Here's my citizen-paper—('All right?')—I was born in the Schwarzwald Kreis, at Schramberg, and went to America forty-five years ago.

Yes, I'm near seventy now, and you see that my step is steady— Plenty of trouble, I tell you—I settled in North Illinois, and there, ever since, I've been working and saving up, so that already I've got a nice farm, Mr. Consul, that goes by—and bye to my boys.

How many children? There's four, three boys and a girl. We've had seven; but when the war came along, my William and Carl marched away.

Both of them fell on the field, and last winter the good Lord in Heaven called home our dear little Minnie—she's twelve years old to-day.

Yes, the old woman is living. She's there with the boys on the place, and our Lina keeps house for them all. Next spring she'll be just twenty-four.

She's the handsomest girl in the county; there's sunshine all over her face; I can hear even now her sweet voice as she told me farewell at the door.

Why I left? Well, perhaps, Mr. Consul, 'twere better the truth weren't told. But no matter—it wasn't my fault. My old woman and I had a fight.

She is sick and now work any more, and she's idle. We're both getting old; so she's cross, and will have it that I'm always wrong and that she's always right.

It hasn't been always that way. In the days when we worked for our bread and hadn't a dollar laid by in the bank, she and I were all good and happy together; but since we began to get things ahead she has tried to be boss over me, and I didn't intend that she should.

And when our poor dear Minnie died, I had hoped that the fight would die, too. But no! It lived on just the same, and one day, about four weeks ago, The old woman sent out for a lawyer, and then, for the first time, I knew that she wanted to separate from me—from me, who have borne with her so.

And the boys they all tried to make peace; she would listen to naught that they said, but my Lina stood by my side—though she spoke, 'twas easy as a dove, as she put her sweet arms round my neck and rested her beautiful head on my breast, that her dear heart was full of the tenderest pity for me.

And I said: 'My Christinas, we've labored and struggled together till now; our children are grown, and you want us to separate, now we are old? No lawyer can part us, Christina, no lawyer can sever our vow, but I'll leave you and go forth alone on my way—through the rain and the cold.'

Then my poor Lina cried, and she bade me reflect, and the boys they said 'Stay!' And I paused for a moment and looked at Christina—she said not a word.

One word would have kept me. But no, it came not, and I hurried away. And my Lina's sweet voice, 'Oh, dear father, come back,' was the last that I heard.

before she had held the Gazette under the light of my student-lamp, and pointing with her finger to an advertisement, said to me: 'Please read that.' It was the well-known appeal, the cry of despair from a bleeding heart, addressed 'to good people.' A child was offered for adoption to persons well off. 'What would you think of our taking it?' my wife had said, and I had returned the paper to her with a shrug of my shoulders.

'But, Martha, what have you done?' cried I, in a tone vibrating with anger. 'You have really—'

'Certainly, as you see. And then it belongs to me; I myself have settled everything with the poor mother, who is in reality to be pitied. I have sworn to take good care of it; and so I will indeed.'

She took the little head, with its blonde silk curls, between her white hands and fondled and caressed it. 'Is it not so, little one?—you will be loved?'

But the somewhat sickly and delicate little face showed no sign of understanding, except that out of the heart-shaped little mouth came one of those sighs that sound so strangely from children.

I at once gave up all serious objection. Had we not been accustomed for years to act independently of each other? Our marriage was not a happy one, although we had not married for love. During the noise and bustle of the crowded exchange, our fathers had contracted this union. She had to tear her heart from a beloved one, and in mine glowed a passion not yet outspoken.

But parental wishes conquered. We chose to be obedient children; and so it happened.

At the commencement we were to each other a silent reproach; after which followed a declared war, until finally we came to a polite but gloomy peace.

To be sure she was beautiful, she was good and bright and sparkling. Others called her an angel. And I? Well, I believe that I was no monster either. The analysis showed the brightest colors, still the sun was missing. We were six years married and had no children. Perhaps had heaven sent us them—well, this child belonged entirely to her!

I heard later that she had given the mother a thousand dollars, the price of a set of jewels which she sold secretly. 'Why did you not tell me of it?' said I, half angrily.

'Because it would have been too late if I had waited for your return to the city; and besides I wanted to have it entirely for myself; I want to call it my own,' said she, poutingly.

'My horses, my dogs, my canaries, her gold fishes—that I could endure; but that she wanted to have her child for herself alone, that was too much for me. The thought of it tortured me one, two days long. On the third day, my wife having gone out in her carriage, there came a veiled woman and demanded entrance. It was the mother. Like a shadow she glided into the room, and with a half-suppressed sob, begged to see her child once more. She could not part from him forever without imprinting one more kiss upon his cheeks. I opened my safe quickly: 'Here, my good woman,' said I, 'take that, they have not given you enough.' Hot tears fell down her cheeks; she begged me not to judge her too harshly; she had another child, a cripple and helpless; she herself was sick and would not live much longer, and what was to become of the children? Then she thought—I myself had to finish the sentence, which a violent fit of coughing had interrupted. 'Yes,' she had thought, 'I will sell the healthy one, in order that the money may help the cripple when I am dead and gone.'

No, she must not be judged harshly; we rich ones know but little of the trials and temptations of the poor.

When my wife returned I gave her an account of the call I had had, adding that I had given to the unfortunate one exactly the same amount as she had. 'And now,' said I, 'you see the child belongs to both of us.' She bit her lip with her little white teeth.

'It is all the same to me,' said she after a moment's reflection, and with that she pressed a tender kiss on the little boy's mouth. It sounded almost like a challenge.

'Our child!' I scarcely ever saw it. And the changes that were made in our household for his sake were made entirely without me. Sometimes, after the most important things were decided, my consent was then asked. 'We are obliged to have a nurse, I hired one, Anselm'—I nodded silently.—'We must fit up a nursery; that room is too warm for the child.' I nodded silently, but I heard the sound of the workmen, who were already busy in the hall. What would I do better? Was it not all done for our child?

My wife and I did not talk much about the child, and when we did mention it we used only the name 'It.' But this 'It' could be heard through the house at almost any time of the day.

'Hush! not so much noise! It sleeps! It must have its dinner. It should be taken out for a drive. It has hurt itself!' And so the whole house began to turn round our 'It.' This nameless neuter vexed me.

'It must have its own name,' said I, one day.

'I entirely forgot to ask the mother—I mean the woman—what its name is,' answered my wife. 'She intended to come again. But she does not come, she is certainly sick. Now, I call it Max. Max is a pretty, short name; is it not?' 'Him,' returned I, between two draughts of my cigar; 'Fritz would also be a quite pretty name.'

'One cannot change the name now on account of the domestics,' answered she, shortly; and then called out loudly: 'Is Max up already?' Never mind, was it not our child!

Once, though, I played my justifiable part toward our child. At dinner it was always served at a little table in an adjoining room. At such times we could hear, between the scantily-dropping phrases of our conversation its merry prattling, accompanied by the clattering of its spoon. My wife had no rest; there was a continual going and coming between us and him; the soup might be too hot and he might eat too much!

'Wife,' said I, very quietly but very decidedly, 'from to-morrow it shall eat with us at our table. It is old enough now with its two years.'

From that time on 'It' ate with us. He sat there in his high chair like a prince, close to my wife; both opposite to me like declared enemies, as it were. The yellowish paleness of poverty had yielded to a fine aristocratic pink in his little cheeks, which, now becoming quite chubby, sat comfortably on the stiff folds of the napkin. It worked powerfully at its soup; and now that it had finished, set up the spoon like a scepter in its little round fist on the table. My wife and I had exchanged a few words, and now again we sat silent. Apparently on account of this silence, its large eyes began to open wider and wider. They stared on me, stared at my wife, with a surprised, almost frightened expression, as if they had a presentiment that all was not right between us. I confess that these eyes embarrassed me, and that I had a feeling of relief when Frederick entered with a dish. And I think that my wife felt the same.

And the following days there were the same large, wondering eyes, like an appealing question, staring into the pauses of our conversation. It sounds ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true; we were culprits before the child, we two grown persons! And by degrees our conversation became more animated. The occasional prattlings of the little one were noticed and spoken about; indeed sometimes there was mutual laughter at his attempts to speak.

Ah! how light, how bell-like pure sounded her laughter! Had I never then heard that before? And what was the matter with me, that I sometimes bent over my writing desk, listening, as though I heard from a distance these same silvery tones?

With the first sunny spring days 'It' began to play in the garden, which I could overlook from my seat in my office. She was generally with him. I could hear the sound of his little feet on the pebbles, and then her footsteps. Now she would playfully chase him, and a chorus of twittering sparrows would join their notes with the merry laughter. Now she would catch him and kiss his cheeks over and over. Once I opened my window; a warm, balsamic air streamed around me and a butterfly fluttered in and lit on my inkstand. Just then she came out of a green, vine grown bower; she was dressed in a dazzling white negligee, trimmed with costly lace; all over her streamed the golden sunshine, except that her face was overshadowed by the pink of her parasol.

How slim she appeared! how graceful in her movements! Had I been blind? Truly she was beautiful! A sweet smile transformed her features; she was happy—certainly in this moment she was—and her happiness came from her child. Then a voice made itself heard in my breast, which said very plainly: 'You are a monster!' I got up and walked to the window. 'It is a beautiful day,' called I. I know how cold and prosaic it must have sounded to her. It came like a heavy cloud-shadow over a sunny landscape. She answered something that I did not understand; but the brightness was gone from her little face. Then she took up the child, who was stretching out his arms to her, and kissed and caressed him before my eyes.

There it was when the first feeling of jealousy was aroused in me; a jealousy truly, but what a strange jealousy, which could not make clear to itself who was its object! If 'It' said 'mamma' to her, there came a pain in the heart; and the caresses with which she overwhelmed him almost drove me wild. I was jealous of both! It pained me that I had no part in this weaving of love; that I was not the third in the union. I exerted myself to gain a part of their love. I did it very clumsily. The child perceived in a certain shyness, and she—had I not kept myself forcibly away from her during these long, long years?

One day at the dinner-table, after a skirmish of words, came a great stillness between us, a stillness more painful than it had ever been. I glanced down at the flowers on my plate of Saxon porcelain, my displeasure showing in my face; but I felt plainly that 'It' had its eyes fixed on me, and also her eyes! It was as if those four eyes burned on my forehead. Then sounded suddenly in the stillness, 'Papa!' and again louder and more courageous, 'Papa!' I shuddered. 'It' sat there and stared, now very much frightened, over at me, wondering, perhaps, whether a storm would be raised by its 'Papa.' But her face was suffused with glowing redness, and her half-open lips trembled slightly.

The loneliness of these last six years? One right word in this moment and all would have been well. It remained unspoken; I seemed to have lost all power to act; but on a certain page of my ledger are still traces of the tears I shed in anger at my own stupidity.

There was no doubt about it; another spirit had stepped in with its little curly head—the spirit of love; and that made me a stranger in my own house. A precious sunshine brightened the rooms, even when the one in the heavens was hidden by clouds. The face of the servants and even inanimate objects streamed back this radiance. But me, only, the sunshine did not touch.

I felt myself always more and more unhappy in my loneliness. Jealousy grew in me; it gave me all sorts of foolish thoughts. I wanted to rebel against the little autocrat, but that would be ridiculous. I wanted to give her the choice between him and me. I, audacious one. I knew very well which side her heart would choose. At another time I was ready to take steps in order to find the mother, and, with the power of gold, force her to take back her child—behind my wife's back. That would be cowardly.

I could no longer fix my mind on business. I mistrusted even myself. People asked what was the matter with me. I feigned illness.

The sunshine would not let itself be banished, and the spirit of love was stronger than I. With his flaming sword he drove me out. 'I must take a long journey, Martha.' My voice trembled as I said this. My wife must have noticed it; for something like moist, shining pity shone in her beautiful eyes. At my taking leave she held the little one toward me and asked in soft, caressing tones: 'Will you not say adieu to our child?' I took up the little one, perhaps too roughly; at all events, he began to cry and resist my caresses. Then I put him down and hastened away.

I traveled in uncertainty through the world and behold! after the first few days in addition to an ordinary traveling companion, bad humor, there came another fellow who told me plainly that I was a fool. First it sounded like a whisper, then louder and louder: 'You are a downright fool.' Finally, I read it in the newspaper before me; it was traced on the blue mountains; the locomotive shrieked it to me. Yes, I believed it; why did I not then and there turn my face homeward? Well, the fool must first travel it all off before everything would be right again.

At last, one day, with a violent beating of the heart, I again entered my dwelling. What a solemn stillness reigned there! I could now hear the sound of whispering voices; my wife came toward me: 'It is very sick, very sick,' moaned she. 'It will surely die!' I tried to comfort her. Only a short time, however, proved that her fears were but too well grounded. During the night we both sat by the little bed; she there and I here. Each of us holding one of his little hands. Ah! those feverish pulses beat!—every stroke sounding like an appeal: 'Love each other, love each other; be good!' We felt eventually these throbbings and we understood the appeal. Our eyes met full and earnest through the glittering tears, as in a first holy vow. Words would have seemed a sacrilege then.

Not long after we laid our darling in the warm spring earth.

When we again sat down at our table there was a stillness between us; but it was not the same stillness as that which the little stranger had broken in upon with his parting 'Papa.' By the wall stood his high arm-chair, and on the little board before it lay his spoon-scepter. My wife reached her fine, white hand over the table, and asked: 'Did you also love it?—at least a little?' Her voice trembled. 'My wife! my sweet, my own wife!' called I. Then I fell at her feet and held her hands fast in mine. 'I love thee, my wife, oh, wife!'

After the first emotion had subsided I pointed to the arm-chair: 'The little one came to teach us love,' whispered I. 'And when it had finished its teaching it went again to the angels,' added she, through her tears.

One day the physician stepped out of my wife's room, with a smiling face. He touched the little arm-chair as he passed it, saying: 'Let it stand there; you will need it again.'

Really? Was it possible? Had I deserved such happiness?

As I held my wife close to my heart in my irrepressible joy, I could not forbear to bend down to her blushing little face, and say: 'We will love it dearly, very dearly. Is it not so?'

Peter Helm's Gratitude.

Peter Helm was menaced by a mob near Fort Wayne, Ind., twenty years ago. He had killed a popular man in a drunken wrangle and was in imminent danger of being lynched. He had summoned John L. Farrar, a lawyer, but the crowd was inclined to hang the prisoner without listening to his counsel. In this emergency Farrar drew his client aside as if for consultation, and then advised him to run for the woods which were close by. Helm did so and was not caught. The lawyer got no fee and narrowly escaped vicarious lynching. He never heard of Helm again until recently, when he received a letter from Mexico containing a draft for \$500, with the information that the fugitive had become a successful coffee planter.

ARCTIC HEROES.

The Fortune Displayed by De Long and His Companions—Loyal to the Last.

The diary of Lieutenant De Long, found beside his body, extends from October 1 to October 30, 1881. It is the record of terrible suffering borne with indomitable heroism and ending in death. There is not in literature a nobler or more pathetic story.

De Long and his men died of cold and hunger. They supported life during thirty days by the adoption of every means known to shipwrecked men except cannibalism. No one seems to have thought of that horrible expedient. At first they had a little dog meat, and they managed to shoot two or three ptarmigans; then they were reduced to take made of willow twigs and to alcohol. At last they gnawed the leather of their boots and bits of deer-skin, and then, too weak to continue their march, lay down to die. They were slowly dying of starvation for fully three weeks, and in this condition had to resist as best they could the terrible cold.

Through it all they never lost their courage. 'All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful,' wrote De Long, when it must have been perfectly clear that nothing but a miracle could save the party from death. There is not a line in the whole diary of complaint or murmuring against God or man.

It too often happens that discipline vanishes among shipwrecked men, and that the selfish desire for life leads to inhumanity, if not to actual crime. There is no such stain in the story of the crew of the Jeannette. De Long seems to have maintained his authority unquestioned to the last, and his men evidently shared his generous spirit.

For days they dragged a sick comrade with them lashed to a sled, and never seem to have thought of abandoning him in order to increase their own chances of reaching a settlement. The officers and men never manifested the slightest hesitation between duty and selfishness. They clung together and helped one another loyally while living, and so long as the survivors had strength their dead comrades were given Christian burial.

There was apparently no difference in the bearing and devotion of De Long, the American, Erickson the Dane or Ah Sam the Chinaman. Every man of the little band was a hero, knowing how to do his duty and doing it with unflinching faithfulness.

In their distress the shipwrecked men turned for help to G. d. In De Long's diary there is constant mention of religious services. When the faithful Alexy was dying the surgeon baptized him, and when all hope had gone we are told that 'all hands united in saying the Lord's prayer and Creed.'

The humble, cheerful trust in God and submission to His will, of which De Long's diary gives constant evidence, show us that it was a band of Christian heroes that perished in the Siberian snow.

Bitterly as we may at first sigh regret that so many noble lives have been lost, the men of the Jeannette's crew did not die in vain. Their fate suggests that beautiful passage in the prayer-book where we thank God for those who have departed this life in His fear. De Long and his men have made us prouder of our humanity. They have shown us to what sublime heights of heroism educated officers and ignorant seaman can alike attain. They have given an example of calm and cheerful performance of duty which is without price. They have shown us once more that faith in God can survive all suffering.

Let us thank God for the life and death of these heroic men. It is impossible that their heroism can fail to bear its priceless and perennial fruit.

But let us have no more costly sacrifices of life in the vain search for the pole. It is idle as well as ungenerous to blame the projectors of the Jeannette expedition for its disastrous failure. The vessel was to follow a route hitherto untried, and there was ample justification for testing the question whether the pole could be reached by that route.

Exploration becomes unjustifiable only when it is demonstrated that the end sought cannot be attained in spite of every effort and sacrifice. When the Jeannette sailed it had not been demonstrated that the pole could not be reached by steering northward from Wrangell Land. Her experience has now proved that the ice barrier is as impenetrable in that direction as it is wherever else it has been attacked. The chances that the pole can never be reached are now so infinitesimally small that we are not justified in wasting any more lives in polar expeditions.

To send out another expedition would show a reckless indifference to human life of which any nation ought to be ashamed. Let us close the record of hopeless heroism and useless suffering in the frozen sea with the story of the noblest of all the Arctic heroes, George W. De Long.—New York Times.

Countered the Doctor.

Dr. Louis, of New Orleans, who is something of a wag, called on a colored minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions. 'Why is it,' said he, 'that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did?' They were expected against all poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it you are protected now in the same way?'

The colored paragon responded promptly: 'Don't talk about that, doctor. I spect I is, I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, doctor, and I is alive yet.'

Life's Lesson.

ired? Well, what of that? a fancy life was spent on beds of ease, fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze? Come, rouse thee! Work while it is called day. Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way.

Lonely? And what of that? Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all. To feel a heart responsive rise and fall, To blend another life into its own. Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark? Well, what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Do not fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet. Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight. Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday? With lessons none to learn and naught but play? Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die! It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Has it ever occurred to baseball men that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher? 'I am a broken man,' said a poet. 'Well,' said his friend, 'I inferred that from your pieces.'

'A babe,' says a writer, 'is a mother's anchor.' We have often heard that the first thing she does is to weigh it. It makes very little difference what the weather may be in other parts of the country in April and May, they always have Hot Springs in Arkansas.

'What makes Colonel—so popular? I'm sure he's very stupid. He can hardly see beyond his nose,' said a lady to a friend, who replied: 'My dear, sharp-sightedness is not what makes a person popular. It is what the colonial doesn't see that gives him such popularity.'

There are a number of circumstances that will take the conceit out of a man, and one of the chief is, after taking a turn up the street and judging by the way they look at you that you are making a stunning impression on the girls, to find on your return that your hat has been on wrong side foremost all the time.

The notion was prevalent in the Middle Ages that the diamond, taken internally, is a deadly poison. Benvenuto Cellini details an attempt to poison him by causing diamond powder to be mixed with his salad, and attributes his escape to the rashness of the lapidary employed, who kept the diamond, and administered powdered glass.

'This is a funny doctrine!' exclaimed Brown, who had been reading of metempsychosis. 'The idea of the human soul entering the body of an animal! According to this doctrine, my soul, after I get through with it, may inhabit the body of a jackass!' 'And why not?' asked Fogg, demurely. 'It would certainly feel more at home there than anywhere else.'

Some years ago, at a public dinner, a Dutchman, just from Holland, was one of the company; and during the banquet he paid so much attention to a roasted sucking-pig immediately in front of his plate that he devoured the entire animal. As he finished the last morsel, unctuous and savory, a bustling waiter asked him what he would like to be helped to next. 'Oh,' replied the feeder, 'I'll thank you for von more of dem lettuce hanks!'

A commercial traveler, who is something of a wag, thus relates his experience: He and his companions were the sole occupants of the smoking car. They tried to converse, but the road was so rough they were pitched from side to side like a ship's passengers. At last they were able to make each other understood. One said, 'Dan, the old thing is running smoother.' To which Dan replied: 'Yes, I guess sho has got off the track.'

SUCH IS LIFE. A girl, A whirl, A dance, A glance, Some ooz, coquetish intrigues. A walk, A talk, A sweet Retreat, A pensive sigh half stifling. A gate, Quite late, Oh, bliss, A kiss!

What would my mamma say, sir? A thick Ash stick, A whack! My back!

'You're getting quite too gay, sir.' Conversation turned on a late marriage between December and May, some of the gentlemen pool-pooling the match. But the lady stoutly championed the frostbitten Benedict. 'Why,' said she, 'every man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband! What would he be good for without a wife? If I should die to-night he would get another wife to-morrow, I hope. Wouldn't you, Josiah?' Josiah breathed heavily and seemed to sum up the conubial torments of a lifetime in his calm response: 'No, my dear, I think I should take a rest!'

A man never looks so like a red-handed villain as when he is told by the photographer to 'look pleasant.'