RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Matriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected
norterly. Temporary advertisements must be poarterly. Temporary advert aid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

Midsummer.

Life is a splendid flower With its tender leaves encurled, With its passionate breath of an hour On a thousand breezes hurled!

Giving, ay, giving to all The throbs of a heart so sweet ! What though its potals fall To lie 'ne th the careless feet?

We live in a world of bloom, We are lost in a sea of sound, We are wrapt in a rare perfume, We are lost in a joy profound !

Ah! sweeter for us the notes Than fairy bugles wind : And rich are the sunset dyes, But man is dull and blind ! Ob, Life, with your wondrous song

That angels might long to sing, Shall we think of our sin and wrong, Of our sorrow's pain and sting ? Shall we dwell on our discontent,

And the sin that gave it birth? Not while a sky of tend'rest blue Broods o'er a perfect earth!

Life! You are true and sweet, And God is the heart of all-In the daisy at my feet-In the south wind's sighing call.

I am one with the birds and flower; I am one with the vagrant bee, Till the joy and light of a happy world Is centered and dwells in me.

And I revel in my domain Till the world is a pleasant dream, And Care is but the shade Of the cloud upon the stream. -Kate L. Brown, in Boston Transcript.

"ARTFUL DODGERS."

Clang! swish! rumble!-and amid trundling of baggage-barrows, hustling of officials and rushing of outward-bound ticket-holders to secure good seats, a train rolled into the depot of a large New England town. Two bright-faced girls of twelve and fourteen, in dark-blue flannel suits, with fluffy golden hair surmounted by bewitching blue bows, and black felt hats, hurried esgerly along the platform, scanning the faces of those who alighted.

"She hasn't come!" said the younger, a sudden blankness overspreading the

sunny face.

"How disappointed papa and mamma will be!" said the elder. "Perhaps she has gone into the ladies' waitingroom. Let's turn back and see,"

A quick step beside them, and a dainty little hand on the shoulder of each, arrested the turning process, and they found themselves face to face with a third girl, in a brown suit, with similar fluffy hair, blue bow and felt hat. Then followed a scene of kissing and embracing, and a flood of girl chatter, till a crusty old bachelor buying a newspaper scowled, and a motherly fat woman, hurrying along with three children, a bird-cage and two baskets, gave them a benevolent smile, and murmured, "Pretty creeturs!" as an

"Oh, Nonie, if you hadn't come !" duetted the two younger girls.

"What news? Has Dit set the house on fire more than three times, and have you broken any looking-glasses, Meta? Paps and mamma are well of couse?"
The others shook their heads.

"Papa is down with rheumatism "Oh, why didn't you send a postal?
I would have come right home. I had hard work to get away, as it was. Jessie was so determined to have me stay for

Thanksgiving." "Oh, we're getting along all right,

Joanna's as good as a regiment, you know, and papa only took to his room yesterday. Mamma is around yet, but she acts as if she would be down with a slow fever before many days."
"No news from Elmer, I sup-

pose?"-this with a sigh-and all three faces clouded.

"No news." This was their one sorrow. Elmer. be gay, handsome, high-spirited brothar, one year older than Nonie, had left his pleasant home two years before, leaving no clew-only a half-defiant, half-regretful note. Poor Elmer! Poor loving, longing home group, with forgiveness ready and yearning in their

The sisters walked on silently for

some moments. me moments.
"I'm sorry I couldn't bring you any presents, girls," said Nonie, "but I spent all my money, and didn't like to send to papa for more. Money goes so fast in Boston, you know, even in a two-weeks' visit, and I had to buy another pair of gloves. Somebody spilled ice cream on my best ones at a socia-

"Never mind. We don't care. You're present enough yourself, Nonie;"-and Dil and Meta gave furtive little hugs

under the brown dolman.
"I'm so glad I didn't stay a day longer. Poor papa! How he must worry about not getting to the store! I've a great mind to ask Mr. Stedman to and the three hurried downstairs. Dil take me in papa's place till he gets

"Winona Derrell! A girl like you keep books for that large store! Have you lost your senses?" exclaimed Dil (short for "Delis," which she unreas-

onably hated). "Why couldn't I do it just as well there as when I help papa at home?" replied Nonie, quietly. "The salary could go right on, and we can surprise paps with it when he gets well. I shan't tell mamma either. She'll think I'm at Aunt Edle's, having lessons with Grace,

"And you'll have to give up your lessons, just as you are doing your German so beautifully—and it's so kind of Aunt Edie to have you share Grace's sure to dodge every time;" and with a leyes, which might have come from

Mr. Stedman's store now. Let's go followed an absorbing conversation, of right in, and have it settled," said Nonic, with a quiet decision. She had shared her world be read to the shared her parents' burdens since she helpful.

Mr. Stedman was naturally surprised at three such golden-haired lasses in- circumspectly, whenever she should call vading his business sanctum, and bent at the Derrell mansion. his brows rather gravely at Nonie's proposition.

"I can try it, sir, if you will only let me," said Nonie, modestly. "I always help father with the books at home, and he says I can do it as well as he can. It will keep the place for father till he gets well, and, of course, we couldn't ask you to do that unless we supplied a substitute."

"You're a good girl—a good girl.
Come here, said Mr. Stedman, abruptly, and led her to a desk covered with ledgand led her to a desk covered with ledgers and day-books, "Give me a specimen of your work, and we'll see." He watched her from shaggy (though not unkind) brows, as she neatly and rapidly executed the little task he assigned, and, woman-like, carefully wiped her pen before replacing it in the rack.

"Bravo! Consider yourself engaged for 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. see you in a mercantile establishment of your own one of these days," and Mr. Stedman bowed the party out with

delightful, old-fashioned courtesy, though they were "only his book-keeper's daughters."
"Now, not a word to papa or mamma," said Winona, gayly. "Won't it be said Winona, gayly. "Won't it be delicious to hand him the salary when

"What will you say if they ask you about your lessons?" said Meta, who was a trifle given to seeing "lions in the way." "Dodge it," was the brief reply;

"and so must Dil and you." "Let's get up all sorts of surprises. We'll be 'artful dodgers'-form a club of three, called the 'A. D. C.,' and not means till we choose to tell them," said | Dodgers." Dil, in high glee. She loved mysteries

-innocent, pleasant ones. "So we will! It'll be jolly!" chorused the others.

By this time they had come to a home-like house on a quiet street, with yourselves !"
no style about it, but "heaps of com "No, we fort," as the girls said. Nonie ran up the steps and flew into pale, but pleasant-faced, dark-eyed lady, who had been watching at the parlor window for the first glimpse of her

sunny daughter. "Precions little Noniel Did you have real rest, and a beautiful time, dearie, as you expected?"
"Oh, yes, indeed! Splendid! But

how pale you are, mamma darling l"

"Now we will go up and see poor dear papa," said Nonie, and the suffering father almost forgot his pain in the greeting of his bright eldest daughter. Nonie settled down to tell of her visit, while the girls brought her dinner upstairs and hovered lovingly around her, as she satisfied a healthy girl's appetite. After dinner, Joanna must be visited in the kitchen. Nonie's trunk was brought and unpacked, and the evening slipped away in the dear old

"Girls," called their mother feebly, as the little troop filed past her door the next morning.

"Mamma's down now! Her voice sounds sick!" said Dil in dismay, and they all went in to pet and pity her and receive orders.

"I can't get up, dears. Joanna and you will have to manage for a while, and you can take turns waiting on papa. It's too bad, just as Nonie has come home, and I wanted to make such a good Thanksgiving for you all!" She thought of Elmer and sighed, pressed their little hands close to her face and kissed the rosy fingers. She "babled" her girls though they were fast grow-

"Never you worry, mamma dear," said Dil. "We'll get along beautifully and take splendid care of papa-and

you, too." She smiled at their affectionate eagerness, "I'm not sick enough to need much waiting on. Rest is all I want. Just bring me a cup of tea, Dil, and be sure to have papa's toast nice and brown. Don't think of staying at home from Aunt Edie's, Nonie child, we shall not need you. Now run along, Joanna

is ringing the breakfast bell." prepared two ravishing little brekkfast trays, which Meta helped to carry up.
"How doleful breakfast is by our-

selves!" sighed Meta, afterward. "Don't croak. It isn't healthy, while you eat," said Dil, who never made a fuss over what couldn't be helped. "It's twenty minutes before eight, Nonie, you'll have to hurry. Don't let any of those clerks make eyes at you; and be sure to buy a little something hot and comforting for your dinner. You'll miss Aunt Edie's nice lunches as well as the lessons."

"I shan't starve," replied Nonie,

advantages! Papa may be sick for two quick little peck of a kiss on each rosy or three months. I wish I were half so cheek, brave-hearted Nonie trudged

good as you, Nonie," said Meta, with a hopeless little sigh.

Nonie pressed the plump arm, and gave her sister a loving smile.

"I can catch up evenings. There is sacrificer! What do you think?" Then

Nonie was abundantly equal to the new situation. At noon she ran around was ten years old, and while it had not to Aunt Edie's to explain, and was rerobbed her of girlish brightness, it had galed on goodies, while the bright eyes made her constantly thoughtful and of her father's only sister glistened aith a suggestive moisture, as she promised to keep the secret, and "dodge" most

> Pleasant odors greeted Nonie's en-trance at 6 o'clock. The tea was spread with delicacies (inexpensive but appetizing), and the girls were in a chronic state of giggle. "Don't ask questions. Eat your supper first, and tell us if it's good," said they.

"This cream toast is delicious and so are the 'Saratoga' potatoes. Joanna fries them better and better," said hun-

another mouthful till you tell," said Nonie, holding a particularly tempting, brown, bloated "Saratoga" suspended

"Joanna didn't do it! That's the joke. Dil and I got it up," said Meta,

'Joanna's gone'" "Joanna gone! Oh, mot for good?" cried Nonie, with an apprehensive start. "You haven't gone and had any trouble with Joanna, girls?" and the for dropped from the unnerved fingers.

"We had no end of trouble to make her go, but we're just as good friends as ever," said Dil.

Nonie looked completely puzzled.
"You see," said Dil, bringing some hot cream "dip" for the toast, "Meta he gets well! I'll beg Aunt Edie not and I made up our minds that we would to teli." to Joanna, and, after a great amount of coaxing she consented to go to her sister's for a few weeks, but made us promise solemnly that we would send for her if we got into any very bad scrapes. We may just as well do he scrapes. We may just as well do the work while mamma can't hear our lessons, and we shall save \$2.50 a week. beside Jeanna's board, and that will be a soul but ourselves will know what it our share toward the Doings of the

Nonie gave a tragic groan. "You'll never be able to keep it up, in the world! It would be hard enough to do if mamma was around, but with both of them sick upstairs you will half/kill

"No, we won't. It will make more dodging, of course, but it will sharpen Here's Mrs. Beecher's blue book, Around the House,' and plenty of good recipes besides, and you acknowledge that the supper is superb," argued Meta, ladling out another generous spoonful of Saratogas for her sister's plate.

This is a chronicle of surprises. will, therefore, be sufficient to state that the domestic machinery creaked ominously a few times, and once or twice came perilously near to a deadlock, but the blue book invariably afforded til for the springs and wheels, on consultation. Meta spiced the gingerbread with mustard, brought boiled beets to table in their dusky overcoats, put too much powder in the washtub, and blistered her hands, and once actually browned the beefsteak in lard! Dilscorched her prettiest ruffled white apron one ironing day, and burned her plump wrist besides (but zealously hid the scar from the unsuspecting eyes upstairs), grated too much nutmeg into a rice pudding, and baked beans (the first time) without putting any water in the bean pot. Through all culinary "tribbelations," however, the invalids were tended most faithfully and cheerfully. The amount of dodging required was well-nigh Machiavellian, but with help from Aunt Edie and the family doctor, the happy pilots steered their craft of innocent ecrecy past all reefs and snags.

Two or three days before Thanksgiving Nonie acted strangely, gave irrelevant replies, several times seemed on the point of making an important then provokingly communication,

checked herself. "What can be the matter?" said Dil

"I just knew those horrid clerks would flirt with her! I suppose one of them's the matter!" groaned Meta, in disgust.

"Nonsense! Nonie don't lose her wits over boys with fancy check-ties and their hair parted in the middle. Nonie has some stamina!" (This was Dil's favorite term of admiration for her elder sister.)

"Whatever it is, she'll tell us before She can't keep it to herself,"

Dil likewise became infected with ecreey, and went through mysterious performances in her own room the day before Thanksgiving. She dressed herself for going out, made a dive at a certain little drawer in her own special bureau, took out and replaced a dozen with fond looks, a square, times, with fond looks, a square, whitish-brown envelope containing an important little book, then suddenly braced up with the air of a general going into battle: "For shame, Derrell! You're a selfish good-fornothing! Stand up to your colors. like a man! You started the club!" She seized the envelope resolutely, snapped the empty drawer and was out distely fell over her nose.

walking in the wind. The invalids were to come down to

dinner, on Thanksgiving day.

"Do you suppose we can manage that turkey, Dil?" said Meta, appre-hensively surveying the sprawling specimen which the griuning marketboy had just deposited on the kitchen "I'd like to see the turkey that I

couldn't manage-with plenty of stale bread and seasoning," replied Dil, vaingloriously, pinning up her sleeves, and going briskly to work.

Meanwhile, Nonie, dusting the par-lor, communed with herself. Throwing down the duster, she said, "I will tell Dil! It's mean not to!" and, opening the door, she called her sister. "Is it anything special? I'm up to

my elbows in crumbs, but I'll be there in three seconds," said Dil. Nonie took from her spron pocket an advertising slip from the principal daily paper of the town, and passed it

to her sister. It ran thus : "Sorry. Very. Will N. please call at 55 State street, if agreeable.
"L. MURDIE,"

"What does it mean? We don't know any such person," said Dil. Nonie made a low-voiced, but exciting communication, at which Dil jumped up and down, clapping her hands wildly.

"Oh, it's too splendid! Did you go?

But of course you did!"
"Certainly. That's what made me
late on Monday night. And this afternoon at dinner-time—" Then followed another explanation which increased Dil's delight, till a sudden thought struck her: "But, will it be the best way? Would Dr. Griscom allow it? It might do harm."

"Not a bit of it. I made sure of Dr. Griscom's consent. He said it would make them well sooner than anything else. We won't tell Mets till the last minute. Now we must hurry, or we shan't get down in time," and Nonie gave her duster a fresh whisk.

Dil went back to turkey-stuffing with her thoughts in a whirl. "It is a perfectly splendid plot! Nobody would have thought of doing it that way but Nonie-the darling!"

In the midst of a vigorous tussle with the unweildy bird, the girls, weak with laughter and exertion, did not hear the kitchen door open and shut. A familiar voice exclaimed: "I was jest bound I'd come and cook the Thanksgivin' dinner for you, anyway. Haint them poor sick folks 'most dead, with your tricks and

capers?"
They flew to embrace the welcome intruder.

"Oh, you blessed old Joanna. How angelic of you to come! It will be a great comfort to have it off our minds, but we could have done it ourselves." They gymasted joyously around the old kitchen, while Joanna, smiling oddly, took off her shawl and bonnet and

went systematically to work. The dinner-table was spread in the back parlor, that being the warmest room, for father and mother. Very carefully and lovingly were they protected from possible draughts and led down to the little bower of comfort prepared for them. The "Dodgers" had had a new inspiration since Joanna relieved them of the dinner problem. Buying a few spruce wreaths they erected a dome of greenness-"fearfully and wonderfully made" - just above the two arm-chairs, trimmed pictures and festooned windows, as if it were Christmas. One far corner was mysteriously curtained off by Dil's old shawl, from behind which came the thrilling sound of tack-hammering and

occasionally a stage whisper.

A little bell tinkled and the three girls emerged, carrying in their belts official-looking documents sealed with red wax and tied with ostentatious pink tape. Joining hands they danced a most unheard-of jig, and, to a weird, Macbeth-like melody, sang the following lines:

"We're the 'Artful Dodgers' three, Maids of plot and myetery. What we've done you soon shall see, Beware! Oh, take care!

It ended with a wild waving of the aforesaid documents. Nonie then laid in her father's hands her envelope superscribed, "Bookkeper Nonie pre sents an installment of salary, with compliments." He broke the seals, and the crisp bills fell out, with a refreshing rustle. Before he could ask a sin le question, in his surprise, Dil and Meta danced up with a joint package for their mother. It contained no money-only a half-sheet of foolscap sorawled all over with the following calculations-(Dil hated to make figures—they usually resembled giraffes and camels, on a small scale :

"Wages saved by doing without Joanna three weeks \$2.50-with love from Dil and Meta." Dil now presented her individual

packet to her father, saying, with a little choke and tremble in her voice: "Don't scold, please, I wanted to do something besides helping with the housework."

Doctor Griscom's receipted bill Why, Dil! how did you ever pay it?" cried the girls, thoroughly surprised, while the parents, from love and pride, could not restrain their tears. "I took my savings bank money,'

was the brief reply. "The money that you were saving for music lessons! Dil, you're a perfect with a chaplet of spruce, which imme-

Who shall describe the pure joy of this unselfish little band, and the parents' pride and gratitude, when ex-planations were made? Ah, does not the simple gift compassed by true love and self-denial far outweigh jewels, silver and fine gold?

At a signal from Nonie, Dil and Meta took their stations at each side of the curtain, and Nonie, with moist eyes and tremulous accents, delivered the ensu-

ing speech:
"'The Artful Dodgers' have one more trick to exhibit, with which the performance will close. If paps and mamma will be kind enough to wishvery hard-the 'Dodgers' think they are prepared to give them something very much desired.

Her cheeks glowed, her eyes drooped a strange solemn hush fell on the little group, and Dil and Meta drew the curtain. On a dark background, in a walnut frame, on a crimson-covered table, stood a picture—a portrait—vivid startling—of the lost Elmer! The handsome features, the bright blue eyes, the sunny hair tossed back from the broad forehead—true as life in their motionless, appealing beauty-all were there. The parents silently clasped hands and Nonie made another signal, this time to the picture itself. The lips Kwan or Yu, and you rejoice in any part—the eyes flash—it moves—it other patronymic monosyllable, the

"Elmer! It is my boy-my first baby I' cries the startled mother, springing from her chair, unmindful of her weakness-and, in another instant the wanderer's head is pillowed on the one bosom that never grows cold (except in death), the bowed form is clasped by arms that never fold in utter unforgivingness!

And then it all came out. Elmer, whom a whaling voyage had thoroughly disenchanted, shrank from coming The wedding presents are then sent, directly home, and advertised in the daily as "L. Murdie,"-hoping (and rightly) that Nonie's quick wit would fathom it. She planned the picture rase, with Dr. Griscom's fall sanction, and brought Elmer into the house just to the great day the bridegroom gets a at the last, before the parents came downstairs.

They were almost too happy to think of dinner, till a ring at the front door announced Aunt Edie and Grace, and at the same moment Joanna bounced in with:

"The turkey's gittin' as brown as a but'nut, and the sauce an' things won't be fit to eat, ef they hain't fetched in sometime 'fore dark!"—Springfield Re-

WISE WORDS.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds. Half the ills we hoard in our hearts

are ills because we hoard them. Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening. Great men and geniuses find their

true places in times of great events. Troubles borrowed and stolen outnumber by far all others in the world.

The means to promote any end are as necessary as the end to be promoted. It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterquicken us to duty, and not keep us

from it. He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when

against all the world than to make him fight with himself. In all matters of right and wrong judge for yourself, decide for yourself,

It is easier to set a man fighting

stand by yourself. When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Make no more vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself. We cannot conquer fate and necessity,

but we can yield to them in such a way

as to be greater than if we could. If you have an opportunito to do a generous action, do it. It is a very pleasant reflection to go to sleep with. Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his

afternoons in regretting his mornings, Mirth should be the embroidery of conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

An Armless Horse Thief,

Dallas, Texas, has had a visit from a singular character-Jack Hall, alias No Arm Jack-en route to Stephensville jail, from which institution the prisoner escaped six months ago after receiving a sentence of ten years in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. Both his arms are off above the elbow, having been crushed in a sugar mill when he was a child, but the bones grew out several inches from the flesh, and their surfaces are rough like corncobs, and Jack writes a beautiful hand by holding a pen beside his chin and pressing the protruding bone against it. He shoots a pistol or firearms expertly, and manages a horse as well as the average twohanded man. The height of his ambition appears to have been stealing horses successfully. He is about thirty years of age. He was arrested in the Choctaw Nation.

The marine fauna of the coral region of South Florida is said to be a West cherub!" and the girls crowned her Indian colony, engrafted on the North American fauna of the east and west coasts of the peninsula.

A Wedding in Chinese High Life, Among the pure Chinese, and espe

cially among the higher classes, ding is a long and serious affair. From the almost Turkish strictness with which females are secluded, it is comparatively rare that a couple see each other previous to betrothal and still more so that there should be any acquaintance between them. This has given rise to the necessary employment of a character equivalent the basvalan or marriage broker of ancient Brittany, to Mr. Foy's Parisian Matrimonial Agency office, or the daily marriage advertise-ments of our own papers. If your wish is for marriage in the abstract, the broker will find you a fitting partner first, and negotiate the transfer after. If you are less purely philosophical, and wish to consult your own testes as well as the interests and increase of the nation, you are only to name the party, and the broker becomes your secredited ambassador. There is, however, one preliminary point to be ascertained. Has your intended the same surname as yourself? If so, it is a fatal difficulty, as the laws of China would not permit the marriage. If, however, she is Chun and you are Le, or she is next step is for the broker to obtain from each a tablet containing the name, age, date and hour of birth, etc. These are then taken to a diviner and compared, to see if the union promises happiness; if the answer is favorable (and crossing the palm with silver is found to be as effectual with fortunetellers in China as it is elsewhere), and the gates are equal, that is if the station and wealth of the two families are similar, the proposal is made in due form.

and if accepted the young couple is considered as legally betrothed. A lucky day must next be fixed for the wedding, and here our friend the diviner is again called upon. Previous new hat and takes a new name, the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single heavy plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the style of hair-dressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated teapot and sup-porting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind b. On the wedding morning presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent as we might imagine by some wicked wag or irreclaimable bachelor, as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection. The ladies, too, in China, as well as elsewhere, indulge in a little fashionable crying on the occasion, and so the relatives of the bride spend the morning with her, weeping over her impending departure, or, more probably, their own spinsterhood. Thew do not, how-ever, forget to bring some contributions for her trousseau. In the evening comes the bridegroom with a whole army of his friends, a procession of lanterns, a long red cloth or silk tapestry embroidered with a figure of the dragon borne on The reproaches of enemies should a pole between two men, and a large red sedan covered with carving and gilding, and perfectly close. In this the bride is packed up securely out of sight, and the whole procession, pre-ceded by a band of music and the dragon, and closing with the bride's bandboxes, starts for home On arrival she is lifted over the threshold, on which a pan of charcoal is burning, probably to prevent her bringing any evil influence in with her. then performs the koton to her husband's father and mother, worships the ancestral tablets of her new family, and offers prepared betel nut to the assem-

bled guests. Up to this time she has been veiled, but she now retires to her chamber, where she is unveiled by her husband; she then returns, again performs obeisance to the assembled guests, and partakes of food in company with her husband; at this meal two cups of wine, one sweetened, the other with bitter herbs infused in it, are drank together by the newly married pair, to symbolize that hence with they must share together life's sweets and bitters. The bride then retires escorted by the matrons present, some one of whom recites a charm over her, and arranges the marriage couch. The next morning the gods of the household and the hearth are worshiped, and the six following days are devoted to formal receptions at home of different members of the two families or equally formal visits paid to the family of the bride. During the whole of this period she still travels in her red and gold sedan, and is still escorted by her band

of music and dragon. - Temple Bar.

A Philosopher. Some men never forget their philoso-phy. A Connecticul lover who had his eye put out by one of his sweetheart's hairpins, received the condolences of a friend over the sad accident.

"Oh, I don't mourn about it," he reolied, cheerfully. "What's the use?" I'm just as good as ever, and, besides, in that sort of business it's a heap nicer when you go it blind."

The interest on our public debt is now about \$1.08 for every inhabitant. In 1875 it was more than twice this, being \$2.20 per capita, and in 1865 it was as high as \$4,29 per capita, or \$150,-977,697 to be paid by 35,469,000 people