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

Rest. Rest will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labor is done— Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun!

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary of war's alarms— But now I'm longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms!

Death by and by will be welcome, if I have been faithful and true— Now, there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do!

Once, in the early morning, when the dew were not yet dry, In the misty summer morning, or over the sun was high,

As I looked along the road whereby I must presently go, And saw how great was the journey, how fiercely the moon would glow,

Life felt too heavy a burden, and I so weary and worn,

Weary before I had labored, and longing for night at morn.

Weary before I had labored; but labor has brought me rest,

And now I am only eager to do my work with the best.

What right have I to be weary, when my work is scarce begun?

What right have I to be weary, while aught remains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the sweeter be;

And blessed will peace be to them that have won the victory!

But now is the time for battle—now I would strive with the best;

Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth a rest.

—Mary A. Hoppus.

IN A COAT POCKET.

Astley Cowper, hat in hand, was just turning the handle of the street door, when a soft call from the stair-top made him pause.

"Are you going to the postoffice, Astley?"

"No, not exactly, but near it. Is there anything you want done?"

"Only this letter to post," and a girlish shape flitted down the stairs.

Astley watched her as she descended, and with suddenly sharpened recognition of the fact, said to himself, "what a pretty girl Rosamond is!"

Brothers are not always so alive to their sister's charms, but the fact was that rarely in her life had Rosamond Cowper been so near to her brother as that moment when she came down the old stair case, letter in hand; her cheeks flushed with the deepest pink; her eyes shining, and her red lips parted with I know not what happy state of emotion and expectancy.

Two long braids of pale brown hair, thick and glossy as those of German Gretchen, hung down her back. On the fair forehead clustered a fringe of light waving rings, not cut and trained after the manner of the conventional bang, but a happy freak of nature and accident.

The slender figure in its white dress had all the rounded grace of youth and perfect health. Over all was an air of virginal freshness, indescribable but charming. It was one of those bel moments which come at times to most young creatures.

But Rosamond was too much preoccupied to be conscious of her looks as she handed the letter to her brother, with fingers that trembled a little, and said, anxiously, "you won't lose it, will you, Astley?"

"Certainly not," with a superior smile. "I stuffed it carefully into a side-pocket of his coat, a coat made like the rest of his suit, of that immaculate white duck in which young swells delight to array themselves in hot July weather.

Forth he went, clean, alert, handsome—the very picture of a luxurious young fellow enjoying a summer holiday. No thought of betraying Rosamond's trust was in his mind, and his steps had already turned toward the postoffice when a dog-cart drew up suddenly and a cheery hail roused his attention.

"Well met, old fellow. I was just going round to ask if you felt like a game of tennis. The Porters sent a note early in the morning, to ask me to come down to the Croft to luncheon and a game, and to bring you."

"All right, I will." Astley jumped into the cart and in another moment was bowling down the road toward the Croft—a pretty country place some three miles distant. Rosamond's commission was clean forgotten.

Tennis was followed by luncheon, then by more tennis and a conversation under the shade of the branching cedars, which flanked the ground. Then pretty Mabel Porter proposed a walk, and led the way through a grassy valley to the gorge beyond, where a little brook tore its wild way from higher levels to the water meadows below.

The rocks' over which the party climbed were very slippery here and there, and Mabel from a fall, Astley himself had a tumble, trifling in itself, but damaging to the duck suit; so damaging in fact that the suit went to the laundress next day.

Before its return the weather had changed to that odd, almost autumnal

coolness which checkers and tempers the heat of our American summers. It was some time before Astley had occasion to wear them again. When it was taken for use, by mere accident, he was searching for something in the pocket, when his astonished fingers encountered and drew forth a rather thick, flat, hard square of paper for which he could in no way account.

Mr. DW—EDGAR, P. Box 5—New Y—

"Dwight Edgar. Why, what does this mean? I have had no letter from him," reflected the astonished Astley, still intent on the disorganized fragments. "But stay—this isn't a letter from him—but to him. How could it get into my pocket?"

Here and there a sentence could be made out, or parts of sentences. "I am so very, very happy, but I can't tell you about that until"—"Ought to have got your letter four days ago."—"So you needn't go to Europe, you see, for"—and then a blurred signature, "Come soon to your own Ros—"

It flashed across him then. This was the letter which Rosamond had given him to post four weeks ago. It had lain in his pocket all this time, and had gone through the wash beside! Here was a pretty kettle of fish!

Quickly his mind ran over the disjointed phrases, reading the half-obliterated meaning "between the lines." The letter was in reply to an offer from Edgar, there could be no doubt of that.

Astley had always suspected that there was a tenderness in that quarter. And Rosamond had said "yes." What must she have been thinking and feeling all these weeks?

And then a groan escaped from Astley, as it flashed upon his mind that it was only a fortnight since he had read Dwight Edgar's name in the list of "sailed for Europe;" read it aloud, with some careless comment.

Rosamond was in the room, he recollected. What had she said? Had she said anything? He seemed to remember that she got up quietly and left the room.

How should he ever tell her? And what use to tell, when Dwight was gone, gone for years likely as not? Oh, what had his carelessness done?

"I suppose he went because he thought she had nothing to say to him," he said to himself, miserably.

The sound of the dinner-bell interrupted his unpleasant meditations, and he went down feeling as though he ought to be hanged.

Rosamond was in her usual place, neat, graceful, smiling even; but studying her face closely he noticed an effort in the smiles and cheerfulness. The sweet face was a little thinner; the wild rose bloom, which was its characteristic, had paled to a fainter pink, and Astley heard his mother ask, "headache again, my child?" And caught the patient answer, "just a little."

With increased remorse he execrated his carelessness. What ought he to do?

Long and deeply did he study over the question. At last he took a half-manly, half-cowardly resolution. Confess his delinquency to his sister he absolutely dared not, but that night he wrote to Dwight Edgar, made a full exposition of his fault, and enclosed the faintly blotted scrap which said so little and meant so much.

This done, he set himself to wait for the moment when he could produce evidence that, so far as in him lay, he had made amends for his misdoings, and till then he resolved to be silent.

Astley was right in his guess. Dwight Edgar had gone to Europe a deeply disappointed man. In the letter, to which Rosa's was an answer, he had written: "Don't say no, I could not bear that, nor could I give your gentleness the pain of uttering the word. I will wait two weeks and if at their end you have said nothing I shall go abroad and travel till I can bear to come home again."

Not a wise arrangement this, considering what chances and changes, including postoffice laxities, are involved in this mortal life; but lovers are not always wise.

The two weeks passed without word or token, each slow day deepening his hopelessness, and at their end he sailed. His final arrangements were made in a hurry, and he had been glad to accept a friend's benevolent offer of half a stateroom on the overcrowded steamer. It was benevolence very poorly rewarded, for John Blagden found him very dull company.

For the first few hours he made some little effort at conversation, then he dropped all pretenses and sat in moody silence, staring at the dim backward horizon from which each stroke of the paddles carried them farther and farther.

It was no better after they reached London. The two men took a set of rooms together at the Langham, but to all plans for pleasuring Dwight turned a deaf ear.

"Go by yourself, that's a good fellow," he said. "I won't bore you with my dullness. I'll just sit here till posttime and read the American newspapers."

"And that is what I left him at," explained John Blagden to a mutual acquaintance encountered in the coffee-room. "Pouring over an old Herald, twelve days out—what an occupation for a man to take up in London!"

"Poor Dwight, I never saw a fellow so changed in my life. He's all cut up about something, and I wish I knew what, for really, I have no notion what I ought to do about him. Nothing I can say makes any difference."

And nothing did make any difference till, a week after this conversation, Mr. Blagden returned from an excursion to Hampton Court, to find his friend busily engaged in cramming his belongings into a portmanteau, with a light in his eyes and a color in his cheeks which made him seem a different man.

"Hallo! I'm glad you've come, old fellow. I'm off at once."

"Oh! Where to?"

"Home! Liverpool train at 9 o'clock and catch the Bohemia."

"Home? The States! Why, what does it mean? You were going to Paris with me on Tuesday, you said."

"Well—so I did intend, but I've had letters and must get back as soon as possible."

"Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Not at all; quite the contrary. Everything is right."

Marveling greatly, John Blagden turned to the table, where, amid torn wrappers and other debris of a just-arrived mail, lay a sheet of closely-written paper with a little heap on it of something odd and blotted. "What's that?" he asked, with a natural curiosity, stopping to examine it.

Dwight Edgar snatched it up. "It's—it's nothing," he explained—"only a letter I've had." Then breaking into a laugh at his friend's discomfited countenance, the first real laugh which John had heard him give since they left America, he added:

"Never mind, old boy, I'll explain some day. It's all right, at least I hope it is, and I know I've been a d-d, unsocial dog all this time. You've been awfully good to put up with me, and I'll try to make amends next time we meet."

Meanwhile the days were passing heavily enough in far-away America, where Rosamond bore her secret pain. She had kept the knowledge of her plighted faith a choice secret, not to be revealed until Dwight should come. When he failed to come, pride kept her silent still.

The news of his departure struck in her heart like a blow. What did it mean? "I will not be base, or little, or suspicious," she told herself; "there is some blunder. He will come back, he will explain."

But weeks of suspense and uncertainty passed. She could school her words and her manner, but not her face, and that fair face began to look piteous and wan.

Astley, watching her with compunctious anxiety, felt an ever-deepening heartache. Three weeks had passed since his letter of explanation was posted. Any hour might bring a response, and he haunted the postoffice with a pertinacity inexplicable to his father.

"I can't stand it much longer," he told himself. "If that fellow isn't heard from by to-morrow night I shall make a clean breast of it to Rosa, and confess the whole thing."

And the next evening, "that fellow" still not being heard from, he did it. Rosamond, spirit-fair and fragile in her white dress, was sitting on the door step in the moonlight, and sitting at her feet he plunged into medias res.

"Rosa, do you recollect a letter you gave me to post more than a month ago?"

"Yes," with a little gasp.

"Well, I forgot it."

"Oh, Astley!"

"Yes; it was in my pocket, you know. I was going straight to the office, but something interrupted me—lawn tennis at the Porters, I believe—and then I sent my coat to the wash with the letter still in it. I never found it out till the confounded thing came back some days after. As I put it on I happened to feel in the pocket, and there it was—what was left of it."

Rosamond sat perfectly still. Not a sound came from her lips. Astley waited an instant, as if in hope of an answer, and then went on:

"Rosa, darling, you mustn't mind, but I couldn't help seeing who the letter was for, and that—that it was something of consequence. It was all blotted and blurred, but a word or two could be made out here and there. I was awfully cut up about it. I couldn't bear to tell you, and I didn't know what to do. At last I wrote a full explanation to Dwight, and I put the scraps in my letter."

"Astley!"

There was a ring of hope and of dismay in the exclamation. So absorbed were both that neither noticed that some one swung the gate just then.

"Yes, I did. It went three weeks ago yesterday, and by to-morrow you ought to hear from him, that is if he happened to be in London when the mail got in. I didn't mean to tell you till his letter came, but I could wait

no longer. Just say you forg— Why—what is it?" as Rosamond sprang to her feet with a cry, "Dwight! Dwight!"

"She's fainted!" exclaimed Astley, in an awe-struck tone, as his sister's head dropped heavily on his arm.

But happiness is a better restorative than burnt feathers, and in a little time Rosamond was able to assure Astley of her forgiveness, to smile and ask questions, and finally be left on the door-step for a long moonlight talk with her truant correspondent.

When I saw Mrs. Dwight Edgar at Newport last year, she wore on her wrist a slender chain, to which was attached a locket whose lid was a big moonstone.

Within was a singular little pad of what looked like paper which had been wet and pressed together. When I asked what it could be, she answered, evasively: "Oh, paper mache; a bit of an old letter Dwight makes me wear. There's quite a story about it, but it's too long to tell."

Her husband chuckled, and later, seeing that I was curious, he told me the story that I have told to you.

"And you never saw any one so reformed as Astley is, ever since then," added Rosamond, with laughter in her voice. "He's the most particular creature you ever saw, always fidgeting and fussing for fear he may have forgotten something. If he lives to be a hundred, you may depend upon it he will never again forget another letter in a coat pocket."—Youth's Companion.

HEALTH HINTS.

Alcohol introduced into the blood changes its constituent elements and also impairs the integrity of the blood vessels.

Wheat, made into bread, puddings, etc., will make more muscle tissue over, pound for pound, than fat meat of any kind.

Sudden deaths do not come from heart disease, one case in twenty, but from congestion of the lungs or brain, or from apoplexy. More die from congestion of the lungs than of the brain, and more of congestion of the brain than from apoplexy.

A severe cold can be soonest cured by remaining within doors, in a warm room and near the fire, until all signs of it have disappeared. Then care should be taken to prevent a relapse by having the feet warmly clad, and the whole body, and particularly the chest and the back of the neck, well protected when going out.

Ringworm is not an animal but a vegetable parasite that can best be destroyed by the use of boracic acid, or of citrine ointment—the latter being an official preparation kept by all druggists. The citrine ointment is a caustic preparation that must be applied with extreme care, and not left carelessly around the house.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

A. T. Stewart's Body.

Talking to a New York detective officer to-day, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, I asked him what had become of the body of A. T. Stewart.

"The best information I possess, said he, "is that it has not only never been recovered by the family and executors, but that it is not now in possession of the original thieves."

"Well, whogot it from them?" said I.

"It is the understanding at police headquarters," said he, "that a second band of thieves, thinking the body was a good thing, stole it from the first. Probably some of the persons privy to the robbery took the body away from those who had been at the pains to dig it up and spirit it off."

"Well, how was Mrs. Stewart appeased?"

"Why," said the officer, "I suppose she thinks that the bones have been recovered. She either thinks they have been recovered, or does not inquire concerning them. The fact is," said my friend, "that after the robbery of that grave, it became a question among numerous wealthy persons in New York what to do to prevent a spoliation of other tombs of the same class. You know that immediately after the robbery in St. Mark's churchyard the tomb of the Vanderbilts at Staten Island, was watched, and so were several other tombs of conspicuous persons. They all got tired of paying special watchmen, because it looked as if they might have to watch the tomb for a period of years, and every rich man that died would require two live ones to look after his bones—a thing not very palatable to heirs. Consequently a notice was sent to Judge Hilton that he ought not to pay any reward for the return of Stewart's bones, whether Mrs. Stewart wanted to do so or not. The understanding is that Judge Hilton and other gentlemen pacified Mrs. Stewart in some way. You know the coffin of Stewart was not carried off by the thieves at all; they merely took the plate from the top and a piece of the cloth, and took out the body, so we presume that the coffin has been set in the new cathedral at Garden City, without the real bones, but nobody wanted to look into it."

The most likely thing to become a woman—A little girl.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Half of a life of sixty years spent in the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia by Jack Canter, one of the most expert forgers in the country, has come to an end. Having brushed his thin gray hair and his mustache, he called for his shoes and broadcloth suit. The insatiate moth, however, had riddled the overgaiters and feasted royally on the garments. He had to buy a new outfit, which he was well able to do, as he had a credit of several thousand dollars with the warden. When the new clothes and carriage came he shook hands with the gatekeepers, stepped into the carriage and drove away to a prominent hotel. Some say he has \$40,000, and some say more, with which to sustain his new station as a private gentleman. He is well educated, writes and speaks several languages, and has traveled a great deal and mingled in good society.

The United States expend \$84,000,000 a year upon education. The figures from all the States and Territories have been collated from official sources by the bureau of education at Washington, and various other interesting items are included in the great statement. In 244 cities, each with more than 7,500 inhabitants, there is a school population of 2,661,498, with an average daily attendance of 1,103,763, and an aggregate annual expenditure of more than \$25,000,000. The city of New York heads the list, with 385,000 children of school age, of whom 270,176 are enrolled in 127 schools; the annual expenditure being in round numbers \$3,400,000. There are in the different States 220 normal schools, 162 business colleges, 232 kindergartens, 227 colleges in which women are received, 83 scientific schools, 142 schools of theology and 120 medical colleges and schools.

The French tobacco monopoly, if not renewed, will expire next January. As it has been a profitable source of revenue the authorities are likely to do everything in their power to extend it. Minister, Fish, at Brussels, who gives in the consular reports some interesting information about the monopoly, points out that this fact is shown in the request made in the French budget for 1883, that a credit of 62,227,100 francs is asked for to pay the expenses of working the tobacco monopoly. At present the monopoly gives employment to 22,225 persons, 1,649 men and 20,576 women, who receive about \$3,000,000 per annum in wages. The consumption of tobacco has increased from 33,545,459 kilograms in 1880 to 34,181,917 kilograms in 1881, or 636,458 kilograms in one year. The value of the consumption has increased from \$65,040,341 in 1880 to \$68,640,939 in 1881, or \$3,710,598 in a single year. The estimated net revenue in 1883 is placed at \$58,000,000.

The adulteration in drugs that is said to be going on is a matter of serious import, and the London Saturday Review discusses it as follows: "It is astonishing how little suspicious even suspicious people are of the drugs they take when they are ill. They are quite alive to the prevalence of adulteration in other trades, but they will swallow medicines hastily fetched from the nearest chemist's without so much as a misgiving that they are not in all respects what they profess to be. Yet in nothing is adulteration so easy and so profitable as in drugs. The taste will some times do something toward detecting it in articles of food, but in medicines the taste is almost powerless. The patient classes the remedies he is condemned to take under the general heads of nauseous and not nauseous, and he does not care to draw any finer distinctions. Genuine drugs are often extremely costly, so that the gaitis which can be made by substituting other substances for them may easily be very large. Yet in no trade are the effects of adulteration so disastrous as in that of the druggist. Adulterated food or drink may sometimes provoke disease, but adulterated drugs are useless to cure it. It is impossible to say in how many cases deaths have been set to the violence of the malady or to want of skill on the part of the doctor which have really been caused by worthless medicines. The doctor ordered the medicines he thought appropriate, and if actually administered these remedies would probably have been sufficient to check the course of the disease. But what was administered was not these remedies, but a counterfeit of them, and, though the patient did not detect the difference, the disease did, and the patient died. How to insure that drugs shall be what they profess to be is one of the most important problems in practical medicine, and one to the solution of which very few contributions have yet been made.

It is reported that the wheat crop of the British Isles will probably be one of 10,000,000 quarters, or 80,000,000 bushels, leaving 14,000,000 quarters, or 112,000,000 bushels, to be supplied from foreign sources. The crop, though the best in seven years, is not half large enough to supply the home want.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It is suggested by Herr Duerberg that the moon may be habitable on the side invisible to the earth, the water and the atmosphere being drawn thither by the effects of gravitation.

The electric light in the lighthouse at Sydney, N. S. W., will be the largest of the kind in the world. The merging beam is said to have a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles.

Russia has had this year weather so dry and hot that the rivers have fallen very low, and even in the Volga and Dwina navigation has been attended with serious difficulties, as in some places they are very shallow.

In a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Haughton, of Dublin, disagreed with those geologists who believe the earth and moon have been gradually cooled from an intensely heated liquid mass to their present state. According to his views, the moon formed a part of the earth at a remote period—as calculated by Mr. George H. Darwin—but the earth itself was originally formed by the aggregation of separated masses of meteoric matter cast off by the sun and cooled to about the temperature of interstellar space—probably 460 degrees below the freezing point of water.

The cause of malarial disease is said to have been discovered by Professor Laveran, a French physician at Val-de-Grace. It is a very minute organism, named by him Oscillaria malariae. M. Richard, who announced the discovery in the French Academy of Science, has found the microbes in all the fever patients of the Phillippeville hospital in Algeria. These are located in the red blood corpuscles and completely destroyed their contents. They can easily be rendered visible by treatment with acetic acid, but otherwise it is difficult to detect them in the corpuscles. They look like a necklace of black beads, with one or more projections, which penetrate the cell of the corpuscle and oscillate or move like whips.

Transfusion of Blood.

A touching instance of maternal affection is recorded in a recent number of a medical journal by a Manchester physician, Dr. William Walter, of that city, was sent for to attend a young lady who was dying from the effects of a severe hemorrhage. When the doctor arrived his patient was lying still and unconscious; her face and lips were blanched; her eyes had assumed that dull and lifeless appearance which only death, or its near approach, can produce. Respiration was scarcely perceptible, and the pulse could only at intervals be felt. Dr. Walter, whose experience of such cases is great, knew at once that there was only one chance for her, viz., transfusion of blood from the arm of a healthy person to the blanched limb of the moribund. The lady's husband cheerfully consented to give his blood to save his wife, but the mother would not hear of it. Although she knew the risk attending the operation, she begged to be the donor. Doctors are not all made of cast iron, and this one could not resist the entreaties of that loving mother who offered her life's blood at any cost to save her darling child. While Dr. Walker was performing venesection on the mother in an adjoining room, and before he had time to collect more than four ounces of blood, his assistant acquainted him that his patient was apparently lifeless. Who can depict the agony endured by husband and mother during the next fifteen minutes? The physician hurried to the bedroom to prepare the lady's arm for the reception of the blood. He found a vein—not without great difficulty—isolated it from the surrounding tissues, made a small opening in its walls, and inserted the silver nozzle of the injecting apparatus. In from ten to twelve minutes all the blood was injected, and almost immediately respiration became distinctly visible and audible; the pulse returned to the wrist, and in the course of a quarter of an hour the insensibility gave way to consciousness, and she was able to recognize her friends. Her convalescence was steady and uncomplicated, and within a month she was able to walk out of doors.

The magnificent Yellowstone park is in danger of being rapidly destroyed and its natural beauties defaced by wantonness and vandalism, unless the government steps in to protect it. It is said that the first thing the foreigner does after registering at the Brevort house is to start for the Yellowstone Park and needlessly shoot down scores of its large game—deer, buffaloes, bears, antelope and mountain sheep. Nor are foreigners always the chief sinners in this respect. Many of the most famous Yellowstone geysers have already been ruined by people who amuse themselves by hurling immense trunks of pine trees into them in order to see the water force them high in the air. In many cases these logs have stuck in the water apertures, and have completely stopped the spouting. In Wyoming the people are taking steps to put a stop to such vandalism, and the wholesale slaughter of buffaloes and other game by tourists.