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Vittoria Colonna.
FROM LOCKFELLOW'S "MICHAEL ANGIOLO."
Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no
greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us; we know not
whence,
Sudden as inspiration, and the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those
within.
As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!
Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,
Aren't with me here, and the tumultuous world
Makes no more noise than the remotest
planet.
Oh, gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who, living in the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
That open to their tears such uncontrolled
And such continual issue. Still awhile
Have patience, I will come to thee at last.
A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and
tears,
And the long agony of this life will end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
Ye minds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
Or wander for above the city walls,
Bear this my message, that I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.
By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven. It fades away
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francessco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!
—Atlantic Monthly.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

Taking tea the other evening with an old acquaintance, now professor in a New England college, the conversation recalled some of the friends of our younger days, and he surprised me with this remark: "A woman's sympathies lie nearer her heart than her love, unless her love is born of them." But he surprised me more by the story he told to prove it.
I guess it was seven years, he said, that our chair of astronomy remained vacant. You know of Dr. Merdon. It was justly that the world finally gave him fame. Well, after his death the trustees were at a loss to fill his place. A weak man would have been insufferable there.
Do you remember his family? Charming wife and daughter. They spent several years abroad, after his death, and when they returned, notwithstanding that the widow still wore mourning, the number of our little social events was doubled. The daughter had a string of young millionaires after her constantly. Female society, perhaps you know, wasn't unlimited, and it was with a foundation of truth that the fellows grudgingly called on her. The girls their fathers had courted before them. Charlotte Merdon was as fascinating a girl as her mother had been, so said the old folks, and it was to her that young Professor Lutz quoted from Horace, "Oh daughter, more beautiful than thy beautiful mother!" when he brought down on himself the ridicule of the mountain-day party. Yes, she could have had her pick from a dozen very rich boys, and I think she would have taken it, too, if she hadn't discovered that her mother was trying to influence her in their favor.
At the senior party, that year, Charlotte held her court, as she did everywhere. She was surrounded, I remember, by the rich fellows of Charlie Elliott's set. Elliott was happy that night. Charlotte had been unusually gracious, and her mother had made her favor clearer than ever.
Over near the door sat the last man to be expected at a president's party, Brent Seymour. He was senior the year before, and taking post-graduate study at the observatory Merdon had built shortly before his death, a town boy, who supported his mother and worked his way through college not often seen in society, and his ill-fitting clothes and embarrassed manner attested it. Elliott, looking about the room for a subject for his next brilliant remark to Miss Merdon, caught sight of him.
"Ed," said he, turning to his chum, "I tell you what will be great sport. Bring Seymour up and formally present him to Miss Merdon. It will confuse him. He won't know what to do and there'll be a deuce of a scene."
The chum complied and in a moment had the reluctant Seymour by the arm. The scene that followed must have been all that Elliott desired. For a moment the poor student stood before the belle. It was not unlike the tableau of the beggar and the prince's. Her easy attitude contrasted strangely with his painful awkward-

ness. Elliott had not miscalculated. The effect was immediate. All eyes were turned toward the couple and a smile went around.
Charlotte Merdon saw it, and her cheeks flamed. She had divined the heart's joke. To the surprise of those about her she begged Seymour to be seated—insisted that he should be seated. Then she tried to draw him into conversation. But it was impossible. Embarrassment seemed to have driven his wits away. Only one remark he ventured. Glancing at a portrait on the wall he stammered out, "That's a good picture of the president." The portrait was one taken thirty years before and was anything but a good likeness of the president as he then appeared. The unfortunate remark caused another smile. Elliott was delighted. His joke was a splendid success. Poor Seymour twisted about in his chair and hung his head. His discomfiture was complete.
Miss Merdon took a deliberate look at the picture, and did not smile. "Yes," she said, "it is called a very good likeness of him just after graduation. Have you seen the president's flowers, Mr. Seymour? Let me show them to you."
Rising, and excusing herself, she led the young man into the greenhouse, adjoining the parlor.
"The deuce!" said Elliott, "I didn't look for anything like that."
Seymour, rescued in this way from his trying ordeal, hardly knew what to say or do. He felt as if a millstone had been taken from his neck. The pain and the manner of relief worked strangely on his sensitive nature. He felt that he was in great debt to his companion. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He wanted to cry. He knew he was feeling and acting like a fool. He expected that he should make a greater fool of himself than in the parlor. But some way he didn't care. He had lost all fear of the beautiful girl. Her act of mercy had brought her nearer than years of acquaintance could. He talked rapidly of the flowers, for he knew of them, and Charlotte listened—listened wondering why she cared to listen, little thinking that her sympathy had brought the awkward student nearer than he would have been had she known him half her lifetime and never seen him in pain. So when he pointed out to her the observatory where he worked, the queerly-shaped building that showed its dark outlines in the moonlight, just over the campus on the hill, she wondered what it was that prompted her to beg him to take her there, to exact a promise from him that, on the very next evening, he would conduct her through the building that had been built after her father's orders. She persuaded herself that it was a desire to see some manuscripts of her father's which Seymour told her had been left there. Perhaps it was.
Notwithstanding her mother's mild remonstrance, the next evening found her with Brent Seymour in the telescope-room of the observatory. The roof had been let down and she was watching the stars.
"I wonder if father often studied them from this room," she said.
"Whenever the sky was clear."
"I wonder if he can see them now."
"No; I think that through some one of them he is looking at us."
Far from science and astronomy, far, very far, from his scholarly standpoint, the man's childish reply had taken him, but it had carried him nearer the heart of the girl than he dreamed.
Mrs. Merdon's disapproval of her daughter's visit to the observatory with Seymour broadened into anger as his calls were repeated, and repeated often. An intimacy grew between the young people that, even to themselves, they did not undertake to explain. The girl's friendship had opened a new world to the hardworked student. Had he known more of life, he would have known that he was falling in love. Over the other a secret was stealing as steadily as comes over us the morning. A month had passed since the senior party. The two sat again in the telescope-room. She seemed to be studying the stars.
"And do you remember," she was asking, "that, that evening, you thought through some one of them father was looking at us?"
"Yes."
"Do you suppose he can see us now?"
"Yes" (in a surprised way).
"Then" (hesitatingly) "do you think he is glad—is glad to see us together?"
"Won't you" (the voice was very husky)—"won't you answer for me?"
"Yes," she said, in a voice clear as a harp-chord, "I know he is."
Seymour wondered if his senses were giving way. He hardly knew what followed. He meant to ask—he tried to ask if she didn't think her father would be glad to see them always together. Somehow that seemed long and heavy, and he couldn't make the words come. He had a choking sensation in his throat, and his eyes were blinded with tears. He felt just as he had in the greenhouse the night of the senior party. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He felt that

he was in debt to her, and falling deeper in debt every moment. He knew he was making a fool of himself, but he didn't care. He was the happiest fool that moment in God's happy world.
"You are just as much mine," she said, at last, her hands resting upon his head, which some way or other had found a place in her lap—"you are just as much mine as if I had not done all the wooing myself."
The Merdon mansion had never seen such a storm as followed Charlotte's avowal of her betrothal. Her mother insisted that she would never consent, never in the world, and the girl who had always honored her wishes above everything else was in distress.
"But you did not marry a rich man yourself, mother; why should you want me to?" she urged.
"I married a man who was great—whom everybody knew; why, if you were to marry the man, whoever he is, who will fill his chair, I should be happy forever, but this fellow," and her indignation almost overpowering her she left the room.
It was late in the afternoon when Charlotte stole upstairs. Passing her mother's room she saw that the door was partly open. She knew what it meant. Women, even among themselves, make their reconciliations gradually. She pushed the door wide open, as her mother had intended she should, and went in. The lady sat by her writing-table; her head rested on her hand, and she was evidently sleeping. A little pile of letters lay before her, a picture beside them. Tears had dropped upon the letters and the picture showed the stains of tears. Charlotte looked at the picture closely. The face was familiar. Surely she had seen it before. But where? She could not place it among her acquaintances. Whose face was it? She started. A broken, uncertain voice seemed to say, "That's a good picture of the president." Her lover's awkward remark at the party, the portrait on the wall, the picture that her mother cried over. It was all clear, very clear, and she didn't care to read the open letter by the picture.
"My poor, dear mother," she thought, as, without awakening her, she glided to her own room, carrying the greatest secret of her lifetime, save one.
It was after midnight when Mrs. Merdon awoke. She had hoped her daughter would come in. She wanted to tell her that she was no longer angry. She had been carried back over parts of her own life and she wanted to tell Charlotte that after all she must follow the voice of her heart, that her own experience had taught her so. She was almost ready to confess to her that although she had married a man who was great, whom everybody knew, she—no, no, no, she could not tell her daughter that—she could not tell her that. Very slowly she put away the letters and the picture, saying, "Yes, I loved him then, and God forgive me, I have loved him ever since."
At noon the next day a servant brought a note to the president's study: "Charlotte E. Merdon requests the pleasure of a few moments' private conversation."
"I wonder what Addie Mather's daughter wants of me?" thought the old bachelor as he passed down into the reception-room. "How the girl brings her to mind!"
In a dignified way that even surprised herself, Charlotte began, "I understand that the trustees have given you appointing power regarding the professorship which father's death made vacant."
"Yes."
"Have you made any provisions yet?"
"No."
"I have a candidate to present."
"What—you! A candidate! Who is it?"
"Brent Seymour."
Charlotte's intimacy with Seymour was not unknown to the president, but this astounded him.
"It is impossible," he said; "I do not see how you can ask it, how you can think of it."
"Would you not do much to bring to you one you loved?" she asked, boldly.
A peculiar light came into the gray eyes behind the steel-bowed spectacles.
"Yes."
"How much?"
"Anything."
"Would you give a professorship?"
The peculiar light increased. It was almost a blaze.
"Yes."
"Will you give me this professorship if I bring to you one you love?"
The gray eyes were now fairly ablaze. She was understood. He sprang to his feet. Age seemed to fall from him like a scale.
"Girl, what do you mean?" he shouted.
"That she loved you all the time."
There was a baseball match on the college grounds, but it was not the topic of the afternoon. A report that Brent Seymour had been appointed to the chair of astronomy had sent half the college to his little house to congratulate him. They could not begin to get inside, so he stood out in the yard and shook hands with them one by one.

in the early evening a passing student saw an unusual visitor go up the path to the Merdon mansion. It was the gray-haired president, Mrs. Merdon opened the door herself, and the student couldn't help seeing the look of astonishment on her face, and that she tottered as she stepped back into the hall; couldn't help hearing, in tones that he will never forget, two exclamations, "Addie!" "Frank!" and the door closed.
When Seymour and Charlotte came in from their evening walk they heard voices in the sitting-room, and Seymour was speechless with astonishment as he recognized the president's voice saying: "I am glad that you rejected me once, for my joy is made wonderful by years of darkness."
Catching her lover's hand Charlotte stepped with him into the room.
"Mother," she said, "if you haven't got too much happiness already"—looking at the venerable man who did not release the hand he was holding—"remember you promised to be happy forever if I should marry the man who will fill my father's chair. Let me present him."
My host ceased. His story was evidently done, and as he drew back from the table, he said: "The only thing fictitious about it is the name I have given the poor student."
"But," I asked, "did Charlotte ever tell her mother of the visit she made to her chamber when she was asleep at her writing-desk?"
"You may ask her," he said, smiling. "She sits at the head of the table."
Absorbed in the story, I had not noticed that my hostess was concealing her blushes behind the tea-urn.—*Springfield Republican.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

India rubber is now adulterated with finely-pulverized cork—the cork, of course, being that for which no other use can be found.
A French scientist says that bodies can be kept incorrupt for an indefinite period by being placed in glass coils, with the air pumped out and replaced with antiseptic gas.
The decrease in the rent of farming land in Scotland averages ten per cent. This is partly owing to poor crops for a series of years, and partly to the amount of capital invested by Scotch farmers in America.
A party of Italian scientists just returned from an expedition to the South Pacific have proved to their own satisfaction that a race of giants once existed in Patagonia. In wandering over Terra del Fuego they found human bones of marvelous large size.
A spot which appeared in the sun's southern hemisphere, on April 13, of last year, was measured by Rev. F. Howlett and found to have a superficial area of not less than 2,050,000,000 square miles. Even this was surpassed by one seen in November, which a correspondent of the London *Echo* reported as extending over a space of 2,556,846,000 square miles.
The removal of the electric lamps which light the foreign settlement at Shanghai has been ordered by the Chinese governor of the district, who says he has heard of the terrible accidents which have been caused by electricity, and he cannot allow his people to be exposed to the frightful risk of having hundreds of thousands of houses destroyed, millions of persons killed, or the walls of the city blown down, by any irregularity in the working of the electric machine.
According to foreign journals a Swiss engineer, named Fodor, at present employed on a railway in Finland, has lately perfected a discovery which, if all that is said of it be true, will prove an immense boon to railway companies. The invention consists of an indicator, of easy application to all existing wagons and locomotives, whereby their speed, the number of stoppages they make, the duration of the stoppages, and the times at which they are made, are exactly and automatically registered. The apparatus has been tried and its efficiency proved on a railway in Finland, and on a part of the line between Moscow and St. Petersburg.

Olive Oil.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, traveling abroad, says: I was much interested in the fratria, the place where the olive oil is made, and had the opportunity to watch the whole process. Signor Matteini has just erected a very fine new building for the purpose, and has introduced machinery, an innovation most displeasing to the unprogressive contadini mind—he would prefer the slow primitive method, though it consumed more than twice or thrice the time and was infinitely more laborious. We saw the great bags of olives emptied between two large grindstones, which crushed them thoroughly; they are then put into soft wicker baskets and placed under heavy presses; from these the pure oil runs into marble vats in another room, is left to settle for a short time, and is then bottled. To us who are used to seeing one flask of olive oil at a time it was quite overpowering to behold hundreds of gallons produced so quickly.

FASHION NOTES.

Cheviots will be worn again.
New ribbons are in Ottoman reps.
Ottoman satens come in large flat reps.
Corrage bouquets grow larger and larger.
Ball dresses are again trimmed with flowers.
There is a return to demi-trains for dinner toilets.
Pretty fans are made of soft feathers in every color.
Brocaded velveteen appears among spring novelties.
Large cravats or lace bows are no longer fashionable.
Silver dog collars are worn outside the collar of the dress.
The newest bonnets are very small, but have a pointed brim, extending over the forehead, and long ears with square corners.
Box plait skirts are made so wide that they look like panels, especially when trimmed with cord fougères or buttons and bows.
Dressy slippers of black satin, to be worn with black silk stockings, have handsome buckles of cut jet for ornaments behind the instep.
Novelties in dress buttons are in odd designs, in carved wood, in jet, bronze, silver, or deal steel, representing grotesque heads of animals.
Padding, wadding and corsets are avoided by fashionable girls, as it is the style now to have the figure look as natural and supple as possible.
The newest wraps are padded on the shoulders, or rather on the upper part of the sleeve. This is done to give the wearer the appearance of greater height.
Crocheted slippers in fancy wools for the bedroom are wrought with long loops inside, which serve as a lining, making them much warmer and fitting closer to the feet.
Red cashmere pelisses for little girls are plaited from the neck down, tied at the waist with a belt ribbon, and have a pelerine cape so long that it nearly conceals the garment under it.
Evening dresses are frequently made of light-colored velvets, in the uncertain shades called aesthetic, such as pale crushed strawberry red, flame blue, Nile green, shrimp pink and pale blue, cream and flocle, with elaborate trimmings of lace and satin ribbon.
Imitation diamonds are now so perfect that the real ones are at a discount; no one of wealth is suspected of wearing any but the real stones, and many a wealthy woman takes advantage of this notion and wears the mock jewels without fear of detection or of theft.

HEALTH HINTS.

An orange eaten before breakfast cures the craving for liquor and improves a disordered stomach.
For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil; lamp oil will do, but linsed is better.
It is stated by a medical writer that carbolic acid diluted with warm water, and poured into the ear, is a sovereign remedy for earache.
Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and then a gargle of lime water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.
A physician who manages a home for the cure of the opium habit says that in every case excepting one that has come under his notice, the habit has been acquired by using the drug for some painful ailment, usually by prescription of physician. A large number of physicians have come under his care for the cure of this habit, and one remarkable case of a physician who acquired the use of opium for the purpose of discovering some antidote. Failing in this, he brought up at the cure. Evidently morphia is a dangerous drug to experiment with and should not be prescribed when anything else will serve in its stead.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

Bird Architects.

Doves, in the construction of their nests, display a great apparent carelessness or want of skill. The coarse sticks that compose their nests are so loosely thrown together that one would hardly believe they could hold the eggs. This is evidently a provision of nature to secure the young from vermin, like the practice of woodpeckers of laying their eggs on the bare wood. A similar imperfection of structure marks the nests of some of the larger birds. But why should certain species be endowed with this conservative instinct, while in others it is entirely wanting? By careful observation we find a reason for it. The woodpeckers lay their eggs on the bare wood that vermin may not find a harbor in the material of a nest; but when a wren or a chickadee takes possession of one of these vacated hollows it fills it with materials that are fitted to harbor swarms of vermin, but each of these birds feeds on the minutest crawling insects, and with its microscopic vision can easily destroy all that enter its abode.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

Thought troubles perplex you,
Dishearten and vex you,
Retarding your progress in some array;
To shrink with terror
Is surely an error,
For where there's a will there's a way.
The task may be tending,
The duty unpleasant,
But he who confronts it will soon win the day;
Half the battle is over
When once we discover
That where there's a will there's a way.
Misfortunes uncounted
Are often surmounted,
If only we quit not the field in dismay;
Then once more endeavor,
Remembering ever
That where there's a will there's a way.
—Domestic Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Gallant tree is known by its boughs
Slight-of-hand—Refusing an offer
of marriage.
The deuce of diamonds is their exorbitant cost.
The electric incandescent pocket-book is the latest; it is always light.—*Drummer.*
Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said, "Mamma, I guess they're having a sewing 'clety'!"—*Home Journal.*
A little child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls.—*Christian at Home.*
A little girl in Arkansas, according to dispatches, has been found with three tongues. If that girl ever gets married—but why dwell on such horrible anticipations?
The increased tendency to play chess by telegraph suggests our intimating that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have prize-fights and cocking mains conducted in the same way.—*Rome Sentinel.*
A philosopher says: "In the economy of nature nothing is lost. The inside of an orange may refresh one man, while the outside of the same fruit may serve as a medium for breaking another man's leg."
A book of 350 pages has been written to prove that sharks do not eat human beings. The author of the work has declined an offer of \$1,000 to jump into the harbor at Key West and settle the dispute.
Archibald Forbes, the English war correspondent, is to get \$5,000 for his proposed work on the United States. We had no idea the United States needed repairs so bad that the work on them would cost \$5,000.—*Texas Siftings.*
A miller, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him with, "John, people say that you are a fool." On this John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir; I know some things, sir, and some things I don't know, sir." "Well, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."
A Caterer on Meat.
Fresh meat of every description should be hung up in a dry, cool place, and carefully wiped every day. It ought never to lay long in a dish. The time it should be kept varies with the weather—in cold, dry weather it will keep fresh much longer than in moist, warm weather. Gans will keep longer than butcher meat—say, two weeks—birds being kept with the feathers on, but not drawn, and venison and rabbits punched but not skinned. Beef will require from four to ten days' keeping, or even longer in cold weather; and mutton, if well managed, will sometimes hang a fortnight or three weeks without spoiling—the longer the better. As young meat, however—veal, lamb and mutton—spoils very quickly, one, two or three days at the utmost suffices for it. Fowls will keep for a week and turkeys a fortnight, but a goose not above nine or ten days. In plucking birds which have been kept some time, care should be taken not to break the skin, which will become rather tender.
There are various ways of keeping meat sweet and of removing the bad smell after it has become slightly tainted. One mode is to rub it over with coarsely-pounded charcoal, which has the property of absorbing the putrescent gases, and thus prevents the bad smell. The charcoal must, of course, be washed off before cooking. Another way is to paint the meat all over with a solution of salicylic acid, or rubbing the meat with dry acid is the simplest method, and will do for all household purposes.—*The Caterer.*