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THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

Never dies—a mother's holy love strengthens with every ill that may befall; In every phase of life its waters move with current strong, and fathomless, and deep; From the heart's other flames may rise, and while they seem as warm, and grand, and high, The income of life lives to reach the skies—A mother's tender love can never die. They never die—the songs of other days, The musing harp all covered o'er with dust, Are in some rambling storied house laid away With many other wrecks of love and trust, At eventide, when all around is still, Each harp throws off the dust with gentle sigh, And voices long since hushed our chambers fill With songs of other days that never die. It never dies—the memory of a wrong Done to an innocent and trusting heart; Though outwardly it seemeth well and strong, A pain is there which never can depart; Time o'er the spot may weave a fair new skin, And every trace be hidden from the eye, But all the agony is closed within, And wounds thus healed are never known to die. They never die—the kindly deed and word Given to the needy without pomp and pride; Sooner or later they reap their reward Who pass not over to the other side; And embers thus cast upon the sea of life May not return as man is sailing o'er, But when he rests from agony and strife, He'll find the leaves upon the other shore. It never dies—the bow of promise set In every landscape, be it bleak or fair, There's hope for all upon life's billow yet, For God's own hand had placed the token there; Though overwhelming storms of wind and rain Chase every sunbeam from the pilgrim's sky, After much peril 'twill gleam forth again, For rainbows come and go but never die. They never die—the moon, and stars, and sun Have shone upon the wicked and the just Since God's most glorious handiwork was done, And men arose so mighty from the dust; For when we close our eyes upon this world, To open them in Heaven by-and-by, The same blue banner there will be unfurled, With sun, and moon, and stars, that never die.

—Mrs. E. O. Jesell.

A CLOUDED MIND.

Lu stood behind the little counter where she passed so many hours of her life, her fingers resting upon the glass of the show-case, which she tapped impatiently, while her eyes roved from Ned Snyder, behind the opposite counter, to the door through which she hoped some customer would enter. Ned's attention was divided between leering at Lu with his shocking countenance of face, and volunteering various clownish remarks, each of which elicited from their object only a movement of impatience, a sharper tapping of the glass with her fingers, but no word of answer. Finally Ned left his place, sauntered around behind Lu's counter, and ended the maneuver by thrusting his face up before hers. "Oh, go away, Ned," she exclaimed, turning from him, "do go now!" "What'll I go away for?" he demanded, creeping up again in front of her face. "Go, because I am tired and you want to go," this in a tone of marked impatience, which Ned evidently understood that it would not do for him to disregard. "Go back behind your own counter, or stay here and I'll go there. What do you suppose customers would think to see you acting in this way?" Ned hustled over to his own side of the room before he answered, in a matter-of-fact way: "Suppose they'd think we ought to be married!" "Married—you foolish fellow! Why do you keep talking such nonsense?" "Wal, now I tell you there is lots of folks that talk in that way, whether you'd think it or not, and course they're right about it. Tell you one thing—when we be married you don't drive me round this way; just make up your mind about that."

Any person seeing Lu Towner, day by day, would have understood how cheerless her young life really was. An evil star had seemed to rule at her birth. Her father, formerly engaged in a comfortable business, had taken to drink, ruined his custom, squandered his little property, and finally died, soon after Lu's birth. Her mother, broken-hearted, struggled with adverse fortune for a few years, and then she, too, died, leaving her little daughter to the care of her only relative, a married aunt. The aunt was kind, in so far as her nature knew the meaning of the word; but she had made Mammon her God, and nature had given her great power for physical endurance—two dangerous qualities for the same person to possess, especially if that person be a woman. Lu's uncle was the proprietor of a bakery, and in connection was a salesman and a boarding-house. Mr. Towner superintended the former; his wife the latter; and so it was that when Lu had mastered the rudiments of the common school education, she was taken in as a sort of general help for her aunt. It was as though the sunlight of her dawning life had gone behind some great cloud. There was so much that she could do, and she was so willing to do whatever might be demanded of her. From peeling potatoes, chopping hash and washing dishes, her sphere of usefulness gradually extended through all the departments of the boarding-house and sales-room, till now we find her, at the age of twenty, after eight years of incessant toil, with no prospect of any change so long as life and health should remain. From very early in the morning till very late at night, through seven long days in every week, with only an hour or two of respite on Sunday, she was here, there, wherever her services were demanded, not conscious that she was doing more actual physical labor than two like her should perform, beside shutting out from her young life the joys of companionship, and ignoring all those social privileges which are so dear to young life. Lu was not especially pretty. At first glance she seemed so—her small, compact figure, oval features and great brown eyes, so full of honest truth, were certainly the elements of beauty—but her incessant toil had wrought its lines upon hands and face, insufficient sleep, continued care and the absence of social joy, tinged and shaded her whole life with a hue of sadness. Ned Snyder was familiarly known as "the fool." In some respects the epithet was quite appropriate, for while he had sufficient intelligence to be of much service in the bakery, and even in the sales-room, he was yet of such uneven mental balance as to puzzle the most acute philosopher as to his degree of soundness and accountability. Ned, too, had been adopted by Mr. Towner, just as he would have taken a horse for its keeping. It would be handy to have such a boy about the establishment, there was always something for him to do, and there were fragments enough left after the thirty or forty boarders had finished their meals to give the poor fool a royal repast. At first, life had not many pleasures for Ned, but as his sphere of usefulness began to develop and he sometimes talked about "packing up his duds" and going to sea—for Ned had a way of talking whatever came into his mind—he began to receive better clothes, and occasionally little presents, and spare half days, till his lot really in comparison became quite enviable. Lu had always been kind to him, out of the kindness of her heart, and many a favor she had taken pains to bestow upon him because she pitied his forlorn condition. Generally at the table she would procure for him a nice piece of meat or some little delicacy which had never been intended for him, and this she delighted to do, even though he soon came to look upon such favors as a matter of course, and to scold and growl if they were not bestowed. Yet, after all, Ned did not mean to be ungrateful, and as he could think of no other way of repaying Lu's kindness, he had grown up into a conviction that he must marry her at some time in the unknown future. Dreadful as such a thought must have been to her, could she have brought herself for single moment to a realization, and annoying as was Ned's constant reference to the purpose of his heart, it had become his mental food and drink—the inspiration of his life. No more he talked of the sea; no more of shouldering his "Turk." Even his nature bowed to the sway of love, and in the presence of Lu only was he happy or contented. Naturally enough the belief soon gained ground that Ned did not speak unadvisedly, and that some arrangements had been made by which Lu was actually to become his wife. The girl's uncle and aunt came in for more blame than they deserved. "It's just like them," said one boarder to another, standing at a little distance and looking upon Lu, busy behind the counter, while Ned, near by, was feasting his weird eyes upon her. "Lu's indispensable to them, and Ned is a treasure, in his way. Get the two married, and they are bound to stay as long as they can render any service."

"I hope you are wrong," the other returned, "for I don't like to think anybody can be that mean. It would be a downright shame to marry such a good, faithful, kind-hearted girl as Lu to that born idiot! I'd kick the man who'd do such a thing, if there were no other way to punish him." It was Homer Harkness who said this and shortly afterward passed through the sales-room, which was deserted save by Ned. Mr. Harkness was a young business man of the city, very comfortably situated in life, and having for several years taken his meals there, he was on quite friendly terms with the feeble-minded youth. "Ned," he asked, bending over the counter, half-confidentially, "you are going to invite me to the wedding, I suppose?" "What—me and Lu?" "Yes." "Yes, going to invite all the boarders," the fool said in a very business-like manner. "When will it probably take place, Ned?" "Blamed if I know—Lu won't say. Say Lu," the fool had opened to admit her at that moment, "when be we going to get married? This gentleman wants to know." Lu looked up at Mr. Harkness, for it was getting dusk in the sales-room, and the gas had not been lighted. A moment her lip quivered, and then tears sprang to her eyes. "Go downstairs, Ned," she replied, turning away. "Mr. Towner wants you." "No he don't either. You've got to tell me now," and the poor youth sprang forward with a sort of frenzy, but at that moment the sharp tones of his master sounded his name so emphatically that he at once turned and went blundering away down the stairs. Lu was so evidently pained by the occurrence that the young man, self-accused, went near to her and stammered out an apology. "Indeed, you are not to blame," she said, quickly, smiling through her tears. "I am foolish to let this talk annoy me; but I—I can't help it. I don't blame the poor fellow much, but I can't stand it; at least I feel as though I couldn't, though I don't know how I can help myself." "I will tell you how you can put a stop to his nonsense." "Will you? Then tell me." "Marry me!" Lu's lip trembled as she cast a furtive glance up into the young man's face, and her whole soul thrilled as she caught the magnetic love-beam of his dark eyes. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "Just what I say, Lu. I admire you; love you. I have long wanted to tell you so, and to ask you this. Surely you prefer me to Ned. Now what say you—will you be mine?" "What could she say? She knew Mr. Harkness too well to suppose for a moment that he was trifling with her; but it seemed impossible to realize that the man she most revered of all in her limited circle of acquaintances had really asked her to become his wife. Why did his request touch so deep a chord in her soul? Was it because it was an answer of an aspiration she had not dared acknowledge, much less to cherish? Before she could command herself to frame an answer a dull foot-fall sounded upon the stairs. "Let me go; uncle is coming." And she tried to withdraw her hand. "Quick, then; yes or no?" "I guess so," and with a skip she bounded into the dining-room to hide the joy-flush which would mantle her cheeks with a strange glow. Homer Harkness did not allow the matter to rest long in that state. Satisfactory terms were arranged with the uncle and aunt, and it was decided that the marriage should take place in a month. Early in the evening the ceremony was very quietly performed, and the happy husband started with his bride for a flying visit to the home of his parents in a neighboring town. Ned had been given a holiday for twenty-four hours, which he was passing with a relative in another portion of the city; so that an unusual sense of quiet, almost amounting to desertion, settled over the usually bustling establishment of the Towners. But at midnight the quiet was rudely broken and the neighborhood rang with the sharp cries of "Fire!" A defective flue in the bakery had caused the misfortune; the flames leaped rapidly from room to room of the old wooden building, so that when the fire department reached the scene they found the fire bursting out from basement to attic. Just as the firemen commenced operations Ned dashed upon the scene, breathless and excited. He saw the dense smoke pouring from the broken window of Lu's room and wildly inquired for the occupant. But no one answered his question, for none understood his meaning. Calling her name wildly, he rushed up the stairway. What transpired afterward only the eye of the Infinite saw. A daring fireman attempted to follow him a few moments afterward, but the hall at the head of the stairs was a sea of flames, through which not a soul could pass and live. Hours later, when the fire was extinguished, from out the rains was taken something which, though bear-

ing little resemblance to the human form, could still be identified as that which remained on earth of Ned Snyder. Lu, recalled from the strange dream of her new-found happiness, stood beside the coffin remains and heard the story of his death. The memory of the disagreeable days and years was all gone now; she remembered only his many uncounted acts of devotion and the heroic manner of his death, in a supposed effort to save her from the flames. "Who would have thought that he cared so much for me?" she said. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" "Yes, dear Lu," her husband responded, "you see that even such as he may love so that life is disregarded in trying to render service to the object of that love. Poor fellow, indeed; but his death shall not be in vain, for I will learn from his example to devote my life to you, as long as life shall last, and it would indeed be to my shame should my love prove less unselfish than the love of a fool."

A REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

HOW A MAN LIVED THREE YEARS WITH A HALF-BROKEN NECK.

Receiving injuries which resulted in Total Paralysis—Unable to Move Hand or Foot—A Case Which Puzzled the Doctors. The Hartford Times gives the details of the most remarkable recovery of Mr. Eddie Crowell, now in his eighteenth year. In February, 1880, young Crowell, while practicing on a trapeze bar in a German gymnasium, lost his hold and went head first, with tremendous force, to the floor, striking upon a sawdust stuffed bag. His youth (he was in his sixteenth year) probably saved his life. It was found that the blow had broken the atlas, the peculiar ringlike bone which articulates with the occipital bone, and thus sustains the head, and makes practicable its free movement. Partially stunned he arose, with a feeling, as he expressed it, "as if his head had been jammed down between his shoulders." He walked home alone, but soon found himself unable to move his head without moving his body with it. This state of things continued. It was decided, after due consultation with medical authorities, to let the boy finish his course at the high school, and he accordingly rejoined his class and engaged actively in his studies. His inability to turn or bow his head continued, and, after awhile, other indications began gradually to point to the advisability of removing him from school. He was at length kept most in the house, though the torchlight parades of the presidential election drew him out one evening, eager to march with his companions. This did not prove to be well for him; he became worse, and soon paralysis ensued. This speedily became total. He could not move hand or foot. His parents, distressed beyond measure, omitted no possible means of relief. Dr. Jarvis and other eminent surgeons were consulted, but they, after carefully examining the case, could not give much, if any, hope of the boy's living. Dr. Jarvis was convinced, to use his own expression, that "the boy's neck was broken," meaning, of course, that one of the vertebrae had been dislocated. The puzzle to the surgeons was, how the boy could have lived as long as he had. They had no hope of his surviving long. Of course he could not have lived had the spinal cord been actually separated. The fracture was so great, as it was, as to render the fact of continued life remarkable; but it is even more remarkable that this could be, with the "atlas" actually split or splintered, and a piece of it broken off. The paralysis was attributed less to the dislocation of the vertebrae we have named (with its accompanying bending of the spinal cord) than to a new growth of bone to make good the displacement of the piece that was broken off. The new growth, it is believed, pressed directly upon the now somewhat displaced nervous matter of the spinal cord, and the more the bone grew the greater the pressure; hence the paralysis. The only hope afforded by the doctors was that life might possibly last until the effort of nature to repair the broken bone had ceased, and that, if this improbable state of things should fortunately occur, the boy, being aided by his youth, might then (possibly survive, and recover partially (or perhaps even wholly) from the paralysis. (The piece of bone broken off from the atlas is, we think, supposed to be retained by the ligaments, side by side with the injured vertebrae.) The chances being at least one hundred to one against any other than a speedily fatal result, the surgeons were not a little surprised at the fact that the paralyzed boy continued to live; and now, after a long period of slowly increasing power—first, the ability to move a little finger; later, the power to stand, to walk and to ride out. He now goes out daily to walk or ride, and his complete recovery is confidently expected.

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath— And yet the fair, good name was with'd; And friend none fond grew cold and stilled, And life was worse than death. One venom'd word, That struck its coward, poisoned blow, In craven whispers, lushed and low— And yet the wide world heard. 'Twas but one whisper—one— That, muttered low, for very shame, The thing the slanderer dare not name— And yet its work was done. A hint, so slight, And yet so mighty in its power, A human soul, in one short hour, Lies crushed beneath its blight!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The money lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.—Piscayune. Patent medicines are now made that will cure everything except hauns.—Philadelphia Chronic. "Ma, may I go on the street?" "Yes, my dearest daughter, Provided the young man will treat To cats and soda water." A Detroit architect has calls from nine different cities. He estimated the cost of a certain building for \$14,000, and it was finished for \$11,000.—Detroit Free Press. "If you fall off that balcony you'll get hurt," said one friend to another. "No, I shan't," said No. 2; "there's nothing about me to break; I'm broke already."—The Judge. An after-dinner speaker who was called upon after many of the company, said many of his bright sayings fell dead because it was impossible to get a "smile" out of empty glasses. His excellency: "You have brothers?" Captain—"One, your excellency." His excellency—"It's curious, I was talking with your sister, and she said she had two brothers. How is that?"—Flying Blade. A New York music teacher boasts that he has taught 1,500 boys to play on the violin, which goes to prove that sometimes men can become so depraved that they will actually boast of and glory in their crimes.—Stings. A little boy of four years was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Moses, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides." A family paper published a long article entitled, "Housekeeping Hereafter." "Oh, dear!" groaned a distracted mother of five children and keeper of one instead of two servants; "if I thought there was going to be any housekeeping hereafter, I declare I'd never die."—Burlington Hawkeye. The Ithaca Journal tells of a little four-year-old, who, upon retiring, proceeded to say her prayers as usual. When she had repeated the line, "If I should die before I wake," a thought seemed to strike her, and after pausing a moment, she added: "What a rumpus there would be in this house!" She then repeated the concluding line of the prayer and scrambled into bed. HEALTH HINTS. Apples before breakfast, well masticated, are an aid to the digestive organs. It is reported, says Dr. Foote's Health Monthly, that a club of business men has been formed in New York, pledged to slow eating at lunch. A good movement. To relieve the swollen joints of the feet, paint the joints with iodine morning and night; wear shoes big enough for the feet, even if they are large; shoes require to be low as well as broad, and have low heels; new shoes will not hurt if they are large enough. In a paper read before the Imperial German Congress of Surgery the case is described of a woman who, having lost the whole of the biceps with the exception of a thin strip of flesh, was grafted with a piece of muscle taken from a dog. Complete healing took place, and subsequent treatment with electricity restored motion to the limb. The Boastful Goos. A goose stood on the bank of a pond and said: "To what animal has Providence been so lavish of gifts as to me? I belong to the air, earth and water; I can walk, fly and swim." The astute serpent, hearing this self-adulation, said: "Don't be such a boaster. You can do nothing well; you can neither run like a doe, nor fly like a dove, or swim like a perch." It is better to know how to do one thing well than many things awkwardly. W. A. Croffut, in one of his New York letters, avers that "most of the famous editors this country has produced have been large men. Horace Greeley weighed 200. Thurlow Weed weighed 216. Henry J. Raymond weighed 180 or more; so did Samuel Bowles. Hugh Hastings and General James Watson Webb turn the scales at 200. Robert Bonner weighs nearly 250. George Jones weighs more than 200, so does Charles A. Dana, so does General Hawley, so does Murat Halstead, so does George Alfred Townsend, so does Mr. Hurlbert, so will White-law Reid in five years more."