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

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

It never dies—a mother's holy love
Strengthened with every ill that may befall;
In every phase of life its waters move
With current strong, and fathomless, and wide;
From the heart's other flames may rise,
And while they seem as warm, and grand,
And high,
The incense of one lives to reach the skies—
A mother's tender love can never die.

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.

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.

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 saleroom, 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.

ing little resemblance to the human
form, could still be identified as all that
remained on earth of Ned Snyder.
Lu, recalled from the strange dream
of her new-found happiness, stood be-
side 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
manly, unselfish acts of devotion and the
heroic manner of his death, in a sup-
posed effort to save her from the
flames.

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 Feet—
—A Case Which Fuzzled the Doctors.
The Hartford Times gives the de-
tails 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
you... (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 practica-
ble its free movement. Partially stunned
he arose, with a feeling, as he ex-
pressed 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 with-
out moving his body with it. This
state of things continued. It was de-
cided, 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 con-
tinued, and, after awhile, other indica-
tions 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 be-
came worse, and soon paralysis ensued.
This speedily became total. He could
not move hand or foot. His parents,
distracted beyond measure, omitted no
possible means of relief. Dr. Jarvis
and other eminent surgeons were con-
sulted, but they, after carefully exam-
ining 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 sur-
viving 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 attrib-
uted 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, sup-
posed to be retained by the ligaments,
side by side with the injured vertebrae.)
The chances being at least one hun-
dred 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 ex-
pected.

SLANDER.

"Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair, good name was writ;
And friend once fond grew cold and stilled,
And life was worse than death.
One venomous word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed 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.—Phegym.
Patent medicines are now made that
will cure everything except hams.—
Philadelphia Chronicle.
"Ma, may I go on the street?"
"Yes, my dearest daughter,
Provided the young man will treat
To cake 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 com-
pany, 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 excel-
lency." His excellency—"It's curious.
I was talking with your sister, and she
said she had two brothers. How is that?"
—Fliegende Blatter.
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 sleep-
ing 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."

HEALTH HINTS.

Apples before breakfast, well masti-
cated, 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 morn-
ing and night; wear shoes big enough
for the feet, even if they are large;
shoes require to be long 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 Goss.
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 pro-
duced 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 Hal-
stead, so does George Alfred Townsend,
so does Mr. Hurlbert, so will White
Law Reid in five years more."