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THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a world's prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That gives a friend indeed—
The plan for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up life's bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling wants of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unflinching record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Be on the brow of every man,
And angels' voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

—All the Year Round.

MY LITTLE BOY.

I was a widow.
A young widow, I suppose—for no one would regard three-and-twenty as a very venerable age. And a pretty widow, people said. Whether they were right or wrong, I cannot take upon myself to say. Of course I knew, whenever I looked in the glass, that I was not an absolute fright—and so, when my cousin, Mrs. General Foxley, invited me to spend a summer with her at the Oriental hotel, where there were balls and soirees, lawn tennis and archery breakfasts going on all the while, I wasn't at all sorry that Miss. Chatterbox had sent home my lovely new half-mourning dress, all trimmed with pearl and lavender, sparkling jet and prismatic clair de lune, and that Aunt Lavinia, our family "etiquette-book" had decided that it was quite proper to wear my diamonds if I pleased. For I was a decided brunette, and dark women always look well in diamonds.

Not that it had occurred to me that I should ever marry again. My old commodore had been very good and kind to me, but he was feeble and ailing, and required a great deal of care and my general impression of matrimony was that it involved trouble and solicitude, and a constant burden of responsibility.

And now, I was free, and I intended to remain so! I felt like a caged bird that had managed to give its golden wings the slip—a butterfly in the blue June air! I meant to go to the Oriental hotel and have a royal time, waltzing, dreaming—even coquetting a little in a harmless sort of way, if it seemed good to me—but as to marrying again—no, not I! Even Priscilla Bent, my companion, who was the most logical of creatures, declared that I would be the greatest fool alive to do that!

But we never know just what is going to happen to us. The very night before we were to start for the Orient, I came into the room where Priscilla was packing the lace things, which were too nice and delicate to be entrusted to Piffie, the maid.

"Prissy," said I, "look here! a telegram from San Domingo! My cousin, Fanny Black, is dead!"

"Dear me, how sad!" said Prissy, putting on the regulation look of affliction, although she had never in her life seen Mrs. Captain Basil Black, of H. M. 114th Fusiliers, stationed in the West Indies. "But I suppose that won't interfere with our trip to the seaside, will it?"

"But that isn't all," said I. "She has left a son. And with her dying breath she charged it on her attendants that I should take him to this country and make a home for him."

"How old is he?" said Priscilla Bent, looking agast. And—

"Let me see," said I, counting upon my fingers. "Basil Black—that's his name, for I remember cousin Fanny writing about him to mamma when I was a mite of a thing—must be one and twenty at least by this time."

"Bless me!" ejaculated Priscilla, "and you are only just turning twenty-three yourself!"

"Prissy," cried I, with mischievous glee, "you're as good as a book of dates!"

"But it won't be proper," said Priscilla.

"Not proper!" echoed I. Why won't it be proper? Isn't that dear old commodore's house big enough for all of us? Aren't you here to matronize us? Isn't it my duty to be as nice as possible to a suite of bachelor apartments—manufacturing room; dressing-room—

"Elsie," cried Miss Bent, in despair, "believe you would make fun of any girl! Don't you see how outlandish a plan would be? Write at once to San Domingo people, and tell them you're out of the question."

"It's too late now, Prissy," said I. "I'm on the way here, don't you see? I shouldn't wonder if the steamer is in port now. And you know,

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

A LOOK AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES.

The Great Vestibule and its Ornamentation—The East Room and its Costly Chandeliers.

The Washington correspondent of the *England Leader* gives the following interesting description of the White House: "The President's house is a long white rectangular building, two stories, with many large windows in front looking out on Pennsylvania avenue and the beautiful park opposite it, and with a portico, like the entrance to a Greek temple, projecting out over its front door and supported by a number of Greek pillars as white as the house itself. A long green-house like conservatory is attached as a wing to its western end, and the building stands several hundred yards back from the street, and it is surrounded by twenty acres of lawn and trees. In the front of it the ground slopes by an easy grade down to Pennsylvania avenue, and an iron fence with gold-headed points separates it from the wide sidewalk. At the back, the house looks out on the Potomac, and over the river on the hill may be seen Arlington, the home of Washington and General Robert E. Lee. The lawn back of the White House is rolling and it contains many forest trees, in summer, gardens and flowers.

The wide walks or drives lead in a winding way from the street to the big porte cochere, and this is so arranged that several carriages can stop under its cover and their passengers get out with out danger from the weather.

The White House covers about one-third of an acre, and it has cost up to the present time about \$2,000,000. It is modeled after a castle in Dublin, and the architect, who was a South Carolina man named Hoban, got \$500 for drawing the plans. When it was first built, away back in the nineties, it cost \$300,000, but the British burnt out its inside, and its cost has since added to that sum about \$1,700,000. It is all of the President since Washington have lived, and each has added to its beauties and its expenses. I think it was John Quincy Adams who bought the first billiard table which was used in it. But in John Adams' time it was only half furnished, and Abigail Adams used to dry her clothes in the big east room. Year by year, however, the furnishing has gone on, until now it is a sort of a museum of art and beauty.

Let us enter it. A servant, with a face like a statesman and a form which would have made him a member of the giant guards had he lived years ago in Prussia, opens wide the doors for us. They slide back easily on their hinges of polished brass, and we step in upon the tiled floor of a great vestibule, the back wall of which is a mosaic of beautiful tones and colored glass, looking much like one of the walls in one of Frederick the Great's palaces at Potsdam, Prussia. There is a room in this palace of Frederick's walled with such a mosaic of jewels. It cost an immense sum and was built by Frederick to blind the eyes of the other monarchs of Europe to the real state of his purse. He was hard up and his fellow kings supposed that he was so. He bluffed them in this way and so kept his credit good, as they thought no one would undertake such an expense with anything less than billions to draw upon.

These stones in the wall of the White House vestibule are many of them set in the rough, in beautiful shapes, and they look something, so said a visitor, like the broken wine bottles of the White House beautifully cemented together. Tiffany made this wall and the government paid well for it.

This vestibule alone covers the space which would be covered by a good sized eight-room house, and thirty men could march abreast going from one end of it to the other. It has doors at each end and in the middle and end of the glass wall. In it the Marine band plays at great receptions, and here gentlemen throw off their overcoats and leave them in the hands of their footmen while they see the President within.

At the left is the entrance to the hall leading to the upper story, where the President spends most of his time, and just off of this is the east room. It is probably the largest parlor in the United States. It is eighty feet long and forty feet wide, and was originally intended for a banquet hall, but is now used for receptions. The walls are of embossed paper of white and gilt, and the ceiling is beautifully finished in oils. It is a very high ceiling, three times as high as ordinary, and has great girders or beams richly decorated running across it. Massive chandeliers with thousands of glass pendants hang from it. These chandeliers cost \$5,000 each, and each contains 6,000 pieces of the finest of Bohemian glass. When they are lighted the eight massive mirrors, each as large as two billiard tables, reflect their brilliant rays, and the whole brings out the richness of the fine furniture of old gold satin and the beauty of the moss-like carpet.

Between these mirrors hang some fine oil-paintings which are set like the mirrors into the walls. There is one of Gilbert Stuart's Washington's, life-size, and as big as one of the mirrors, which cost two thousand dollars. It is the picture that Dolly Madison had cut from the frame when the British invaded the capital, and carried it off with her. A little further along is a fine portrait of Martha Washington, which cost \$3,000. It is the same size as that of George, and to me it looks fully at well. The east room is always open to visitors. It is of no use to the President outside of receptions.

Just off it at the back is the green room, containing Huntington's portrait

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON

An old man sits in his garden chair,
Watching the sunlit western sky,
What sees he in the blue depth there,
Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attire
The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud,
That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gay and loved,
And a hand that beckons him afar.
Oh, cheek of roses and hair of gold!
Oh, eyes of heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold—
But love is infinite, love is true;
He will find her—yes, it must be soon;
They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
Is driving athwart its troubled face,
The golden mist is a trailing shroud;
It is cold and bleak in the garden place.
The old man smiles and droops his head,
The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow,
The sunset radiance has appeared!
The every wasted feature now:
Oh, he exhales like a breath in June—
And the Land of the Afternoon.

THE HAMMER.

The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the plowshare of peaceful agriculture, the press of the free, and the shackle of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle-fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled up high hopes and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns and kingdoms. The forging of thunderbolts was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge.

In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helm by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mohammed, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Mussulman was named Martel—the hammer. How simple, how appropriate, how grand—the hammer. The hammer is the savior and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry—it is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, or carriage rolls, a wheel spins, or engine moves, a press speaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves, without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes, but in skillful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

An Eccentric Chancellor.

Chancellor George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, twice a Senator from that State, and secretary of the treasury in Mr. Tyler's administration, was known in Washington as "the last of the small-coats." Until his death he wore a broad-brimmed hat, fine linen, long waistcoat, knee-breeches, black silk hose, and l.w. shoes with silver buckles. The chancellor's personal appearance and manners proclaimed him a gentleman of the old school—dignified, high-toned, and courteous to everybody. Even the boys, knowing that he took snuff, would often stop him in the streets with—"Please, sir, give us a pinch of snuff!" The chancellor, with an air that would have become Louis XIV. himself, would at once offer his snuff-box to the little fellow.

One day, the chancellor met in Washington a friend from Kentucky, and inquired particularly about the gentleman's family—his son and his son's children.

"His youngest," said the friend, "is named for Nehemiah."

"That's right," replied the chancellor. "The law and the prophets should always go together!"

The chancellor's fondness for angling amounted to a passion. Whether the fish "bit" or not, he would sit for hours on the bank of a stream, with rod and line, waiting for a nibble. A story, illustrative of his reputation as the most patient of anglers, used to be told in Washington circles:

A gentleman, seeing that the chancellor had been sitting on the wharf for several hours, watching his float, strolled down to him, and asked, "What luck?"

"None," replied the chancellor. "I thought I had a bite two or three hours ago, but apparently there is not a fish now here."

"What is your bait?"

"A live, plump, young frog, hooked through the fleshy part of the leg."

"Look there, chancellor!" said the friend, bursting into a laugh and pointing to a log partly out of water.

The chancellor looked and saw his bait sunning itself on a log.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON

On her beam end the sun,
A sound sleeper—the sun,
Umbrellas and good shoes,
Always belong to those who don't let them most.

A young woman is not necessarily a girl just because she has a snow-brow.—*Drake's Magazine.*

If "bread is the staff of life" then pound cake must be the gold-headed cane of existence.—*New York Journal.*

"Arizona now exports tannin." This is another avenue of usefulness closed to the Massachusetts schoolmarm.—*Boston Transcript.*

A woman never uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive a nail with more than once. Not if he knows it.—*New York Journal.*

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry; I have no use for it, and I return it with many thanks."

We are in danger of having too much culture in this country. An aesthetic buff-colored pug recently got mad in Boston because his mistress dressed him in a light green blanket.

It is now stated that Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, wears a swallow-tail coat. We can now understand why he was able to travel among the cannibals for years without being roasted and eaten. No man looks juicy in a swallow-tail coat.—*Through Mail.*

A LAX.

The happy nightingale
Doth chittrily trill away,
And charms some mortal's ear
With his sweet little lay.

Also, the barn-yard hen
Doth nest an egg each day,
And charms some mortal's taste
With her sweet little "clay."
—*Jef. Joslyn, in St. Louis Magazine.*

"Where is that new man that came with us in January?" said one M. T. to another. "He left last week," was the reply. "Well, if he left last week, it was because he couldn't get his hands on it," put in their slightly absent-minded employer, looking up from his books. Such is life, etc.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

MOSTLY LIES.

Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride, for crowded cars I can't abide, and carriages I do despise—
I am so fond of exercise."

"I bring my lunch," said Smith, elate,
"For noisy restaurants I hate;
Beside, I spoil my appetite,
For dinner when I'm home at night."

Said Brown: "I'm tough; I never wear an overcoat. I do declare
I do not feel the cold like those
Half-frozen chaps weighed down with clothes."

"I never touch cigars," Green spoke,
"They're made of stuff unfit to smoke."
For healthfulness or comfort ripe
Give me my fragrant brier pipe."

And so we all apologize
And make excuses—mostly lies,
Because we dare not say with suns
We go without to save expense.
—*Henry Gleason, in the Ironmonger.*

Snuff Eating.

City druggists have very many glimpses in the inner life of their customers. "I want five cents worth of snuff," said a little woman, as she bent over the counter of a drug store this morning and whispered the order in the clerk's ear with a mysterious mien. Glancing furtively around to assure herself that there were no witnesses to the transaction, she added: "It's for another lady. I never use the stuff." Picking up a neatly wrapped little bundle in white paper, she placed it to her nose to assure herself that it was the genuine article, then flung down a nickel and hurriedly left the store. "Here, Johnny," said the clerk, turning to a boy who was standing behind the prescription case in conversation with a reporter, "put up some more snuff. All those packages we made last night are gone already. Hurry! Here's another customer across the street. We have no more calico for snuff at all. The men chew tobacco instead. Of course no woman buys the snuff for herself. The purchase is made for a neighbor or a friend. I have heard women complain of the stuff, which they said they were buying for another woman. The habit, I understand, is very fascinating, and when once begun is more binding than either chewing tobacco or smoking. In its strength to enslave the will it approaches the power of narcotics."

THE LOVE OF PRATISE.

It is an instinct as much as conscience is. It is an organic faculty as much as the reasoning faculty is. It is just as much a part of our structural existence as the heart is, or the lungs are to the body. It is a counterpart and balance of that which we call pride. But the word pride is offensive and usually conveys the idea of an improper feeling. It is the conscious value of one's self. It is the sense of individual rights, one's personality, the inherent right to be what we are, self-estimation. To be sure you have a right to your own judgment and personality, but these men have a right to judge you, and what they think you do well they praise you for, and you have that in you which makes praise very sweet. So there are those two qualities, one preserving the individuality of a man in all his rights; the other making him sensitive to the reflected influences of those around him.—*Becher.*

No brass band can play as many airs as a drum-major can put on.