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THEN AND NOW.

We laughed to see the whirling snow And hear the raging tempest blow; We reeled not of the icy blast, Nor how the storm came wild and fast— Our hearts had sunny weather; Nor snow, nor hail, nor wild winds moan, Could chill the glow around them thrown, For then we were together, Oh, sweetest word—together!

"MISS FORBES" FORGERY.

Old Captain Jonathan Forbes was tearing through the village in a state of pitiable excitement toward his neat, comfortable little cottage. A cottage vine-clad, flower surrounded, tree-shaded, and tended and cherished as few homes are in country or city. The captain had been a hard worker until within the last five years; then at the age of sixty he had "given up the sea," bought the cottage, deposited all his earnings in a city bank, said to be as sound as sound could be, and with his dear old wife and his invalid sister had settled down to what promised to be a very comfortable old age. In younger years the captain had been rather a spendthrift, inclined to profanity, following the deplorable habit of sailors in general and swearing roundly when things did not work to his satisfaction. But his extreme kindheartedness, also a distinguished trait of the average sailor, had won the love of a good, pious woman; and under her influence, the captain had grown provident and saving; he also had given up the use of profane language. But give vent to his feelings in some form of expiatory he must upon occasion, so it had become a habit with him under strong pressure to blurt out the name or names of the first places occurring to him at such times; and the more wide apart and incongruous the mating of ports or places, the better it answered his purpose. And now as he went rushing pell mell through the fragrant country roads, he ejaculated with distressing vehemence: "Jerusalem and Troy! What shall we do! I'm a beggar man and worse than a beggar man! Now, if I'd only listened to Miss Forbes' advice, and not a gone and chucked all my savin' in one place, I shouldn't a been caught in such a miserable tight place as this!" "Egypt and Cape Cod! Just to think of it! and there her brother, a merchant of fifty years' standin', would ha' given us within one per cent, as much interest as that rascally bank. But there! I long to get home and tell Cynthia all about it. Poor Cynthia, whatever will she do! Wish to mercy Miss Forbes wasn't out o' town; dread tellin' her awfully. Point Judith and Hurl's Gate, if I don't!" But the captain had reached the cottage, and swinging wide the gate, he hurried up the gravelly path, and soon entered the cool sitting-room, where his placid, Christian sister sat knitting. Both feet were bound about and placed on a high footstool, as rheumatism in a severe form rendered Miss Cynthia Forbes a confirmed invalid, and often an intense sufferer. At sight of her usually unperturbed brother mopping his warm and distressed looking face, she looked up with anxious solicitude. "Sing Sing and Bamba, Cynthia! he burst out. 'I'm a ruined man if ever there was one! What do you think? The L— bank has busted and carried with it every cent we have in the world!" "Why, brother, that's too hard. Can it be true?" "True as the world! It's town talk! There's the greatest crowd up at the postoffice; there can't anybody think of talking of anything else at all. Some others ruined besides me, all because the president of the bank was brought right up here and all thought him the very soul o' honor, confound him!" "Now, don't, brother," said Miss Cynthia, soothingly. "Perhaps it won't be as bad as you think. May be there's something saved."

must do the best we can. You mustn't worry on my account, brother, you know the Lord will provide, somehow." "I'll have to sell the cottage," continued the captain, despondingly. But don't you go to worryin', Cynthia; Miss Forbes and I, we'll look out that you get cared for, we won't either on us forget how you struggled and brought me up, wicked little imp as I was, too. How in the world did you ever have such patience, Cynthia? "It was perhaps the hundredth time he had asked the same question and only to receive the same comforting reply. "Oh, I knew there was good in you somewhere, brother, and it would only take time and patience and plenty of prayer to bring it out, and sure enough." Two more days must elapse before Mrs. Forbes would return from the city, and it was both pitiable and laughable to note the conflicting emotions with which her worthy but troubled spouse anticipated her appearance. "Of course she'll know all about the failure and our losses," he said to his sister, repeatedly. "So, thank fortune, we shan't have to tell her about it, but I should think she'd hurry home on that very account now, shouldn't you?" "Well, I suppose she thinks she might as well have her visit out," Cynthia would reply. "You know her brother's wanted this visit for a long time." "Hope they ain't urging Miss Forbes to stay away from me in the future," said the captain the afternoon of the day his wife was expected home. By this time the poor man's anxiety and forebodings were truly painful to witness. "Now, Jonathan, that's downright naughty of you," said Miss Cynthia, "as if Maria would desert in trouble of all times." At last the stage coach stopped at the cottage door, but somehow, the captain could not go out, as expected to greet his wife, longed for as she had been. He stood peeping through the blinds as the stage driver helped her alight, then rolled her little trunk into the gravelly path. All at once he turned to his sister, his face fairly working with emotion. "Oh, Cynthia, she doesn't know a thing about it. I know she doesn't. She's a smilin' and a noddin' to the driver, an' her face is as peaceful as the coral isles, and poor Miss Forbes don't know, I know she don't." But he could hold off no longer, his wife was at the door, and the next moment had entered the room, given him a loving embrace, and receiving his sounding smack, then went over and kissed "Sister Cynthia" affectionately. The little maid of all work soon announced supper, and although the captain sat with the most lugubrious face imaginable, yet throughout the meal, Mrs. Forbes was as bright and jocular as a young girl, her round, dumplinglike face and figure shaking with laughter at the queer stories she had to tell, and the amusing reminiscences of her journey. After tea, when they were sitting cozily together, the husband, wife, and sister, Captain Forbes felt that at last his time had come, so summoning all his courage, he said with a gigantic effort at calmness. "My dear, there's awful news." "Now, the little black kitty ain't dead or any of the chickens, I hope," said Mrs. Forbes. "Mercy, no!" Then as gently as possible, the captain broke the disastrous tidings, how the bank had broke, and they had lost all. "Law, yes. I knew it had broke," said Mrs. Forbes, complacently. "But thank a kind, merciful, Heavenly Father, it ain't hurt us any." "Why, what do you mean?" gasped the captain, fearing her senses had deserted her at the news; "all we had was there, wife." "No, 'twasn't," she answered placidly. "I'd drawn it all out three days afore the smash came. Brother William has it all safely invested in his business." "Why, but Maria, you couldn't draw it. I deposited that money, no one could draw it without my order." "Mrs. Forbes broke into a rippling laugh. "Well, now, do you think, Johnny Forbes, I've lived with you all these years without bein' able to write exactly like you? I never did approve of all your money bein' in that bank, and William didn't, so I just writ out an order an' endorsed it. I had your book along, had an idee once in the city I might want it, so I just got the money as slick as could be, an' it's all safe an' sound. I didn't tell William that."

who did suffer from the bursting of the bank, while the captain often declares with characteristic vehemence, that "women are amazin' cute and curious when they take business matters into their hands. Heavens and earth! if they ain't."—Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever. The Mind Cure. Boston's latest craze, mind cure, has appeared in New York. No less than three of the disciples of the new system have moved to New York, and two of them have set up gorgeous establishments up town. They all use the prefix "doctor" before their names, and their establishments are run in every way like those of prosperous physicians of the old school. One of them, on Madison avenue, is reaping a harvest. He charges \$3 a visit, has a handsome brougham, a liveried man in the hall, and all the other accessories of a fashionable doctor of medicine. These men are rapidly building up a boom in the line of quackery. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, who has written one good novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and one weak play, "Emeralda," and gained considerable fame thereby, is the most prominent convert to the mind cure people ever had. They have been using Mrs. Burnett's name ever since she was cured or converted by them as a sort of trade mark, and as the general opinion among women seems to be that whatever cures Mrs. Burnett must be efficacious, the mind cure people find the use of the novelist's name very profitable. I called on the Madison avenue men just to see what the much talked of mind cure was. In the first place the man was as arrant and transparent a fraud as I have ever met. He was a long-bearded, hollow-eyed and affected creature who could not talk grammatically, or express two ideas consecutively in anything like an intelligible manner. He not only does not know how he cures people—if he does cure them—but he also has not formulated any theory by which he can account for his assurance in accepting money from people for alleged services rendered. He sat like Napoleon in a chair, while he talked to me in the most pompous and stagey manner, and spoke somewhat as follows: "In the—a—first place it is a matter of somewhat extreme difficulty to account for my treatments. Firstly, disease doesn't exist. If a man has a boil it is because he thinks he ought to have it, and not because he really has it. I devote my intensest mental activity to bear on that man's mind and that cures his mind of the delusion, which is that he really has got a boil. After his mind has been cured this her boil of his cures itself." If this is a fair specimen of the mind cure disciples of Boston, I am rather surprised at the extent of the craze there. The mind cure business is the silliest humbug of all the forms of quackery that flourish in New York. One Woman Tries Nine Husbands. Cynthia Boardman was a girl of loving disposition and her affections were true as gold when once they were fastened. William Rawlings was the happy man who first led Cynthia to the altar a blushing bride. A mile killed Mr. Rawlings. His relict then married Henry Ladd. He was drowned. Making a visit to Pennsylvania she was snatched up by Mr. Henderson. He died. Returning to Ohio, her native place, she became Mrs. Johnson. He died. Mrs. Johnson then took Mr. Dixon. He died. Again the widow goes to Pennsylvania, and again is she snatched up; this time by Mr. Maybury, and they move to Indiana. The ague killed him. The much-tried widow returns to Ohio, where Henry Ladd, a brother of her second husband, married her. He died. She now takes a rest for four years, and then becomes Mrs. Tipton. He died. She then went on her farm and proceeded to ornament her house with the portraits of her lamented dead, and hung them up as a general reminder of the fate in store for the unfortunate man who should next marry her. She next married Mr. Dyer, a frail man, who was not as popular as some of her other husbands; "but," she said, apologetically, "I was gettin' too old to be particular, an' I took him. George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his picture'll soon go along with the rest of 'em."—Cincinnati Enquirer. The Dead Sea of the West. The famous Dead Sea of the West, Mono lake, situated in Mono County, California, is thus described by a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle: Its water is so strongly impregnated with alkalis that the hand held for a few minutes in it will crack open and the skin will be eaten off. No living thing exists in it, though it is said that often, after strong winds have blown across its surface, there is a layer of worms several feet wide on its leeward shore. It cleanses cloth dipped in it almost instantly, and if they are not as speedily removed does worse. Its shores are barren, bleak and lonely in the extreme, bordered by a soil that will grow nothing but the scrubbiest of sage-brush. In the prosperous times of Bodie a steamer plied on the lake, but it is now laid up in ordinary. The length of the lake is about thirty miles and its greatest width about eighteen miles. Seen from this magnificent point, surrounded by the great walls of Bloody Canyon, it is one of the noblest views on earth, but at the same time it only proves to one who has been about its shores and toiled over the deserted and sandy interval to the westerly foot of the Sierra, with even no better way across than the Bloody Canyon, that truly "distance lends enchantment to the view."

A QUEER RELIGIOUS SECT.

MILLIONAIRES WHO HAVE NEVER HANDED A CENT OF MONEY. The Pennsylvania "Economites"—A Society of About Thirty Members with Wealth of \$100,000,000. One of the most remarkable and eccentric of all the religious sects to which the fruitful soil of this country has given birth is that of the Economites, who are located in this State, says a Pittsburg (Penn.) letter. The Economite society is possessed of great wealth; some assert it reaches \$100,000,000. At the present day there are not more than thirty Economites. They are all aged, and in all probability ten years will find them gathered to their fathers. In the last two years there have been twelve deaths. The houses at Economy are of the plainest, built gable end to the street. Modern wall paper is now on nearly every house, but all else is ancient. Rug carpet is mostly used, and everything is spotlessly clean. Miss Rapp, the daughter of the founder, is still living in Economy. She is a beautiful, silvery-haired, blue-eyed lady of seventy-eight years, but looks no more than sixty. In her younger days she was very accomplished, and to this day she furnishes all the church music. She was a beautiful singer and her voice is yet musical and sweet. In her house she has a little mahogany workstand and sideboard that belonged to J. G. Blaine's father. She also has two pianos that are over fifty years old. They have four pedals instead of two, like the modern makes. One pedal will give the tone of an organ. They are fine toned and in good repair. The old fashioned garden is well stocked with modern and ancient flowers. A high stone wall, covered here and there with ivy, fences it in. In the center, rising out of a lovely lake, is a high summer house, decorated with marble vases holding beautiful plants. In this the band plays once every week. To the left is a large round mound, built of rough stones, over which climb a variety of vines. A back door leads into a round room, beautifully frescoed. Set around in this are four immense stones, on each of which is inscribed: GEORGE RAPP, Founder of the Harmony Society, Born 1757, died 1847. Harmony, Pa., 1805; Harmony, Ind., 1815; Economy, 1828. When Mr. Rapp settled here he bought some property from Mr. Blaine, father of James G. The old Blaine homestead is still standing, and was used not long since for a school room. In the center of one orchard of twenty-five acres is a large mound, where, after the French and Indians had a battle, the braves were buried together with many valuables. Mr. Rapp never allowed this to be disturbed, and now Mr. Henrici sees that Mr. Rapp's wishes are obeyed to the letter. The mound is held sacred, and still holds its secret. Many beautiful flowers at present are planted on it. Near by, in the orchard, is the Economite graveyard. Side by side the dead sleep in peace. No gaudy stones, no flowers, simply covered with the bright grass. There are many men and maidens hired to do the work. These, of course, live together, but the unmarried are not allowed to flirt with each other. If two are seen talking or walking together, or if they marry they are immediately sent away. If a man smokes in the town limits he is discharged. Whisky and beer are strictly forbidden. If any citizen wishes to go out of town, or, in fact, wishes to do anything, he must first ask permission of Mr. Henrici or Miss Rapp. Groceries, dry goods, milk, bread and meat are furnished at stated intervals in any quantity desired—milk twice a day, meat once, bread three times, etc. The members of the society—with the exception of the managers—never handle any money as they have no need for it. Many would not know a piece of money if they should see it, never having handled a penny in their lives, and yet each is worth at least \$1,000.00. The washing for every family in the town is taken to the laundry, where hired help handles it. At five A. M., they breakfast, at six the bell rings for them to go to work, at ten o'clock they have lunch, consisting of bread, butter, cheese, meat and cider; twelve to one is dinner hour, three o'clock lunch again, and 6:30 supper. At nine P. M. the bell rings and every one must go to bed. Nine watchmen nightly guard the town and enforce the rules of the society, which visitors must observe. The church is built of brick, and supports a large bell and two town clocks. Straightbacked, uncushioned benches hold the congregation. At each side, directly opposite, are raised rostrums, one for the pulpit, the other for the choir. Mr. Henrici preaches about an hour every Sunday morning and evening. Nearly thirty young people compose the choir, over which the venerable Miss Rapp presides at the organ. The clothing worn is made perfectly plain. The dresses consist of a gathered skirt, plain waist, full sleeves and a square kerchief across the breast. The best of silks and woolsens used to be manufactured at Economy, but the factories stand silent and deserted now. The members are too old to work, and the hired help does not take interest enough in the work to insure success. Everything is raised in abundance, and the large wine cellars of the thrifty community contain over 50,000 gallons of the best article. Some of the choicest wines are fully fifty years old. Last year 500 barrels of cider were made. It is drunk instead of water. No one ever becomes a drunkard here, and a quarrel has never occurred or a cross word spoken. Mr. Henrici has built a schoolhouse, and pays a teacher to instruct the chil-

THE STORM.

Ye hills and dales and rocks of ages, Ye mighty lakes and oceanous seas, And tremble dread, when granny ragges O'er hearts oppressed with fierce accages; Proclaim from whence ye powers stupendous, Proclaim from whence your terrors roar, Lashing the world with thews tremendous, Dashing mad seas from shore to shore. My soul is wrapt in stygian wonder O'er lurid bursts and tongues of fire, As demons rend the vault amunder With rumblings vast and thund'ring rido Now madly sweeps the wild tornado, With lightning on his streaming hair; Now sovereign swells the fell cruzado Along the wing'd cimmarian air. Erebus black outpours his legions, Convolving on the lightning's beat, Then plunging into godless regions, To gambol in the rolling heat. The North and West in awe augmenting A huge Colossus rears his form, And, to the furies mad consenting, He lifts the floodgates of the storm, My life takes wing and upward charges The demons round to battle's wage; Valor the bonds of earth enlarges, And high transcends the fury's rage From center wild to whirling border The furies reek and rush in pain; While teeming the spheres in crazed disarray, Till helms are quenched in torrent rain. Without the cross there's no appraisement In sun or sky, on land or sea; Like man, all things need God's chastisement To Him all worlds must bend the knee. —Hugh Farrar McDermott. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Home rulers—women. One-legged orators are always successful on the stump.—Siftings. A wooden wedding—Marrying a blockhead.—Gorham Mountaineer. A forger should always write a running hand.—Boston Transcript. An egg that gives birth to a rooster cannot properly be called a hen's egg. The man who delights to get up with the lark is never seen out upon one after dark.—Boston Courier. A camel sometimes lives to the age of 100 years. No wonder he has a hump on his back.—Boston Budget. A Kansas man has been fined \$10 for smiling in church. Kansas is a prohibition State this year.—Graphic. The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.—Chicago Ledger. Arkansas has an agricultural organization known as the Wheel. Its members are constitutionally tired.—Chicago Sun. A Northern paper praises the Indian hair restorer. He is a fraud. No Indian was ever known to restore any hair.—Texas Siftings. A health journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well, also, to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat. Tell us not in mournful numbers Sorrow came by eating apples 'Tis the man who eats cucumbers Who with keenest anguish gnawles.—Boston Courier. "In certain parts of Minnesota one can travel 100 miles and find no one but Swedes," remarks an exchange. The same thing, we believe, has been noticed in Sweden.—New York Graphic. Miss Corson makes a business of instructing people how to roast a chicken. This is the easiest part of it. How to get the chicken to roast is generally the question that agitates the public mind most.—Siftings. Coddle up to rave over Miss Guriguri's hyacinthine curls. Since he has discovered that they are fastened on with hairpins he has chosen a new floral emblem, and now calls them lie-locks.—Boston Transcript. Inquisitive offspring (to fond father)—"Papa, what is the meaning of 'Tra-la-la, la, in the song I am learning?' Fond father (perplexed for a moment, but recovering)—"It means, my child, the same as 'fol-de-rol-lo' in the song you have already learned." Offspring silent, but not edified.—New York Independent. THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOUST. The seventeen-year locust comes Up smiling in the West, And as he hugs himself he hums: And elaps his hollow che— Then merrily He shouts with glee I will go for the oats, I will fatten on rye, And will warble my notes In this wheat by and by.—New York Journal. Lightning Rods for Human Beings. Mr. P. B. Delany, of this city, inventor of the wonderful synchronous telegraph system, has recently patented a lightning rod for the human body. It consists of a large copper wire that passes down the back, with branches extending along the arms to the hands, and along the legs to the exterior of the shoes and to metal soles thereon. The wearer if provided with this rod may, if standing on the ground, handle electric light wires with impunity; and if out in a thunder-storm, would stand a good chance of not being hurt if his rod were struck by lightning. Mr. Delany ought to carry a branch of his rod up the back of the neck, and have it connect with a point on the helmet of the policeman, and so give them protection. It has heretofore been proposed to have lightning rod umbrellas that is to say, an umbrella provided with a flexible wire that extends from the tip or ferrule over the outside of the umbrella, the wire reaching to and allowed to trail on the ground.—Scientific American. A swell gathering—A boil.

of the people who work for the society. Thus they live day after day peacefully, quietly, religiously, preparing themselves to meet the God whom they faithfully believe in. They do not flaunt their great wealth in the faces of the observing and struggling poor; neither do they count their gold like misers. What will become of it all when the last survivor passes away no one outside of a small circle knows. They are a living monument to the old adage that "Economy is wealth." They are not miserly or uncharitable. No tramp ever passes Economy hungry. The poor of the vicinity only speak to bless the plain folk, who by thrift and industry, have accumulated wealth and earned happiness. How Clay Won a Picture. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, went to school as a boy at college near Ashland, the residence of Henry Clay, and he described the other night a visit which a number of the college boys once made upon the old statesman. Said he, "As Mr. Clay rose to meet us his face shone with smiles, and every boy in the party was straightway his friend. In the course of the talk he asked us what we thought of his pictures. There was a number, some paintings and some engravings, hanging upon the walls in different parts of the room. We finally decided upon one, the picture of a woman holding a bowl of steaming muck in her hand as the finest one in the collection. As we did so, Mr. Clay laughed and said: Yes, boys, I think you have picked out my best picture, and as you have done so I must tell its history. I got that picture at Ghent, and in a curious way. Albert Gallatin, John Quincy Adams and myself were there making the treaty, and Mr. Gallatin and myself took chances in a picture raffle. My prize turned out to be that picture," pointing to an inferior engraving on the other side of the room, "and Gallatin got this. Now Gallatin knew very little about art, and I did not know very much, but I could see at a glance that his picture was far better than mine, and that I should be laughed at if we took the pictures home and comparisons were made. I saw that I must get hold of Gallatin's picture, and I said to him: 'Mr. Gallatin, these two pictures were made to match each other, and the man who has one ought to have both. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will put my picture against yours and we will play a game of cards for them. The man who wins shall take both pictures, and you may name the game.' Mr. Gallatin thought a moment, consented, and said 'seven up,' and, continued Senator Beck, "I can hear Henry Clay's hearty laugh now and see his smile of intense merriment as he concluded. As soon as Gallatin said 'seven up' I knew I had him. He knew but little about cards, and I was one of the best seven-up players in Kentucky. The result was as I had anticipated, and I got the picture."—Cleveland Leader. Fifty Thousand Miles on Horseback. A minister of the gospel in Western Ohio, who was long engaged in home missionary work, writes the New York Evangelist of the way in which he used to get about his field of labor: "It has been my lot to occupy a home missionary field nearly all my ministerial life for about forty years. When I first came to Western Ohio we had no railroads, but a plenty of woods, swales and mud. My mode of traveling to my appointments was uniformly on horseback. On my field in Western and Northwestern Ohio, I have ridden on horseback more than 50,000 miles. For several years I occupied a field which required me to travel in going and returning, as follows: One twenty-four miles, another forty miles, another fifty-two miles, another seventy miles. And for the first eighteen years of my ministerial life I, failed but two Sabbaths to meet my regular appointments. My salary never exceeded over \$500 per year, and probably did not average more than \$430 per year. I have cause for thankfulness in believing that the Lord made me useful in building up His kingdom. A Place Where Women Rule. Among the dependencies of Holland there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and original costume of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent State. The sovereign, is, indeed, a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his State council. The highest authorities, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The Amazons ride in the masculine style wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they spring very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop.—Globe-Democrat. Gold Found Everywhere. It has long been well understood that gold is the most universally distributed of metals, being found in all parts of the world, but most readers will probably be surprised at a statement recently made by Professor A. E. Foote, of Philadelphia, to the effect that there is more gold in the clay under the city of Philadelphia than would equal the entire valuation of the city. In 1812 men made sixty cents a day by washing the sand near Chester, on the Delaware river, where William Penn first landed, and quite recently several dollars' worth of gold in grains were taken from a well 150 feet deep within twenty miles of Philadelphia.—Scientific American. A swell gathering—A boil.