

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... 6.00; One Square, one inch, one year... 16.00; Two Squares, one year... 18.00; Quarter Column, one year... 20.00; Half Column, one year... 25.00; One Column, one year... 30.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in advance. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

LOSS.

A sudden frost! we hear the gardener say, As tenderly he bears the vine away That yesterday was all the garden's pride; And other flowers that bloomed the vine beside Stand in their glowing beauty all unharmed As if the lute life they bore were charmed. We echo, with regret for treasures lost, "A sudden frost!" In life's fair gardens there are treasured vines Upon whose tendrils delicate there shines The light of God's dear presence day by day, Until we come, with hearts assayed, to say, These are the darlings whom we fondly cherish There can no harm come nigh, they cannot perish; When presently there falls some vine across, Death's sudden frost. —Abbie F. Judd, in the Current.

A TRAIN IN THE DESERT.

Years since, I was, as a child, one of a party that met with some distress in northern Mexico. Our train, comprising twenty-one souls, was sent over a false trail into a desert region. The springs reported as being along the way were not; the few existing water holes were all, save one, dried up, and when we camped, after traveling four nights and the cooler part of as many days, it was where a brazen sky looked down upon a parched land that held no sign of animal habitation, save one gaunt panther, which the men scouting for water found dead, half a league from the road. In all the desolate plain, stretching miles away to iron bound mountain ranges on either hand, there was no break save a few shriveled bushes, and the windless of a well, a few rods from the roadside. The projector of the road had assured our leader of finding here a well of water, pure and never failing. It now contained perhaps ten feet of water, salt as the sea, and impregnated with some acrid mineral element. The stock was now too much exhausted to drag the heavy wagons further. Every drop of water was gone from our kegs and canteens.

A hurried council was held, and our one possible plan of escape arranged. My uncle and another young man selected the two least jaded mules, tightened their belts about them, and, with bullets in their mouths to chew to stimulate the salivary glands, they started at nightfall upon the back track, in a desperate attempt to drive the stock to water, and bring us relief.

My father, who had some little skill as an amateur chemist, improvised from the camp equipment and utensils a still—afterward a second one. Fortunately we had a pair of camp stoves, and by distilling the salt water with this imperfect apparatus, nineteen lives were preserved. Three men and five women stood in watches of two at the still, two hours at a turn. The little camp-stoves were kept red hot, and drop, drop, drop, the priceless water fell slowly—so faintly slowly—into the cups. Our rations were two teaspoonfuls every two hours.

Of course, cooking was out of the question, nor could our dry and stiffened mouths bear even such food as was available from the stores. The first day the attempt was made to prepare coffee with the salt water, but the experiment was not repeated for the reason that one Mrs. B.—the sixth woman of the party had persisted in drinking the clear, cool-looking water, and she became insane almost immediately. Her seven children, forlorn little creatures as they were, had all the attention possible, and bore their sufferings with touching patience.

I will not dwell on the five days succeeding the departure of the young men. To this day—even as I write—I fall into a nervous chill at thought of our extremity. There was the baking sand, the glaring sky, the triumphant, mocking sun; the little, lonely camp, with its added degrees of heat from the glowing stoves; the feverish faces and trembling forms, stretched about beneath the wagons, wherever a spot of shade blessed the earth. The horses, that had been too far spent to drive back, lay dead before us, none having strength to drag them away, and a splendid Newfoundland dog moaned out his life in accompaniment to the insane woman's yells. Misery in every moment, and agonies of suspense for the fate of our two gallant boys. Had they ridden safely to their succor and ours, or were they lying, swollen, ghastly, stark sinaps, in some lone dell of the mountains we had come through? Then—the fifth day the salt water gave out! That night the ration was reduced one-half, the stills being supplied by wringing semi-liquid mud in a strainer of linen. While two ladies were tending the still, Thompson, the driver of our family traveling coach, came to them, and with threats compelled them to give up to him more than a half pint of distilled water. They complied, to avoid wakening to collision the two gentlemen who were to take the next turn, but one whole ration was thus sacrificed to one person. The ordeal passed.

On the sixth morning one of our rescuers came in camp, bowed and staggering under the weight of a monstrous Mexican gourd that he had strapped upon his shoulders, to forestall the slow-moving ox-carts, laden with water-barrels, followed farther back. The young men, spurred by the thought of loved ones dying behind them, had pushed the stock to their utmost efforts, and had reached Cienegas in some eighteen or twenty hours. Not a moment had been wasted in organizing the relief party; and here came rumbling, groaning, creaking into camp the great caravans, with wheels of solid wood, and fastenings of rawhide thongs, driven by swart team-

sters, rough and ferocious of aspect, who nevertheless wept like children at the sight of the wretched, wasted beings who hailed them with black, swollen lips and tongues all cracked and bleeding. They were but just in time. The insane woman and two of her children appeared then dying, and surely could not have lived a half-day longer. Water was doled out with due precaution, congratulations and thanksgivings offered; a hasty but sufficient breakfast was cooked, and all preparation made for abandoning the scene of so much wretchedness.

Then very nearly came about a miserable mishap. Thompson, the driver before mentioned—a tall, lank fellow—had gotten, by purchase, cajolery, or appropriation, a bottle of aguardiente from one of the Mexican drivers, and before any one knew of it, Thompson was uproariously, boisterously, abusively drunk. The occasion was one to warrant more than usual lenience, and much forbearance was displayed toward the man. Finally, however, he came to where the women and children sat awaiting the start, and insolently ordered a lady to prepare a fresh breakfast for him. My father came to us, and tried to lead him away, when Thompson sprang upon him and hurled him backward to the very brink of the salt well, some fifty feet deep. Thompson was more than six feet tall; my father below the average height of men; but the smaller man held his own, and was even forcing his antagonist away from the well, when Thompson reached to his hip and drew his cocked revolver. The women screamed, the men came running—but from too far away. I do not remember thinking the matter out; I fancy my legs acted in advance of my juvenile brain; but it appeared a moment for decisive action, and I dashed forward, wrested the pistol from the drunken grasp, and was back again with the weapon tucked under the buffalo-robe I sat upon, before the foremost man reached the struggling pair. I rode into Cienegas with that pistol beneath the cushion of my seat in the coach; I presume that it was ultimately returned to Thompson.

That worthy was unceremoniously bundled into one of the carretas. Prior to that time Thompson had been temperate while in our employ; but that one lapse seemed to break down his self-control. He drank hard, and his conduct became so intolerable that he was discharged at Durango. He hung about the old plateau city for several weeks, insisting upon re-employment, and being refused, he vowed, with savage imprecations, to wreak his vengeance upon my father by means of his family. Much as we shrank from his uncouth roughness, we children had been much impressed by the quaint turns of Thompson's speech, and many of his picturesque idioms are household words in our mature years.

I know a man whom I seem to see always in a two-fold character. He is handsome, of rare social gifts, composed, accomplished, debonair, versatile; a dawdler on silken cushions, the idol of women, and given to posing—lazily—as a squire of dames. I happen to have trodden, at a later day, the ground of his lawless youth, and I can but smile at thought of the consternation among the fair if they knew the record of his life as I know it. Watching his languid repose in correct parlor precincts, or sardonically contemplating the eagerness of his reception in a gay party of dancers, I picture him in my fancy as the hero of a certain mad ride out of San Antonio de Bexar, before a crowd who clamored for his life; I seem to see him in the street of a frontier town, facing a score of men, with three corpses, lifeless through his hand, lying at his feet; I remember what his whilom comrade told me of this man's coolness and desperate courage, as he knelt all one long summer day, loading and firing across his brother's body—one of the little group besieged by Indians on the Staked Plains. But I keep his counsel. Even the urgency of two women—his mother and she who owns his allegiance—has wrought from me no account of his life in lands unquiet. For a while his eyes gleamed strong distrust of my discretion, but at last my reticence won his confidence and faith. We were driving one day across the wide, bare plains in one of our southern countries, when, in answer to some satirical prediction of spinsterhood in penance for my whims, I said:

"Pray, don't say that; you 'discourage' me." A shadow drifted across his face; his voice was several tones lower when he said: "Do you mind telling me where you found that word? You use it often, but I never heard it from another person save one." "Nor I. And I assure you I use it in bravado largely, for with every uttering of the word I feel the shadow of a dark cloud of fear that has hung over me for years." He turned to look at me. "You afraid! Of what? You handle mice, and dead snakes, and a gun as readily as I do. What else, then, does a woman fear?" "No, but indeed I meant it. I am miserably—abjectly—afraid of one man." And then I told him, briefly and sketchily, of our adventure at the salt well, and my subsequent, ever present terror of the man Thompson. When I had finished, he looked absently at the distant mountains, with a strained look in his blue eyes, and his face, for all the heat, was pallid.

"Do you remember your driver's given name?" "I think—yes, Al." "Tall, you say—'slabsided,' with a crease down the point of his nose. Any peculiarity of gait?" "He leaned upon his left foot; and he had a fashion of hitching up his trousers, sail-wise."

"I hope never to recall that scene, in words," said the man at my side; "but you are a loyal woman, and I would do much to dispel that haunting fear. I know what horror it must be to one like you. Well, you need fear no harm in future from Al Thompson; he is dead." "Dead! I can hardly believe it. Did you see him die?" "I saw him die. Do you remember that I passed through Los Angeles in '74—the time I called you out of school to go to the races with me? Well, I had just brought a big bunch of cattle up from Texas, and Al Thompson was one of my herders. He was ugly, naturally, and, as you know, drink warmed up the murderous instinct. Several of the boys had told me Thompson had struck them to put me out of the way and run off the herd; but they were all good men. Twice on the trip a stray bullet had sung past my ears. Still, I had no proof. We camped three miles out of Seven Rivers. Thompson went into the town. He got drunk enough to want blood. I was sitting in front of the tent when he rode up and began shooting. He got in three shots from his revolver before I could get my hands free from a whip-lash I was brandishing. Then I caught up my Winchester, and fired with my left hand, just as his fourth shot knocked off my hat. He would have killed me if he had been less drunk, for he was the best shot I ever saw, and not forty feet away. My bullet struck him here." He threw back his splendid head, and touched one finger to his own white throat. "We buried him there, under the mesquites. I am glad to ease your mind.—T. H. Addis, in the Argonaut.

THEIR ORIGIN, CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS OF DESTRUCTION.

Damage Done in a Single Year—A Few Hints for the Preservation of Human Life.

Science says that a cyclone is a rotary storm of extended circuit; that it is born on the ocean and moves landward; that it occurs once or twice a week during the spring and summer, and that it is frequently of so mild a character as to be hardly worth chronicling. A tornado, on the contrary, says science, is a furious tempest which moves rapidly along a limited circuit, often passes out to sea before its strength is gone, and is usually accompanied by hail, rain and thunder storms. The tornado generally moves from the southwest to the northeast. Its cloud is funnel-shaped and revolves about a central vertical axis in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch. It occurs almost always between 3 and 4 p. m. It most frequently occurs between April 1 and September 1, June and July being its favorite months. There are instances, however, on record it which it occurred during every month of the year. It gives due warning of its approach by making the atmosphere sultry and oppressive, and when it has sufficiently sickened unhappy mortals in this way it appears in the southwest and northeast in the form of fantastically-shaped clouds of varied hue. These clouds suddenly dash together, and then the tempest begins. Roaring like ten thousand bulls of Bashan the destroyer whirls along, sweeping down everything in its path.

Few people have any conception of the amount of damage done by tornadoes. Take the year 1884 alone. In that year there were 38 storms in Georgia, 22 in South Carolina, 18 in Alabama, 12 in North Carolina, 12 in Kansas, 10 in Wisconsin, 8 in Dakota, 7 in Kentucky, 7 in Mississippi, 7 in Texas, 5 in New York, 4 in Indiana, 3 in Ohio, 3 in Missouri, 3 in Minnesota, 2 in Pennsylvania, 2 in Arkansas, 2 in Colorado, 2 in Nebraska, 2 in Tennessee, 1 in Illinois, 1 in the Indian Territory and 1 in Louisiana. During the month of February alone there were 45 storms. Of the entire number during the year 88 took a north-easterly direction. In 99 instances the tornado cloud was shaped like a funnel, in four like an inverted cone, 2 like an hour glass, in 2 like a balloon, a truncated cone and an acorn.

The first great storm was on February 19. It killed about 800 people, wounded about 2,500 and destroyed property valued at \$4,000,000. Over 10,000 buildings were wrecked and many head of cattle killed. On March 11 a storm killed 5 people, wounded 50, destroyed a quantity of farm stock and wrecked property valued at \$350,000. On March 25 a storm killed 77 persons, wounded 293 and wrecked property valued at \$950,000. On April 1 a storm killed 52 persons, wounded 277, and wrecked property valued at \$780,000. On April 14 a storm killed 47 persons, wounded 336, and wrecked property valued at \$850,000. On April 27 a storm killed 18 persons, wounded 115, and wrecked property valued at \$575,000. On May 21 a storm killed 8 persons, wounded 55, and wrecked property valued at \$180,000. On July 4 a storm killed 9 persons, wounded 26, and wrecked property valued at \$550,000. It occurred in various States, between 5 and 9 p. m. On July 5 a storm killed 11 persons, wounded 55 and wrecked property valued at \$450,000. On September 9 a storm killed 10 persons, wounded 75, and wrecked property valued at \$1,000,000. Three hundred houses were destroyed by it. On September 28 a storm killed 3 persons, wounded 40 and wrecked property valued at \$200,000. Among its victims were 70 horses. Several other storms occurred during the year, and though of lesser importance than the one mentioned, proved sufficiently destructive to live stock and various other kinds of property. On September 22, for example, a storm in Clarendon county, S. C., wounded several persons, killed a cow, a horse, and three mules, and wrecked four dwellings, a gin house, several other dwellings, and machinery valued at \$1,000.

Tornadoes are said to be the result of a struggle between the prevailing winds in the basin of the Mississippi. These winds are from the northwest in winter and from the southwest in summer. Well, when these two opposing forces meet each other during the transition periods of spring and autumn they naturally fight for supremacy. The result is that the north wind has to knuckle under. Now, having the warm earth below it and the still warmer south wind above it, it feels its own temperature increasing and tries hard to get out of its prison. But it cannot escape, being pressed onward by its own volume, and then its agony begins. Meanwhile it has chilled the atmosphere above and forces it to give out torrents of rain, which is frequently converted into heavy hailstones before it reaches the earth, owing to the rapid evaporation as it passes through the cold north wind underneath. Finally, the north wind bursts upward through the warm south wind with a whirling and progressive motion, and, finding no more impediment in its path, rushes swiftly on its mad career.

A gentleman who has traveled much in the West and South and seen what damage a tornado can do, thinks that many lives might be saved by the observance of a few wise precautions. "Lieutenant Finley, of the signal service corps," he said, "has spent years in studying this subject, and has turned the knowledge which he has acquired to good account. In 1879 he undertook to visit the track of every tornado reported to the signal department at Washington, and it was in that way the official investigation began. From that year to the present Lieutenant Finley has given the

CYCLONES AND TORNADES.

THEIR ORIGIN, CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS OF DESTRUCTION.

Damage Done in a Single Year—A Few Hints for the Preservation of Human Life.

Science says that a cyclone is a rotary storm of extended circuit; that it is born on the ocean and moves landward; that it occurs once or twice a week during the spring and summer, and that it is frequently of so mild a character as to be hardly worth chronicling. A tornado, on the contrary, says science, is a furious tempest which moves rapidly along a limited circuit, often passes out to sea before its strength is gone, and is usually accompanied by hail, rain and thunder storms. The tornado generally moves from the southwest to the northeast. Its cloud is funnel-shaped and revolves about a central vertical axis in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch. It occurs almost always between 3 and 4 p. m. It most frequently occurs between April 1 and September 1, June and July being its favorite months. There are instances, however, on record it which it occurred during every month of the year. It gives due warning of its approach by making the atmosphere sultry and oppressive, and when it has sufficiently sickened unhappy mortals in this way it appears in the southwest and northeast in the form of fantastically-shaped clouds of varied hue. These clouds suddenly dash together, and then the tempest begins. Roaring like ten thousand bulls of Bashan the destroyer whirls along, sweeping down everything in its path.

Few people have any conception of the amount of damage done by tornadoes. Take the year 1884 alone. In that year there were 38 storms in Georgia, 22 in South Carolina, 18 in Alabama, 12 in North Carolina, 12 in Kansas, 10 in Wisconsin, 8 in Dakota, 7 in Kentucky, 7 in Mississippi, 7 in Texas, 5 in New York, 4 in Indiana, 3 in Ohio, 3 in Missouri, 3 in Minnesota, 2 in Pennsylvania, 2 in Arkansas, 2 in Colorado, 2 in Nebraska, 2 in Tennessee, 1 in Illinois, 1 in the Indian Territory and 1 in Louisiana. During the month of February alone there were 45 storms. Of the entire number during the year 88 took a north-easterly direction. In 99 instances the tornado cloud was shaped like a funnel, in four like an inverted cone, 2 like an hour glass, in 2 like a balloon, a truncated cone and an acorn.

The first great storm was on February 19. It killed about 800 people, wounded about 2,500 and destroyed property valued at \$4,000,000. Over 10,000 buildings were wrecked and many head of cattle killed. On March 11 a storm killed 5 people, wounded 50, destroyed a quantity of farm stock and wrecked property valued at \$350,000. On March 25 a storm killed 77 persons, wounded 293 and wrecked property valued at \$950,000. On April 1 a storm killed 52 persons, wounded 277, and wrecked property valued at \$780,000. On April 14 a storm killed 47 persons, wounded 336, and wrecked property valued at \$850,000. On April 27 a storm killed 18 persons, wounded 115, and wrecked property valued at \$575,000. On May 21 a storm killed 8 persons, wounded 55, and wrecked property valued at \$180,000. On July 4 a storm killed 9 persons, wounded 26, and wrecked property valued at \$550,000. It occurred in various States, between 5 and 9 p. m. On July 5 a storm killed 11 persons, wounded 55 and wrecked property valued at \$450,000. On September 9 a storm killed 10 persons, wounded 75, and wrecked property valued at \$1,000,000. Three hundred houses were destroyed by it. On September 28 a storm killed 3 persons, wounded 40 and wrecked property valued at \$200,000. Among its victims were 70 horses. Several other storms occurred during the year, and though of lesser importance than the one mentioned, proved sufficiently destructive to live stock and various other kinds of property. On September 22, for example, a storm in Clarendon county, S. C., wounded several persons, killed a cow, a horse, and three mules, and wrecked four dwellings, a gin house, several other dwellings, and machinery valued at \$1,000.

Tornadoes are said to be the result of a struggle between the prevailing winds in the basin of the Mississippi. These winds are from the northwest in winter and from the southwest in summer. Well, when these two opposing forces meet each other during the transition periods of spring and autumn they naturally fight for supremacy. The result is that the north wind has to knuckle under. Now, having the warm earth below it and the still warmer south wind above it, it feels its own temperature increasing and tries hard to get out of its prison. But it cannot escape, being pressed onward by its own volume, and then its agony begins. Meanwhile it has chilled the atmosphere above and forces it to give out torrents of rain, which is frequently converted into heavy hailstones before it reaches the earth, owing to the rapid evaporation as it passes through the cold north wind underneath. Finally, the north wind bursts upward through the warm south wind with a whirling and progressive motion, and, finding no more impediment in its path, rushes swiftly on its mad career.

A gentleman who has traveled much in the West and South and seen what damage a tornado can do, thinks that many lives might be saved by the observance of a few wise precautions. "Lieutenant Finley, of the signal service corps," he said, "has spent years in studying this subject, and has turned the knowledge which he has acquired to good account. In 1879 he undertook to visit the track of every tornado reported to the signal department at Washington, and it was in that way the official investigation began. From that year to the present Lieutenant Finley has given the

best part of his time to the study of tornadoes, and has embodied his experience in valuable reports. He has a corps of men all over the country ready to report whenever a tornado appears in their vicinity, and it is by comparing their statements with those of the officials of the signal service offices that he succeeds in acquiring a pretty exact knowledge of the characteristics of the various tornadoes that visit this country every year.

"Now, there is no doubt but that much of the damage caused by tornadoes could be very easily avoided. The loss of human life would not be nearly so great as it is if people only kept their eyes open and did not get flurried at the approach of a storm. For example, suppose you saw a tornado cloud coming toward you, would you attempt to cross its path? I think not. Yet more than one person has been killed in this way. Yet there is one golden rule which everyone should remember. It is this—never move to the southeast, nor northeast or east, and always 'make tracks' before the tornado cloud is close on your heels. If you happen to be in a house and can't get out of it in time, go down to your cellar and place yourself against the west wall. Whatever you do, don't choose a north-easterly position. The tornado moves in that direction, and you can easily imagine how unpleasant it would be for you to be directly in its path.

"In regard to buildings, I do not see how they can be protected against such storms. Make them as solid and as firm as you please, still a lusty tornado will scatter them like chaff. Lieutenant Finley's advice in this respect is, 'Don't spend much money on buildings and don't fail to insure them.' "One word more. There is no reason why every family in a district exposed to tornadoes should not have a subterranean chamber to which it could retreat in time of danger. A 'dugout,' as it is called, can be constructed with little trouble, and may be the means of saving many lives. Being completely underground it can defy the power of the tornado. It is, moreover, in many respects preferable to a cellar, as the latter is liable to be filled with the debris of the falling house."—New York Herald.

Curious Incidents in New York Life.

Street-begging flourishes, notwithstanding frequent arrests. A fellow whose legs bend backward from the knees has been making this peculiarity highly profitable, having won the sympathy of benevolent ladies in the street by his way of walking. He came from Cincinnati last spring, and recently wrote his wife a letter urging her to come to this city, adding, "I am doing splendidly." These facts came out on his arrest, and he is now serving out a term at Blackwell's island.

Another scheme, and one far more adroit, has recently come to notice. A lady applied at the surrogate's office for a legacy which had been left her. The clerk denied any knowledge concerning the matter, and then learned that a stranger had called on the applicant and notified her that a legacy awaited her. For this good news she paid him two dollars, which he asked as a compensation for his time, and thus she learned too late that she had merely been a victim to a new method of swindling. Alas! what crooked ways these confidence men have, and always getting up something new!

One of the strangest features in recent criminal procedure was the indictment of Edward Congdon, a youth of fourteen, for larceny in having stolen stationery of the value of one cent. This seems petty business, and unworthy a court of justice. It is the first time, indeed, so small a sum was ever mentioned in a criminal charge. The explanation, however, is found in the fact that this indictment was the only way of stopping an ingenious fraud. The young culprit had been employed as a messenger boy by the telegraph company, but had been discharged. He then stole a number of blank envelopes, which he used to manufacture fictitious messages. These he delivered and collected the fee. His method was to learn by the papers the arrival of any man of note, to whose hotel he would immediately convey a message. The fraud was very ingenious, and yet it was soon detected; and now we have the cent indictment for larceny."—Herald, in Troy Times.

Handkerchiefs.

A handkerchief was the square of fine linen formerly employed by women to cover the head, but more recently used in the hand, and not as a covering only. The term handkerchief is not met with earlier than in the fifteenth century, when in the "Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV." we find "V dozen hand-couchechiefs" are named as having been made by one Alice Shapster, to whom a payment had been made. Modern handkerchiefs are to be had of different dimensions, those for women being smaller than those for men. They are produced in silk, both Chinese and Indian, as well as in English; of cambric, cotton and muslin; some designed for the pocket and others for the neck.

Some of the Indian silk ones are in self-colors, others have patterns upon them and are necessarily of two colors. These are known as bandana handkerchiefs. Cambric, muslin, cotton and gingham handkerchiefs are to be had with hemstitch or ribbon borders, and some are more or less embroidered; others have black or colored borders in various designs.

Bales of colored cotton handkerchiefs are manufactured in this country in Oriental colors and designs, so prepared to suit the native taste for the Indian export trade. Trimmings of lace applied to handkerchiefs first came into fashion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. —Dress Magazine.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low, And there is stillness every where; Like troubled spirits, here and there The freight shadows fluttering go. And as the shadows round me creep, A childish treble breaks the gloom, And softly from a further room Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep." And, somehow, with that little prayer And that sweet treble in my ears, My thoughts go back to distant years And linger with a dear one there; And as I hear the child's amen, My mother's faith comes back to me; Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother holds my hands again. Oh, for an hour in that dear place— Oh, for the peace of that dear time, Oh, for that childish trust sublime, Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face! Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone— Sweet magic of that treble tone, And "Now I lay me down to sleep." —Eugene Field.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A coat of paint has no buttons on it. —Carl Pretzel. A telephone office should be located in a "holier" square. —Boston Bulletin. The cup that doesn't cheer or inebriate, but sometimes rouses suspicion—the hip-cup. Subterranean Planters designate cremation as a burning shame. —Merchant-Traveler. Some people are willing to be good if they are well paid for it. Others are good for nothing. —San Francisco Examiner. A petrified mule has been found in Pennsylvania. This surprises us. We had no idea a mule could keep its hoofs still long enough for that. —Graphic. The Concord Monitor has an article on "The Pear Blight." The C. M. is behind time. The pair blight dates back to the fall of man. —Boston Transcript. The king of the Sandwich islands is said to be inordinately fond of mince pies. What can you expect of a man whose ancestors were brought up on missionary? —Traveler's Guide. A swarm of bees invaded a Maryland church on a recent Sunday, and the pastor had to admit, with tears in his eyes, no congregation was ever so moved by his very best sermon. —Boston Transcript. When a woman goes horseback riding she wears a silk plug hat. She does so the horse will believe she's a man and won't become frightened at her. She couldn't fool a Kentucky mule that way. —Kentucky State Journal. "Why is an apple pie," said Fogg, eyeing the remarkably flat specimen before him, "like a spring?" Nobody ventured an answer, and Fogg was forced to break the painful silence by explaining that it could not rise above its sauce. —Boston Transcript. "I was never exactly buried alive," said an old clerk, recounting his experience, "but I once worked a week in a store that did not advertise. When I came out my head was almost as white as you now see it. Solitary confinement did it." —Boston Beacon.

A CHURCH BELL.

She wears a sweet smile As she glides up the aisle With the grace of a rhythmic sonnet; And oh! she looks cute In her nobby new suit And that dear little duck of a bonnet. —New York Journal. A writer in the Scientific American says a cyclone can be diverted from its course by exploding a keg of gunpowder under it. This solves the problem neatly. Of course when a man is blown into pieces by a powder explosion he has nothing to fear from a cyclone. —New York Graphic.

THE DISCONSOLATE MERCHANT.

A merchant alone in desolate store "Sang" Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!" I said to him, "Why are you pacing the floor?" Singing "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!" "Alas!" he replied as he smothered his cries, "I thought it was nonsense to advertise, and now I've no custom at all but the flies." Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow! —New York World.

Victims of Morphine.

Winding up a sketch of New York opium "joints," Blakely Hall says: The morphine habit is said to be growing even more rapidly than the opium habit. I traveled from New York to Pittsburg once with a man—met him casually in the sleeper—who took a morphine syringe out of his pocket, jammed it into his leg, through his trousers, and treated himself to a hyperdermic injection of morphine two or three times a day. He said he was troubled with rheumatism, and he thought that was the easiest way to stop it. He was a solemn sort of a wreck, and it was impossible to get him to believe that his condition was not due to rheumatism, and not morphine. The druggists who are responsible for so many good and bad things have lately taken to selling what are called "silver" pills in New York, which are very peculiar with victims of the morphine habit. The pills are very small and are compounded of morphine and quinine. They are much better than cocktails or opium for bracing up a more or less weakened system, and they are particularly popular with women, who take them slyly and secretly. About the latest thing of all, however, is the abuse of that admirable slayer of pain, cocaine. It is now discovered, I am told by physicians, that cocaine may be taken instead of liquor, and that it has the effect of curing all desire for alcohol. This would be a good thing if it were not universally conceded that the cocaine habit is even worse than the time honored plan of patronizing the bar.