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GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

Good-night, for the shadows are falling at last. And twilight draws near with the dusk in its train. And the faint tinge of day in the far distance has passed. It budged and bloomed and it blossomed in vain. Good-night—for the stars that above us are set. Have ranged their bright squadrons along the dark sky. And the red clover tops with the dew-drops are wet. While the night wind goes murmuring, whispering, Good-night. Good-night, for the glow-worms, their lanterns have lit. While afar the lone whip-poor-will plaintively calls. And as bats thro' the darkness slow zig-zagging lit. From the gloom that divides us your dear answer falls. Good-night. Good-night—the door closes, you shut out the stars. A hand-clasp—a kiss—for the best friends must part. 'Tis the coming that makes and the going that mars. And a last echo lingering says to my heart, Good-night, good-night. We parted at dusk, yet we're meeting at dawn. When the day in his might puts the darkness to scorn. For the sunlight pours down and the shadows have gone. They fled far and fast, yet they whispered, good-morning. Good-morning. The film on the clover, the dew on the wheat. That shone in the moonlight, the night-gown adorning. Have melted away, as too modest to greet. The first breath of day as it murmured, good-morning. Good-morning. I saw the long hedge-rows flash emerald green. Like waves in the sun when the crickets are slow turning. And the billowy wheat with auriferous sheen Bent low as it courted a silent good-morning. Good-morning. Dark night and fair dawn, you are dear to me both. The promise of dawn, and the twilight's still warning. Sweetheart, while they last we shall never break thro'. I kiss you good-night, and I bid you good-morning. Good-morning. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A MUSIC PUPIL.

BY MISS EMMA A. OFFER. "Yes," said Mrs. Lansing Gibson, rising and shaking out her silken skirts with a gracious smile, "I am perfectly satisfied with Miss Whitaker. I was certain that I should be, after Mrs. Halney's recommendation. I am sure your play is charming. You will give Genevieve her first lesson on Monday, at four? Very well. You will find her tractable. I hope you will be mutually pleased with each other." And Mrs. Gibson went smilingly out of the music-room, leaving her little girl's newly-engaged music-teacher rolling up her music and putting on her gloves. It was raining when she put on her rubbers in the hall; the drops were splashing down on the window. Letty bit the end of her music-roll in consternation. She had on a new dress, and new dresses were not a common occurrence with her. She was wondering whether she might not wait in a corner of the big hall till the rain slackened, when somebody came bounding down the stairs three steps at a time. It was a general young man, in hat and overcoat, and with an umbrella. Letty's fair cheek pinkened. This was Raymond Gibson, she knew. She had seen him often enough on the street, and at church, where he sat in a central front pew, with his dignified parents, and his little, plump-cloaked, be-ribboned sister, and where Letty was sometimes substituted for the organist, who had a habit of taking a rest when he felt like it. She had heard Miss Taylor, to whom she gave lessons, talk about him to her bosom friend, detailing his good looks, the amount of his father's fortune and his general perfections, and declaring that he was by far the most desirable "catch" in town. And Letty had come to have a certain timid consciousness concerning him, because he always looked at her so steadily when he met her, not to say stared. She looked up at him now in tremulous shyness. "Oh, I'm so glad!" cried young Mr. Gibson, breathlessly. "I was afraid you'd be gone, Miss Whitaker. You'll let me take you home, won't you? It's raining hard, and you haven't an umbrella. I've been in the library, listening to your playing, and I can't say how much I've enjoyed it, Miss Whitaker. I'm sure Genevieve is awfully lucky to get you." They were going down the front steps. He had her music-roll and had offered his arm, and was holding his umbrella so far over her that his silk hat was getting rained on. "I've enjoyed your playing in church so much, Miss Whitaker," he went on eagerly. "I wish Peterson would stay away all the time." "Oh, Letty protested, with her eyes on the wet street, "I'm a very poor substitute, Mr. Gibson." "Indeed you're not!" said the young man, earnestly. "I prefer your interpretations, really—your touch, your expression, everything. I'm always delighted when Peterson's away. How maddening it's getting! Let's cross the street, Miss Whitaker." They met Sadie Merritt as they crossed it. Sadie was in the Gibson "net," and she gave the little music-teacher and her escort a stare of amazement. Letty felt somewhat frightened as they walked on; but Mr. Gibson seemed to gain enthusiasm.

"Do you like music teaching?" he said, helping her across a puddle. "I suppose it's a bore!" "I do get tired sometimes," Letty admitted. "But I like it. I've a nice class." "All ones, I suppose?" said Mr. Gibson. "Oh, yes!—from six to twenty. From the first lesson in the instruction book up to Chopin's Lety rejoined. "You take beginners then?" "Yes." The Wilcox carriage was approaching, and the Wilcoxs were particular friends of the Gibsons. Letty was glad the corner of the street was so near. "I have always liked music," said Mr. Gibson, hesitatingly. "I—I suppose I'm rather old to learn, but could you take another pupil?" He stammered over the inquiry, and Letty looked bewildered. "Another pupil?" she echoed. "I should like awfully to learn, you know," said Mr. Gibson, eagerly. "And it shan't be any trouble to you. I'll come to the house. You do take pupils at the house, don't you? I should like it immensely!" Letty was dumb with astonishment. A music pupil! (Mr. Gibson!) What an incredible idea! And yet, she was not displeased at the prospect. They had reached her modest little gate, and she looked up with a timorous smile. "Why, certainly, Mr. Gibson, if you wish," she murmured. "I certainly do wish," he responded, emphatically; and he looked highly delighted. And when he turned away from the door, five minutes after, the date and hour of his first lesson had been arranged, and he had forced upon his teacher his first term's tuition. Letty gave her mother a slight sketch of that first term, at its close. She had gradually recovered from her amazement at the acquisition of her latest pupil, and had given herself to his instruction with all her usual interest and energy. If the interest was greater in this case than in the case of Juliana Gray or little Tommy Duster, for example, Letty was innocently unaware of it. "He's very bright, really, mamma," she declared. "I course it seemed funny to have to teach him the very rudiments. Why, he had to begin with the staff, and learn the names of the lines and spaces, just as my youngest scholars do. It was all I could do to keep from laughing, the first lesson. But he learns so easily. He really has good technique, and I can see he's going to have lots of feeling for music. He's got along real well. I know he must practice awfully hard. He can play a little piece with both hands already, and he says he'll play it at the rehearsal Thursday afternoon. I told him he needn't if he didn't want to. You know all my class are going to play, and I'm afraid they'll laugh. It's so funny to see him playing it. But he says he'd just as lief as not. Of course I'll explain that he hasn't taken lessons long." Mr. Gibson came next day for his lesson; he took two a week. He played his scales through carefully, and then executed his "piece" with laborious success. Letty was delighted. "If you do so well as that at the rehearsal," she said, with a pretty enthusiasm which glided her pupil's eyes to her face. "Miss Taylor has offered their parlor, you know, and I'm so glad, because all the parents and friends come there! It'll be room enough here." "Miss Taylor?" Mr. Gibson repeated, somewhat blankly, it struck his teacher. But he went on talking of something else, and talked on till the striking of the clock made him jump up. He had fallen into the habit of staying after his lesson was over to talk; so that after twenty lessons it was not strange that they felt tolerably well acquainted. And Letty had confided to herself more than once that Mr. Gibson was "uncommonly" entertaining and nice. The rehearsal passed off with all possible smoothness; but Mr. Gibson was not there. Letty had received a note from him at the last minute, stating his unavoidable detention. A bunch of flowers had accompanied it, and a white rose shown in Letty's soft hair at the reception. Little Genevieve came and played successfully. Mrs. Gibson came with her, and she smiled blandly on Letty, and complimented her on Genevieve's progress. She did not mention her son, and Letty went home very wondering. She gave Genevieve a lesson next day. She didn't understand why it was, but the imposing hall, with its stately furnishings, and the charmingly-appointed music-room, somehow depressed her. She had another rose from Mr. Gibson when he came to her in the evening, and she looked down at it rather dreadingly. She had come to know him so well, and all this grandeur seemed to thrill her so hopelessly far away from him. Not that she had that thought distinctly in mind. She was a sensible girl, and by no means foolishly impressionable and romantic. But she was dimly unhappy. It was due to this mood, doubtless, that she forgot her muff, and went three blocks on her way home without it. She saw young Mr. Gibson run up the steps as she turned back, and she walked slowly in order to avoid him. His hat was on a peg when she was admitted to the hall. Letty looked at it wistfully. It looked woefully different, hanging on a nobody's hat-rack with a long mirror and lying informally on her piano-top at home. The notes of the Gibson piano were sounding, and Letty listened wonderingly. She recognized the moonlight sonata, brilliantly and charmingly executed. Who was it? Mrs. Gibson, possibly; but Letty had had the impression that Mrs. Gibson didn't play. She listened with quickly appreciative admiration, and with some longing, because she felt certain that what was better than she could have done. She went on into the music-room, in eager curiosity. Her muff lay on the chair where she had left it; but Letty did not take it. She stood quiet still in the doorway, gazing, motionless and speechless, at the person on the piano-stool. It was Raymond Gibson. He was absorbed in his occupation. His head was thrown back, and his eyes were on the ceiling. He was using the pedals

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Starch for Shirt Bosoms. For starch for shirt bosoms add a little cold water to two tablespoonfuls of good starch and rub with a spoon to a smooth paste. Then pour on a pint or more of boiling water, stirring briskly to keep it smooth and free from lumps. Boil from twenty minutes to half an hour, stirring occasionally. Add a tablespoonful of gum arabic solution (made by pouring gelling water on gum arabic and letting it stand till clear and transparent, a drop of blueing and a piece, the size of a hazel nut, of white wax or paraffin). Strain the starch through thin muslin; use it scalding hot. There is a great "knack" in starching; the linen must be evenly saturated with the starch. Taste in Furnishing. While it is not essential that the carpet should match the furniture and curtains, there should be no violent contrasts, nor should it be so brilliant as to produce an unfavorable effect on the furniture. If the furniture is all of one color, say crimson, a carpet of white and crimson, or wood color and crimson, will look well. Simple colors and patterns in a carpet are preferable to the brilliant and showy. Very dark carpets are undesirable from the fact that every speck of thread that falls upon them shows. Tapestry Brussels carpets, now in vogue, are not altogether desirable, as the colors are apt to wear off. A real Brussels is dyed in the wool, while the tapestry Brussels has the pattern stained in after weaving, and although when new it looks well it does not wear. Of the semi-neutrals, maroon is best adapted for a carpet. Either much white or much black is an error. Such persons object to furnishing in one color as not affording sufficient variety. Yet a color scheme, as in the case of the furniture, is a matter of taste. The effect of being pleasing. The carpet was a deep crimson, while the satin brocade of the furniture was of a lighter shade, the blending being perfect. The curtains were like the damask of the chair, relieved by white lace curtains. The introduction of white in such cases is very desirable. —San Francisco Post. Honey. Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter. One pound of honey will go as far as two pounds of butter, and also has the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid and often produces cramp in the stomach, eruptions, sourness and diarrhoea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every case. Honey contains what bread contains, but in a more concentrated form. It does not contain any of the growth of mucus as does bread, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength, to the business man mental force. Its effects are not like those of stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but produce a healthy action, the results of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect. —Paris, Field and Stockton. Recipes. APRICOT FRITTERS.—Cut the apricots in halves, cook until quite brown, sift sugar over them and serve. SPICED CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of seed cake, one third of a cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four of cream of tartar, one-half even teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves to taste. RICE BREAD.—Boil one pound of whole rice in enough milk to dissolve all the grains, adding to it, boiling, as it is absorbed, one-fourth pound of flour in a pan, and mix the rice and milk, adding salt and a large wineglass of yeast; knead and let rise until light. Bake in loaves and bake. STRAWBERRY FOOL.—Take one quart of fully ripe halved strawberries and put them into a saucepan with a quarter of a pound of white sugar. Put them on moderate fire where they may stew gently, covering the saucepan closely and stirring them occasionally to keep them from burning. When the fruit has stewed for ten minutes remove it from the fire, and rub it through a fine hair sieve with the back of a wooden spoon. Then set it away, and when it becomes cold stir in enough new milk, or what is better still, cream, to make it about as thick as custard. Place on the ice till thoroughly cold and serve. PEACH JELLY.—Make a thin syrup with ten ounces of sugar and half pint of water. Then take ten or twelve ripe peaches, pare them, cut them in halves and take out the stones, bruising the kernels of half of them. Now put the halved peaches, together with the bruised kernels, into the syrup and allow them to simmer for fifteen minutes, adding for flavor, the rest of two lemons and the juice of three. Then strain the jelly through a jelly bag, add ten ounces of dissolved gelatine and pour it into a mold, which should be placed on the ice until the jelly becomes stiff enough to turn out. The peaches themselves may be used utilized as a garnish. CUCUMBER SOUP.—For a quart of soup peel and grate a medium-sized cucumber, put it into a bowl with a level teaspoonful of salt sprinkled over it, and let it stand for an hour; at the end of an hour squeeze the cucumber jelly through a fine towel; put in a saucepan over the fire a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, stir them until they bubble, and then gradually stir in the cucumber jelly and a quart of hot milk; let the soup boil for two or three minutes, season it palatably with salt, white pepper and nutmeg, and then draw the saucepan to the fire where the soup will not boil; beat the yolk of a raw egg smooth with half a cupful of the soup, and then stir it smoothly into the rest; serve the soup hot as soon as the egg is added to it.

Uncontrollable Forces.

Every now and then we get a reminder of the existence of uncontrollable elements before which man is helpless, and against which no invention can ever secure safety. We have disastrous tempests on the high seas. We have destructive blizzards like those in Dakota. We have occasional warnings of danger from the thundering earthquakes. We have extraordinary snow storms which stop the wheels of traffic and interrupt our industries. We have the lightning that threatens, and solar fires that are almost consuming. We are as helpless in the presence of these elemental forces as were the men who lived when first the human race took up its parable. And the men who live in the last days of the earth will be just as helpless. But this fact need not prevent us from enjoying the balmy days, with their varying seasons, during the whole course of which mankind have felt reasonably secure against the menacing agencies which they cannot control. —New York Sun.

EUGENIE AS AN EMPRESS.

A LIFE OF LUXURY THAT WAS MONOTONOUS AND WEARISOME. The Whimsical and Unsatisfactory Efforts to While Away the Dreary Hours—Extravagant Dressing. The life of the Empress Eugenie, of France, soon became utterly monotonous and wearisome. She rose at about 9:30, and took the late breakfast replacing the lunch in France, with the Emperor alone, at 11:30. At 2 her ladies came. In Paris they slept at their own homes, but in the country residences they had their stated turns of waiting, and during that time lived at the palaces. Among her ladies, of course, some were more agreeable to her than others; but she must accept the inexorable turn of precedence, and could not choose her companions. Lay after day she drove out with the lady who she privileged entitled her to a seat in the imperial carriage; day after day she went to the Bois de Boulogne, and bowed incessantly to the crowd; day after day she returned just in time to dress for dinner; and then came the weary evening, where nobody had anything to say, if they had dared to say it. No one could sit down till she gave the gracious permission; but this she did invariably in the case of ladies. Her ready good nature would have willingly extended the privilege to the gentlemen in waiting, but this was contrary to rules and must not be. So the ladies sat in a circle and the gentlemen "stood at ease," tired out before the close of the evening. When her Majesty retired scarcely had the last fold of her skirt passed the door before all the weary attendants threw themselves on the sofa. The presence of majesty necessarily prevented conversation; every one awaited the pleasure of the sovereigns. The Empress spoke very little, and in a soft, languid voice; the Empress, feeling that the general chill would be unbearable if she did not take the lead, chatted incessantly with a sort of feverish vivacity. Her voice did not seem to belong to that sweet face; it was the Spanish voice, guttural and harsh. She spoke French with perfect fluency, but with a decided foreign accent. The weariness of those evenings became so unendurable that all kinds of experiments were tried to vary their monotony. One night the Empress suddenly took a fancy to make artificial flowers, and a chamberlain was immediately dispatched, at nine o'clock in the evening, to procure the necessary material. Another time one who possessed the most beautiful specimens of ceramic art that France could afford, was selected with a violent scolding for "potchomania," and this again was tried immediately. Reading and writing were tried, but what book could be chosen for such an assembly? Some proposed "Jane Eyre," the well-known novel. The Empress was amused, but the Emperor utterly wearied. Then they tried "Joseph" and the "Wars of the Jews." Here the Emperor was intensely interested, but the Empress, for the sake of the arts, even a well-written play at the Theatre Francaise did not amuse her. She would have liked the drama, but anything, in short, that could make her laugh; but this undignified kind of pleasure could not be enjoyed. Her life had been one of constant amusement—the empty existence of watering places—and now she was, in fact, a prisoner. She gave state balls, but they were filled with such a motley crowd that she could only dance the opening quadrille and walk through the rooms. Then she gave select private balls, but the absence of the French mistocracy obliged her to invite a large proportion of wealthy foreigners—Russians, Wallachians, and so Americans. These were unknown in French society, and splendor of dress seemed the only means of being remarked. To attain this end no extravagance seemed too excessive, and the Empress was blamed as having originated the love of dress, which spread in all classes and became a complete mania. So far as she herself was concerned, the accusation was greatly exaggerated. She certainly liked dress, and preferred bright clouds of tulle and gauze to the heavy but durable magnificence of tulle lace and brocade stuff worn by the Bourbon princesses. But the light clouds in which the fair Empress appeared like an Undine or sylph were very expensive, and could only be worn once. Every one wished to be like the Empress, and at every ball flimsy dresses costing fabulous prices were torn to pieces, but had to be replaced. Hundreds groaned, and the Empress was accused of ruining families by setting the example of extra-gauze. —Harper's Magazine.

Monster Sea Serpents.

That there are sea monsters, spoken of as "sea-serpents," not hitherto actually captured and scientifically described and classified, seems to be tolerably well established, although some naturalists still regard these creatures as fabulous. One of the latest accounts to which this matter is the following: While the boats of the bark Hope, commanded by Captain Seymour, were on the watch for whales off the Pearl Islands, between forty and fifty miles from Panama, the water broke a short distance away, and Captain Seymour made ready for a whale. But a head like that of a horse rose from the water and then dived. The creature was seen by all the boat's crew. Captain Seymour describes the animal as about twenty feet long, with a handsome, horse-like head, with two unicorn-shaped horns protruding from it. The creature had four legs, or double-jointed fins, which were thick and black, and were divided into two parts. It was seen on two different days, and if whales had not been about at the time, an effort would have been made to capture it. Captain Seymour and his officers agree that the creature is peculiar to the locality, and that it could easily be killed with lances and guns. —Atlanta Constitution.

CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE.

Spring chicken, roast partridge, Broiled woodcock and quail. May please the dyspeptic. Whose appetites fail; But, for a man hearty, And healthy and wise, Plain corned beef and cabbage Takes always the prize. The beef, streak 'o' fat, Streak 'o' lean, white and red, Cut crosswise the grain And as tender as bread, With cabbage cooked with it And nicely potato Boiled right in its jacket. Served on the same plate, O, Is something a man with. An appetite knows Can last any dinner French cookery shows. And when he has emptied His plate heaping high He'll have room for A pudding or pie. O, corned beef and cabbage! You praise we sing. For a solid, square meal You are truly the king. You make us unbutton Our vests every time And fill us with hugs Satisfaction sublime. We pity the people Who dwell in the flats Who, thinking about you, Get hungry as rats, And can't, for thy fragrance, Which heaven doth seek, Enjoy you but only One day in the week. —H. C. Lodge, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Beef-panning is a put-up job. A shady set—a group of trees. A fowl tip—A rooster's comb. A paper-hanger sticks to his business. The last thing in shoes—The wearer's heel. Out on a strike—a defective Lucifer match.—Merchant Traveler. Sleepy Hollow—"Good night" over the telephone.—Boston Bulletin. "All roads lead to room," remarked a tramp, studying a guide board.—Graphic. The butterfly which from the rose Had tried to sip with deep content Thought "this pernicious this flower" For it will only give a scent.—Albany Express. Little Charlotte, four years old, was learning her alphabet. When she came to x y z she looked up, tired and disgusted, and impatiently said: "Where's the rest of 'em?" Fair Matron—"Won't you let your wife take a chance in this lottery?" Husband—"Oh, no; she never draws anything worth having." "Well, you know marriage is a lottery, sir." "Yes, that is—well, put her name down." His best girl was out walking with him, and he shot a beautifully plumaged bird. "Oh, John! how could you kill the dear creature?" "Why, susie, I thought you would like it for your Sunday bonnet." "Oh, you dear, good, thoughtful fellow." "How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window of a party of "waits." "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucketful of water fell, like the gentle dew from heaven, on those beneath.—Cairo Messenger. We see by a dramatic exchange that a Mr. William Patterson attempted the title role in "Hamlet" with the usual result—i. e., the company walked home. So at last the time-honored mystery of who struck Billy Patterson is cleared up. He was stage-struck.—Albany Express. He had told her that business called him to Europe and that he might be gone a year. With a pale face and a languishing he nervously awaited the effect. Finally the girl spoke: "You seem a trifle nervous and excited, Mr. Sampson," she said. "Are you afraid of being sick?" —The Evening Star. I praised her beauty rare— Her face, her form, her dress— For she was wondrous fair, And knew it, too, I guess. She tossed her queenly head, With motion proud and free, And sweetly, bravely said: "You'll find no flies on me." —Cleveland Sun. Bobby was at a neighbor's, and in response to the offer of a glass of beer, he butted, politely said, "Thank you." "That's right, Bobby," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say thank you." "Yes, ma'am, I must say that if you gave me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter." —Tid-Bits. Man is largely the architect of his own fortune, and yet a strong and well-developed man works hard for \$1.25 of \$1.50 per day, while a small, second-class sort of a man with an abnormally developed waist on some portion of his anatomy grows wealthy in a dime museum, and laughs the world to scorn. —All City Herald. Now that you are going to marry my daughter I would like to know something of your faults. "Very well, sir." "Do you smoke or chew?" "Never did either in my life." "Do you drink?" "No, sir. I don't drink or gamble or patronize horse races or swear or read trashy literature. And, now, after the wedding, where would you advise me to live?" "In Heaven, my son." —Lincoln Journal. An Ancient Umbrella. An umbrella that was brought to this country from Holland in 1630 has been on exhibition in Albany, N. Y. It bears the name of an Italian maker. It has been asserted that umbrellas are a later invention than 1630 and that an Englishman first appeared in the streets of London in the last century with one to protect him from the rain. The fact by, however, that umbrellas were in use by the Egyptians 3000 years ago. The umbrella seen in the streets attached to a vehicle in the streets are seen pictured upon the wall paintings of ancient Egypt. William James says that Llewellyn is pronounced "Llywellyn" in Welsh.