

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, and legal advertisements.

Since 1800 the population of Europe has just doubled itself.

There is a growing exportation of American hogs to Mexico.

The flag of the United States will hereafter fly over all Federal buildings during business hours except when the weather is wet.

Germany looks upon Emperor William's cordial action in the captured French provinces as an indication that they are being Germanized.

Russia has made contracts for two more ironclads and quite a number of torpedo vessels. The peace of Europe sits on a barrel of gunpowder toying with a lighted fuse.

An expert, who has examined the iron ore region of the Island of Cuba, says the resources of that island are practically limitless. Great preparations are being made to increase the shipments to this country.

In four years Europe will be connected by steam with the very heart of the Dark Continent. Perhaps American steamers will also be running to the seaward terminus of the Congo Free State Railroad.

Last year the Argentine Republic shipped 445,000 tons of grain to Europe. This year it will send 2,500,000 tons. The Government is at present assisting immigration. It pays the passages of all immigrants from the coast to their destination in the interior.

It is claimed that there exists in Kansas City the most disastrous business depression that has been brought upon any Western city in the past fifteen years. There is, without doubt, \$20,000,000 invested in Kansas City that is not paying a dollar in return.

Unless all signs fail, prophecies Goodell's Sun, the country is on the eve of a grand industrial revival. Nothing but bad financial management will bring disaster. We have had excellent crops; labor is employed in all branches of industry; there is a good deal of money accumulated, and everything has a promising outlook.

Olive oil is being so extensively adulterated with cottonseed oil that the olive industry in the South of France is being fast destroyed. The French Government is anxious to stop this adulteration, the extent of which may be inferred from the fact that 2,000,000 gallons of cottonseed oil are annually shipped from the United States to Marseilles.

The Indians are not making much trouble now, and it has been decided to establish a small fish-propagation station at each army-post out West. The soldiers can do what little work is necessary and guard the growing fish. The Fish Commissioner is going to look over the ground and make plans for putting this scheme into operation. It is a new idea and has everybody's approval so far, save, perhaps, the soldiers'.

Reports from Chamberlain, in South Dakota, show that the emigrant with "land hunger" already has his eye upon the United States territory which will be thrown open to occupation when the Sioux Reservation is formally declared the property of the Nation. A large number of inquiries about the 11,000,000 acres in the reservation come from persons who say they represent bodies of men who intend to found colonies.

Greater advance seems to have been made in Russia in the displacement of wood and coal as fuel than in almost any other part of the world. Naphtha drugs are used everywhere, and the railroads and manufacturers have adopted the new fuel to the exclusion of the usual articles. It is fully 35 per cent. cheaper than either wood or coal, occupies much less space in storage and can be handled more readily. Its use has already become common for domestic purposes, and it is rapidly supplanting all other means of furnishing heat.

A Wyoming Territory prosecuting attorney being asked to proceed under the territorial law against an Indian murderer, refused on the ground "that he did not think, if arrested and held to appear, that any grand jury could be found that would report a true bill against one Indian for killing another, as such act was not particularly objectionable or unpopular with the white people of Stevens or the adjacent counties. Hence it would be incurring too much legal expense without any beneficial result. In fact he could not see that it was a matter of any concern to the tax-paying citizens, so long as no white person was killed." It seems to the disinterested spectator, says the Detroit Free Press, that the logic of the official reads inevitably to the conclusion that the Indian should be prosecuted and hanged so that two birds may be killed with one stone.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

'Twas but a little light she bore, While standing at the open door; A little light, a feeble spark; And yet it shone out through the dark With cheerful ray, and gleamed afar As brightly as the polar star.

A little light, a gentle hint That falls upon the page of print, May clear the vision, and reveal The precious treasures doubtless conceal, And guide us to an open door Where new regions may be explored.

A little light dispels the gloom That gathers in the shadowed room Where woe and sickness find their prey And night seems longer than the day, And hearts with many troubles cased, Uncheered by one slight ray of hope.

O'er so the need that some must know While journeying through this vale of woe, Disarmed, disheartened, gone astray, Caught in the thickets by the way, For lack of just a little light To guide their wandering steps aright.

It may be little we can do To help another in his need; But better is a little spark Of kindness, when the way is dark, Than one should miss the road to heaven For lack of light we might have given.

-New York Ledger.

MABEL'S TROUBLE.

At the breakfast table that morning Frank Hatfield's wife, one of the dearest and most winning of women in the world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Walter yet?"

"No, Mabel; not time yet. You know he only went away yesterday. Get a letter to-morrow, maybe."

"Do you know, Frank, I am almost wild with curiosity to see his wife! Such an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant weather, I suppose; showed their good sense," said Frank.

"Anyhow, they'll be here in ten days, as soon as his business is arranged," and Mabel Hatfield's almost girlish face beamed with delight at the thought, for she almost idolized her "brother Walter," and had heard wonderful stories of the beauty of his bride.

Such had been, in part, the talk of the breakfast table, and there had not been in all the city a sadder face than that with which Frank Hatfield had said good-bye to his dear little wife and his rosy-faced baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his down town office glowering at a bit of crumpled paper on the table before him with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to include doubts of his own sanity.

"Oak Street Station House!" he exclaimed. "What is—well, I might as well go there."

And so he did, with barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before he started. A few minutes of almost fiercely rapid walking, a brief parley with the officials in blue, and Frank Hatfield was admitted to a dingy and dimly lighted cell.

"Good heavens! You here!" "Hush! Not a word! I gave my name as Harry Taylor, and it's gone into the reports that way."

"But how did it happen?" "I can't tell, Frank. I only know they found the pocketbook in my pocket, and I was so dumfounded I could not say a word."

"The pocketbook?" "Yes, it was at the Pennsylvania station. I had just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and that's about all I know about it until I was nabbed and searched."

"But Florence?" said Frank. "I wrote to her that I was detained in New York for a few days by important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel and sent for you."

"I didn't get your note till this morning," said Frank. "Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what do I do to get out?"

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I have got to do is to prove who you are, and the Judge won't fail to see it," said Frank.

"But I don't want to prove who I am; it would kill Mabel and just about murder Florence. You don't know how sensitive she is. No; I must get off and acquit as Harry Taylor, or I'll never get over it. Now, Frank, did I follow you?"

"I promise not to let my name out to anybody, least of all to Mabel. Florence's letters will come in your care as usual; and I can send a letter to Mabel dated from home, you know, as if it was indeed yours."

"You must take the responsibility of all this deception, then," said Frank; and after a great deal of hesitation the young lawyer allowed himself to be overpowered into giving the required promise, but left the station house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man. He did not like deception in any shape and he seriously doubted his capacity for concealing anything from his dear little wife.

And it was when Frank Hatfield returned home that evening and silently handed Mabel an unpostmarked missive, over which her blue eyes glistened and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow which never left him the whole evening. In vain he tried to be gay, or to make the crowing youngster a means of concealing his perturbation, for the quick eyes of his wife penetrated his clumsy artifices, and then—well, if he had been in trouble before he was badly enough beset now.

trated her husband's secret, and she was not only a true daughter of Eve as to curiosity, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of character out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances; and so, though at first she tried not to show it, Mabel was more than a little offended, and Frank, poor fellow, could not help seeing and feeling it. And thus the next day passed and the next, and matters down town looked worse and worse and matters at home grew cloudier at a rate Frank Hatfield would hardly have thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his wife; and the poor fellow grew gloomier with every glance at the fretful and discontented face that had hitherto been so sunny. Even the baby was compelled to suffer his share of the household trouble. In her irritated mood Mabel's thoughts naturally turned to her brother, and so one day she sat down and wrote him a letter in which she said a great many things that were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no harm would have come from it if Mabel had not mailed the letter with her own hands, without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than anything else, it was opened and read by a young married lady in one of the large Pennsylvania towns on the following day.

It was not the same cell that Frank Hatfield had looked into before, and it was nearly a week later. The prisoner was the same, however, and with all his confinement he was hardly as pale as his worried, bothered-looking visitor.

"It's all up, Harry."

"What's up, Frank?"

"Why, this wretched secrecy business. Florence is coming."

"Read that telegram. Got to meet her at the train this afternoon."

"Frank had the better in color now very decidedly."

"Oh, Frank, my boy, what is to be done?"

"She must know."

"We'll see about that. Don't see what I can do but invite her to the house."

And Frank Hatfield looked more like a baited wild animal than ever as he half lunged himself out of the cell.

Frank did not go home to dinner that day or he might have discovered that the nurse had been left alone with the baby and his wife had "gone out," no one knew whither. So, in uncomfortable ignorance of the dangers that beset him, he went to the depot that afternoon and waited for a lady who should resemble as nearly as possible the miniature likeness which had been shown him, and he found her very readily. There was no chance for mistaking the striking, nervous-looking beauty, and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her the trembling lips parted slightly, just enough to say:

"Frank Hatfield?"

"And you are Florence?"

"Oh, Frank! Where is my husband? Why is he not here?"

"He is safe and well, I assure you, and you shall soon see him."

"But I don't understand! Why is all this mystery and deception?"

"I can't explain here," said Frank. "But if you will get into a carriage I will tell you as we go."

And Frank was determined to keep his word, though he had almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of all his trouble, however. He had not noticed the veiled female form that had followed him into the depot, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken any note of the fact that the same form sprang lightly into a coupe which drove off rapidly after the carriage which contained him and Florence.

Florence on the whole sustained the shock much better than Frank had expected. In a few moments—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Florence declared herself ready to hurry at once to the "Tombs."

"I must stop at my office for a moment," said Frank.

"Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" said Florence.

"But it is only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day and I have not seen him."

Frank's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Florence had their heads too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular members of the hurrying throngs upon the sidewalks. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb Frank remarked: "Good! I won't have to go up stairs; there's my partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!"

The gentleman, thus addressed had been standing on the edge of the walk as if waiting for some one and now came forward with a remarkably beaming expression of countenance.

"Frank, my boy, it's all right."

tiency with either horses or driver, especially as Florence and Walter looked so provokingly loving and happy upon the rear seat.

Home was reached at last, however, and the somewhat frazzled driver reined in his smoking horses in front of the house. Frank sprang to the sidewalk and never dreamed of aiding Walter; but Florence by this time was well able to help herself.

It was not very late when they entered the house, and Frank's latchkey dispensed with bell-ringing and servants.

"Wait a moment in the parlor," said Frank, "while I call Mabel."

And so saying, but with a big weight upon his heart, Frank pushed onward toward the sitting-room. As he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady in full traveling costume, and a glance beyond showed him a marvelous array of trunks and traveling bags.

"A gloved hand held out toward him a small white envelope, while a husky and trembling voice said:

"Good-bye, Frank."

"Mabel—"

"Isn't that Walter's voice? 'Oh, Walter, are you here?'"

"Yes, Mabel; here I am, safe and sound." And Walter himself rushed forward, taking hold of his pretty sister as if about ready to swallow her.

"Oh, Walter, take me away—take me home to mother's."

"But, Mabel, what is the matter? Frank has been just the best old fellow."

"Walter—there she is—I saw her at the depot—the very same woman; and now she's brought her here! Walter, what does it all mean?"

"Mabel! Why, Mabel—come here, Florence—Mabel, this is my wife, your sister, Florence. I've been in trouble and Frank has helped me through, like a trump that he is, and you are mad; when you have got the best fellow in the world for a husband—"

Mabel gave one look at her brother, another into the wistful face of her new sister, but she caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her husband, and with:

"Oh, Frank, forgive me; I've been so foolish!"

Frank Hatfield's worry was over.

A Dog's Benevolence.

A dog in the neighborhood of Manchester, England, has been distinguishing itself in a marked degree. This is not a homeless cur, but a dog in easy circumstances, and owned by a kind and indulgent master. Too indulgent, the reader may be disposed to think, when he is told that every morning at lunch time the creature is presented with a penny, which is carried in its mouth to the shop of a baker, and there purchased a biscuit.

It happened, however, that the baker, meeting the owner of the dog, mentioned to him that it had not been for his biscuit lately. This was unaccountable, and the more so because the animal's master had remarked that during the past week or so it had exhibited unusual impatience for lunch time, endeavoring by crouching and tail-wagging to obtain its luncheon money before it was due. When it at last received it it had never failed to run off in a hurry, and after a while return without the coin, seemingly satisfied with its investment.

The next morning after the baker had made his communication to the gentleman, the latter, after giving his dog the penny, was curious to watch it. And lo and behold! it never went near the biscuit shop! Without an instant's delay it hastened to a tripe seller's, and there bought and paid for a neat and tempting skewering of "paunch." But it was not for its own eating. With cheerful alacrity it took the meat in its mouth and made for an empty house, and to the cellar thereof, and being closely followed, the benevolent creature was discovered in the act of delivering its precious pennyworth to a poor miserable tyke, a stranger to the neighborhood, and apparently of the "tramp" species. Evidently it had been taken ill on the road, and probably would have died in the cellar into which it had crawled for shelter, had it not been for the kind consideration of the other dog, who probably quite by accident had found it there.

Snatched Fortune From Misfortune.

In 1855 Farmer Stanley's house and farm were ruined by the Cherry Mountain landslide in New Hampshire. He thought that he was a ruined man, but the exhibition of the devastation to eight neighbors, whom he charged for the sight, brought him enough money with which to buy a small farm in Jefferson. He has just sold his farm to a hotel company at a big profit, and invested the proceeds in a large farm not far from his old home.

A Typical Tragedy.

I said unto my love one day, "Let's trip a-snow this wint'ing way." The day was - - - - - The snow - - - - -

The sylvan glade was sweet and cool; We found a lovely little pool. The pool - - - - -

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

'TIS VERY MEAN TO STEAL ONE'S SERVANT.

Women who are engaged in keeping house believe that the meanest thing the members of their sex can do is to steal their servant girls, and it is pretty generally conceded that they are right. Nothing can be more despicable than the theft of a good servant girl by the offer of a half-dollar or so more per week in wages. Supposing, for instance, that a woman engages a good girl for general housework and teaches her, through hard work and patience, the rudiments of cooking, washing, ironing, etc. She has engaged the girl at nominal wages because her services are worth but little. Just as soon as she has learned something a smooth neighbor entices her away by an offer of more money. Is there any adequate punishment for such women? If the reader will return twenty-five favorable answers to this query she will be presented with an oil stove. There can really be no adequate punishment for such women.—Chicago Herald.

RECIPES.

Caper Sauce—Chop the capers in half and add a pint of drawn butter and one tablespoonful of vinegar, let it just simmer and serve with boiled mutton.

White Cake—Two cups of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, whites of eight eggs beaten light, one cup of water, three cups of flour sifted, two teaspoons of baking powder.

Sugar Cookies—One cup of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of water, two eggs; sift the baking powder and flour together, add butter, sugar and eggs; mix and roll very thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut into cakes and bake in a quick oven.

Savory Eggs—Hard boil four eggs and cut them in two; cut a bit from the ends to allow them to stand; remove the yolks and mix with a mixture of chopped tongue, olives, beet and capers, season with salad oil or melted butter, season with salt and pepper; after filling the cavities grate over the top the yolks of the eggs; serve on some crisp dry toast cut in tiny squares or circles.

Fried Celery—Cut firm white celery into pieces two inches long, put them into boiling salted water, and cook fifteen minutes; remove from the boiling water with a split spoon and drop into ice water; then take them out on a dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip each piece in beaten eggs, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in salted lard; drain well and serve hot.

French Frozen Pudding—Scald one quart of milk; mix one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, two eggs, all well beaten together; turn this into the milk, stir well and cook twenty minutes; let this get cold, and then add one quart of cream, one cupful of sugar, one dessertspoonful of vanilla, two ounces of port wine, one-half pound of French fruits, freeze; serve with one pint of whipped cream.

Ginger Wafers—Cream a half pound of butter and a half pound of lard together, then add gradually one pound of brown sugar, mix well, and add one pint of West India molasses and a half pint of ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix and add sufficient flour to make a stiff dough, roll out very thin, cut into cakes and bake in a rather quick oven.

Pigeon Pie—Rub the pigeons inwardly and outwardly with pepper and salt, put inside a dessertspoonful of butter and some parsley chopped with the livers, and a little of the same seasoning; lay a beefsteak on the dish, and the pigeons, cut in halves, upon it; between every two a hard-boiled egg; add a small piece of ham on each pigeon, and pour a cup of water in each dish. Season the gizzards and the joints of the wings, and place them in the crust, the feet carefully cleaned to disclose the nature of the occupants with before the pie is cut. Cover with puff paste.

Clear Soup—Five pounds of beef cut from the lower part of the round, five quarts of cold water; cut the beef into small pieces, add the water and let it come to a boil gradually; skim it carefully and place where it will keep at the boiling point six or eight hours; then strain it and set it away to cool; in the morning skim off all the fat, pour the soup into a kettle, using care to keep back all sediment; add to this liquor one onion sliced, one large stock of celery, two sprigs of parsley, half a teaspoonful of sage, six whole cloves, one large tomato sliced, a teaspoonful of pepper, and salt to suit taste; boil gently half an hour, then strain through a napkin and serve with toasted crackers.

Good Yeast—Take five pints of water, three good sized potatoes, one-half pint of fresh hops (tied up in a rag), one tea-cup sugar, one tablespoonful ginger. Cook potatoes and hops separate in the required water; put sugar, ginger, one-half tea-cupful of salt, and one pint of flour in a crock. When the potatoes are done pour both waters in the crock, mash the potatoes and stir in, let it cool, mash all lumps fine, and when cool enough not to scald yeast, add two and two-thirds of a cup (pint) of old yeast to start it; set it in a warm place and let it raise, stir down, and when it has raised three times and been stirred down, strain and set in a cool place; will keep for three months; one-half cupful (teaspoon) makes four loaves; try this and you will not fail having good bread.

A Blue Grass Palace.

Creston, Iowa, is to have a grass palace. Corn palaces have been of late years rather common, but a grass palace is something new. This palace, which looks more like a castle, is 100 feet square and 120 feet high, and it is decorated inside and out with all the different grasses and cereals of Southwestern Iowa. Eighteen counties will have a booth each, and they will decorate the booths with the grasses of their locality.—Baltimore American.

A JAPANESE RESTAURANT.

WHERE A HUNGRY AMERICAN CAN DINE IN ORIENTAL STYLE.

Well Cooked Food—Polite Attendance—Pretty Table China—Very Moderate Prices—No Water Used.

A writer in Harper's Weekly gives this description of a Japanese restaurant recently opened in New York City:

The dining-room is long, narrow and high-ceiled. A quiet paper covers the walls, which are ornamented here and there with peculiar Chinese banners, Japanese straw hangers, and abominable American chromos. Clumsy chairs and little tables covered with white oil cloth, are arranged on either side of the room. Everything is delightfully cool, clean, and fresh looking. The floor, walls and ceiling are innocent of dust or debris.

The proprietor, cook and waiter are Japanese of the purest type. They dress neatly in American clothes, and wear their hair and sparse beard in regular New York style, but in manners, gait, carriage and opinion are genuine children of the Orient. They speak English fairly well, using the low tones, the half-intonation, and the musical inflection so common to the languages of the East.

The dinner opens with little slices of dried smoked, or salted fish, served with bright colored vegetables. The next dish is a fish soup, which ought to be adopted in our own land for its delicious and wholesome qualities. It is made from a stock like our soups, but with the difference that the Japanese cook makes a stock exclusively from fish, as we do with meat. The cheaper mild flavored fishes are boiled for days, until all the gelatine and soluble elements are extracted by the hot water, and nothing is left but mere skin and bone. These are strained out, leaving a heavy, transparent, yellowish brown fluid of a very grateful flavor and great nutritive power. When served, it is brought on in a bowl in which have been placed a well steamed fillet of blue fish, weak fish, or salmon, two or three boiled tree mushrooms, and such spices and other condiments as the chef may fancy.

The third course is fish, roasted or broiled. It is served unbroken on a handsome platter, and decorated in a manner altogether Eastern. The favorite style in this respect is to fill one corner of the dish with little blocks of omelet, either plain or highly seasoned; a second corner, with a pile of spinach, with which have been cooked minute pieces of radish skin, carrot, or beet, to give a contrast in color; a third corner, with radishes cut into curious shapes that display the crimson of the exterior as well as the white within; and the fourth, with mushrooms, ma-tais (an exquisite Eastern esculent), or truffles. This dish when served is a perfect poem in color. The fourth course is an entree, either of fish cooked something like the bouillabaisse of Marseilles, or meat, poultry, or game as with us. It is followed by distinctive fish or meat dumplings, of which the enclosing dough is hardly as thick as cardboard, and the spiced filling has been chopped into almost a pulp. The roast that succeeds is the ordinary American article, though originally it was a baked stuffed fish. Vegetables accompany the various courses, but in a very empirical way, the waiter forever removing one and bringing on another, without rhyme or reason. Besides those familiar to Western palates, are pickled carrots and sliced beets (both of which are charming in appearance, but unpalatable in flavor), tree-mushrooms, yams, bamboo tips, Chinese potatoes, and watermelon seeds.

Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese in New York serve no alcoholic beverages with their meals. At home the rule is the opposite, the very poorest using the reeking and powerful liquors known as sake and samshui. Like the Chinese, they use no water, employing tea in its stead. This, under the present administration, has attained an excellence as high as that of the finest crops of Oolong and Pekoe.

The tableware deserves especial mention. The knives, forks and spoons are silver plate and of the best American make. It is only thirty years since these articles were almost unknown in Japan, the chopstick and the china spoon being the only tableware employed. The china and porcelain are altogether Oriental in appearance and character. The teacups are wide and shallow, with brims that, instead of being flat, curl up at one point into graceful apex, and on the opposite side sink down into a delicate V-shaped hollow. Both inside and out, beneath the colored glaze, are the whorls made by the potter in "throwing" the cup.

The service of the soup is very curious. The waiter brings a bowl to each guest which is oval in shape, about six inches in diameter and five inches in height. The top is channeled, and is covered with a closely-fitting lid, almost saucer-like in appearance. The guest removes the cover and the waiter pours the soup into the channel. When the course is over, the waiter seizes the cover, and with a swift turn of the wrist places it on the bowl, throwing into the latter with the same movement the debris it contains.

All of the table china in the Japanese restaurant makes a pleasing contrast to that usually employed by our own race. Its color, shape and decoration vary infinitely, but are always restful and agreeable to the eye.

Last of all, but of equal interest to the reader, is the fact that the Japanese favor economy and low prices. A superb meal with their costs not more than a quarter of what it would under American or European auspices. From first to last their dinners are good, delightful and very cheap.

The public executioner of Berlin, Germany, has just been tried for his life and acquitted. The homicide which he committed resulted from the machinations of a woman who loved him and was jealous of him.

The New York and Brooklyn Bridge is 5989 feet long. The length of its main span is 1505 feet.

Buffalo, N. Y., is supplied with gas from ninety miles off.

HER NAME.

How shall I tell you? She has so many. As for her spongers, how could they know in naming that baby, their worship may be. Entitled of woman a score of so.

When I use her where flowers are blooming. Another blossom, so fresh and sweet, I can compare her to nothing fairer; I call her my "Daisy," my "Marguerite."

When I see her with hands so busy, A rustic maiden in homespun dressed, A household fairy, with step so airy, Homely "Maggie" describes her best; When she greets me with mirth and laughter.

"Meg," I think, is the sweetest name. Of English Wolfgang she reminds me; Then she is, "Peg," my merry dame.

Ah! there are hours of gloom and sadness, When earth is sown with cold gray rain. When hearts are weary and life so dreary, One scarce dotes hope for the sun again. Then she comes with her mien so gentle, Calm, serene, "aunt" and "aunt's" child. Of jewels the rarest, the purest, fairest, I know why they named her "Margaret."

Changeful lady! what spirit has lent you This magic power that we see you wield? Now tears, now smiling, now fond beguiling, None can oppose you, for all must yield. But stop! One name that I mean to give you Will fetter and bind you all your life. You need not guess it, I will confess it. My love, my lady, I'll call you "Wife."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The sexton is the king of spades. There is nothing so holy and inexpensive as a sister's love.

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.—Life. Sheets of flame are usually spread over a bed of coals.—Baltimore American.

The shoe which is in the hands of the bootblack has a bright future.—Washington Capital. The man who intends to be cremated after death never asks his wife: "Will you love me when I mold?"

"It is when a man has to take a hammer to pound down the nails in his old shoes that the iron enters his soul. 'Tis now that the hammock breaks down with a thud, And lands both the youth and the girl in the mud."

Mrs. Smaller—"They do say that Midshipman Blink is a very fast young man." Captain Beaugard—"Yes; he belongs to the fleet."—Kosmos Enterprise. There's something odd about a ship.

And it is equally odd, And lands both the youth and