

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

|                                     |        |
|-------------------------------------|--------|
| One Square, one inch, one insertion | 10 00  |
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| One Square, one inch, one year      | 100 00 |
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| Half Column, one year               | 50 00  |
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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices free.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

The St. Louis Star-Sayings maintains that the day of gigantic farms is past.

A French astronomer has discovered a marked change in Europe's weather during the past five years.

The Italian troubles have diverted American travel from Rome, and the shopkeepers say their losses have been very large.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

Queen Victoria now rules, subject to the limitations of the British constitution, over a population scattered in the four quarters of the globe and the islands of the sea, aggregating 376,000,000, a greater number than has ever acknowledged the sovereignty of one person in ancient or modern times.

German women, led by Fraulein Lange, have petitioned the Government for gymnasiums for women students which shall be empowered to grant diplomas and honors equal to those granted to men. This has been granted, the headquarters being at Welfar. The setting apart of special State institutions has been refused.

The latest reports from China are to the effect that the native opposition to all work of railroad construction, if less fanatical than it was a short time ago, is still obstinate and serious. When work was begun, a short time ago, upon the projected line at Kaping, the attitude of the Cantonese was so menacing that more than one-half of the English workmen were compelled to retire.

Professor Elisha Gray remarks that electrical science has made greater advance in the last twenty years than in all the 6000 historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in 1000 years formerly. We find all sorts of work for electricity to do. We make it carry our messages, drive our engines, ring our door bell and scare the burglar; we take it as a medicine, light our gas with it, see by it, hear from it, talk with it, and now we are beginning to teach it to write. What will it not yet be doing for us? asks the Boston Transcript.

Japanese immigration is disturbing the serenity of the Californian mind. There are now 5000 Japanese in San Francisco, with as many more scattered over the State. At the present rate of arrival they will number over 20,000 within five years. This immigration is considered, asserts the Atlanta Constitution, a more serious matter than that of the Chinese. For the cheap labor of the latter competed only with unskilled industries whereas the Japanese are skilled trades men—carpenters, cabinet makers, shoe makers, tailors, and the like, and they work and thrive at low rates of wages.

The Census Bureau has published a statement showing in detail the receipts and expenditures of one hundred principal cities in the United States. The cities mentioned contained an aggregate population of 12,423,336, or about two-thirds of the city population of the country. The total annual aggregate expenditures amounted to \$234,626,555, or nearly \$19 per capita. Assuming the expenses of the remaining 334 cities or 8000 and upwards containing the other third of our city population to be in the same proportion, it costs \$383,000,000 to run our cities. It must be conceded, says the Philadelphia Times, that while cities may be both necessary and desirable they are expensive.

The Omaha, (Neb.) Bee prints an exhaustive review of the commercial and financial condition of Nebraska by counties, showing remarkable development. The most important phase of the exhibit is the showing of deposits in the State and National banks, which reach the aggregate of \$50,507,043, or \$47 per capita, showing that in spite of the failure of crops in the western part of the State last year and low prices for a series of years, the people are in exceptionally good financial condition, with almost enough cash on deposit to liquidate the entire farm mortgage indebtedness of the State. In 1888 the value of property was \$32,000,000; the actual valuation in 1891 is \$1,885,160,300. The estimated yield for this year in all crops is greater than ever before. Seven years ago no cattle or hogs were slaughtered. To-day Omaha is the third packing centre in the Union. The creamery capacity of the State is 50,000 pounds of butter a day. The educational system comprises 5740 schoolhouses, valued with sites and apparatus at \$4,000,000. The railroads operate 5345 miles of track. There are yet over 13,000,000 acres of unimproved land, only 10,000,000 acres under plow.

### FAME, WEALTH, LIFE AND DEATH.

What is fame?  
'Tis the sun gleam on the mountain,  
Spreading brightly as it flows,  
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,  
Rising lightly as it dies;  
Or, if here and there a hero  
Be remembered through the years,  
Yet to him the gain is zero,  
Death has stilled his hopes and fears.  
Yet what danger men will dare  
If but only in the air  
May be heard some eager mention of their name;  
Though they heard it not themselves, 'tis  
Which the name.

What is wealth?  
'Tis a rainbow, still receding  
As the painting foot pursues,  
Or a toy, that youth, subsiding,  
Seeks the readiest way to lose;  
But the wise man keeps due measure,  
Neither out of breath nor base;  
He but holds in trust his treasure  
For the welfare of the race.  
Yet what crimes some men will dare  
To gain their slender share  
In some profit, though with loss of name and  
Health.

What is life?  
'Tis the earthly hour of trial  
For a life that's but begun;  
When the prize of self-denial  
May be quickly lost or won;  
'Tis the hour when love may burgeon  
To an everlasting flower;  
Or when lust's victims urge on  
To defy immortal power.  
Yet how lightly men ignore  
All the future holds in store,  
Spending brief but golden moments all in  
Strife;  
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death?  
Past its dark, mysterious portal  
Human eye never roam;  
Yet the hope still springs immortal  
That it leads the wanderer home.  
Oh, the bliss that lies before us  
When the secret shall be known,  
And the vast angelic chorus  
Sings the hymn before the throne!  
What is fame, or wealth, or life?  
Past are prizes, fortune, strife;  
All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath,  
When the good and faithful servant takes  
The wreath.  
—Academy.

### A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—if spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Tappan's offices could produce the arranged-for result. At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course of winter amusements in New York must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense, satisfactory.

Music and the drama, libraries bound in Russia, instead of calf; fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth avenue boarding houses—these, and many other splendid things, had become very agreeable to the newly-fledged executive. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that was scarcely worth counting as a means toward those desired results.

What must he do? He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—"Marry!" At first he had met the suggestion with a negative shrug, and a muttered "Nonsense!" but it had come back every time with a more persuasive appearance. Finally, one cold, windy night in March, he determined to devote an hour or two to a consideration of his chances in the matrimonial market.

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair. He was quite sure both of these lovely creatures adored him; the only point to settle was which he liked better; or rather, which it would be best for him personally and commercially to choose.

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast. She was so tenderly nurtured, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world. Her income from her writings was very handsome; she visited in the most aristocratic circles; she was charming in person and manners, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world. But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the "better half," but probably the four-fourths of the house; and that his personality would simply sink into "Mrs. May's husband."

So Bessie won the decision, and he determined, if his new suit came home the next day, to offer Miss Bell the handsome person which it adorned. For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow; and if this work-a-day world had only been a great drawing-room, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion through it.

The new suit came home, and fitted perfectly; the tonorial department was equally effective in results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnest of success in the very prospect of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority, "ordered the coachman to drive to the west."

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes. She glided into her usual beaming, pretty manner; and very soon Mrs. Bell came in, and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner, Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church's charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them. Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it.

What do men say on such occasions? Do they ever say what they intend? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did; for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Professor Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal-party—he is just going to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying about; why, all our set knew about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky Mountains and California. Mamma says we were to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same—and I am quite sure I never did anything to misrepresent her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterward, except that he received a cool courteous "Good-night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself walking round Madison Square in a very unenviable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora; he must see her to-night; tomorrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then—well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him. "And yet," he murmured, "women are such uncertain creatures. Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself to her or not was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and, moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. He noted with admiration the refined and cultured aspect of the room—the luxurious couples of her favorite authors—the artist's proofs of rare engravings—the blooming ferns and flowers—the cozy student's chairs—the sofa, warm rugs and carpet—the dancing firelight—the rich silk and lace that robed the lithe, graceful figure of Nora—all these things had a fresh and delightful charm in them. In a little while he managed to make the conversation drift toward Bessie.

Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe?  
"Oh, dear, no; not till she is twenty-one."  
"Is it not rather a mesalliance?"  
Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright.  
"Certainly not," Professor Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist—a man of world-wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul!"

"Ah, indeed! I had not thought of it in that light. People usually spoke of a mesalliance with regard to money affairs."  
"Yes, I know," replied Nora, "and just there they are frightfully wrong—there are worse mesalliances than disparities in fortune—but, however, here there is none of any kind; the professor has found chemistry a sufficiently rich element with a residuum admitting of no kind of doubt."  
"Why will you be glad when she marries?"  
"Yes, you will lose your friend!"  
"By no means. She will remain at home, and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl."

"Indeed! Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell."  
"I may do so. I have no specific against doing such a thing eventually; but I am quite sure I shall not do so immediately."  
"Why not?"  
"Because I cannot afford it. I am just one of those women who would be likely to make a mesalliance—in money matters—and I repeat, I cannot afford it just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband."

"I should like to know what it is."  
"A long European tour, with, perhaps, a peep at the Pyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem."  
"Oh, dear!" said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. "I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation!"  
"None at all," she said, positively; and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober earnest she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the

deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it. She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then alluding to her assured position and comfort, asked Julius "how he supposed she had won it?"

"By your genius," he said, admiringly.

"Not so, sir; but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore," she said, with a bright, imperative face, "go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit."

"You have made a new man of me, Miss St. Clair," said Julius, enthusiastically. "When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?"

He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands—"Then you may come again." Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlight, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance, before he offered himself again.

Next evening, Bessie and Nora sat in the freight, sipping their after-dinner coffee; it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly:

"Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."  
Nora turned quickly, but said nothing. "That is, he wanted to marry my money; everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you, Nora."  
"He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that old, old gospel of 'Work when you're in trouble.' When he had done it, I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of."  
"All men need women to care for them; else why were women made? But I think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet-knights sometimes don armor and take the world by surprise."  
"We shall see. Time proves all things."  
Time proved in this case what has often been asserted, "that every woman influences every man, she comes in contact with either for good or bad." Julius went steadily to work, with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known among lawyers as a hard-reading, clear-headed, steady young man and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora St. Clair and ask her a certain question, to which she answered, with pride and confidence: "Yes."

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening.

"Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."  
"Going to do so, Nora?"  
"Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me."  
"That is all right, I suppose."  
"Yes. I am quite sure it couldn't be better."

Both girls sat silent a while, and then Nora said, sadly:

"I have been wondering how many bad husbands might have been good ones, did women always use their influence for noble ends. There ought to be a saving power in love—if it is true love—and there is, for I have proved it; and what I have done other women can do also."  
—The Lover.

### Morbid Winking by Miners.

Dr. Sells persists in his opinion that there is no reason for supposing that astigmatism or the nervous disease which manifests itself in a morbid winking of the eye, so common among miners, is attributable to working by the imperfect light of the safety lamp. The fact that the complaint is found among the workers with naked lights is in itself sufficient to throw doubt upon the long-prevalent theory. The Government Inspector of Mines, for the Midland District notes, on Dr. Sells's authority, the case of a man who, after working with the Davy lamp for fourteen years without injury, proceeded to work at a pit where candles were used. He had been employed three and one-half years, and during the last twelve months he experienced symptoms of astigmatism, and had ultimately to leave work and seek medical aid. Dr. Sells has collected a mass of facts and a record of a large number of instances of men suffering from the affection, which will, he believes, be very corroborative of the views he has before set forth, namely, that the prime cause of the affection is to be found in the position assumed by the miner at his work.—London News.

### Old Sailors Get Sea Sick, Too.

"Seafaring men often suffer from sea-sickness," said a retired navy officer. "I used to get a touch of it every voyage. Not the long continued and sometimes deadly illness of the landmen, but decidedly uncomfortable, nevertheless. It usually lasted a day with me—sometimes only a few hours. It would repeat itself as soon as we left next port. The only time I ever missed it was when we were chasing a Confederate blockade runner. I got so excited that I forgot all about it. Curiously enough when the excitement was all over I felt a tinge of it, as usual."

"It is the bilious temperament. I've been so humiliated over it that I could shed tears. No, I wouldn't dare go oil the coast fishing because I know I'd be sick. There is really no sure remedy for sea-sickness, though the best precaution against a violent attack is to go without eating or drinking on the day you sail. Most people invite sickness by overloading the stomach with their friends' food before sailing."  
—New York Herald.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A locomotive has 6000 pieces.  
A new apparatus throws fifty pounds of dynamite three miles.  
It is estimated that at least 1,000,000 pounds of rubber are used annually for bicycle tires.  
A Detroit manufacturing firm will make steel wagon wheels, with hollow felloes and spokes.  
The big clock in the tower of Philadelphia's new City Hall is to be wound by a steam engine.

A consolidation locomotive weighs fifty tons, and will draw on a level about fifty times its own weight.  
A Japanese recommends cleansing the hands with tartrate of ammonium to avoid poisoning from white lead.  
Steam pipes have been made in England from the ramie fibre. This material is subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure.  
Electric light or power is now used in nearly forty American mines, and with such success that a rapid extension of electric mining is anticipated.

A new car of the Michigan Central Railroad does the work of 300 men in scraping the dirt dumped on the sides of the track to the edge of the fill.  
An investigation in Switzerland shows that mortality from organic diseases of the heart decreases as the altitude of the habitations rises, and that it is greater in towns than in the country.  
Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Two Austrian engineers have invented a new explosive which is called cerasite. Its power, as compared with dynamite, is as 100 to seventy, and it may be carried from place to place with perfect safety.  
An electric typewriter is being constructed which will write letters in New York as they are transmitted from Boston, and vice versa, the communications being transmitted simultaneously over four separate wires.

Twelve thousand silkworms when newly hatched scarcely weigh one-quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which only lasts about thirty-five days, they will consume between 300 and 400 pounds of leaves.  
An English inventor has constructed a novel device to do away with the enortous pressure of war against the bows of ocean steamers. It consists in one or more screws on each side of the bow which throws the water aside and creates a dry well in front of the vessel.

One of the recent inventions for life-saving apparatus is the Irvine pneumatic fire drill, which is thrown in distress or to persons in a burning house. The air is admitted from a reservoir to the chamber behind the projectile at a pressure of 2400 pounds on the square inch.  
A peculiar case of increase in coal consumption is reported from France. An official engineer, having been called to investigate the cause of a considerable augmentation of the consumption of fuel by a large battery of boilers, discovered that the phenomenon was due to the pressure of water in the smoke shaft. The measures which were taken to exclude the water have resulted in a saving of sixteen per cent. in the annual coal bill.

### The King of Spain's Follies.

The Paris Figaro thus describes the King of Spain: "He is small, very small, but sinewy, restless, full of fun, and precocious. He dreams of uniforms, flags and battles. He will not have toy horses but for two years has run races. He says 'thou' to all people. He likes to attack the old generals. For instance, Marshal Martinez Campos, chief of the military cabinet, is called 'Campito' by the child. When he does not get what he wishes at once he grows exceedingly angry and can be quieted only by the soft words of the Queen Regent. He is stubborn. He speaks excellent English all ready. What offends him especially is the knowledge that he is still a child. He would like to grow large at once, be a man with a great moustache without delay. He cannot understand how the King of Spain can be so small."

### The Wors. Smell in the World.

M. Bauman and Fromm, experimenting in Freiburg, Bresgau, on the organic derivations of sulphur, caused hydrogen sulphide to act upon acetone. They obtained trithio acetone and a new compound, non-volatile and crystalline, and at the same time a very volatile substance was given off, to whose odor all the most ill-smelling substances hitherto known were as attar of roses. The discoverers think this gas is monosulphurated acetic, but they have yet been unable to isolate it. Their efforts in that line, although they used the most perfect apparatus at their command to prevent the escape of the smallest quantity of the gas, brought an indignant storm of protest from the whole city. The stench was unendurable within a radius of 700 metres.—Piscayne.

### The Thumb Ring.

"And do they wear them on their thumbs?"  
"Yes, miss, and they are right pretty, too."  
A jeweler's clerk was displaying his new stock of thumb rings.  
"May I try one on?"  
"Certainly," he replied, and stooped low over the pink-tipped fingers, slipping on a tiny circlet of pearls.  
"It doesn't look so bad after all," said she, "you see the band is so narrow and the pearls so small that the effect is not awkward, as I expected it would be. I'll take that one."  
The advent of this unique little ornament is greeted with rather more favor than was at first expected by the jeweler.—New York Recorder.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

#### QUAINT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS AMONG EARLY SETTLERS.

They Were in Reality Germans From Bavaria—Courtship and Wedding Customs—Curious Beliefs.

Many interesting things respecting the Pennsylvania Dutch have been raked up and put together by the Bureau of Ethnology. In reality they are not Dutch at all, but Germans, who came over from Rhenish Bavaria mostly, being invited by Queen Anne for purposes of colonization. They arrived by way of England and it is estimated that a large part of them settled in the neighborhoods of Philadelphia, Chester, Allentown and other places which are at present centers of a population supplied by their descendants. During their early days in America many of them lived under very primitive conditions, often lodging in the forests, in caves, and even in hollow trees. Later on small houses were erected upon clearings, usually with two square openings with sliding boards on the inside for shutters. Furniture of all kinds was home-made, and every description of garment was manufactured by the women. Squirrel-skin moccasins were considered a luxury and the young girls when they went to church on Sunday in order to make them last as long as possible walked barefoot until within sight of the building before putting them on. Nearly every farmer raised flax and hemp for the consumption of his own family. Dyes were produced from the bark of trees and from plants. From the loose skin of old onions a light yellow was obtained.

Among these primitive people many very original and surprising customs existed, none of which were more curious than those which related to the process of courting. No young man was considered a desirable beau unless he owned a horse and buggy, so as to be able to take his sweetheart to church and to local gatherings on holidays. Saturday evening was thought the proper time for making love, though the delightful pastime was apt to extend over the whole of Sunday. Inasmuch as the distance traveled by the lover was often too great for him to return home the same night, the matter was frequently compromised by his remaining over until the next day, so as to be at the service of his innamorata on the Sabbath.

The marriage ceremony was usually performed at the clergyman's residence, and it was he who furnished the refreshments. All household linen and bedding were supplied by the bride, the husband providing the house. Care was taken never to carry an old broom into a new house, lest bad luck follow; the broom must be new, and it was necessary that it should first be conveyed across a meadow. It was usual for the wife to devote much attention from spring until autumn to the gathering of herbs, barks and roots supposed to possess medicinal properties. Garden seeds were also selected for the next year's planting, and the packages and bags of these commodities, suspended from the rafters, formed quite an interesting collection. Whatever was purchased at the country stores was paid for with butter and eggs. If the housewife found difficulty in her butter-making the "spell" was believed to be the work of a witch, every locality boasting the possession of some such necromancer in petticoats. The remedy was to plunge a red-hot poker into the contents of the churn. It was among these peaceful and virtuous folk that "lunatic parties" were first in vogue, the custom being that the leader of a red ear could kiss any girl present. If a girl could kiss a man and wished to avoid being kissed she would hide it quickly, though, if discovered, the first young man to reach her was entitled to the osculatory privilege.

They believed that nightmares might be caught if the person afflicted were sufficiently active and ingenious. A hostler employed by Dr. Hoffman's father secured one in a bottle and destroyed it by burning. He believed it to have been the spirit of a black cat, which was under the control of a hostile witch. With o'-the-wisps were ghostly brought which haunted marshy ground or damp woods, and numerous narrow escapes from them have been recorded.—Washington Star.

### Curious Epitaphs.

While strolling in the fields near a small hamlet not thirty miles from Rochester, I came across an antiquated graveyard overgrown with ivy and mosses, the stones of which bore dates between 1696 and 1820. I scraped the mold from a few of the stones and brought to light these inscriptions. This one is modest.

"My body to the grave I give,  
My soul to God, whose is his;  
When this my children read,  
You do see, remember me."  
This, on a child's grave, is not without pathos:

"This lovely bud so young and fair,  
Cald hence by my doom,  
Just caught to show how sweet a flower in  
Paradise would bloom."  
This one also preserves the phonetic method:

"Youth like a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour."  
Notice the unexpected word-division in these:

"To worlds of spirits I am gone,  
And left my friends behind;  
My body lies here in the dust,  
My soul is stationed with  
the bliss."  
"Hark, my gay friends, to you my voice has  
come,  
Refrain from folly and forsake your sin;  
Still from the dead I faint would send my  
cries.  
Trust in the Saviour, don't His grace de-  
spise."  
This is as good as any I have seen:  
"A thousand ways cut short our days,  
None are exempt from death,  
A honey-bee by stinging me  
Did stop my mortal breath."  
—Chester (N.Y.) Union.

### A SONG OF REST.

Oh! sing me a song of evening,  
A song of peace and rest,  
When, weary with unkindly dying,  
The wild birds seek the nest.  
When the lamps of home are lighted  
And those we love draw nigh,  
And overhead the kindly stars  
Are smiling in the sky.

The day has been dark and dreary,  
The shadows fall thick and fast,  
And my limbs and my heart are weary  
From battling with the blast;  
And now as the shades of evening  
Crown darkly over the land,  
I sigh for a breath of peace and rest  
And the touch of a friendly hand.

My thoughts turn back in the twilight,  
To scenes long passed away,  
When, free from the thrall of labor,  
I wandered in childish play;  
I see the vine-cold doorway,  
Where oft my mother stood,  
And the thoughts of a home I know no more  
Come o'er me like a flood.

Then sing me a song of evening,  
Of peaceful love and rest;  
I am weary of useless striving  
And I long for the sheltering nest.  
The rugged shadows of evening  
Are filling all the land,  
And I sigh for a breath of love and rest  
And the touch of a mother's hand.  
—Mortimer C. Brown, in Yankee Blade.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dear little things—Diamonds.—Puck.  
Because you feel good is no reason you are.—Pittsburg Post.  
You can buy a fine 5 kt. diamond for \$500, if you have the \$500.  
Every married man is a hero to some bachelor.—Daily Express.  
The laborer is worthy of his hire, the student of his lore.—Binghamton Leader.  
The undertaker is a gambler who usually wins the die.—Binghamton Republican.  
The man who is master of himself always has "help" that he can depend upon.—Puck.  
It is when straws are made up into hats that they show which way the wind blows.—Life.

The deed of an incendiary is correctly referred to as a "burning shame."—Atlanta Journal.  
The deaf mute should express himself in musical language; he uses a hand organ of speech.—Puck.  
Always hope for the best. You will never get it, so there will be no excuse for abandoning hope.—Puck.  
"Make hay while the sun shines" is a proverb neglected.  
"Make love while the moon shines" is forever respected.  
—Washington Post.

Girls should bear in mind that hauling young men over the coals does not tend to make them pop.—Detroit Free Press.  
Handsome is as handsome does. A five-cent fan will give as good a breeze as all gold and feathers.—Boston Transcript.  
When a man wears an air of resignation, he may be suspected of being a bank officer about to visit Canada.—Texas Siftings.  
Capital and labor could get on well enough together if there were not so many men trying to get capital without labor.—Texas Siftings.  
He loved her, but her scornful laugh "Embarrassed now his lot;  
He tried to take her photograph  
And showed her what he got."  
—Washington Post.

When we come to reflect how hard it is to keep down the natural instincts, isn't it a lucky thing there are no Indian hair-cutters or barbers?—Philadelphia Times.  
"It is very strange," said the amateur gardener, "I planted radishes there, and nothing but a lot of green stalks have come up, with not a radish or sign of a blossom on 'em."  
—Puck.  
Dashaway—"I hear that you upset some soup on Miss Palisade's dress at the dinner last night." Stuffor—"Yes; and I was fearfully put out about it. You know it isn't polite to ask for soup twice."  
—Cleveland Review.

Gentlemen—"But I'm afraid he wouldn't make a good watch-dog." Man with Pup—"Why, bless yer art, it was only last week that this very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail."  
—Brooklyn Life.  
"You couldn't guess my age, now, could you?" said Miss Parsleigh to Billy Bliven. "No," was the reply. "I am sure I could not." "I have seen just twenty-five years." "I say, Billy," muttered Dick Sniggers, at his elbow, "ask her how many years she was blind."  
—Washington Post.

"I say," said Gus De Jay, as he laid the paper across his knees, "this article says that a flood of intelligence is going to sweep the country." "Well, dear boy, don't let it worry you," replied Willie Washington. "You're no likely to be any flood-sufferer, you know."  
—Washington Post.  
"How did your revival over at Apache Gulch pan out?" "Well," answered the Arizona evangelist, "it wasn't exactly a success. At the third meeting I happened to say that I believed Apache Gulch was the wickedest place of its size on earth. After that my words fell flat. It was the first time the town had been rated as first-class in anything, and they didn't care to lose the distinction."  
—Indianaapolis Journal.

A little girl who is just learning to read short words, takes great interest in the big letters she sees in newspapers. The other evening, after she had kept her mamma busy reading the advertisements in the newspapers to her, she knelt down to say her prayers. "Lord," she prayed, "make me pure!" The reply, "I am here," was the only answer she got. "Make me pure," she said, "I am here." "Make me pure," she said, "I am here." "Make me pure," she said, "I am here."  
—Boston Herald.