The Test of Love.

Oh, I think falling in love is a mere matter of convenience, a matter that can be perfectly well controlled as the parties concerned desire."

Mabel's clear blue eyes clouded over as she earnestly listened to her cousin Agnes's words, and she said with a tremor in her voice:

"Then there is no such thing as falling in love at all? Do you truly believe I can love any one I choose, that I need not love one I do not choose?"

Agnes Hoyd's clear, sensible eyes looked tenderly and firmly into those of her sweet little cousin.

"Now, Mabel Stearns you have cracked the ice of your reserve and I am going to break it. I know perfectly well that Frank Gauss is in love with you; I know you are in love with him; I know, too, that you both know this, or I should not have spoken. Of course, I do not approve of the match at all. I do not think you in your reason approve of it, and I want you to assert that reason and lay the whole matter aside. I do truly believe just what I have said—that there is no sense in falling in love. I am 26 years old and I have not fallen in love. I have not chosen to."

"Agnes Hoyd, stop! I will not hear you talk so! You started by asking me to tell you the whole story, and I will finish by doing it. I do love Frank Gauss—Oh, I love him with all my heart and soul!"

"He hasn't a cent in the world, and if a man is ever going to have anything he ought to have made a fair beginning at his age. Let him go, and marry some richer man, and be a happier woman."

"Agnes, I am ashamed of you—or I should be if I did not feel sure you are so much better than you admit. Come, it is time to dress for Mrs. Town's dinner. What do you wear?"

Mabel showed a determination in thus ending the conversation that surprised Agnes. Rising from the cozy fireside where they had been sitting, she went to the wardrobe and took out a handsome silk, saying as she laid it on the bed:

"Never! I shall never fall in love until I have deliberately made up my mind. I am going to wear my garnet; I suppose you wear blue. Who are to be there?"

"Only a small party, two gentlemen from New York and a lady from Boston, with a lion or two, I suppose. I think Mrs. Town's lions are cubs; however, they serve the purpose."

An hour later a gay party of ten were seated in the handsomely appointed dining-room, at a table affording every delicacy, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Town.

Agnes looked regal and was appearing her very best, talking in a most interested manner to Mr. Young, her neighbor, one of the strange gentlemen from New York. Mr. Landon, the other stranger, sitting on her right, gradually fell into the conversation, as Mabel seemed strangely fascinated by a certain Mr. Gauss, who sat next her on the other side. As Frank escorted them to their carriage she whispered, gayly:

"It's all right. Remember!"

The next morning a characteristic note, received from Mrs. Town, ran thus:

My Dear Girls: Such a conquest as you made last evening! It takes my breath away to think of it. I really feel I ought to tell you, that you may be prepared for the worst. Both of my charming guests captivated in one evening! I suppose you know Mr. Landon is nothing more than a millionaire, and Paul Young nothing less than a poor young lawyer, with nothing behind him and all the world before him.

A few weeks after Mrs. Town's dinner the girls attended a gay party in an excursion up the river; dinner at a suburban hotel. Mr. Landon was persistent enough in his attentions to keep Mr. Young at a distance most of the time up to the hour of dinner, after which he proposed a walk to some pretty rocks, and would not be put off by Agnes's plea that she was too tired. "Miss Hoyd," said Landon, impulsively, "letters received oblige me to start for New York immediately, and from there I sail for Europe in August on a prolonged business trip. I beg you will not let me leave without a word of hope that I may come back for you before I sail. Dear Miss Agnes, say anything that will give me hope."

"Mr. Landon, stop! I never meant it should come to this, indeed I didn't! I have flirted with you until I am ashamed of myself. I have tried my very best to live up to my favorite theory and love the man whom fortune told me I might marry, but I cannot, oh, I cannot! Don't tempt me further!"

Agnes entirely lost her self-control, and her baffled lover looked in despair, offered his arm, and silently escorted her back to the house.

When at last she and her friend were safely in their room she throws herself on the floor at Mabel's feet and poured forth the whole story, closing with:

"My miserable theory has been the ruin of me! What shall I do?"

Mabel was a little puzzled at the despairing wail, and attempted comfort with:

"My dear, don't, don't feel so badly! This is not so serious; this is not the matter of a lifetime."

"Oh, but it is, it is! I was so obstinate in my idea. I snubbed Paul Young because I wanted to marry money; I have told him to go. I never can forgive myself! What shall I do?"

But what could be done? No practical plan presented itself. Paul had returned to New York with his friend, Mrs. Town had gone to the seashore. Agnes and Mabel were arranging for an "outing" in the mountains. An "outing" both needed. Agnes seemed to have lost all her serenity and elasticity. Mabel, too, had not seemed quite the same since that dreadful evening.

At the close of a busy day of preparation, they were seated on the porch when the post-master handed Agnes two letters.

"Only some invitation and a drop note," she said in answer to Mabel's inquiring look.

"Mr. Young is in town, and will call this evening if we care to see him."

"We!" exclaimed Mabel. "Well, of course!"

Later, in the privacy of their room, Agnes seized Mabel, and smothering her in kisses she exclaimed:

"I never dreamed I could be so happy."

"Oh, please forgive me, Agnes," said Mabel. "I deceived you and led others to. Mr. Young is not a poor lawyer, but an immensely wealthy one."

For one moment Agnes Hoyd looked a very Nemesis; then she softened and said:

"My dear, it was a fearful thing for you to do, but I thank you for it from my inmost heart. I shall marry the man I love."

Great interest is felt throughout Italy in the condition of a man named Succi, who lives at Forli, in the Romagna, and who asserts that he has discovered, in the course of his travels through a great part of Africa, a sort of liquor extracted from various herbs, which has the effect of "mummifying" the body, so to speak, and rendering it insensible to any kind of want, such as hunger or thirst; while it will also admit of a person taking any poison, however violent, without feeling its ill effects. A committee of the inhabitants of Forli has been formed, at his request, to watch the experiments which he is making upon himself and several doctors who examined him have stated that the case is a very curious one, and that they cannot detect any fraud.

STORIES OF THE COBRA.

Various Unpleasant Experiences of English Families in India.

While at home on a furlough from India a short time ago I was much amused at finding a very general impression among my friends that to come across a cobra was an everyday kind of occurrance in India. How erroneous this idea is may be gathered from the fact that not many days ago a brother officer told me that although he had been about ten years in India he had never yet seen a cobra in a wild state. His is, it is true, probably an exceptionable case; but still it shows that an Englishman may pass a considerable time in India without coming across one of these venomous reptiles. Cobras, however, are met with quite often enough, and sometimes in very curious and uncomfortable places. For instance, a young lady who had just returned from a ball in a small station in Southern India, noticed, as she was on the point of getting into bed, that the pillow looked disarranged, and on taking it up to smooth it out she discovered a cobra coiled up underneath it. She called out for assistance, and her father, coming to the rescue, speedily dispatched the obnoxious intruder with a stick. I happened to mention this circumstance to an officer one day, and he informed me that the very same thing had happened to himself soon after his first arrival in the country, and that, in consequence, he never got into bed until he had examined the pillows.

In the year 1873, while quartered at Bellary, on going into the drawing-room of the Bungalow, which at that time I shared with a friend, I discovered a cobra curled up on the sofa-cushion. I hastened out of the room to fetch a stick; but in doing so I must, I suppose, have made some noise, as on returning the snake had disappeared. A few evenings later, however, just as my "chum" was leaving the house to go out to dinner, he called out to me that there was a snake crawling up the steps of the veranda in front of the drawing-room. I ran out with a stick and succeeded in killing the unwelcome visitor. It turned out to be a fairly large cobra, and was in all probability the one which I had seen a few days previously on the sofa. It is, however, in the bath-rooms of an Indian bungalow that cobras, when met with within doors, are most frequently encountered, as they come in pursuit of the frogs which delight to take up their quarters there; for froggy is an article of diet to which the cobra is very partial. An officer of the Madras cavalry, since deceased, told me that when quartered at Arcot, he one day observed in his bath-room, emerging from the waste-water pipe, the head of a cobra, which was holding in his mouth a frog. The pipe was too narrow to admit of the snake's withdrawing his head unless he released his victim; this, however, from unwillingness to forego his meal, he would not do, and in consequence, paid the penalty for his gluttony with his life.

One day my wife's ayah came running into our bedroom saying there was a large snake in the bath-room. Arming myself as usual with a stick, I went into the bath-room just in time to see the snake disappear into the waste-water pipe, which ran under a another small room to the back of the house, where the water found its outlet. The servants stationed themselves at the outlet, while I endeavored to drive the reptile out from the rear, first with my stick, and afterward by pouring the contents of a kettle of boiling water down the pipe. Both attempts to dislodge the intruder from his position proving ineffectual, I commenced a vigorous assault on him by thrusting a bamboo about five feet along down the pipe, and this time success rewarded my efforts, and the snake, driven from his refuge, was killed by the servants outside. This cobra measured about five feet six inches in length, and was the largest I have ever seen killed. I may here mention that the ordinary ideas about the size attained by this species of snake are greatly exaggerated. Some years ago a Surgeon-Major serving in the Madras Presidency, with whom I was acquainted, took a great interest in this matter, and offered a considerable reward to any one who would bring him a cobra six feet in length; but, if my memory serves me right, the reward was never gained, although a very large number of cobras were produced for his inspection.

Once I witnessed a wonderful escape from the almost invariably fatal effects of a cobra bite. I was marching with some native troops in the cold weather, and halted for the night at a place called Ma kur, where, instead of having our tents pitched, my wife and I preferred occupying a small bungalow belonging to the Department of Public Works, which was situated opposite the encamping-ground. Sitting outside the bungalow after dinner, I had occasion to call my head servant to give him some orders for the next morning. As he ran up I saw him kick something off his left foot, and at the same time he called out: "Samp, sahib, samp!" ("A snake, sir, a snake.") There was a bright wood fire burning close by, and I saw by its light the snake with its head up. It was immediately killed by some of the camp followers and was brought to me, and proved to be a small cobra. On examining my servant's foot I found one tiny puncture on the ankle, on which was a single drop of blood. The man was at once taken to the hospital tent and attended to by the hospital assistant in medical charge of the troops, who applied ammonia and did all that was in his power. I was very anxious about the man, but he awoke me at the hour for marching next morning as if nothing had happened, and for some time apparently experienced no inconvenience. Some weeks later, however, after we had reached our destination, his left leg swelled very much, and he suffered great pain for a considerable time; but he eventually recovered. The snake was seen by eight or ten different persons besides myself, and was beyond doubt a cobra; and the only possible explanation of the man's escape seems to be that the reptile must have bitten something else very shortly before, and so to a great extent exhausted the deadly poison in its fangs.

One of our children had a narrow escape, though of a different kind, when quite a baby. My wife picked him up one day from the floor, where he was lying enjoying himself in baby fashion. She had hardly done so, when a cobra fell from the roof on the very spot on which the little one had been disporting himself the moment before.

On one occasion a curious native superstition with regard to the subject of these notes came to my notice. A cobra which had been killed in the hut of one of the men was brought up to be shown to me, when a havildar (native sergeant) called my attention to the fact that the end of his tail was blunt, saying in Hindustani: "Look, sahib; this is a downright villain; he has bitten some man, and so lost the tip of his tail." On my making further inquiries I was confidentially assured that whenever a cobra bites a man the tip of his tail invariably becomes blunted!

The worst that can happen to me, will be—a tired pilgrim and a sweet welcome home!

Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark-colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death while the white ones of the same brood were untouched and a man in a black plug hat is rarely stung on account of the attention the bees give to the hat.

HOUSEHOLD.

One of the most adhesive and durable of cements for uniting iron surfaces is found to be the oxide of iron itself. With this a joint can be made so perfect and sound that the iron will break before the cement will part. As an illustration of this statement the fact is cited that, in removing the cast-iron pipe of a bilge-pump from a ship that had made four Atlantic voyages, it was found necessary to take the sections apart—the flanges had been pasted with a cement of cast-iron drillings and filings, mixed with sulphur and sal ammoniac moistened with water; then the nuts three in each flange, were set upon the bolts, and the union was completed. The four voyages occupied nearly a year, and on the separation of the parts being attempted even the cold chisel failed to make a division between the solid castings and the cement that intervened.

Omelette with Jelly.—Put a small quantity of lard or oil into the pan; let it simmer a few minutes and remove it; wipe the pan dry with a towel, and put in a little fresh oil, in which the omelette may be fried. Care should be taken that the oil does not burn, which would spoil the color of the omelette. Break three eggs separately; put them into a bowl and whisk them thoroughly with a fork. The longer they are beaten the lighter will the omelette be. Beat up a teaspoonful of milk with the eggs, and continue to beat until the last moment before pouring into the pan, which should be over a hot fire. As soon as the omelette sets, remove the pan from the hottest part of the fire. Slip a knife under it to prevent sticking to the pan. When the centre is almost firm, slant the pan, work the omelette in shape to fold; just before folding add a tablespoonful of currant jelly; turn it out on a hot dish; dust a little powdered sugar over it and serve. This recipe is from the "Cook," and has been amply tested.

Veal Pillau.—This is a savory and economical mode of preparing veal, three pounds cut from the neck and shoulders being used. The other materials needed are a cupful of rice, three tablespoonfuls of butter or a quarter of a pound of salt pork, an onion, three large tablespoonfuls of salt, half a strained tomato and four cupfuls of boiling water. Cut the veal into small pieces and season well with salt; chop the onion fine, and put it into a stewpan with the butter; stir until the onion turns a light straw color; then add the veal, and stir until that is browned a little, being careful not to burn the onion; add the tomato and a cupful of water; and simmer gently for an hour and a half; now add the other three cupfuls of boiling water, the salt, pepper and the rice, after washing the latter carefully in three waters; beat the mixture to the boiling point, then cover closely and set back, where it will cook slowly for an hour. The rice will absorb nearly all the liquid and be tender, yet every grain should be distinct. Turn the pillau out upon a platter and garnish.

A Pretty Dressing Table.—A deal table is the foundation, which must be covered with colored glazed cambric. Over this is a cover of linen, ornamented with designs in cross stitch worked with crewel or embroidery silk; the spaces between the designs have the threads drawn to form an insertion. The border corresponds, and is edged with a handsome fringe. The drapery is arranged in plaits, with a cross-stitch design on each. A pretty circular cushion is placed in front of the glass; this is of cambric, the color of the lining of table cover, ornamented at the top with an applique design, edged with a flounce of lace, finished by a ruche of satin ribbon. The hair-pin cushion—a very necessary article of a lady's toilet table—is a little basket filled by a cushion covered with knitting and ornamented by a drape of embroidered cloth. This same design for a table can be carried out in cretonne. It looks exceedingly pretty at a trifling cost. The cover can then be edged with a box plaited quilting instead of fringe if desired.

To Pickle Mushrooms White.—Take the small button mushrooms, clean and rub them with a flannel, then put them in cold vinegar and allow them to come to a boil very slowly; drain and lay in a cloth until cold, then put them into fresh vinegar. If very small they should not be allowed to boil, as it might break them; it will therefore be sufficient to warm them, and when dried they may be again put into the vinegar in which they were in before after it has been cooled; a little mace will improve the flavor, but no pepper should be used.

Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soap suds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterward rinsing in clear cold water and wiping it dry.

Shrimp Omelet.—Put half a pint of fresh or canned shrimps into a pan with a little hot butter, and toss them about for a moment or two. Season them with a little salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of tomato sauce. Just before folding the omelet place the shrimps upon it.

A Delicate Souffle.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of chocolate in lukewarm water; add the yelks of four eggs and a cupful of powdered sugar, and mix well together until you have a smooth, frothy paste. Beat up the four whites to a stiff froth and add them to the mixture. Pour all into a baking-dish; leave it for twenty minutes in the oven and serve.

Dried Apple Cake.—Two cupfuls of sweet dried apples, soak over night and chop; two cupfuls of molasses, and let it simmer over two hours; when cold add one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of sour cream, sour milk and butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves and one nutmeg.

To cure a felon, fill a tumbler with equal parts of fine salt and ice; mix well. Sink the finger to the centre, allow it to remain until it is nearly frozen and numb, then withdraw it, and when sensation is restored renew the operation four or five times, when it will be found the disease is destroyed. This must be done before pus is formed.

Oyster Plant.—Instead of grating the oyster plant after boiling, split each piece in half lengthwise, steep them for quarter of an hour in tarragon vinegar with pepper and salt, then drain, dip them in batter and fry them in hot lard, oil or olive butter. Serve with fried parsley.

The Romans knew the syphon and its use, but in their ignorance of metallurgy they were unable to use it as an economical means of crossing valleys when the volume of water was considerable. They did not make use of cast iron, but employed lead pipes of a crude character, as also clay pipes; and they knew how to prepare solder. The builders of their aqueducts had some acquaintance with the mode of leveling, the instrument they used being a sort of foreshadowing of the modern level. Still they knew that the means they adopted might lead them into error, and they preferred to err on the safe side, giving their aqueducts a great fall, from one in 500 to one in 750.

FARM NOTES.

Storing Milk.—There is much talk in English papers, says *Agriculture* about the necessity for discovering some method of storing milk so that the abundant supply of one month may be made to bridge over the scant supply of another. Just how this is to be done is now puzzling the experts. It is the twin conundrum of how to deliver milk without the present delay and expense that now attends it. Milk is one of those fearfully perishable commodities that often causes its price to run far above its intrinsic value as a food. No one can even "store" it unless some better method than is now known is discovered. If kept very cold for a few days it will not sour, but still the cream all comes to the top and the milk gets an old taste. If the cream is stirred back into the milk it will preserve a lumpy consistency which makes it show age. The only method of providing against droughts now-a-days is to have an association of farmers who own a creamery within a reasonable distance of a city. A certain amount of milk is furnished the milk trade every day, but the creamery gets more than the trade wants, as a rule, and this excess is worked up into butter or cheese, but when the milk supply begins to fall the creamery makes less butter or cheese, and all the milk that is needed is sent to the city. This system has been at work in Orange county, New York, for many years, and we believe with success.

Make Good Butter.—People who make butter to sell should know that only fine butter, made by the best known rules—and butter dealers know the difference at sight—brings the top prices This kind of goods occupies a place in the market by itself. Ordinary farm butter made by the old style ways is classed with bogus butter and sells for a mixed grease price. The market calls for a fresh-made, sweet-flavored butter, and will have it. The way to produce that sort is to build a creamery in a convenient and suitable place in each neighborhood where butter making is a considerable industry, equip it with the best apparatus, and a butter maker who understands his business, and have him manufacture for all the neighborhood a uniform and a high quality article, such as an occasional prime farm butter maker produces.

Oil the Woodwork. — Oil and paint are such wonderful perservatives of wood that their use is said to cost nothing. If wagon tires are loose it will be better to tighten them with boiling oil than to take them to the blacksmith. Clean the woodwork and apply boiling hot oil to the felloes, spokes and hubs until they refuse to absorb it. The dry wood will expand the tire fit and all be made solid, and it will be a long time before those wheels will need another dose. A coat of paint after the oil will do no hurt. The some kind of treatment will do all kinds of machinery good and will make farm tools last twice as long.

Selecting Potato Seed. — The time to select potato seed is when digging the crop. That like produces like all admit, and it is only reasonable to infer that those hills which are the fullest of desirable potatoes are the ones to save. When the right hill is found save every tuber that is large enough for seed. This method gives the best chance for not only keeping up but improving the quality of the crop. Breeding from the best is a much more reasonable and promising method than a random selection from the pile at sorting time. The best hills are discovered only at harvest time, and then is the only time they can be selected for seed.

Surplus Fruit.—If there is likely to be a surplus of fruit a good lot of it should be prepared by canning and evaporating for use at home. With an assured home supply the grower may find it possible to experiment in the direction of making the markets and dried fruit take a fancy to each other. Good apples and pears properly dried make a useful article of food.

A Good Investment.—If there is land on the farm that needs underdraining no better investment can be made than money put into tiles in good drains. It may require some economizing to pay for them just now, but such wonderful pay will be got back in time as will make a man glad he had the pluck to make this improvement, even though it may appear to be a hard job. The leisure time now wasted on some farms can well be employed in making good underdrains.

The age of a cow has much to do with her value as a milker. A cow with her first calf never milks as well as with her third or fourth one, and for a dairy animal, as a rule, is unprofitable. For this reason care should be taken in buying cows for the dairy to obtain those with their second or third calves, not with their first one.

Corn meal is the least profitable meal to buy to make manure. A ton of wheat middlings will pay nearly half its cost in the manurial elements left in the excrement after it is eaten. These elements are the nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid in the meal and other elements not absorbed by the animal but voided in the manure.

The best remedy for roup, which is indicated by a discharge from the nostrils, hoarse breathing, and a refusal of food on the part of the fowls, is to inject in each nostril, with a syringe or sewing machine can, two drops of a mixture of one tablespoonful each of lard and crude petroleum, to which ten drops of carbolic acid have been added.

The liquid manure from hogs is very valuable and they should be supplied with a large quantity of dry dirt. This affords a convenient mode of saving both liquids and solids, and assists in preventing disease. Where a large number of hogs are kept together fine dirt will do valuable service in keeping their beds clean if the pens are kept in proper condition.

The value of hen manure from a single bird for one year has been quoted at 15 cents. This is, we think, a very low estimate, and yet, even at this rate the total of the manure from all the poultry in the country in 1880 would be $19,000,000.

Chickens should never be allowed to roost until ten or twelve weeks old. If allowed to perch, their breasts often get crooked and their growth and appearance at table are spoiled. Occasionally we see an otherwise fine turkey most unsightly from this cause.

The best examples of the eagre or bore, the phenomenon in which the tide moves all at once, are said to be furnished by the mouths of the Rivers Amazon, Hoogly and Tsientang. In the case of the last mentioned river, in China, the wave plunges on like an advancing cataract, four or five miles in breadth and thirty feet high, and thus passes up the stream to a distance of eighty miles at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The change from ebb to flood tide is almost instantaneous. In the Amazon the whole tide passes up the stream in five or six waves following each other in rapid succession, and each twelve to fifteen feet high.

The Journal de Medecine de Bruxelles reports that a lady who had previously enjoyed perfect health was suddenly taken with violent colic, which, although very severe, passed away, and the next day she consulted a Parisian physician, who diagnosed lead colic. No possible source of the lead could be suspected, however, until the lady called to mind that the day before the attack she had eaten an apple in which she had found, on eating, a shot pellet. It was then concluded that this pellet, in combination with malic acid of the apple, was the cause of the attack. The story shows, at any rate, what expert *shots* Parisian as well as other physicians sometimes are at a diagnosis.

Researches in Germany by Professor Wollm have shown that both soil and crops have a great influence upon the proportion of moisture in the atmosphere. Other things being equal the atmospheric moisture is greatest over humus soils, least over sands, and takes an intermediate position over clays. The air over flat and concave surfaces is moister than that over adjacent slopes, while easterly and westerly inclines take an intermediate place. The moisture is greater over a plant-covered tract than over a bare soil, and increases with the density of the vegetation. Among ordinary crops meadows impart most moisture to the air; then follow perennial fodder plants, such as clover and lucern; then summer crops which have a prolonged vegetation, such as turnips, maize, oats, beans and potatoes; then those of briefer growth, as flax, rye, barley and peas, and lastly winter wheat.

Mr. Thomas Wardle, of Leek, England, has been to India and examined the cultivation of the silk-worm and the means still in use for reeling the silk there, with a view to suggesting means for improving them. Although the reputation for Indian silk has greatly declined during the last twenty-five years, he is satisfied that its fibre is quite equal to that of Italian silk, and that improvement in methods is all that is required. The Italian threads, are, however, four times as long as those of the Indian cocoons. The profitableness of the silk growing business is shown by the fact that the zemindars derive their very highest rents from lands devoted to it.

Up to the present all mirrors manufactured in the United States have been from imported glass. The quality of the glass to retain the silvering and give a perfect production of the object must be of the best. This quality Pittsburg has never been able to produce until natural gas came into use. Now, by its aid, the fineness of the glass produced rivals that of the imported article. The entire absence of impurity, the perfect fusing of the ingredients, the rapidity of the melting, and the pure, intense flame for reheating or working are the principal advantages.

"That's very good cheese of yours for some purposes."

"I thought you would like it. It's lively, isn't it?"

"Yes; why don't you enter it for a walking match."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $1 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your rescources; learn what you are fit for, and give up wishing for it, learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, &c.

Ellen Terry is said to have been very young when she first appeared on the stage. Noticing Ellen carefully one can discover traces of the Greek style of acting.

If you feel as though water was gathering around the heart (heart-dropsy) or have heart-rheumatism, palpitation of the heart with suffocation, sympathetic heart trouble—Dr. Kilmer's Ocean-Weed regulates, corrects and cures.

"What will the world say!" What will it say? Why probably the world will say nothing about you, as it cares nothing about you. What is the world pray?

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

What a temptation there is to find our religion in our circumstances! Who can realize the profound truth that to live is better than to have?

Women, as a rule, are not inventive. They have no desire for new wrinkles, unless using Carboline the New petroleum Hair producer, can be classified as a new wrinkle; all handsome ladies use it.

When you have given yourself to Christ leave yourself there and go about your business as a child in his household.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Chapped hands, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Some people think of the petition: "Thy will be done," as coming into their prayers and lives only when they have trouble or losses.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

Russia (to England)—"Come on. You're afraid. You darsen't fight."

England (to Russia)—"You just wait till I catch you after school."

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.

Warranted purely vegetable. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator, they have no equal. No Family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address, P. Neustaedter & Co., 83 Mercer St., New York.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. Crittenton, New York.

40 493

WANTED A WOMAN

of energy for business in her locality. Salary $20. References. E. J. Johnson, Manager, 16 Barclay St., N. Y.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. R. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Westerner—"Yes, siree; it's true, too. The ground on which Virginia City stands has moved thirty inches since '75."

Stranger—"Well, I suppose it's all right, but it doesn't seem possible."

"Of course it's all right. I've got the measurements to prove it."

"How do you account for the phenomenon?"

"Well, I don't know. It always was a go-ahead place."

Editor—"I have a few vacancies on my staff, yes. You are a newspaper man?"

Applicant—"I have written poems and essays for some of the leading magazines of the country and am now writing a novel; am also at work on a new pocket encyclopedia."

"You never worked on a newspaper?"

"Well, no."

"I see, I see. Well, we need a new police reporter, and I'll give you a trial."

"Good-morning, Elder Henpeck, you have been away?"

"Yes. I just returned from Australia."

"How is your family?"

"Alas, I found my poor wife dead on my return."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, poor soul, she died six weeks ago, and I didn't hear of it until I got home yesterday."

"The sad news must have well-nigh broke your heart."

"No, not so bad as that. You see time is a great healer of the human heart. She has been dead six weeks, you know."

A well-known barrister at the criminal bar who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness had an odd looking genius upon whom to operate. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir—'cause why, she confessed it." "And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then," giving a sagacious look at the court," "we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalties are known?" "Of course! How else could I get assistance from a lawyer?" "Stand down," cried the barrister.

Father—"My son, you are now laying the foundation for your future career. I hope you wil study hard and make your mark in the world."

Son—"Yes, father, that is my intention. In a few years my name will be known to all civilized nations. My fame shall be spread throughout the land and I will be classed among the great men of the country."

Father—"A noble ambition, my son. But what profession have you chosen that will so soon lead to all this greatness?"

Son—"I shall become a pugilist."

"I will put your picture in the window but I must insist that you paint your name on it in large, plain letters," said the proprietor of an Austin bookstore to a local amateur artist.

"Why should I do that?" asked the artist, quite surprised.

"Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall on some innocent person."

Mrs. Kilgrain Pidgeon, of Austin is very conscientious in the discharge of her religious duties. One day at breakfast, Mr. Pidgeon, who was reading the morning paper, remarked:

"That was a horrible affair in Paris. Day before yesterday a lion tamer was eaten up by the lions."

"W-h-at!" exclaimed Mrs. Pidgeon, "in Lent?"

"Nellie, let's you and I play inventor?" "How shall we do it Tommy?." "Why, you be the inventor and go in and get some cookies out of the box, and I'll be the capitalist and come along and eat them all." "But what will I get out of it?" "Why, you'll get all the fame. I'll tell mamma, it was you who took the cookies."

George Riddle of Carroll county, Mo., has twenty-two daughters. He lives just on the outskirts of civilization, and whenever a dressmaker locates within twenty-five miles he moves further into the woods.

She (who is literary)—"Of late I have been enjoying the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' How do you like it?" Country Cousin—"Well, Sue, to give it to you real straight, I ain't taking in much of them minstrel business since old Dan Bryant eloped into future bliss."

A new paper in the South is called the *Epidemic*. "The editor probably thinks," observes the New York *Journal*, "that everybody will take it." But he has apparently lost sight of the fact that an epidemic generally dies within a year.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, free to Fitcases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mamma (dining out)—"It isn't polite, Bobby, to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home."

Bobby—"'Cause we never have anything worth smacking over."

When you get your boots and shoes straightened use Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they will save you money, give you comfort and keep them straight.

Home is the one thing sweet on earth. But home is not built of stones but of hearts.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

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Creed is meant to tell on conduct. Character is the last outcome and test of doctrine.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Remember that stock needs an occasional relish of salt.

SUGARING SEASON.

A Charming Sketch of a Quaint Festival of the Wilds of Vermont.

Speaking of boiling up the sugaring season is at its height in Vermont now. The trees are all tapped, and "running" nicely, except in the almost inaccessible depths of the woods on the long northern slope of the hills, where the snow lies way into May, and the resolute patient roots that seek among the rocks for the frozen earth's hidden sweetness have as yet felt no summons from a warm sun to do their work. The row of maples by the sunny roadside in front of the house began to yield their burden first, and the swift pattering of their drops upon the bottoms of the tin pails that have taken the place of the old wooden buckets made music altogether sweet to the ear of the passer-by. Then the old trees dotted over the pasture began all at once to do their duty; and the farmer with his traverse had lively work keeping the buckets along the roadside from running over while he gathered into barrels and emptied at the sugar house the product of the widely scattered trees in the pasture. But now the trees down in the piece of woods with the southern exposure, just below the meadow have begun to "run," and the work of the farmer's team and traverse has become like an artillery drill, only just with loading and unloading of barrels instead of unlimbering guns, while old Bill and Flora charge as wildly up and down the fields and through the thickets as if they were answering the shouts of the captains in battle, instead of threshing down the saplings amid the "whoas!" and the "get-ups," of the farmer and his hired men, in a hard effort to get the sap to the sugar house in good shape and ample season.

And last of all the giants in the deep cold woods will come forward with their bonne bouche—their dessert for the feast. And the sap will be boiled in the most approved style at the old sugar house, where the long limbs have been drying all summer and winter to make a roaring fire under the vats. The syrup will be gathered into cane for the market, and as much of it will be "sugared off" as the farmer cares to turn into sugar. And on Fast Day there will be a sugar party, and a miraculous quantity of wood sweets will be eaten, interspersed with pickles and cheese to prevent the sugar from cloying.

It is a great season, this sugaring time in Vermont, and nobody who has ever once seen it will forget it, to say nothing of the favored people who were born to its scenes.

A doctor advertised "a wonderful discovery for preserving the scalp." We don't know how it is made, but our prescription is to stay East where there are no Indians.

A recent article is entitled "A Poet on an Editor." We cannot exactly understand this, but perhaps he grabbed him while his back was turned.

Nothing in this world better represents suffering and anguish than a migratory dog chained to a tree when his owner is starting off for a walk.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers produces in one application, a permanent color.

We have used Ayer's Ague Cure, and have found it invaluable in malarial troubles

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Jinks—"Yes, Tom was a smart boy, and I thought he would be a smart man, but since he's been educated he's a regular fool. What do you suppose is the matter?"

Minks—"Alma mater."

It is only the woman who is given away in marriage. The man will give himself away before the honey-moon is over.

Professor E. M. Shilton says that thirty loads of manure applied to one acre is equal to forty loads spread over twice the surface.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. Quality Purity Not Quantity. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves, and, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do. Mrs. Wm. H. Woods, Lehighton, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for loss of strength from nursing a strong, healthy baby. I could not do my work without this valuable tonic, and cordially recommend it."

Mr. I. Davis, 69 Ninth St., Lynchburg, Va., says: "My wife