THE PETRIFIED FERN.

valley, centuries ago, w a little fern leaf, green and slender ing delicate, and fibres tender. Veining delicate, and fibres tender, Waving, when the wind crept dewn so low: Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round Playful sunbeams darted in an i found it. Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned But no food of man e'e' trod that way,— Earth was young and keeping holiday.

lonster fishes swam the silent main. Notister halos swam the sheat main. Stately forests wave i their gant branches, Mountains huries their snowy avalanches. Mammoth creatures stalked along the plain, Nature reveled in grand mysterles; But the little fern was not of these. Oil not number with the hins and trees, only grew and waved its sweet wild way,— No one came to note it days be day. to one came to note it, day by day.

orth, one day, put on a frolie mood, eaved the rocks and changed the mighty m

tion Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ; Moved the pialn, and shook the haughty

wood, Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay, Covered it, and hid it safe away. b), the long contrictes since that day; b), the acoust 0 b). Ho's bitter cost since that useless little form was lost!

seless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man in a fissure in a rocky steep withdrew a stone o'er which there ran alry readilings, a quaint design. ettings, leafage, three clear and fine, and the term's life lay in every line? o. I think, Gou bides some souls away weetly to surprise us the last day

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

BY HORACE EATON WALKEB.

Com 'way from dar', you vallar dog 'Doan you know nuffin? Dat man is worth his millions. 'Tain't no place for neddar ob us. So, cum along. Cum, you yallar coward," for the aforesaid animal held his very long tail between his cringing, trembling hind iegs, his homely, picked head turned on one side, with his left eye fastened on Moses. That the long, lanky cur was in abject fear there was no doubt. never been raised against him, and in all the years of "de black and yallar" his dog surprised when Moses velled:

man is worth his millions. Tain't no self a new wife." place for you neddar ob us. So, cum Cum, you yallar coward!" And he might have added:

We hain't wanted dar', 'cause we's 'cause day's somebodies. Do you hear, Bose, 'cause we's nobodies. We's poor togeddar, Bose; but we's dream. There was "death" in the grand friens. 'Sides, you's old too. You was sired by a big, fomely, yallar dog, yallarer dan you, Bose; bnt you's a scare-crow to your fadder. Doan mind mo. I allus' tells de truf, Bosey; and when I say you's de bes' cur a standin' on four yallar legs. I's recitin' de gospel truf.

homely sermon in diatect. Mr. Bose, for he gathered himself up, his sorry tail coming into its normal position, his lanky back losing somewhat of its cringing arch, and the great, homely, passionless eyes fastening themselves on the round, coal-black face of his master, Moses A. Herrorton, Esq., the Negro of Snortville Valley, the article emphasized because

people said of him: "Mose is gray in virtues. He never stole a chicken in his life. Bose, the ungainly looking dog. is homelier than he is, but Snortville Valley would find ruled the hour. a desideratum if they were to be struck The old-new bu

closely followed by Bose, now with the to witness the scene. He was not there friskiest tail imaginable, never a rich to make these characteristic remarks: man's dog having a "friskier." "Cum hire, Bose. Doan ye see de "In fac', Bose, you's happier dan de rich man's dog, 'cause he can't re'lize Dare. When our fun'ral cums dare'l

rich man's dog, 'cause he can't re'lize de lux'ry ob a bone as you can, hey, Bose?"? But Bose was too busy to pay much heed, and was devoting all his time to the luxicious bone, 'de bes' ob de ox," which was a tittle beyond its youth, some would have said. "But, nebber mine its age, Bose, for it's all de hone we hab. It's like de darkey's las' crust, best ob its kine." Many a time had Mose and Bose been seen passing by Mr. Smilecomb's

Many a time had Mose and Bose been seen passing by Mr. Smilecomb's mask in the death-room of Sir Jartin. mansion, and as the darkey was quite a A marble statue of himself was to be thoughtful fellow, it was observed that placed above his grave. there was a species of human fear and Mose was buried without ceremony. reverence in his manner. There was Not a stone to mark the spot. not a word of envy about our negro The white man's funeral was sombre,

sad, profound, full of tears. A band "'Cause," he said philosophically, "'f I's poor, I's to blame, not de Lord, If he's rich, den de Lord may be to blame. Color may hab something to do with it too, hey, Bose? You's home-ly, so I owns you. If you'd been handsome, Sar J. Smilecomb'd owned you. Cum, sar, you think more op that bone dan you do ob me." But Master Ease made no rordy not you. Cum, sar, you think more ob that bone dan you do ob me." But Master Bose made no reply, not a waz of the tail, not even a look. His appetite was like a soldier's. Father Moses, as our subject was sometimes called, lived in this old hovel alone, save for the companion-ship of this foriorn looking dog. "I saw Bone, wa's cettin old Yon'ra ship of this forlorn looking dog. "I say, Bose, we's gettin'old. You're fifteen. I's seventy. All ob your life we've libed togedder. Soon we must part, old dog, nebber more to meet," and Father Moses benthis gray, woolly head on his great black hands, and it heavy with unutterable woe. It was seemed that he was sobbing. His rheu- over at last. The white body was slowmatism was worse, and of late he had been declining. His eyes were pain-ing him more than usual. There ap-press boughs, down, down into peared to be a general breaking up of its last resting place. A few last the system, old age and disease work-words of ceremony. A few last forwas in abject fear there was no doubt, and yet all his alarms were imaginary, for the palm-leaf paw of Mose had golden stair." But he rallied, and a his grave. The vile dirt rattled dis never been raised against him, and in all the years of "de black and yallar" friendship, Bose could not recall one shon finger that had been raised ebon finger that had been raised great commotion there. Liveried ser- But the black man knew naught of against him in negro anger, not one vants were hurrying back and forth, all this, for he too, was sleeping the number ten boot that had suddenly fol-lowed his yellow posterior in the ex-tremity of passion; and, so more was bis dog surtrised when Mozes velled. Cook told Mose it was a wedding. Same earth sleep that knows no waking, cook told Mose it was a wedding.

and gurprised when Moses yelled: "Cum 'way from dar', you yallar og! Doan you know nuffin? Dat (Trin't no base is an analy in the second of the second of

self a new wife." The house was suffused with flowers. The fountains played in silver spark-The fountains played in silver spark-The delta de same we have a spark-must die; and, Bose de dif'ra ce ain't les. Marble Cupids (figuratively) in de display. Dar's somedin' mourn were disporting in the artificial pools. dis. Money hain't de judge, dar's s oor, 'cause day's rich, 'cause we's no- Laughing girls were frisking here and soul, a soul, Bose. Gole an' di'muns there. The god of merriment was down't change de color ob dat. No, "frisky at three score." The minister sar. De Judge will strip us stark poor as de firs' nig dat was borned. came in an elaborate carriage. The naked, and de kin won't decide it!" bride elect was young, and fair as a dream. There was "def" in the old hut.

a standin' on four yallar legs, I's re- year," and his mouth fairly watered. It dian, Carrara, German. But Moses and his brute companion Lavish wealth. Magnificence. All that

The homely sermon in dialect, seemed to have the desired "effec" on Mr Bose for he cathered himself m. Geer through the great iron fence. difference? In color? Position? A Moses was none of it. And yet how black man in a graveyard. A white soon was there to be a change! Little man in a cemetery. This: did the black old negro realize. Little After the mournful splendor, the did the fair bride. Little did the solemn pomp, the magnificent mau-hoary bridegroom. But no one took soleum of Sir Jartin was seldom or thought. And the wedding went on. never visited. In a year he was as much This same old line was again said: forgotten as if he had never been born. The glare and the glitter of wealth had Song and dance and merry-making, passed away. Sir Jartin was only a memore. Within the twelve months

Happiness prevailed. The remarks were tipped with vari-

his widow had re-married, she that was overwhelmed with grief. The negro was sooner forgotten by all save one! The flowers wilted on the grave of Sir Jartin, for they were ety, and rare variety ruled and over-

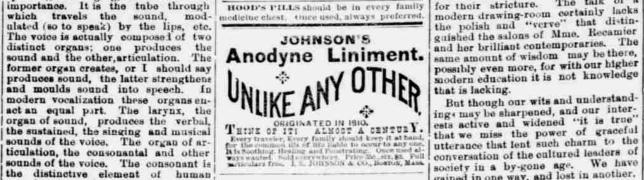
CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

BY DR. WALDTERN PEGG.

Voice cultivation is a very excellent study, whether one intends to adopt the operatic profession or otherwise. The human voice ought never to be neg-lected; careful training tends to keep the lungs in a healthy state and the chest and greatly increases its strength; it also considerably adds to the flexibility of the muscles of the throat and by so doing improves the tones of the voice. A proper and ja-

tones of the voice. A proper and ju-dicious treatment in the cultivation of I became perfectly cured by

the voice is full of incalculable physic-al advantages and benefits. Although **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and am now a well woman I weigh 128 pou eat well and do the work for a large family. My the throat has a great deal to do with speaking and singing, it is not of first importance. It is the tube through which travels the sound, mod-ulated (so to speak) by the lips, etc. tase seems a wonderful recovery. HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family



Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intellige .t lady

assisti

physicians at an autopsy

benefit. She weighed

5 years ago, and soon srt, the question forces itself upon us, terrible alcers broke "Where smoor all the arts is the art of

terrible alcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her tongue and throat.

of dollars without any others; but amidst the legion presented

and acceptable.

There are to be found elderly cynics

in the present day, who affirm that "Conversation is a lost art," and we

must admit that there is some reason for their stricture. The talk of a

Pique, Ohio, was poisoned while

616

ST.



schoolboy than of the polished smoothness of a finished education. If this be so of the art of conversation, and a candid critic must allow at dress, 81. If you think you would like the FREE advi-of a physician who has made this and kindre diseases a life long study and who really do understand Ca arrh and R-streatment, write W. B. Jones, M. D. 45 N. Lith St., Philadelphic P. Astron. least a germ of truth in the assertion, it is still more apparent in the modern letter writer. Doubtless there are brilliant exceptions, but then they are Pa, describing your symptoms and a promp reply will be sent you. Testimoniais and symp-tom blanks free. exceptions, proving, by comparison,



The principle of instruction, training

EELLO I OD GREEN, SyTACUSE, N. SERV STOCK.

AGENTS WANTED ON LARGE CO crystal ; does not contain tartarie and ; terri given Davis & Harch, New Bolford, Mass. STUATIONS, Suppleing BUI of for World's Fair Employment Bungay, Box Si, Chicago, BU

It has been said that one of the rong strokes of nature was when epresents the wilderness and solitarnets of the wildest and most solitary spots. It lives with such marvelous gets there just in time "to cut across

seventy, with the happy gift of a a circle of descending tail feathers and a couple of little jets of water flung upward by the web fect of the Sneaking of this bird. Burn

Briggs-Tompkins is engaged to a widow, I hear. Braggs-That's just like him. Too THE ART OF LETTER WRITING azy to do any of the courting. Nowadays, when everything is re-duced, or, shall we say, elevated to an

McWatty-I have thought of a good otto for the telegraph wires. Hi'ow - What is it? McWatty-"There is plenty of room nder ground."

hafrall came out. Her art of acting, the art of needlowork, husband spent hundreds the art of cooking, and a hundred Fancied troubles sometime, trouble us as much as real troubles, but they to us, we hear next to nothing, either have this in their favor, that they are easler got over.

The man who says he will welcome The man who says he will welcome 25 years it has been doing that very death as a release from a life made up thing. It close that very of sorrow generally sends for four doctors when he has a headache. that

A HINT. Foster (pocketing a bill)-"Thanks awfully, old man; I'll never forget

Trotter-"Ohl I'll attend to that."

SEEMS TRUE. Bloobumper-"What's this story 1

hear about your going to marry a prin-Spatts-"Well, she's a King's cess?"

Daughter." NEVER SAW HER,

Jake-"You never saw the face of the

girl I love above all others." Cora [agitated] - "D-didn't I?" Jake [composed] - "No; you only saw he reflection in the when the the reflection in the glass." ONE ON THE TEACHER. Teacher-"Your answer to the prob-

lem about two men building a fence calls for six days too much." Bright Boy-"Six of the days was Sundays, an' they don't count,'

IMPOSING. Am!able Tourist (to guide)-"That's very imposing statue, guide." Guide-"Indeed you are right sir;

most people are imposed on by it. They this age of progress and culture and think 'tis marble, but it's only painted neglecting one of the arts that lends a charm to intercourse, and is in its way timber."

HAPPILY DESCRIBED.

"What a stir Belle and her young man are making down stairs," said every part of the blood have the Mrs. Brown, as the sounds of laughter came floating up from below at a late hour.

"A stir!" said Mr Brown. "That's very natural. They're having a spoon,"

SURE ENOUGH.

Oh, myl" exclatmed Miss Passe, with a little scream of delight, "here's an advertisement in the paper which says, "Wives wanted." "What's that to us?" said Miss May



needs but a few applications. Ca. tarrhal Headache, and all the trcubles that come from Catarrh, are at once relieved and cured. You can count on something else too-\$500 in cash; You can count on it, but it's more than doubtful whether you earn it. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy, in good faith, offer that amount for an incurable case of Catarrh. Don't think that you have one, though. They'll pay you, if they can't cure you. That's certain But they can ours you. That's

Can be counted on

to cure Catarrh - Dr. Sage's Catarrh

Remedy. It's nothing new. For

thing. It gives prompt and com.

plete relief - but you what more than that. And you get it, with

this Remedy - there's a cure that is perfect and permanent. The

worst chronic cases, no matter of how long standing, yield to its

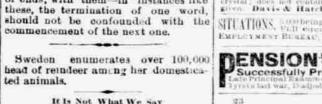
mild, soothing, cleansing and heal-ing properties. "Cold in the Head "

just about as cortain, inc. Can you ask more?

IMPURE BL

Nearly all diseases of Long

their origin in the unmatural condition of the blood, or as very property denominated, in flammations of long stard. diseases, such as employ blotches, are all cantel by every part of the bory and and fresh vitality and sarri away from them. The ---well-being of their child against susceptibility for Il kinds of diseases 12. is a well known fact (h) as old whose plant.



But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that make sell, and has given it such a firm a d lastin hold upon the couldence of the people.

explosion, or the obstruction orly, determine the character of the sound. Now for the three points

of obstruction: first, the contact of the base or back of the tongue and

of the soft palate; secondly, the contact

of the tip of the tongue and the hard

and use of the voice.

For a dinner pill and general family cathy lie we confidently reco mmend Hood's Pills

Five-eighths of the bread baked in London, England, is made of American wheat.

STATE OF OHIO. CITT OF TOLEDO. 458.

loon."

ted animals.

and study is so natural and easy, that one is filled with amazement and wonder that there are so very few vocalists with good pronunciation when sing ing every consonantal sound in the us words should be given its full value and in a clear and unambiguous man ner, especially when the word begins or ends, with them-in instances like

PENSION JOHN W. JOBBIN Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Estimation format Systematic and the State S

The Loon as a Swimmer,

he made the "loon"-a bird which a good letter, you know, it isn't my quickness that the shot of a gunner man out in the Australian bush to his

"magie quill." "Do dear grandmothcr.' he wrote, "let me hear from you

ngus

again very soon, and send me one of your delightful budgets full of the

leave out so much, and never say half Ture, "We're not wives."

Letters from parents and sisters their absent loved ones are so often bald and insufficient. They themselves bald and insufficient. They themselves bald and insufficient and interest, Springs, Fia., into which 1000 feet of Springs, Fia., into which 1000 feet of



or painting? Letters should indeed be othing less than word paintings, and should be able to bring so vivilly be-fore us the p rsonality and life of the writers as to almost take the place of actual personal intercourse. There are few families in these days of travel and emigration who have not

some absent members scattered far and wide. Think of the delight to son and brothers at the antipodes when receiving letters from home. How they

one wants to know.'

dwell on every word, and treasure up every sentence, and too often how they close the eagerly looked for letter with a sigh and the remark, "I wish they would write more fully, and enter more into details and descriptions. They

the rule that, out of ten average cor-

respondents, only one writes an amus-ing, descriptive, and interesting let-

as enviable an accomplishment as music

Why is this so, and why are we in

Moses Horrorton was almost wholly

anconscious of all this approbation, "for," said some, "it is natural for him to be a man as the personification in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Moses knew his place, and in the main, so did Bose, but his black master was over solicitous on this particular occasion, since the man referred as "worth his millions," was a Mr Jarin Smilecomb, a very ri h retired barber, a sort of second Rothschild to the ordinaries of the community, sometimes called Sir J. Smilecomb by readers of English novels, as Mr. did not seem sufficiently dignified. Old meagre hut, and retiring to his bunk, Mr. Smilecomb was a large, red-faced, portly Falstaffian old here, loved by everybody, some said on account of "Bose," he said, at length, "we's

trance. It had been long years since Bose

had heard anything but :- "Hey, dar', Bosey" (taking the affec-

to such hesitancy. The dog really seemed human when death was gaining There is h tionate animal into his great lap,) "we's poor as Job's turkey, as church mice, but we's happy dough. Golly, the mastery, and rising up and placing his fore-paws on the edge of the old you'se a king on de throne, Bose, when bed, he appeared to be watching the you has a nice marrar bone. (But it's e-mmotion going on over the black one purpose or another. The oil is so for \$5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of selom.) An' I, I's de jolliest darkey features. Rousing a little, the negro out ob ole Alriey, or South Carliny, stroked his faithful companion's head that in Russia it has to a considerawhen I's er grindin' mammy's hoe- and said:

cake. Golly, we's poverty-struck, ole dog, but Sir J. Smilecomb ain't haf dog, but Sir J. Smilecomb ain't haf good dog and come to my grave. the seeds beneath mill stones, so as Santa Barbar, so happy," and scratching his woolly You'd be all alone widout me, but to crush the shells, sifting them to one-half tons makes a poor man happier dan a rich

one. Guv it up, Bose." Mostes Horrorton and Sir J. Smile comb were worlds apart, to employ some novelists' figure, and a contrast then strangly impressed, then he apcould not be greater. Moses was in peared to sum it all up that his master abject poverty. His only earthly inwas no more. He let his forepaws heritance from his mother, was innate drop to the floor. He whined dolefully, goolness. Not a person, black or white, in all Snortville Valley, had a quietly, strangely from the room. He the fields. A ton of the latter is obdefamatory word to say against him. went upon the street. Did he hurry to tained from each acre cultivated. obligation to give him more than a negress and occasional visitor at the farthing. The man that founded the hovel, lived on the outskirts of Pov- for sheep. A big one when ripe will free town library, never thought of erty rlat. Here he whined, poor Mose in a money sense. It seemed never to occur to him that if

tis thanks had been sprinkled with continued: "Guess Faddar Mose has dry place. In the following spring dollars that his black heart would have took sick nigh to def!" and true enough, been twice glad. Mr. Rich-So and So and tru r, for she found Moses Horreceived elegant presents. But Moses, orton stark in death. it seemed never to occur to them that "I's berry sorry, Bosey, but he's bedtheir money had been twice given if der off.

No one had said :

"We miss Moses Horrorton."

But everybody was saying:

We miss him."

"So soon!" she said.

given to him, and almost doubly wasted if given to the worldly prosperous. "Hey, dar', Bosey, we's poor as Job's turkey, but we's happy," had been the customary homily to the intelligent dog, since he was intelligent, even if

his general appearance did belie him. "Cum, Bose, 1's sorry for hurdin" your feelins', but I's pow'ful 'fraid o' soilin' dat man's pussun. But it's all right, Bosey. Cum," angular, gray-headed, lumbering negro, swung along the paved, curbed avenue, till the pal utial residence of Sir J. Smilecomb melted into the distance spanning behind, the negro huts a half hour lat r dawning on his vision.

Like most villages, Snortville Valley had its "Poverty Flat", and its Crossus die. localities. Mose and Bose inhabited the former with their like. The Smile, combs reigned in the latter, an imperceptible gulf yawning between.

'Hire we are, Bose. Foller dad, an' dis hire new brown paper you'b been eying so, shall be opened, Bose, and, sar, widout cer'mony; for it holds de sar, widout cer'mony; for it notes to bes' bone ob de ox," and opening the rickety door of the tumble-down old hus, the derkoy pushed his way in, they came in squads, in herds, a mul-titude came. But there was no Moses 000 Irish in Australia.

as a lad, his newly-chosen wife hang- only watered by Heaven. But "de yallar dog" had not forgotten. Go there the day of the burial of Mose. ing on his arm. "You look younger by twenty years," said the guests. Bose was there. Return when the "And Mrs. Smilecomb agrees," he stars are peeping. He was still there, id. Go on the morrow when the hot sun is It was nearing the 'wee sma'" hours' shining. The animal was yet there a

The red wine flowed.

when the carriages began to roll away. | week, and he was yet there. Neither But Mose and Bose had long since hunger nor thirst had driven him from one. The negro's heart had become his "ole massa." But he died at last. gone. The negro's heart had become in Money, and tears, and flowers he had superabundant wealth, the monstrons none. But more than all these he died and lavish outlay. and lavish outlay. for his "He's so rich! I's so poor! Cum," rorton! CLAREMONT, N. H.

and shaking his puzzled head, the a SUNFLOWER'S USEFULNESS. How the Plant Is Profitably Used by the

bis extreme wealth, others, because he had nothing to do but to shower kind-ness. The context will show. Were "Bose," he said, at length, "we's In return for the corn which Uncle

Bose had finished his bone, "de bes" be inferred that he seemed better ob de ox," and now coming slowly to sunflower. There are regions in the them respecting the usefulness of the than he was merely on account of his the bedside he fastened his great dog West which might be most profitably than he was merely on account of his princely wealth as his round dollars sort o' aggrandized him and threw into prominence the fair virtues he pos-seesed. It was in passang this rich man's realized it better than he. The dumb country are annually planted with it.

something unusual was taking place, for he had never before heard Mose which bears small seeds used for mak-"Cum' way from dar', you yall r dog;" for Bose had attempted a little groan, and he was groaning now. He ing oil, while the other produces big caning indiscretion at the marble en- had never seen him writhe on the bed seeds, which are consumed in enoras now. He had never heard him gasp mous quantities by the common peo-

and struggle for breath, and when he shoke Bose had never been accustomed eaten here, except that they are de-

world which serves so many uses, every part of it being valuable for nutritious and agreeable in flavor sures. Try it.

ble extent superceded all other vege-"Good-bye, Bose. I's gwine. Be a table oils. It is obtained by passing death will cum 'spite ob color or separate the kernels and finally presswealth," and Bose saw a hard strnggle, ing the latter in bags of horsehair wealth," and Bose saw a hard straggle, ing the latter in bags of horsehair a strange contortion of the black feat-ures, and stillness, quietness, death! For awhile, Bose seemed puzzled, then strangle the cakes left after the oil bas been expressed are excellent fod-get are strangle to Dr. Kline seemed puzzled, der for cattle. The shells and finally press-strange contortion of the black feat-then strangle to Dr. Kline seemed puzzled. der for cattle. The shells are employed for heating, special ovens being made to burn them, while the stalks have almost replaced firewood, being gathered and dried in stacks in the rich man's abode? No. An old They make a very hot and quick fire The seed cups are utilized as food

erty rlat. Here he whined. "Golly, hire's Bosey. What do de finest seed cups are selected in the dog want?" but half mistrusting she autumn and hung by their stalks in a the seeds are shaken out of them and

dried in ovens for planting. At harvest time the flowers are gathered as fast as they are ripe and and spread

upon the ground to dry. Then the The town authorities came as the only mourners, to use a metaphor, and seeds are beaten out of them with a the town money buried Moses Horror- small stick by whipping each cup. small stick by whipping each cup. ton. Not a tear was shed. Not a Finally the seeds are dried in the sun friend but the faithful old dog followed or in kilns and are sorted by means of

him to the grave. No stone marked screens into different sizes. the spot. The coffin had been pine. An acre planted with sunflowers Bat when the twilight shadows fell on yields 2,000 pounds of seeds, from the new grave there was one friend left, which 250 pounds of oil may be oblive monuement was above his grave! and the great, When the shadows deepened into night oil is produced by Russian mills. Who he was still there. When the late stars knows that the time may not yet looked down he was still there. The come when small boys in this country morning still found him keeping vigil. will gobble sunflower seeds at the circus just as they now consume the

festive and odoriferous goober "What a pity that Sir Jartin should

HE WAS A NOVICE. Yes; for Mr. Smilecomb was on his Benefactor-Are you too weak to death bed ere Moses died, and now he work?

was on a level with the negro. Tramp (indignantly)-Sirl His new bride was in tears. Benefactor-I mean, does it make you tired to work? "But he was an old man." "Sir Jartin is dead!"

It is estimated that there are 1,300,-

cannot be cured by the use of HALLSCATANNE CURE. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON. says that in the water its wings are how Ted and I read every syllable A. W. GLEASON,

BEAL Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken Internally and

acts directly upon the blood and microus sur faces of the system. Send for textimon als. I ree F.J. CHENEY & CO., Toleda, O. Sold by Druggists, 75 cents. ----

There are 106 boys born to every 100 girls, but more boys die in infancy the large lake trout. than girls.

Wm. Sprague Smith, Providence, R. 1. writes 'I find Bradycrotine always cures headache. All druggists, fifty cents. ----

shot out from shore, and went ripp-The meaning of the verb "boom" is ling up the surface toward the loon. o rush violently forward. Its business The creature at once seemed to divine application is clear.

SICE HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite and nervous trembling sensations quickly Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box. lookout as if to make sure it was pur-

The first European lady to arrive in

passed between them, and when the alifornia was the wife of Governor way was again clear the loon was still swimming on the surface. Pres rily Pages, who arrived at Monterey in 783 it disappeared under the water, and

the boatman pulled sharp and hard. Sufferers from Cough-, Sore Throat, etc. In a few minutes the bird reappeared should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches." some rods further on, as if to make simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes an observation. Seeing it was being

Nine young men are about to walk rom Americus, Ga., to Chicago, Ill , a listance of 1000 miles by road, on a

voured raw. There is hardly another plant in the world which serves so many the pusness, &c. Cure guaranteed. S31 Arch Street, Philad'a. \$1 a bottle, 6

The largest piece of asphaltum ever Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or mined in California was gotten out near Santa Barbara, it weighing two and sluggish, to permanently care habitual onstipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without

B rnard Veg table Pills, which

taken. I have used all I had and a

myself.

every litte helps.

out with his taill

Smedler children.

c more than all the medicine i had e

WILLING TO CHIP IN.

irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

"Bonarza" is a Spanish word, mean-Patient endurance attaineth to all ing fair or prosperous weather. things.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 881 Arch St., Phil'a, Ease at once, no operation or de-Pa. lay from business, attested by thou

sands of cures after others fail, advice tree, send for circular. He who despises mankind will never

zet the best out of either others or him-

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp-

con's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle. A fish dealer in Bath, Me., found

eight twenty-p nny nails in the stomach of a yellow perch.

A quarter of Scotland is owned by twe ve persons.

August Flower

" For two years I suffered terribly same box, with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was measles; he's been playing with those worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the rec- anything like old Smedelor, Sumantha, ommendation of a friend I procured they won't give Johnny the measles or a bottle of August Flower. It seem- anything else without a mortgage and Tramp-I don't know. I never tried ed to do me good at once. I gained six per cent.

strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider Teacher-What is quickness? that August Flower has cured me."

Scholar-Quickness is when a person Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y. drops a hot plate.

more than wings. It plunges into sgain and again, and seem to see the the denser air and flies with incredi- scenes you depict. Mother writes ble speed. Its head and beak form a regularly, but somehow, neither she sharp point to its tapering neck. Its nor the girls tell us much, and there is wings are far in front and its legs more in one of your letters than in a equally far in the rear, and its course dozen of theirs." That is just where brough the crystal depths is like the it is; and some will fill two or three sheets with nothing but platitudes about their health and the weather and speed of an arrow. In the northern lakes it has been taken forty feet possibly the fashions, while others, the under water upon books haited for rater few, will give on one sheet food for pleasant thoughts and cheery touch-I had never seen one till last fall, es that act as a charm to the receiver. when one appeared on the river in We little realize what a power for good front of my house. I knew instantly and helpfulness lies in a bright deit was the loon. Presently a boat scriptive letter, and if, as Solomon tells us, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," there is also many a tonic to many a weary soul, worn in body the intentions of the boatman, and and mind, in a cheery, realistic letter, sided off obliquely, keeping a sharp that comes like a "touch of a vanished

sued. A stcamer came down and It follows, then, that if letter writing be an art, it must, like all of its kind, be cultivated, and cannot be expected. except in rare instances, to grow spontaneously. In the youth that we are so proud of, there is no lack of intelligence, no lack of feeling, no lack, in fact, of foundation; all that is wanted is cultivation, and this seems just the pursued and no mistake. It dived one thing that is overlooked. from our cleverest public schoolboys, quickly, and when it came up again, had gone many times as far as the even those whose school motto is boat in the same length of time. 'Manners make the man," and who are brimming over with learning, the Then it dived again and distanced its baldest, crudest style of letter writing, pursuer so easily that he gave over effusions badly expressed, and often, he chase and rested upon his cars. hadly spelt, that make us wonder what But the bird made a final plunge, they do with their knowledge, since and when it again emerged upon they show no power whatever of ex-'e surface it was over a mile away. pressing any of it. If it could be possible to give more attention in educa-To Cleanse the System

tion to the sister arts of letter writing, reading aloud, and conversation, we should not have to lament that our daughters are increasingly given to slang, and are forgetting the modest charm of womanly expression, or that so many of our brilliant, clever men are at a loss, if called on to make a speech, to read aloud, or to write a eries of interesting letters. The following clever lines on conversation apply equally to letter writing, and may appropriately close this short plea for the more general cultivation of "the Mr. Henry J. Jones, Phillipsburg, N.J. writes Enclosed and 25 cents in postage stamps, for which please send me a box of St. Bernard pen of a ready writer:" The letter writing in its better part egetable Pilis. F r a long time I endeavored and a remedy for malaria. However, and nothing. I was induced to try a box :

May be esteem'd a gift and not an art. Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil, On culture and the sowing of the soil.

why 's 5 and fort and seca out your eif and controlothes on washing when ever since 1854 Dobbins' rifectric Scap has been off red on pur pose to lighten your labor, and save your ciclhes. Notetry it. Your grocer has it. fore request you to sond the the box as soon is possible.

Kind Party-What are you crying Old Bagley-You couldn't support my daughter, sir. I can hardly do it that way for, little boy? Little Boy -'Cause it's the only way Young Brace-Poss.bly not: but know how to cry. A PRESISTENT SUITOR, MERELY. Gentleman - But I'm afraid h Miss S. - "Some one told me the wouldn't make a good watch-dog. ther day that you had received seven Man (with pup)-Why, Lor' bless our 'art, it was only las' week that proposa's this winter. Miss P. (complacently)-"Yes, this 'ere wery animal held a burglar have " down by the throat and beat his brains

Miss S .- "Who is the man?" When the old gentleman of ninety proposes to the old laity of eighty-five it is the "court" of final resort. Jones-I saw a conjurer last night

who would give you two different kinds of drink out of the same bottle. Brown-That's nothing, my boy Sorricus-A widow usually has We have a grocer in our street who can

hard row to hce. sell you three kinds of tea out of the Funnicus-That is on account of her weeds, of course.

Mrs. Chugwater-Jostah, Iamafraid Johnny has been exposed to the "That remains to be seen." as the boy said when he split the ink on the table-cloth.

Mr. Chugwater-If the children are "There's nothing like poached eggs,"

neighbor's hen-house.

He-My horse got his foot in the rein somehow and stumb ed.

