

ARMISTICE.
The water sings along our keel,
The wind falls to a whispering breath;
I look into your eyes and feel
No fear of life or death;
So near is love, so far away
The losing strife of yesterday,
We watch the swallows skim and dip
Some magic bids the world be still;
Life stands with finger upon lip;
Love has his gentle will;
Though hearts have bled and tears have
burned
The river flows unconcerned,
We pray the fickle flag of truce
Still float deceptively and fair;
Our eyes must love its sweet abuse
This hour we will not care,
Though just beyond to-morrow's gate
Arrayed and strong, the battle wait.
—Ellen Broughs, in Scribner's.

LIFE'S LESSON.

LICE sat reading at the window when her mother entered and said:
"Alice, my love, is it not time for Miss Fielding to bring home your dress?"
"Yes, mamma, it is; she promised to have it here at four o'clock, and it is ten minutes of that hour," glancing at her elegant little watch set with pearls.
"Very well, my dear, only see that it needs no alteration, for I wish you to appear to the best advantage at Mrs. Blair's this evening."
"Never fear, mamma, but that I will," replied Alice, returning to her book—the last new novel, while Mrs. Stanley glided away as softly as she had entered.
Ten minutes passed, and Alice yawned and looked listlessly out of the window. As the clock on the mantelpiece, with musical note, struck four, Alice's eye caught a figure passing the window, and starting up, she exclaimed:
"Oh, there she is!" and went toward the door. "I'm glad to see you come so punctually, Miss Stanley; it is a great virtue in any one, but especially in a seamstress."
"Yes, Miss Stanley, I hurried very much to have your dress completed at the appointed hour."
"Why did you hurry so much? I am afraid you have not sewed it as nicely as I desire. I gave you plenty of time."
"You did; but last night I had such a severe pain in my side that I was obliged to keep still; and this morning I worked very hard, so you need not be disappointed at four o'clock."
"It is all right, then," said Alice; "come up to my room, and I will try it on and see if it needs any alteration."
Alice ran lightly up stairs to her handsome room, followed by poor Nora, who was very weak and faint for having scarcely tasted food that day, and having been at work so steadily. She sank into an easy chair, almost too weary to speak.
Handsome lace curtains draped the windows. In one was suspended a basket of trailing ivy, in the other hung a bird-cage, its occupant nearly breaking its little throat with a gush of melody on the entrance of its mistress.
"Oh, hush, you little pet; your welcome is too noisy," said Alice, going up to the cage and placing a piece of sugar between the wires. "Now for the dress!" she exclaimed, arraying herself in it before the dressing-table, which was covered with jewelry and all the appurtenances of a lady's toilet.
As Nora leered the dress she regarded Alice with great admiration. She was tall and slight, graceful as a sylph, with golden hair, banded back from a lovely face. But her beauty was marred by a look of discontent, an expression of weariness.
The dress, of rich crimson, very low in the neck, and trimmed with point lace; the short sleeves were adorned with the same. It set off her figure to the greatest advantage, as its folds trailed on the floor.
"It fits beautifully," said Alice, "and I think I shall appear to better advantage than any one else this evening. I desire to be the belle of the night," gazing proudly on herself in the glass.
"Miss Stanley," said Nora, in a hesitating tone of voice.
"What is it?" answered Alice, "do not be afraid of speaking."
"Will you be so very kind as to pay me for this dress, and for the others I have made you?"
"How much is it?" asked Alice, taking out her purse.
"Fifteen dollars."
"I have not that in my purse, and I do not wish to take the trouble of asking mamma. Come to-morrow at this hour and you shall have it."
Nora glided from the room with an aching heart, for she needed the money sorely. Let us follow her as she walks rapidly through the different streets till she comes to the more obscure part of the city, passes down a wide alley, enters a tenement house, and, ascending a broken stairway, stops at the door of a third story room.
"Is that you, my daughter?" asked a feeble voice as she entered the room.
"Yes, dear mother," Nora answered, in a cheerful manner.
"It is very cold, Nora, is it not?"
"Yes, and so slippery; I could hardly keep my footing."
"Was Miss Stanley pleased with her dress?"
"Perfectly. She did not pay me, but requested me to call to-morrow; but I hardly expect to receive it then," said Nora despondingly.
"Never mind, dear Nora; trust in God, and all will be right."
"Yes, mother, I do; but then sometimes it is very hard."
"God has not forgotten us, dear Nora. He has put it in the heart of a kind friend to remember us. Mrs. Ham-

lin sent me a nice glass of jelly and some delicious chicken broth. I have warmed some for you; you must need it after your long walk."
"Thank you, mamma; I do feel very tired and exhausted."
After the evening meal was over, Nora said:
"Mamma, Miss Stanley gave me another dress to make. Is it not handsome?" holding up a rich black silk.
"She wishes to have it before Sunday."
All that evening Nora sewed, while Alice was floating in the mazy dance, the bells of the room, the loveliest of all the lovely girls gathered at Mrs. Blair's. But Alice was not Nora's equal; both in figure and face the poor seamstress far outshone the wealthy belle.
The next day, at four, Nora passed up the steps of the handsome mansion of Mrs. Stanley, and rang the bell. A footman, in livery, opened the door.
"Can I see Miss Stanley?" asked Nora, eagerly.
"She is not at home, Miss, but I will ask my young lady's maid whether she left any message for you."
"Thank you, if you will be so kind."
The footman returned in a few seconds.
"No, Miss, no message."
"Oh," thought Nora, as she turned away, "if Miss Stanley only knew how sorely I need the money, she could not be so thoughtless."
On Saturday of the same week Nora called again at Mrs. Stanley's, carrying home the finished black silk dress. It was about eight in the evening. The same footman opened the door. On Nora's inquiring for his young mistress, he replied that she was engaged with company.
"Please ask Miss Stanley," said Nora, in a trembling voice, "if she cannot see her seamstress for a moment."
The footman disappeared, returning in a short time.
"No, Miss; she is much engaged with company, and wishes you to excuse her, and call again on Monday."
When Monday came it found Nora stretched on a sick bed, unable to raise her head from the pillow. All that week passed, and the next, and no Nora appeared at Mrs. Stanley's.
"I wonder where Nora Fielding can be, mamma," said Alice. "Here is my baguette to be made, and I do so wish to wear it on Sunday with my new silk."
"I hope she is not ill, Alice; but she has always looked to me very delicate."
"I will go and inquire for her, mamma."
"Do you know where she lives?"
"No; but Mrs. Hamlin does, and I will drive there first."
Alice sought and found the alley and tenement where Nora lived. Knocking at the third-story door, a voice said:
"Come in."
"This is Mrs. Fielding?" asked Alice, entering.
"It is."
"How is your daughter? I have not seen her for two weeks."
"Nora, poor child, has been very ill, and is still confined to her bed, with the same cold she caught in carrying your last dress home to you through the storm."
"I am truly sorry to hear it. I remember it rained very hard that evening. May I go and see your daughter?"
"Certainly, Miss Stanley," and Mrs. Fielding led the young girl to the adjoining room.
"I am very glad to see you, Miss Stanley," said Nora. "You find me still ill, but I am much better, thanks to my dear mother's tender nursing."
"Oh, I am so sorry to find you confined to your bed, and I fear it is owing to my thoughtlessness."
Nora smiled and shook her head, and said:
"You know I had to carry home your dress."
"And neither that nor the other dresses are paid for," said Alice, rising. "I will send the money immediately on my return home."
"May I speak to you, Miss?"
"Certainly."
"I am so glad you have called upon those people up-stairs, for they deserve all the notice you will give them. You will never hear their good deeds from themselves, but there is not one in this house who has not cause to bless them. For six weeks Miss Nora nursed me through a severe illness. Every Sunday her room is filled by poor children, whom she teaches. Before she came Sunday was a day of noise and great disturbance."
"I am much pleased to hear this of Nora," said Alice, with tears in her eyes.
"And one never hears a murmur from mother or daughter. Their beautiful example is teaching us to trust in God, and to love Him above every other one."
"Thank you, my good woman, for what you have told me of Nora," said Alice, passing a piece of money into the woman's hand, who looked after her admiringly and gratefully.
A short time afterward Alice's maid appeared at Mrs. Fielding's, with the money and a basket laden with good things; and before Mrs. Fielding could thank her she had gone. The basket was found to contain tea, coffee, sugar and a large roasted turkey.
"Nora, here is twenty-five dollars. Did Miss Stanley owe you so much?"
"No, mamma, only twenty dollars; but I presume she saw how poor we were, and chose this method to relieve us. How very kind!"
Mrs. Fielding laid on Nora's lap a box she had found in the basket, directed to her. Eagerly Nora opened it, to find it full of delicious white grapes.
"O, mamma! this is just what I wished for!"
We will return to Alice, who was sitting alone in her room.
"What a useless and thoughtless life I have led," she was thinking. "Nora, with all her poverty, has accomplished a thousand times more than I have done."

In the future my life shall be different. I shall attend fewer parties, and spend my time for the good of others. How lovely and refined Nora's mother appears. I have a plan for Nora. Will she accept it?"
The next afternoon Alice went to see Nora, whom she found much better.
"I have a little plan to propose to you, Miss Fielding."
Nora smiled, and said she was willing to gratify Miss Stanley.
"I know you are not strong enough to sew steadily, dear Nora, and I do so wish you would live with me, be my friend and companion. The little sewing I require would not weary you, and you could spend a good deal of time in reading to yourself, or to me, when I am lazy."
"How I would enjoy it," answered Nora, eagerly; "but what would become of my dear mother?"
"Oh, I have arranged that. A Mrs. Maxwell, a lady I know, takes a few boards, and has agreed to take your mother."
Mrs. Fielding and Nora gladly assented to Alice's plan and Nora promised to be ready to leave her home in the course of two hours. Soon Nora and Alice had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Fielding pleasantly settled at Mrs. Maxwell's.
As the year passed, Alice became more and more attached to Nora, whom she found a refined and highly educated companion.—New York News.

Heroic Lives at Homes.

The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholy passion, sets his foot upon it and stands serene and strong in virtue. Greater than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with a love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of women and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of pater- nity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and majestic spirit, is a hero of the purest type.
The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine.
The husband who goes home from every-day routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and brings word to his invalid wife; who lovingly and patiently, and with noble decision hiding them from the world; who makes no confidant and asks no confidence, who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking petulant "affinities" who does not build high tragical sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.—Grace Greenwood.

The Dahabeeyeh, Yacht of the Nile.

Naturally there was exhilaration in the first sight of our dahabeeyeh as it lay under the bank at Koobry, opposite Cairo, one among forty others—a whole flat bottomed yacht squadron, suited to the treacherous shallows which shift from day to day in the Nile bed. It was one hundred feet long, and looked larger than we had dared to hope; indeed, quite imposing, against the mud houses, with its tall main yard towering one hundred and thirty-five feet from heavy butt to taper point; and though its internal economy of space was learned only by degrees, the eye at once took in the general lines, and realized that under sail it would be a not unhandsome craft.
There it lay, the counterpart of the dahabeeyehs of old prints and coins, a degenerate descendant of Cleopatra's barge, and even a reminiscence of Ra and Horus. Oriental hyperbole has aided this reminiscence with the name of dahabeeyeh—boat of gold—and Egyptian conservatism has kept the general lines of the ships that bore Pharaoh southward against the "bile Kusuteh," or brought back the gold and spices of the land of Punt to Queen Hatusa. There was the low foredeck, rising only two feet above the water at the after part, but sloping upward to a gayly painted and gilded prow; there the sixty feet of high deck house, which comprised the travelers' portion of the boat; and there were many other things, new then, familiar now, and remembered with warm affection.
The blue gowned figures squatting on the shore rose as we approached, and handed us down the steep bank to the freshly painted deck. "This is our crew," said the "sig Howag," as he was called by the sailors. We essayed our two words or so of Arabic salutation; hundreds of white teeth flashed a smiling reply, and the presence of these good natured, picturesquely robed athletes added another charm to our prospective journey.—Scribner.

"Rehyphotected" is a pretty long word, and so is "kleptomania." But syllabication can never cover up the fault of the plain English "thief."—Pacl.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A PERFUME AND MOOTH PREVENTIVE.

A delightful mixture for perfuming clothes that are packed away and which is said to keep out moths also is made as follows: Pound to a powder one ounce of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, respectively, and as muchorris root as will equal the weight of the foregoing ingredients put together. Little bags of muslin should be filled with this mixture and placed among the garments.—St. Louis Republic.

SMALL POINTS IN CARVING.

A fillet of veal should be sliced from the top, a line of veal from the small end.
Tongue and ham should be cut very thin; the centre slices of tongue are considered the best.
All meats should be placed on comfortably large dishes, as lack of room prevents graceful carving.
The guests should express a preference for rare or well done, the carver giving some of the tenderloin to each.
A sirloin of beef should be laid with the tenderloin down, cut in thin slices, then turn and cut the other side.
The best parts of fish lie near the head. If there is any roe put a part on each plate. Be careful in serving fish not to break it. A fish knife or a knife with a broad blade is the best.—Brooklyn Citizen.

A DAINY WAY TO FURNISH A BEDROOM.

There is no prettier, fresher, or daintier way of furnishing a bedroom than to have the walls hung with the same chintz as the covering for the furniture and the curtains. With a little brass bedstead trimmed with a founce of the same chintz, a plank, blue or white dressing-table and washstand, a couple of easy chairs and a lounge covered with the pretty cretonne, and a few other accessories, such as a tea-table, bookshelf, a few favorite photos and pictures and pretty rugs, you have a bedroom fit for a princess. There are some charming patterns shown this season in these lovely chintzes. Every color is represented. Tufts of yellow primroses on the lightest silver-gray grounds, garlands of wild roses on pale turquoise blue, bunches of forget-me-nots on a sort of yellowish cream-color, and natural-looking wood violets sprinkled over a background of a lighter shade of lilac—one and all they are lovely, and so are most difficult to choose from.—Detroit Free Press.

UNSAUNTY CELLARS.

It is small use to say that cellars under the house are unsanitary and should not be tolerated. The cellars are there and what remains to be done is to keep them as wholesome as possible. Plenty of light and good ventilation are great aids to this end, while once or twice a week, during the middle of the day, the window should be thrown open that a complete change of air may be effected. This is more especially necessary if fruit or vegetables in any quantity are stored in the cellars, care being taken that the airing is not prolonged to the freezing point.

In his *Monitor of Health*, Dr. Kellogg has these wise words in regard to further care of cellars underneath dwellings: "A good way to ventilate a cellar is to extend from it a pipe to the kitchen chimney. The draft in the chimney will carry away the gases which would otherwise find their way into the rooms above. Cellars should be kept clear of decaying vegetables, wood, wet coal and mould. The walls should be frequently whitewashed, or washed with a strong solution of copperas. The importance of some of these simple measures cannot be overestimated."—Farmer's Review.

RECIPES.

Indian Suet Pudding—Two quarts milk, one pint Indian meal, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful ginger, one-quarter pound suet; sugar to sweeten; a little salt.
Prune Pie—Wash the prunes thoroughly and soak them overnight. Stew in the same water in which they were soaked. Remove the stones with a knife and fork. Sweeten to taste and all the pie.
Cinnamon Buns—Reserve one quart of dough from the bread and work in a cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter and roll half an inch thick; cut into buns, spread with sugar and cinnamon and let rise before baking.
Lettuce Salad—Cut four or five nice heads of lettuce. Salt it, and let it stand half an hour. Then add to it the lettuce the powdered yolk of four hard-boiled eggs, half a teaspoonful of mustard and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Add a small piece of melted butter. Beat half a pint of vinegar and pour over. Mix all and garnish the dish with the whites of the eggs.
Ginger Nuts—Three and one-half pounds flour, one pound butter, one-half pound sugar, six tablespoonfuls ginger, three teaspoonfuls cloves, four teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one quart molasses. Beat the butter, flour and sugar and spice together, and with the molasses mix into dough, which knead until smooth. After making a short time in a cool place, make into small round cakes and bake them.
Stewed Kidneys—Soak in cold water, scald and remove the outside membrane. Cut them through the edge to the centre, and remove the hard part. Put them in a stew-pan with two bay leaves, four cloves, four peppercorns, teaspoon of salt, one onion, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and water to cover. Simmer till tender. Brown one tablespoon of butter, add one tablespoon of flour, and when mixed add one cup of the liquor; season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Pour this over the kidneys, and serve very hot.

TARIFF AND FARMERS.

THE DIFFERENCE IN EFFECT ON AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURING—HOW PROTECTION MAY REDUCE THE PRICES OF GOODS AND NOT OF FARM PRODUCTS.

Editor of Home Market Bulletin:
We are oftentimes confronted with the supposedly unanswerable assertion on the part of the tariff reform contingent of the different divisions in economic discussion, that a tariff levied upon products of the farm must necessarily operate to reduce the prices of those products under the protectionist theory that the tariff, usually considered with reference to manufactured articles, reduces prices. I shall, therefore, devote a few minutes to answering this assertion and explaining the true condition of the facts relative to this subject.

In the first place, all tariffs do not involve the same effects. The tariff reformers themselves have asserted this in relation to the tariff on farm products, going so far as to disclaim any effect, however remote, for the tariff on those products; consequently we may not be considered partisan while disclaiming that those duties may in certain cases produce some results, and those results not necessarily in direct line with the results of duties on most manufactured articles, on account of which duties prices have undergone a decline.

We assume that there are four ways in which the duty upon an ordinary manufactured product may operate to reduce the price, namely:

1. By decreasing the demand for the foreign product, the foreign supply remaining the same, foreign prices are reduced.
2. By increasing or creating the American supply, the world's supply is increased, the demand remaining the same.
3. By relieving the American consumers from the influence of a foreign monopoly, if such exists.
4. As a result of (2) increasing the American supply, American competition is induced, reducing prices and as a result of which the greatest factor of all, Yankee ingenuity and invention, is given the opportunity of exerting itself.

When the duty upon an agricultural product is shown to have any of the above effects, it may be safely assumed that it has operated to beneficially reduce the price of that product, but this is only the case in rare instances. The basis of our National life and our prosperity is to be placed to the credit of our farmers and their production, without which no country can prosperously exist. Nearly all varieties of farm produce are, therefore, unlike manufactured products, sure to be found in our country at some price under a low tariff or a high tariff, and consequently a tariff on such produce does not usually operate to establish any new farming industry, but only in some cases to secure to our farmers an increased market. This being the case, any of our before-stated propositions will rarely be found to apply to an agricultural product and its duty.

The reduced prices which we claim for the tariff on manufactured products are the sequence to establishing the production of practically our entire consumption in this country. The establishment of farming in this country, which existed from the earliest days of the settlement of North America, was due to the tariff; and the superlative productiveness of American soil originally rendered the levying of a tariff for the continued existence of a farming industry a work of supererogation. This capacity for productiveness was not and is not inherently possessed by our manufacturing industries to such a degree, and in its stead a tariff is levied in order to secure the production of manufactures in America; this is the condition of the tariff in relation to our manufacturing industries. The importation of farm produce, generally considered, is so small, owing to the inability of foreigners to compete in our market, that the protective conditions necessary for reduced prices are and always have been established by nature. If, however, the favorable conditions being removed, as they seem to be, gradually, and we were now depending on foreigners for practically our entire supply of wheat, as of tin-plates, we should say that the imposition of a good protective tariff on this product, establishing the production in this country, would operate to beneficially reduce the price, not to such a degree, but in partially the same manner, as it will undoubtedly do in the manufacturing industry of tin-plates, the only difference being that the inventive field in which production is not so large as it is in the case of tin-plates. In just so much as the tariff upon any farm product will aid in securing to our farmers directly some additional market, in just so much will it operate to aid the process of price reduction, and reduction not through any indiscriminate lessening of net returns, but through the protectionist method of beneficial and remunerative reduction. This is so only in rare cases, however, few and far between. Agricultural duties are levied, taking everything together, for the purpose of preserving our home market to our farmers in bad years on some products, and in order to guard against any future contingency of foreign importation on others. And also owing to the fact that in some cases the natural superiority of American farming is being overcome to a certain extent upon all productions in our home market, and which, by raising the duties, McKinley seeks to remedy to the extent of \$25,000,000 annually. Upon wool, flax, etc., as upon manufactured articles, the above has always been the case, and McKinley raised the duties thereon in recognition of this fact; but we have stated the case as it is in general. The direct tariff on the product of agriculture itself is but a drop in the bucket, for beneficial results, when compared with the many indirect benefits derived from the protective tariff system of our country.

But American protection in a way (not upon the products themselves) may be assumed to have brought down the the prices of farm products, after a fashion not in any way detrimental, but, on the contrary, incalculably beneficial to the American farmer. Where would the American farmer be standing to-day in the markets of the world in competition with the grain of Egypt, India, and Russia, had not the protective tariff on agricultural machinery induced the competitive manufacture thereof in this country, and enabled our brainy manufacturers and skilled workmen, while overcoming at first the difference in wages, to place the farm machinery of America upon a plane which challenges the world in regard to any qualification in 1891? Would our farmers to-day be in possession of any part of a single foreign market to any extent whatever were it not for the tariff, not upon their products, but upon the machinery which has placed them ahead of all the world? Even Roger Q. Mills at Creston, Iowa, Aug. 22, 1890, was candid enough to exclaim: "The price of wheat comes down with the declining cost of production, but it was not the protective tariff (on wheat) that did it; it was (as the immediate reason) Cyrus McCormick."

In assuming that a reduction in the price of agricultural produce is bound to work an injury to our farmers, any more than the same is true of manufactures, the tariff reformer, in an unguarded moment, lays bare the innermost thoughts of his brain, and as much as acknowledges that he has cognizance of no reduction in price which will not work injury to the producer, and that his method of reducing the prices of manufactured products implies an immediate loss to the laboring man. This is not the method contemplated by the protectionist, for that method has been explained time and time again. If we could conceive of every single one of our farm products being affected by the tariff in the identical price-producing manner in which it affects our manufactures, the protectionists would not be afraid to stand by those reductions in price as bringing about good results to our farmers, any more than they to-day shrink from pointing out the enormous reductions in the prices of articles to the laborers engaged in producing them, as a direct result of protection to American industries.

GEORGE ALLEN WHITE,
Estherville, Iowa.

An Instructive Contrast.

Certain Democratic and Mugwump newspapers, in their anxiety to pillage the Democratic theft of several seats in the New York State Senate, have referred to the action of the Republican majority in the last House of Representatives as furnishing a parallel to the achievements of Hill, Murphy & Co. The charge that the Republicans of the Fifty-first House acted dishonestly in the matter of contested seats is absolutely false.

The facts are these: In six cases in which the titles of Democrats were assailed the Committee on Elections pronounced in favor of the Democrat and against the Republican contestant. In nine cases in which the evidence of fraud and intimidation was conclusive Democrats were ejected from seats to which they had no right. One independent member of Congress was seated in place of a Democrat; seven Republican contestants were seated; and one Republican contestant, Colonel Clayton, of Arkansas, was assassinated while collecting evidence in support of his claim.

The House Committee on Elections in the fifty-first Congress were governed by the law and the facts in their decision of contested election cases. Their action affords the strongest possible contrast to the cowardly and criminal seat-snatching of Hill and his tools.—New York Press.

Days Without Nights.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night.

Doctor Baird related some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, four hundred miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends. He returned about midnight, when it was as light as it is in England half an hour before sundown.

You could see distinctly, but all was quiet in the street; it seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. The sun, in June, goes down at Stockholm a little before 10 o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light.

The first morning Doctor Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch and found it was only 3 o'clock. The next time he awoke it was 5 o'clock, but there were no persons in the street.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia where, on the twenty-first of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only once in a year. When the sun reaches the horizon you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks.

A day's work is twelve hours. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours whether the sun goes down or not.

Breaking Records.

Old Sport—"How fast do you think with continued training our best race horses will go?"
Youngun—"Can't say, I'm sure; but never so fast as the money we bet on them."—Detroit Free Press.

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