

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep, And the waters below look dark and deep; Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride, Leans gloomily over the murky tide; Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank, And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank; Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through, There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

HEZIKIAN AN' ME.

Their Tour to the City—Adventures of the Trip.

CHAPTER I. IN THE KENTRY.

E wuz kentry folks—Hezikian an' me—and for once in our Swamp Holler life we concluded to take a tower an' visit the city.

This is the way it cum about. Hezikian wuz jest gittin' in a hump, a shoulder'd tryin' to dodge the pore craps an' fat mortgages, an' make a decent livin'.

An' I sez, sez I: "Let's go to the city an' see Jimmar." An' Hezikian afirmed right away that he would.

You see, Jimmar's our only child—Hezikian's an' mine—an' is marrit an' lives in the metropolis o' New York, an' I knowed the old man wuz hankerin' to see Jimmar.

Now, our darter is a scrumptious lady, an' hez seh fine airs that I am fairly dazed with her nollige; but she never bewilders Hezikian, for he allers expected she'd be more than common flesh an' blood.

An' Hezikian sez, too, that the reason Jimmar is such a lady is that her star, what she wuz born under, proclaimed her a lady from the fust.

An' starology don't lie; Hezikian sez so, an' he knows. Once when we wuz discussin' the matter o' stars I axed Hezikian "cud he tell what pertikler twinkler I wuz born under?"

An' Hezikian looked as worked up as pickles, an' he sez, sez he: "Bot I'll never take another woman a-towerin'!"

An' I bet he don't, nither. Bot, by an' by, we draw off like a set o' meeters, an' I couldn't help thinkin' it wuz one o' the wisdoms o' Providence that kyars didn't sweet.

I jest shot my eyes an' imagined I wuz a millioner ridin' roun' the world for desecration, until we pulled rein at the grand center—sumthin'—I forgot what, but my pore old brains whirled to beggar description, as Hezikian an' me reeled off onto a platform.

After that we looked round for a wheelbarrow or suthin' to wheel our trunk down to Philander's on.

keer for them kine; an' I take it that it's a mighty good feller that will commodate his pore relation.

But Hezikian—he's far-secin', Hezikian—he sez Zeke wuz "grindin' of axis on that cleverness." Ye see, Hezikian put it this way: butter wuz forty cents a pound all winter, an' them Alderneys wuz jest about all butter.

Strange! that I didn't git that butter idear myself when I stowed the churning things in the sullar myself.

But when it cum to my own individual property, the poultry, I didn't take Hezikian's way of windin' up responsibilities. I wuzn't goin' to let any live pussup make a red cent off me, so I up an' sold my belongings.

Hezikian sez, too, that I'd need "a sight o' pin-money in the city;" but what he meant by "pin-money" I never could resolve, for pins are mighty cheep anywhere. An' whatever made him think I'd need nigh onto fifteen dollars for pins in one winter is a righteous stunner to me yit.

I didn't keer to ax him to explain, for Hezikian's orful vain o' my understandin'; he thinks I know a heap, an' I wouldn't underdecieve him, no, not for the price o' Swamp Holler farm!

But a leetle later we wuz ready for our exodus—Hezikian an' me—though the final minit wuzn't one of exaltation as we proposed 'twould be, for it wuz considerable contrarywise.

Nabor Joneses dimmikrat looked like a hearse of the fust water with our big black trunk a-hint the seat; an' when we climbed onto it, it seemed to me we wuz a couple o' mourners goin' to our own funeral.

I vow I don't want to ever feel that way agin; neither does Hezikian. But we got to the depot for all that, jest in time to ketch the kyars what travel to the metropolis.

I wuz for rushin' right onto 'em an' losin' no time; but Hezikian yanked me back, an' he sez, sez he: "Mehotabel Wiggins, don't ye know that folks hev to git them paste-board kyards to pass 'em long 'cordin' to law? An' the trunk ain't tagged, nuther."

Then he sed sumthin' that razed my dander. He sez, sez he: "Wimmin wuzn't made to tower alone." As if I hadn't towered a blamed sight more afore I tied myself to him an' the Swamp Holler farm than afterwards; an' I towered it alone, too. But Hezikian is curus.

I wuz a leetle a-shamed o' him, though, when he tried to jew the feller that sorts them 'travelin' kyards, down on the price. Bot the feller couldn't find a copper, an' that's once Hezikian didn't hev his own way.

While they wuz fussin' I went 'round to where they tag the trunks. An' there wuz a man there with a lot o' little brass contrapshuns strung onto his arm by straps; an' when Hezikian cum 'round an' axed him to tag our trunk, he tied one o' them contrapshuns onto the trunk handle in a hostler's knot, in a jiffy.

Then he give to Hezikian another one without a strap, an' Hezikian past it to me. An' I sez to 'em, sez I: "If the strap hed bin left onto it I couldn't o' lost it nigh as quick."

An' Hezikian sez "shet up," in a chist-tone, meant only for my ears; but every body laffed like fools.

"Twan't long then 'till the kyars cum puffin' roun' with a big injun ahead o' 'em."

We got a scrumptious seat half-way down the kyar; but the pore old trunk had to summerset it into a department behind us. An' I told Hezikian right away "I'd bet we'd never see that old hairloom agin."

But Hezikian—I didn't know what to make of Hezikian—he sot up as straight as a lightnin'-rod, an' he sez, sez he: "Mehotabel Wiggins, if ye don't shet yer blab the whole town'll know yer from the back townships. Ye want to let on yer used to this levity all yer life."

"Doubtless yer right," sed I, "but furnishin' a buggy in this style is a leetle more'n Christianity calls for. We couldn't hev as luxurious cushings for our best rockin'-chairs; but, then, I'll shet my blab, as ye say, Hezikian."

So I jest sot an' looked out o' the winders—Philander's buggy hez winders—an' watched the million o' folks a-scootin' in all d'rections 'till I wondered would I see more human bein's on the judgment morn'?

Well, Philander's folks live in high style, I tell ye. An' the gorgeousness of Jimmar's best rooms jest outdone 'em by exceptions; she has two best rooms, with a range o' doors atween 'em that slides back like Deacon Hemmerik's granary division, only 'nuff sight finer finished.

Bot the doors didn't stump me like the grand curtins an' pictures, an' the big pianer that wuz stuck into one corner with a velvet quilt over it to keep the dust off. That kinder staggered me, but I toned down my narves, as Hezikian warned me, an' I sez to Jimmar, sez I: "Is it probable you kin work that machine?"

She blushed like a skulobay an' flopped down onto a cheer w'thout a flop, which allers stood in front o' the pianer, an' fluffed out her dress 'till she looked like a brown hollyhook, an' she sez, sez she: "I b'leve I kin."

By the time she'd got through the fust set o' notes it seemed to me that Heaven orter jopp'd a side door sumers an' let Jimmar's piano songs in. I jest shet my eyes an' let that mess o' tunes preambulate my whole soul.

Bot Hezikian—I wuz so provoked at Hezikian—he sot there a squintin' at the kyarpert figgers as unconfounded as if it had allers bin him, 'sted o' me, that wuz down on pianers.

But, then, nobuddy mortal kin underate Hezikian, anyway. They burn gas at Philander's 'sted o' karsene; no greasy lamps for Jimmar to pester with, ye see. An' they burn coal, too, so there's no danger o' Philander forgittin' to split wood o' mornin'.

But what got me the very wuzt wuz they burn their coal away off down sullar where nobuddy kin git any good o' the fire.

When I hinted as much to Philander he laffed clear out all sense, an' sed: "The heat cum up through the registers," an' he p'inted to a gratin' inter the floor.

I had noticed them contrapshuns; but I thought they wuz handy places for the hired girl to sweep dirt down into, though I didn't tell Philander so.

But I want to speak o' the conservative they hev hitched onto one end o' the house. They keep the city styles in posies there; an' the vines an' things that hed blossoms onto 'em wuz simply stunnin' to a furniner.

I never see the like in my life; not even in the Swamp Holler mashes. An' Jimmar showed me sumthin' she called a night-bloomin' serious; but I couldn't see as it looked any searier than the rest o' 'em.

She sed it blowed out in the middle o' the night an' wuz ekwisto. I didn't say a word; but I thought I'd be a bigger fool than I wuz then afore I'd cox up a weed so mean it wouldn't show up when honest folks were awake.

But Jimmar had the funniest way o' callin' Philander to dinner ye ever see. She jest pounded on a brown sasser stuck onto the wall, an' hollered into a depression in the middle; then she'd clap her ear to it an' meditate. Arterbit she'd say: "Philander 'll be here in a minit."

I never impressed my opinion, but it looked to me as if it wuz as nigh the "black art" as I ever cared to cum.

Then he told me that sumbuddy had called him a "withered old wall-vine."



"I'M UP," SEZ HE.

"Vines," sez I, soothin' like; "why! Hezikian, vines air poetical; vines air allers poetical."

"I reckon I know a few things yit, Mehotabel Wiggins," snorted Hezikian, firin' up. "A vine—a wall-vine—is a gentleman like me, or a lady like you, what gits left at jest such a fool bee as that down-stairs, an' ain't got no pard."

I felt uncommon sympathetic jest then, for me, for he had called me a lady, an' I sez, sez I: "Why! Hezikian, I'll dress an' go down with ye if ye think they're makin' fun o' ye."

But Hezikian swore—yes, Hezikian Wiggins swore he'd "never mix in where he wasn't wanted." So he went to bed, too; but he omitted his prayers.

Whatever Hezikian see in that wall-vine business to git so hoppin' mad over yit a mystery to me. I think vines are so poetical; but, then, Hezikian don't.

But that vexation's over now, an' I hain't hankerin' arter any more towers; nither's Hezikian, for we've concluded—Hezikian an' me—that if there's any more towers to take, why! Philander's kin conduct 'em.

Though, arter all, our towerin' hez give us aristocratic airs over our nabors. An' when I go a-callin' they think I'm sum; an' I am. Don't Philander belong to them Blackstun fellers, an' ain't I his mother-in-law? Um-m! Then where they ain't to hum, I tuk one o' them kyards what Jimmar give unto 'em, but that's all right, for they know her, too.

An' the people o' Swamp Holler are just as beat as Mrs. Shoba wuz when she visited Mr. Solomon, when we cum roun'.

An' they whisper in an on-puzzled way: "What a great change hez cum over them Wigginses since they went a-towerin' in the metropolis!"

MANDA L. CHOCKER. HE OBEYED ORDERS. An Amusing Anecdote of the Late French Admiral Jaureguiberry.

Vice-Admiral Jaureguiberry, who died recently, was reputed to be the most courteous naval officer in European waters. While in command of the Mediterranean squadron he became famous for his courtly treatment of women.

Whenever his flagship, the Richelieu, came to anchor off a large town on the southern French or east Italian coast, half of the titled women in the neighborhood usually went on board to let the Vice-Admiral say nice things to them and show them what a flagship was like.

Some time ago, while the Richelieu was at anchor near Nice, the Vice-Admiral's popularity among Italian women reached its climax. Almost daily two or three parties of social belles visited the flagship.

From three o'clock till six every afternoon the Vice-Admiral was busy serving coffee, kissing hands and showing off his flagship to the four hundred of Nice.

After this sort of thing had been in progress several weeks, the Minister of the Navy turned up in Nice for his summer vacation. He disapproved of the Vice-Admiral's almost exclusive devotion to the pretty women of the city.

DINING-ROOM DAINITIES.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put two quarts of raspberries into a stone jar, and pour a quart of good cider vinegar over them; let them stand in this way two days, drain off the juice, and add a pint of fresh raspberries, let stand as before, and then strain them and add a pound of sugar to every one and a half pints of juice; boil ten minutes, bottle and seal.

SPICED CURRANTS, to serve with meat, are an agreeable relish. To four quarts of currants, washed and stemmed, add two and one-half quarts of light brown sugar, one spoonful of ground cinnamon, one of ground cloves and half a spoonful of ground allspice, also one pint of wine vinegar. Mash the currants, stir often and cook slowly for two hours.

A GOOD STEW.—Take a pound or more of lamb or veal cut from the best end of the neck. Cut this into small pieces, say an inch square or less, put it over the fire and let it simmer a quarter of an hour, adding to every pound of meat a pint of fresh green shelled peas and sufficient water just to cover them. Whop nicely done, season with salt, pepper, butter and cream.

GERMAN PUFFS.—Put half a pound of butter and a teaspoonful of milk in the fire; have ready in a bowl a cupful of sifted flour; when the milk and butter have boiled stir the mixture gradually into the flour and beat till perfectly smooth. Beat in six eggs, leaving out whites of two; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little grated lemon rind. Drop the batter into small patty pans and bake the puffs in a moderate hot oven.

LIGHT PUDDING.—To a pint of water add the juice and thinly pared rind of a lemon, and boil in a saucepan; remove from the fire and stir in half a pound of butter and a cupful of sugar; then mix in very gradually and smoothly half a pound of flour, and let it cool; then add six well beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder, half fill some buttered cups and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven; serve with a vinc sauce and currant or any kind of jelly desired.

MUSHROOMS WITH TOAST.—Rub the tops of your mushrooms with a piece of flannel dipped in salt. Have some butter heated in a saucepan in which put the mushrooms with salt, cayenne and ground mace; let them stew gently until the butter has almost disappeared, when add cream and the grated rind of a lemon. Set back where they will only simmer until quite done. Have toasted bread cut in rounds, serve the mushrooms on them, and put a squeeze of lemon juice over each.

ODD OCCURRENCES.

RECENT earthquakes at Susanville, Cal., turned the water of many springs, and also of Eagle lake, to a milky white.

A CHARLOTTE druggist advertised that the milk of a cocoon would remove black and aged spots from the face, and retail in two days to woman folks. He got a commission of all sales.

GIRLS' BIRTHDAYS.

An Ancient Astrological Prediction of Interest to Lovers. An old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to the month she is born in, as follows:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but a good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes.

In February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress. If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

In April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking and studious of fashion plates.

In May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress. In June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

In July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire. If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

In September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser. In October, pretty and coquetish, and devoted to attractive garbure.

In November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress. In December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant, and a student of dress effect.—W. H. SIVITER, in Harper's Magazine.

Save That Sweet Girl! Don't let that beautiful girl fade and droop into invalidism or sink into an early grave for want of timely care at the most critical stage of her life.

Mrs. MARGARET O. ROBERTS, who is often pointed out as the most desirable part among fashionable widows, has a life interest in \$1,000,000.

Use Gentleness. Be gentle in stimulating the kidneys, otherwise they will excite and weaken them. The happiest results follow the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to overcome renal inactivity.

Two Hundred and Eighty Years of Improvement.

In 1603, after traversing the Hudson River from its mouth to Albany, and carefully noting the grandeur and beauty on either side of this magnificent highway of nature, Hendrick Hudson wrote these words:

"It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon." Two hundred and eighty years have marvelously increased the beauty of the great river called by his name, and could he return to the scenes of his manhood, he would find many more lovely sights than those upon which his eyes rested in the early part of the seventeenth century.

The Hudson is much the same, and no description can exaggerate them; but the magnificent steamers that ply between New York and Albany, the innumerable sailing craft that dot the surface of the mighty river, the never-ending clusters of canal boats that are being towed up and down, the beautiful villages and encounters at every turn, the magnificent monuments, perpetuating heroic deeds, that we find here and there along the banks of this noblest river of the continent, add an endless variety to the scenery, and a resistless charm to the eye of the traveler.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad runs along the bank of the Hudson river the entire distance between New York and Albany, and is the great trunk line that connects the metropolis of the Western world with the famous health and pleasure resort of Central, Northern and Southern New York, including in its list the Catskill Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George, Sharon and Richfield Springs, Lake Ontario, the Adirondack Park, the Thousand Islands, Lake Champlain, the River St. Lawrence, and hundreds of others.

The New York Central is a part of the great national highway across the continent, and for the beauty of its scenery, the number and importance of the cities through which it passes, its almost total lack of grades and curves, this great four-track railway is unsurpassed in Europe or America.

Mrs. FREDERICK STEVENS, who was, until the Duchesse du Dino, a New Yorker still to the time of ten real golden millions of her own, and now, one may say, the Duke's, too.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Johanna Wilson, daughter of Mark Sweeney, wife of Thomas Wilson, born in Limerick, Co., Ireland. She is, if living, heir to an estate. If dead, her children or next of kin are wanted. Address, W. J. CIVIL, Webster City, Iowa.

Two elderly Misses Richlander have \$25,000 between them, and bid fair to leave it to collateral heirs with wonderfully fat accumulations.

In cases where Quinine utterly fails to have any effect, and where the patient can bear it by reason of the unpleasant influence, a cure is promptly obtained by Shalmeberger's Antidote. It cures immediately. In no case will there be more than one child after the first dose, and in the majority of cases not even that. Sold by Druggists.

The coding moth does not lay its eggs on the blossoms of the apple, and spraying should not be done till the fruit is the size of small peas.

"PENNY wise and pound foolish" are those who think it economy to use cheap soda and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dobbin's Electric Soap; for sale since 1864. Try it once. Be sure. Buy genuine.

The Russian Government proposes to take steps for rendering the rivers of Siberia navigable and connecting them by canals.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

We only know ourselves and what we really are when the force of circumstances brings us out.

It is positively hurtful to use ointment for skin diseases. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

CRESS—so named from its principal piece (king)—was one of the earliest inventions of the Hindoos, being devised by a Brahmin.

It will pay to shake off a large proportion of the fruit from trees that are overladen. Ask your druggist for "Tansill's Punch."

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

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Have that extreme tired feeling, languor, without appetite or strength, impaired digestion, and a general feeling of misery it is impossible to describe? Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for curing an appetite, promoting digestion, and keeping up the whole system, giving strength and activity in place of weakness and debility. Be sure to get Hood's.

I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a tonic, with most satisfactory results. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have that miserable tired feeling. C. F. FARRIS, 30 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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