

COMFORTED.

I'd just been desperate all that day; I couldn't stand one thing more; The work was piling up like an awful mountain before.

I gave my disheveled hair a wring, the wring of my bitterest mood. And said: "If the Lord is tender, or cares, He'll show me a token for good."

And Milly turned, as she stood outside, in her pretty new figured gown. I saw the tears in her big blue eyes—God bless her! they seemed to drown.

A little of it I was suffering. She waited, and then said she had some tokens that she would not look to see."

When she was gone I sat down and cried, with my head on the old red shawl. I almost thought there wasn't a God to plan for this world at all!

But after I'd cried my tears away, I thought of what Milly had said; I thought of it all the afternoon, and when I had gone to bed.

In the morning I went to the door, and there was my cactus as last in bloom; A great, red, glorious blossom that had burst 'twixt the light and gloom.

And when I looked deep into its heart, I felt a kind of awe. The sheaf of stamens! that perfect cup! but that wasn't all I saw.

I gazed at the gnarly, prickly plant, so bare and crooked and dry. With that blossom just like a rosy star dropped out of the morning sky.

Then came to my mind beside the door, and there on the cold, wet sod. I knew there was One who cared for me, and He was the loving God.

For oh! if He has the power to make such a flower by love divine, Perhaps He will bring a pure white soul from such a poor life as mine!

It is dry, and twisted, an empty, filled up with my household dust. But ah! I have seen His token, and I know I can wait and trust.

—Ellen Hamlin Butler, in Maine Farmer.

TWICE DEAD!

The Message of the Corpse—A Strange, True Tale.

[Written for this Paper.]

HE night was bad. Rain and sleet came in fierce gusts. The darkness was awful.

"Are the horses ready?" the speaker was panting in rubber, great-coat, hat and boots, and was looking at the printing of a brace of pistols.

"Yes, sir; and we'd better hurry up, for they won't stand this much longer. My eye, but it's dark out doors!"

"Go and tell Prof. Cronin to be ready for us by the time we get back. Tell Pat and Dave to come on and bring the dark lantern with you as you come back."

"All right, sir," and the young man went out. Arthur Denver, left alone, slipped his pistols into his pockets, looked all around the waiting-room of Westmoreland College, in which he was standing, whistled softly a part of a tune in an absent-minded way, and stepped out of the light room into the darkness of the storm.

The sudden transition from light to dark blinded him, but he soon saw the dim lights in the far-off windows of the college dormitory, and discerned before him the swaying branches of the trees and the rattle of rain-drops across the path of light that streamed from the window of the room he had just left.

He remained standing long enough to have developed some impatience—though, if the wind could have taken cognizance of the face it beat against, it would have perceived that the mind was far away and was noticing neither the weather nor the low-lying temperature—when a simultaneous good-natured peal of laughter and a clatter of hooves announced the arrival of his young friend with the team. He drove up at a dashing pace and reined his horses in as suddenly it threw them on their haunches. Arthur could dimly see, behind the restless horses, a light spring wagon and in it the dark and shadowy figure of three men. He climbed in and took the vacant seat beside the driver. At a word the mettlesome steeds sprang forward and sped through the darkness at a breakneck pace.

"You will have to learn to be more quiet on expeditions of this sort, Morton," said Arthur Denver.

"It was not I who laughed so boisterously just before we came up with you," replied the young man.

"Indeed? I thought it was."

"No, sir. It was Graeme."

"Graeme! The idiot! What does he out on such a night as this?"

"He be always out on these kinds of nights, sir," spoke up one of the men on the back seat.

Arthur skillfully lit his pipe beneath his great-coat and smoked. Half an hour later the same team was making a return trip over the same road. A fifth passenger was now aboard. But this passenger lay on the floor of the wagon in a sack.

At the college gate Prof. Cronin met them. "Have you got Alice?" he inquired. "You had better put her in your room, Prof. Denver, till to-night; the lock is broken on the door of the dissecting room, and if it will not inconvenience you—"

"Morton drove on slowly through the college grove. The wind had died down and the rain ceased, leaving the air full of damp fog. The first indications of dawn were barely observable in the gradually clearing eastern horizon as the trees began to loom into spectral shapes, holding their wide, dripping arms and dripping fingers over the wagon passing beneath. The somber pile of the college outlined itself indistinctly against the gray sky. To the left lay the dormitory hall, to the right the building occupied by the laboratories, recitation rooms and the bachelor apartments of Prof. Arthur Denver. To the last named place they drove. The professor paid the men, dismissed Morton with the horses, took the sack in his arms and noiselessly entered the house. He laid his burden on a sofa, and retiring into the next room went to bed.

George Dascas was handsome, clever, passionate, weak; and, because he was weak, cruel. He loved Annie Morse blindly, madly. She, well, she was young, and if she felt a reciprocal sentiment for a young man, he felt it at every opportunity with fervent love, who could blame her? She knew not her own heart, to tell the truth, and vacillated between the taciturn professor at the medical college and the handsome grain buyer. Sometimes she thought for long days how happy she would be if Arthur Denver would smile and cast his eyes on her as she went by. Dascas would come into her room and all his windy sighs and protestations of how he certainly should love her unless she would love him in return. At this stage in her reflections she would look at herself in the glass and wonder what any one could see in her to love so desperately—all of which showed that Dascas's battery had not fallen on stony ground.

That same gray morning, after the stormy night, Dascas came down to his office with unusually light step. The office-boy was surprised at not being kicked. The dog caught his master's good humor, as dogs will, and tied himself into knots on the floor as an evidence thereof.

"Poor Alice!" muttered Dascas to himself, as he picked up his morning paper and adjusted himself to scrutinize its contents. "Poor Alice! She wasn't a bad girl. I should have wanted her to live, had it not been for that miserable secret. Oh, how she loved me, she acted very well about it. Though she always opposed my paying attention to her, she never did anything to interfere with my prospects. Now she is dead, and the last mouth is closed that could blurt up anything of that cursed business. I wish the memory of it had died with Alice. Well, bars and bolts of certain institutions are as strong as the grave and keep secrets as well."

He read his paper. He threw it down and glanced at the street, to see if he could catch a sight of Annie. He had often passed her house before at even more unreasonable hours than this to catch a glimpse of her. This time he was successful. She was on the porch just starting to town.

"Mr. Dascas, of all men!"

"And who not Mr. Dascas?" offering his arm and closing the gate for her.

"Who would have thought of seeing you at this time of day? I should have imagined you immersed in business and tobacco smoke by this time. Papa always is. And here you are, without the scent of a cigar, actually! What will happen next when the world will have chattered on, for she was in a happy, talkative mood, but he interrupted.

"I told you I would not smoke if you disliked it. I would do anything for you. I came by on purpose to see—if not you, at least the house that sheltered you last night in the dreadful storm. I envy it."

He spoke softly, yet with a peculiar emphasis, and with a glance that was a pretty stimulant on emotion.

"O dear!" said Annie, innocently enough. George Dascas's brain worked fast. Out of the many thoughts that rushed through it came this conclusion: "Tell her now, before that other fellow does. You're all safe. The only witness is dead."

"Miss Morse—Annie, I will say it. Have you not seen it? I must marry you. You know I love you to my death. Do not tell me 'no.' I know this is a queer time and place for a proposal. I can not help it. My feelings overpower me. I dare not look you in the face. I shall call this evening and learn my fate. I leave you and turn here. No, do not answer." And he was gone.

Annie stopped a moment gazing at his receding form. Her heart fluttered; she was dizzy. It was only for a moment, however, for she hurried on her errand, a bright flame burning in each cheek.

That forenoon there was a terrific battle; the arena was Annie Morse's heart; the combatants, George Dascas and Arthur Denver. Not a literal hand-to-hand combat, as in the days of chivalry, but Annie would now think of one and then of the other in a dazed way that bespoke her the subject of cross mesmeric influences.

Arthur Denver was to come that afternoon and take her to see the new city library. He would have a chance to improve his respect. Would he do it? If he didn't, well, she didn't know what it was.

The afternoon passed, but no Arthur Denver came, notwithstanding he had pleaded with her to make the engagement, and to do so he had broken several others. She was piqued.

When George Dascas came he had that much in his favor that he knew not of. He improved his chances well, and when he left her house that evening it was with the promise of her hand.

Things went on smoothly. The wedding was at hand. Arthur Denver did not show himself.

When Arthur Denver awoke from his slumbers and came back into his ante-room, he saw an empty sack lying on the floor.

She signed him to be silent and went on faintly.

"His letters—aro at Mrs. Sherman's—on Schuyler avenue—altogether with an abundance of other—proof."

"In three hours she shall be here," he said, regarding his composure. "I leave you some strengthening wine. Medicine is useless. It is wrong to do better than you may die to-night. God forbid that you should die before I return. Quiet yourself. She shall return with me."

He was gone. An hour, two hours, three hours passed, like as many lifetimes in the invalid's room, as she lay gazing at the slow-moving hands of the clock. Three hours passed, soon the quick knock of the dying woman caught the sound of foot and upon the crunching of the gravel announced that a carriage had stopped before the door.

A moment later Miss Morse came into the room, followed by Graeme and her father. Annie's eye caught the wan, emaciated face and looked sympathy. The invalid motioned them to be seated. Graeme offered Annie a chair, but she drew close to the bed.

"You have something to say to me?" she said.

"The sick woman gasped once or twice and spoke with a great effort: "You—will not—be offended? You—will—be—calm?"

"Indeed, yes."

"I have not much—much breath. Forgive me, yes, poor soul! I understand. I forgive you any pain you may cause me. Do not be afraid. Speak out. My father is here."

Alice looked relieved. She rested a few moments, then, motioning Annie to come near, as Dr. Denver had done, she whispered in her ear the same words that she had so startled him.

"Your father has a wife in the insane asylum at Bonborough."

When Annie fell back her father caught her.

"Be calm, daughter, and thank God for what you have escaped. I know it. Dr. Denver has put the profits in my hands. It is enough proof to say that at a hint from him, Dascas has left town. To this dying woman, however, neither the doctor nor I could refuse the satisfaction of speaking the words that would sever you from that—"

"Never mind, father. Do not abuse him yet. It is so sudden. I must think. Please take me home."

Her face wore an unnatural pallor as she left the apartment.

"How did you get possession of those papers?" asked Arthur Denver of the sick woman when he called later in the evening.

"Mrs. Dascas, after she had been cruelly deserted, was my best friend. We lived like sisters until his persecution drove her crazy. I took possession of all her papers when they took her away to the madhouse."

"At the place I got the papers they told me you had left there some time ago and had taken another boarding-place. Did you come from there here?"

"No; I went from there—to the—to—the Froth of Fun."

The cat, after making its protest, frequently rises to give some additional clues to its argument.

"Suz—Oh, see that scarcrow out there in the field!" He—"That isn't a scarcrow." She—"It must be. See how motionless it is!" He—"That's the hired man at work."

"Say, Henry," she said to her bashful lover, "I think I should like to be a stock-broker."

"Because," replied the damsel, "the news papers say that several stock-brokers were squeezed yesterday."

Don't think so much about yourself, it's very reprehensible; Or feel when dressed in garments new That all the world stands still to view. It has no time to waste on you—

Trace your path to the prison— My poor man, how did you come to be in here? Prisoner—For selling fraudulent goods and thereby getting money under false pretenses. Visitor—"I hope you'll become an honest man here and be a good citizen when you are released. What are you employed at by the State?" Prisoner—"Making warranted solid leather soles for boots and shoes out of pasteboard."

The orator, down in his bed of ooze, Walked with a start from his summer nooze, Opened his shell, and said with a yawn: "I fear that our season of safety is gone, For my pleasant dreams were disturbed by the jail."

That is always caused by the letter R, And I know by the look of that bilious sloop That some us shortly will be in the soap."

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unqualified as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place Hotel in the West.

The waters will positively cure all Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, etc.

For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. CHANDLER, G. F. & T. A., "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

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Poor little King Alexandria, of Servia, was merely anointed, not crowned, because the royal exchequer could not stand the expense of procuring a crown and other regalia.

Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that you are a liar? Send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Antidote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, send no more money but it will be immediately returned to you.

Up to the end of August 14,486,000 tickets were taken at the Paris Exposition. In 1878 the number was only 7,125,000.

A complaint with a capital of \$1,000,000 has been formed for the erection in London of a tower twice as high as the Eiffel tower at Paris.

Some one has calculated that the honey-bee inserts its proboscis 500 times into clover blossoms before one grain of sugar can be secured. A few more years than this, and the weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 insertions of the bees.

A farmer at Anaheim, Cal., sent East last year for some Wonderful beans to experiment with. He received as many as would fill a bushel. He planted them in a row. He gathered a crop of one hundred sacks.

One of the architects who helped M. Eiffel to build the tower says that it is doubtful if a tower 2,000 feet high can be constructed. Every thing depends on the exact ratio at which the force of the wind increases above a certain height. The transportation of the materials above a height of 1,000 feet would be exceedingly risky.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR was the writer of some of our sweetest hymns. Among them, "Fado, Fado Each Earthly Joy," "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," "I Lay My Sins on Jesus," "A Poor Man's Tears Shall Roll," and "Beyond the Shining and the Weeping." One of his religious tracts reached a circulation of 750,000 copies.

A THEY (N. Y.) shirt man predicts that in less than ten years there will be a general return to the old-fashioned shirt; which buttoned in front, and from which at least one button was missing after every wash.

It is said that the editor of Harper's Magazine selects for publication each year about seventeen short stories and rejects annually between 15,000 and 16,000. It is also said that the yearly cost of publishing the magazine, not including the printing, but merely what is paid for writers, artists and engravers, is \$250,000.

The pearl was dedicated to Venus—red to love and beauty amongst the worshippers of gods and goddesses. The ancients poetically ascribed its origin to a drop of dew falling in the morning or evening into the opened shell.

It is now thought the Stanford University in California may be opened in the fall of 1890.

The Women's National Press Association intends to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hayes in Washington.

Men of science who have investigated the subject declare that the coast of New Jersey is sinking at the extraordinary rate of two feet in a century.

This industrial part of the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition is creditable to this country, but in the fine arts the showing is not so good.

A STATUTE of the late Louisia M. Alcott is to be modeled the coming winter by Frank B. Elwell, a Concord sculptor, an intimate friend of the authoress. There is a rumor that the statue may be placed in the free public library of Concord.

A NEW business directory of Johnstown and surrounding boroughs contains the names of over 500 business and professional men. It also shows that there are now thirty six grocery stores and fifty-one saloons open in the place.

THE oyster has been a great sufferer from the recent terrible commotion of wind and wave, and hundreds of small oyster planters in the vicinity of New York City have been ruined. Large planters and dealers have also suffered heavy losses.

THE "cold fresh air cure" is a new cure for consumption. Slowly being accustomed to the action of air, the patient is moved a little nearer each day toward an open window. The last stage of the cure consists in sleeping in the open air, regardless of wind, rain or snow.

ACTUAL elevations taken since the recent disaster at Johnstown show that during the flood the water in the neighborhood of Conemaugh and the South Fork bridge reached an average height of forty feet above low water mark. At the big viaduct on the ap stream side the water was seventy-nine feet deep.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., feels the collapse of the real estate boom and the property-owners have petitioned the State Board of Equalization to reduce the assessment of the Los Angeles County twenty per cent. One piece of property valued at \$18,885 two years ago has been returned to the owner for \$6,000, the face of the mortgage. On sixty town sites that were then laid out there are now but 235 inhabitants.

A LARGE public hall will soon be erected in Philadelphia from money left by Benjamin Franklin and John Scott. Franklin left in his will, dated April 23, 1790, \$5,000 to be used in Philadelphia in such a way that after the lapse of a century the principal should amount to a sum large enough to make valuable public improvements. In 1816 John Scott added \$4,000 to this sum. The principal now amounts altogether to about \$10,000. Ten thousand dollars of this will be laid aside for another century, after the new bath is constructed.

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From ordinary business methods is made by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangements of the liver or stomach, as indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scaly diseases, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on fair trial, it don't cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

The birth-rate of Ireland is less than that of any European country but France, Russia standing at the head of the list.

Those who use Dobbin's Electric Soap (and their name is legion) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, do so next Monday week. Ask your grocer for it.

A CELEBRATED Samoan beauty is an American widow, thirty-six years old, and has 150,000 acres of land.

OREGON, the Paradise of Farmers, Mild equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

LONDON and Paris railroad street-cars and omnibuses are allowed by law to carry only a certain number of passengers.

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.

A LITTLE seeing saves much looking; a little speaking saves much talking.

WORK for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they can not help you.

In young men will not believe in themselves no man or woman can believe in them.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Par. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Don't indulge in the luxury of strong opinions in the presence of your elders.

PAIN in the Side nearly always comes from a disordered liver and is promptly relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't forget this.

REMEMBER! Impertinence isn't wit, any more than insolence is brilliancy.

ENTIRE freedom from injurious drugs makes "Fausli's Punch" S. Cigars most popular.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will seldom do any thing at all.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Pierce's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are moved by kindness.

It afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

HISTORY is not fable agreed upon but truth disagreed upon.

The Liver. And kidneys are organs which it is important should be kept in good condition, and yet they are overworked and abused by nearly everybody, until they become worn-out, clogged up, or diseased. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all difficulties with these organs, rouses them to healthy action, and tones the whole digestive organism.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. S. 12; for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa. It is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation.

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SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

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FREE. GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECTLY. BEST STEEL WIRE. Woven Wire Fencing. Wire Rope Salvage.

DR. JACOBS OIL. For Swellings, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds. "Daily Rights" Cures and Cured! AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

A Proclamation! Dr. J. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says: "I have used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for several years, and it has cured me of all my ailments. I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the diseases which it cures. It is a most valuable and healthful article of diet that can be prepared in a few minutes, and which is enjoyed by all who use it."

ANTI-BILIOUS. medicine used. I always prescribe them. TUTT'S PILLS. Cure All Bilious Diseases.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. Price 25c. Salvation Oil. "Killsall Pain." Try it! Only 25c.

JONES. PAYS THE FREIGHT. Iron Lung, Steel Bedstead, and Three Doors Metal Box for \$10.00. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm. IS SURE TO CURE COLD IN HEAD QUICKLY. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 66 Warren St., N.Y.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 2 in. x 5 in. 90 pages. SENT FREE on application enclosing one cent. THEODORE HOLLAND, P.O. Box 120, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSEPH HUNTER. BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE. LOUISVILLE, KY. Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, etc. Write for Catalogue and Full Information.

DISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH. Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

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