LOVE HIDING.

Love was playing hide and seek,
And we deemed that he was gone,
Tears were on my withered cheek
For the setting of the sun;
Dark it was, around, above,
But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear in wan November,
We recall the happy spring.
While bewildered we remember
When the woods began to sing
All alive with leaf and wing,
Leafless lay the silent grove;
But he came again, my love!

And our melancholy frost
Woke to radiance in his rays
Who wore the look of one we lost
In the far-away dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move,
Yet he came again, my love!

Love went to sleep, but not forever,
And we deemed that he was dead;
Nay, shall aught avail to sever
Hearts who once indeed were wed?
Garlands for his grave we wove,
Yet he came again, my love!

WHY HAD HE LEFT HER?

"Papa, I would thank you for a check for three hundred pounds, before you go down town this morning."

"Why do you want so much Anthine? I thought I gave you enough, yesterday."

"True, papa; but Madame Fontaine gives a wedding reception for her daughter Clara next Wednesday evening, and I must have a dress suitable for the occasion."

"Certainly, my dear; your father delights in nothing so much as in seeing you enjoy the rich blessings that have been given us. I love to see you look a very queen among the rest. I was sadly disturbed yesterday afternoon."

"Why, papa?"

And stately Anthine Elleston leaned over the velvet easy-chair, and drew her white fingers caressingly through the silky white hair of the father she loved so well.

"Because, just as I was leaving my office to step into the carriage, a little black-eyed child, with such a famished face, put out her thin hand and begged for a penny—only one, because her papa was so sick and hungry. I was tired, and cold, and impatient, and I knew I had nothing less than a sovereign in my pocket, so I told the child I had nothing for her, and hurried into the carriage, and told John to drive on. But I caught the disappointed look on that child's face, and it has haunted me ever since."

"My dear father, you are too sensitive about such things. You are in no way to blame. You cannot be expected to give to every little beggar child you meet."

"I know that, Thenia," that was his pet name for his elegant daughter; "but I have been thinking that, as heaven has given much to us, He will expect much from us."

"We do all we can, I am sure; and I would think no more about this little incident. The child will get along well enough. They all manage to live in some way."

So the matter rested; neither father nor daughter forgetting it, either when the costly dress was bought, or later still, when in the elegantly-appointed boudoir Anthine Elleston stood before the long pier-glass that reflected back her stately form in all its queen-like beauty, arrayed in the sea-green silk, whose folds, as she moved, seemed like so many silver-tipped waves, half hid though they were by the costly lace flounces.

Diamonds and rubies sparkled on her fair neck, were clasped on each shapely arm and shone amid the satin-like folds of her dark hair, that was wound in the form of a coronet around her head, and a gem larger than the rest sparkled above her forehead.

She was a beautiful woman; she knew it, and gloried in it. Her father was proud of her, and she strove to please him; but that which steeled her heart, and made her so haughty and reserved—so heartless, as her admirers said—was the fearful blow she received when only eighteen.

On that eighteenth birthnight the grand old mansion was thrown open to a goodly company, and Anthine, in her fair young beauty, with the orange flowers on her brow, sat waiting, with her bridal robes around her, for him who had chosen her to walk beside him down life's pathway.

Paul Wellington was a noble fellow—manly, truthful and upright in every action of his life; even then, though only 25, a lawyer of some note.

But on this bridal night, with guests awaiting, and the bride as beautiful and loving as a bride could be, no bridegroom claimed the bride.

A telegram to his distant home was sent, and the answer came at once that Paul Wellington, on the day he expected to start for his wedding, sailed in a steamer for India, without any explanation whatever.

It was a fearful blow to poor Anthine, but her pride came to her rescue, and when she went out again she was, as we find her now, stately, and far more beautiful than in loving girlhood.

It is seven years since that night, when that act of her lover, who seemed so noble and good to her, sent the chillness of death to her heart.

It was past understanding, and after a time she ceased trying to comprehend it, and sealed her heart to all mankind, clinging only to her father, who idolized her.

Paul Wellington came back from India, came once to Anthine, and begged to see her, but she refused to meet him.

Then he sent her a letter, entreating her to read his explanation, but she returned it unopened.

He became distinguished in his profession, and occasionally they met in society, and though Anthine could not help noticing the sad expression on his face, she invariably avoided meeting his glances, and when obliged to speak to him she did so with as much coolness as politeness would allow.

To-night she knows that Paul Wellington is to be an honored guest at her friend's house, and almost unconsciously she had chosen her dress to suit his tastes, as she remembered it so long ago.

Now she fastens her gloves, and picks up her jeweled bouquet-holder, in a half reverie, thinking, perhaps, of a time when she was bride expectant, as happy for a little time as the bride she was going to greet.

"Oh, will happiness ever come to me again?" she murmurs softly to herself, as she sinks on the carriage cushions and is driven rapidly away.

The parlors were crowded, the music was perfect, the guests the gayest, the bride and bridegroom the handsomest, the whole scene like some fairy picture, but somehow, in spite of the admiration universally accorded to her, as she moved up and down the long room, looking every inch a queen in her royal beauty, her heart was strangely sad, and it was a positive relief when a maid in attendance brought her a sealed note.

Breaking the seal in the dressing room, she read:

In memory of one who loved you not wisely, but too well, come to your dying cousin. I send my little girl to conduct you, late, though it is. You won't refuse me, Anthine; you cannot when I am dying. JAMES HOLMES.

It was all very strange, but Anthine, noble-hearted as ever, never hesitated a moment.

That cousin James had been the bane of her life. A gay, frolicsome fellow, whose love for jokes was unbounded, and whose love for Anthine was a mixture of teasing and adoration.

A long time ago he declared his intention of going to seek his fortune and a wife, and this note Anthine holds in her hand is the first they have heard of him all these long years.

It took but a moment to send for her father, and give their adieux to their hostess, and find the little girl waiting at the gate, and then direct their drive to the address the little girl gave them.

But it was a sudden change, to go from the grand mansion, with its beautiful grounds and gaslight, and music and feasting, only a few streets back, into such depth of misery and filth and wickedness as they found themselves when the carriage stopped before a tumble-down-looking building, with broken windows and rickety steps.

Even Anthine's step faltered as they followed the quick step of the little girl up broken stairways, down dark passages, until the garret was reached at last, hearing at every door the vilest oaths, and often screams and blows.

Anthine had often visited the poor, and to the sick and needy had often brought clothes and delicacies, but such misery she had read of, but thought it a stretch of a vivid writer's imagination—now she knew it to be real.

Opening the door that hung by one hinge they entered the room of death.

One tallow-candle lighted the room, but after the darkness of the hall it seemed quite bright, and showed plainly the straw bed in the corner, on which lay gasping the little girl's father.

It seemed impossible that the faded sallow face and attenuated form could ever have been the dashing and fun-loving James.

"Oh, Thenia, I knew you would come! I felt you must," said he feebly, as he held out a thin hand to each of them. "God is good, when I least deserve it."

"Tut, tut, boy; why haven't you sent to us; nay, come to us, instead of suffering like this," spoke out good Mr. Elleston.

"Oh, uncle, I could not, until life was despaired of, come to those I have so deeply injured!"

"Hush, hush, James; you were wild, but you never hurt us, and it is folly to talk so. You must go home with us now."

"Uncle—Anthine, your kindness overpowers me. Don't you see—can't you see that I am dying? And oh, I must tell you while life lasts."

"Tell us what, James?" asked Anthine softly, as she put her cool, soft hand over his fevered forehead.

"Thenia, do you remember your wedding night, seven years ago? And did you ever wonder why Paul never came to you?"

"Yes, yes, indeed. Tell me, do you know why?" and unconsciously she drew nearer.

"Oh, Thenia, it was some of my accursed folly. I loved you and hated Paul, and was envious of him for having won what I was unworthy of. And the morning before he expected to start for you, he received a letter telling him you were married to your cousin, James Holmes, and were to start immediately on your bridal-tour, bidding him to forget you and seek some one more worthy. To that letter your name was signed, Thenia, and it was posted here. You know Paul's proud heart, how such a blow was death to him, and how he sailed on the first vessel that left the harbor. I thought to win you then, Thenia, but in your proud eyes I saw no hope of ever taking Paul's place, so I went away and found a soft-voiced little girl, who loved me only too well, and only lived long enough after I called her wife to give me a little velvet-cheeked baby, whom we christened Anthine, after you; and then, with that innocent baby looking into my eyes, I wrote again to Paul, and confessed my wickedness. Directly, with new hopes, he came to you, but you refused to see him. He wrote to you, but you returned his letter unopened, and with a saddened heart he began anew, striving for fame and honor, that you might know he was incapable of the base act of which you believed him guilty. When he sought me he could not find me, until a few days ago. It was very wicked, Thenia, but oh, forgive me!" pleaded the dying man.

"It was wicked, James, but we were taught to forgive," spoke up her clear, pure voice, though her eyes were full of tears.

Poor James Holmes was weeping, too, as he gathered his little girl closer, but he was failing, as they could see.

Suddenly his eyes brightened, and he said feebly:

"There is his step on the stairs now. Thank heaven! he has not come too late. I can see the hands clasped that I once separated."

A moment more and Paul Wellington, in all his noble manhood, stood before them.

One clasp of the sick man's hand, one look in Anthine's eyes, and the estranged ones were weeping in each other's arms.

Out of the darkness has come light. Henceforth when they wept they would weep together.

Mr. Elleston grasped Paul's hand warmly and they turned to him whose troubled look still told that life's care was not yet ended. He was pointing at his little daughter.

"She shall be cherished and cared for," was Paul's solemn answer, as he put his hand on her curly head, while her little eyes looked from one to another in childish wonder.

All care was over. He had sinned much, and much had been forgiven.

The film of death was gathering now, but a settled peace came over his face, as his uncle prayed that heaven would be merciful, and then his soul was borne from earth away.

Months after this, when the little one had grown accustomed to her new home and her new relatives, there was a joyous wedding. Anthine is as queen-like and beautiful as ever, but her greatest joy is in her own home with her father, and husband, and children.

Her little namesake is tenderly cherished, and little pleading voices that say, "A penny—only one," are never turned away empty-handed, for the little dark-eyed child that haunted Mr. Elleston so was poor James' little Anthine.

Whalebone.

The market price of baleen is exceedingly variable, depending on the fashion of the day. It is not so valuable now as used to be the case some years ago, steel having superseded it for many purposes. The price may range from £500 to £850 per ton, and a good whale ought to produce about two tons. In 1814 a single vessel sold her cargo of baleen and oil for £9,568, but such times are not likely to return. Mineral oils have now supplanted train oils for many purposes, and perpetual hunting has diminished the numbers as well as the size of the whales, no animal having a chance of attaining its full dimensions before it is harpooned. Often, nowadays, a whaling ship returns "clean," i. e., without having captured a single whale, so that, what with the lessened prices and diminished numbers and dimensions of the animals, whaling has become almost a lottery instead of a solid investment of capital, and few ship-owners care to run such a risk. Furnished with its wonderful horny sieve, the Greenland whale has no difficulty in procuring its food. With mouth more or less open it swims backward and forward through the shoals of the Clio, which mostly are found near the surface. The water escapes freely between the horny plates and lining fringe, while the animals are detained with the cage. When it wishes to swallow the prey which it has caught it employs its tongue, which is not less remarkable than the rest of the whale's structure. The tonge is not free except at the base, as with mammals generally, so that it is impossible for the animal to protrude its tongue from its mouth. The tongue is fixed by nearly the whole of its edge, so that it can only be protruded upward. I once had an opportunity of examining the tongue of a small baleen whale which had been cast ashore. It was of great size, smooth, on the surface, and I could not help thinking that it was very like a soft, well-stuffed pin cushion. I pressed upon its center with my fingers, and found that a pit was formed which rapidly filled with oil. Then I took a hammer and pressed the head of it on the tongue. The pit formed by the pressure became deeper and larger, and filled so fast with oil that not only was the whole of the hammer submerged in the oil, but my hand and wrist also. The ignorance which prevailed in former days on this subject is amusingly exemplified in the old document which constituted the whale a royal "fish:" "The King himself shall have the head and body to make oyl and other things, and the Queen the tayl to make whalebones for her royal vestments."—[J. G. Wood, in Longman's Magazine.

DURABILITY OF WOOD ON END.—According to the *Building News*, manufacturers of wood mosaic say that they have found by experiments that hard maple on end is from four to five times as durable as marble and equally as durable as the hardest baked tile. It is reported that two end-wood floors were laid in the elevators of a public building in Chicago about fifteen months ago, and that the floors are in as good a condition as when first laid, although each elevator carries from 1,000 to 2,000 persons daily. However that may be, there can be no question that the United States can, by the use of admirably adapted machinery, produce end-wood flooring having a surface as finely finished as that which could be made on the side of the grain, and with surprising expedition.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Beware of imitations. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASTER EGGS.

A little chicken, seven weeks old,
Looking at eggs in crimson and gold,
Painted with flowers on either side.
And in golden letters "Easter-tide."
"Ah!" said the chicken, "when I am old,
I shall lay eggs in crimson and gold."

One glad spring morning the church-bells rang,
And happy carols the children sang;
But by her nest in a loft alone,
Stood the little chicken now full grown.
"Alas!" she cackled, in great dismay,
"I have laid white eggs on Easter day."

A dainty maiden, so I am told,
Sat painting eggs in crimson and gold;
She painted flowers on either side,
And in golden letters "Easter-tide."
"Ah!" said the hen, "now I understand,
Easter-eggs must be finished off by hand."

—[Harper's Young People.

A VERY SMALL LION.

In Africa deep pits are often made by human hunters to capture game, and among the insects we find the ant-lion (*Myrmeleon*) adopting a similar ruse. Its eggs are laid in sandy places, and when the young ant-lions appear they have no wings, and are flat little creatures with immense jaws. As soon as born, the curious larvæ proceed to work. Each young ant-lion selects a soft place in the sand, and by turning itself around and around, it traces an exterior circle; and by continuing the spiral motion, and gradually retreating to the center, it marks out and forms a cavity having spirals like those of a snail shell. Next, these are smoothed down by an ingenious process. If a pebble rolls in, or is found in the slope, the ant-lion places it upon its head, and with a sudden jerk sends it far out of the pit. But sometimes pebbles are found that are too heavy to be thrown out in this way, and then another plan is adopted. The pebble is carefully rolled upon the flat back of the ant-lion, which starts up the incline with its tail high in air, so that the load is kept upon a level, and finally deposited upon the outside. If the pebble is round many attempts have to made. The pit completed is seen to be a circular or conical depression, at the bottom of which the wily hunter conceals itself, only its jaws and many eyes being visible, and here it awaits its prey, that sooner or later comes tumbling in. Ants that happen to be off on a foraging journey are the most frequent victims. The ant comes running along rapidly, and is over the edge of the pit before he knows it, the treacherous sand giving way and precipitating him down toward the concealed lion. A moment more and two (to him) enormous jaws open, and the ant quickly disappeared from sight forever. Sometimes instead of tumbling down into the pit, the ant obtains a foothold and almost escapes; but in such a case the ant-lion throws aside all concealment, rushes out, and shovels sand upon its struggling victim, and by successive jerks bombards it with such a fusillade of sand that, beaten and confused, it rolls down into the open jaws of the cruel hunter. For two years the ant-lion carries on its predatory warfare, gradually growing larger and enlarging its pit, until finally it is ready to change into a chrysalis. It then envelopes itself in a round ball of sand, cemented together by fine silken cords. In this cocoon it lives for about three weeks, when it emerges a perfect four-winged insect resembling the dragon-fly.—[St. Nicholas.

THE PRINTER BOY.

About the year 1725 an American boy, some 19 years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander around seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything," because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing office and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John: "Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drinks, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Post-master-General, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Embassador to the royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of 84, full of years and honors; and there are now more than 150 counties, towns and villages in America named after the printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."—[Exchange.

MALT AS FOOD.

A Hint that May be of Value to Dyspeptics.

J. Milner Fothergill, M. D., says in the London *Lancet*: "Malt as food has a great future before it. In the process of malting (which is a rapid germination) a distinct change is brought about in the seed. By the action of the diastase the insoluble starch is converted into soluble dextrine, which goes sweet in the mouth, so near maltose is it. The malt-combings, which are too rich in albuminoids for the bewer's purposes, are useful when malt is looked at as a food. Malt contains dextrine, (some diastase), soluble albuminoids, and phosphates, and when ground is an admirable food, while it is not expensive. Its taste is pleasant. It can be made into a pudding with an egg and some milk, and as such is palatable. It can be made a constituent of a milk pudding with advantage. When the brewer mashes his malt with hot water the diastase remaining in the malt converts the dextrine into maltose, which the yeast (next added) breaks up into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The best white malt is not heated to more than 190°, as the diastase is acted upon injuriously by a heat above that point. Maltose is a sugar which does not readily undergo the acetous fermentation, and, therefore, as Dr. Mitchell Bruce points out in his 'Materia Medica and Therapeutics,' 'will not give rise to acidity and dyspepsia.' This is a great matter, as the cane sugar the cook adds to stewed fruit and milk puddings readily undergoes the acetous fermentation in many stomachs. The lævulose sugar of fruit, like maltose, readily undergoes the alcoholic, but not the acetous fermentation. Maltose being less powerfully sweet than cane sugar, a greater quantity is necessary to sweeten the pudding. If the raw starch, semolina, sago, or tapioca, be first put in the dish by itself, and placed in the oven for an hour (taking care not to have it burnt by the oven being too hot), not only are the starch cells cracked, but a certain conversion of the starch into dextrine takes place. If to this then be added an equal quantity of ground malt and some hot milk poured on, and the dish be allowed to stand a few minutes before being put into the oven again, the diastase of the malt acts upon the farina and converts it into dextrine and maltose. Dextrine and maltose being soluble, the pudding is very thin. Such a pudding is admirably adapted for invalids and dyspeptics, as requiring scarcely any digestion in the body. For those with whom ordinary milk puddings produce acidity, such a pudding is specially suitable. Ground malt may be added to fresh milk, and forms an admirable food in cases of acute disease. Baked flour perhaps goes better with meat broths, to which it gives a high food value. (Well-baked flour requires but a touch of saliva to renderer it soluble, and added to meat broths and gravy soups, renders them very nutritive.) Malt, being sweet, goes better with milk, or apple-water, or tamarind-water, or lemonade, and gives us a food which, being all but independent of the digestive act, can be most usefully employed in the sick room. Beef-tea (which alone is scacely a food) and milk-and-seltzer water pall upon the palate of the sick person, who craves variety just as do healthy persons. The adoption of ground malt as a food will solve for us one of two knotty questions connected with feeding people when the digestive power is feeble. Drinks like lemonade made with malt instead of cane sugar, would not only go sour in the mouth and stomach, but would contain some phosphates and soluble albuminoids, and so form admirable beverages in pyrexial states. The many malt extracts now in the market are well adapted for such end."

Who Is Responsible?

An employe was injured by a small piece of a cold chisel, on which he was striking with a spike maul, flying off and striking him in the eye. The employe was, as he testified himself, a blacksmith, who had served an apprenticeship of three years in Europe, and one of his witnesses stated that "a blacksmith who had been an apprentice for three years should know on looking at a spike maul that it was not a proper instrument to use in striking a chisel, for splinters frequently fly from the head of a chisel." In an action to recover damages for the injury, on the ground of negligence in supplying an improper implement, the plaintiff recovered judgment, and the defendant carried the case (Houston and Texas Central Railroad Company vs. Conrad) to the Supreme Court of Texas, where the judgment was reversed. Judge Stayton, in the opinion, said: "It does not appear that the cold chisel was defective in make, material or temper; but it does appear that, even with a proper cold chisel, small parts will frequently break or fly off. It is urged that the hammer which the employe was using was not as suitable for the purpose for which it was used as would have been one with a broader face. This may be true, but the facts in proof forbid the belief that he was ignorant of that fact. Persons who engage in a given employment assume the risks necessary incident to that employment, and they cannot shut their eyes to dangers which are apparent, and voluntarily use implements which they know, or, by the exercise of the knowledge which they have, might know, are not so well adapted to the business in which they are engaged as some other instrument might be, aud, when injury therefrom results, seek and recover damages for injuries that might have been by them avoided by the exercise of that ordinary care which it is the duty of every one to use. The facts in this case forbid any other conclusion than that the employe was sufficiently informed to know the risks of his employment."

Didn't Shut the Door.

"What makes me feel so bad dis time, 'uz bekase I hear sump'n over yonder on de bank like a whack er a slam, while ago, en it mine me ef de time I treat my little 'Lizabeth so onery. She warn't only 'bout fo' year ole, en she tuk de sk'yarlet fever, en hed a powerful rough spell; but she got well, en one day she was a-standin' aroun, en I says to her, I says:

"'Shet de do'.'

"She never done it; jis' stood dah, kiner smilin' up at me. It make me mad; en I says agin, mighty loud, I says:

"'Doan' you hear me?—shet de do'!'

"She jis' stood de same way, kiner smilin' up. I was a-bilin'! I says:

"'I lay I make you mine!'

"En wid dat I fetch her a slap side de head dat sent her a sprawlin'. Den I went into de yuther room, en 'uz gone about ten minutes, en when I come back dar was dat do' a standin' open yit, en dat chile standin' mos' in it, a-lookin' down and mournin', en de tars runnin' down. My, but I wuz mad: I was a-gwyne for de chile, but jes' den—it was a do' dat opens innerds—den 'long come de wind an' slams it to, behine me chile, kerblam! 'En, my Lor', de chile never move! My breff mos' hop outer me, en I feel so—so—I doan' know how I feel. I crope out, all a-tremblin'; en crope aroun' en open de do' easy en slow, en poke my head in behine de chile, soft en still, en all uv a sudden I says 'Pow!' jis' ez loud ez I could yell. She never budge! Oh, Huck, I bust out a-cryin' en grab up in my arms, en say: 'Oh, de po' little thing! De Lord God Almighty forgive po' old Jim, kaze he never gwyne to forgive hisself as long's he live!' Oh, she was plumb deef en dumb—en I'd been a-treat'n her so."—[Mark Twain.

THE DARKEY AND THE CRAB.—A St. Simon's 14-year-old darky came to grief as follows: While fishing in the river a large crab took his hook and pulled him in. When just at the surface of the water, fearing he might lose the very much-desired crustacean, the darky inadvertently slipped his hand under the hook and crab in order the more certainly to secure the prize. No sooner done than the crab, with his largest claw, closed in on Cuffee's forefinger. This was a dilemma, but Cuffee forcibly thought himself equal to the emergency, and caught the crab's claw between his firm-set teeth. At this time the crab fastened his other claw into Cuffee's flat nose. This state of things so paralyzed him that he bellowed loudly for help. His wailings brought to his assistance a kind-hearted gentleman passing by, who, with some stones, crushed the crab's claws, thus relieving him from his predicament and pain.—[Macon Messenger.

A SEAL IN LAKE MICHIGAN WATERS.—On April 23d John Quimby killed a large seal about one-fourth of a mile from Poplar Point, in Green bay. Mr. Quimby was engaged in fishing with gill nets through the ice, when he saw the seal come up out of a hole in the ice. He stunned it by a blow on the head with a club, dragged it out on the ice with a gaff hook and killed it. Green bay is adjacent to Lake Michigan, and it seems queer that a seal should be found here, so far from salt water. The only outlet to salt water is by way of Lake Michigan, Huron, St. Clair river, Lake St. Clair, Detroit river, Lake Erie, Welland Canal (or Niagara river) into Lake Ontario, thence river St. Lawrence to the gulf. Perhaps some of your readers can throw light upon the matter, but all must admit that the seal was a long way from his native element.—[S. E. H., in Forest and Stream.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC.—The little Republic of San Marino is inclosed in the Kingdom of Italy. San Marino owes its foundation to a hermit of that name, born in Dalmatia in the fourth century, and who went to Italy as a mason at the rebuilding of the walls of Rimini. Its territory covers about 22 square miles. The population numbered 8,500 souls, and the capitol, San Marino, has 1,200. It is perched on the summit of a mountain called Mount Titan, or the Giants, which sometimes leads to this little State being called the Titanic Republic. The Republic has an order of chivalry, created in 1839, under the name of Order of San Marino. The motto is "Libertas." When Italy became a kingdom Napoleon desired to preserve this small State intact. "It is a rare sample of a Republic to preserve," said the Emperor.—[Temple Bar.

SMALL DEBTS.—A famous writer remarks that small debts are like small shot, that can scarcely be escaped. One should be careful about incurring small bills. Excellent and desirable as credit may be in many cases, where opportunity is given to earn or make the money to pay the debt within a specified time, it is a delusion and a snare when extended to small affairs, where the sums must be met on demand. The creditor to whom you owe five dollars will be more persistent and importunate than the one to whom you owe five hundred, for he will think that, as his is only a small amount, you ought to be able to pay it on short notice or no notice at all; not thinking that his may be only one of a hundred similar debts and each creditor as clamorous as himself. "Happy is he who owes nothing."

THE ANTIQUITY OF TRADE-MARKS—Trade-marks are nearly as old as the history of the human race. Ancient Babylon had property symbols, and the Chinese claim to have had trade-marks 1,000 years before Christ. Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, had a lawsuit about a trade-mark, and won it. As early as 1300, the English Parliament authorized trade-marks, and the laws of America have also protected them. Extraordinary means have been required at all times to guard against the fraudulent use of marks of manufacturers. [Railway News.

It has been observed that "right-handedness" extends far down in the scale of creation. Parrots take hold of their food in their right foot by preference, and Mr. Crookes is inclined to believe that insects like wasps, beetles and spiders use the right anterior foot most frequently.

BEWARE of imitations, pretended cures and specifics, and spurious preparations. Take only Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] Remedy has been used over thirty years, and saved thousands from lingering disease and death.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

THE OLD MAN'S GOD.

[illegible] and old, and wither'd and gray;
I am weary [illegible] vigor have passed away;
My youth and [illegible]ess, desolate tree;
I stand, like a lea[illegible] need, no thought of me.
For the world has no [illegible]en supple, and strong
But there was a time, wh[illegible] cheery song,
I rose with the sun, and my [illegible]oke,
The silence deep of the forest b[illegible]roke.
As the tall trees fell at my sturdy s[illegible].

The hands that have cut the forest down [illegible]ring
Oft reap not the sheaves which the clea[illegible] crown;
The eyes that have watch'd the clicking loom,
From the gray of dawn to the evening's gloom,
Oft look in vain for their daily bread,
And a pillow to rest a weary head;
For them the toil, and the failing health,
For another the pleasures and pomp of wealth.

O God! I had lain me down and died,
Years, years ago, by the lone wayside;
I had lain me down in sheer despair,
Were it not that I felt that Thou wert there.
Were it not for the comfort and peace I found
In Thee, when the skies were dark around;
Were it not for the hopes which fill'd my breast
Of the home where the weary may find a rest.

I bow'd at Thy feet, with a heart defiled
With a thousand sins, but Thou hast smiled
By night and day on my lonely way,
And kindlier still as my locks grew gray.
Then, what is the scorn of the world to me?
What are its gloom, and its penury?
When I can look up, from a couch on the sod
With faith and hope to the old man's God.

—[S. B. Foster in Inter-Ocean.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—[Carlyle.

Love is like a painter, who, in drawing the portrait of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of the face.—[South.

It is the prerogative of God alone to truly comprehend all things. To Him there is nothing past or future. Everything is present.—[Cervantes.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console. [Colton.

There never did, and never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—[Sir Walter Scott.

The empire of Christ is a moral, not a material empire; it is a realm not of bodies, but of souls instinct with intelligence and love. Its seat of power is the conscience of mankind.—[Canon Liddon.

The resurrection is only the to-morrow morning of death, and when we think of the grave we should do as in the happy days of our childhood we thought of our bed when we retired to it for the night, expecting an elder brother to call us in the morning and take us with him on a pleasant excursion.—[Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.

I say, without seeking, truth cannot be known at all. It can neither be declared from pulpits nor set down in articles, nor in any wise "prepared and sold" in packages ready for use. Truth must be found for every man by himself out of the husk with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own.—[Ruskin.

He who spares vice or apologizes for it in the places of the world wrongs virtue in every place; he helps the good to look unto it leniently, and thus to lower the tone of morality within themselves; he assists the bad to make it respectable, and thus to give them warrant and license in its imitation, and ever in its emulation.—[G. H. Holland.

The devil does not trap us twice alike. If yesterday he came through vanity, to-day he will come through pride. If to-day he comes on one side, to-morrow he will come on the other. And we are always watching the hole at which he came in last, while he is coming in at another. We are guarding an empty hole, while he is digging a new one.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated, whence it is that old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare to misspend it, desperate. * * * All the days are His who gave them a beginning and continuance; yet some He hath made ours, not to command, but to use. In none may we forget Him; in some we must forget all beside him.—[Bishop Hall.

When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made an invariable rule to give good measure, or, rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it was to his disadvantage. Now, mark the answer of this excellent man: "God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." The old farmer's mistakes were of the sort he did not want to rectify.—[Horatio Seymour.

It is not God or Christ that is forgotten or to be forgotten in this new epoch. It is only the Presbyterian or Baptist or Catholic that is to grow less in love and less in memory, that man the Christlike may grow greater in reality and in promise. What fading shall come will result from an excess of light in some new orient, casting all else into shadow. The world was thus made for man, for his education, his genius, his arts, his home, his amusements, his love, his righteousness, his worship. Compared with these objects all names and terms fail of importance. But of all these God is seen as the cause, Christ the earthly agent of heaven. And in this new drift of theology the glory of mankind becomes the more sublime and measureless glory of God.—[David Swing.

We should spend our evenings, or some evenings in each week, not in card-playing, in silly trivialties and frivolities, but in company with the great poets and thinkers; and, above all, in company with the inspired sages and prophets who have written this great book, full of the wisdom of God, which never perishes. Fill your minds with some of this wisdom—with beautiful pictures and thoughts. Make them a garden of roses and daisies, so that when the afternoon of life comes, and things around you begin to wither, and the sunshine to turn to shadows, you can look within and refresh yourselves with the beauty, the pictures and the flowers you find there. If you would lay up riches for the future, enrich your minds and decorate your souls.—[Rominger.

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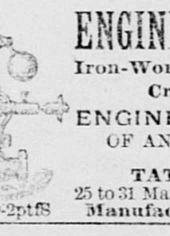

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A Letter of Thanks.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: Very Dear Madam—My wife, Arie A. Green, has suffered a displacement which caused her unknown pains till I had almost given up all hopes of finding any relief for her. But the Guiding Spirit referred me to your Vegetable Compound. I went twelve miles to purchase a bottle, and the first two doses gave her immediate relief, and after the use of the first bottle she declared herself a new person. Two bottles entirely cured her. Your medicine is invaluable to me. It was indeed a messenger of peace in my house; it cured my wife, and God knows I am the happiest man alive to-day. Words cannot express our feelings towards you.

GEO. W. GREEN, Campti, La.

Friend of Woman.

This title is often applied to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass, by happy wives and mothers who have been cured of distressing disorders and relieved of pain and suffering by Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. L. H———, of Strother, S. C., says in a recent letter: "Your medicine has done me so much good that I don't think I can stop taking it until I am entirely well. I owe all my good feelings to you. The doctor can't get any credit for curing me. It is your medicine that has done me more good than anything I have ever taken."

"Worlds of Good."

Probably no other woman in the world receives so many "letters of thanks" as Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. B———, of Enfield, N. H., says: "I will simply say that your Vegetable Compound is all you recommend it to be. It has done me worlds of good." Another lady writes from Ottawa, as follows: "I have just to-day bought the seventh bottle of your Vegetable Compound, have used two boxes of Pills and several packages of your Sanative Wash, and think it but right to tell you how much good I derived from your medicines. They are a regular God-send. All the pains and aches have almost disappeared, my stomach is much stronger too, and I feel myself improved every way."

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I am a coppersmith by trade, and the small particles of brass and copper from filing got into sores on my arms and poisoned my whole system. Mercury administered brought on rheumatism, and I became a helpless invalid. I took two dozen bottles Swift's Specific. My legs, arms and hands are all right again. I use them without pain. My restoration is due to S. S. S.

PETER E. LOVE, January 9, 1885. Augusta, Ga.

MALARIAL POISON.

We have used Swift's Specific in our family as an antidote for malarial poison for two or three years, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. W. C. FURLOW. Sumter county, Ga., September 11, 1884.

ULCERS.

For six or eight years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg. I was treated with Iodide of Potassium and Mercury, and I became helpless. Six bottles of Swift's Specific made a permanent cure. M. D. WILSON, Gainesville, Ga. February 28, 1885.

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I am a practicing physician, residing permanently in this place. In the year 1843, when a resident of the State of Missouri, I became acquainted with the superior virtues of *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge*, prepared by you. At some leisure moment I will send you the result of an experiment I made with one vial, in expelling upwards of 900 worms. L. CARTER, M. D.

New York.

I do hereby certify to the public, that a child of mine, 4 years old, being troubled with worms, I was induced to purchase a bottle of *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge*, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., which I administered; and the result was, it brought away an *immense number of worms* in bunches and strings; many had the appearance of being cut to pieces. My child is now enjoying most excellent health. I take pleasure in recommending it to both young and old as one of the best medicines I ever used.

MRS. ANN JEMISON, 38 Ninth street.

Mrs. Quigby, No. 182 Essex street, New York, writes us that she had a child which had been unwell for better than two months; she procured a bottle of *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge*, and administered it. The child passed a large quantity of worms.

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mr17 3mTuThS&w3m

Office of the Immigration Associa'n of Northern California, Sacramento, April 6, 1885.

The officers of the above Association are about to publish "THE HOME-SEEKER," a Monthly Journal giving definite information to immigrants as to the resources and advantages offered by the different localities for settlement. This Journal will be placed in the hands of all incoming passengers. There are now from 8,000 to 10,000 people coming into the State each month. A few business advertisements will be inserted.

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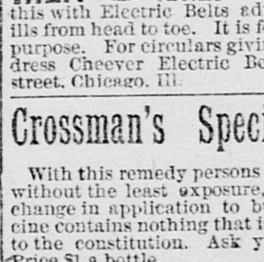

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