IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low
And there is stillness everywhere—
Like troubled spirits here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little pray'r
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
As I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me—
Couched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place—
Oh, for the peace of that dear time—
Oh, for the childish tru-t sublime—
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

MASTER TOM'S ENGAGEMENT

Old Mr. Molyneux was immensely proud of his position as the county magnate. He lived in a feudal castle which he had bought cheaply, having taken over at the same time the good will, so to speak, of its former owner's social influence and dignity. In consideration of his great wealth, his neighbors charitably ignored the fact that his father had been a small tradesman, and that he himself had carried on a lucrative business in the hardware line for many years. He was not a bad old fellow, his vulgarity being of a subdued and inoffensive kind, and consequently he was received in the best county society. But he aspired to even greater distinction, for his pet project was to marry his only son, Tom, to one of the Earl of Laburnum's daughters. There seemed no reason why this auspicious event should not come about, for the Lady Florence looked kindly upon Master Tom, and his Lordship had more than once hinted that he would raise no objection. Lord Laburnum was the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and an alliance with his family meant admission into the most aristocratic circles.

Unfortunately Master Tom was rather a scapegrace, and his father preferred to let him see a little of the world before revealing the high honors that were in store for him. The fact was that Tom showed no predilection whatever for the Lady Florence, and he was just at that democratic age when a youth is apt to underrate social advantages. The old man hoped that when Tom had had his fling he would begin to awake to the responsibilities of his position, and be amenable to reason. He knew that Tom was raising a very respectable crop of debts, and that before long his paternal assistance would be sought. When the crisis arrived, he intended to make known his wishes, and to take advantage of the lad's embarrassments to impose conditions. Meanwhile, as Tom seemed to have given his heart a roving commission, there was no apparent danger of his seriously compromising his affections.

One day, however, the young man came down from town, where he was ostensibly studying for the bar, and with a very grave and determined air announced that he was engaged to be married. Old Mr. Molyneux nearly had a fit of apoplexy on the spot, and when Tom proceeded to state that the young lady earned her own living by carrying on the business of a dressmaker at the West End, his horror and indignation knew no bounds. In vain Tom pleaded that Miss Fabian was a lady by birth and education, and that the poverty of her family was her only crime. His father became more and more furious, until Tom finally showed symptoms of flat rebellion.

"Think of your position in the county!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, perceiving this, and wisely making an effort to control himself. "I will take it for granted if you like, that the girl is an exemplary character. She may be ladylike, and well educated, and all the rest of it. But her station is altogether inferior to yours."

"I don't see that," said Tom, stubbornly.

"Why, of course. It is ridiculous," said the old gentleman, swelling with self-importance. "Her father, you say, is a poor out-at-elbows devil of a clerk in the city."

"I've never noticed his coat has holes in it," retorted Tom. "As for his being a clerk in the city, so were you—once. The only difference is that you have been more fortunate than he, and have made enough money to retire upon."

"None of your infernal radical nonsense here, sir!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, infuriated at this reference to his own origin. "It would be just as sensible to say that you and I are the equals of Lord Laburnum, because Adam was our common ancestor. What does it matter if I was once a clerk in the city? I have since attained a superior grade in the social scale, and that is the fact that must be faced. By marrying the daughter of a city clerk, who earns her living by dressmaking, you would be making a misalliance."

"Just as Lady Florence would be marrying me," said Tom, looking wonderfully innocent.

"Who is talking about Lady Florence?" said old Mr. Molyneux, taken aback by this unexpected thrust.

"Nobody—only I have an idea you wish me to marry out of my station," retorted Tom.

"I don't wish you to marry at all, sir, not or many a long year!" cried the old man, fairly nonplussed.

"What I mean is, father," said Tom, doggedly, "that I see no more harm in marrying below one's station—to use your own term—than in marrying above it. If one is wrong the other must be."

"Stuff and nonsense, sir! You don't know what you're talking about," exclaimed Mr. Molyneux. "I don't want to have an argument with you. The long and short of the matter it, that I won't hear of this foolish engagement. There! It is no use talking. Let there be an end of it, or I shall have something very unpleasant to say."

The old man bounced out of the room as he spoke, but a little startled and amazed by his son's tone and attitude. Hitherto Tom had never ventured to argue with him, partly from filial duty and partly from inherent weakness of character. He began to fear that he had possessed unexpected firmness, until he soothed his mind by the reflection that he had probably been carefully coached for the interview. This suspicion explained Master Tom's unaccustomed readiness of repartee, which had made him appear a dangerous adversary. Relieved in his mind by the discovery, old Mr. Molyneux gradually cooled down and completely recovered his self-confidence. He easily convinced himself that Tom would never dare to disobey him, and, instead of feeling the least apprehension of the marriage taking place, he was only uneasy lest rumors of the engagement should reach the Laburnums.

He prudently resolved to treat the matter as definitely disposed of, and to make no further allusion to it—at all events until Tom had had time for reflection. Judging from appearance he had seemed completely subdued. He spent the next few days slaughtering pheasants in a dejected and sulky frame of mind. His father smiled within himself and held his tongue, though he showed by his manner that he did not intend to be trifled with. When he considered that he might safely speak, he said one morning, with assumed carelessness,

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shoot over Bailby's farm," replied Tom.

"Nonsense. You know what I am referring to," said the old man, turning red. "I am speaking of this idiotic love affair."

"Oh! Well, of course, I must keep my word," said Tom, with flushed cheek.

"What! you haven't written to break it off?" said Mr. Molyneux, feigning surprise.

"No, Guv'nor, I haven't," said Tom. "I hoped you would have softened by this time."

"And I believed you would have remembered that your first duty was to obey your father," cried the old man, beginning to boil. "Do you mean to tell me that you still contemplate marrying—a dressmaker?"

"She has sold her business, father," said Tom, eagerly. "She might have done better had she waited a bit, but out of deference to your wishes—"

"My wishes!" interrupted Mr. Molyneux, angrily. "I don't care if she carries on twenty businesses. What I say is that you shall never marry her with my consent. That's all."

"I should be very sorry to disobey you, father," began Tom gravely, "but—"

"Look here, my boy," interrupted the old gentleman quickly, speaking with unnatural calmness, "let us understand each other. I forbid this foolish engagement, and I order you to break it off instantly. That is my bark. Now for my bite. You leave my house within an hour, and unless you inform me in the course of a week that the affair is at an end, I stop supplies. If you persist in marrying the girl, then, by heavens! I will alter my will and leave every farthing I possess to your cousin Ted—in fact, I will make him my heir and discard you altogether."

It is doubtful whether the old man would have really carried out this serious threat, for he was fond of his son and proud of him in a way, but he looked very determined when he uttered it and Tom was evidently impressed. The lad dropped his eyes before his father's irate glance, and the ruddy color left his cheeks for an instant.

"You know, Tom," he added, noticing the wholesome effect of his words, "you are entirely dependent upon me and unless you took to poaching I don't see how you could possibly earn a crust. Besides you are up to your ears in debt."

"I don't owe much," said Tom, quickly, with a tell-tale blush.

"You will find out that you owe a good deal when your creditors learn that I have made your cousin Ted my heir," said the old man energetically.

Tom was evidently seriously disconcerted by this remark. He turned on his heel, muttering something about catching the next train to town, leaving his father master of the situation. The old man considered he had gained a signal victory, and was, therefore, not the least perturbed when his son started off to the station with his baggage, in literal accordance with his injunction. He did not doubt that Master Tom would see the folly of his way; and, sure enough, two days afterward the young man reappeared, looking decidedly sheepish, and tendered his submission. He even brought a copy of the letter he had written to the young lady, which Mr. Molyneux thought a little too curt and matter of fact, if any fault was to be found with it. However, he was not inclined to be hypercritical in this respect, and he heartily applauded Tom's action.

"I'm going away for a bit, guv'nor," said the lad, who had winced a little at his father's boisterous good humor, and seemed half ashamed of his conduct. "Webster and some other fellows have hired a yacht and sail for Madeira to-morrow."

"By all means, my boy," cried Mr. Molyneux, secretly delighted that his son should leave England for awhile at this juncture; "and look here, Tom, while you are away I will settle matters with these friends of yours."

He produced rather a formidable list of names and figures as he spoke, and Tom started with surprise, as well he might, at perceiving how full and accurate was his father's knowledge of his pecuniary embarrassments. The old man cut short his son's confused protestation of gratitude and apology by saying, good-humoredly:

"Well, well, you must turn over a new leaf, my boy. Reasonable economy must henceforth be the order of the day, and I hope, on your return, that you will settle down and reside permanently in the country."

He had it on the tip of his tongue to hint that he must be prepared to marry Lady Florence; but he wisely refrained. Nevertheless, he was as full of the project as ever, and after Tom's departure he spoke to Lord Laburnum more plainly than he had hitherto done. His lordship, without pledging himself, gave him an encouraging reply; and he resolved to bring matters to a crisis immediately upon his son's return. The consequence was that the task of settling with Tom's creditors proved quite an agreeable relaxation, and did not cause him a moment's ill-humor.

But he was very much startled and disgusted on hearing that his solicitor had been asked to accept service of a writ on Tom's behalf in an action for damages for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Fabian against her faithless lover. The news upset him considerably, for such a scandal would set all the papers gossiping about his antecedents, while Tom could hardly fail to cut a ridiculous figure in the witness-box. Old Mr. Molyneux soon arrived at the conclusion that the action must be compromised at any cost, for the sake of his own dignity, not to mention the projected alliance with the Laburnums. He rushed up to town in quite a frantic state, and disregarding the advice and protestations of his solicitor, insisted that Miss Fabian's claim should be settled forthwith at any sacrifice, in order to avert the danger of the affair finding its way into the papers.

He was successful in his main object, but rich man as he was, he almost groaned when he sat down to write the check that Miss Fabian's advisers demanded. The amount was represented by no less than five figures, and the worst of it was that he got no sympathy whatever from his solicitor, who declared that by going to trial, or even by holding out, he might have saved the greater part of the money.

In spite of his great relief that the threatened scandal had been averted, old Mr. Molyneux soon began to regret the sacrifice he had made, and to fret about his enormous loss. He was not by any means a penurious man, but, like all parvenus, he keenly appreciated the value of money. He did not mind what he spent so long as he had something to show for his outlay; but in this instance the result attained was entirely negative. Every one is inclined to underrate a danger when it has passed, and Mr. Molyneux could not help suspecting that he had been too easily frightened. This uncomfortable reflection worried him a good deal, particularly when he learned that Lord Laburnum had made arrangements to take his family to the south of France for the winter. This did not look as if his lordship was very anxious about his daughter's marriage with Tom, and old Mr. Molyneux was seized with ominous forebodings when he heard the news.

Tom returned after an absence of three or four months, and was evidently not a little apprehensive of the reception he would meet with. He had received some angry letters from his father, referring to the damages he had had to pay; and he therefore appeared nervous and embarrassed at their first meeting. But the old man, delighted at seeing him again, sought to put him at ease by saying:

"I'm not going to allude to what has happened, my boy; I'm willing to let bygones be bygones."

"You are very good, father; but—but—"

"What is the matter?" inquired old Mr. Molyneux, as Tom paused in confusion.

"I still cling to the hope that you will consent to my marriage with Miss Fabian," said Tom desperately.

"What!" roared his father, with a great start.

"You see, guv'nor," proceeded Tom, "I'm in a much better position than I was when I went away. Then, as you justly pointed out, I was in debt, I had no capital, and I was altogether dependent upon you. But my debts are now paid, and as for capital—"

"Well, sir, what about the capital?" interrupted the old man, too much amazed to be angry.

"There is the money you paid to Miss Fabian," said Tom, with a fleeting smile. "The interest on it would keep us from starving, and at least it is enough to buy and stock a farm with."

"But—but I paid the money because you broke your promise to marry her," urged his father, incredulously. "She would never marry you now."

"I think she would," replied Tom, in a confident tone.

"The fact is, sir, that I have been victimized," exclaimed old Mr. Molyneux, suddenly, as the truth flashed across his mind.

"Not exactly, father—at least, not yet," returned Tom, with great earnestness. "I hope you will not withhold your consent to our marriage. If you will consent the money shall be paid back to you—every farthing. I don't wish to defy you, as it were; and both of us are willing to rely entirely, with regard to the future, upon your generosity."

Old Mr. Molyneux had turned purple in the face, and Tom was justly alarmed at his aspect. But before he could utter a word to reply, a man-servant brought in a note, remarking that a messenger was waiting to know if there was any reply. Mr. Molyneux opened the envelope half-absently, glanced hurriedly at the contents, and then gave vent to a muttered execration which apparently relieved his over-wrought feelings. After standing about the room for a few moments in great agitation, he suddenly halted in front of Tom, and cried in a voice of suppressed passion:

"You—you impertinent, disrespectful, disobedient rascal! What did you say about the money?"

"I said every farthing would be returned to you," replied Tom, staring at his father.

"Very well," said the old man, abruptly; and he immediately sat down at the writing table and wrote a note with a tremulous hand. "Read that," he said to his son, when he had finished.

Tom, in his turn, amazed and bewildered, read as follows:

Dear Lord Laburnum: It is very kind of you to hasten to inform me, on hearing of my son's return, that you have other views with regard to your daughter Florence. I ought, perhaps, to mention that my son has been engaged to a Miss Fabian for some months, and that his marriage will take place immediately. Yours faithfully, JOHN MOLYNEUX.

"Oh! father. It was awful good of you," cried Tom, with tears in his eyes.

"I expect Lord Laburnum will be riled," said old Mr. Molyneux, sulkily, as he folded up the note. "I doubt if I should have made £10,000 by allowing you to marry his daughter."—[London Truth.

GHOSTS.

A Humorous Sketch by One Who is Not Afraid of Spirits.

I am not afraid of ghosts. The time was when I could not meet a ghost in a lonely spot and the pale moonlight, or have a ghost come to me in the dead waste and middle of the night and lay one of its cold, clammy hands upon my brow and beckon with the other for me to get up and follow it, without being scared; but now I would not mind a little thing like that.

I have been a close reader of ghost stories, and I have noticed that no person has been hurt by a ghost up to the hour of going to press. It would seem, therefore, that a ghost is about the only harmless sort of a thing that is in the habit of running about loose in the night time.

If you have ever met a ghost, you know, of course, that it does not come out of its hole and go fooling around in the damp night air to do you bodily harm. It comes out and steals softly to you merely because it cannot rest until it has gotten something off its mind, and it wants you to help it. Sometimes it has a lot of money buried down in the cellar or underneath the kitchen hearth, and it wants you to dig it up and have it for your own. Now, it seems to me hard, indeed, that any person should turn away from a ghost when it is in that sort of distress. If there is a ghost about my premises, and it has money buried in the cellar or under the hearth, or elsewhere, and it cannot lie as comfortably as I can until I have that money, and the ghost will come to me any night when I am not too tired to dig for a ghost's hard-earned savings, and will awake me and beckon with one long ghostly arm, and then—if it is a female ghost—will step outside a moment while I put on enough clothes to keep me from feeling embarrassed in the presence of a female ghost, I will gladly follow where it leads, and dig in any spot it may select.

I am an obliging sort of a man in many ways, and I will get out of bed almost any night and dig up money and put it in my pocket, if in that way I can give a ghost eternal peace. Ghosts that have money buried will please make a note of the fact that I am at home to ghosts from 12 o'clock midnight to 2 A. M., and that a cold, clammy hand on my brow will generally awake me. If not, a gentle tug at my left ear will bring the answer.

There is another class of restless ghosts who go about in the night wanting folks to avenge their wrongs. They are usually the ghosts of murdered people, and they can't enjoy their rest until their murderer is punished. Then they can turn over on the other side and be comfortable. That sort of ghost will oblige me by going to some other shop. I am not in the avenging business this season. I am perfectly willing to oblige a ghost by getting up in the middle of the night to dig up its money if I can thus give it rest and contentment. But if it has any wrongs it wants to have avenged, I must respectfully ask it to call up some other man who is a better avenger than I am. My health is not robust enough to for a good reliable avenger; and when I have any avenging of my own to do, I always hire a practical avenger, rather than attempt to do my own avenging. Ghosts who intend to call on me for assistance will please bear this fact in mind and govern themselves accordingly.

Owing to the popular impression, a very erroneous one, however, that ghosts are troublesome in the family, a thoroughly well haunted house is about the worst piece of investment property a person can own. It is hard to keep a prompt-paying tenant in a haunted house, and I have heard of a beautiful $20,000 home being sold for a mere song because it contained just one frolicsome ghost. If any reader of these lines has a $20,000 haunted house, and he will sell it for a song, I will take it and hire some sweet singer to sing the song. Nobody would want to give even a haunted house to hear me sing. Those who hear me sing are willing to pay almost any price I ask to have me quit. Some of my warble would break up a congregation quicker than the announcement of a collection to put a new roof on the church.

When I was a boy I thought I would be somewhat shy in the presence of a ghost. I did not think I could feel perfectly at ease at a lonely haunted spot or in my chamber with a pale, unhappy ghost that wanted a favor done, and I didn't want money bad enough then to dig for a ghost's savings. There was one spot commonly reported to be haunted, which I was required to often pass in the night time, and I usually held my hat on at such times and passed the haunted spot in a sort of hurry. And, besides, I went armed. I carried on those occasions in my trousers pocket one of those old-time self-cocking revolvers, commonly called a "pepper box." One of them was no fool of a burden for a small boy to carry, and every person who has carried a revolving "pepper-box" knows how hard it is to hit a barn with one of them at twenty paces.

How I ever expected to hit a ghost and hurt it with my "pepper-box" while I was at a dead run is a mystery to me now; but many difficulties that are so apparent to age escape the budding mind of a small boy. Of course I might had sense enough to know that I could not hurt a ghost anyway; that a ghost might be shot as full of holes as a colander without adding to its customary load of unhappiness. But that fact never entered my then young mind.

After I had carried that heavy "pepper-box" past that haunted spot fifty or sixty nights without seeing a ghost, or waiting to learn if there was a ghost there which wanted to see me, I tried to shoot it off one day at a stray dog, and then I discovered that it hadn't been able to explode a cap in five years. That is why I was allowed to have it.

When I realized how basely I had been deceived by that old revolver, which had worn out my pockets and stunted me, and which wouldn't have shot a ghost if I had met a field full of them, I was mad. I have not since carried a revolver of any sort, and when I walk by night a ghost may come into my presence with perfect freedom and without fear.—[Philadelphia Press.

Preparing to Encounter Disease.

The prevalence of malarial disorders being dependent upon the vitiated conditions of atmosphere and water, is, in certain regions, of course, inevitable. The grand question, therefore, presents itself to every resident of a fever-stricken locality is, "What means shall I adopt to escape the dreaded scourge?" For a third of a century Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the embodied answer to this question. In thickly populated and sparsely settled districts alike, in town and in country, it has afforded constant protection against malarial infection to those who have used it. It eradicates and prevents, with equal certainty, fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, and nullifies also the pernicious after effects of using persistently the hurtful alkaloid sulphate of quinine. It also remedies with thoroughness, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility and rheumatism.

In recent experiments the average crushing force resisted by red bricks was 6,830 pounds per square inch. They were slightly cracked. Bricks supporting about one-seventh of this load—or sixty-three tons per square foot—have been accepted as safe for high towers, if still uncracked. At the base of the tallest brick structure in existence—the famous chimney of 420 feet in hight at St. Rollox, Glasgow—the pressure is calculated at 6,670 pounds per square foot.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

PERHAPS 'TIS BEST.

Perhaps 'tis best we may not know the morrow,
The weary, rugged paths our feet must tread,
The dark and unrelenting clouds of sorrow
That in the future will hang overhead.

Perhaps 'tis best the past has had its woes,
'Twill fit us for the trials yet to be;
Perhaps 'tis best that they should come. Who knows?
Although their justice now we may not see.

Perhaps 'tis best that we should toil and strive,
Rest comes more sweetly to our own fireside
When to each duty we have been alive
From morn till noon, from noon till eventide.

Perhaps 'tis best the Crown is still before.
While presses heavily each day the Cross;
We yet may know before this toil is o'er,
'Twill be our gain what now we deem our loss.

For soon with all life's journey will be o'er,
And we shall tread no more these paths so dim;
Perhaps 'tis best before we reach that shore
To only know "that we shall be like Him."

Woodland, Cal. T. J. RICHARDS.

"Think and thank" was the motto of the late Sir Moses Montefiore.

There is something wrong within among all those who are afraid to look within.—[Secker.

Every man has his faults; but to have faults and not attempt to correct them is the greatest fault a man can have.

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.—[Carlyle.

We must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!—[Fenelon.

Infidelity reproves nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and denounces all that is good. It tears down; it never constructs. It destroys; it never imparts life. It attacks religion, but offers no adequate substitute.—[J. R. Paxton.

There are many ways in which it would be well for us to carry our childhood with us, even on into old age, if it were possible, in its trustfulness, not only to love, but to show that we love, as well. Why, that last alone would cure many a heartache of to-day.—[Christian Advocate.

We are born for a higher destiny than earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the oceans, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—[Bulwer Lytton.

Brethren, we are sailing home; and by and by, when we are not thinking of it, some shadowy thing (men call it death) at at midnight will pass by and call us by name, and will say: "I have a message for you from home; God wants you; heaven waits for you."—[H. W. Beecher.

And when, in the evening of life, the golden clouds rest sweetly and invitingly upon the golden mountains, and the light of heaven streams down through the gathering mists of death, I wish you a peaceful and abundant entrance into that world of blessedness, where the great riddle of life will be unfolded to you in the quick consciousness of a soul redeemed and purified.—[J. G. Holland.

Mr. Ruskin prints his mother's list of the chapters "with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life." It is as follows: Exodus, chapters xv and xx; 2 Samuel, chapter i, from the 17th verse to the end; 1 Kings, chapter viii; Psalms, chapters xxiii, xxxii, xc, xci, ciii, cxii, cxix, cxxxix; Proverbs, chapters ii, iii, viii, xii; Isarah, chapter lviii; Matthew, chapters v, vi, vii; Acts, chapter xxvi; 1 Corinthians, chapters xiii, xv; James, chapter iv; Revelation, chapters v, vi. And truly (Mr. Ruskin says) "though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education."—[Central Presbyterian.

The trouble is that religion is not offered in an attractive form. The pulpit preaches "You'll be damned if you do not come to religion." Some say they would rather be damned than do so; while others, through pure fear of the consequences, come in under the threat. Is this the way Christ intended religion should be preached? No; he meant religion to be a joy, a radiance, a glory, an inspiration to him who feels it, a pride that shall enable him to stand up bravely and exclaim: "If God be with me, who shall be against me?" Religion is not night and darkness; it is light and daylight. It is intended to enlighten and cheer up, to encourage in you the elements of manhood, as contradistinguished from mere animal existence. There are very few who reject religion outright. There are many who reject Church doctrines and economics, and rightly, too. But there are very few who do reject the principle which Christ taught of the emancipation of one's self from selfishness, from all pride and conceit, and the elevation of one's character to the dignity, beauty, safety and grandeur of Christian manhood.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

PRESERVING THE OBELISK.

The Method in Which the Work is Being Done—Extent of the Damage.

The New York *Tribune* says; The bare poles of the scaffold that has been built around the obelisk in Central Park overlook the pyramid that forms the top of the shaft. The colossal size of the obelisk shows to better advantage with the scaffolding around it. Three sets of poles, each twenty-five feet long, were bound securely together for the framework of the scaffold. They rest on the broad limestone base, which was brought from Egypt. The plinth on which the shaft rests is a solid block of granite eight feet high, and weighs over forty tons. The obelisk rises eighty feet above this, and weighs 448,000 pounds.

Park Commissioners Borden and Cummins, Professor Doremus, Dr. Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey, Superintendent Parsons, and R. M. Caffall, who has the work of placing the paraffine on the stone for its protection from the weather, and other gentlemen made a careful examination of the face of the stone on the 3d inst. Mr. Caffall found, while the scaffold was constructing, that the real condition of the obelisk is much worse than was feared. The entire outer surface has been largely affected by the weather, and is beginning to scale. Dr. Hague, who has devoted much attention to the different kinds of granite, was much interested in the examination. The process of disintegration, he concluded, has been developing for many years in Egypt, but has been hastened by the exposure to the frosts in this climate. The result is a decay not unlike that seen in the great boulders on the Western plains. The pores of the stone absorb the water to a considerable depth, and the frost has loosened immense scales.

It is easy to pick off with a pocket-knife pieces as large as the palm of the hand and a quarter of an inch thick. These pieces crumble readily, showing how rotten the surface has become. In one instance, a scale nearly a yard in length, and in some places an inch in thickness, was pulled from the stone. A new fracture was found at the southeast corner of the base that must have developed within a year. This will be cemented, and the entire surface will have to be treated with chisels before any paraffine can be used. Where the scales are removed, patches of soil, moss and vegetable formations are disclosed. In five years, it was the opinion of the party who made the examination yesterday, the shape and appearance of the shaft would be almost ruined, at the present rate of disintegration.

"Very little idea existed of the condition of the obelisk," said Ma. Caffall. "I have had considerable experience in this country and Europe in treating monuments for their preservation, but I was not prepared to find the obelisk so badly affected by the climate. President Barnard, of Columbia College, in an article published in October, 1883, ridiculed the idea of this rapid decay. It would take thousands of years, he thought, to waste away a single centimeter of the surface; but the decay is really now ten times that, as any one can see. The carvings are two inches deep on the east side of the shaft; they are all gone on the west side. The stone was originally polished, and on the east side very little decay has occurred."

"Will any of this carving be destroyed by the process of repair?" asked a reporter.

"I shall take the greatest care to prevent it; but you will understand that, where the surface has become loosened, it will be necessary to remove it altogether to get at the sound rock underneath."

Many curious features are discovered by this examination of the obelisk. In one place, pieces of lead were picked from the stone where a bullet had evidently been fired and flattened on the granite. In some places veins of sand are shown on the surface, and traces of iron are apparent in the rock. The Park Commissioners have directed that aprons shall be stretched out around the shaft while the men are at work, to catch all particles of stone that fall, for preservation.

DAKOTA FARMERS BESIEGED.

Girls and Widows from Everywhere Want to Marry Them.

There has been so much talk recently of the scarcity of women in Dakota, and the avidity with which young ladies going to that Territory are disposed of in the matrimonial market, that the Dakota newspapers are reaping an advertising harvest. Their columns are being filled with advertisements from the East and South of young ladies who present their claims as suitable helpmeets to the young men of Dakota. It looks now as if the business was growing to such proportions that directly the Territory will be filled with drummers soliciting orders for the matrimonial associations in the East. If the advertisements contain accurate descriptions of the widows and maidens who are pining to forsake the state of single blessedness and unite their fortunes with the hardy pioneers of the prairies, there will be no trouble for a Dakota man to select a wife to suit his taste. The variety is endless. For example, in the advertisements which appear in a recent number of the Fargo *Argus*, we find that "seven Pennsylvanians who are good housekeepers have formed an association to secure Dakota husbands, and solicit correspondence from those who will promise to be loving and kind." A well-educated young lady wants to exchange photographs with the best men—"no others need apply." If this advertisement meets with a general response her photograph album will have to be enlarged, for only the best men go to Dakota. Then there is a widow who says she is thirty years of age and understands all kinds of housework—cooking, making men's and women's clothes—who wants a husband. She wants it explicitly understood, however, that she does not want a dude, but a sober, industrious man, no matter how homely, who wants a wife, and she stands ready to answer his call. If this sensible widow will amend her advertisement by saying that she also understands how to make children's clothes, she will receive a response to her appeal from some sober, industrious Dakota farmer. A Connecticut girl who is "twenty years of age, dark complexion, and good-looking, who will make a pleasant companion, good housekeeper, and an excellent cook, wants some man from 25 to 30 years of age, with good habits." A Pittsburgh advertiser is a widow of twenty-five, who offers herself "with the best church references." A Western girl who earns her own living, but is neither servant or shop girl, begs of some Dakota bachelor to take care of her, with the promise that she will make things pleasant for him about home. A New Orleans beauty, tall, well-proportioned and as fair as the roses of her perennial clime, wants to open correspondence with "one strictly honorable man, something after the style of Colonel Donan." An Eastern exchange expresses surprise that the Dakota men are not advertising for wives. What is the use of it when the dear creatures are coming right to their own doors and asking to be taken in?—[St Paul Globe.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

When it becomes necessary to trim a piece of rubber, it will be found that the knife will cut much more readily if dipped in water.

A recipe for making a shampoo mixture is given as follows: Salts of tartar 4 ounces, pulverized borax 4 ounces, soft water 1 gallon; mix and settle.

Paper and leather may be rendered very pliable by soaking in a solution of one part acetate of sodium or potassium in four to ten parts of water, and drying.

To make an ink black at the time of writing, but which will disappear after a short time, boil nut galls in aqua vitæ, put Roman vitriol and sal ammoniac to it, and when cold dissolve a little gum arabic; it will, when written with, vanish in twenty-four hours.

For producing a red stain on wood the wood is plunged first in a solution of one ounce of curd soap in thirty-five fluid ounces of water, or else is rubbed with the solution, and then magenta in a state of sufficient dilution to bring out the tone required is applied. All the aniline colors behave very well on wood.

Printed matter may be copied on any paper of an absorbent nature by dampening the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and pressing in an ordinary copying-press. Old writing may also be copied on unsized paper if wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, mixed with a small solution of sugar syrup.

To remove iron stains from marble, take butter of antimony, 1 ounce; oxalic acid, 1 ounce; dissolve them in one pint of water, add flour, and bring the composition to a proper consistency. Then lay it evenly on the stained part with a brush, and after it has remained for a few days, wash it off and repeat the process if the stain is not quite removed.

M. Etner proposes the following simple method of determining the value of leather employed as belting. A cutting of the material about .03 of an inch in thickness is placed in strong vinegar. If the leather has been thoroughly acted upon by the tannin, and is hence of good quality, it will remain for months even immersed without alteration, simply becoming a little darker in color. But, on the contrary, if not well impregnated by the tannin the fibres will quickly swell, and, after a short period, become transformed into a gelatinous mass.

It Is Well to Remember

That old friends are best.

That the tongue is not steel yet it cuts.

That cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart.

That sleep is the best stimulant, a nervine safe for all to take.

That it is better to be able to say No, than to be able to read Latin.

That cold air is not necessarily pure nor warm air necessarily impure.

That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give, but hard to take.

That wealth may bring luxuries, but that luxuries do not always bring happiness.

The grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives made up of trifling events.

That an open mind, an open hand and an open heart would everywhere find an open door.

That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to make them keep you in mind.

That men often preach from the house-tops while the devil is crawling into the basement window.

That life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.

AN INATTENTIVE LISTENER.—Husband (impatiently)—"Is there a pencil about the house? On my way up town to-night on a street-car a very clever thought occurred to me, but having no pencil to note it down with I lost it." Wife singing the baby to sleep)—"Hush, my bay-bee—did you speak to the conductor about it?—hush, my bay—" Husband (sarcastically)—"Did—I speak to—the—conductor—about—it?" Wife (too intent on the baby to notice sarcasm)—"Yes—hush my bay-bee—or get the number of the car?" Husband (mad)—"When you get that confounded baby to sleep perhaps you'll listen to what I'm talking about."

The President had scarcely returned from his fishing trip before an old chap from Pennsylvania walked in on him and presented his claims for a Postoffice. When asked his politics, he replied: "Republican, Mr. President." "Then on what ground do you base your claim?" "Waal, I've killed 617 rattlesnakes in the last four years. I'm the only Republican in our town. If I hadn't a killed them ere sarpints at least 500 good Democrats would hev bin bit and you'd a lost jist that many votes."—[Wall Street News.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

I said to the little children,
"You are living your happiest days."
And their wide eyes opened wider
In innocent amaze:
For their happiness was so perfect,
They did not know it then.
"Oh, no!" they said, "there'll be happier days
When we are women and men."

I said to the youth and maiden,
"You are living your happiest days;"
And into their sparkling eyes there crept
A dreamy far off gaze.
And their hands sought one another,
And their cheeks flushed rosy red;
"Oh, no!" they said, "there'll be happier days
For us, when we are wed."

I said to the man and woman,
"You are living your happiest days,"
As they laughingly watched together
Their baby's cunning ways.
"These days are days of labor;
They can hardly be our best;
There'll be happier days, when the children are grown,
And we have earned our rest."

I said to the aged couple,
"You are living your happiest days;
Your children do you honor;
You have won success and praise"
With a peaceful look, they answered,
"God is good to us, that's true;
But we think there'll be happier days for us
In the life we're going to."

SOME DOG STORIES.

A writer connected with the Boston *Record* tells the following story:

"There is a Newfoundland dog of the historian's acquaintance, Lion by name, who gives daily proof of his comprehension of what is said to him. A lady called on his mistress the other day. During her call Lion came in rather slyly, lay down on the parlor carpet and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor said, finally:

"'What a handsome Newfoundland you have.'

"Lion opened one eye. 'Yes,' said his mistress, 'he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children.'

"Lion opened the other eye, and waved his tail complacently to and fro along the carpet.

"'When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel perfectly sure then that no harm can come to her,' his mistress went on.

"Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet.

"'And he is so gentle to all, and such a playmate and companion to them, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him.'

"Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and around and around with great and undisguised glee.

"'But,' said his mistress, 'Lion has one serious fault.'

"Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with appearance of an expression of great concern on his face.

"'He will come in here with his dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and again that he mustn't do it.'

"Here Lion arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation, and slunk out of the room, with his lately exuberant tail totally crestfallen."

Of another Newfoundland dog it is told by an eyewitness that, walking slowly down one of the streets of an interior town, his attention was attracted by the perfect freedom with which a young child, seated on the lawn, was playing with the dog, an unusually large specimen. Presently the child hurt the dog, who resented by growling and snapping at the baby. A lady who was seated on the piazza called out, "Shame, Nero, shame! a big dog like you to frighten a little baby! Go away."

The dog gave every evidence of shame, sneaking away and whining.

A number of rose-bushes were in blossom, and in a moment the dog gave a bound toward them and broke one off with his teeth, ran back and laid it on the baby's dress, then walked slowly toward his mistress, saying as plain as possible, "Forgive me! I did not mean to do it."

In a house overlooking the Hudson there is a large and beautiful St. Bernard dog named Watch. On a recent Sunday the owner of the dog wished to prove to some visitors how perfectly the dog was trained. The family were at the dinner table, but Watch had not yet been called to his dinner. A whistle brought him bounding through the windows from the lawn, up to the table beside his master. A piece of meat was laid on the edge of the table, but the master did not say, "Take it." Watch looked at the meat, then up to his master, who was talking, but made no attempt to take the meat. When the dog had stood fully five minutes without any notice paid directly to him, the longed-for "Take it" was said. There was a red streak and the meat was gone. If as much care were taken to teach every little boy and girl self-control and obedience, do you know what would result? We would not need prisons nor police.—[Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, valuable in indigestion. Dr. Daniel T. Nelson, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

SAMARITAN
NEVER FAILS.
NERVINE
THE GREAT
NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known *specific* for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured.
Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation.
Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis.
Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
Routs biliousness and clears complexion.
Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates.
Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it.
Restores life-giving properties to the blood.
Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders.
Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body.
Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.
Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe.
Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.

The DR. S. A. RICHMOND NERVINE CO., St. Joseph, Mo

Correspondence freely answered by Physicians
For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

New style large bottles, $1 50 per bottle; four bottles for $5.

KIRK, GEARY & CO.,
AGENTS, SACRAMENTO.
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PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars *in letter* by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.
n5-1yTuThS&w1y

FOR
Man and Beast.
Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TESTIMONY OF A PHYSICIAN.

James Beecher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says: "For several years I have been using a Cough Balsam, called DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in almost every case throughout the practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles since the days of my army practice (1863), when I was Surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky." fe24-isly&wly

Puget Sound
LUMBER CO
SACRAMENTO.
OFFICE AND YARDS:
SECOND ST., Near Railroad Depot.
C. W. ELLIOT, Manager.
Wholesale & Retail.
Oregon Sugar Pine and Redwood Lumber; Shingles, Shakes and Laths; Doors, Windows and Blinds.

THIS COMPANY OWNS ITS OWN MILLS and Vessels; therefore, is enabled to sell at CHEAPER RATES than heretofore offered to the people of this vicinity. Persons wishing a bill of lumber will certainly make a grand mistake if they do not call on this firm before making their purchases.
YARDS OF THE COMPANY:
South Vallejo, Dixon, Oakland, Woodland, Alameda, Williams, Ruthford, Maxwell, St. Helena, Fresno, Calistoga, Tulare, Suisun, Hanford, SACRAMENTO and Agencies at other Important Towns.
A. POWELL, General Manager.
n1-4pTuThSf&wtf

LADIES OF SACRAMENTO
AND VICINITY. WE SHALL HEREAFTER keep on hand make to order for ladies the latest style of Cuff Gloves, with "Rutry Fastenings," using some seven different shades of the best imported Kid; also, several colors of Castor Buck, including Black and Green finished Buck. Gents' Working, Driving and Street Gloves of all kinds made. Don't mistake the place, 1019 Ninth street, Odd Fellows' Temple. The only place in the city where they know how to make a good glove. All work warranted heavy glove hand sewed. DODGE'S SACRAMENTO GLOVE FACTORY. n16-tfTuThS

A PERFECT SHOE
FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.
OUR PRODUCTIONS REPRESENT THE PERfection of Shoemaking. Look for our Name on the Soles: J. & T. COUSINS, New York.
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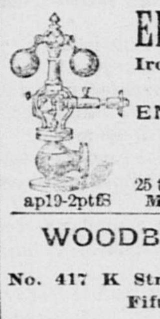
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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS in the Finest Brandies, Wines and Liquors.
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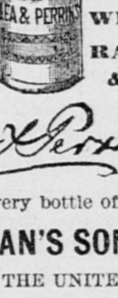
LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to
EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

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GRAVIES,
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HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-RAREBITS,
&c.
Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
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HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases,
By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
RICHLY BOUND IN
CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.50
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.50
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4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults........	.50
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HOMEOPATHIC

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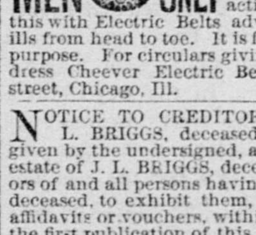
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed......	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..	1.00

SPECIFICS.
Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

McMUNN'S ELIXIR OF
OPIUM
Is the pure extract from the drug from which all the hurtful properties are removed and the medical ones retained. No headache, costiveness or sickness of the stomach attend its use. Price, 50 cents. All druggists. n5-1yTuThS

MEN ONLY. A Quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Indisputable proofs. Book sent sealed, free. ERIE MED. CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. o31-8mTuThS

Crossman's Specific Mixture.
With this remedy persons can cure themselves without the least exposure, change of diet, or change in application to business. The medicine contains nothing that is of the least injury to the constitution. Ask your druggist for it. Price, $1 a bottle. n7-1yTuS



This BELT or Regenerator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., Washington street, Chicago, Ill. o10-1yTuS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF J. L. BRIGGS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of J. L. BRIGGS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Taylor & Holl, corner of Seventh and J streets, in the city of Sacramento.
Dated October 29, 1885.
ROBERT CHRISTY, Administrator.
TAYLOR & HOLL, Attorneys for Administrator.
o31-4tS