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### THE KITCHEN HEARTH.

The mind runs back to other days,
To childhood's time of mirth,
When happy children in their plays
Sat round the kitchen hearth.

Dear mother, with her needles bright,
But not of queenly birth,
With busy fingers left and right
Sat knitting by the hearth.

Dear father, too, with book in hand,
We cherish now his worth,
Gave us counsel and command,
While sitting round the hearth.

We hid the slipper in our play,
And played at blind man's buff;
"I find you here," says sister May,
Just by the kitchen hearth.

That little mound hard by the kirk
Did check our youthful mirth,
And left a vacant seat near by
Our happy kitchen hearth.

Then as the onward rolling sphere
Sped on from day to day,
Another one within a year
Went from the kitchen hearth.

Dear mother, too, whose trembling form
Did not betoken play or mirth,
Foretold too plainly that a storm
Would sweep the kitchen hearth.

That blazing fire, those happy days
Of childhood and of mirth;
We'll ne'er forget our youthful plays
While round the kitchen hearth.

But storms have come, and childish plays
Are numbered with the past;
Forever gone are happy days
Around the kitchen hearth.

—[J. W. Sage

# A MODERN PARIAH.

"I s'pose you'll have to come and stay with me, now, Lisbeth; yer father's gone an' yer brother Joe bin an' got merred."

The speaker was a tall, gaunt woman, whose expressionless face seemed cut out of solid rock, without one softened line, even in this hour of trial. Lisbeth Morton looked up quickly. "No, thank you, aunt Rachel; you have no work for me, I am sure, and I should not like to be a burden. I am going to the city, and intend to get a situation as housemaid. I'll work a little cheaper than the others do, if I can have time to go to the Art School one day in the week and some of the evenings."

"Going out to service?" the hard voice answered sneeringly. "It's just like you, anyway; you always was cranky; but I didn't think my brother's darter 'ud stoop so low. What'll Jim Downing say?"

"I haven't asked him," replied the girl, with a proud lifting of her head and a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Well, you'd better," advised Aunt Rachel, "and if he don't put his foot down on that, my name ain't Rachel Jones, that's all."

"I shall do as I think best for myself," answered Lisbeth very quietly, and left the room to attend to some household duties. The gray evening came slowly on. Brother Joe and his new wife took Aunt Rachel to her dreary home on their way to spend the evening with a neighbor. Lisbeth sat down to her sewing with fast beating heart, listening at intervals for a step she knew so well, that might at any moment be heard on the gravel walk beneath the window. She had not long to wait, for a gentle knock was followed by a quick opening of the door in country fashion, and a young man, with close-cropped yet dark-curling hair, entered without further ceremony. He took her hand and attempted to draw her down to a chair beside him, but she sprang lightly up under pretense of turning down the wick of the lamp for fear it might crack the glass, and then seated herself on the opposite side of the fire-place. Yet the tones of her voice were tender, even trembling as she talked of every-day affairs; at last with some hesitation she said, "I wanted a chance to tell you that I am going to the city to stay."

The young man looked surprised, and there was a protest in his voice as he said: "Why Lisbeth, isn't it rather sudden? You surely don't mean *to stay?*"

"Yes I do," she answered drearily, "I'm not wanted here. Maria takes my place already, and it's right she should, but it cuts me up dreadfully. I've been head of the house, and all Joe had to depend on so long—I can't get used to it."

"It is only till next year," he protested. "Then my apprenticeship is finished, and you might take me for better and for worse."

There was a minute's pause, and then she spoke slowly, but with an air of conviction. "I couldn't; my clothes would wear out; my temper would be soured; I should not be worth taking. I am not fit for anything but housework; father never thought it mattered for girls. Now I must begin my life and it will be hard at first. But I have just got so far with my studies in art, I want to get further, so I shall get a housemaid's place, and can save over $100 by the time you are—"

She never finished her sentence, for he broke in, "You a servant, Lisbeth Morton, you will not degrade yourself so."

"I do not think it degrades me, trying to earn an honest living, any more than if I was a dress-maker or music-teacher," she answered with spirit.

His face paled with passion, his dark eyes glowed.

"If you go to service I have done with you," he said finally.

"You have, James Downing!" said Lisbeth, in cool, calm tones—"and there is the door—good evening."

His manner changed. "Oh, Lisbeth, be persuaded," he said, imploringly, with a sound as of tears in his voice. But she shook her head and did not speak, as he picked up his cap and fumbled for the latch, evidently blind with grief and anger. Neither of them remembered in after years just how they parted, but the sad break never healed, and during the weeks that she remained at the old homestead, Lisbeth did not again meet her old lover. Miss Arabella Downing was strong in her denunciation of the young girl's project. "To think our Jim had an idea of marrying her once," she said in a moment of confidence, "a common servant. It's a shame for her. She might have taken in sewing, or trimmed hats, or had a strawberry bed, that's fashionable now, anything but *that;* well, she's lost caste any way, and Jim will likely marry Amelia Blakely, who has a little money, though she isn't as pretty as Lisbeth Morton. But then beauty's only skin deep, anyway," which must have been a consolation to her if her glass was faithful. And so in this small village, where every one did their own housework, where every farmer's wife was "nurse, seamstress, housemaid, cook," all in one, our little forlorn girl was an outcast from society because she chose to do whatever her hands found to do well. Aunt Rachel, in a fit of spasmodic generosity, made for her twelve large aprons, of the coarsest crash toweling, suitable for a scullery maid in her pot-washing moments, and Lisbeth thanked her for them with a good grace. But all these petty trials made the parting from the old home less severe, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that she bade farewell to her early associations, and after planting a rose bush on the graves of her parents, stepped out into the world without further regret, than to be so far from those grassy mounds.

Mrs. Lyster was a widow with two unmarried daughters who were just out in society, and spent all the time they could spare from that arrogant mistress in the pursuit of art, with a little music and embroidery that was also artistic. Maude was not more than "seventeen," but "tall and stately," with a hauteur of manner that was not so pleasant as the affectionate disposition of Mignon, the younger. They were good girls, brought up in a gay, thoughtless manner, without troubling their heads over any social problem. In fact, they considered all women out of place who asserted their rights, and believed those socially beneath them to be of a different caste altogether. "Isn't it curious, mamma?" said Maude, one morning, as she idly cut the leaves of the latest fashion magazine. "Your new housemaid, Lisbeth, wears gloves, and such pretty ruffled aprons and neat dresses, I wonder if she wants to save her hands, or what is the reason?"

Mrs. Lyster smiled. "That is no fault, my dear child; the girl does her work well and is a treasure. She is rather superior and is ambitious; goes to the art evening class, and gets one afternoon in the week as well. I got her for two dollars a month less than the last maid on that account, and she is far more deft and handy."

Maude looked her astonishment. "The art class! Why she's only a housemaid, and it's really too bad. Rene Lindsay and Tom Davis belong to that very class, if it is Professor Pontelle's. I shall be very much surprised if they stay when they find out servants go there."

"Nonsense," answered the mother, "it is no one's affair who goes, so long as they pay and are admitted. The girl is thoughtful, and hopes to become an art teacher, by-and-by, she told me, and I am sure it is much nicer to have a girl with artistic tendencies; she dusts and arranges the parlors with exquisite taste, every caller notices it, and thinks you girls do it for me; and she handles the choicest bric-a-brac carefully. I really never had such a faithful girl."

So Lisbeth continued to attend the classes, and worked in the early mornings in her attic bedroom, as soon as the daylight came in, and if her pictures were "skied," it mattered but little, for no one saw them but herself, and the glimpses of the early sunlight, the first glow in the east, that she watched in those working moods, formed a picture that always remained in her memory as long as life lasted.

Lisbeth won the hearts of her fellow-servants by many little acts of kindness, till Kitty, the parlor maid, told her one day in confidence that she was trying to study arithmetic and bookkeeping, so as to take a situation in a store some day as saleswoman.

"Could she make more money and be as comfortable?" Lisbeth ventured to ask.

"No," answered Kitty, sturdily; "but I shall be treated as a human being in the house where I board, and be independent. I don't mind the work, that's easy; but it's having Miss Maude look at me as if I was a post, and talking to other girls about 'the servants,' as if we were not of the same flesh and blood. She doesn't even wait till our backs are turned, but treats us like the dirt under her feet," and Kitty's democratic little head gave a toss of scorn as she spoke.

Lisbeth often saw the young ladies busy with their desultory drawing, but they never seemed to consider her as a human being, with thoughts and feelings, or capable of observing. Her training in early life and at the art school fitted her to be their companion in everything but money. Yet there was a great gulf between them socially, because one had to earn her daily bread by the labor of her hands.

Professor Pontelle was very much interested in his quiet scholar; her grave, pensive face, the deep thoughtfulness of her prue gray eyes, reminded him of the wife of his early manhood, who was taken from him during the first year of their married life. It was ten years ago that she died, and he had never seen a woman on whom he cared to bestow a second glance; they were so frivolous, many of them, and studied art only for fashion's sake, forsooth, but this young girl seemed to enter into his methods and understand his moods. He watched her closely; saw how lonely she appeared, and apart from the rest, even penetrated the feeling that was to be seen among some of his fashionable pupils, who seemed not to care about making any social advances toward her. Was she not their equal in position? He curled his lip in scorn. His own father had been a blacksmith and a peasant before they left Europe; he was alone and could snap his fingers at the world if this sweet girl would consent to be his wife. And all the while Lisbeth labored on in silence; serene, ambitious and hopeful, determined to master the art of teaching as well as the teaching of art, and fit herself for more congenial employment.

The closing of the summer term came in June, and a reception was given to the pupils and their friends. The rooms were crowded; fashion smiled on anything artistic and delighted to honor the handsome Professor who presided over the school.

Foremost among the gay groups were Maude and Mignon Lyster, who enjoyed such gatherings, but wished particularly to see and criticise Lisbeth's work. After some music, it was announced that an essay would, as usual, be read by one of the pupils, and when Lisbeth appeared in her simple white dress, with no ornament but a bunch of pale roses at her throat and belt, the audience listened attentively to her words. Calmly, and in rich, deep tones, she spoke of "Simplicity in art," and when the last eloquent words were said, was greeted with rapturous but well-bred applause. As she stood alone, the pleased professor gave her his arm and escorted her down the long room, stopping now and then to introduce her to some gentlemen who wished to congratulate the fair essayist.

A few minutes passed in pleasant conversation, when suddenly there fell upon her ears the voice of Maude Lyster, sharp and clear: "Didn't you know, Mr. Wilburn? Why, she is our housemaid! Mamma indulgently allows her time to attend the evening school, but I think there ought to be rules to exclude that class."

The young man addressed was a dandy of the first water, and put his eye-glasses on to stare at Lisbeth's pale face, but the professor had heard the words, too, and he hurried her to a quiet corner, and, procuring a cup of tea, gave it into her trembling hand, as he commenced an argument on the taste and culture of the age, with a rival professor who stood near. The whispered insinuations of the thoughtless guest did not prevent the sensible part of the large-hearted crowd from congratulating Lisbeth upon her success, her fair face and gentle demeanor favorably impressing the thoughtful artists who were assembled. And so the time passed, though a sting had been planted in the young girl's heart that rankled sorely.

"I wish to see you home," said the Professor, with a sudden imperious manner, when she spoke of leaving, and she folded her hands in her lap and quietly waited the leave-taking of the rest. It was over at last, and he stood in the hall as she came out of the cloak-room. The moon shone brightly and the scent of roses was strong in the little park they had to cross to reach Mrs. Lyster's.

"Child, I want to know your history," he said when they started, and in a few sentences she told him all, and he in turn talked of his lonely home, his dead Anna, and all his past. "I have been loving you for a long time, my Lisbeth, but only to-night found courage to speak."

"But," she said, shivering in the warm, sweet air, "you cannot marry *me*—I am only 'a housemaid.'"

He stopped and turned to her—"You are all the world to me," he said simply, "and I need you."

Her clear, deep tones broke the silence. "Then if you need me, my master, I must be yours, and—with you, I feel so safe."

They had reached the front steps, he put his foot on one of them. "Not there," she said appealingly, "I go in by the area steps. Do you repent?" Her voice had taken a joyous ring, almost a laugh, and in the midst of her confusion he kissed her with sudden passion.

"There is no one to consult," he whispered, "and I shall come for you to-morrow. My home is ready. Sister Greta will welcome you, she "knows" my wishes. Good night, dear one."

He was gone, and she entered the dark hall in a whirl of amaze. To be married to-morrow! Yet it seemed as if she had known him all her life, and *now* she remembered many things that proved he loved her; she had always felt that he was her friend; she would yield; heart and art would be safe in his keeping, and as she groped her way towards the upper hall, the voice of Miss Maude called over the balustrade, "It's not proper, Lisbeth, to be talking to a young man and laughing on the area steps."

"It shall not happen again, Miss," said Lisbeth, as she made her way for the last time to her attic studio.—[Annie L. Jack, in Women's Magazine.

"WHAT we learn with pleasure we never forget."—[Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhodes, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

HEALTH is impossible when the blood is impure, thick and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Such conditions give rise to boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism and other disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and vitalizing.

The *Deseret News* (Mormon) claims to be the oldest newspaper published west of the Missouri river.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE BUMBLE BEE'S BALL.

'Twas on a midsummer night that Miss Bumble-bee
Was to hold her annual ball.
"Indeed, it will be quite a crush," said she,
"And I hope it will pass off successfully,
I've invited the insects all."

Old Grandfather Graybeard came nimbly along
On his legs so limber and light,
And the Night-Moth cheerfully hummed a song,
And hoped the breeze would not blow too strong,
As she fluttered her robes of white.

The three Misses Katydid dressed in green,
Came skipping along quite gay,
And a number of Ants in black were seen,
Looking very haughty and cold of mien,
In the midst of the festive array.

The Fire-Flies swung their lamps on high,
As the dance was about to begin,
And a little black Cricket, who looked quite spry,
Hopping up on the stalk of the bending rye,
Began scraping his violin.

The slim-waisted Wasp was admired by all,
As he danced with his cousin, Miss Bee,
And the Butterfly fair was the queen of the ball,
As she floated about through the dancing-hall
In a dress that was lovely to see.

Mr. June-Bug was dancing, quite jolly and gay,
With a Beetle all dressed in brown,
And the only mishap was that Grasshopper Gray
Chanced to stumble a bit as he made his chassez,
And trod on Miss Dragon-Fly's gown.

Mr. Blue-Bottle danced with a Mantis fair,
In a frock of emerald green;
The Field-Mouse looked round with a startled air,
But seeing the guests were beginning to stare,
He led out the Butterfly Queen.

Refreshments were served, quite tastefully, too,
On the fronds of the Lady Fern,
And cup-moss goblets of sparkling dew,
The very best wine that ever you knew,
Were passed to each guest in turn.

The music and dancing began once more,
And the hours sped merrily by,
Till the Wood-Tick announced it was half-past four
By the little invisible time-piece he wore,
And the dawn was streaking the sky.

And away they hastened to bid adieu
To the hostess who smiled on all,
And each guest declared that he never knew
Such a charming time the whole year through
As the merry midsummer ball.

—[Golden Days.

### AN ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

There is a story told of George Washington's boyhood—unfortunately there are not many stories—which is to the point. His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blood horses, and his mother afterward took great pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him catch it, he would ride and tame it.

Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel and then to put a bit into its mouth. Washington sprang on its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal. Its rider at once began to command; the horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one; when suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape they were called to breakfast, and the mistress of the house, knowing they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock.

"Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question.

"The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him."

And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently quietly said:

"It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."—[St. Nicholas for January.

### Taking Off Hides by Electricity.

The introduction of improved labor-saving appliances in the slaughtering industry of the country has been so slow and of so unimportant a nature, that it is with a certain degree of satisfaction we record the invention of what the patentee calls an "electric siding knife," for taking off animal skins without injury to either the hide or carcass. The inventor is L. Newgass, who for a number of years has had charge of the Fairbank Canning Company's immense slaughter-house. The depreciation in value of hides, from what is known in the trade as scores, snips and cuts, is large. In other words, where a number of men are employed by a large firm, it is impossible at all times to get skilled and careful butchers, especially during the busy season, hence the number of damaged hides turned out annually by such a house as the Fairbank Canning Company, though small in proportion to the total amount shipped, is a sufficient loss (from dockage by the buyers of hides) to make the new discovery one of great value. Further, we have no hesitancy in saying, from what we have seen of the "electric siding knife," that the value of hides will be increased from one-half to one cent a pound, as the fleshy side is left as smooth and even as the inner side of a sheep's pelt. The siding knife, like all good inventions, is simplicity itself, being virtually nothing more than a slight alteration of the Edison incandescent or arc light, with the glass bulb removed. The knife, in construction, resembles very much the receiver employed by the Telephone Company, and like it, has a double set of covered or insulated wires attached to the butt end of the handle, connecting through the body of same to the cutting, or more properly the burning edge or wire, which is composed of platinum. The current is entirely under control of the butcher, who, after opening the hide in the usual way with an ordinary knife, turns on the current and commences removing the hide with long quick sweeps of the sider. The principle is that of burning, as the platinum edge is brought to an intense white heat, yet said edge is so arranged and protected with non-conducting shields, that it is impossible to injure either the hide or the carcass; in fact, the hide seems to be, as it were, torn or pulled off by some unexplained force of this wonderful agent, electricity, and further, it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt, that the meat holds its color better and longer, this being accounted for by the fact that the pores are closed up by the action of the current, which seems to leave a thin, transparent coating over the entire side; another advantage is, the beef after leaving the chill room, never "sweats" or "weeps" as under the old system of taking off. The patent is controlled by the Fairbank Canning Company.—[American Marketman.

### Spelling Reform.

Librarians, who have lately finished their annual meeting at Lake George, have done a good work; but why, doing so much that is useful, do they still insist on printing their proceedings and their regular periodical with an orthography which certainly is not English, and which provokes the sneers of the general public? The word "cataloging," and such gems as "dialog" and "monalog" are profusely spread through its pages. Not disputing the right of members to spell in their private notes in any way they may like, it looks ridiculous in the formal publication of a learned society. The world does not adopt the theory which prompts it. Not a tenth of one per cent. of the printing in the United States is done after this manner, although it has been several years before the public, and almost all of the individual members of the society, in the books to which their names are signed, abandon it. It is too little of a reformation ever to take hold. It changes a few hundreds of words only, and leaves the vast number of anomalies not covered by their rules just as they were before. The phonotypists of 1850 did much better. They sought to "reform it altogether," and, it seems to me, stood more chance of accomplishing their task than the later reformers. Dr. Webster tried to change some words when his dictionary was first published.

He struck out the superfluous a from leather and feather, but k for c in zinc, and omitted the last r in bridegroom. The edition twenty years later dropped these spellings, and the present publishers of that work have put a second l in traveller and that class of words. We stand nearer to the booksellers' edition of Johnson of about 1800 than we did twenty or forty years ago. The people will not willingly purchase books or newspapers thus spelled. They are too conservative. Why do not the editors of the *Library Journal* and other innovators see that this is the case? The reformation in Dutch spelling was only accomplished by a governmental edict, but no other modern language has been able to alter its customs. There are now four usual spellings of English that a proofreader must know. Webster marks the greatest difference from Johnson, while Worcester comes between. Besides these there is the office orthography, in which the rules of the dictionaries have been modified for general usage of the compositors. Shall a fifth spelling be introduced to make still greater trouble.—[The Bookmaker.

### Some Historic Beds.

A curious precaution was observed during the Middle Ages with regard to Queens about to be confined, and probably to all ladies of rank. They were secluded in bedrooms of which the bed curtains, tester, tapestry, or wall hangings, were carefully chosen, so that there might be nothing in them to dazzle the eyes or awake gloomy thoughts in the mind. Figure subjects were not allowed on the tapestry. Elizabeth, Queen of Henry XII., retired on All-hallows' Eve, 1489, to her chamber in Westminster. After mass and communion, for which the Earl of Salisbury held the towels, the corners of which were embroidered with gold, she was led to an ante-room, where she waited under her cloth of estate (throne canopy) and partook of a void (refreshments). Her chamber was hung and ceiled with blue arras cloth with golden fleurs-de-lys on it. The pallet had a canopy of velvet of many colors striped with gold, and garnished with red roses. An altar was made, furnished with relics; a cupboard, the top shelf furnished with gold plate. She commended herself to the prayers of the lords, the chamberlain drew the curtains of the "traverse" which parted off that portion of the room, and after that no manner of officer came within the Queen's chamber, but only ladies and gentlewomen after the old custom.

The cradle of King Henry V. is preserved in Monmouth Castle. It is not unlike the old cradle in South Kensington. It is a crib, paneled, swinging on two posts, one at each end, rudely carved into falcons. There is no half-tester over the head.

The Elizabethan bed is still to be seen in many varieties. It stood under a canopy or tester, on four stout columns, two of which formed the framework of the bed head. Sometimes the actual bedstead was within the paneled inclosure, and could be drawn out and pushed back without disturbing so large a structure. It was derived from the paneled bed of the Middle Ages, to which reference has been made. On the columns of the older beds were figures or half-figures of the four evangelists. Many beds made of oak for the English market were imported from Flanders, the bed heads and feet composed of many tiny open arches. Bed testers, finished with details representing hanging fringes and decorative detail borrowed from drapery, may generally be set down as of Flemish origin. English beds of this date are more massive and ruder in execution. Shaw's "Ancient Furniture" contains an engraving of the great "bed of Ware," in Hertfordshire. It is in the Tudor style, twelve feet square, and bears a date (but not authentic), 1460.—[Magazine of Art for January.

### Married People.

Married people would be happier—

If home troubles were never told to a neighbor.

If expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If each was as kind to the other as when they were lovers.

If fuel and provision were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If masculine bills for Havanas and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund until such times as they could be incurred without risk.

If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a 2-year old, tie up the head of a 6-year old on skates, and get an 8-year old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, dusting, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.—[New York Mail and Express.

### Two Quails a Day for a Month.

On the 9th of last month Dr. E. E. Beeman heard a friend say that it was impossible for a man to eat thirty quails in thirty consecutive days. The doctor said it is a popular error, and that there is no reason why a man may not eat quail every day as well as beef. He said he could eat two quails a day for thirty days. The end of this friendly dispute was a small wager, and Dr. Beeman began the task of eating sixty quails in thirty days, a pair a day, one for dinner, one for supper.

Last evening the thirty days ended. A reporter found Dr. Beeman in McKean & Buckley's restaurant making preparations to eat the last quail. The doctor said:

"I have eaten fifty-nine quails, and I feel good. People have said that it could not be done. I merely wished to prove the fallacy of this statement, and I think I have done so. I like quail now just as well as I did a month ago when I began to eat them. I could eat forty more in twenty days, and I'll bet $500 on it."

The waiter announced that the last quail was ready and the doctor entered the dining-room and sat down at a small table. On a plate resting on two pieces of toast was a broiled quail. On the table was a dish of olives, a dish of pickles and some crackers. The doctor did not begin to eat immediately. He took the bird in his fingers and broke off a leg, but laid it on the plate. He ate a large olive and then swallowed a mouthful of quail.

"I relish that," said he, and hurriedly ate two more olives.

He finally finished the quail and the referee declared him the winner. The stakes were trifling, and were presented by Dr. Beeman to the cook who served the quails. The meat on sixty quails weighs 5½ pounds.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—Few people, perhaps, realize of how recent origin is the postage stamp. It was first issued by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil was the first nation to follow the example, which it did in 1843, and in 1847 the United States began the use of postage stamps. There are now 211 stamp-issuing countries. It is estimated now that every year some 50,000,000,000 letters are posted in the world. America leads with about 2,500,000,000, and England follows with 700,000,000. Japan now mails annually 95,000,000 letters, and the cancelled stamps on these letters are worth an average of one cent each. Last year there were 26,000 letters posted in England without any address on them. In 1,600 of these gold coins and money were inclosed. The cancelled postage stamps of many countries are worth quite as much as the unused specimens, and many are use solely for collections, the revenue being an important item. Monaco is the latest to issue stamps; but Stellaland, with its "fifty houses and three stores," is probably the most insignificant, even more so than Heligoland or the Virgin Islands. Bhopai has the oldest stamp, Nicaragua the finest, Siberia the largest, Zealand the smallest, Guatemala the most striking, and Sarawak and Great Britain divide the honor of having the cheapest.—[Exchange.

## SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

### BEREAVEMENT.

A song of love and death—
Old as man's fleeting breath,
Yet new each moment of our changeful time,
Comes to me midst the light
And glow of day, and night
Still gives me back in dreams that mournful rhyme.

'Tis all in vain
I strive to hush this strain,
Or bid one note of triumph through it breathe;
In low, sad monotone
It tells of grief alone—
The song that Love and Death together weave.

O, sage, teach as you may,
In words of wisdom, say,
The forest does not miss one fallen leaf!
But of the fond, true heart
Its loved ones are a part;
And when Death takes them we must yield to grief!

Not for myself alone
That spirit-song's sad moan—
For, far or near, its voice of grief is found.
Oh, Love and Death, by thee,
In links of sympathy,
A myriad sorrowing hearts with mine seem bound!

Some time—but, Oh, not here,
'Midst doubt and pain and fear—
That song of love and loss for us will cease;
Faith breathes some time, somewhere—
'Mid happier homes of air
The heart will find its song of love and peace!

MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Sacramento, January, 1886.

Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.—[Philips Brooks.

The faith that God is going to heal sickness may be very good; but it is infinitely lower than that other faith which trusts in the love and wisdom of God in sickness and health, sinking our will in His will.—[New York Independent.

I have read the Bible through many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and rules for conduct.—[Daniel Webster.

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy, is not in reality an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor deigns to stoop to aught that's mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.—[Ex.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs, the greater part will never be known until that hour when many that were great shall be small, and the small, great.—[Charles Reade.

How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable—to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also. It is written, not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.—[Ruskin.

We are on the high road of apostasy when we are continually asking: "What harm is there in this?" We have already come to the border of the land of sin. It is the sign of the feeblest and most testy faith. Whereas we should be always pressing the question: "Is there any good in it?" True piety never inquires for the "no harms," but for the "do goods."—[Religious Exchange.

The religion which leaves the human soul before the inscrutable mystery of the unseen one, who is beyond our utmost thought, will always miss the secret of the profoundest power over man. The secret of original Christianity was that, without dogmatizing upon the mystery of the person of Jesus Christ, it made men see in him the form of God, the very character and nature of the divine being.—[Heber Newton.

The last words of a correspondence of Rev. William James with Rev. Henry Neil, both now beyond the dark river, are as follows: "No young girl ever felt a more delightful fluttering in the prospect of a European tour than I felt in the prospect of soon seeing the land of never-withering flowers, and of seeing Christ, and knowing him and being known of him. If anything favorable occurs you shall hear; if nothing, then farewell till we meet on the bank of the river of life."

Get your children to take an interest in your plans for doing good; talk with them, consult them, and let them help you do something for the good of others. Teach them the loveliness, the value and power of gentle, kind, and loving words and acts; teach them the habit and the beauty of self-denial, of generosity and unselfishness. In thus influencing their hearts, in teaching them to be more mindful of the comfort and happiness of others than of their own, you will be teaching them the true secret of right living.—[Albany Journal.

The simplicity of the words of Jesus is like that of water and air. The little child breathes the air, and quenches his thirst with the water. But when we analyze air we find it to be a complex substance, and when we analyze water we find it to be also a complex substance. So we may eat and drink the words of Jesus, and be fed by them; yet when we study them we find a depth of meaning which makes them of an inexhaustible interest to the imagination and the understanding. So the simplicity of Christ's doctrine is not meager simplicity, on the surface of our thought, to be fully comprehended in a moment, but deep, complex and far-reaching.—[J. Freeman Clarke.

In the pleasant county of Devon, in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang Augustus Toplady. When a lad of 16, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn in which an illiterate layman was preaching—but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the gospel wielded all the power of this brilliant and active mind. During his last illness August Toplady seemed to lie in the vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered with a sparkling eye: "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already within my soul." And within a hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up, and when they replied in the affirmative tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added: "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over to the hands of my dear Redeemer and part with me, for no mortal can live after having seen the glories which God has manifested in my soul." And thus died the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me."

### "FRIGHTEN ME SOME MORE."

Lovely, charming little Dolly—
A bashful little maid—
Seeming one day very jolly
I thought I might persuade
To forsake her father's dwelling
And journey through this life—
Sad or gloomy thoughts dispelling—
My pretty, loving wife.

So I spoke in accents tender,
And drew her to my side,
For I thought she would surrender
When asked to be my bride.
Then she started from me quickly,
Saying neither nay nor yea,
But, as blushes gathered thickly:
"I am frightened; go away."

Then I thought that I'd offended—
I nothing more could say,
For I thought my suit was ended,
So I turned to go away.
Oh, my heart with grief was laden,
But ere I'd passed the door
Cried the charming little maiden,
"Please frighten me some more."

—[The Rambler.

DESERTED TOWN.—The annexed is extracted from the Yakima (W. T.) *Signal:*

On French creek, about 320 miles from the Little Dalles, is an abandoned mining hamlet known as the "Lost Town." In 1864 placer diggings were discovered there and a great rush was made for the place. About thirty houses were built, and the steamer "'49" took up provisions, liquors and even a couple of billiard tables. After awhile the diggings were found to be unprofitable, and a new excitement breaking out in another section of the country, everybody prepared to leave. In the meantime the old steamer was wrecked on a reef of rocks, and there was no way to get out of the camp but by bateaux and raft, and the miners were compelled to leave their tools and all heavy objects. Recently the lost town was visited by a miner, who reports that he found everything in town as left nearly twenty years ago. The antiquated billiard tables were standing in the saloons, heavy imported goods were on the shelves of the deserted stores, and letters in the Postoffice were dated back in 1866. The story has been corroborated by Walla Walla parties of veracity and standing who are personally acquainted with the facts.

JACK FROST'S PRISONERS.—The Butte (Montana) *Miner* prints the subjoined:

The other evening about supper time, while the dining-room was crowded, the guests at the Centennial Hotel were thrown into a state of consternation and excitement by hearing cries and shrieks coming from apparently an unknown quarter. Some thought the house was haunted, and others were satisfied that the cries were human. A speedy search was made, and it was soon discovered that the balcony was the point whence the sounds emanated, and the voices belonged to two little pets of the household—Pearly Bateman and Rosa—the daughters of the housekeeper. When the crowd reached the spot the little ones were found prisoners in a manner that is familiar to the older folks, but was something new to them. Together they had walked on the balcony, the rail of which is iron, and as the frost looked so tempting they decided to lick it off. The result was, of course, that both were glued to the iron, and luckily, instead of attempting to release themselves by force, they began a series of shrieks. Dr. Bead, who was on hand, promptly procured a pitcher of hot water, and soon, the iron absorbing the heat, the youngsters were released.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—This is one of the curious things floating about: Take a piece of paper and upon it put in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks and days. Multiply it by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3,770; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures that you will not be likely to forget.

FOR relieving Throat Troubles and Coughs, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a world-wide reputation. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.


# DYSPEPSIA.

Sedentary habits, mental worry, nervous excitement, excess or imprudence in eating or drinking, and various other causes, induce Constipation followed by general derangement of the liver, kidneys, and stomach, in which the disorder of each organ increases the infirmity of the others.

The immediate results are Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Foul Breath, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Sick Headaches, failure of physical and mental vigor, distressing sense of weight and fullness in the stomach, and increased Costiveness, all of which are known under one head as **Dyspepsia.**

In every instance where this disease does not originate from scrofulous taint in the blood, AYER'S PILLS may be confidently relied upon to effect a cure. Those cases not amenable to the curative influence of AYER'S PILLS alone will certainly yield if the PILLS are aided by the powerful blood-purifying properties of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Dyspeptics should know that the longer treatment of their malady is postponed, the more difficult of cure it becomes.

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Never fail to relieve the bowels and promote their healthful and regular action, and thus cure **Dyspepsia.** Temporary palliatives all do permanent harm. The fitful activity into which the enfeebled stomach is spurred by "bitters," and alcoholic stimulants, is inevitably followed by reaction that leaves the organ weaker than before.

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"For **Dyspepsia** they are invaluable." J. T. HAYES, *Mexia, Texas.*

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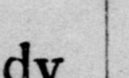

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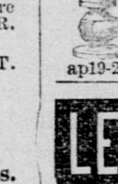

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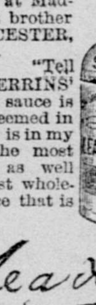


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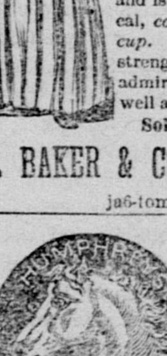

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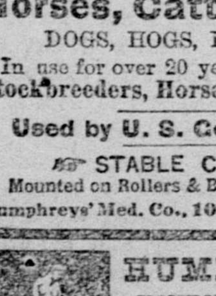

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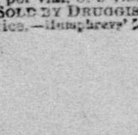

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