IN A YEAR.

WHAT changes have come to us all
In a year!
How many have answered the call
Of death's angel—whose whisper we hear
With a shock of surprise on the ear—
In a year!

How many who loved us have changed
In a year!
How many close friendships estranged,
Affections we cherished as dear!
Ah! how differently all things appear
In a year!

Can the heart to its love be untrue
In a year?
Once I thought myself cherished by you.
You seemed happy whene'er I was near;
Can it be you've grown cold, as I fear,
In a year?

My love has become but more strong
In a year;
While yours could endure not that long.
All were well, could I see my way clear
In my heart not to hold you so dear,
In a year.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

AT CAMP NOGOOD.

The Story of One Christmas in a Mining Camp.

[Written for this paper.]

"CAN'T you bear up just a little longer, father?" The speaker was a small, trimly-built woman, with a bright, intelligent face, and though she tried to speak cheerfully, there was a wailing undertone of grief, almost of despair, in the tone of her voice.

"I'm afeared I can't, Nell. 'Pears like I'm almost gone," and the answer came huskily from the lips of a sick man stretched in the bottom of a long emigrant wagon, drawn by a pair of patient mules, who were driven over the trail by the woman. "If there was only a parson to say a bit of a prayer, Nell, seems like I could go more comfortable, fur I've been a rough man, not like the quiet hum body I was when I left you, wife. But you see ther's nobody but men at Camp Nogood; haint seen a petticut in nigh two year, jest think o' that, Nell, and you'll never know how perfectly lovely you an' the kids looked to me when you stepped off the train, an' now I've got ter go an' leave ye," and a sharp spasm of pain convulsed the white face.

"Oh! father, don't talk of dying," and the wife turned her head away as the hot tears trickled down her cheeks. "We'll soon be at the camp, and then, may be, something can be done for you."

"Say, poppy, poppy, I see a house away off yender," and a little boy of eight eagerly strained his eyes over the long stretch of road before them to the spot where the faint outline of a rude shanty was visible in the distance.

"That's Tim Conway's cabin, half a mile from the camp," said the sick man, feebly, "but I shan't live to git there, fur it's five miles away an' night a comin' on."

"No, no, Bradly, it's real light yet. If you can stand it to ride so far may be we can make it. Don't give up, father, don't, now," and a gleam of hope mingled with her tears at the welcome thought that a human habitation was in sight, and better still, that the camp, the objective point of their journey, was almost in sight also.

"Drive on, Nell, I'll try an' bear it." A gray shadow was stealing over the sick man's face already, but he did not know it; he only knew that a cold hand was touching at his heart, chilling him through and through. He thought it was the wind which blew down the trail with a shivering suggestion of winter, but it was a stronger breath than that of Boreas which was freezing his life-blood and stopping its free current through his veins.

The mules plodded along their way and the children watched the little speck in the distance as it came steadily nearer with childish interest. Besides the boy of eight, there was a little girl of five, and the baby, Nell, aged three, so wrapped in shawls that she looked more like a mummy than a living child, and the mother's tears chilled on her cheeks as she drove the mules forward with the hope that succor might be near. It was not an enviable situation.

The husband two years before had started away from a comfortable home in Illinois, imbued with the spirit of adventure and with a longing for wealth which the plodding farm life did not satisfy. A neighbor had come home from the mountains with marvelous tales of wealth to be acquired in the mines, and after selling the farm and dividing the proceeds with his wife for her support while he was gone, he had taken his share and gone back with his comrade.

His claim had not panned out as he had hoped, but not feeling willing to abandon his enterprise, he had sent for his wife and children to come out to him, promising to meet them at Denver.

Quite unknown to him an insidious disease had been creeping upon him for the past year, weakening him slowly but surely, and his wife was shocked when she saw his drawn and altered face when he met her at the train, and when they were about ten miles from the city he had been taken with an acute attack of his disease, and the affrighted wife had pursued the journey which had been commenced so hopefully, for she was a cheerful little body, and had formed many wifely plans for the new mountain home, which was ending with heart-sickness and dread.

There had been quite an excitement in the camp when the letter had come announcing that the little woman and her children were on the way.

"Yer ter quit yer swearin', Bill Nevins, when there's a womint 'round," said Dick Gowdy. "Sakes, I hain't seen a womint in so long I most forgot how they look."

"Some o' you fellers 'd better shave up a bit er she'll be skeered at the sight of such Hottentots." Burt Macomber was the dandy of the camp, and rude as the belongings of the miners were, they would have been more so had it not been for his refining taste.

He had once ventured to carry a cane, but his comrades peremptorily drew the line of prohibition at canes, and he was forced to discard the obnoxious article.

A rough but kind-hearted set of men, they had made quite a bustle of preparation through the day on which they had calculated the travelers would return.

Dan Voorhees had scrubbed his shanty, and Sam Collins, who kept the long, board house which answered for a hotel, had partitioned off an apartment for the tired mother and her children with a curtain of sacking roughly sewn together, and in an unusual freak of taste had manufactured an apology for a window curtain from the remains of an old white shirt which had long since been packed away in his trunk as unnecessary rubbish.

"Wimmin like sich truck," he explained apologetically as a comrade stared in surprise at the unwonted luxury hanging over the little window.

All this time the mules were toiling wearily up the trail toward the speck of a cabin. They had almost reached it when the little boy cried out: "Oh, mamma! Poppy looks so queer!" and the wife with a fast-beating heart climbed over the seat to the rear of the wagon, where her husband lay.

The last great change for him was coming fast and he whispered: "Pray, Nell!" as his beseeching eyes looked up into her pale face and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

The poor woman had prayed in her Illinois home, prayed for the husband leaving her so utterly and unexpectedly alone, but she could not pray now. Still, she tried her best and her whole heart went out in her despairing invocation: "Oh, God! Oh, God, draw near!" and then words died on her tongue and great sobs choked her.

"Good-bye, Nell, tell the boys to be kind to you an'—" and the fluttering breath ceased, and the wife was a widow and his children fatherless.

"Mamma, I'll run to the shanty an' tell the man how sick poppy is," said the little boy, and climbing down over the wheel of the wagon he sped away as fast as his little legs would carry him.

He had never seen death, and the mother was too absorbed in her grief to explain to him that papa would never be sick any more.

He came back soon with wide open eyes and a quivering lip. "There ain't any one there, mamma. I peeked in the window an' hollered all around."

Tim Conway had gone up to the camp, and the widow's heart sank lower still at the thought of the long, lonely ride with that still, motionless form behind her. He had seemed a protection even in his weakness while the breath of life lasted, but now she was desolate indeed, and she took up the reins with a sense of horrible loneliness, which she had never before experienced.

Wash Jackson, the black cook at the Collins house, was preparing to fry griddle cakes, a favorite dish with the men, when the rumble of wheels was heard.

"That's Brad, I'll bet ye," cried Dick Gowdy, throwing down the cards with which he was playing, and rising hastily.

"Hello, pard, ye're jest in time for flapjacks," and Sam Collins threw open the door and strode out with a welcome.

A stifled sob was the only reply, and he stepped back. "Beg parding, who ever 'tis." It was quite dark and the mules and the long white covered wagon were alone visible. "We're expectin' Brad Newell, an' I'll be dratted ef this ere don't match his team to a dot."

"Poppy's sick," said the little boy's small voice; the widow's sobs still choked her.

"And who's pop?" asked the miner, kindly.

"I'm Willie Newell, and mamma's here."

"'Tis Brad's team arter all. I thought I couldn't be mistook. Hello, old feller!

"POPPY'S SICK," SAID THE LITTLE BOY.

Cheer up, man, we'll soon have you well again," and the miner walked around to the rear of the wagon.

"He'll never be well any more. He's dead, friends," said the widow in a choked voice.

"Dead? Well, now, that's rough, ma'am. Blest ef 'taint," and one of the bystanders went into the house to carry the news.

"Sho, now, yer don't say?" and Wash Jackson turned a griddle cake over onto the floor instead of upon the griddle in his surprise, "an' his widder an' de little chillen am at de do' wid de corpse. Sho, sho, now, dat am awful 'scouraging."

"Shet up, yer black yawp, an' get 'em something to eat," said one of the men, roughly; "they must be clean tuckered out."

The rough, toil-worn hands of the miners helped the widow from the wagon as reverentially as if she had been a princess, and the children were taken to warm hearts and tenderly cared for, while the father's cold form was prepared for burial in another shanty—the one which Dan Voorhees has so recently scrubbed, little thinking for whose reception he was making it clean.

Three days after the funeral the widow was waited on by a deputation from the camp. "We wanted to ask ye, ma'am, what ye was goin' ter do," said the spokesman, touching his bearskin cap respectfully.

"Indeed, sirs, I do not know, replied the widow. She had shed all her tears and could speak of her trouble with dry eyes. "All I have is here, and winter is coming on."

"Thet's what we was a thinkin', ma'am," said Dan Voorhees, eagerly, "an a hopin' you would consent to stay at the camp. We're a rough set o' men, ma'am, but you can feel jest as safe weth us as ef yer own mother was a rockin' ye. Ef ery man says a word o' sass to ye we'll run him out o' camp at the pint of a shotgun."

"But what can I do for support," faltered the widow. She had been tenderly brought up, and the idea of spending the winter with these rough men was appalling, deprived of the protecting presence of her husband.

"We've wrastled it all out for ye," replied Sam Collins. "Ye see, we'd all on us calkylated a pile on hevin' Brad's woman an' kids among us, an' we're all sort o' rattled like at bein' disappointed, an' we're willin' to do the square thing by ye.

"Brad's claim aint a pannin' out no great, but it's enough to make ye comfortable, an we'll all chip in and do our share toward workin' it, and pay over the proceeds to ye jest as regular as if he war here. Dan'll give up his shanty, an' we want ter make ye jest ez happy an' comfortable as we can, for we sot a heap o' store by Brad."

The widow's lip quivered; the kindness of these strangers touched her deeply, and she replied in a trembling voice: "And what am I going to do to repay you gentlemen for all this unexpected kindness?" She used the word advisably, for in her estimation they were gentlemen of the truest sort.

"That's all right. Don't you worrit about payin', ma'am. We're a sorter rough set an' we need a woman around to kinder pare us down, an' ef you'll sing us a song onct in awhile—Brad said you was a master hand to sing—an' let us hev the kids ter love and cuddle a little, we'll call it squar. We've all on us had homes an' it comes rough on us, this kind 'o life year in an' year out, an' if you'll live among us an' make a home fur us ter kinder look at, as 'twere, we shell feel well paid."

She couldn't refuse such a request, coming as it did from those who had been her husband's friends and companions for the two years past, and so it was settled, and the few things she had brought with her were moved into Dan Voorhees' shanty, and with her woman's skill she made such a homelike place of it that Bradley would have thought it an earthly paradise could he have lived to see it.

The children took to the kindly miners wonderfully, and Willie and golden-haired Katie were as contented as kittens when Sam Collins or Dick Gowdy entertained them with stories or "yarns," as they called them, of their earlier days, or whittled out the curious wooden toys which they were experts in fashioning.

Baby Nell's preference was for Black Wash, and it was no uncommon sight to see her little pink hood peeping up over his battered old hat, as she perched on his shoulder, her chubby arms clinging close around his neck as he went to the spring for water or out to the timber for faggots for his culinary operations.

Burt Macomber had an old violin which had seen its best days, and he often brought it over to the widow's cabin, and as he was quite a creditable performer, many an evening which would otherwise have been spent in drinking and dice playing was whiled away in listening to the squeaky fiddle and the widow's really fine voice, as she sang church music and the Gospel hymns which had been sung in her Illinois home until they were old and threadbare, but which were entirely new in the mountains.

"I tell you, boys, that air tears me all ter pieces," said Dick Gowdy, as Mrs. Newell sang "The Ninety and Nine" to her audience; "ther haint no shepherd a goin' ter do very much huntin' fer us ef we don't take better keer of ourselves," and it was noticeable that he left off swearing for nearly a week, and in many ways the presence of the little family, so helpless in their bereavement, was a refining and softening influence.

"Sho, now, fellahs, Christmas am comin' in about fo' weeks," said Wash Jackson, as he was lighting the evening lamps. "I'd clean done fo'got till dat ar little Katie war a tellin' whatter fine Christmas tree dey had las' yeah. Tell *you* it mus' be mighty dull fo' dem chillens up heah, wid nottin' but us grown folkses ter 'muse em."

"That's so," and Dick Gowdy drummed on the table thoughtfully. "Taint one woman in a thousand that'd come up here an' be as pleased an' chipper as that little widder is with her trouble to bear, an' I move that—" and the speaker's voice was lowered, and a consultation followed which was strictly confidential.

There were none of these men who did not have a memory of innocent pleasures at Christmas time in their childhood, yet the sweetest and best of holidays had been spent the year previous in unusual conviviality, which had ended in the nearest approach to a rough and tumble fight that the camp had ever known.

There was something in the presence of the widow, the touch of the innocent childish hands which had met theirs with confiding trust, which made such a celebration of the day repugnant to them, and Sam Collins brought his fist down on the table with a whack as he said: "I tell you, boys, money's no objic, an' ef the thing's did at all it's got to be did up brown, an' them little kids an' ther ma shell hev a Christmas worth hevin', ef they air up in the mountings!" slapping fifty dollars' worth of gold dust upon the table as he spoke.

A stingy miner is an anomaly seldom seen, and the pile rapidly increased as each added his contribution.

There were sounds of hammering and sawing going on in a spot far enough from the camp to be sheltered from its rudeness, yet near enough for purposes of protection, and some one was evidently going to have a new cabin, and built in a style noticeably superior to the rest of the shanties in size and convenience.

Nelly Newell stitched away at her scanty preparations for the fast-coming winter with scarcely a thought of the matter, and if she had speculated upon the subject at all she would have thought that Dan Voorhees was replacing the one he had so generously given up to her.

As the miners had said, she had borne her troubles with patience and sweetness, and she fully appreciated the kindness, rough and uncouth though it was, which these men had shown her, but she would probably never know what her presence and that of her innocent children was doing toward making the camp as quiet and orderly as it was.

There was a town twenty miles away, and a week before Christmas Sam Collins and Burt Macomber drove off in a big wagon drawn by four mules in its direction. Burt had been chosen for this excursion because, as they all agreed, he "knew more about wimmin's chicken fixins' than ary man in the camp."

"Don't ye spar the money," was Dick Gowdy's parting admonition. "Ef that pile don't hold out, run yer face, an' the rest kin foller arterward."

The wagon came back the next evening heavily laden, and the men unloaded it at the door of the new cabin, which was now completed, and there were busy hands at work putting it in order for occupancy.

Nellie Newell was putting away the remains of her little supper on Christmas Eve when a smart rap sounded at her door. She had been unusually despondent all day, as she contrasted this Christmas with previous ones spent in the Illinois home.

Dan Voorhees was at the door as she went to open it, and his honest face wore a curious expression as he said: "The boys wanted ye to step over 'n see the new house we've been puttin' up. I'll take the babby an' the kids kin foller."

Glad of any change in her monotonous life Nelly put on her hood, wrapped up the little ones and went out with him.

The house was lighted, and the sound of Burt's violin sawing away on "Home, Sweet Home" greeted her ear as she stepped in at the door.

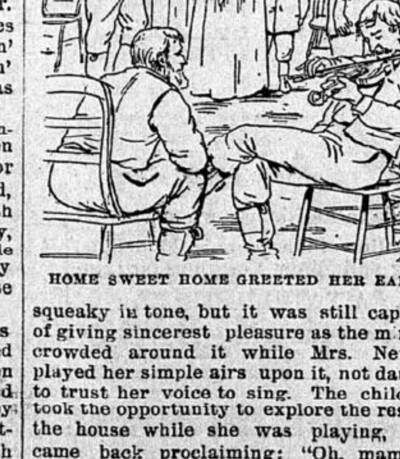
"Wish ye merry Christmas, ma'am," called out Sam Collins as she was ushered into the room which answered for a parlor. There was a real "store carpet" upon the floor, a set of cane-seat chairs, a table and couch, and through Burt's taste the windows had been curtained with white lace, all cheap, but absolutely luxurious for that region, and giving the room a really home-like appearance, with possibilities for future improvement from her woman's touch.

They had decorated the walls with evergreens and in one corner a small Christmas tree bore acceptable fruit for the children, wooden toys, cheap picture books, such as the primitive mountain store afforded, and a bag of real candy, which had been distributed so as to make all the show possible.

Mrs. Newell looked about her in the most perfect astonishment as Sam Collins, who had appointed himself spokesman for the occasion, called out heartily: "This is a Christmas present fer ye, ma'am, from Camp Nogood, an' we hopes ye'll take as much comfort a livin' in't as we hev in a fixin' it for ye."

It was a most surprising state of affairs, and Mrs. Newell could hardly find her voice to thank them, and especially when Burt threw open the lid of a small melodeon and invited her to accompany him with his violin upon it.

True, it was ricketty in the joints and



HOME SWEET HOME GREETED HER EARS.

squeaky in tone, but it was still capable of giving sincerest pleasure as the miners crowded around it while Mrs. Newell played her simple airs upon it, not daring to trust her voice to sing. The children took the opportunity to explore the rest of the house while she was playing, and came back proclaiming: "Oh, mamma, there's a cupboard in the other room with lots o' vittles in it an' a great big turkey;" and so it came about that, in spite of inauspicious circumstances, there was a merry Christmas for the widow and the fatherless even at Camp Nogood.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Susan Julia Melinda Maria Savannah Sophia Elizabeth Lady-Bug Towers is the brief and captivating title of a poor little colored girl in De Kalb County, Georgia.

—"Sewing machines repaired," reads a sign on a house in Tennessee which is nine miles from any other cabin and thirty-seven from the nearest machine. The owner wants things to look like business around him.

—The value of coins to collectors does not depend on their age. Roman tribute pennies, dated before Christ, are not worth more than $1, while a genuine American silver dollar of 1804 would sell close to $1,000.

—A New York shipping clerk, arrested for stealing from his employer, in court admitted his guilt and said he committed the crime in order to get money with which to start housekeeping. He intended getting married in a few weeks.

—According to a Chicago wagonmaker, white oak requires eighty years to mature; shellbark hickory, from thirty to fifty years; white ash, fifty years; tulip trees, sixty or more years, and red or Norway pine, at least sixty years.

—A Kalamazoo girl was engaged in a public gum chewing contest at Minneapolis, and after an exhibition of rapid chewing her jaws "set." She become almost frantic and rushed off to a physician, who discovered that some of the muscles of her jaws were paralyzed. In a short time the trouble passed away, but she declares she has no further use for gum.

—A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State prison by which hereafter convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prison stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes; but if after that period they become unruly again they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

—The law does not apyly.—"I just think the authorities ought to send that Persian Minister back, so I do," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "What's the matter now?" asked her husband. "Why, not long ago they fined a London minister $1,000 for coming to this country, and here they let a Persian Minister come in without saying a word. I expect he's not orthodox, either."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—The Western papers speak of a man taking his private car and skipping for a journey of two or three hundred miles, as though it were a matter of every day occurrence. Such, indeed, is the fact. Private cars in Chicago are almost as common as yachts in New York. Every man, from the attorney of a railroad down through the boundless ramifications of its management until the clerks are reached, controls the movements of a private car to a greater or less degree. A Chicago railroad attorney will step into his own car and take a run down to Milwaukee in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world. It never occurs to him that he is doing an unusual thing, and yet to a New Yorker the performance seems based upon wealth in unrivalled magnitude.

—Misapplied Mythology.—"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week, and I think I have a name for our baby," said Mrs. Greening, as her liege lord emerged from his bath this morning. "You have, eh? What is it?" "I read that Phoebus, the god of day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him ——" "Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name! Did Phoebus of history yell from 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. and intermittently from 3 to 7? I myself am doing the god-of-day business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not dividing honors. If you want a mythological prenomen for that destroyer of rest, I have it.' 'What is it?' asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity. "Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.—*Detroit Journal.*

THE TEHERAN BAZAR.

Some of the Attractions of the Public Mart in the Persian Capital.

There are the silversmiths fusing the metal into ingots and bars, hammering at the plates, designing, engraving, chasing and soldering; the work is seen in progress from the very beginning, and woe be to the unfortunate wretch who shall be detected in using alloy or an unnecessary quantity of solder. The workers in leather, in copper, in iron, the manufacturers of textile fabrics, all give a continuous industrial exhibition of their own, which is open to all the world, "free gratis, for nothing." The confectioner produces his sweet stock in trade under the eye of the purchaser. The Persian likes to have every thing made specially, and sits by to see it done, to make sure that what he buys is fresh, and that he isn't cheated. It is not to be wondered at that the bazars are the favorite lounge of the middle and lower classes. All day long the great arches of the bazar are thronged by a noisy, pushing crowd, hurrying and gesticulating, but all in high good humor. Here come the mountebank, the buffoons, the proprietors of dancing bears and monkeys, the street conjurors, and the man with the tame lion; the itinerant vendors of flowers, lettuce, pipes and hot tea; the sellers of eggs and poultry; the dealers in weapons and second-hand clothing, and innumerable hawkers. It is not to be wondered at that the European traveler finds it very difficult indeed to tear himself away from the innumerable attractions of the Persian bazar. The bric-a-brac hunter may come upon a priceless piece of faience, which he may possibly secure for a few pence. Here one may occasionally pick up a numismatic treasure, which the owner is glad to part with for a little more than the price of the metal; but here the stranger must beware, for skillful forgeries of old coins are not unknown, even in Persia. But there is one honest custom invariable in the Persian bazar; if a purchaser is dissatisfied with his bargain, the seller is always ready to return him his money if he brings back what he has bought within twenty-four hours. This is a custom never departed from.—*Good Words.*

STATISTICAL SLIPS.

THE total consumption of spirits in Ireland last year was 4,954,428 gallons, or over a gallon per head for every man, woman and child.

IT has been computed by a Western statistician that the people of the United States spend more than $1,500,000 every year for chewing gum.

THE total wheat crop of Minnesota and Dakota for this year is placed at 38,498,000 bushels, for which the farmers will receive $30,798,000, being $750,000 more than last year.

IT is computed that this year's corn crop, if loaded for railroad shipment, would fill 2,878,571 cars, and make a train that would reach 16,449 miles, or two-thirds of the way around the world.

THE Agricultural Department estimates the present crop of wheat at 411,000,000 bushels in round numbers. The *Farmers' Review* places the total at 419,000,000. The actual product in 1887 was 456,000,000.

IT is estimated that there are 3,000,000 men in America who get shaved three times a week. That means an expenditure of thirty cents a week, or $15.60 a year, for each man, or for the 3,000,000, $15,600,000 annually.

THE French national debt is stated to be the largest in the world—$5,000,000,000; annual interest $264,000,000. Thus the interest alone is nearly $60,000,000 more than the total wants of the United States Government. The per capita tax of the French people is $15, perhaps the largest of any people. The President receives a salary of $153,000 a year.

THE *Farmers' Review* estimates that the yield of corn in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, the chief corn-growing States, will be 1,435,184,858 bushels, an increase of 654,759,858 bushels as compared with 780,425,000 bushels, the yield reported by the Department of Agriculture for 1887. The total corn crop of 1888 is estimated at 2,110,920,858 bushels.

DURING the past year Great Britain has paid out for cattle slaughtered on account of pleuro-pneumonia—for diseased cattle, $107,000; for healthy cattle in contact, $114,000; on account of swine slaughtered owing to swine fever, $79,000 for diseased swine and $32,000 for healthy swine in contact; making a total drain on the country caused by these diseases amounting to $332,000.

THERE were 19,912 patents issued last year, and of these but 1,083 were granted to Southerners. Texas led the Southern States, a patent being granted for every 6,006 Texans. Florida came next. Mississippi's ratio was one patent to every 25,146 of her population. Alabama, in spite of the recent great mechanical development of the State, was credited with but 54 inventions in the year.

THE United States has more than six times as many miles of railroads as Great Britain, but the cost of construction was only twice as much as Great Britain's. In 1887 the gross earnings of the roads of the United States, with six times the length of road, were about three times those of Great Britain. Our operating expenses were 64.45 per cent. of the gross receipts, while in England they were but 52.21 per cent.

THE last bulletin of the American Geographical Society quotes M. Ganeval as showing that the world is not yet overcrowded. Allowing five acres to each inhabitant, he finds that Europe has room for an additional population of 115,000,000, Africa for 1,126,000,000, Asia for 1,402,000,000, Oceanica for 515,000,000 and America for 2,009,000,000. The frozen regions of Asia and Europe are deducted from the available space, but Arctic America is assumed to be fit for cultivation.

A MORNING LEAGUE has been founded by some of the more sensible of the ladies of Paris. They are of the opinion, and very rightly so, that the customs of society, as regards the hour of social gatherings, are opposed to the laws of health. The members of the league suggest that all balls shall commence at nine and end at midnight. Dinner parties are to be discouraged, and luncheons to be given instead.

A MILKMAN and an oak tree both flourish according to the size and condition of their route.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Bunco Steerers are Exemplary Men

Compared with the ruthless impostors who represent to invalids inquiring for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that certain local nostrums they prepare are the equal of the world celebrated tonic and alterative. It is deep infamy to rob the sick of a chance of health. The Bitters restore vigor and eradicate malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney complaint, rheumatism and neuralgia.

"Man overbored!"—the editor.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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