A QUIET NIGHT.

So still the starry [illegible] most fear
My mortal tread [illegible] d put to flight
A fairy that, for [illegible] he year,
Holds court in th[illegible] on by the night.
The flow'rs are bro[illegible] for every truth
On this forsake[illegible] chantment dwells,
Such as may brea[illegible] d an am'rous youth,
Who seeks at dead of night for lover spells.
With anxious, fearful heart in haunted dells

I will not walk, [illegible] it upon this seat,
That I may se[illegible] hear, and no noise make;
In time gone by [illegible] many gentle feet
Strayed hitherward to rest for dear love's sake?
Brave, bright-eyed youths, and many a gentle maid
Came, haply, here in June or autumn cold,
Leaving the great hall by the portal's shade
To tell a tale that even then was old—
How oft at this seat has the tale been told?

The growing things, it seems, have eyes to see;
They softly shake their head, but make no moan;
It may be they are whispering of me,
And wond'ring why I wandered here alone.
I am not waiting for a partner; no,
You need not point at me for that; the hall
Is rank with ruin; lovers do not go
to feast together at the baron's call,
For years they have been dead and buried, all.

How silent! how bewilderingly calm!
How strange in such a place to be alone!
The big owl on the bough is fixed by charm;
The cat sits on the wall still as a stone;
Listen! the nightingale! Oh, what a thrill
Of [illegible]ry falls on all fair things around!
Now [illegible]now I why this place has been so still;
The fairies have shut out all grosser sound
To hear your song in this old garden-ground.

—*All the Year Round.*

BARBARA'S DIFFICULTY.

That Barbara Hawkins owed a great deal to her step-mother was a fact that she could not have concealed from herself if she had tried.

Her father's house had been a very home of discomfort during the dull interim between her own mother's death and the arrival of the youthful and winning stranger who had been somehow persuaded by Squire Hawkins to "come and take keer of his little darter."

The history of the next five years, in which she herself had grown from girlhood to womanhood, including all the genuine sunshine of Barbara's life, and she knew to whom that change, and a good many other excellent things, were due.

Then, since the squire had been gathered to his fathers, what a notable manager had Widow Hawkins proved herself for the very moderate property he had left behind him!

It was just there that the difficulty was now coming in, for that which, with such good management, had kept the two women very nicely so long as they lived together, could continue to do so only under just that state of affairs. The widow's share, if set apart by itself, would be only another name for poverty. True, and yet what suitor, or at least which one of the two now nearest to a proper condition for consideration, would care to "marry a mother-in-law," and a step-mother at that, as well as a wife?

"And she understands it," said Barbara to herself that September afternoon, "as well as I do. She's as polite to both of them as if they were courting her instead of me. I must say it's been very convenient once or twice, for they both like her. In fact, everybody likes her, and that's what makes my position so very peculiar."

A very pretty girl was Barbara Hawkins; even prettier than her step-mother, and that was saying something, in spite of the widow's thirty years.

A bit of a belle, too, was the squire's "heiress" in that unambitious rural community, and by no means without some characteristics which put the village gossips at times in mind of "Squire Hawkins' fust wife."

At the present juncture, however, the public opinion of the Dorcas Society was more than usually perplexed. The best judges of such matters were inclined to "guess Bill Emmons was a leetle ahead," although this was sure to be followed by the remark: "But then, you know, Dan Grover's got ten dollars to Bill's one, and he's a mighty sight stiddier."

And Barbara was in a worse quandary about it than the Dorcas Society knew how to be, for at times she almost suspected her heart of threatening an impertinent interference before her head could have a fair chance.

"She'd be entitled to a third, I suppose, soliloquized the fair maiden, "and she's a wonderful hand with her needle. There's no danger of her starving. There's lots of folks'd be glad enough to have her come and live with them."

And Barbara did not know it, but a train of thought very nearly related to her own was at that moment passing through the mind of the widow, as she stepped lightly to and fro among the household duties, of which she kindly relieved her step-daughter.

"I don't hear the piano," murmured the soft, low voice of the widow, "and yet I know she wanted to practice that new piece. Young Emmons'll be here this evening, I ought not to say a word in such a matter. She's old enough to decide for herself, but why can't she see that Dan Grover's worth five hundred of him?—not to mention his big farm, and that's something nowadays. I won't put that in her head, however—not for the world. I've paid dearly enough for making just that sort of a mistake. Better have gone out to service or taken in sewing. That's what I may have to do when Barbara's married."

The neat, tidy figure paused in the kitchen doorway as she said that, and a shade of darkness swept across her face.

"Live in the house with Bill Emmons for the master of it?" she exclaimed, after a paused. "Not I, indeed! She won't have sense enough to settle on Dan Grover, I'm afraid. Would I stay, then, if she did? Not so long as I could earn or beg any other shelter!"

The last exclamation came out with unnecessary energy, and the widow caught up a broom and made an immediate assault on the kitchen floor.

The sweeping was very unnecessary indeed.

Barbara had clearly misunderstood her step mother, and the widow had also failed to penetrate the mind of the squire's pretty and sensible representative.

That was only too good a reason why the sheet of music forwarded by Mr. Emmons had received so little attention that afternoon,

Barbara's morning walk had carried her past the fine old homestead of the Grovers, now the sole property of the present family representative, and she had noted only too precisely the renovating and beautifying process on which Dan was expending half the proceeds of that year's liberal wheat crop.

Carpenters, glaziers, painters, and all the Dorcas Society was in arms, she knew, about the extravagant waste with which the old-fashioned interior was transforming.

More than one village critic had added to his other charitable thoughts the surmise: "Looks kinder bad for Bill Emmons:" and Barbara herself could have assured them of the correctness of their reasoning.

She was too kind hearted, however, not to add to herself: "So much the better, too, for Mrs. Hawkins. Neither Dan nor I would object to her living at the old place till we could find a buyer. I only wish she could raise the money and buy it herself."

It was, therefore, as the mistress at the renovated mansion behind the maples at the turn of the road that Barbara Hawkins was considering herself when tea came, and she was quite willing to hurry back into the parlor while her ready handed step-mother supervised their solitary "help" in putting away the tea things.

By the time poor Bill Emmons made his appearance, after his long day's drudgery in the one law office of the village, where he was the junior, and and therefore perhaps the working, partner—by that time Barbara was ready, civilly as she received him, to wish he would postpone his call until she could "receive him in so much better style." And yet that night, of all nights, the young lawyer had made up his mind to put his fate to the test, and win or loose it all.

Not a bad fellow was Bill, and he had more than once reflected how charmingly convenient was the location of the Hawkins' homestead, and what a tremendous lift the possession of that and the productive little farm belonging thereto would give to a struggling young lawyer like himself. The fact that he was over head and ears in love with Barbara made the whole affair absolutely beautiful.

Sad was the trial to his impatient feelings, therefore, when all the eloquence of which he was master—and he had long considered himself master of the situation as well—only resulted in obtaining for him a promise from Barbara that she would consult her step-mother.

"Such a change it would make for her if I should leave her?" sighed Barbara.

"Not at all, not at all," eagerly exclaimed Bill. "She could live with us, you know. Everybody likes her. I'm sure I do. She wouldn't be in the way at all."

But vain was all he could say or do, except that Barbara's vision of the Grover farm and house may have receded somewhat as she listened to the pleading of her suitor. She almost hoped Dan would not come that night, for not only the present situation had its charm, but it might have its perils as well. Dan Grover was not a man to be trifled with, she knew, for all his quiet, self contained ways.

And so it was with something of a feeling of relief that Barbara listened, at last, to the bur of the big kitchen clock striking nine.

It was at the same instant that the shadows of two who were walking side by side in the moonlight fell on the gate in a singularly unified manner; and then, as the gate opened, Barbara sprang to her feet with a slight exclamation. She had been sitting close to the low window seat, and she had not seen fit, or had forgotten, to light a lamp.

There may or there may not have been any cause for surprise, but the way of it had been this: No sooner were the tea things out of the way than Mrs. Hawkins remembered an errand she had at the village, and had slipped quietly out to perform it. Nor would so simply a matter have taken two long hours, but that, just as the widow was stepping across the little foot-bridge at the brook, the form of a tall, broad shouldered, vigorous man of, say, thirty-five summers stood before her, and a deep voice remarked:

"Right about face, please. I want a bit of a talk with you, and there'd be no chance for it at the house."

Not a word said the widow, as Dan Grover drew her arm in his, but she thought, "If he wants to speak of Barbara, he's right, for Bill Emmons must be there by this time. What a fool she is! He don't begin to compare with Dan."

It must be confessed, however, that it seemed wonderfully pleasant, even when Dan turned up the shadowy lane toward the grave, and when he seemed to put off his express business and to talk of his farm and his house, and at last of himself.

"I have everything around me fixed as nicely as I could ask for," he remarked at length; "but I grow lonelier every day. The fact is, I'm determined to have a wife, if I can get the one I want; but there's only one in all the wide world. I'd be lonelier than I am now with any other."

"Why don't you speak to her then?" said the widow, with a half-choked feeling in her throat. "She's a very sensible girl, but I don't think it would be right for me to influence her. I believe a woman has no right to marry without loving."

Quick as lightning—very different from Dan's ordinary calm, slow style—was his responsive query: "Have you always been of that opinion? Have you acted on it?"

The plump, soft hand on his arm was jeaked away in an instant, and Barbara's step-mother was almost sobbing with angry and wounded feelings, as she stepped back from him, exclaiming: "How dare you! What have you to do with that? Ask Barbara for her secrets, if you will. Mine are my own.

"Exactly," responded the steady minded Dan, but his voice was shaking now in spite of his self-control. "You have told me part of your secret, Marian Hawkins, whether you meant to or not. I knew you could never have loved him. Now I will tell you mine. You are the one woman without whom I must forever be lonely. You have been only too faithful to Barbara, or you would have seen it before."

Rapid, earnest, passionate, grew the strong man's words as he uttered them, and he closed with a sudden forward movement. Before the widow knew it, Dan's arms were around her, and even her tears betrayed her.

It was too late for anything but to let Dan have his own way, Such a willful fellow he was, too. And when at last the widow insisted on going homeward, their arrival at the gate was signalized by just such another theft as he had perpetrated twenty times already, for Barbara's exclamation had been simply: "Kissed her!"

Never was a lamp lit so quickly in all the world before; but, between the finding and the scratching of the match, Bill Emmons managed to say—for he was a fellow of excellent mind—"Perhaps, Barbara, that may remove some of our difficulties."

And Barbara made no reply; but when Dan and the widow came into the parlor, it was not easy to say which of the two women was blushing the most violently.

"It's all right, Bill," remarked Dan. "I don't know that any explanations are required. You have your entire consent."

The visions of the newly painted house had faded from the mind of Barbara Hawkins, but it was Dan's remark that called her attention to the manner in which she was clinging to the arm of Bill Emmons. The latter was equal to the occasion, however, for he replied:

"Well, so long as I've got Barbara's I don,t mind having yours;" and then he added, quickly; "I say, Dan, you and I are two fellows of remarkably good sense."

So Barbara's difficulty about her step-mother's future as well as her own was removed from her entirely, and, curiously enough, Dan Grover spent the remainder of his natural life in the unbroken assurance that neither he nor his admirable wife had ever known but one love.

A STRICKEN VILLAGE.

How the Hard Times Have all but Destroyed a New Jersey Town.

From the New York World.

The little village of Phillipsburg, N. J., on the Delaware river, opposite Easton, has suffered more in proportion to its size than any other place in New Jersey during the past three years of hard times. It was formerly a busy manufacturing place, and the town council abundantly provided for its unemployed poor by an annual appropriation of $200. Last winter $900 was speedily exhausted and hundreds left to suffer. The churches are kept busy with their own poor, the only one which contributed outside its own faith being the Presbyterian, which expended $550. One hundred and fifty men have left the place to seek work elsewhere, and quite a number of boys and girls have been placed on farms to work for their board by the relief committee. The distress has not been confined to the workingmen, but is general. The Warren foundry, formerly employing five hundred men, is run by fifty; the Cooper furnaces are idle, and this stopped the Depster Hill quarries, throwing one hundred and fifty men out of work. The carriage works went under the hammer early in the panic, the rolling mill went into the sheriff's hands, and the sheet mills have cut down their force very materially, The stove works have been run on broken time, the bridge building company has been sold out and is idle; the agricultural works are running a small force in the hands of a receiver, and beyond the railroad shops these constituted nearly all the industries of the place.

The Pennsylvania railroad comanpy cut down their force and their pay, the Easton & Amboy discharged all employes here, except the Italian laborers, who were hired by contract in New York from a padrone. The New Jersey Central railroad is in the hands of a receiver, and the employes are three months in arrears of salary; the canal companies have reduced their force to the minimum, and their discharged employes number seven hundred. Real estate has shrunk like Central stocks and the building associations have been compelled to foreclose right and left. The grocers and other store-keepers are crippled by the amount of credit given, many having more than their capital trusted out. Lack of fuel, food and proper clothing has caused a great deal of sickness, and the town doctor, on an annual salary of $75, has paid out of his own pocket $80 for medicines during the winter in cases where his patients would not buy it. One week this month brought him fifty new patients besides those already on his hands, and he has almost a monoply of the practice.

Indeed, over four hundred men are idle and still in the village who have had no work all winter. About two hundred of them have had part time at intervals, and the rest have worked full time for half pay. The men seem patient almost to despair, and there seems no prospect of relief so far as can be learned.

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Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. For instance, a volume written by a lady who prided herself on her experience and tact, says: "After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons: they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

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A Petrified Oyster.

Puget Sound Express

In the inside of a great lump of coal taken out of the Seattle mine recently, was found an oyster of whole and perfect shape. It was nearly three inches long, hinged, filled and fully shelled. The only thing about it different from the ordinary oyster was that it had been turned by one of nature's processes into coal itself. How it came there, hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the earth, imbedded in a substance that is supposed to have been formed, though stationary in position, for thousands of years, is a query over which some men would rack their brains for some time to answer.

MR. G. S. BELLIS, a northern settler residing near Littleton, N. C., has an orchard of some twenty-five or thirty thousand peach trees, embracing over one hundred different varieties. He is going North to make arrangements for his shipments and sales. He ships altogether by rail, and expects to realize $40,000 or $50,000 by his sales. He has also large strawberry fields and a fine vineyard. His success in fruit raising in the old North State has aroused the interests of the people there in that culture.—*Richmond Whig.*

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"The Age of Reason."

The boy that went to the mill on horseback, carrying the grist in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, when reproved by the miller, and told to divide the grist, replied that his father and grandfather had carried it that way, and he, being no better than they, should continue to do as they did. Similar, or equally as absurd, reasons are accounted as sufficient by some to warrant them in indiscriminately condemning Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, even though there is overwhelming proof that they possess the merit claimed for them. For many years the Golden Medical Discovery has been recognized as the leading liver and blood medicine in the market. Each year has brought an increase in its sale, and it is now used throughout the civilized world. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials are on file in the Doctor's office, attesting its efficacy in overcoming aggravated coughs, colds, throat and lung affections, also scrofula, tumors, ulcers, and skin diseases. Are you suffering with some chronic malady? If so, and you wish to employ medicines that are scientifically prepared; that are refined and purified by the chemical process employed in their manufacture; that are positive in their action, and specific to the various forms of disease for the cure of which they are recommended, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Full particulars in Pierce's Memorandum Book, kept for free distribution by all druggists.

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Flour—Spring extra	7 90	@ 8 30
Wheat—No. 2 Milwaukee spring	1 95	@ 1 97
Corn—Western		@ 68
Oats—Western	60	@ 67
Rye—Western	1 00	@ 1 03
Barley	98	@ 1 00
Pork—Mess		@16 00
Lard		@ 10

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Cattle—Choice to extra prime	$5 00	@ 5 50
Medium to choice	4 50	@ 4 75
Common to fair	2 85	@ 4 00
Hogs—Live	5 25	@ 5 60
Sheep—Good ts choice	5 50	@ 6 50
Butter—Good to choice	17	@ 20
Eggs—Fresh	10	@ 11
Flour—White winter extra	7 00	@ 8 75
Spring extra	6 75	@ 7 75
Wheat—Spring 2		@ 1 53½
Corn No. 2		@ 54
Oats No. 2		@ 44½
Rye—No. 2		@ 88
Barley—No. 2		@ 88
Pork—Mess		@14 87½
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Butter—Choice	17	@ 21
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Flour—White winter extra	8 50	@11 00
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Spring No. 2		@ 1 76½
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