## THE LONE ONE.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.—
PSALM lvi. 3.

Hush! Hark! 'tis twelve, the midnight hour,
And yet no sleep hath closed mine eyes.
What is it thrills me with its power?
To shake it off I will arise.
I'll gaze out at the midnight sky;
Perchance the stars will glad mine eye.
No star I see to comfort me—
The night is dark as dark can be.

List! list! I seem to hear a cry:
Was that a scream went rushing past?
Not so! the wind was wailing by—
No scream! it was the midnight blast!
I'll strike a light to banish care,
And to my children three repair;
No child I see but comforts me—
They sleep as sweet as sweet can be.

Dear babes! they frolicked all the day,
And now their pillows gladly press;
And yet, amid their wildest play,
They missed their father's fond caress.
"When will papa return?" they cry,
And I repeat it with a sigh.
I long for thee to comfort me,
For I'm as sad as sad can be.

Now dark again! to rest I'll go—
Ah me! what visions cluster round!
Thoughts of the grave—they haunt me so—
How dark 'twill be beneath the ground!
Dead! dead! I shrink from being dead!
I shudder at the cold, dark bed!
No star I see to comfort me,
The grave is lone as lone can be.

Alas! deep horror chains my heart;
Where shall I fly for peace to-night?
Ha! ha! the darkness seems to part,
I surely see a dawning light.
Joy! joy! a cross—a form is near,
My Saviour's loving voice I hear!
A star I see that comforts me—
Lord, when afraid, I'll trust in thee.

Lift high the cross! Shine on, bright star!
The grave is not so dismal now!
My loved one doth not seem so far,
And sleep is settling on my brow.
Lord, thou art mine, till life shall end,
My first, my best, my changeless Friend!
I'll come to thee to comfort me,
And when afraid, I'll trust in thee.

From Harper's Magazine.

## ROMANCE OF A BARN-YARD.

We were all sitting on the piazza, except those of us that were swinging in the hammocks among the trees; the sea wind was blowing over us, the birds were darting low here and there, and the bantams and the spring chickens and the big black Cochins were clucking and picking in the grass, watched over by the old King Charles, who redeemed us from vulgarity, and it was a scene of domestic comfort, as Aunt Helen said. Aunt Helen, by-the-way, became a very pleasant addition to the comfortable appearance of the scene, as she said it. She was just as plump as a woman ought to be when her next birthday is maybe her fortieth. She had a soft flush on her cheek, where the dimple was yet as fresh as when she was a girl, and the flush deepened sometimes into a real damask; her teeth were like rows of seed-corn for whiteness, and her eyes were just as brown as brook water; only her hair—that was quite white. Lovely hair, though, for all that; she parted it evenly over her low level forehead and above the yet black eyebrows; and we all declared, every day of our lives, that Aunt Helen was a beauty. "I used to be," she had replied; "but that's all gone now. I have put my youth behind me."

Perhaps she had. But we young people used to think differently when we saw Mr. Thornton coming up the road, and Aunt Helen's eyes resolutely bent on her work, but her color mounting and mounting, till the reddest rose that ever burned in the shnshine was not so rich. Mr. Thornton was it too, no doubt, for he always looked and looked intently all the way by. But the truth was—I shall have to tell you all about it if I tell you any—that when Aunt Helen was twenty years younger, she and Mr. Thornton were lovers ever since they could remember. They had built their house at last, and her wedding dress was made. If she was a beauty, he was every inch her mate—I know he was, because he is today—one of the men it does you good to see, who look as if they could hold up the world if need be, and inspire you with confidence in their power. Now what in the world do you suppose that, with their house furnished, and the cake baked, and a dozen years of intimate affection to bind them, Aunt Helen and Mr. Thornton found a quarrel about? She declared she wouldn't keep hens! And he declared that then he wouldn't keep house! That was the whole of it, to condense the statement; one word led to another, and another led to more, and finally, in a towering passion himself, he told Aunt Helen that she had better learn to control her temper if she didn't want to be a vixen entirely, and Aunt Helen took the ring off her finger and laid it on the table without a word and sailed out of the room, and refused to see him when he called in the morning, and sent back his letter unopened, and cut the wedding cake and put some of it on the tea-table and sent the rest to the fair. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Thornton might have been right. Exactly one week from that night Mr. Thornton was married to Mr. Mayhew, and inoffensive little body who would have married anybody that asked her, and she went into the house that had been furnished according to Aunt Helen's taste; and immediately afterward a hen-house of the most fanciful description of architecture, with gilded vanes and scarlet chanticleers bristling all over it, rose on the hill behind his house, full of fancy fowl, and the little lawn was all alive with its overflow, and you couldn't go by the place without meeting a flock of cropple crown, or partridge Cochin, or Leghorn, or black Spanish flying up on each separate piece of fence to crow out Mr. Thornton's triumph—reversing the old tradition of the crower, and crying, "No women rule here!"

They say Mr. Thornton grew very old in a few years. His inoffensive little thing of a wife turned out to be a smart termagent who led him a pretty dance. Perhaps she was dissatisfied with her piece of a heart; but then she knew that was all when she took it. He treated her always gently—perhaps feeling he had done her some wrong in marrying her—and gratified her every wish, although having cared nothing for her in the beginning, it is doubtful if he cared any more for her in the end. The end came after eighteen years, when Mrs. Thornton was killed in a railroad collision, and her husband was left with four children on his hands, rude, noisy, ill-faring cubs, as all the neighbors said. If Mr. Thornton had ever impatiently chanced to think that his punishment had lasted long enough, he thought now that it was just beginning, when he found himself alone with those children. He wondered that his wife had had any temper left at all. He grew more bent, more vexed, and worried every day, and and would hardly have recognized, people said, the dark and splendid Stephen Thornton of his youth in this middle-aged, gray-haired man; and yet, to our eyes, he was still quite a remarkable-looking person—perhaps more so from our associating him with the poetry in Aunt Helen's life, and making him an object of wonder as to whether or not now they would ever come together again.

But there was little chance of that. We had met Mr. Thornton elsewhere, but he had never come across our threshold since the day he went out with his bride's ring. And Aunt Helen's peculiarity was that she never forgot. Could she, then, forget the words he had spoke to her in his anger? Could she ever forget his marrying another woman in less than a week? It had been in that week and a few following that her hair had turned white. She had suffered inexpressibly; she had never slept a night; but she kept up a gay face. Perhaps she would have suffered longer if it had not been for our growing up about her. Her life was thus filled, every moment of it: she had but very little time to be lonely, to brood, or mourn. She forgot herself in us. It gave her a quiet happiness, and kept her comely. And then she was too proud; whenever the thought thrust up its head, she shut the lid down, as you may say, and sat on it.

But one day—after the time when the doctors had said Harry was a hopeless cripple, and must lie on his back the rest of his life—Aunt Helen brought home a little basket from the county fair, and took from the wool within it two of the cunningist mites of chickens you ever laid your eyes on. "I hate them," said she; "they make me crawl; but they will amuse the dear child. They're African bantams." And so they did amuse him and delight him, as he lay on his lounge in the bay-window and watched them growing up, full of business. And that was the way, by-the-way, that we came to have chickens round the front piazzas. One night, a year afterward, when the bantams were quite grown people, somebody dropped over the fence a pair of big black Cochins, that stalked about as if the earth was too good to tread on, or as if they were afraid of crushing a bantam with the next step. Of course we knew where the Cochins came from—for nobody else in town had any—but no one said a word. Only it was sport on the next day to peer round the corner and see Aunt Helen, with a piece of bread in her hand, in doubt whether to have anything to do with those fowls or not, twice extending her hand with the crumbs and snatching it back again, and at last making one bold effort, and throwing the whole thing at them, and hurrying into the house. But from that moment ever hungry Cochin seemed to regard her as their patron saint. She never appeared but they came stalking gingerly along to meet her, and at last one even made so bold as to fly up and perch on the back of her chair on the piazza. Of course he was shooed off with vigor—with a little more vigor, perhaps, because Mr. Thornton had at that moment been passing, and had seen this woman who would never keep hens presenting that tableau.

In two or three days after that Aunt Helen, coming home at twilight from one of her rambles by the river bank was observed to be very nervous and flushed, and to look much as if she had been crying.

"It's all right," said our Ned, coming in shortly after her. "I know all about it; I've been setting my eel traps; and what do you think—she met old Thornton—"

"Ned!"

"She did indeed. And what'll you say to that man's cheek? He up and spoke to her!"

"Oh, now, Ned! Before you!"

"Fact. Before me? No, indeed; I lay low," said Ned, with a chuckle. "But, bless you, they wouldn't have seen me if I had stood high."

"For shame, Ned! Oh, how could you—and Aunt Helen!"

"Guess you'd have been no better in my place," said the unscrupulous boy. "But, there, that's all. If I couldn't listen, of course you can't."

"Oh now, Ned, please!" we all chorused together.

"Well, then. He stood straight before her. 'Helen,' said he, 'have you forgotten me?' and she began to turn white. 'I have had time enough, sir,' said she."

"Oh, you ought not to have staid, Ned!"

"You may find out the rest by your learning," said the offended narrator, "I should like to know how I was going to leave. Only I'll say this, that if Aunt Helen would marry old Thornton to-day—she wouldn't touch him with a walking stick!"

To our amazement, on the very next afternoon who should appear at our gate, with his phaeton and pair, but Mr. Thornton; and who, bonneted and gloved and veiled, should issue from the door, to be placed in that phaeton and drive off with him, but Aunt Helen. Ned chuckled; but the rest of us could do nothing but wonder. "Has she gone to be married?" we gasped. And Lill and Harry began to cry.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Ned, in mercy. "He said there'd never been a day since he left her that he hadn't longed for what he threw away."

"Oh, how wicked!"

"She told him so, very quietly and severely—I tell you Aunt Helen can be severe—and to be silent on that point. 'Forever?' said he. 'And ever,' said she. 'It is impossible,' said he. And then he went over, one by one, a dozen different days and scenes when they were young; and if ever a fellow felt mean, I was the one."

"I should think you would," we cried, with one accord.

"Now look here," returned Ned. "If you want to hear the rest, you keep that sort of remark to yourself. It was too late for me to show myself, anyway. And I'll be blamed if I'll say another word if you don't every one acknowledge you'd have done just as I did."

"Oh, Ned, do tell the whole? That's a good boy!"

"Well, she just began to cry—I never saw Aunt Helen cry before—and then it seemed as if he would go distracted; and he begged her not to cry, and she cried the more; and he begged her to marry him out of hand—I know just how to do it now; only it doesn't seem a very successful way—and she shook her head; and he implored her, by their old love, he said, and she wiped her eyes, and looked at him, and gave a laugh, a hateful sort of laugh. 'Our old love!' said she. 'Then,' said he, 'if you will not for my sake, nor for your own sake, nor for the sake of that old love, marry me for the sake of the motherless children who need you more than children ever needed a mother yet, and who—who are driving me crazy!' And then Aunt Helen laughed in earnest, a good, sweet ringing peal; and the long and the short of it is that she has driven up to the Thornton house to-day, to look at the cubs and see what she thinks about them. May be she'll bring them down here—she's great on missionary work, you know."

"Well, I declare!" was the final chorus. And we sat in silence a good half hour; and by the time our tongues were running again, Aunt Helen had returned, and Mr. Thornton had come in with her and sat down upon the piazza step at her feet, but not at all with the air of an accepted lover—much more like a tenant of Mohammed's coffin, we thought. And, as I began to tell you, we were all sitting and swinging there when Aunt Helen exclaimed about its being a scene of domestic comfort. As she sat down, the big black Cochin hen came to meet her, and Aunt Helen threw her a bit of water-cracker, a supply of which she always carried about her.

"Why, where's your husband?" said she to the hen.

"There he is," said Ned. "He's been up alone in that corner of the grass the whole day, calling and clucking and inviting company; but the rest haven't paid the least attention to him, and are picking and scratching down among the cannas."

"Oh, but he's been down there twice. Ned;" cried Harry, "and tried to whip the little bantam, but it was a drawn battle."

"Well, he ought to have a little vacation, and scratch for himself a while," said Aunt Helen. "He has picked and scratched for his hen and her family in the most faithful way all summer."

"And so's the banty," said Ned. "The bantam's the best; he's taken as much care of the chickens as the hen has, any way; and he never went to roost once all the time his hen was setting, Mr. Thornton, but sat right down in the straw beside her every night."

"A model spouse," said Aunt Helen.

"They are almost human," said Mr. Thornton. And so we sat talking till the tea bell rang, for Mr. Thornton was going to stay to tea, he boldly told us; and we saw that he meant to get all the young people on his side by the way he began to talk to Ned about trout and pickerel, and about deep sea fishing; but when he got to eel traps, Ned's face was purple, and he blessed that tea bell, I fancy. However, Mr. Thornton might have found that it wasn't so easy to range the young people on his side if he had made a long-continued effort. We enjoyed a romance under our eyes, but we had no sort of notion of his taking our Aunt Helen away.

We were just coming out from tea, and were patronizing the sunset a little, which was uncommonly fine, and I thought I had never seen Aunt Helen looking like such a beauty, with that rich light overlaying her like a rosy bloom, when John came hastening up.

"I just want you all to step inside the barn door with me, if you please, ma'am," said he. And we went after him to be greeted by the sweet smell of the new-mown hay, and to be gilded by the one great broad sunbeam swimming full of a glory of motes from door to door. "Do you see that?" said John. It was a flock of the hens and chickens on their customary roosts. "And now do you see that?" said he; and he turned about and showed us, on the top rail of the pony's manger, the big black Cochin also gone to roost, but separately—and his wife beside him? No, but little Mrs. Bantam!

"That's who he has been clucking and calling to this whole afternoon, the wretch!" cried Ned.

"And now look here," said John; and we followed him into the harness-room, where the chickens had chanced to be hatched, and there, in the straw on the floor, sat the disconsolate little bantam rooster, all alone, with his wings spread and his feathers puffed out, brooding his four little chickens under his wings—the four little chickens deserted by their mother.

"I declare! I declare!" cried Aunt Helen, as we came out into the great moty sunbeam again; "the times are so depraved that it has really reached the barn-yard. The poor little banty and his brood! Why, it's as bad as the forsaken merman."

"Only not so poetical," said we.

"Helen," said Mr. Thornton, "it is exactly my condition. Are you going to have pity for that bird, and none for me? Are you going to leave me to my fate?" And in a moment, right before us all, as she stood in that great red sunbeam, Mr. Thornton put his arms round Aunt Helen, who, growing rosier and rosier, either from the sunbeam or something else, could do nothing at last but hide her face. "Helen," he said, "you are certainly coming home with me?" And Aunt Helen did not say no.

### Hard Times in the Silver State.

From the Virginia City Chronicle.

The shadow of hard times seems to be slowly creeping over the Comstock, and the man who stands in the sunshine to-day may be under the cloud to-morrow. Hundreds of miners who have been out of employment for months, go about willing to perform any kind of labor for anything in the shape of money. A few months ago they were striving to see their wives and children presentably clothed and supplied with the little luxuries of life. To-day they think of only keeping them fed. They have no longer credit at the grocer's, and the butcher will not furnish them meat without the ready cash. Scores of these men are walking the streets aimlessly, or lingering about the mines, begging for work A miner falls down a shaft and is dashed to pieces. A hundred rush to fill the place, content to have their faces fanned by the ill wind that has blown him into eternity. They stand about the gambling tables watching the ebb and flow of other people's fortunes. A man with a dollar in his pocket is deliberating whether to buy flour for his family or put the money on the board to double up. He pushes it over a card, and sees it make its way into the dealer's till. Then he walks away with teeth tightly clenched. You may see such sights nightly at any of the gambling houses. Strong, able-bodied men call daily at the weddings of citizens, asking for food or the chance of a night's lodging. The funds of the Relief Committee are exhausted.

### "Lot-Jumpers" in Deadwood.

From the Salt Lake Tribune.

This is what a pilgrim writes from Deadwood: "Lot-jumpers are bold, bad men; they jumped my lot. They also dodge bullets and let the wrong man get shot. Night before last a man jumped his brother-in-law's lot, and when he was upbraided therefor smote his kinsman hip and thigh. The injured party got his navy, found his man, took a good aim, fired—and killed an innocent bystander. About a dozen of us smart Allecks laid out a new street. We did it by stealth, like thieves in the night, as it were, to keep out the jumpers. Next morning we went to take possession of our lots and found our thoroughfare blocked up with frame shanties. We withdrew. That's why I don't think a lot-jumper is entitled to don angel's plumage when he shall have crossed over to the other side."


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### A House-Building Fish.

In Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call "a house." In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a little wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall measured together make a small basin from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. In this little lake within a lake the fish feels secure from all enemies, and very quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid, when it becomes restless, and leaves the house as a nursery for successors, while it roams about again at will.—*St. Nicholas.*


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### Curiosity Shop.

Hawks can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

Ducks can fly at the rate of 90 miles an hour.

The crow can fly at the rate of 25 miles an hour.

The sparrow can fly at the rate of 92 miles an hour.

The falcon can fly at the rate of 73 miles an hour.

Frogs live from 12 to 15 years—if not eaten.

Three thousand stars are visible to the naked eye. Countless millions are revealed by the telescope. Some are so remote that their light, traveling at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, cannot arrive at our little planet in less than 14,000 years.

The different species of birds are estimated at 6,000.

The different species of fishes will probably reach 10,000.

The different species of reptiles will probably reach 2,000.

There are 250,000 species of living animals.

The wings of some animals are so thin that 60,000 placed one upon the other would not form a heap of more than a quarter of an inch in height.

Twenty-five thousand eggs of a silk worm weigh a quarter of an ounce. The worm lives from 45 to 53 days. It increases in weight in 30 days 8,500 fold, and during the last 28 days of its life eats nothing.

Glass windows were first used for lights in 1180.

Chimneys were first put to houses in 1236.

Tallow candles in 1260.

Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1248.

Woolen cloth made in England in 1341.

Art of printing from movable type in 1440.

### O. W. Holmes on the Present Age.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered a lecture before the Boston Microscopical Society, recently, and in opening said: "To men of my generation this modern world, which most of you take as a matter of course, it being the only condition of things of which you have had experience, is a source of wonder—a standing miracle. Science and art have in our time so changed the aspect of every-day life that one of a certain age might well believe himself on another planet or in another stage of existence. The wand of Prometheus is in our match-boxes; the rock of Horeb gushes forth its streams in our dressing-rooms; our words flash from continent to continent; our very accents are transmitted from city to city; the elements of forming worlds are analyzed in our laboratories; and most wonderful and significant of all, the despotic reign of tradition has received its death-blow when the angel of anesthesia lifted from womanhood the worst terrors of the primal malediction."

### Superstition.

A panacea, or "cure-all," is one of the myths of the age of superstition. Dr. R. V. Pierce does not recommend any one or even his whole list of standard remedies as adequate to cure every disease. For severe lingering coughs, bronchial, throat, and chronic lung diseases, he believes his Golden Medical Discovery is unsurpassed, but it will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption. The Discovery not only exercises a potent influence over pulmonary affections, by reason of its pectoral properties, but possesses also the most valuable alterative, or blood-cleansing properties, and is therefore a sovereign remedy in blood and skin affections. But while it will cure scrofulous and other ulcers or sores, blotches, pimples, and eruptions, it will not cure cancer, nor does its manufacturer claim any such merit for it as is done by proprietors of other blood-cleansing medicines, who dishonestly try to deceive the afflicted into the belief that their preparations will accomplish impossibilities. By reason of its real intrinsic merit it has a sale surpassing that of any other blood and cough medicine.


THE name Cashmere Bouquet, as applied to Toilet Soaps and Perfumery, is registered and patented as a trade-mark by Colgate & Co., New York. Purchasers, however, need hardly to be warned against infringements; the genuine article is so universally esteemed as to have made the names Cashmere Bouquet and Colgate & Co. nearly synonymous.

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### War in Europe!

The latest and fullest news from the European war will be found each week in the WEEKLY WISCONSIN. *Only fifty cents, postpaid, for four months.* Address, Cramer, Aikens & Cramer, Milwaukee, Wis.


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IF you wish to save your hair and keep it strong and healthy use BURNETT'S COCOAINE.


### THE MARKETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **NEW YORK.** | | |
| Beef Cattle—Fair to prime | $6 00 | @10 00 |
| Hogs—Live | 5 25 | @5 80 |
| Sheep—Fair to prime | 5 75 | @7 00 |
| Cotton—Middling | | @11⅝ |
| 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 |
| **CHICAGO.** | | |
| 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 to choice | 5 50 | @6 50 |
| Butter—Good to choice | 17 | @20 |
| Eggs—Fresh | 10 | @11 |
| Flour—White winter extra | 7 75 | @9 00 |
| Spring extra | 7 00 | @8 75 |
| Wheat—Spring No. 2 | | @1 55½ |
| Corn—No. 2 | | @54 |
| Oats—No. 2 | | @44½ |
| Rye—No. 2 | | @88 |
| Barley—No. 2 | | @88 |
| Pork—Mess | | @14 87½ |
| Lard | | @9⅞ |
| **MILWAUKEE.** | | |
| Cattle—Choice to extra prime | $5 00 | @5 25 |
| Medium to choice | 4 00 | @4 75 |
| Common to fair | 2 75 | @3 75 |
| Hogs—Live | 5 25 | @5 50 |
| Sheep—Good to choice | 5 00 | @6 25 |
| Butter—Choice | 17 | @21 |
| Eggs—Fresh | 10 | @11 |
| Flour—White winter extra | 8 50 | @11 00 |
| Spring extra | 7 50 | @8 75 |
| Wheat—Spring No. 1 | | @1 84 |
| Spring No. 2 | | @1 76½ |
| Corn—No. 2, old | | @55 |
| Oats—No. 2 | | @42 |
| Rye—No. 1 | | @96 |
| Barley—No. 2 | | @80 |
| Pork—Mess | | @15 50 |
| Lard | | @10 |


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