CONTRASTS.

A short June night, now brightening fast to dawn;
A house with doors and windows open wide;
A silent sick-room, where a dying man
Lies prostrate in his youth and manhood's pride.

A bird's sweet carol, entering glad and shrill
A bird that sings of Hope, when Hope has fled;
And the sound smites the watcher with a thrill
Of agony—as if some voice had said:

'Weep on—and watch! but I shall sing as sweet
Among the roses—though thy dear ones die;
And all the world shall pass with careless feet,
Although thy heart be broken utterly!'"

O little bird! how tuneful was that lay,
That fell so bitterly on mourners' ears;
Yet it was summer—and what tongue will say:
"Twere well if Nature too could share our tears!"

CROPPLE-CROWN'S WEDDING.

"An' now, air you goin' to tell me or not?"

Dead silence, broken only by the rattle of beans from hand to pan.

"You can't cover it up nor hide it, nohow; Slocum saw ye, an' more'n once, too, an' he know's there's letters."

Still silence. Mrs. Jennison pushed up her glasses, gave a pull to the black silk sheath which did duty as cap, and from which her wisps of gray hair seemed to sprout, and gasped once or twice, as words crowded faster than ongue could manage or thought arrange. Then she burst out, determination evident under a snarling tone, which might have been taken as an indication of mere peevishness, had not the face held something much stronger and more persistent in quality than would be indicated by any characteristic marked as peevishness alone.

"You'll go your own way when you're twenty-one, an' not a day before. Talk to me! 'Siah Perkins! A hoss drivin', godless feller, never inside a meetin' house onless he's on the lookout for some gal, an' never the same gal three months runnin'. His father afore him, way for way, the same, an' not two gals in the boro' that he didn't cackle over their wearin' the willow for him. A thrif'less, mis'able set, an' I wash my hands o' you if you give in to one of 'em. Now, mark my works! Out of this house you don't go without me. I haven't slaved an' toiled an' brought you to be some stand by to me to have you throw it away on 'Siah Perkins. That's the end on't."

Mrs. Jennison picked up her knitting, dropped in the energy of accusation, and knit a round with her sharp, small eyes still fixed on the flushed cheeks turned from her and bending over the pan of beans. Midsummer, it is true, and pork and beans hardly in order, even for the most ingrained New Englander, but to Mrs. Jennison beans and dried apples, codfish and salt pork represented all the possibilities, and compressibilities as well, of food. Who sighed for anything beyond was guilty of worse weakness than the old Israelites in their moan for the leeks and onions—even string beans being a wild and wicked waste, a reckless destruction of what should make six dinners, where, in their infant state, but one could be had.

For Mrs. Jennison belonged to the happily decreasing number of women who, having been born to the New England farmer's unceasing struggle with the foundation of she earth, which crop up more persistently and battle with the soul more steadily there than in any other portion of the farmer's territory, valued proportionately every other product wrested from the soil.

Hardscrabble had been her native district and Hardscrabble it remained, the hillsides a wilderness of ledges or rolling stones, and the sunniest meadow still holding more stone than grass.

Many children came up to the gaunt, sharp-faced mother, and one by one took their places in the lengthening row on the Huggins lot. Whatever love might have helped them to linger longer and gradually died out. Interruptions from beginning to end, Peter Huggins, lean and weazened, with myriads of fine wrinkles about his eyes, and the look of a musty parchment—had always regarded them, and frowned determinedly on any attention not absolutely essential, and on some that were. Patient, bony, sad-eyed little objects, the babies, lay where they were put, following the mother's steady progress from one piece of work to another with looks always more and more wistful, till the low, damp kitchen, susless and cheerless, in which the grinding days went by, had done its work, and the starved little lives went out, to find a kindlier welcome in a country where the inhabitants take time from the reservoir known as eternity.

In such homes now and then grows up a flower delicate and fragrant as the arbutus in its setting of rough leaves, but to the Huggins homestead none had come. Huldah, the last, and with apparently less vitality than the seven others who slept quietly under the small mounds and headstones, held to life with a tenacity unexpected; but, on the whole, welcome, and at four stood on a "cricket" to wash dishes and pound clothes; and at five made a bedquilt, and at six could knit her father's stockings. Pinched and preternaturally old, she followed her mother about like some gray, uncanny elf or gnome, born in mine or mountain, and kid always from sun or air. She knew the market value of every egg, the possibility of every drop of cream, and at seven had made a bargain with her father—a bargain which drew from him a chuckle of admiration— to exchange the sugar of her crust coffee, occasionally cake or doughnut, for a full equivalent in money.

Schooling was had only that Peter Huggins might secure his share of the pay, grudingly paid, and grumbled over when one collecting time to another, and Huldah learned quickly and well, taking especially to figures, and casting up in interest with something almost enthusiasm. The sugar fund grew year by year in the Clairmont Saving Bank, and Peter shook his head over the bargain which he was too honest to evade or end, for honesty ruled and was the one saving grace. Mean, miserly, narrow almost beyond belief, he never lied and never cheated, and Huldah grew to womanhood—a girlhood being left out altogether—so true a copy to him that the neighbors, who at long intervals peentrated the mysterious region of the best room, said:

"It's a pity she hadn't been a boy, to keep up the farm after old Higgins died."

Old Huggins died at last, followed quickly by his wife, who lived to long under the direction of his file-like voice to find independent action possible; and who closed her eyes, as he had done, with no sign of what picture her past or future held in that last moment of pause between the two. Huldah regined alone, and contented to be alone; and, when the long winter ended, hired a silent and wiry little Frenchman from the hollow, and ran the farm on shares. Whatever thought Antoine Deprez may have had as to possible money to be made out of her ignorance or oversight was quickly dismissed; and the farm, where years ago every loose stone had taken its place in the well-built walls, came to be regarded as one of the best pieces of property in that region.

In time Miss Huldah, as she came to be called, owned her shay and drove to town with her own butter and eggs, and on Sundays to the old church on the green, the faces in which she had grown from childhood, but with no inquiry or attempt at other knowledge, to the consternation of everybody she had married, without warning or intimation that even the most indigable news purveyor could glean, to a man who had appeared from "the West," otherwise Central New York, and built a farm in the same district.

There was no chance in life or look, the same routine went on from hour to hour and day to day. The bank account swelled slowly and surely, and the Jennisons came to be looked upon as one of the rich families. Then slowly Jennison himself sickened, died, and his wife, who gave but one token of bereavement or loneliness cast about for some one to, in degree, fill the empty place, and found it in a waif and strap, born in the poor house and having grown up in its shadow. Silent and shrinking, people wonder that Huldah Jennison chose this child from stronger and bolder ones; but the end justified her choice, and Mary Nichols grew into a house wife as practical and busy as Huldah Jennison herself.

How she bore the unending nagging of her daily life it was hard to tell, for as Mrs. Jennison came to middle age her tongue moved as steadily and with as cutting a quality as her father's, and she ordered every inch of her handmaiden's goings out and comings in. Hardship and often abuse having filled the first twelve years of the girl's life, a home and enough to eat seemed at first all that was necessary, and as she grew older, custom did the rest, and she heard with unhearing ears sharp command or rasping and unceasing run of comment. One pleasure was always sure, and Mrs. Jennison's one weakness secured it to her, very grudgingly and with many a plan for its cessation, till Mary proved so valuable to her that she could not be dispensed with.

Hens and chickens were Mrs. Jennison's passion, and the only softness ever discoverable in her tone was when she counted the downy heads of a new brood or coddled a setting mother. There was no attempt at hennery or any modern method. Hens laid where they would, and being nomadic beyond the common run, gave Mary moments out of doors that would otherwise have been denied. Instinct seemed to lead her to the last hiding place of the most secretive hen, and there were conveniences for such in strange nooks in the rambling old barn, built by a man of ampler notions than old Peter Huggins.

In one of these nooks, from which the hay was never fully removed, the new crop piling in on the remnants of the old, Mary kept the treasures her mistress' prying eye would long ago have rooted out from chest or drawer—a book or two, the property of her unknown mother; a shell some one had given, and in time, as she grew into a delicate, even graceful girl, a little pin, some earrings, put on on the way to church after the house was well out of sight and taken off in the same way; then a little package of letters, awkwardly written and spelled as awkwardly, but holding the secret Mrs. Jennison had just discovered.

For, as years went on a new phase developed. Beans and dried apples might hold all the refreshment she needed or Mary should be allowed, but no one should think she could not have more if she chose. From an occasional church going, where she listened with deep contempt to the flowing periods of the lately settled young minister, fresh from the Cambridge divinity school, Mrs. Jennison suddenly appeared at the "society;" gave her views in full on the various objects for which it worked, and so nagged and beset the life-long members that the president resigned and staid at home three weeks. Having brought things to the decree of effervescence, which seemed as much the necessity of later life as saving and seclusion had been of the earlier, she invited all to meet at her house, opened the long-closed best room, brought out the patchwork quilt of a past generation for the bedroom, where "things" would be taken off, and prepared a supper beyond the wildest dream of the average society mind. Mary followed with bewilderment but inward delight the unaccountable and unaccustomed lavishness, and studied the cook book bought for the occasion with a wonder that such delights had been so long known to human places.

Whatever qualms may have come, Mrs. Jennison gave no sign, and thereafter the ceremony was gone through with once a year. The outer world having once gained admission was not to be put out. Mary was looked for as an essential in the few and rather mournful festivals of the New England hill town, and gird as Mrs. Jennison might, the young people claimed her. In spite of the poor-house taint, the expectation gained more and more ground, that she must finally be Mrs Jennison's heir, and though restricted to calico, painfully skimpy at that, Mary's beauty had come to be undeniable.

Long ago 'Siah Perkins had found it out, and with small care whether money would be gained or lost in the suit, pressed it with an ardor irresistible, and carrying its own surety of response.

Once more the course of true love had been troubled, and Josh Slocum, a sulky and rejected admirer, had walked with Mrs. Jennison to her "shay" as she left the village store, and, as he helped her in, said some words which brought a flash and a quick snap to the sharp eyes. And so we are back once more to where our story begins, and Mary, very determined and very silent, picked over her beans and gave no sign, save a flush that would not be put down, that she heard or cared.

That was three months ago, and Mrs. Jennison had kept her word. No more hunts for eggs and precious stray minutes reading book or letter. Up and down, through the lot, in the barn, not one moment was allowed in which Mary could have given word or look to the lover, who had first haunted the place, then took to moody silence and much pondering of ways of escape for both.

One point alone was uninvaded—the far corner of the upper loft, where Cropple-Crown still lay, and where only Mary could climb, but which Mrs. Jennison approached as nearly as possible, going up the first ladder to the mow, and eyeing the pegs leading to the second with a half determination to try them The half one day became a whole, and when, after repeated calls, Mary, driven to desperation, had failed to answer, and deliberately remained looking over the precious bundle, she climbed cautiously up the post and had put out one foot for a final stretch to the loose boards of the loft, when the treacherous peg gave way, and with a clutch that covered her with hay, she fell, sliding from the friendly mow to a manger just below, and falling, to the painful amazement of old Dobbin, at his side and almost under his feet. A scream, and Dobbins' frightened neigh brought Mary at once, who searched everywhere but in the manger, and who was nearly in despair, when Mrs. Jennison's voice sounded from some unknown region:

"Call a man from somewhere, for my leg's broke."

Happily Dobbin was not a kicker, and merely turned his head inquiringly at intervals until Antoine, and then the doctor appeared.

The fracture was compound, and there followed a long season of confinement, and as it seemed to the girl a slow fire for nerve and body. The need of quiet was absolute, and the old woman, suddenly aged and haggard, raged against it with a fury that did much to retard discovery.

Close prisoner for the first time in all her sixty-five years, no wild animal ever girded so fiercely at the bars that shut him in, and when common sense asserted itself, and for the sake of speedier recovery, she lay passive, if not silent, the conflict weakened and depressed her almost beyond bearing. Two months of miserable endurance for the unhappy Mary, who day and night must be within sight and call, and whose sroses had long ago departed, and then as Mrs. Jennison once more began her dailry round, a stiffened limb made the old freedom of movement impossible.

But vigilence did not relax. Mary was here, body and soul, and hers she would remain, and certain that her purpose was in part accomplished and 'Siah at least was tired of the pursuit, she chuckled audibly over her success.

In the meantime a new order of things had developed in the "society." Worn out with the always increasing burden of a supper, which every member since Mrs. Jennison's ever memorable, sought to make more and more elaborate, the sensible ones had at last revolted, and decided that each should bring a sufficient portion for one, and the table be set with this provision, the hostess providing only tea and coffee. Gradually this had changed, and one provided cake, another biscuit, and so on, the names of such being given out in turn at each meeting. Mrs. Jennison had said she would be at the next one, and her name was sent up as the maker of cake for the coming meeting, and once more butter and eggs and fruit were used with a lavishness that was never any less confounding than in the beginning. The loaves were ready, dark and rich under the smooth frosting, and lying in the basket ready for carrying.

The day was bright and cool, and at 3 o'clock Mrs. Jennison called to Mary to harness Dobbin, and stood in the door to oversee the operation. Dobbin bent his head to receive the collar, and whinnied a low and satisfactory whinny as Mary gave him the bit of bread he loved. Then she led him to the shay, ancient now, and weather worn with its long years of service, but as she dropped the bridle and took up the shafts to wheel it forward slightly, a subdued and well-known cluck warned her of some new vagary of Cropple-Crown's. The cushion had been taken out to heat. The box lid was open and had been for a fortnight, and there on a "buffalo" folded and half filling it sat the unmoved Cropple-Crown, top-knot and bright eyes just visible above the box.

"What's the matter?" called Mrs. Jennison as she came forward, "Don't be all day about a thing. Of all the pokin' an' useless waste o' time that I ever see, you're gettin' to be the very gest. You're slower'n molasses.".

By this time Mrs. Jennison had reached the shay and bent over to see where the difficulty lay.

"Lawful heart! If that ain't the pesky hen! An' she's the one that won't stan' movin' one inch, and her brood's worth any three common ones Ram out! Tell Antoine to bring up the light wagon an' I'll go in that tho' gracious knows how I'll ever get in."

Mary started obediently, to return shortly with the word that Antoine had gone to Claremont and would not be back before night.

"Then get his boy to carry the basket."

"The boy has gone, too."

Mrs. Jennison stamped with vexation.

"As much as a man is worth. Always underfoot when you don't want 'em, and not within gunshot when you do. You'll have to take it, Mary, and I give you just forty minutes to go, an' come. I know the length of the road, and I know 'Siah Perkins is workin' down at the Falls, else I wouldn't trust you even that fur. Go onl now, and get back at the minute I say."

Mary's heart leaped up, flaming in her cheeks, as she turned to lead Dobbin back.

"You needn't go off in a rage,, said Mrs. Jennison, happily mistaking the meaning of the crimson flag just displayed, and turned to take just one more look at the cake which should should show her supremacy in that as well as in everything else.

Mary walked lightly over the rough way, her heart dancing as she went. All of this fret and forlornness was at an end. Keen as as were the sharp eyes she dreaded, lover's wits are keener, and Antonie could have told of many a letter slipped into measure of corn or lying deep in meal or flour bin. And tho' 'Siah could not know of this happy chance, at least she would pass the house, and Mrs. Perkins would see and perhaps speak. She looked wistfully toward the chimneys, just visible over the little wood between her and them, then quickened her pace as she heard a step behind her, and remembered how dark and lonely the wood was.

"Mary," a voice said softly, and she turned to meet the lover, who wasted no time, but then and there took her into his arms and kissed her with a most un-New-England-like ardor, and then without a word drew her through a thicket into an open space, shut in absolutely from road or cowpath, and thus from chance of intrusion. What words were said then there is no need to write, events holding all their substance. and these events being, first, the emergence and then the disappearance of the two, who walked straight to the ministers house and then and there were married, without question, or pause, by the old man, who knew the story well, and who held his own youth still so well in mind that even 'Siah had never failed to love and honor him.

"She didn't know she was makin' the weddin' cake;" the latter chuckled, as the basket being left on the way home, Mrs. Evans, who saw the state of the case, cut huge slices of each and insisted on their being eaten then and there, the girls rushing forward and claiming bits of Mary's to dream on.

An hour later Mrs. Jennison, shading her eyes as she looked down the road, and vowing this time was the last the gal should get out of her sight, turned first red and then pale, and sat down suddenly on the doorstep. Two figures advanced toward her, one hesitant, the other with calm assurance.

"Hold your hosses!" called the last, as Mrs. Jennison, still sitting, opened her mouth, but could give no other sign of the indignation and wrath behind. "Hold your hosses, for sure as you don't I'll take her off this minute, and you may go on then all you've a mind to."

"She's under age. I'll have the law of ye!" shouted Mrs. Jennison.

"She'll be over it by the time you get it," replied the imperturable 'Siah. "See here, you've had your way with her for seven years, and that's as long as the bible 'lows for one term o' service. She's goin' to give me a turn now, but she's to much conscience to leave you as I'd have her do, and she says she'll stay till you find somebody else. I've got her now, and kin afford to be generous. But look out how you sass her, or I'll have her away before you can say Jack Robinson."

Still speechless, Mrs. Jennison rose, closed the door, pushed the bolt, and as she lowered the window, shot two words of final defiance through it:

"Git out!"

"That suits me," said 'Siah to the girl down whose cheeks a few tears were running. "You beat all, Mary. Even if I was a gal, seems to me I shouldn't cry to be well rid of an old termagant like that."

"It isn't her exactly, but it's the place, and—and—Cropple-Crown!" sobbed Mary, and Cropple-Crown answered with a cluck.

Many broods chipped the shell and grew from fluffiness to pin feathers and all the usual course of henhood before Mrs. Jennison relented, but relent she did at last, and had even been known to smile at the curly-headed 'Siah, Jr., who, in time, made his way fearlessly into the old lady's domain. And, when at last grim death took possession of the victim, almost as grim, the meadow and hill farms were found to be left, not for Mary, but for Mary's children, their heirs and assigns forever. Cropple Crown's last brood came thus to the pair who owed sudden deliverance from the long tangle to her good offices, and, tho' for the deliverer herself clucking and scratching ceased long ago, 'Siah still tells the story of Cropple-Crown's wedding.

Fifteen Americans are said to own $920,000,000, as for instance: W. H. Vanderbilt, $260,000,000; Jay Gould, $100,000,000; Leland Stanford, $100,000,000; C. P. Huntington, $100,000,000; Chas. Crocker, $63,000,000; Mrs Hopkins, $50,000,000; Russell Sage, $40,000,000; J. G. Fair, $40,000,000; J. G. Mackey, $30,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, $25,000,000,000; James Keen, $20,000,000; estate of Thomas Scott, $20,000,000; John W. Garrett, $20,000,000; Samuel J. Tilden, $15,000,000. It is probably these amounts are at least 50 per cent. over-stated.

William Black is supposed to be making the largest income of any English novelist living.

Embarrassing Questions.

Arkansas Traveler.

"Pa," said the Rev. Mulkitile's little son, "Sampson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Samwson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Sampson should be the strongest man, and before he was borne--" The bewildered expression on the child's face asserted the minister in his narration.

"Before he was borne?"

"Yes; before—that is before he was found in the hollow stuff—"

"Just like little sister?"

"Yes; just before he was found an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head,"

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No, the angel meant that his strength lies in his hair and that his hair must not be cut off"

"If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got longer hair?"

"Yes; the have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you could she?"

"No, not easily."

"Was Samson a democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you. I know if I was as old as you. How many was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody he's bad?"

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you musn't kill anybody. Did Samson go to Heaven?"

"I suppose."

"He is the strongest angel there, ain't he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"But you won't fool around him, will you? If he was to hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."

The Capital of Madagascar.

A resident of Madagascar for seven years recently surprised his London audience in the course of a lecture for the benefit of a hospital at Tananarivo, the capital of the island, by describing the civilization of the Malagavay. He found Tananarivo to be a really splendid city, with magnificent public buildings. The house he lodged at was as good as any in London, and there was a Roman Catholic church which would not disgrace Paris. The prime minister, who was curiously enough husband of the queen and almost the most intelligent, astute and clever man he had ever met, occupied a splendid official residence. The premier knew precisely how far he could advance in the path of civilization and where to stop. No outside people could so well control the Malagasay as the present prime minister. During the queen's reign of ten years he had publicly abolished idol worship and embraced christianity. The notes of the land as well as the mass of the population are now Christians. The premier was an educational reformer and had established numerous schools. He had abolished "trial by poison," a superstitious rite which used to decimate the country. It was intended to make the queen de facto as well as de jure the monarch of the island, and is was a great pity that any disturbance should come to the existing state of things. Among other beneficent changes which the prime minister had wrought was the abolition of the introduction of slaves from Africa. He did this with one stroke of the pen, and in doing it did away with what might be called the "material wealth" of Madagascar. A man had before been considered richer or poorer in proportion to the number of slaves he owned. A natural anxiety prevailed that a country which had so far advanced in civilization should not go back.

The Khedive's Wife.

London Standard.

The wife of the Khedive is a remarkable woman, both by descent and for her personal qualities. Her mother was the daughter of a Turkish Sultan; her father the son of an Egyptian Khedive and a descendant of Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present dynasty. Tewfik Pasha, who married her ten years ago, when she was only twenty, has never given her any rival in his affections or in his household. They have four children, two sons and two daughters, who are educated by English governesses in English ways. The Princess looks more like a European than our idea of an Egyptian lady. She has brown hair, a dazzling white complexion, great brown eyes, and a Queenly carriage. She dresses in the latest Parisian fashion, and does not, like most Oriental ladies, constantly smoke and eat confections. She speaks French fluently, and uses that language when she receives foreigners. Such visitors she greets with a slight inclination of the head and gives them her hand to kiss Her own countrywomen kneel before her and kiss the hem of her garment till she gives them a sign to rise. She has established a much stricter etiquette than prevailed at the court of Ismail Pasha. Her husband has the greatest confidence in her judgment, and never does anything of importance without her approval Her powers must have been severely taxed during the late events, but at any rate she never lost her courage. Her sharing all the perils of the Khedive and refusing the shelter offered her on board the English ships, has endeared her to all Egyptians.

GOUT.

Experiments of Interest to Sufferers From the Disease.

Prof. Ebstein, of the University of Gottingen, gave an account, at the recent German medical congress held at Wiesbaden, of a series of labors that will interest many a sufferer. Many as are the theories that have been proposed as to the cause of gout and the best mode of treating it, saving the isolated facts of the presence of uric acid in the blood of gouty patients, of the deposition of urates in the various tissues in which the disease is in progress, and of the development of local nodosities, medical science has until now actually possessed no exact experimental information on the subject. Dr. Ebstein discovered a method of producing gout in the inferior animals, and, applying his discovery to birds, took the opportunity to study the origin, cause, and gradations of the disease in a more careful and exhaustive manner than any of his predecessors in the physiological laboratory at Gottingen. He found, in the course of his experiments, that the first step in the development of a gouty nodosity was the creation by the action of the uric acid in the blood, of a local center of tissue destruction. This occurred prior to the disposition of the salts of uric acid, always present at such centers of disease, and was absolutely the first discoverable step in the progress of the malady. Dr. Ebstein found in his gouty bird's foci of necrotic tissue in the cartilages, in the kidneys, joints, tendons, and connective structures. After the local destruction of tissue has proceeded to a given extent it is followed by a stage of secondary inflammation which differs in its description, and in the abnormal products it creates, according to the nature of the tissue in which it occurs, and thus the nodosities of gout, differing in structure from each other, but identical in cause and origin, are gradually built up. By injections of uric acid dissolved in a solution of phosphate of soda, or merely held in suspension in water, Dr. Ebstein declares it possible to produce local centers of gout in any animal, and this direct experiment he regards as conclusive as to the primarp agency of the acid in the tormenting series of phenomena. Clear as this elucidation of the subject is, so far as concerns the origin of the disease, the German professor has nothing to add to our present information as to its treatment, and leaves the gouty patient in his sufferings to get what consolation he can from the more act of knowing why he suffers. Of course, it is consolatory when one is writhing in the throes of the gouty paroxysm to know that a similar paroxysm can be produced in a rabbit or a puppy with an injection of uric acid. But, after all, the discovery of a reliable remedy would be more to the purpose.—*New York Times.*

What a Deer Sees and Hears.

When a deer is much hunted his ears become exceeding acute. Mr. Van Dyke has seen one spring from his bed and run away at race-horse speed, before he was within 200 yards of the animal, although he had not touched a singe bush or twig in approaching the game, and although he was positive that a man could not at twenty yards' distance have heard the soft tread of moccasins on the light snow. Deer, too, are able to measure with intutive correctness the distance and character of sounds. They will often lie all day within hearing of the normal sounds of the settler's cabin, the sound of the woodman's axe and the shouts of the teamsters. As a rule, too, the crash of a squirrels jump, the roar of thunder, the snapping of trees with frost their creaking or falling in the wind, does not alarm them in the least. Yet the faintest pressing of the leaves beneath the hunter's moccasin may instantly send them flying. A deer can also see a long way. On one occasion Mr. Van Dyke saw one watching a brother sportsman nearly a mile away, whose motions he could hardly himself make out. It is true that for recognizing an object at rest the eyes of a deer are about as dull as those of a dog. If unalarmed he will not distinguish a man from a stump on open ground, if the man is seated and perfectly motionless. On the other hand, to catch a motion. A deer's eyes are marvelously quick, and the fact that he is generally at rest while the hunter is moving gives him an immense advantage. Even the slow lifting of your head over a ridge, or the slow dragging of your limbs over the trunks of trees, or the slow advance of your creeping body over the ground is almost instantly detected, unless the motion happens to be made while the deer have their heads down, feeding or walking.

Publish the List.

Helena Herald.

There have been so many charges of fraud in connection with the bill and list of claimants for arrears of pension that it seems to us an act of simple justice to publish a list of the names of all applicants and all who have been allowed and are receiving pensions, as well as those who have applied and been rejected. It would be an additional security to publish the names of the principal witnesses and the agent or attorney through which the claim was secured. This publication should be made in the county where the pensioner claims to reside. If there is any such proportion of fraudulent claims as represented, this flood of light would surely disclose most of them and lead to their removal.

The only objection that is made to this course is that it would be humiliating to a great many to appear in the role of pensioners, as if they were objects of public charity. The fact that this excuse is offered and so vigorously insisted on is a suspicious circumstance and induces us to believe that there is something crooked on this role that is afraid of exposure. So far as any worthy person who served his country in its peril and at his own peril of life and health, none such has any reason to be ashamed to appear in such a list. It would be a roll of honor. Nor need any one fear that any respectable portion of the comunity would throw it up to them that they were public paupers, making merchandise of their patriotism To those for whom the law intended these pensions, it is only an honest debt that the country they served and saved is now willing and able to pay for.

As the matter now stands, all who receive the government bounty are involved in the general suspicion. It is a duty to the true and worthy that the false and unworthy should be exposed, expunged, and humilated. We do not believe there is such a proportion of fraudulent claimants, but we would throw into the investigation the fullest flood of light that could aid in the exposure and exirpation of fraud.

A Cowboy Pays $35 for a Six-Year-Old Blackfoot, and will Educate Her.

[Toronto Globe.]

Yesterday, though the weather was bitterly cold, there was a lull in the storm, and word was brought over to the saloon that there was to be a horse-race between the Indians and half-breeds on the other side of the Elbow. There was a general stampede for the foot-bridge, and I made my way over in company with a cowboy, whom I knew only as "Shorty," as we were cro sing the stream he handed me a handful of nuts and remarked that he was taking a pocketful to "his girl"

"Where did you get a girl?" I asked.

"I bought her over at the Blackfoot camp, last night."

"What did you give for her?"

"Thirty-five dollars. Oh, here she is" he added, as a little six-year-old Blackfoot girl came capering down the bank to meet him and take possession of the nuts. The little one had on a new dress, warm stockings, new shoes, and a little black blanket, all of which had evidently come out of the store within the last twenty-four hours.

After loading her with the nuts Shorty allowed her to start back toward the lodge; but, thinking her blanket did not fit close enough, he called her back, and taking off the empty cartridge belt which held his own overcoat together, he belted her little blanket snugly around her waist, and again sent her off the happiest youngster in the Blackfoot camp.

"What will you do with her?" I asked.

"Her mother is to keep her till I go back to Montana, then I'll take her down home and give her to the "old woman", (his mother) and then, he added, very seriously, she's a nice, innocent little girl now, but if she stays here she'll starve until she grows up and then go to the bad. I'll take her home and mother'll make a woman of her."

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

Russian—Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

Experience is the name men give to to their follies or their sorrows.

That was sound advice given by a sage to a young writer: Think much: write little; publish still less.

It is no merit of mine that he loves me, but it will be my fault if he ceases to love me.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

Canst thou wait? Then thy success is assured; for patience is genius, and a genius for patience is success.

The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned the better the fruit.

Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions; decide because you have reason for decision; and then act because you have decided.

And when we are in prosperity we are ready to think our mountain will never be brought low; so when we are in adversity, we are ready to think that our valley will never be filled up.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.

BRIEF ITEMS.

Henry D. Moore, ex-Treasurer o Pennsylvania, has been chosen President of the Mutual Trust Company o New York, and congressman Charle B. Farwell, of Illinois, and ex-Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell, of Massachusetts, Vice President.

A Sister of Charity in Baltimore, named Lizzie McDonald, was on Sunday evening last married to Mr. Moore, in the cathedral, by Father Divine, in the quietest possible manner. She had spent eleven years as a member of the order, and taught in schools in Milwaukee and Chicago.

Mr. T. Polk, the absent and defaulting State Treasurer of Tennessee, is a nephew of ex president James K Polk is 51 years of age, graduated at West Point, was an officer in the Confederate army, lost a leg at Shiloh, and served on General Polk's staff. When last heard from he was at Milan, Italy.

Jay Gould is changing his habits. He is now accepting invitations to dine and to attend receptions, and is frequently seen in New York Society. There are a good many people who believe that Mr. Gould needs rest, and would feel relieved in their minds if he would make that tour around the world that has been talked about.

Congressman Harris, democrat, of the Fourth New Jersey district, has served notice of contest on Congressman-elect Howey, republican, alleging that money had been used in the latter's interest which had been illegally collected from United States officials.

Chicago's suburban city of Pullman will have a notable event when its elegant new theatre, will be formally dedicated to public entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Pullman have invited a number of Chicago friends to accompany them in a special train to attend the opening ceremonies and the play, which will be followed by a social entertainment. Hon. Steward Woodford, of New York, will deliver the dedicatory address.

Bonnets are now made of leather. When a man wants his boots tapped, his wife is supposed to be ready to sacrifice her leather bonnet—if it has been worn more than twice.

Rumor hath it that the recent visit of Bishop Perry, of the Episcopal diocese of Iowa, to the east, resulted in a donation of $20,000 for Griswold (Iowa, college, from Miss Wolfe, of New York

William A. Seaver, editor of the "Drawer" in *Harper's Magizine*, died Saturday at Mount Vernon, N Y. aged 69, of acute pneumonia, after two days' sickness.

The Value of a Horse's Tail.

The thoughtless person who imagine that a horse's tail is of value to the animal himself as a weapon with which to defend himself against flies, or as a convenient peg on which to hang the crupper of the harness, will be surprised to learn that the loss of a horse's tail in this city entailed a loss of some $300 on his owner.

Swallow & Sumner, who keep a stable at No 138 Beach street, own a horse which a week ago they valued at $400. The animal was a handsome and stylish dark bay, 5 years old, with no vices or defect except that some would consider it a fault that his tail hung to one side. Indeed that was the only objection offered to him by persons wishing to buy a horse, but that objection was always urged. Wishing to remove the ground of the object his owner summoned a veterinary surgeon to perform the usual and frequent operation of setting the offending member aright by cutting one of the cords in the fall on the side toward which it turned. The operation was, however, unskillfully performed and the cutting resulted in destroying the life of the entire tail. The consequence was that the entire caudal member had to be rhmoved, and to-day the only suggestion of a tail which the animal possesses is an unsightly raw stump barely long enough to hold the crupper in position, with a few short hairs remaining on one side. The horse is stylish and spirited as ever unconscious of his impaired beauty and diminished market value. A false tail can of course be substituted, but it will hang like a flag in a calm, and the owner would be in constant danger of suffering from the embarassing accident which happened to the Russian count in the poem, where he was driving in the park the horse

Winked his tail free and frisky
Into the face of Kaskowhiski.

The owners have offered the horse for sale, since he was curtailed, for $100 with no purchaser appearing.—*Boston Globe.*

The Retort Courteous.

Condon World.

One of the most unique specimens of the courting crisis on record occurred at a London party. He had long made love to her, and while at the table he learned from a friend sitting next to him that his rival intended to "pop the question" that very day. What was to be done? He was some distance from her, while the dreaded rival was at her side. Tearing a leaf from his note-book he wrote on it with a pencil: "Will you be my wife? Write your answer, yes or no, on this paper and return it to me." This he sent to her by a waiter, saying: "To the lady in blue at the end of the table. Be very careful." This servant was careful enough, but the sender forgot to give him the pencil for the lady to use She didn't have a pencil, but she coolly put the note into her bosom and said to the waiter: "Tell the gentleman yes," with as little betrayal of excitement as if she were accepting an invitation to a game of croquet.

***"Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause." The praise of Kidney-Wort comes from the mouths of those who have been made strong and healthy by it. Listen: "It is so long everybody," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys.

Edwin Booth has accepted an engagement at the Residenz Theater, Berlin, and will make his first appearance as Hamlet.

Mr. Hannibal E. Hamlin, son of the ex Vice President, has been admitted to the Bar of Maine, and will become a member of the firm at Ellsworth, of which Senator Hale is the head.

A writer who signs himself "Content," writes "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla has cured me of great weakness disturbing dreams etc. I am now in perfect health and am never troubled in my sleep, therefore I am content."

Boston's new mayor, Mr. Palmer, is literary. His message contains quotations from Dr. Johnson, Burke, Macaulay, Washington and Jeffesson.

CONSUMPTION CURE.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out. ELIZABETH THORNTON.
Montongo, Ark.

The remains of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," have been shipped from Tunis to the United States.

THE "GOLDEN BLOOM OF YOUTH" may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints.' By druggists.

Memorial services in honor of Gambetta were held in several cities of this country yesterday. At San Francisco there was quite a large procession.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeps, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Matthew Francis Whittier, the only brother of the poet, died in Boston Wednesday, after a long and excruciating illness, of rheumatism. He was 70 years old, and in former years wrote satires over the signature of "Ethan Spike." Recently he has held a position in the Boston custom house.

---

*Ladies of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite, from imperfect digestion, low spirits and nervous debility may have life and health renewed and indefinitely extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all complaints incident to the female constitution. We have not only a living faith in Mrs Pinkham, but we are assured that her medicines are at once most agreeable and efficacious.

J. H. Winterbotham (dem.), of Michigan City, Ind., states that he will not push his contest for the seat of Congressman Calkins in the next house.

☞M ake your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10 cents.

Miss C. L Wolfe, of New York, is building a $100,000 cottage on a $200,000 lot in Newport, R. I.

Flemming & Merriam's Holiday Greeting.

In this issue we again publish the statement of Fund W, managed by Flemming & Merriam, commission merchants, and although the markets have been very quiet for the month, yet their tidings show a reasonable profit, and for the year just closed the record proves the fund to be the safest and most profitable speculative investment in America. It has paid regular profits for the last twenty months. This enterprising firm also enjoys a fine commission and warehouse business, and their warehouses located on Market street, are not surpassed by any.

Henry Ward Beecher is announced to lecture at Racine, Wis, February 3.

Iron in the Blood.

It is not the amount of iron that one swallows that does the good, but the amount taken up by the system. The iron in "Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters" is in shape to be assimilated by the system.

Millionaire J. C. Flood gave $6 000 in Christmas presents to San Francisco charitable institutions.

Dr. S. W. Beall's treatment of Catarrh cures promptly and permanently, and is adapted to the special symptoms in each case. See announcement in this paper.

A Kentuckian's definition of life insurance: "I don't make none o' them bets, stranger, that a man must die before he wins."

MRS. GRUNDY And Everybody Else says That "Which Nobody Can Deny"

Neuralgia and Nervous Headaches removed by Dr. Benson's Cel