

WALF WILLIE.



He had a faint remembrance of home, this little walf, although he could have scarcely put it into words, so dimly did it come to him.

Like the faint sunshine in the deep summer woods, thoughts of mother stole across his lonely life, and through the silent night-watches came a voice tenderly calling: "Willie, son, come home."

Stolen from his widowed mother by a band of gypsies in a distant State, when a few years old, he had wandered hither with them.

And then, forsaken by them in a fit of illness, he had been left on the steps of Mr. Balfour's palatial house.

His life had been hard and loveless when with his captives, but since Hiram Balfour took him in for "what he could do," and the kind, motherly wife had died, his life had been full of bitterness.

"Be lively there, or you'll repent it!" shouted a rough voice from the doorway, and the little fellow bent lower over his saw while the great tears dropped down on the heavy oak stick he was cutting in twain.

Then the man in the doorway came out and measuring off a heap of sticks said: "These you must convert into wood to-day. And if, when I return to-night, it is not completed I'll whip you within an inch of your life."

At the end of an hour the weary hands let go the saw and Willie crept away into the corner of the garden and nestled down in the cool grass to rest. Closing his eyes he lay quite still, thinking. There were strange thoughts flitting through his little brain. He sat up and looked about him cautiously; possibilities which had never dawned to him before came to him now, and he caught his breath in the bold idea.

"I am going—going to run—away!" he whispered hoarsely. "Maybe I can find mamma." And through the sultry summer air floated thoughts like an inspiration; sweetly, tenderly it came: "Willie, son."

"What if Jenkinson sees me," he murmured, frightened at the thought as he beheld the gardener busy with his tools a few yards away.

But over the fence there was the road leading to the city, and it wasn't far there, and once in it he thought he could dodge anybody. Mr. Balfour had gone the other way, farther into the country, and he wouldn't meet him. Yes, he would run away!

Jenkinson's back was toward him, and he knew where there was a board off the fence, and he could slip out and no one could see him. If he ever meant to go it might as well be now.

"God help me to get away from Mr. Balfour," prayed the child, as he crept slyly through the opening. "O, my! Could he do it! Yes, he could.

The blue sky smiled above him, the birds sang merrily in the trees by the wayside, and every thing seemed glad that he had gotten thus far, like an inspiration; joyfully he ran on, and he was in the city before he knew it.

On and on he trudged toward the city, the day grew hotter and a pain came into his temples. The city, it must be a hundred miles from Mr. Balfour's; he'd heard them say it was ten miles, but he believed he had gone further than that now. His head throbbled fearfully and he was so hungry, but after all it wasn't so bad as to be whipped at night.

A sound of wheels came to his ear. Was it Mr. Balfour coming after him? O, dear! But no; it was a kindly woman in a carriage who stopped beside him to ask: "Don't you wish to ride? You're tired to death, my little man."

"Yes'm, I'm 'most dead," said Willie, faintly; "but I must reach the city before night."

"Well, I'm going there," said the lady. "I live in the city."

He climbed into the carriage and she let the curtain down on his side to keep out the sun and make him comfortable.

After looking him over curiously for some minutes the woman asked: "Aren't you Willie, the little boy who was found in the garden?"

running away from somebody, or has some one sent you away?"

say little boys for so long that I forgot how to put them to bed. And her voice sounded tenderly and full of tears.

"What is your name?" she asked, as she kissed him and twined a stray curl around her finger while she sat beside the bed.

"Willie, I guess," he replied, sleepily; "Willie, son, but when the ugly folks tied 'em up, they called me Willie."

"I don't know," he replied, sleepily; "Willie, I guess. Mamma called me Willie, son, but when the ugly folks tied 'em up, they called me Willie."

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A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The Progress of Democracy and Restoration of Republicanism.

The most striking illustration we know of has been furnished by the progress of Republicanism and Democracy since the former triumphed at the polls last November. Any one who chooses to see and comprehend can not escape a full conviction of the difference between reason and prejudice, between the love of country and the love of profit.

Democracy is industrious. It has the living spark and the ideas it teaches must grow and strengthen in the minds of the people. Its confession of faith made at the St. Louis convention and interpreted by the President has, in the face of an electoral, though not a popular defeat, been indented by every Democratic convention called together since that time.

The Democrats have a war-cry and a banner to fight beneath; the Republicans are without either. A few months of power have sufficed to disorganize and divide them, and as robbers invariably quarrel over the spoils, they are lacerating each other in the effort to get a share of the plunder, the prospect of whose attainment alone held them together.

Without a great principle to unite them, with no other guide than personal interest, it will be strange if the factions succeed in combining forces again.

Other causes than disunion are weakening the Republican party. Some of the old appeals to prejudice and passion, often so effective with people who did not take the trouble to learn the falsehood and folly of it all, can be made no more.

The second appeal was not to prejudice but to profit. It was said that a Democratic reduction of the tariff meant a business panic, the breaking of banks, the destruction of manufacturing establishments, the depression of trade and general ruin, while its Republican perpetuation foretold boundless wealth and prosperity.

There is not a more absurd, barbarous and hurtful tax laid in this country than the tariff on wool. It hurts the farmers, it handicaps the manufacturers and it makes clothing dear.—N. Y. World.

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Fuller was best understood. To all such the President was able to reply that not to know Fuller was to argue themselves unknown. The Judges of the Supreme Court knew him, and so did the lawyers who practiced before that tribunal.

Time has vindicated the wisdom of Cleveland's choice; will it do so much for Harrison? There is small hope of it.—Chicago Herald.

THE EX-COMMISSIONER WRITES A SPOIL Letter to Private Dalzell.

In a confidential letter written to Private Dalzell, of Caldwell, O., ex-Commissioner Tanner says: "I want to say to you that the President never said one word to me about you. I can not come out and say that publicly; you must not quote it, but I have written it for your private use."

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DRESSES FOR BRIDES.

Simple wedding dresses are of crepe de Chine, or of the inexpensive China silk which drapes more gracefully than surah, or else of fine white wool.

The front of the skirt is accented in princess breadths. Directoire bell and a cravat of lisse or of silk mull trim the waist. When white is not worn, the bride chooses gray reppel silk for the ceremony dress, using it afterward for a visiting dress, and wearing a Cheviot or cloth traveling dress on her wedding journey.

A gown, worn at a fashionable noon wedding, was of gray Muscovite silk (broad, flat repp), made with a princess back and draped skirt in front; the front of the waist is filled in with yellow crepon in soft folds and frills—a combination of colors now much in vogue.

A small bonnet of the gray silk had yellow crepon folded along the brim. The bride's bouquet should be white, no matter though her dress is colored, but her gloves match her dress.

A widow when marrying again wears pearl or gray lampas, brocade satin, or reppel silk, made with white wedding dresses are, but she omits the wall and orange flowers, and wears a dressy bonnet.

White mousseline de sole is chosen for bridesmaids' dresses this season, and is made over white silk, with a baby waist, half-high, with full sleeves to the elbow, and either a white, pink or yellow sash.

White China silk, or thicker or ottoman reppel silk, which is also very soft, is being made up in pretty Empire gowns, with crossed corsage, broad belt, a straight skirt, with a ruche or flounce at the foot.

Pompadour and Watteau silks and satins will be used for bridesmaids, when colored dresses are preferred, the grounds of alternate pink and rose stripes, or of Nile green and buff, strewn with flowers, and these will be made with square-necked corsages and elbow sleeves that have flowing frills of lace.

White fuchsia silk muslin are made for another group of bridesmaids, who will wear pale blue grain dresses. White undressed kid gloves, like those worn by the bride, will be worn by bridesmaids, though the favorite light tan-colored gloves with slippers to match will not be abandoned.

Very fanciful hats, laden with plumes, will be worn by some bridesmaids, and simple toques of white cloth are ordered for a quiet morning wedding, where the bridesmaids will wear tailor gowns of white faceted cloth braided with silver.

MAN EATERS FIGHT.

Two Members of the Deep Sea Disappear.

Rev. Ed. Randolph told a Brunswick (Ga.) Times reporter the following story of a combat between two sharks: "Rev. A. G. F. Dodge, Jr., and myself were driving along the east beach on St. Simons Island, on that part of the shore where the Long Island creek empties itself into the ocean. On that occasion we were witnesses of what I suppose was a spectacle rarely, if ever, beheld on these coasts—a terrible encounter in which some half-dozen man-eating sharks took part.

"Our attention was first directed to a violent disturbance in the water, within a very few yards of the shore. It seemed as if a school of porpoises was keeping holiday, and the members were gamboling about in sheer wantonness. As we drew nearer, however, the sports of our horses and his unwillingness to go forward told us we were mistaken.

Driving closer we saw first one and then another black dorsal fin darting rapidly about the water at the same time being churned into a white foam. We concluded that we had dropped in for a marine hunt, the porpoise being the quarry and the sharks the hounds.

"We were mistaken, though, for on looking closer we saw two enormous sharks engaged in deadly fray. No difference what the cause, we could not see how great was the share taken by the four lookers-on, who may possibly have simply been filling the roles of seconds, bottle-holder and referee in a prize-fight fought according to the rules and regulations of the sport. They certainly darted to and fro and sailed round the two center figures in a most excited fashion, occasionally giving one another a shove with their snouts or a gentle reminder by their tails to let others see as well as themselves.

"Meanwhile the Sullivan and Kilrain of the deep kept hard at it. At one moment a rapid flank movement would be attempted by 'Jake,' only to be anticipated by 'J. L.' whose bulk was about twelve feet, 'Jake's' being, perhaps, a trifle less. 'J. L.' would make a furious dive, then he would rise up, again and try to grab his adversary with his wicked-looking teeth, which sounded with a vicious snap as the champion missed his aim. 'Jake' would then turn and fly first this way and then that. His adversary would pursue him and more than once they would secondly and themselves aground; over and over they would leap, exposing two-thirds of their lengths, coming down with a thud like the fall of a heavy body on a floor, the swift blows of their tails throwing the water up high in the air. One moment, 'Jake' would head up stream, followed by 'J. L.' A swift turn on the side, and the foamy waves were crimson-flecked, while 'Jake' was wounded by his enemy's teeth.

"'Jake' tried to imitate 'J. L.'s' tactics, but being deftly countermanded, he fought oceanward. The 'big one' followed and gave 'Jake' two more, in which proceeding two other sharks joined—a breach of honor which 'J. L.' at once visited with condign punishment. 'Jake,' who had gotten by a second wind plucked up courage and sailed in for the seventy-third round. The two monsters grappled for about two minutes without confusion reigned; foam, blood, tails, fins, snouts, white bellies, glistening teeth, one after the other turned up in mystifying succession, kaleidoscopic in their mixed up variety. Had the combatants been able to speak doubtless the air would have been filled with curses. But as they were only dumb fishes the vigorous blows of their tails and the quick, sharp splashes of their jaws, like the snap of gigantic steel traps, sufficiently emphasized their violation of the third commandment.

"This battle of the Titans of the deep at last came to an end as unexpectedly as that in Mississippi. Whether a funny sheriff with a monstrous watch put in an appearance, or not, or whether 'Jake' had had enough of it, we could not affirm, but all of a sudden he turned tail, literally, and dived one way, 'J. L.' going another. Then both of them made out to sea, with what speed they might, perhaps to renew the combat where they would feel less confined by their surroundings."

The "Touch of Nature."

The "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" was exemplified this summer in a little Swiss village. An American gentleman traveling for his health, accompanied by his sister, died suddenly of hemorrhage at the village inn. A temporary interment was necessary to permit communication with friends this side of the water. At the simple service in the little cemetery on the mountain side the bereaved sister noticed with surprise four gentlemen, evidently not natives, standing a little away from her with uncovered heads. She found out afterward that of these self-imposed mourners one was a Scotchman from Glasgow, another an Englishman from Sheffield, and the others two German gentlemen. The latter were traveling in company, but were strangers to the others, who in turn were unacquainted with each other. Yet all of them had delayed their departure over one diligence to pay a tribute of respect to the unknown man, dead in a strange land, the solitary mourner far from home.—N. Y. Witness.

YARDS AND GARDENS.

Most gardens are too large; door-yards and lawns and city and village lots are too small.

Many farmers are satisfied with a dispersed economy; to save land they crowd their houses almost into the highway—the doorway in front of the house is sacrificed to the cornfield in the rear, but their saving proclivities seem to abate as they approach the back part of their farms for there you will generally find land covered with bushes, briars, brush and old logs that yield no profit, but are a refuge for predatory animals that burrow and hide in the daytime and visit the henyard and garden at night. If every body in the city, village and country would consider how much beauty and utility a large, well-furnished, well-kept door-yard is capable of providing for the benefit of the owner, his family and passers-by, the neglected pens in front of the house would become scarce. There are attainable trees, with foliage so beautiful, form so exquisite; flowers so fragrant; grass so green; shrubbery with such varied excellence, that we must regard it as a first-class bereavement to be shut out from their hallowed influence. Small front yards are better than none—tastefully arranged and well kept, they improve the situation—but they are very insignificant compared with ample space adorned with trees and shrubbery judiciously arranged and properly cared for. Some varieties of apple trees and other fruit trees in full bloom are beautiful, and may properly have a place in the front yard, but other trees and shrubs should predominate.

The size and conditions of farmers' gardens tell very plainly whether the owners are trying to enjoy life as they go along, or are sacrificing for themselves and family present enjoyments to vague future anticipations. Too many spend their lives getting ready to live; they work and worry, pinch and save, intending when their accumulations are large enough to make a business of enjoying themselves. When their preparations are nearly complete, headaches, backaches and rheumatisms sadden their hours; liver and lung complaints close their career. A good-sized, well-kept garden means present enjoyment. It provides necessities and luxuries for immediate use; if it has a full assortment of small fruits it supplies a family with the best the earth affords. To do this the garden must be large. Most farmers' gardens are so small that fruits for the family can't find a place. Peaches, plums, cherries and the large family of berries are not planted because there is no place to put them on the 50, 100 or 200 acre farm—this is a disgrace, a misfortune and a crime. If projected cities and villages ever get beyond paper it is of the utmost importance that their streets be wide, parks and pleasure grounds numerous and ample, and building-lots big enough to allow the air to circulate and give space for trees, grapevines and a few flowers and vegetables. There is a great deal of land in the world. Fix that more of it does not get into village and city limits. Whatever else is contracted farms are generally too large—the farmer is burdened with labor and care; much is left undone that ought to be done; thinking of things neglected prevents the enjoyment of what is accomplished; many who might and ought to occupy land are crowded out. A great increase of the owners and occupants of land would be an incalculable blessing to the American people.—Hugh T. Brooks, in N. Y. Tribune.

Cooked Feed for Pigs.

Cooked feed paid me well in the case of young hogs. I have never seen pigs grow faster than mine did on cooked pumpkins, potatoes mixed with bran, shorts or ground feed of any description. I honestly would not use any dry feed for my young stock during our long winters, nor would I use cold water. Cooked oats with potatoes or any roots make all my pigs feel happy in winter time. I do not use any warm food during the summer; but as soon as the ground is frozen I begin with warm slops. I save at least half of the feed in this way. I cook two barrels of mixed food in the morning and feed one in the morning and one in the evening as slop. The latter, if covered, will keep warm until evening. I have fifteen brood sows and twenty shoats. My brood sows do very well. I have no complaint to make with regard to their losing their litters as they would do if fed on raw feed when corn only is fed to them during the winter.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

To Strengthen the Memory.

1. The cultivation of habits of attention, or intense application of the mind to whatever is at the time its mere immediate object of pursuit.

2. Habits of correct association. These consist in the constant practice of tracing the relation between new facts and others with which we are previously acquainted; and of referring facts to principles which they are calculated to illustrate, or to opinions which they tend to confirm, modify or overturn.

3. Intimately connected with both the former rules is the cultivation of that active, inquiring state of mind which is always on the watch for knowledge from every source that comes within reach, either in reading, conversation, or observation.

4. Method; that is, the pursuit of particular objects upon a regular and connected plan.



WILLIE CROPT AWAY INTO A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

TWO GOOD STORIES.

They Illustrate An Amusing Side of Political Life.

A chief of division in the Treasury Department who resigned recently did so under peculiar circumstances. He was a Democrat from New York. When he applied for the position four years ago he had Frank H. Hooper, William M. Evarts and other prominent Republicans among his indorsements. Inasmuch as the place required a knowledge of law, either party might well indorse him, for the place was, in a certain sense, non-political. Last week, however, he resigned with his Republican friends, he said:

"I expect to retain my position upon the indorsement of you Republicans. Your letters are on file in my behalf."

"That won't do," said Senator Hooper. "I regarded you as a good enough man to recommend to Democratic administration, but I do not think you are a good enough man for me to indorse for a Republican administration, and I have another man for the place."

TWO APPOINTMENTS.

The Difference Between Cleveland's and Harrison's Choice.

If, as is reported, Attorney-General Miller is packing up and selling out at Indianapolis, then Attorney-General Miller is destined for the Supreme bench.

Who is Miller? Last fall he achieved fame when his law partner was elected to the Presidency. Before that he was a railroad lawyer—like his law partner—known throughout the length and breadth of Marion County as a useful man to Ben Harrison to keep the latter's professional fences in order while Ben was at Washington. Mr. Miller will do about as much credit to the Supreme bench as his law partner has to the Presidency. More or less could not be said.

When Mr. Cleveland appointed Chief-Justice Fuller he was derided by the holders of his own party and the simpletons of the opposition—some of them in Chicago, where Mr.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

The present administration will outlive the surplus all right.—Sioux City Tribune.

The Republicans are badly scared in this neck of the woods.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No negro holds any important elective office north of the Ohio river. The suppression of the "Afro-American" in Republican States is complete.—St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Harrison paid a very high price for the soldier vote last autumn. Politics, however, is a queer game, as all right when you have the bear, but when the bear turns and bears you that is another matter.—N. Y. Herald.

NOTHING MORE OBVIOUS.

Attorney (chagrined)—I confess, your honor, this juror seems to meet all the legal requirements, and as our peremptory challenges are now exhausted we shall be reluctantly compelled to accept—

[Defendant leans over and whispers something in attorney's ear.]

Attorney (to juror)—One moment, sir. Have you not, within the last six months, paid off \$2,000 of old debts, dollar for dollar, that were outlawed years ago and that you were not legally bound to pay?

Juror—I have.

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