

A. L. BAILEY,

General Wholesale and Retail Agent for the Celebrated
ESTEY ORGANS,
—WHICH—
Defy Competition
The world over. Do not be deceived, but get
THE BEST.
I also have a large stock of
PIANOS,
Which will be sold at
Bottom Prices.
Office and Warehouses,
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
L. P. ROSSIER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ISLAND POND, VT.
Office over the Post Office. Calls attended day or night.

ALFRED R. EVANS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office over Postoffice, Gorham, N. H.
All business by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

J. A. MANSUR,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,
Island Pond, Vermont.

F. D. HALE,
Attorney & Counselor-at-Law,
LUNENBURGH, VT.

W. W. LOMBARD,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
Island Pond, Vt.

D. S. STORRS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Agent for all the principal
Fire Insurance Companies,
ISLAND POND, VERMONT.

Z. M. MANSUR,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery,
ISLAND POND, VERMONT.
George W. Hartshorn,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CANAAN, VERMONT.

SAVE MONEY
BY PURCHASING
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Fancy Goods, Etc.,
—AT—
HOLTON'S,
CANAAN, VT.

I am constantly adding to my stock fresh goods, and prices are lower than ever. Call in and look at my new stock of
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
and Spectacles, just received, and you will be astonished at the low prices I can give you. A full line of the celebrated

Rogers Bros' Silver-Plated Ware,
Always on hand.
Choice Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

I haven't space to enumerate every article worthy of your inspection, but cordially invite you and all to step in, get prices, and be convinced that I am selling
FIRST-CLASS GOODS VERY CHEAP!
Physician's Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, Day or Night.

Thanking the public for their very liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance, I remain, Respectfully yours,
C. O. HOLTON.

LIFE'S A BUBBLE.

Life's a bubble, so men say;
See, joy's sunshine falls upon it
Trust no future, grave or gay,
He's a fool who reckons on it.
If time past be full of care,
Why then now give way to sorrow?
We can't put things as they were,
Nor place them as they'll be to-morrow.
This, at least, is in our power,
Spite future ill, spite troubles past,
To enjoy the present hour,
And strive to make his pleasures last,
Then the past will brighter prove,
Gilt with memory's choicest rays,
And glad thoughts of joy and love
Light us through all future days.

NO TRESPASSING.

It was painted in very black letters on a very white board. He who ran could read, and Ruth Bennett was only walking very fast when she came to it. But know it by heart already. For the last month she had read it every day, and every day meekly turned into the dusty road and made the long detour needed to get past Mr. Hale's grounds and into his next neighbor's. Five minutes' walk through that beautiful park would have brought her to Mrs. Alexander's hedge, and saved a modicum of strength and temper sorely needed for her trials as governess to the three little Alexanders. But she had never ventured on the liberty, though she had wanted to every day, and the impulse had grown greater since she had asked Mrs. Alexander if it was quite impossible, "There's never a soul about, and it's an eighth of a mile certainly to the house. I don't believe any one would ever see me, and if they did, I could tell them I was your governess." For it seemed to the young girl a sufficient distinction to be that to Mrs. Rufus Alexander, leading lady of the pretty town where her summer home was located.

"I would venture if I were you," Mrs. Alexander answered, kindly. "You were always kind to her governess, despite her wealth and her Mayflower blood, and she had a special liking for this bright-faced, eager girl. Mr. Hale is very particular. He is a new-comer here, and disposed to make every one respect his rights." It had been on the lady's lips to call him parvenu, but she would not throw scorn at her neighbor before her governess.

"Why, Miss Bennett," Harry Alexander had added, as she turned away, "do you know that last summer his gardener had ordered my mother off the grounds? Of course Mr. Hale excused it afterward—said the man had his orders to make no discrimination; but fancy—my mother!" and Harry's accent was more than the words.

Half the village would have been grateful had Mr. Hale allowed a foot-path to traverse his splendid park; but he stood on his rights and dignities. But to-day Ruth passed. She was late for her lessons; she had lingered to put the last touches to the pretty new dress she wore, and there was a thunder-storm coming. Should she run the risk of offending Mrs. Alexander and spoiling her dress, or should she trespass? No one was in sight as she looked about, and a nearer roll of thunder helped her to a decision. She stepped through the little gate which all these days had mocked her with its invitation to forbidden ground, and hurried across the lawn. In the distance she could see the stately house, the leaping fountains and bright flowers. She kept her eye on that, feeling some servant on the watch. She never looked the other way, and so, when a step suddenly came beside her, she started in conscience-smitten guilt.

"Are you aware, madam, a clear cut voice said, "that you are on private grounds?" She looked up. A stout, bald man stood beside her, a man whom her prophetic soul told her was Mr. Hale. He had deigned to touch his hat, but not out of respect for her, she was sure. He saluted rather his own dignity and sense of the proprieties. He had a pompous air, as if one who feared his simple personality was no less impressive enough, and the neat perfection of his costume made more prominent his commonplace features.

"Yes, sir," she answered, meekly; "but I am doing my best to get out of them."
"You came in by the lower gate. You saw the sign, of course?" he went on in the same magisterial tones.
"Yes; but I was in a hurry, and I—I was afraid I was going to rain. I'm Mrs. Alexander's governess." She ventured a glance at him as she said this, but he evidently made no impression. "I—I beg your pardon; and I can go back, I suppose. I thought that for once—and I didn't want to spoil my dress," she finished impetuously, as a great drop of rain fell on her hand.

She looked up with eyes whose appeal might have softened him. It seemed to her a very ample excuse, but there was no relenting in his face. In his own mind, indeed, he was making a concession. As she was his neighbor's governess, he would not carry the matter further, and he stiffly said, as he stood back to let her retreat her steps.
"I am sure I—or Mrs. Alexander—will be much obliged for your—your unexpected consideration," Miss Bennett answered, as she took up her skirts and prepared to beat a dignified retreat. "There was no use in hurrying; she was sure to be caught in the storm now, and so she turned and swept Mr. Hale a profound reverence, whose disdain he could not understand. But there was a dimness in her eyes as she raised them to his.

After all, she was only a child, and so far the world had smiled into her pretty face and treated her indulgently. That was not Mr. Hale's attitude, but as she walked away, something—perhaps the pride of self-assertion over this intruding governess, perhaps the thought of those eyes—made him relent. In five minutes it would be pouring, and he was not quite a brute. He stepped forward and called "Madam!"
Miss Bennett heard, hurried her steps an instant, and then stopped. She would like to be proud to the bitter end, and anyway she could not go back till she was told.

Mr. Hale had to take a half dozen more steps before he was near enough to say, "as it is raining, miss, if it will shorten your walk, I have no objection for this once."

"Oh, I shall not do it again," Ruth cried. "I'd sooner go through a wilderness."
"But that is not the shortest way," he went on; "it is much nearer by the coach-house. Here—let me show you."
"Oh, I couldn't think of troubling you. Thank you, but you'll get wet yourself."
"Since I have undertaken it," answered Mr. Hale, as if apologizing to himself for his conduct, "and with the work he spread his neat umbrella, and walked with her. It was only two minutes. The path he took was shorter, and Miss Bennett hurried all she could. She spoke no word till she reached the Alexander hedge; then she said, as hastily, "I am very much obliged—and I shall not trespass again."

"A pretty girl," Mr. Hale said to himself, as he watched her flying toward the shelter of the porch. "Mrs. Alexander's governess! Hum!" But what the last word meant in his thought he could hardly have told. Perhaps it only reminded him that his three motherless children would soon be needing one.

"Miss Bennett," Mrs. Alexander said a week later, "where did you meet Mr. Hale? He seems to know you; and last night at the garden party he deigned to say that if it would save you time and fatigue, you might go through the park. He has noticed you, perhaps, coming up from the village." And when Ruth had told her story, she lifted her eyebrows a little. "It's a concession—a great concession from him," she said.

"But I don't want it," cried Ruth. "I'd rather go miles around now. You can't think how his manner humiliated me. I felt as though I'd committed the unpardonable sin."
Mrs. Alexander smiled at her vehemence, but she had her own reasons for not encouraging it. "It's quite an another footing now, since he permits it," she said, "and really I wish you would. Since the hot weather came I notice you are sometimes very tired with the walk. Anything that will give your strength for your work, you know." And to that Ruth yielded.

She need not have been so fierce about it, she said to herself, after a week. She had the park all to herself, and it was certainly pleasanter than the dusty road. At first she hurried through as if a dragon haunted every bush; but gradually she moderated her pace and at last she made it a gentle saunter, and even stopped on the brink of the little stream which crossed one end of the park to cool her hot head in its breath of freshness, and soothe her eyes in the soft green depths of the wood beyond. One or twice she saw Mr. Hale's children with their French nurse in the distance; once Mr. Hale himself met her, touched his hat stiffly, and stood aside to let her pass. She wondered afterward if he expected her to thank him for his great condescension. But the burden of gratitude was not overwhelming to her proud little heart.

But a few days later she met him again, and this time she reported enough to give him a very frank smile and greeting. She felt like smiling on all the world that day, this poor little governess who had youth and hope as her portion, and was content therewith. Perhaps a letter which she had thrust into her pocket at sight of him—a letter she had herself taken from the office and lingered under the trees to read—had something to do with her radiant face just then.

"You find this way much pleasanter than the road, Miss Bennett?" Mr. Hale said, made affable by that smile.
"Very much pleasanter, thank you," Ruth answered, demurely.
"I might perhaps allow others to go through," he went on, "if I could be sure they would not abuse the liberty. But it is always dangerous to give people a liberty, they take an ill-advantage of it. Oh, I've no doubt you are quite in the right—from your side of the matter," Mr. Hale declared, and if there was the faintest touch of irony in her limitation, Mr. Hale did not see it.

"Certainly I am in the right," he declared, in his most magisterial manner; but having thus, so to speak, asserted his dignity, he sought to unbend and be properly gracious to so discreet a person as she had proved herself. He answered all her remarks with proper modesty, deepening the good impression she had already made, and forgot all about him when she had crossed the hedge.

But the next day, as she sauntered along the path, a sudden sharp cry startled her—a child's cry for help. It came from the river-bank, and as she ran toward it she understood its meaning. The youngest of the children, the little boy of the house, had slipped and fallen into the stream. The nurse was running up and down wringing her hands, and the two children were screaming for help. The water was not deep, but a child can drown in very little, and when she reached the bank he had gone under for the second time.

"Run to the house for help," she cried to the children; but even as she spoke she had herself seized the nearest means of aid, and was climbing down the bank. It would ruin her dress—even then she thought of that—but she waded in, half supporting herself by clinging to a vine that curtained the slope. It might give way—it certainly would if the boy struggled and she lost her balance; but it was the best she could do. She was not conscious of any special heroism. Other people would doubtless come to pull them both out later, but the moments were precious, and the child—And here he came up again, just out of her reach. She dropped the vine, took the step needed to catch him, and fell with him to the muddy bottom.

Ruth Bennett was chiefly conscious of her ruined dress and mud-bespattered face when, a minute later, she climbed up the bank with her burden. The gardeners and coachmen were there; Mr. Hale was there, too; but he let the others help her up, and his paternal raptures did not extend to taking his dripping son and heir in his arms.

"Carry him up to the house, Bates," he said, after a glance had assured him that the child was unharmed, "and put him in a bath-tub at once. And you, Miss Bennett—"
"I need to go into one, too," she gasped, trying to wring the water from her skirts. Her eyes were staring with the water in them; she felt as if she had been drowned and come to life again; but it was the comedy of the situation which chiefly occupied her even then, and Mr. Hale's divided mind between his wish to be prop-

only grateful and his disgusted sense of "wiping oneself." And then, woman-like, as she tried to pick up her dress with some light remark on its state, she cried instead.

"I—I hope you haven't hurt yourself," Mr. Hale said, evidently not knowing what to say. "I—I am deeply grateful, Miss Bennett—more than I can express—and I should be very sorry—for any consequences to yourself."
"Oh, it's nothing," Ruth answered, as soon as she could speak. "The only consequences to myself are a ruined dress, and that's a proper revenge of fate. It was to save this dress—it was so new then, and so pretty," she added, pathetically—"that I trespassed on your grounds six weeks ago. I hope you appreciate the fact of the necessity." And therewith she held up the torn and streaming silk to his astonished eyes.

"You don't exaggerate my heroism," she went on, "if I tell you that I thought more of this than anything else when I went into the river. I knew there was no real danger if I kept a steady head, and I hope the little boy won't take cold; and as that is my own danger just now—"
And before Mr. Hale could recover himself to find speech, she had swept him a mocking courtesy, and was flying toward the Alexander house as if he had sent her speed six weeks before.

"Miss Bennett," Mrs. Alexander said, a few days later, coming to the library after the children had gone, "I have a commission to discharge. It's rather a peculiar one, but I hope you won't mind such a thing coming through a third person. Of course the situation is peculiar, and rather delicate for Mr. Hale. He thought he would rather put it into my hands; that is, rather let me find out first—you—your feeling about it."
Miss Bennett looked up bewildered. "I don't understand, Mrs. Alexander. Is it about the little boy? Does Mr. Hale want to reward me?"—a deep flush suffused her fairness—"for what I did? I couldn't take his money, of course."

"I don't know that he would look at it quite in that light," Mrs. Alexander answered, "probably he would be inclined to a climax with him. Indeed, he intimated as much. And perhaps it is a reward of virtue. Certainly it is quite after the story-book style; but you are pretty enough and bright enough, as I told him, for almost any position. He is a self-made man himself; it isn't such a wonderful condescension when one remembers that. He couldn't expect to marry into the Mayflower, for all his wealth."
Miss Bennett felt as if her senses were playing her false. "You don't mean you can't marry me?" she cried, "that he wants to marry me?"

Mrs. Alexander put her arm about her soothingly. "I suppose it is rather overwhelming, my dear. It was to me at first. But, after all, why should he not? There are the three children, of course, and he's twenty years older, and he hasn't much beside his money to recommend him; but it would be a splendid home for you, dear. It seems he has watched you ever since that time you trespassed. And he has made inquiries of me. He began making them some time ago, but I didn't notice. I thought perhaps he wanted a governess. Of course I gave you the highest recommendations," she added, laughing, "though I didn't know the position he wanted you to fill. He seems quite sure of his own feeling, and it is certainly a great triumph for you, my dear."

Miss Bennett sank back into the chair from which she had half risen. Her mind plainly could not take in the new situation; but she came to herself when Mrs. Alexander went on: "Of course you may want time to think it over, but he would like to see you this evening, and he hopes for an answer then."
"Oh, I," Miss Bennett cried, springing to her feet. "There's no time. I couldn't if my life depended on it, for I'm engaged to some one else. And I never knew—indeed, I never knew, Mrs. Alexander, until a few days ago, that Philip was his nephew. You see," she went on, breathlessly, "his sister was with me at school, and that was the way I learned to know him. And Mr. Hale was very angry at his engaging himself to a 'Down-East school-marm,' as he called me. He had promised to help him before, but—but they quarreled over me, and Phil went West and I came here. And it was only a fortnight ago that I wrote him—because I hadn't much else to write—all about my trespassing, and what had come of it. And he answered—'I had his letter last week.' That's my old dragon of an uncle, and if you've won one concession from him, perhaps you could do more. If I learned to know you, he might think differently about our engagement, and though I don't need any of his help now, still he's my nearest relative, and I should like to be on good terms with him." And I had been hoping—but now—now you see how impossible it is. And if Phil has his own way to make, and we may have to wait a long time, and perhaps always be poor, I love him too much to mind."

The soul of his love and trust was in her eyes as she looked up at Mrs. Alexander, and the woman's heart in her was touched. It was the philosophy of the babes in the wood, indeed; she could have overturned it with a touch of worldly common-sense; but she only bent nearer her, and then suddenly Ruth felt a kiss on her forehead, a kiss of a mother's comprehending love.

But when she had cooled a little from this unexpected touch of enthusiasm, Mrs. Alexander had her plans. She met Mr. Hale herself that evening; she confided him with the news that the school-marm despised for her nephew was his own elect; and she followed up her advantage till he consented to express his gratitude to Miss Bennett by the gift of a home—of which he should not be master. And since young Philip was doing his unexpected part of the work, the mother of his uncle's help, the new home was hardly ready before he could claim his mistress. Only one touch of romance Mr. Hale allowed himself—the wedding gown which replaced Ruth's unlucky dress.—Harper's Bazar.

Time's Money.

Old Maid Aunt—"Come, hurry, Dick. Time's money."
Little Dick—"Is time really money, aunt?"
"So everybody says."
"How rich you must be!"—Philo Delphia Call.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Believe are worn with dresses of almost any color.
Married ladies frequently wear black lace or shot silks of light colors.
Dresses are much less draped this season than they have been for many seasons past.
French modistes are using more materials of red and yellow than of any other color.
Alligators' teeth set as pins are used for holding the corsage bouquet this season.
Between the ages of fifteen and forty-five a woman can grow about seven crops of hair.
Almost all petticoats and wool dresses are lined with canvas to give them consistency.
White and colored mull pokes, with Valenciennes lace ruffles, are pretty for girls' hats.
White flannel suits should never be laundered; when soiled they should be sent to be dry cleaned.
A back satin basque waist has a muslin front of black and yellow striped satin and yellow lace sleeves.
Spencer waists with shired yokes make a pretty change from those with plaits, and are rather more dressy.
Some new silk stockings have stripes running up and down; those in black and white are most fashionable.
Bows of rosette shape now figure on many of the French models as decoration for kilted and lounced petticoats.
General Wallace says that although he lived in Turkey three years he never spoke to a Turkish woman during that time.
Tunics with full blouse bodices of red Adriatic are worn with two-toned gray or beige skirts of glace batiste.
The newest bonnet is called the "Sequin," and in shape is not unlike the "Princess," which was worn for several years.
Many elegant black lace mantles have either the sleeves alone or the bodice only lined with red silk gauze.
Capes are shown in ladies' cloth of various colors and are finished with a ruffle of the same pinked in fine points or scallops.
Small circular capes are again revived, but meet with little popularity, as they are ugly, notwithstanding their unpretentiousness.
Patent leather low-cut shoes are worn with bright-colored silk stockings, but they have not a very lady-like air for out-of-door wear.
Scarlet crepe sun bonnets trimmed with green corn and with bearded wheat and green velvet frogs are worn at French watering places.
A simple tucked petticoat, long over-skirt and Norfolk jacket and trimming of white silk bindings of galoon, is the prettiest style for making white flannel suits.
Wraps are lined with sash or louisiane silks in blue and white and brown and white, and these often form the trimming of the dress with which the wraps are worn.
Miss Mary F. Seymour has been recently appointed commissioner of deeds for New Jersey by Governor Abbott. She is the first woman who ever took testimony in a New Jersey court.
Red Morocco shoes are quite fashionable, but this bizarre foot covering is never becoming to the foot. Red bows and Rhinestone buckles are added to make them more conspicuous.
Bonnets made of figured light foulards and lace are worn by little girls. They have soft crowns and frills of lace in double rows around the front, and are tied with ribbon strings under the chin.
The revival of bonnets with a peak in front, wherein decoration of flowers and ribbon may be added to fill in the space, is hailed with delight by those whose youthful bloom fades in them a becoming setting.
The wedding gown of Miss Tooker, lately married at Newport, and worth five million dollars in her own right, was a fine white satin, covered with point and Mechlin laces and pearl embroidery, worn with a point lace veil and diamonds. Bishop Clark performed the ceremony.
At the famous ball given by Minister Morton in Paris, Mrs. Mackey is said to have outdone all French or American millionaires by the display that she made of diamonds and precious stones. She wore on this occasion the famous set of sapphires which attracted so much attention at the Paris exhibition in 1878. It is valued at \$300,000, and comprises diadems, bracelets, ring, earrings and necklace. The pendant to the latter is composed of one enormous sapphire of the size of a pigeon's egg, set in large diamonds. But then Mrs. Mackey's income averages about \$75,000 per month, and this is only one among many fortunes and sets of precious stones that Mrs. Mackey may call her own. Her jewel chest is valued at \$1,000,000.

MONEY LOST ON VESSELS.

THE OWNER IS IN LUCK WHOSE SHIP FOUNDERS.

A New York Ship-Owner Who Takes a Glimpse View of the Business—Profits and Expenses.
A distinguishing characteristic of South street is the appearance of the signs over the offices of the ship brokers and merchants. New York signs are in themselves a curious study, ranging as they do from an expensive panorama in a Broadway window to a three-and-a-quarter inch placard in a cheap restaurant, each conveying an impress of artistic finish in its execution and of comfort in its promise for the person for whom it is intended. The sign of the ship merchant is neither artistic nor expensive. It is simply old, so very old in some cases, that the paint has been worn off by the wind and a storm, leaving only a faint outline of the letters in black or gold on a coffee-brown background, which might once have been either white or black, for all a passing inspection will tell. The old signs which once read "Howland & Aspinwall," and "Grinnell, Minturn & Co.," have been wholly obliterated. Like wine, or like a choice meerschaum pipe, the old signs gain value with increased age. To remove them would give pain to scores of gray-haired shipmasters, who first saw them as cabin boys, fresh from some coast or inland village.
In these shipping offices the visitor will usually find in the room marked "private" a genial old gentleman who can name the products of every country on the globe, can tell the cost, the demand for, and the value of each, and the number of ships engaged in the traffic. With this information, the visitor is pretty sure to be told of the profitor once made by shipowners, and that never, since ships began to sail the sea, have profits been so small as now.
"Ships must pay some profit to shipowners, or else the shipyards would be idle," suggested a young man to one of the pleasant old brokers.
"Some ships pay, of course, but at best the profits are not large."
"What freight will a good East India ship receive now?"
"The chief East India cargo is kerosene oil ten gallon cases, which weigh eighty-four pounds each. A large ship will carry, say 75,000 cases. The largest cargo on record was carried by the iron ship Lord Walseley. She took 101,000 cases out. The great majority of ships carry about half as much as that. We sent out a bark with 40,000 cases not long ago. She got 26 cents, or \$10,600 gross. If she is lucky she will get jute or sugar bark at say \$7. She will bring 1,500 tons or \$10,500 gross, and she will earn it in a year."
"A ship like that costs \$30,000, and \$21,000 is a small gross income. Out of this sum of \$21,000 she has sundry expenses which will amount you, perhaps, for a crew, she carries a captain, two mates, a cook, and fourteen men. The captain gets \$30 a month and five percent of the gross freight money, or \$1,415 for the year. The first mate will get \$600, the second mate \$420, the cook, \$480, and the fourteen men will get \$3,360; or a total of \$9,375 for wages. To feed them will cost \$9 a day, or \$3,285 for the year. It pays to feed them well, but it could be done for less, of course. Then out of the freight money comes thirty cents a case for stowing the oil, and thirty-five cents a ton for discharging the return cargo—a total of \$1,325. The brokerage on the cargo out is five percent, and back charges per cent, or \$1,265. Port charges at Shanghai are three cents a case, or \$1,200. Pilot fees will amount to \$200. Then we have insurance at five percent, \$2,500; annual deterioration, five percent, \$2,500; tonnage tax at thirty cents a ton, \$300; and interest on investment at four percent, \$2,000."
"Is that all?"
"There are a few small incidentals. Oh, I forgot the ship chandler's bill. It was \$2,600. That's all that's worth counting."
The young man had jotted down the sums. They aggregated for the year \$23,550.
"That's just about it," said the broker with a faint smile. "You cannot make a more favorable showing, because you have estimated the insurance at a low rate, and the return cargo is always a matter of some doubt. Beside, a year is a good round trip. You see, the owner is \$2,500 or \$2,000 out of pocket."
"Why does he build new ships, then?"
"Give it up."
"Do all these ships sail at a loss?"
"That one was only of 1,000 tons register. Take a ship registering 3,200 tons, and she will carry 75,000 cases of oil out, and will bring back 3,000 tons of cargo. Her freight will amount to about \$40,000, while her expenses over those of the bark of 1,000 tons will be about \$15,000, leaving a clear profit of \$4,000 on an investment of \$10,000, provided she has the ordinary good luck. The best luck that could happen to the owners of the bark would be wreck when she was fully insured."

NATURA NATURANS.

Where'er my eyes may turn or some range, Inspiring nature points to life beyond; And when the soul, with rays of light that dim The stars, dispels the haze that floats and falls Althwart the rising dream of future life, As tranquil seas endow the tranquil air, Lo, from the depths of promontions wise, Peace her glory sheds upon the heart that says: If life were not good for man, man would not live; If death were not good for man, man would not die; 'Tis life's fulfillment that all things should fade, Again to live. Nature can ne'er destroy. Naught perishes, and all that's dust is life. Still with care shall we await the certain change, Like Fear manhood by her good behavior. —Hugh Farrar McDermott.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hanson seems to have discovered the rowed to wealth.—*Whitcomb Times.*
Talk about babies; but then, we never indulge in small talk.—*Chicago Sun.*
"Out on the fly!" is now the cry of the infuriated bald-headed citizen.—*Lowell Citizen.*
A man will put his best foot forward if he has a sore toe on the other foot.—*Piscataway.*
The rising of the tide—Turning out to build the fire and cook the breakfast.—*Waterloo Observer.*
Steeping over to pick up a fair lady's handkerchief loses its joy when it sacrifices a suspender button.
Since pantaloons have been selling for ten cents a pair Detroiters have begun to look quite dainty.—*Courier-Journal.*
"Ah, how do you vote this year, Smith?" "Same as I did last—at the polls." And they passed on.—*Boston Post.*
"That was a clothes shave," said the burglar as he tumbled over the fence, leaving a part of his pantaloons with the bulldog.—*Life.*
In Cincinnati there is a soda fountain called "Bizzaz," is probably a caricature because so many men have been ruined by it.—*Boston Post.*
"No," said Amy, "I'll have the whole hog or none." "Please don't say 'whole hog,'" remonstrated the high school girl, "say 'undivided porcine.'"—*Derrick.*
Young physician—No, it is not in good taste for a young physician when writing to a patient to sign himself, "Yours till death."—*Somerville Journal.*
A bit of poetry floating around in the papers is headed: "Thee, Thee, Only Thee." It is probably Jay Gould's ode to the mighty dollar.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*
Brown—Ah, Fogg! Quite a stranger. How do you like your new residence? Fine landscape, I suppose? Fogg—No, there's no landscape to speak of, but there's two fire escapes.—*New York Journal.*
"There that's the summer hotel for me," said Higby, pointing at an advertisement in his paper. "None of your temperance houses. They advertise, 'Hoops every night.'"—*Burlington Free Press.*
If there is anything that will make a man cordially hate himself it is when he takes a walk about a mile to the post-office to find that he has left his keys at home, and then on going back after them to find on opening the box that the only thing in it is a card notifying him that his box rent is due.—*Boston Post.*
At a fashionable ball, Miss Gattley, who was rather careless in expressing herself, approached Mr. McPeal, and says: "Supper is ready. Why don't you take a lady to eat?" "Be—because," replies the stuttering Mr. McPeal, "ner—ner—never e—e—eat la—ladies." Smart man, but he ought to be killed.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

THE BITTEREST TRIP.

The bite of a "skeeter" is painful. The bite of a bag will haunt. The bite of a snake is painful. At a railroad restaurant. The bite of a serpent is stinging. And nothing is worse than this: The bite of a bull-dog is maddening. While the bite of a girl is bliss: But a bite more painful than kerosene is the bitter bite of an apple green. —*New York Journal.*
A cookery book says, "always smell a salt codfish before buying it." We all ways do, and after buying it, too—for three or four days after. The fact is, you can smell a salted codfish without buying it at all if you get within ten rods of where it is. The odor of a salted codfish is like the darkness that once settled on Egypt; it is something that can be felt.—*Somerville Journal.*
Oh, frolicsome insect, though far you may roam, Bess it ever so humble, there's no place like home; Where honey lies sparkling in beautiful wells, Not even the tombs has more comfortable sells.
Comb, Comb! Sweet Comb! There's no place like Comb! Oh, he stung me! The truth is, my proboscis is sore.
Go back to your ugly-thatched beehive once more. The wasps was impatient, the hornets are mad— They want you; I don't! When you go, I'll be glad!
Comb, Comb! Sweet Comb! There's no place like Comb!

A Remarkable Incident.

Harry Williams and a party of friends were cruising around off Cape May, when they came on the masts of a vessel protruding above the waves. They rowed over to inspect the wreck when Harry Williams cried out: "My God! boys, that is Father's schooner. I know her by the crosses that we fixed with the block to reef the haliards through before she started on her last voyage. God help them, they are all lost!" And the young man fell fainting in the boat.
The schooner was the Deborah Diverdy, commanded by Captain Frank Williams. On his last trip Captain Williams had with him his wife, two sons, John and Frank, a steward and his wife, and two deckhands whose names are unknown. The vessel left Boston a month previous and all on board were lost.—*Detroit Free Press.*