WORK AND WORKERS.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

Diverse the mission, as the mind of man;
Mighty it may be as the prophets word
By which the mighty multitude is stirred;
Simple enough for childhood's palm to span.

What shall be done by each is nature's choice,
Nor is it right of any man to say
Another must be working in his way,
Whether it be by hand, or pen or voice.

The generous greeting and the happy look
Bestowed when one's own lot forbids them both
The willing service done when limbs are loth,
The bearing well what yet we ill can brook;

The liberal sowing with no end in view
That one will any of the garner share;
Seeing, in quietness, another wear
The well earned praises that to us are due;

The silent spreading of true charity
In wordless sermons whither slander comes—
These are the giving out of golden sums
When bare of gold may be the treasury.

Who keeps his soul in patience through his pain,
Through dark seclusion and through hopeless ill,
Is one of God's best missionaries still,
Nor presses back his murmurings in vain.

He who to such a one may minister,
Speaking with word, or look, or song or flower
To wing away pain's burden for an hour,
Exchanges service with the sufferer.

With ever ready lips, yet loitering feet,
Many declare "I go," and still they stay,
While some who vow "I go not," turn straightway
Their cold refusal into duty's heat.

Children that almost tire the listener's ear
With repetition of the father's name,
Are first to bring his honor into blame,
And last to do the will that seems so dear.

We judge not Christians who have likewise done,
Impulsive love may still be indolent;
Those who are fondest, sometimes wayward bent,
Hurt most that heart to which they soonest run.

But sometimes he whom no one can observe
Nearing with show of love the Father's breast,
Comes nearer to it than do all the rest,
Just through his utter earnestness to serve.

And, child or Christian, this must test the soul—
The faithful doing of the Higher will.
Love's words are good; its demonstration still
Must be the best, where best is love's control.

Strong Christophers there are that daily stem
With others' burdens life's exhausting flood,
Who, serving well the human brotherhood,
Unknowing, bear the very Christ with them.

MISSION OF A BIT OF LACE.

"Good gracious! I shall be crazy if things go on this way much longer!" was the winding up exclamation of Burke Addison's distracting reverie. He was sitting by the window in dressing-gown and slippers, fuming inwardly over the broken limb which had kept him in doors for weeks, his neglected business, the state of things in the kitchen and all over the house. He was a widower, and a slipshod, lackadaisical girl made an effort to perform the duties of housekeeper for him. He had been a widower over a year, and during that time he had a sweet taste of the difficulties of getting a good housekeeper. He had changed every few weeks One indulged too freely in the use of stimulants, and in a fit of intoxication came near burning the house over their heads. Another helped herself to sundry valuables and then took French leave. A third set before him such outrageously cooked dishes that he came near dying of dyspepsia one week and starvation the other, and so on until he had one on sufferance who he sometimes thought was worse than any of the rest, whom he vowed should be cleaned out as soon as he was about again. He had begun to believe there wasn't a capable woman in the whole city, at least none that he could lay his hands on.

He heard the patter of little feet along the entry, and the door was pushed open by a little girl of three summers or thereabout, who entered holding up her little apron in which there were some colored candies. "See what I dot from the candy man," she lisped, holding out her apron with her little chubby soiled hands and showing them to her father. Then sitting down quietly on the not over well swept carpet, she proceeded to regale herself with the sweetmeats.

He uttered a half-despairing groan as he looked at her thin face, which was very pretty when clean, but was now bedaubed with the colored candies to its utter disfigurement; her tangled curls looked as if they had not known brush or comb for a week, her stockings were soiled and wrinkled, and the trimming was torn from her dress in several places. "How the child is neglected!" he thought, watching her as, in blissful unconsciousness of dirt and disorder, she smacked her lips after each dainty morsel. "She is growing up like a weed, and her clothes look as badly as any neglected child of the street." He had a fine, sensitive taste for order and neatness, and the sight of Mabel was positively painful to him. When he married he had made his home in a distant city from his own, and none of his relatives or those of his wife were near him.

"Something must be done," he soliloquized, half savagely. "That girl is wasting more down stairs than her head is worth, I'll be bound. I shall have to take a day and look around as soon as I am better. I've sworn I won't advertise for them. I should be beseiged by a host of husband hunters. It's plaguey strange that no one of my acquaintances knows of a good, capable person they can recommend."

At this juncture a girl in a soiled calico wrapper, that was short behind and long on both sides, opened the door. She had a dull, monotonous face, and looking at her one would wonder what could be her mission in the world.

"What shall I get for supper, sir?"

"I don't care, anything you like," he returned shortly, well knowing the food was invariably spoiled in the cooking, and therefore it was superfluous to order. The girl looked at him dully and then, without reply, turned and went down stairs. He grasped his crutches and hobbled around the room awhile to work off his impatience. Mabel began to laugh at his movements, which looked novel to her, and having finished her candy, got up and pattered along beside him.

"Go down stairs and ask Jane to wash your face and hands," he said in an irritated tone. He loved her, but it annoyed him beyond measure to see her in such a plight. With a suddenly sobered face and quivering lips, the little one obeyed him, and then his heart smote him for his harshness. "I shall become a perfect bear before long!" he thought. "Poor little motherless thing! I must be careful not to visit my annoyance upon her head. She's a good little thing, and it isn't her fault that she is neglected."

He sat down and laid aside his crutches. He forgot the present for a while, while memory went back and brooded over the past regretfully. Five years before he had been the proud, happy lover of Mary Leonard, a bright, sweet, loving, whole-hearted girl. It was the old story of love and misunderstanding. He had sent her a bouquet of hot-house flowers and along with it a note telling her of his love, and requesting her, if she returned it, to wear the moss rose buds in her hair at the party they were both going to attend that evening, The boy who carried them carelessly lost the note, and when questioned by Burke on his return declared that he had delivered both all right, being too cowardly to tell the truth. His heart sank like lead when in the evening he discovered that she had not worn the flowers. Then pride came to his aid, and, mentally calling her a coquette for the winsome, smiling manner in which she had treated him for weeks past, he had almost ignored her during the entire evening and lavished marked attention upon Kate Denning, who was but too well pleased to receive them. With characteristic rashness, he, after a week or two, asked her to marry him, and she accepted him, thinking her lot most blessed, for she had loved him all along, and he loving Marion with heart and soul, but too proud to even seek an explanation after the slight she had put upon him, as he thoughtlessly led Kate to the altar. Then a short time after the fatal step was taken the truth came out. He found out that Marion had loved him devoutly and that her heart was breaking over the desertion. He had made an indifferent husband, for he could not forget Marion, and his wife, during her short married life, was not a happy woman. He was not unkind by any means, but she missed the affection she had a right to expect, and pined over the disappointment. Since her death he had felt some remorse that he had been thoughtless enough to take into his keeping the life of a loving, sensitive woman from no other motive than pique. Lately his thoughts had turned to his early love, but he had no clew to her whereabouts. After his marriage her father had died, in a few months her mother, and she, an only child, had drifted out into the world alone, to earn her own living, he had heard, for her father had left very little property. "She may be married," he thought, "and if not, she may have ceased to love me, but she is the one love of my life, and if I only knew where to find her."

With these thoughts in his mind his eyes wandered through the open window to the yard below. They were back yards, but pleasant ones for all that, with clean brick pavements, with beds of bright, fragrant summer flowers here and there, grape vines and other shrubbery clinging on trellises, in all making a perfect picture of summer bloom and verdure. Two or three trees reared their heads skyward, faintly suggesting the "forest primeval" to the city denizens. Then he looked across to a window exactly opposite to his where a lady sat sewing. He had watched her every day since he had been a prisoner in that room. She plied her needle steadily all day long with only short intervals of absence from her room, and must accomplish a great deal, he thought, her fingers flew so rapidly. She was not near enough for him to discern her features, but there was something in her air and attitude as she sat at work that interested him and made him like to watch her. He could perceive that she was not posing for his benefit, although she must be aware that he looked a good deal in her direction. She was tall and graceful, he could see that when she arose to walk, and there was a certain self-possession and absence of flurry that made him feel it would be relief to his tried soul to have such a woman near him.

"Sewing! eternally sewing!" he muttered."

"I wonder women do not get tired to death of such monotonous work! I suppose they do. Probably she has to earn her living in that way. I wonder if she is a widow?" He had a horror of widows. "Probably not, or she would have tried to scrape an acquaintance before this time. I wish I could have just such a nice looking woman for housekeeper. But, perhaps, distance lends enchantment. I've a great mind to go around and see her when I get well. That house is—let me see—the same number as this, for these streets are numbered just alike. But then I should not know who to ask for. It would be rather awkward to ask for the lady who sits sewing by the window up two flights, for it's a lodging house, where folks are not supposed to know each other's business. I guess she is alone in the world, for she don't seem to have many callers; so there would be no use to talk about her," he thought, spitefully, remembering how Dora Robinson, a spinster of forty-five, had refused to come and keep house for him, a man of twenty-eight, for fear people would talk. "No one would be fool enough to accuse me of designs on that ancient female," he thought ungallantly. "I shouldn't think of meddling with my grandmother." The idea of getting this quiet, lady-like person across the yard to keep house for him seemed to possess him. "I should think she might prefer it to that everlasting sewing. I wish I could call across and ask her. Hang conventionalities! Its a deuced bore when a man is in my position."

A sudden gust of summer wind, bearing on its wings the odor of flowers, swept through the yards, causing the blinds to close with a quick clatter, stirring the grapevines smartly, and causing a small commotion among the foliage of the trees. "Quite a little whirlwind," he thought, and at that moment he saw something white sail quickly out of her window and whirl fantastically over the yards. It meandered a few minutes gracefully, then, like a carrier dove with a message, in flew straight across to his window, paused a moment, in front of it, and then fluttered into his face. I was a bit of soft, costly, delicate lace. "It belongs to her work," he thought; "I wonder if she saw where it came?" Her head was turned in his direction. He held up the lace, of which there was about half a yard.

She nodded with a smile that showed her pearly teeth. "Wonder if they are her own," he thought. He saw her get up and put on her hat and shawl. "She is coming," he thought. "This is too valuable to lose." Before long, he heard the bell ring, and the girl came to tell him that a lady at the door wanted something she could not tell what. She understood her to say something about a bit of lace.

"Show her up," he said, and in a few moments the lady he had so much desired to see closer stood in the room. She had a bright, good-natured, practical face; just the face he should suppose would be associated with her movements. She was past her first youth, was probably thirty-five. He politely asked her to be seated.

"I called for my lace which the wind was ill-natured enough to carry off," she said, with a frank smile.

"Which I am happy to return to you," he said, as he passed it to her.

"It is a small piece," she said, "but it is quite expensive. It belongs to another person, and if I lost it I should have to replace it."

She made a movement to go.

"Please do not hurry," he said; "you see I am an invalid, and your coming is a break in the monotony."

She glanced at the crutches and at him sympathizingly.

"I have been watching your sewing every day," he went on. "Don't you get tired of it?"

"Yes, sometimes; but everything grows tiresome after a while."

"Wouldn't you like better to be a housekeeper?" he said abruptly.

She looked at him in surprise and half suspicion, and he hastened to explain the situation in which he was placed.

"I want some one neat and capable to take charge of my house," he finished; won't you accept the situation?"

"Why do you suspect I am neat and capable?" she asked, a good deal surprised at the, to her, premature proposal.

"I don't know, only that I have been watching your movements for weeks," he told her, "and I believe you would be the right one in the right place, if you would only accept the situation. You can have a girl, and unlimited control over the house. You can ascertain my standing by inquiry at the firm of Bent & Knight. Will you come?"

"Don't you want a recommendation?" she asked with a smile.

"No; your face and manner are recommendation enough."

"I have no one to consult but myself. I will come."

"How soon?" he asked, while his face lighted up with a smile of relief.

"In—let me see—this is Thursday. I will come on Monday.'

"Very well. We will try to exist until then. I feel sure you will make a change in the house." He had seen her quick eye taking in the general disorder, the littered carpet, the table strewn with odds and ends of almost everything. Just then poor, neglected little Mabel pushed open the door, singing a little song she had heard in her childish fashion. She was a sunny-tempered little creature. The lady glanced at her quickly.

"This is your little girl you spoke of," she said; "come here and let me see you."

The child stepped to her timidly.

"She is suffering for care," he said, thankful, however, that he had given orders to have her face washed. "Does she look altogether hopeless?"

"Not at all," the lady returned, in her practical, pleasant way, as she patted the curly head. "I think she is a nice little girl."

"By what name shall I call you?" he asked, as she arose to go.

"Mrs. Iddings. And yours is Addison," she said. "I got my information from the doorplate," she added.

"Mrs. Iddings," he mused, when she had left; "a widow, I suppose, but with that face not a designing one."

The next week the reign of Mrs. Iddings as housekeeper commenced. The slipshod girl was dismissed, and from some quarter unknown to Mr. Addison, a neat, active girl was procured. Then the whole house underwent a thorough renovation. Such cleaning of paint, and sweeping, and dusting, and polishing. Mrs. Iddings took the lead; she was not afraid of work evidently, and her help seconded ably. Mabel was taken in hand, and came out prim, under the hands of Mrs. Iddings, a pretty, cleanly child, as sweet in face and tasteful in dress as she was in temper, and whom her father delighted to kiss and fondle. And then the cooking. Surely never had he eaten such appetizing dishes as his new housekeeper set before him. He convalesced rapidly, and in a short time was able to be down town once more. "She's a jewel of a woman," he told his friends, with extreme satisfaction, always relating the circumstance that sent her there. "That was a blessed wind that wafted that bit of lace to me."

"You'll be falling in love with her," suggested Frank Peabody, a batchelor of forty. "Not at all. Nothing sentimental about her; at least, nothing I can discover, but a fine, sensible, practical woman."

And when she had got the domestic machinery running smoothly Mrs. Iddings sat down and wrote this note:

"Dear Marion—Come and see me at No. 63 ——— street. Come prepared to stay a week. Surprised at my change? Well, come, and we will talk it over. I am housekeeper for a widower, and it came about in the funniest way. I can't write you about it, but come as soon as you can."

And the next evening, a few minutes after his return from his business, Mr. Addison, passing through the hall, answered the door-bell, which rang just then. A lady stood there when he opened the door, and she asked for Mrs. Iddings. The sound of the voice struck some answering chord in his heart, but the lady wore a vail and it was growing dusk, so that he could not distinguish her features.

"Please step in here and I will call her," he said, opening the door of the parlor. She walked in. He stopped to light the gas. As it flashed out brightly the two looked into each other's faces. "Marion!" "Burke! I did not know I was coming to your house," she faltered. She looked graver than of old, but to his eyes was still the same sweet Marion.

"And I did not know you were within a thousand miles of me," he exclaimed; "but I meant to search for you soon."

The two were forgetting the existence of Mrs. Iddings, but she passing through the hall heard her friend's voice, and was much surprised to find that Mr. Addison and she were old acquaintances. She and Marion had been friends for a year, but the latter had never let her into the sad secret of her life. She had remained unmarried all these years, and had drifted to the city where he was, but had not known of his whereabouts or his wife's death. Mrs. Iddings was duly acquainted with her story and was much pleased that she had been the means of bringing together the long separated lovers. Of course, in due time they were married. And Burke was seized with a desire for match-making, and introduced Frank Peabody to Mrs. Iddings, bringing him home to her one evening before she left. And the upshot was that she agreed to become Frank's housekeeper for life. And Burke is happy now, and thinks that the breeze that blew the bit of lace to him must have come straight from the gates of Heaven.

Smiling and Mourning.

Some go smiling through the gray time,
Under naked, songless bowers;
Some go mourning all the May time,
Mid the laughing leaves and flowers.
Why is this,
Rosy Bliss
Comes to kiss Winter gray?
Why, ah! why
Doth Sorrow sigh
On the lap of lovely May?

Happy Love, with song and smiling,
Through the withered woodland goes;
Hapless Love hath no beguiling
From the redbreast or the rose.
This is why
Woods may sigh,
Flowers die and hearts be gay.
This alas!
The piteous pass
That leaves us mourning all the May.
—Alfred Percival Graves.

Learning Versus Common Sense.

[Christian at Work.]

Democritus long ago drew an emphatic distinction between learning and wisdom. Learning consists of knowledge acquired mainly from books, and often its possessor is developed by its acquisition only in his perceptive and retentive faculties. Though his memory may be a vast storehouse of useful facts and brilliant second-hand ideas, yet, owing to a judgment originally weak and only partially trained to discriminate, he may be the most inconsequent and uncertain of reasoners. Wisdom, on the contrary, is the outgrowth of native sagacity, sound judgment, wary discretion—in a word, of good common sense, and yet of common sense acting under the enlightenment of more or less knowledge. Thus wisdom makes a man a true seer. He not only sees and grasps the best means to accomplish an end, but he instantly sees and selects the highest and best ends as the objects of his aim and life. Regarding learning and knowledge as the same thing, we may conclude with Cowper that

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection.

The paradox is, therefore, not unfrequently met of learned physicians who are destitute of skill as practitioners, of learned orators who are wretched statesmen, of learned linguists who are little better than fools, and finally of learned theologians who are the worst possible interpreters of the oracles of God.

The Housekeeping Problem.

["V." in New England Homestead.]

As the theme of housekeeping is under discussion I could not help expressing a few of my ideas thereon. There is one great trouble in trying to remedy an evil—we are apt to go to the opposite extreme.

It is hard work to give advice to the mass on the matter of housekeeping, as it varies so much with different individuals. We are not all situated alike. Some have every convenience, while others have to work at a disadvantage. Some have little children to contend with, and others do not, so that there is a great deal to be considered. I think that "F. S. B." has the right idea about not keeping a hot fire all the time, but there are a great many ways in which we can economize, and not over-tax ourselves by doing too much work in a given time. All we want is to understand the method, and that we may find out with a little careful study. As for myself it would be very difficult for me to be systematic in my work on account of having outside work to do for three in the family, besides looking after one hundred and thirty hens and chickens and two pigs, and making butter for the family. As my "men folks" work away from home a great deal of the time, those things devolve upon me. We must be content with doing the best we can and not be discouraged because we can not accomplish impossibilities.

Oh, for a thousand tongues," she sang in the church choir. Two hours afterward one tongue was found sufficient to scandalize four-fifths of the women in three Counties.

A SHEEP-DRESSING MATCH.

Preparing Twenty-five Sheep for Market in Eighty-six Minutes.

On Wednesday Harry O'Brien (white) and Charles Swan (colored) engaged in a sheep-dressing match for $200 a side, near Newark, N. J. The conditions were substantially: Each man to dress twenty-five sheep in good workmanlike manner; each to have three helpers to assist, but no helper after the sheep were put on the floor. O'Brien's helpers were Adam Haas, Michael Gyer and Charles Brodigan. Swan's helpers were George Oese, Michael Clary and Fred. Wolf. The helpers took the sheep from the wagons, cut their throats in the troughs, placed the sheep on the platform and handed skewers, cloths and knives to the contestants.

When the word was given, says the New York Sun, the two sheep dressers kneeled on the platform and seized the front foot of a sheep each, at the same time pulling out a knife. Then O'Brien arose, walked over to Swan, shook hands, and said: "Charley, may the best man win." Swan smiled, and replied: "Well, Harry, we're here again. We'll see who'll win." The spectators cheered. Meanwhile the helpers had killed six sheep for each man, and placed them in a row on the platform. Hundreds of men crowded against the ropes and shouted encouragement to the contestants. Swan began work before the word was given, but O'Brien's knife was flashing a few seconds later. O'Brien had legged two sheep and was at work on the third when Swan legged his first sheep, "Good boy, O'Brien," shouted an admirer of the young Irishman, and the crowd cheered. Swan let his fifth sheep fall in trying to hang it on the hooks, and when he had his six legged O'Brien had his six nearly all stripped. Swan stripped, skewered and dressed the first sheep, and was greeted with cheers. He and O'Brien had different methods. O'Brien first legged his sheep, next stripped the pelt, then scored and skewered them, and finally dressed them one after another, so that the six were all dressed at nearly the same minute. Swan stuck to one sheep until he had finished it. Although he had the first dressed sheep on the hooks, he had only three when O'Brien had six dressed and removed from the hooks. The spectators cheered O'Brien heartily, and he quickened his movements when he began legging his next lot of six sheep. As O'Brien slung his sixteenth sheep on the hooks the fastenings broke and the sheep fell on the platform. He put on new fastenings, picked up the carcass, and threw it on the hook, saying, "Stay there." Applause followed, and a man shouted, "Go it, Harry. Blood will tell." When O'Brien had stripped his eighteenth sheep he drank a glass of brandy. Swan was then legging his twelfth sheep. Cheer upon cheer was given for O'Brien, who it was seen could win as he pleased. Before Swan had stripped his twelfth sheep O'Brien had legged three more. A helper now began to assist Swan, who had thrown up the sponge. He was stripping his thirteenth sheep when O'Brien finished his last, which he legged and hung on the hook in fifty-three seconds. Swan had then twelve dressed sheep on the hooks, two stripped and four legged. Seven remained alive in the wagon. O'Brien had dressed his twenty-five sheep in eighty-six minutes.

The Danger of Aimlessness.

A great deal of time is wasted by young people who have no particular aim in life. Aimlessness and lack of motive are the chief obstacles to the best and most profitable use of time. With a goal to attain, an end to accomplish, and force of character sufficient to hold the mind steadfastly to his purpose, the sands of time are easily transmuted into golden rain.

Life is made worth the living. Then, boys—especially if you live in the country—utilize your time. Resolve to turn to good account your hitherto wasted moments. Most men of rank have easily learned the lesson of utilizing the minutes.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," found time during his work at the forge to master several languages, and surprised cultured Europe by addressing its chief learned body in Sanskrit. Hugh Miller learned the secrets of the old red sandstone in the capacity of a day laborer. While his fellow-workmen idled during their mornings, he was hard at work finding out the specimens and fossils his hammer disclosed. Lord Chesterfield relates of one of his friends that he wrote a book of abtruse character during the intervals of waiting for his wife to appear at breakfast. Why not follow such examples as these?

Gilhooly listened to a sermon on charity last Sunday, and he was so much moved that when he came out he said: "I never was so stirred up about charity in my life. I'll be blamed if I don't—" "Give $5 to the poor?" "Not exactly. I mean I feel like I want to go out begging, such an effect did that sermon have on me."—Galveston News.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Masonic.

Gethsemane Commandery, K. T., No. 9.—Regular communication second Tuesday of each month; hall in Judah's Block, opposite Court House.
E. M. Jones, Recorder. H. A. ROGAN, E. C.

Alpha Chapter No. 23.—Regular communication first Tuesday in each month; hall in Judah's Block.
Chas. E. Bailey, Secretary. E. M. JONES, H. P.

Ladies Court.

Union Court No. 1.—Regular communication first and third Monday evenings of each month; hall in Judah's Block.
MRS. CORNELIA TOWNSEND, M. A. M.
Mrs. Sarah Hart, Secretary.

Leah Court No. 11.—Regular communication second and fourth Monday of each month; hall in Judah's Block. MRS. JAMES, R. A. M.
Mrs. Ousley, Secretary.

Independent Sons of Honor.

Lodge No. 2.—Regular communication first Monday night of each month; hall in Griffith's Block.
THOS. RUDD, President.
John Preston, Secretary.

Lodge No. 15.—Regular communication first Tuesday night of each month; hall in Griffith's Block.
JOHN WILSON, President.
Mr. Walker, Secretary.

Independent Daughters of Honor.

Lodge No. 2.—Regular Communication first Wednesday night of each month; hall in Griffith's Block. ELLEN SPAULDING, President.
Ed. Ellis, Secretary.

Sons and Daughters of Morning.

Regular communication first and third Wednesday evenings of each month; at American hall.
MRS. ELLEN ROBERTS, President.
H. O. Medlin, Secretary.

United Sisters of Friendship.

St. Mary's Temple.—Regular communication first Monday evening of each month; hall N. E. corner Meridian and Washington streets.
MRS. PATSY HART, W. P.
Mrs. Mary Ousley, Secretary.

Western Star Temple, No. 11.—Regular communication 1st and 3d Wednesdays of each month.
MRS. EMMA MITCHELL, Worthy Princess.
Mrs. Hattie Stafford, Secretary.

Deborah Temple No 3, of U. S. of F.—Regular communication second Wednesday and fourth Wednesday evenings in each month; hall N. E. corner of Washington and Meridian street.
MISS SALLIE GALLITON, M. W. Prince.
Mrs. Fannie Johnson, W. Secretary for 1880.

Odd Fellows.

Lincoln Union Lodge No. 1,486.—Regular communication first and third Mondays of each month; hall 85 and 87 East Washington street.
JOSEPH LOCKLEAR, N. G.
Samuel Spencer, P. Secretary.

Household of Ruth.

No. 34.—Regular communication first and third Wednesdays of each month; hall 85 and 87 East Washington streets. H. A. ROGAN, President.
John Willson, Secretary.

Juvenile Knights of Bethlehem

Meet the 2d and 4th Monday evenings in each month, at No. 129 Columbia Street.
MRS. M. DICKERSON, Worthy Mother.
FLORENCE KELLER, Fiancial Secretary.
REBECCA BOLDEN, Recorder.

Union Sons and Daughters of the State.

Meet 1st and 3d Friday in every month at the South Calvary Church, corner of Morris and Maple Street. NANCY SMITH, Lady President.
REV. THOMAS SMITH, Chief.

American Sons.

Regular communication first and third Mondays in each month; at American Hall.
WM. DUNNINGTON, President.
William Barber, Secretary.

American Doves.

Regular communication first Tuesday evening of each month at American Hall.
MRS. KITTY SINGLETON, President.
Mrs. Mary Ousley, Secretary.

Sisters of Charity.

Regular communication first Tuesday of each month at Bethel A. M. E. Church.
MRS. REBECCA PORTER, President.
Miss Ruth Beasly, Secretary.

Good Samaritans.

Jericho, Lodge No. 5, G. O. G. S.—Regular communication, second and fourth Thursdays of each month; hall No. 36½ West Washington street.
BAZIL EWING, W. P. C.
S. J. Blaylock, W. F. S.

Magnolia Lodge.

No. 4, D. of S.—Regular communication first and third Thursdays of each month; hall No. 36½ West Washington street. Mrs. SAINT CLARE, W. P. D.
Mrs. Kate Johnson, D. of R.

Sons and Daughters of Morning Star

Lodge No. 7.—Regular communications first and third Fridays in each month, in American Hall, West Michigan street.
Mrs. LUCY ANN MARTIN, President.
Mrs. Mattie Wells, Secretary.

Sisters of Bethlehem.

Sisters of Bethlehem, Naomi Lodge No. 7.—Regular communication every second and fourth Tuesday in each month; hall in Yohn's Block, corner of Meridian and Washington streets.
MRS. MARIA OUSLEY, W. M.
Mrs. Adda Vick, F. S.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

On and after Sunday, Sept. 19th, 1880.

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis. (BEE LINE.)

Depart.		Arrive	
N.Y. & Bo. Ex†	4:15 am	L. & St. L. Ex†	6:55 am
Union Acc	6:45 am	E., G., M. & I. Ex	12:30 pm
Indianapolis & New York Ex	11:05 am	Union Acc	3:55 pm
Dayt. & Col. Ex	11:05 am	B., I. & S. L. Ex	6:05 pm
N. Y. & B. Ex†	7:15 pm	N.Y. & S. L. Ex†	10:55 pm

BRIGHTWOOD DIVISION C., C., C. AND I.

Depart.		Arrive.	
4:15 am	7:15 pm	8:45 am	6:05 pm
6:45 am	6:30 pm	6:30 am	6:45 pm
11:05 am	11:15 pm	10:25 am	10:55 pm
12:50 pm	7:20 pm	12:30 pm	3:55 pm
4:05 pm			

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis. (PAN HANDLE.)

Depart.		Arrive	
N. Y., P., W., B. & Pitts. Ex†§	4:20 am	Rich. Ac†§	9:55 am
Dayt. & C. Ex.†§	11:00 am	N.Y., P., W., B. & Pitt. Ex†	12:10 pm
Rich. & D. Ac†§	3:45 pm	Col. & Day. Ex†§	5:40 pm
N. Y., P., W., B. & P. Ex†sh	5:45 pm	N.Y., P., W., B. & Pitt. Ex†§	10:45 pm
Dayt. Ex†§	4:20 am	Dayton Ex†§	12:10 pm / 10:45 pm

Terre Haute, Vandalia and St. Louis.

Depart.		Arrive	
Mail	7:30 am	Fast Line†	4:00 am
Day Express p	12:25 pm	Mail and Ac	10:00 am
T. Haute Ac	4:00 pm	Day Express†	5:35 pm
Pacific Ex†	11:00 pm	Mail and Ac	6:40 pm

Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Depart.		Arrive.	
Day Express cc	7:45 am	N. Y. Ex†	4:10 am
Local Express*	3:35 pm	Indianap. Ac	11:40 am
N. Y. Ex*	11:10 pm	Day Express	5:55 pm

Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad. CINCINNATI DIVISION.

Depart.		Arrive	
C. & St.L. F.L†	4:15 am	Cincin. F. Mail	7:25 am
Cincin. Ac	5:00 am	C.&St.L Mail p	12:00 m
Cincin. F. Mail	6:05 pm	Western Ex	6:35 pm
C.&St.L.Mail p	3:10 pm	C.& St. L. F.L†*	10:55 pm

LAFAYETTE DIVISION.

Depart.		Arrive	
Peo. & Keo. Ex	7:40 am	Chicago F. L†	3:50 am
Chi. Mail p	12:20 pm	Lafayette Ac	11:00 am
Western Ex	6:45 pm	Chicago Mail	2:50 pm
C. & B. F.L†rc	11:20 pm	Evening Ac	5:40 pm

Indiana, Bloomington and Western.

Depart.		Arrive	
Pacific Ex	7:45 am	East & S. Ex	4:10 am
Crawfordsville Accom	3:50 pm	Danville Ac	10:40 am
K. & T. Spec	8:00 pm	Day Ex. & Mail	5:40 pm
B. I. & W. Ex†rc	11:00 pm		

C., L., St. L. and C., and Lake Erie and Western. Immediate connections at Lafayette.

Depart.		Arrive
6:46 pm	Indianapolis	11:00 am
9:00 pm	Lafayette	8:20 am
10:48 pm	Hoopeston	6:28 am
11:38 pm	Paxton	5:50 am
12:07 am	Gibson	5:19 am
1:30 am	Bloomington	4:00 am

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis

Depart.		Arrive	
Mail & Cin. Ex	4:15 am	Mail	12:15 pm
Accom	5:50 pm	Western Ex	10:25 pm

Indianapolis and Vincennes.

Depart.		Arrive.	
Ml. & Cairo Ex	7:30 am	Vincennes Ac	10:45 am
Vincennes Ac	4:10 pm	Ml. & Cairo Ex	5:35 pm

Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago.

T., Ft W. & La P. Ex	7:30 am	C. & Gr. R. Ex.	4:00 am
C., M.C. & G.R.	11:20 am	T., Ft. W. & La P.	11:00 am
C. & M. C. Ex.*	6:10 pm	C. & M. C. Mail.	5:00 pm
D., T. & C. Ex. †*	11:10 pm	D., T. & Ft. W.	9:35 pm

Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis.

Depart.		Arrive.	
South'n Ex†	4:10 am	Ind. & M. Mail	10:00 am
L. & Mad. Ac†	7:10 am	Ind. & Chi. Ex	11:00 am
Ind. & M. Mail	3:30 pm	N.Y.&N.Fl.Ex†	6:55 pm
Evening Ex p	6:35 pm	St.L.&C.F.L†	10:50 pm

Cairo and Vincennes Railroad.

Depart.		Arrive.	
Cairo Mail	2:30 pm	Vinc. Mail	12:20 pm

Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield

Depart.		Arrive	
Through Ex	8:20 am	Night Ex†	4:10 am
Tuscola Ex	3:30 pm	Tuscola Ex	10:40 am
Night Ex†	11:05 pm	Through Ex	5:30 pm

Trains marked thus * indicate sleeper.
Thus, p, parlor car.
Thus, rc, reclining chair car
Trains marked † are daily
§Except Sunday.