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IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Out in gold, St. Peter stands,
With the keys in his two hands
And all is well.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat,
Ah! so loud, and mild, and sweet,
As the parson says his prayer
Over happy lovers there,
While all is well!

In th eold church-tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again,
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Where all is well!

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell—
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joy and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

MARGARET'S BURGLAR.

You want to know all about my visit to Claire last summer, do you, girls? Who'd have thought that timid little dove we used to domineer over so unmercifully would have given us the slip, and got married! Yes, married; with a home of her own, and here we are still at school and likely to be here for some time longer. But she's from the South, and Southern girls often get married at sixteen; but sixteen *was* preposterous considering that it was Claire. Why, she's nothing but a baby!

I was invited to her wedding last September, but could not go, so when the summer's vacation came, she would take no refusal. I must come, and make the acquaintance of darling Max—her husband, Mr. Gordon—and see Linwood, the prettiest home in the world, and the holidays must be spent with her.

Papa shook his head. Mamma tossed her's, and said, "It is impossible, Margaret, to think of sending you all that distance without a protector."

But I disposed of these objections. Claire had written that her uncle, Mr. Lockwood, "the nicest old gentleman in the world," who had gone north on business, would stop in Clinton for me, on the homeward route. So the domestic rock was scaled, and I was on the cars, and rushing south almost before I had time to think.

I could hardly realize that it was really me, on my travels, about to visit strange countries, and to see the dearest little girl in the world. I always loved Claire, you know, though I did have to scold her about her ridiculous cowardice. I could never have a bit of patience with her, when she went into fright if a mouse came across the room, or a bat flew through the window. But I've learned a lesson since that time.

Nothing happened on the journey, only Mr. Lockwood was just the nicest of escorts. At every station he got me fruit and cakes, and he had any number of new magazines for me to read. We were nearing Linwood when he said to me, laughing:

"Do you know, Miss Bradford, we will reach Linwood the day before we are expected. I only just found out that I was mistaken in the day of the month, and that this is the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth. There will be no carriage for us, and the station is at least five miles from Linwood, and six from my home—you know I am Claire's nearest neighbor."

"What will we do?" I asked.

"Oh, we will probably pick up a vehicle of some kind near the station. Friends may be there, or the farmers around have good spring-carts."

There was a carriage waiting at the station for a friend of Mr. Lockwood's, who did not come on the train, and Mr. Lockwood appropriated it.

"What a delightful surprise it will be to Claire, Miss Bradford. There she is, in her flower-garden, now," he said, as we approached the house.

I looked, and there was Claire, sure enough, prettier than ever. I never saw such a look of surprise and delight in any one's face as when she turned and saw me. She gave a scream, and flew to the carriage, and between us both we managed to knock Mr. Lockwood flat to the ground, as he stood ready to assist me from the carriage.

"After that terrific assault I'll get away," he said, laughingly, as he jumped into the carriage and was driven to his own home.

"O, darling, I'm so glad you've come!" Claire cried; "but to think that uncle could have made such a stupid mistake, and no carriage there to meet you. And oh, Max isn't here! He went to the races to-day and won't be back until late in the night, and perhaps not until morning. He wouldn't have gone for the world if we had known you were coming."

"How do you like being left alone?" I asked. "If you're as timid as you used to be, it must be terrible."

"Oh, I really believe I'm worse. That is the only thing Max ever scolds me about. He says I'm a little goose, and that some foolish fright will kill me yet. He's heard all about you, and how brave you are, and how we called you Captain Fearnaught at school. He expects no end of good from your visit here. But I am a coward through and through, and it isn't a bit of use to think of reasoning me out of it."

I did not think there was much in trying to make Claire brave. It could hardly be done unless her whole nature was changed. That would have been a pity, for a sweeter, more lovable little fairy never lived. Since her marriage, too, she had put on funny little airs of matronly dignity, which made me think of a mocking-bird curving its neck and sweeping about like a swan.

What a delicious day that was! We roamed about, investigating everything, and I admired Linwood to the delight of its little mistress. She led me to my room, beautifully furnished, with a flower-garden just below, at which I gazed with rapture.

I tell you, girls, you can only fully realize the effect of color when you see one of those semi-tropical gardens. The whites are so radiant, the crimsons, scarlets and yellows so vivid, that they dazzle you. Somehow they seem to smite your vision as if they were real flame-lances. Then I suppose the sun and sky have something to do with the dazzling effect.

My room was in the second story, and the windows, looking out on a small balcony, opened to the floor. I leaned out over it, admiring the gorgeous crimson flowers of a vine—a species of Aristolachia which ran up to the balcony, and twined around the balusters. It was a strong, large vine, like a cable, and by a strange freak of nature had twisted itself in and out, till it looked exactly like a ladder, rounds and all.

"Behold my fire-escape!" I laughed. "So you even provide that for your visitors, Petite? Now if you manage to set fire to your establishment—which you are certain to do some night, with your bad habit of reading in bed—I shall be, no doubt, in the safest room in the house."

But Claire didn't seem to enter into the joke at all. She peered over at the vine and seemed disturbed. "I declare to you I never noticed this before," she said. "Don't you see how easy it would be for any one to climb up into the house? Those dreadful tramps are swarming all over the country, and the servants' cabins are ever so far from the house. But even if they heard us scream, you couldn't induce, for love or money, one of them to enter this room after dark."

"Why not?" I asked. What's in the room?"

Claire turned red, and hesitated for a minute, and then she laughed. What a simpleton I am to let it all out! But there's no use in making a mystery of it, and then I think you'll like to know that this room is considered haunted. You know there's as much difference between us as there is between a lion and a mouse. *I* wouldn't sleep here for worlds, but *you* like to do daring things, and I've heard you say at school there was nothing you'd like better than to sleep in a haunted room."

Now that I was likely to realize my foolish wish, I couldn't say that I particularly enjoyed the prospect. But I had a character for bravery to support—a very inconvenient thing I've found it—and it wouldn't do to show the white feather; so I quietly said:

"A real haunted room, Petite? Honor bright now, is it the genuine article, or a humbug?"

"Well, it was the room of Max's grandmother. She was a very hard, stern woman, and for some misconduct drove one of her sons from the house. He went to the bad entirely then, committed a crime, and while the officers of justice were after him, he galloped up to Linwood and went to his mother's room. He said a few bitter, reproachful words to her, and then shot himself before her eyes. She never got over the shock, and became almost imbecile.

"Day after day she would sit at that window, muttering and pleading to some invisible presence. The servants, who are very superstitious, said it was her son's ghost, for sometimes she would utter a sharp cry, and call out his name. She was found dead one morning in her chair. Of course the servants pretend that they can hear all kinds of sounds in here about midnight; but that's nonsense, for Charlie, that's Max's brother, always sleeps in this room when he visits us, and he says he has never heard a sound."

"Oh, then he's driven the ghosts away!" I laughed.

"I dare say," Claire said. "Now you know, Mag, I don't really believe in such things, but all the same I'm just as much frightened as if I did. Now Charlie would just suit you, for he laughs at everything. He is visiting us, and wanted to see you so much, dear; but his father sent for him this morning, and he had to go. He'll try and come back to-morrow, and I do want you to like each other so much."

I hardly heard her, for to tell the truth, my mind was going over and over the details of the tragedy I had just heard. Putting the haunted question aside, it doesn't make a room more cheerful, does it, to know that a suicide and heartbreak have occurred in it?

"Oh, how grave you look!" Claire cried, throwing her arms around my neck. "Perhaps you don't like the room after all I've told you. There's another one as large and comfortable just next to mine, but I chose this because I knew how you loved flowers, and the view from the balcony is so fine; but you shall not stay here."

Of course I was not willing to submit to such an ignominious defeat, and lose all my laurels at once. I declared that I would occupy that room, and no other, whilst I was at Linwood.

"I knew you'd prefer it," Claire said, kissing me, "and I told Max so. He said it would be a pleasure to meet a girl who wasn't forever screaming and trembling at nothing, and he did hope I'd try and imitate you a little. Charlie said he didn't believe there was a girl or woman in the world who wouldn't crack her throat screeching and lose her head in a moment of danger. He declared that if they're quiet, it's because they're paralyzed by terror. I told him to wait and see my brave, stately Lady Margaret."

She slipped her arm through mine, and we went down stairs and outside into the flower-garden. Suddenly she cried out:

"Look!—look at that tramp coming up the walk!"

A slouchy, morose-looking man was walking slowly toward us, looking curiously at the flowers and shrubbery.

"Not a man-servant on the premises," Claire whispered to me. "After dinner to-day I gave them permission to go to a funeral several miles from here. Oh, what shall we do?—and the overseer is away, too, at the races."

I can't say that I am afraid of tramps in broad daylight, but this fellow had a surly, sneaking look I did not like. It wouldn't do, however, to let him see that we were frightened, so I whispered to Claire to let me speak to him, for she was shaking like a leaf.

"Mr. Gordon sent me here," he said, not even touching his hat. "I'm to do some work for him, and he said I was to stay at the overseer's."

"I don't believe him," Claire whispered. "What does he want with such a creature? Max never sent him."

"Where did you see Mr. Gordon?" I asked.

"At the races. He told me to tell the madam maybe he wouldn't be at home to-night. I'm to stay at the overseer's house," he repeated, in a dogged manner.

"There's the overseer's house," gasped Claire, looking quite pale, and pointing to a low white building some distance in the field. "Go to it, my good man, and I dare say the overseer will soon come in."

He slouched off through the dusk, for it was now nearly dark, and as he passed the vine under my window, he stopped and uttered a little chuckle of amused astonishment. I heard him mutter as he moved off, "Well, if that ain't the queerest affair of a vine I ever did see!"

This speech did not make much impression on me at the time, for Claire was getting quite unnerved, and I hurried her in the house. A couple of her colored servants, the house-maid and old housekeeper, were there, and she soon recovered from her panic and became almost as lively as ever.

"The house fastens as securely as a jail," she said, "and if Max should came home, he has his pass-key. I'll keep Mima—the maid—in my room to-night. If you *should* get frightened, Mag—don't look so insulted—you can run down the corridor, and my room is at the end, you know. Come, and let me show you how to unfasten the door from the outside. It's a new-fashioned spring, and if you don't know the secret, you never could get in, and if you should be frightened, I'd never have the courage to get up and open it for you."

I laughed, but she dragged me upstairs, and to gratify her I mastered the secret of the wonderful spring. I was very weary from my long journey, and Claire insisted upon my retiring, but, after we reached my room, we got to talking over old times, and it was very near eleven o'clock before I was alone.

I was very sleepy, so sleepy that I didn't feel at all annoyed when I found that the outer shutter opening on the balcony had no fastening. I closed it as well as I could, and slipped into bed. I think I must have fallen asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, for that is the last thing I remember.

I'm a very light sleeper, and I was aroused by a patter, patter, across the floor, and a rustle among some papers on the table. I raised myself on my elbow and listened. Nothing in the room seemed still, and the patter and rush were everywhere.

Of course I knew it must be mice, and I would have got up and lit the lamp, but remembered that I had not noticed where the matches were. I was not frightened, but I could not go to sleep again. I lay there thinking of the dreadful tragedy enacted in that room until I grew actually nervous.

The mice kept up a continual clatter, but over and above it I began to hear noises outside. There was a crunching of the gravel as under some heavy tread, and under the window I heard men's low voices. I jumped up and went to the window.

"Hush, hush!" said one voice. "She'll take a fit if she hears us. We'll have to creep in quietly."

"You go through the hall," the other voice answered. "I'll take a shorter cut, and climb up here. I know the shutter has no fastening."

Like lightning I remembered the inspection the tramp had made of the vine. It was he and an accomplice with him. Girls, I was horribly frightened, but I did not lose my senses. I was afraid to run down the corridor, for the other ruffian would be there in a moment, and besides, what protection would Claire and Mima be?

I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, but though I groped about, I could find no missile but the pitcher and basin, and two heavy candlesticks. It was a starlight night outside, but dark as pitch within.

My heart was in my throat when I heard a kind of scramble among the vines, a low laugh, and an exclamation. "By Jingo! it's a tougher job than I bargained for!"

I heard him step over the railing of the balcony, and then saw the shutters open, and the figure of a man sharply defined in the dim light. I grasped the pitcher, and threw it with all my might; and you know, girls, I'm great on hitting a mark.

I hardly know what happened. I heard the man say, "Thunderation!" and make a rush back to the balcony; but I tell you, everything I threw at him went as straight as an arrow, and the candlesticks hit him on the head as he was striding over the baluster.

There was another "Thunderation!" a good deal louder than the first, and then I heard a crash and knew my burglar hadn't stopped to count the rounds of the ladder. I had settled him, that was certain. Then I lost all control of myself and commenced screaming just as loud as the veriest coward. I threw open my door, flew down the corridor, screeching at every step, not thinking of the burglar in the house. I got Claire's door open, and you may guess what a rumpus followed. I don't know which screamed the loudest, Claire, Mima or I, but our united voices must have been terrific.

In a moment or two, a man appeared on the threshold. "The other burglar!" I cried, seizing a chair and letting it fly at him.

"Oh, good Mr. Burglar, don't murder us! You can take anything you want," sobbed Claire, falling on her knees and hiding her face with her hands.

"You little goosey!" the man said, advancing in the room, and then a bottle of essence I had seized from the table hit him plump on his shirt-bosom.

"Are you all mad?" he cried. "Hold on! Claire, Claire, don't you know me?"

"Max, Max!" was all I heard, and then I saw her fly into his arms, and I sat flat down on the floor, for my strength had gone.

Claire was so hysterical she could give no explanation. "Ask Mag, she can tell you," was all she said.

"Miss Bradford, I presume," he said, smiling at me, "though I didn't expect the pleasure of meeting you until to-morrow. We've had a very sharp introduction," rubbing his chest, "and I'll be much obliged if you'll tell me what you were screaming about, and why I should be met as if I was a burglar."

"Because one did climb up into my room, and"——

I was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

"It was Charlie," said Mr. Gordon. "He decided to return with me, and not expecting Miss Bradford until to-morrow, climbed up into his old quarters. The impatient fellow wouldn't wait until the door was opened. I declare, this is a capital joke!" and he fell in a chair, and laughed uproariously.

I sprang to my feet, and I can tell you, my heart was in my throat. "Mr. Gordon, Mr. Gordon," I stammered, "I'm dreadfully afraid I've hurt him with the pitcher and basin and candlesticks! I think he fell through the vine, too, for I heard a crash."

Seriously alarmed, Mr. Gordon caught up the lamp and ran down stairs, Claire following him. I remembered I had on nothing but a night gown, but I stood at the head of the steps until I heard the hall door open, and then a confusion of voices. At last Mr. Gordon laughed, and I heard him say:

"By Jove, old fellow! she nearly finished you, though, didn't she? She's spoiled your beauty for awhile, and look at my shirt-bosom. She's left her mark on us."

Putting my fingers into my ears, I fled to my room. I crept into bed, utterly wretched and humiliated. I had won glory enough for one night, surely. In a few minutes, Claire stood by my bedside, but by her voice, I could see that she was trying to restrain her laughter.

"Charlie's all right, Mag," she said, "and you mustn't worry. He deserved all he got, for coming upon you in that way. But, oh, such a face as he has!" And then she laughed long and loud. "His nose is as big as an orange, and he looks as if he had been pummeled by a prize-fighter. Go to sleep, dear. You won't need an introduction to Charles to-morrow. I did mean you to strike him, make a *deep* impression, but you've surpassed my expectations."

You may imagine, girls, I didn't close my eyes that night. But the worst was going down to breakfast the next morning. Mr. Gordon was very kind, and tried to put me at my ease, but his brother was pretty stiff, and his face, seamed by sticking-plaster, looked like a rainbow.

I think he tried to be agreeable, but of course he must have hated me; and when something was said jestingly about my bravery, he laughed in an unpleasant, ironical manner, and said, "Miss Bradford's shrieks were courageously loud."

The man who frightened us had been hired by Mr. Gordon for a gardener. He was a poor, half-witted fellow, but understood his business thoroughly. You asked if I had a pleasant visit after that. Yes, when Mr. Charles Gordon had departed.

Now, girls, I tell you I have no reputation for bravery to uphold. I find I'm just as much a coward as any of you, and lose my head as soon. A real burglar may break in now, but I've done with making a stand against him!—*Youth's Companion.*

—Rolls.—Make a stiff batter with cold water, work in as much Graham flour as will knead well, and then knead for twenty minutes or half an hour. Make into rolls one-half inch or two inches in thickness, and bake in a hot oven on a grate or baking-pan dusted with flour, laying them a little distance apart. Excellent rolls may be made by kneading any kind of flour into cold graham, corn-meal, or oat-meal pudding. Eat while warm.

—A resident of Gloucester, Mass., has bought half a peck of peanuts every Saturday night for eight years past for his grandchildren. A few Saturdays ago he started from home, forgetting the peanuts, and telegraphed back from Boston to a dealer in Gloucester to deliver the customary half-peck.

THE architects of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn estimated that its cost would be less than $3,000,000. More than $12,000,000 have already been expended.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Kerosene lamps which are trimmed daily rarely explode.

—A horse's hoof is of the same consistency as horn. A hot shoe applied to the hoof makes it brittle instead of tough, as some blacksmiths assert, and it is of positive injury to the hoof.

—When sewing buttons on children's clothes where there will be much strain on the button, the danger from tearing the cloth out will be greatly lessened by putting a small button directly under the larger outside button. This applies of course, only to buttons with holes through them.

—Corn Fritters.—Drain the liquid from a can of corn and chop the grains fine. With this mix two beaten eggs, a cup of milk, salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of flour with a half teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with it. Beat thoroughly and fry by the spoonful on a greased griddle.

—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water as it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. Chop them after they are boiled and put them in a stew-pan with a little cream and let them stand about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they should be served up very hot.

—Rich Soda Cake.—One pound of pulverized loaf sugar, mixed with three-quarters of a pound of sweet butter, the beaten whites of fourteen eggs and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted with a pound of flour, and lastly, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a teaspoonful of sweet milk and strained; bake immediately.

—Cream Candy.—Moisten a pound and a half of granulated sugar with half a cup of cold water and a quarter of a teaspoon of cream tartar, a teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil until it will harden in cold water, flavor with vanilla, rose or orange, and pour into buttered plates to cool; then pull until white, stretch into wide, thin strips and cut it off.

—Ingrowing Toe Nails.—To cure ingrowing toe nails, one authority says, put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it until it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and grow destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.

—Trimming Grape Vines.—Grape vines may be trimmed in February. It is safest to leave them until the coldest weather is over, but they should not be left until warm weather starts the sap. In pruning two-thirds of the new wood should be cut away altogether, and the rest cut down to two or three eyes. Summer pruning consists in pinching off the ends of the fruit-bearing shoots as soon as two or three bunches are formed, and moderating the length of the leaf-bearing shoots. To mature the fruit a sufficient quantity of foliage must be left on the vine.—*N. Y. Times.*

—All young housekeepers should learn as soon as possible how to prepare dishes for dessert which can be made on very short notice, that they may not be annoyed in the event of unexpected company to dinner. In summer fruit answers every purpose, but at other seasons, and particularly if the first course is not very elaborate, she will need to have something more substantial. A delicious pudding can be made in a few minutes by taking one pint of milk and stirring into it half a cupful of cassava, half a cupful of cocoanut, two eggs, a little butter, salt and sugar to taste; flavor with vanilla. Cook this as you would boiled custard. When cooked and put in the dish in which it is to be served, pour over the top the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, with a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar added. Set it in the oven for a short time to brown. This may be eaten warm or cold, with jelly or preserves or without. Another dish which is easily made and which is economical as well as palatable, is to take slices of cake which are a little dry and pour over them while hot some boiled custard; cover the dish quickly, and the hot custard will steam the cake sufficiently. Raisin cake steamed and served with some pudding sauce is good. "Velvet cream" to be eaten with cake is made in this way: Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam; beat all well together; cream may be added or not, as you choose. Oranges cut up, with sugar and grated cocoanuts sprinkled over them, are also nice with cake.—*N. Y. Post.*

Carbolic Acid for Insects.

The time has almost come again when "the little busy bugs" will open up their summer campaign, and dispute with the "lords of creation" for possession of the "fruits of the earth." Allow me thus early to call attention to an article, the merits of which everybody knows, but which many dare not use—I refer to carbolic acid. Prepared as indicated, it cannot, I think, hurt the most delicate house plants, and it is sure to kill insect life.

My plan of preparing is as follows: I obtain crude carbolic acid; I use it in this form because it is stronger and better for the purpose, and costs but very little (about twenty-five cents per gallon, I think). I pour a quantity of this dark crude acid into a quantity of good strong domestic soft soap; stir well together, and allow to stand for a few hours. I then test the compound by mixing a little of it with soft water. If too much acid has been added, oily particles of carbolic acid will be observed floating on the surface. This shows that more acid has been put in than the soap will incorporate or cut, and more soap should be added to balance the excess of acid. No more definite rule can be given, as so much depends on the strength of the soap. Two or three tablespoonfuls of the acid to a quart of soap may first be tried. I prefer to make as strong with acid as the soap will perfectly cut. A very little practice will enable any one to compound it correctly. The refined acid may be used when the crude is not at hand. When prepared as above make a moderately strong suds, and apply with syringe or sponge. In using on very delicate plants, should any fear be felt for the plants, they can be rinsed off after a few minutes. My first and eminently successful use of this compound was some years since, on a block of young cherry trees, some fifty thousand in number. The black aphis came down like the wolf on the fold, only they came not as single spies, but in whole battalions. It soon became an interesting question as to who was the proprietor of this particular block of trees—myself or the "bug Ethiopian." A disinterested observer of judicial turn of mind, judging from the general appearance of things and the very "at home" air assumed by the bugs, would have said they had the best case. He would, at least, have been compelled to admit they had nine points of the law (possession) in their favor. I never saw the like before. The trees were alive with aphis. The only scarce things on the trees were the leaves, there being hardly enough to afford standing room for all the dusky guests. However, not being a convert to the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, I declared war, and failing to decrease the number by ordinary means, I compounded soft soap and carbolic acid, and with a single application exterminated the enemy.—*T. T. S. in Gardener's Monthly.*

Putting in Evidence an Act Passed Three Hundred Years Ago.

In an action in the Supreme Court, lately tried at Lockport, N. Y., before a referee, the following legal curiosity was offered and received in evidence. It is a statute enacted by the Parliament of Scotland in 1579 on the subject of the limitation of actions. It is contained in a volume of which the following is the title-page.

"The Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland. Vol. III., A. D. MDLXVII.—A. D. MDXCII. Printed by command of his Majesty King George the Third, in pursuance of an address of the House of Commons of Great Britain, MDCCCXIV."

The volume is from the Law Library of the State at Albany. The statute reads precisely as follows:

"Acta Parliamentorum
Jacobi VI., A. D. 1579.

Item.—It is statut and ordainit be oure soverane lord wt avise of his thrie estaitis in parliament That all actionis of debtis flor houss mailis menis ordinaris servandis feis m'chantis comptis and uther the like debtis that ar not foundat upoun writtin obligationis be perseuit w'hin thrie yeirs utherwys the creditor salhave na actioun Except his outhis preif be write or be aith of his pairty."

This is a very fair sample of the English that was talked and written by our ancestors in the sixteenth century, and the liberal admixture of Scotch phraseology makes it hardly more obscure than was the tongue that was spoken and written at the same time south of the Tweed. The State Librarian furnishes the following as a translation into modern English, although the translation leaves something still to be desired in the way of plainness:

"It is statute and ordained by our sovereign lord, with advice of his three estates in parliament, that all actions of debt for house maells, men's ordinaries, servants' fees, merchants' accounts, and others the like debts that are not founded upon written obligations, be pursued within three years, otherwise the creditor shall have no action, except he either prove by the writ or by oath of the party."

That such a relic of ancient Scotch law as this should even be supposed to have any effect upon an action brought in the State of New York in the year 1877, is one of the marvels of the law. For, when this act was passed by the ancient Scottish Parliament, 300 years ago, Queen Elizabeth was on the throne of England; James I. of England, her successor, who is the "Jacobi VI." of Scotland named in the act, was a boy of thirteen years; the two Charleses and the other James of the house of Stuart, as well as Oliver Cromwell, were yet unborn, and Plymouth Rock was unknown, for the day of the Pilgrim Fathers was forty years later.

—A cold bath as a tonic can be safely used "all the year round" (by those who can bear it at all), if one will remember that the temperature of the water should be uniformly about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and not take it as it comes, cool in summer, and way down toward freezing in winter.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for February.*

—"Beatrice" sends in a poem, in which she propounds the conundrum, "Can the heart that has once loved forget?" Were Beatrice better posted on anatomy, physiology and the sciences generally, she would be aware that the seat of memory is in the brain, and that love is an affection of the stomach, and she wouldn't ask such absurd questions.

[Galveston News.]

THE Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, in endeavoring to treat the wounds received by the candidates for the Presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oil. Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy, which "heals all wounds but those of love," and soothes all pains, save those of political disappointment.

WHEN you have a secret to communicate to a pair of twins, be sure you get them together, for you will find it difficult to tell them apart.—*Lowell Citizen.*

[St. Louis Republican.]

IT is very rare that the *Republican* consents to editorially forward the interests of advertisers of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it.

IT is said but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear-after.—*Syracuse Standard.*

"I Don't Want That Stuff,"

is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

A WOMAN may be said to have undressed kids on her hands when she is putting twin babies in a bath.—*Boston Courier.*

Rheumatism.

There is certainly not a more distressing infliction in the long list of disorders; not one that has baffled the skill of physicians as rheumatism. To these afflicted we would honestly say, try Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. It is an internal medicine, harmless in effect, and may be taken by the most delicate lady. Some of the leading men of the Nation have used it with success. Sold by all Druggists. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

There is a medicine that will cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. has been used for years, with constantly increasing popularity. It is called Piso's Cure for Consumption.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

WHEN the Indians go on a slaying party they get out their runners.—*Boston Transcript.*

A TRAMP will not go away empty-handed from the good man's door—not if he can reach an overcoat from the hall rack.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"IT is an infernal outrage to pull back a horse's head that way with a check-rein. It is perfect torture to the poor animal to be made to hold his head up that way." Such was the argument used by a member of the Galveston S. P. C. A. on seeing a pair of fine carriage horses with their necks proudly arched. "That's just where you are fooling yourself," responded Gilhooly, "the horses of rich people all hold their heads up that way in the presence of common folks like us." "That's all nonsense." "It's nothing of the kind. The horses of aristocrats in New York put on twice as much style as Galveston horses. Vanderbilt's horses hold their noses up so high in the air that the check-rein has to be fastened between their fore legs to pull their heads down—fact!"—*Galveston News.*

The St. Louis police headed off a man who was attempting suicide the day before a census, and Chicago papers indignantly ask if this is a free country!—*Boston Post.*

SIC TRANSIT—An ambulance wagon.—*Boston Courier.*

YOUNG SNOODLEKINS had called at the Smithers residence. He had seen Matilda home once or twice, and had now called to take her to the concert. While the young lady was fixing her hair, Mrs. Smithers was doing the agreeable to Snoodlekins in the best parlor. Presently entered the heir of the house of Smithers, aged five. "This is Mr. Snoodlekins, Georgy," said his mother. Georgy looked at the young gentleman with a face brightened up by recent recollection. "Mamma likes you lots," he said. "Does she?" asked Snoodlekins; "what makes you think so, Georgy?" "Cause she said she is glad Tildy 'a got a beau at last." Snoodlekins turns crimson, and Mrs. Smithers cries, "Why, Georgy!" and looks unspeakable unspeakableness.—*Boston Transcript.*

MAIDEX lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism—"Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Died with Consumption.

The above grim statement meets the eye in nearly every paper taken up. Reader, would you avert it? James' Cough Pills will cure you. Only 25 cents.

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