AT THE MASQUERADE.

BY CARRIE V. SHAW.

Yes, we will go to the ball,
You and I and the rest.
The winds seem quiet for all,
The heavens are at their best.
The day has been gray with rain,
And throbbing with mem'ries old,
That always come with their pain,
When skies are so wan and cold.

But, now that the clouds are fair,
The storm is still in my breast;
We'll go with the maskers there,
You and I and the rest.
You need not search for a mask—
No one will guess it, dear,
So handsome and calm—I would ask,
And defy them, to guess your fear.

Gilbert is solemn and wise,
A wonderful role for him,
But sight of his happy eyes
Is making your own grow dim.
Ah! roses of red and white,
There's love and innocence, too;
he pale ones I choose to-night,
And leave all the red for you

D'Anglee is waiting the while,
I think we are dressed to go;
Sweet Jessie and Junie smile
Through masks of carmine and snow.
And now the winds are still,
And the skies are at their best,
We'll go to the dance on the hill—
You and I and the rest.

masked for the night,
Whirl in confusion around;
Smiling and jesting and light,
Music and revelry's sound.
Flowers and garlands so sweet
Scatter perfume as they pass,
And vice and innocence meet
Alike in the glare of the gas.

Hearts with their burdens of care,
Souls with their burdens of sin,
Masked, with their faces so fair,
Wait for the dance to begin.
And you, with your fear-tossed soul,
And the roses over your heart,
Play out your pitiful role,
And dance till the sad notes part.

With eyes so serene and calm,
You stand where the red flowers glow,
And I hold the blossoms of balm
With petels of perfumed snow.
But a mist is before my sight,
And I turn my flower-wreathed head
From glimmering blossoms white,
And flashing of roses red.

For like to the laughing lips
That under the rouge are white,
Your heart in its dark eclipse,
Lies under the roses light,
And the snowy petels that shed
Their fragrance over my brow
Seem cold and white like the dead
To the hearts grown chillier now.

But Gilbert tires of the dance,
Jessie and Junie are here;
D'Anglee is ready, perchance,
The music is ending, dear.
So let us go with the word,
The masqueraders are through,
And the eyes of the stars are blurred
With tears of the perfumed dew.

Ah, see how the planets stare!
There's Saturn all white and cold,
And Mars with his reddish glare,
And Venus of xanthic gold.
They smile with a questioning light
To throw down the roses red,
Tear off the blossoms of white,
While fragrance and beauty are dead.

Schell City, Mo.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Away back in memory's halls hangs a picture yet undimmed, though years have come and gone since the days long ago when I first knew the reality. An old brick school-house, formerly a church, with its broad doors and great arched windows, their buff curtains fluttering lazily in the summer breeze, forms the principal feature. A back-ground of hazy, purple-green hills, and just to the right a group of grand old walnuts, where daily we held our noon picnics, and wove wonderful garlands to decorate the yellowed walls of the old school-room, and in front the great gaping ditch, which in a marvelously-short space of time would swallow up the whole school after the bell tapped for recess; but to me the dearest feature of all was the broad old Mississippi in the distance, rolling along in majestic grandeur, its sparkling wavelets catching the sun's brightest beams, and throwing them back into the old school-house with redoubled brilliancy. From my seat near the window I think I never tired of watching its bright waves glimmer and gleam through the swaying green trees. Here, gentle reader, it was that I first knew Ethel Raymond, a tiny, fair-haired girl of perhaps my own age, always clad in the same pure-white dress with its marvelous number of tucks, and blue silk waist, with low neck and short sleeves setting off her fair childish beauty, though sadly out of place in the dusty old school-room, as was the general opinion from the numerous upturned noses and suppressed titter of the little calico-clad damsels whose manners were not nearly so respectable as their somewhat-faded garments. How long it seemed till recess that first morning, and when it came how we all bounded off to "our grove," as we called the walnuts, to surround Mat Bronson, who, with an air of superior knowledge, had informed us that the new-comers lived "just down by her house," consequently was supposed to know all about them.

"I s'pects they must be awful rich to dress so fine at school," timidly suggested little Kitty Edwards, as soon as we were settled.

"Rich, indeed!" sniffed Mat; "poor as Job's turkey; live in an old shanty just down below our house; ain't got anything in but two or three old chairs, a table and a stove; awful stuck up, too. My ma went over there, the other day, just to see what kind of people they were, and, my land! Mrs. Raymond was so high and mighty she hardly asked her to sit down. She said under the circumstances she couldn't be very sociable, which means she's too poor; ain't going to send her boy to school, with her present arrangements she can't, which means he ain't got anything to wear, you know. Pity he can't wear the family white, with about half the tucks ripped out; it would be just long enough for him; with all, you know, it makes quite a stylish Sunday dress for their mother."

"Well, I'd be ashamed, Mat Bronson, to tell such stuff as that," interrupted one of the girls.

"Well, you know I'm never ashamed to tell the truth, and this is a solemn fact; she's got one of these sewing machines. You just pull the thread and away goes the tucks; it's got a draw-string in the waist, and when it's washed and done up who knows the difference? Now, my dear schoolmates, don't look so horror-struck; I tell you all this as a secret, wouldn't tell everybody for anything; as there are only about forty of you, of course it will never get out," and, giving her curls a wicked toss, Mat bounded away.

Mat Bronson was the acknowledged leader, and I fear the new scholar would have been sadly neglected but for the ever-thoughtful kindness of our teacher, who seemed never to weary in his efforts entertain and amuse her during the long recess time. I can see them yet, his dark boyish beauty contrasting with hers so fair and childlike. Ernest Emerson, our teacher, had come to us from a neighboring academy, and, though scarcely more than a boy, had won his way both among parents and pupils. A model of perfection and beauty he seemed to us children. The jetty curls lying in damp rings about his white brow, the great lustrous black eyes and faintly-tinted cheeks made up for his only drawback, a lameness, which always made it necessary for him to walk with a cane; but we soon grew to look upon the little rosewood cane as a part of our teacher, and probably would never have associated it with pain and suffering had he not one day told us of a boy whose reckless propensity for fun and daring exploits had made him a cripple at the age of 14, and a disappointed man for life. This told in a sad, agitated tone of voice convinced us that the wild, reckless boy was no other than our gentle teacher. From that hour we were not only his admiring, but his warm, sympathetic friends, and when he took little lonely Ethel under his especial care we felt a silent rebuke from one whose good opinion we all coveted, and in a short time all hearts were opened to the little stranger, and when the teacher placed her in the seat beside me we grew inseparable, and those long, bright summer days seldom found us apart.

Ethel's mother, a delicate, fragile little woman, seldom went out. Missing Ethel from school several weeks after the commencement of the fall term, I begged permission to go and see what was the matter. This I readily obtained; and, as it was the day before Thanksgiving, also permission to invite my little friend to spend the morrow with me. The dead November grass may have writhed and crackled under my flying feet, but you may be assured none grew as I sped to Ethel. How the bright eyes shone when I told her! though speedily followed by a shade of disappointment as she said:

"Oh! if I only could, but I can't. Mamma is sick and, anyhow, I haven't anything to wear."

"Oh, we'll soon fix that. You know that red polka dot of mine? I just hate it, because I can't breathe but what a hook flies off, and I believe it will just fit you, because you ain't as fat as I am, and I know mamma is tired of sewing on hooks, and will be ever so glad for me to give it away, so you're all right there."

"Oh, but mamma, you know; she's real sick! She just coughs all night, and is so hot. Sometimes I wake up and hear her moan. Then I almost scream, I'm so 'fraid she's going to die!" and the great eyes dilated with horror.

"Oh, Ethel; you always get scared so easy. Everybody gets sick sometimes, you know. You come to-morrow, and when everybody's gone I'll get my mamma to come over and see her and bring her something nice—a Thanksgiving dinner, you know. Won't that be nice? Now run and ask her; I must go. Remember, the dress 'll come to-night."

The next morning, among the first arrivals, was my little friend. How proud and happy I felt when I saw how universally petted and admired she was by the other guests! That was a bright day to us, but when my mother returned, after accompanying Ethel home, she threw a shadow into our hearts by the sad information that Mrs. Raymond's was a hopeless case of consumption, and the probability was that Ethel and her brother would be motherless before the spring.

"Poor, poor children," she went on; "that Harry of hers is a noble boy; as kind and gentle a nurse as a woman. They are a very refined family, though so oppressed by poverty. Poor Mrs. Raymond!—hers is a sad story. She told me to-night a good deal of her past history. It seems she was very young when married, as was her husband. He had a nice little sum of money to put into business, but all his business qualifications at that time consisted of a diploma from a leading business college. Just then he received what he considered a very brilliant offer, in the shape of a partnership with an old, experienced business man, who had more business reputation than either money or honesty, as it afterward proved. To this arrangement an older brother of Mr. Raymond, who was very wealthy, and their only living relative, was violently opposed; did everything in his power to prevent what, he insisted, must prove only a disastrous experiment, but all without avail; the offer seemed so very flattering, considering Mr. Raymond's limited practical experience, that it was accepted without hesitation. So the new firm started, and everything was highly satisfactory for a time. Peace and plenty smiled upon their home, and when little Harry and Ethel came they thought their bliss complete. But the cloud burst unexpectedly. One morning they wakened to find the new firm bankrupt, themselves penniless, the partner having sailed for Europe the night before, taking with him all surplus funds.

"What to do the young husband and wife knew not, but, after numberless unsuccessful attempts to find employment, Mr. Raymond decided to appeal to the older brother, and received in reply a few words, stating that, as he had offered advice before only to be rejected, he certainly would not have the impertinence to offer more, but would simply say, as he had furnished the capital and his partner the experience, it was to be presumed the result was satisfactory to both, as he could now boast of the experience while his partner was doubtless enjoying the capital, and in consequence of that experience was far more competent to take care of himself than several years ago. Hence interference on his part was entirely unnecessary.

Just after this young Raymond received an offer to go to Europe on rather a meagre salary. Hoping to find his miscreant partner he accepted, but in a few days after sailing the vessel was wrecked and the young mother with her two little ones was thrown on her own resources. She struggled on, and with a few music scholars succeeded in keeping want from her door till, on account of failing health, she was forced to seek change of climate, but too late; as the winter days wore on she grew worse, and one bright morning in the early spring there fluttered from the door in the soft, balmy breeze the heavy black crape, which told the sad news that death had entered the little cottage and left Harry and Ethel motherless, but not without a friend; some one, whom we afterward learned was no other than Eugene Emerson, ever on hand with some kind, delicate attention for the invalid, had written to the brother, and at the funeral the little mourners were led by a tall, stately-looking gentleman who, it was whispered, was their rich uncle, come to take them away, which proved true. The next morning, our childish hearts almost bursting with grief, Ethel and I said our good-bys over and over again ere the great lumbering old stage coach carried her away to be the daughter of her rich uncle, who expressed his intention of adopting both the children, he being childless and entirely alone in the world.

Years glided by and an occasional letter from Ethel descriptive of the new life, speaking at first kindly, and then affectionately, of the uncle, whom she soon learned to love and who, she assured us, through unselfish kindness and affection, was endeavoring to make amends to the children for neglect of the parents.

Since that bright spring day when I bade Ethel good-by had rolled twelve years, when one morning a letter from Ethel was placed in my hand—still Ethel Raymond, but instead of the lovely child of poverty a brilliant, beautiful and accomplished woman, an heiress and the pet of society. Just having returned from Europe, she had written to me to come to her. It was an affectionate, merry letter, descriptive of the gayeties of society life, containing a full account of the last conquest, etc., and finally ending up with an imperative demand for my presence at her home Thanksgiving, saying her uncle had given her full liberty to invite what guests she chose for that day, "which will be yourself, uncle, brother Harry and myself. You see I want only those whom I love for my first Thanksgiving at home after so long an absence—kind of a family reunion, you know. And now, dearest," she added, "unless you wish to entail a lifelong misery upon your old friend you must be sure to come."

I handed the letter over to mamma with a smile, who, after reading it through, quietly remarked, "Well, my dear, I think you can go."

"Oh, mamma!" I cried, "go! when I haven't a thing fit to wear." For the same years that had brought wealth and luxury to Ethel Raymond had brought poverty to me.

"My dear, I think you speak rather sweepingly, do you not? It seems to me that you have a very nice black cashmere which will do very well for street and church wear. I know, of course, that your wardrobe is not what a young lady would wish on entering fashionable society, but, my dear, it is all you have; and, you know, a lady will appear a lady under all circumstances. Go, child, and enjoy all you can. You remember Ethel once spent a Thanksgiving with you under similar circumstances, only you were children then;" and I presume she has not forgotten it, and a week or two later found me domiciled with my friend. Oh, the happy days lived over again within the sacred precincts of our own room! It was here, the morning of that memorable Thanksgiving, that we had both suddenly subsided into silence after one of our extended conversations. Ethel, seated upon a low ottoman, just opposite my favorite perch on the side of the bed, was busily engaged in undoing the long, heavy braids of her hair, which, when loosened, fell in great golden waves about her shoulders. Suddenly turning, she merrily cried: "Why those piercing orbs of midnight darkness fixed upon, this innocent countenance, as if to pierce the very depth of my inmost soul?"

"Don't be tragic, dear, I was only occupied with my own thoughts," I interrupted.

"A penny for your thoughts, then."

"Well, my dear, I was just wondering how soon that ardent admirer of yours, Col. Blackwell, of the million and mustache, is to claim that little, white hand; the symptoms are quite alarming, and it is time the case was reported."

"Marry Col. Blackwell, is that what you mean? That will never be. No, never! she added, with a little shiver. I presume you have discovered the Colonel's standing with my uncle, who has been anxious for years for an alliance between the two families. The Blackwells, you know, are a very aristocratic and wealthy family. The Colonel is handsome, intelligent, good, everything in fact that the world would unanimously vote a good match; but, my dear, she added, with something of a bitter smile, I am so foolish as to think that there is another requisite to happiness which the world usually leaves out of consideration, and that is love, and as I possess none of that (to my happiness, necessary) commodity my uncle's ambition must be sacrificed and my expectant friends disappointed."

"Well, Ethel, pray inform us what kind of a man is to succeed, when the elegant, accomplished and fascinating Colonel fails."

"Well, I am sure I don't know. I sometimes think that necessary little organ called the heart was left entirely out of my composition, and, consequently, doubt a capability of any unusual amount of affection; and, under the circumstances, it were better for Ethel Raymond to tread life's pathway alone than to be an unloving wife, a handsome husband and elegant establishment to the contrary. Do you know I sometimes think," she added, musingly, "had the gentle voice and tender smile of Eugene Emerson, our boy teacher, been known to me in maturer years, things might have——"

"Ah, indeed!" I interrupted, with a merry laugh. "So, after all, it is not the lack of affection that is so disastrous to our friend, the Colonel. Only in the wrong direction; that's all. Come, now, confess. Confession, you know, is good for the soul."

"No, no; you are too fast. I was only a little child in those days, you will remember."

"Well, then I am to understand the only serious effect then was to destroy any germ of affection which might spring up in after years."

"Well, perhaps; I believe you always did possess the faculty of tracing things down to a fine point."

"Where is he?" I inquired. "Do you know anything of him?"

"I have heard nothing for a long time. He used to write to me occasionally in my childhood days, and once when in the city had the audacity to call, as my uncle expressed it, of which fact I was not informed for some time after. Then my uncle told me that he thought it best that our acquaintance should end, and, I presume, gave him to understand the same, as I have never received any letters since. He is now editing a country newspaper somewhere in the West, I believe, and I occasionally find articles from his pen in our leading scientific journals, which even uncle is forced to admit are very fine. But come, my dear; if we go to church this morning we must hasten our preparations."

In a few moments I was ready, waiting for Ethel, who, in her navy blue silk, velvet cloak, ermines, and jaunty hat with its long, waving white plume, was indeed a fair picture to look upon, as she caught up the long train of her elegant dress, preparatory to starting. Little we thought of the disaster that was to befall that same train ere our return.

When service was over we started home in a great hurry, as it was very late. I had just landed safely on the other side of the crowded street when, hearing a terrific whoa from the car-driver, I turned just in time to see Ethel caught from under the very horses' feet. She had hurriedly crossed the track just in front of the car when her dress caught and jerked her back, and in another moment she would have been trampled under the horses had not a strong arm caught her while the car passed on, taking almost the whole of the soft, shimmering train with it. And, as soon as Ethel was released, I was surprised to see her turn and joyfully extend both hands to the stranger who had so gallantly rescued her. Retaining one of the hands, he placed it in his arm, and in a moment they were beside me. A glance at her escort assured me that he was no other than the subject of our morning discussion. Of course we took possession of our old friend, and, calling a carriage, were soon safely deposited at home. It was, indeed, a happy little party that gathered around the dinner-table that day. Even Ethel's haughty uncle was very gracious and grateful, and gave our friend a warm welcome. Ah, a merry party we were that evening —Ethel, Eugene, Harry and I—as we sat in the warm glow of the bright grate fire, whose flickering light we would not suffer dimmed by lighted gas; how we laughed, chattered, and finally drifted back to the days of yore. A regular experience meeting we had, each relating his or her own varied fortune. But another story I read in the eyes of our friend Eugene as I slipped away, soon followed by Harry, who found his presence sadly ignored.

That old, old story, which I afterward learned he had come from his far Western home to tell to the blue-eyed Ethel, whose image his heart had ever held; and a few weeks later I stood beside my friend that snow-clad Christmas morning in the softly-lighted parlor, fragrant with the breath of the lovely white blossoms peeping out from every niche, and nestled down among the holly and evergreen, silent witnesses of that short, impressive ceremony which gave Eugene and Ethel back to each other after the many days when each had thought the other lost.—*Chicago Ledger.*

AN Ohio paper of a statistical bent publishes the following item descriptive of an incident which might well have taken place even if it did not: There was so much spitting of tobacco juice at his lecture in Hamilton, Ohio, that Professor Proctor took notice of it and made a mathematical calculation in regard to it. "Let us suppose," continued Professor Proctor, "that the moisture extruded in this unpleasing way in Ohio in the course of year would, if uniformly distributed, correspond to the addition of a film of moisture no thicker than a postal card over the entire State. Then if there are but 200 postal cards to the inch there would in 1,000,000 years be formed a sea about 110 yards deep over the entire State. And as in the course of the lecture I had occasion to speak of the earth's future during 2,500,000,000 years, it would seem to follow (dreadful thought!) that the sea would rise over Ohio and neighboring States of equal salivary potentially to a height of nearly 200 miles! Noah's flood was nothing to this."

Arctic Commerce.

Prof. Nordenskjold recently lectured before the French Geographical Society, "On the possibility of Navigation for Commercial Purposes in the Siberian Arctic Ocean." He summed up his discoveries as follows:

"1. The route by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the northern shores of Siberia ought to be frequently navigable in a few weeks by a suitable steamer having aboard experienced mariners; but it is not very probable, from the knowledge that we actually possess of the Ice sea of Siberia that this route will become in its totality of great importance to commerce.

"2. It may already be given as a thesis that there exist no difficulties for the utilization as a commercial route of the way by sea between the Obi-Jenisei and Europe.

"3. According to all probability the route by sea between the Jenisei and the Lena and between the Lena and Europe can be equally utilized as routes of commerce, but the going and returning between the Lena and Europe can not be effected in the course of the same summer.

"4. Ulterior explorations are necessary to decide on the possibility of maritime commercial relations between the mouth of the Lena and the Pacific. The experience acquired by our expedition shows that in any case there can be introduced by that route from the Pacific into the basin of the Lena, in steamers, heavy engines and other effects which cannot be transported conveniently on sledges and in wagons.

"Many persons will, no doubt, find the views that I have expressed a little too rich in promises. The experience that we actually possess of the parts of the Ice sea situated between the Jenisei and Behring Straits is in reality so small that it leaves an ample field for diverse opinions, and it is clear that the question cannot be definitely solved except by ulterior explorations."

How Great Russians got their Names.

London Globe.

It is necessary to be more careful in the manner that we render Russian proper names, because of the generality of them, especically the more ancient ones, possess a meaning representing some characteristic of the founder of the family, or some incident in the life of its earliest members. For instance, take the great house of Gledimine, grand prince of Lithuania in the fourteenth century, and which has furnished so many great actors to Russian history. Their patronymic was earned by Michael Ivanowitch Boulgakoff, who was surnamed Golitsa (a gauntlet), on account of the gauntlet or mitten of leather he was in the habit of wearing over his woolen gloves.

The origin of the surname of Orloff, borne by so many eminent Russians—among others by Gregory Orloff, the favorite of Catherine II.; by Mexis Orloff the factotum of the Emperor Nicholas, and by the present Russian ambassador now on leave of absence from his post at Paris—carries us back to the terrible rebellion of the Russian Strelitz in 1698 at Moscow, and the more terrible retribution that followed it. The rebels were beheaded kneeling in rows of fifty at a time before trunks of trees strewn on the ground, a good share of the butchery being done by the Czar Peter himself, who struck off scores of Strelitz heads with his own hands.—One of their number owed his life and future fortune to a singular exhibition of coolness and presence of mind. As he was about to kneel before the fatal block he perceived that it was occupied by the head of a comrade. The story goes that he turned it off with a kick, saying, "This is my place. Make room for me!" Peter was so struck by his marvelous sang-froid that he gave him his pardon and took care of his future fortune.

Walking-Sticks.

Walking-sticks for ladies, says the London *Globe*, so we are told by an oracle of fashion, are coming into favor again. Thus does the whirligig of time bring round his revenge for a discarded custom. The Empress Eugenie made the carrying of canes fashionable for her sex during the gay days of the second empire. But back in another century we find the women as appreciative of the walking-stick as ever was

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Ladies advanced in life walked with a staff between five and six feet in height, taper and slender in substance, turned over in the upper end in the manner of a shepherd's crook, and "twisted throughout the whole extent." Sometimes these wands were formed of a pale green glass, but oftener of wood, ivory, or whalebone. A writer of 1762, speaking of the most fashionable sticks of this period, says: "Do not some of us start about with walking-sticks as long as hickory poles, or else with a yard of varnished cane scaped taper, and bound at one end with a waxed thread, and the other tipped with a neat ivory head as big as a silver penny?" It is. indeed, as an appearance of fashion more than as an appendage of personal utility that we regard the walking-sticks of modern times, though in all ages man has made the sons of the forest contribute to his support under weariness and old age.

Questions for a Wife.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? Thatwas, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

An Economical Citizen.

A Galveston man in his shirt-sleeves, without any hat, and in a condition that showed he must have run about three miles in as many minutes, stopped a policeman and told him to hurry up and come along, as there was a tramp at his house who refused to leave. The policeman suggested that, owing to the distance and the exhausted condition of the other party, they had better take a street-car. "Take—a—street-car! Pay 10 cents to ride! Why, the tramp will go off himself for a nickel. Why, bile my lights and liver if you ain't worse than the tramp! Since when have they put highway robbers on the police? T-e-n c-e-n-t-s! For 10 cents apiece I'll furnish the city with all the tramps they want!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Can any one improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

A prima donna, according to cockney, is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

Croquet, says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, will be popular this season, notwithstanding that it is played out.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

In some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

A man has invented a chair which can be adjusted to 8,000 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when having his hair cut.

The small boy's digestive apparatus is undoubtedly the nearest approach to perpetual motion that the world has yet known.

Marriages in May are said to be unlucky; but then so are those in June, July, September, and in fact all the other months.

A young lady up town repels the domestic slander that she is "fluctuating." "For I'm always at par—to buy me something."

"I am very much afraid of lightning," said a pretty lady. "And well you may be," replied a despairing lover, "as your heart is made of steel."

"Here's a letter," said Pat Maloney yesterday, "from me gurrl, and would ye please be readin' it to me wid yer ize shut, that ye can't be a-larnin' my secrets."

The wife of a wealthy and retired grocer to her artistic dressmaker: "Dress me in such a manner that my vulgarities will pass for mediæval affectations."

Miss H. (who has chosen medicine as a profession) to professor, who has given the class an ox's heart to dissect) "Oh, professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"

Bashful lover (to his belle): "Would that I could have three kilograms of dynamite?" Belle: "Why monsieur?" Bashful lover: "To break the ice between us.

A Bohemian of the first water was recently turned out of his lodgings and installed in a miserable little room absolutely without furniture. He met a friend and said to him, "Lend me a chair." "What for?" was the answer. "My dear sir, I should be so ashamed if burglars should come into my room!"

On returning from the theatre, the Thompsons find their housemaid in great distress, with her arm bound up in her apron. Mrs. Thompson: "What is the matter,? Have you hurt your hand?" Ann: "W-w-w-worse than that, ma'am!" Mrs. Thompson; "Not broken your arm, I trust?" Ann: "W-w-worse than that." Mrs. Thompson: "Good heavens!—what is it?" Cook: "The fact is, ma'am the silly girl has been tryin' on your new bracelet, and none of us knows how to get it off again!"

A very fashionable lady, who fairly dotes on her children, and is very particular about their toilets, had a narrow escape last Sunday from losing one of her darlings. It was leaning out of a third-story window, when it lost its balance, and in a moment more it would have been dashed to pieces on the crowded pavement below. Fortunately the mother seized it just as it was disappearing over the window-sill. Clasping the saved cherub to her breathless breast, the fond mother exclaimed, as tears of gratitude flowed from her uplifted eyes: "If that child had fallen into the street with that dirty dress on, I would never, never have forgiven myself." And she proceeded to dress it up in style, so that, come what might, the family would not be disgraced.

Scurvy.

The successful expedition of Professor Nordenskjold has proved that the shores of the Arctic sea are not so inhospitable as has been generally supposed. Perhaps the most interesting of the minor discoveries made by the learned explorer is the finding of a new remedy against the dread of all navigators and the particular scourge of arctic expeditions—namely, scurvy. It appears that there was not a single case of this disease during the whole voyage; and this remarkable fact is due, not to the employment of lime-juice, and other anti-scorbutics in ordinary use, but to the use of a curious little berry, hitherto unrecognized, produced by a plant which finds an ephermeral existence in the snow and ice during the short arctic summer.—The berries are found in great abundance, and are said to be a favorite fruit with some of the natives of the great ice world. Its flavor rescembles that of raspberry, but is more acid. The mode of preparation adopted on the voyage of the Vega was to dry the berries and then preserve them in the milk of the reindeer, which was then allowed to freeze. In this state the fruit can be preserved for an indefinite period.

Hidden Hurts.

Many a babe gets a wrench from loving hands that might account for the sudden attack of spasms the day after, or for hours of fretfulness that no coaxing seems to soothe and no medicine appears to reach. Fall from little perambulators while in charge of nurses, though they leave no outward and visible sign in the shape of cuts or bruises, may have inflicted something worse by far than cuts or bruises would have proven to be. Cases have occurred frequently where infants have had falls of which nurses have not told, and no marks from which were visible to the eye, but which made the child unaccountably fretful for weeks, until curvature of the spine told its frightful story. For this reason mothers cannot be too careful in handling their little ones and looking after them personally, rather than trusting so much to hired nurses.

TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.—A gentleman, anxious to ascertain the effect of transplanting at night, instead of by day, made an experiment with the following results: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Those transplanted during the daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those transplanted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf trees, after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected the crop and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots. The incident is fully vouched for, and, if a few similar experiments produce a like result, it will be strong argument to horticulturists, etc., to do such work at night.—*Floral Cabinet.*

WHEN the Greeks were about to sail for Troy, Menelaus bought a bundle of straw and put it carefully away in his cabin. "What is that for?" asked Agamemnon. "To tell us the direction of the breeze," answered Menelaus. "You're crazy," said Nestor. "Why," remarked Menelaus, "don't straws show which way the wind blows?"

Stamping by Fire.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Postoffice authorities of this city think they have arrived at a practical and thorough solution of the question of prevention of second use of postage-stamps, which is a fraud that has been practiced by washing off the ink with acids after the stamping of a first use. Persons engaged in this cheating of the Government have been very ingenious in devising modes of doing the unlawful washing. A new process of cancellation has been invented, and brought into use in the Postoffice here. It is to scorch the stamps. Specimens of the new process shown by Assistant-Postmaster Pierson, shows very effective work against the fraud of second use of the stamps, the cancellation mark being absolutely indelible. The imprint made is just the same as that made by the ink-stamp, except that it is slightly burned or scorched instead of being an ink impression. The new stamp is heated by gas, the new metal being thin, to allow of both quick heating and rapid cooling. It is used the same as an ink stamp but with a saving of time that will enable the person using it to do twice the work that an ink-stamp would. It can be used in all offices where gas is burned. An experienced hand with an ink-stamp cancels about 125 stamps per minute.

[Allegheny Evening Mail.]

A Fatal Omission.

"Do you know that neither of the platforms suits me," said one of our old subscribers to us the other day. "As both parties seem to want health, strength and long life, more than anything else, they cannot do better than have the Hamburg Dreps and St. Jacob's Oil planks included. With these they can weather all storms political and domestic as well as dyspeptic and rheumatic." His logic was good and convinced us.

She Would Do.

A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining-room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But, before engaging her, there were some questions to ask. "Suppose," said the lady, "now only suppose, understand, that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what should you do in such a case?" The girl looked the lady square in the eyes for a moment before asking: "Is it a private family, or are there boarders?" "Boarders," answered the lady. "Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl. She was engaged.

[Allentown, Democrat.

Laughback, the Hamilton street druggist, last week sold at retail, *two hundred and thirteen* bottles of the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, whose curative powers over Rheumatism the papers say so much of now-a-days.

The Mail in Early Days.

Boston's first newspaper, the *News-Letter*, contained the following advertisement in one of its early issues:

By order of the Postmaster General of North America. These are to give Notice, That on Monday night the Sixth of this Instant, December, the Western Post Between Boston and New York, sets out at once a Fortnight the Three Winter Months of December, January and February, and to go Alternately from Boston to Saybrook and Hartford to Exchange the Mayle of Letters with the New York Ryder on Saturday Night the 11th Currant. And the Second Turn he sets out at Boston on Monday Night the 20th Currant to meet the New York Ryder at Hartford on Saturday Night the 20th Currant to Exchange Mayles. And all persons that send Letters from Boston to Connecticut from and after the 13th Instant are hereby Notified first to pay the Postage on the same.

Put it to Proof.

At a time when the community is flooded with so many unworthy devices and concoctions, it is refreshing to find one that is beneficial and pure. So conscious are the proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, of the worth of their remedy, that they offer all who desire a trial bottle *free of charge*. This certainly would be disastrous to them did not the remedy possess the remarkable curative qualities claimed. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will positively cure Asthma, Bronchitis, Stubborn Coughs, Colds, Phthisic, Quinsy, Hoarseness, Croup, or any affection of the throat and lungs. As you value your existence give this wonderful remedy a trial by calling on any druggist and obtaining a trial bottle *free of cost*, or a regular size bottle for $1.00. For sale at wholesale by Gray & Hoffin, Minneapolis.

Why make a distil house of yourself by drinking all the "forty-rod whisky" made up into cheap bitters put up in pint and quart bottles, when it is well known by the people that th is more real virtue in a four-ounce bottle of Dr. R. B. Halliday's Blood Purifier than there is in a gallon of the vile stuff. Ladwig & Schranck, corner of Ogden and Van Buren, and corner of Mason and East Water, Milwaukee, Wis., or any other druggist who has handled it long, will tell you so.—*Milwaukee News.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world, for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. This Salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per Box. For sale at wholesale by Gray & Hoffin, Minneapolis.

Dr. Bryant's Dental Parlors, 8 East Third St. St. Paul, Minn

Discoveries by Accident.

The fact that many of the most valuable discoveries have been the result of chance rather than of design or contemplation, is again illustrated in DAY'S KIDNEY PAD.

Stop, young man! before you enter a lunatic asylum or fill a consumptive's grave. You are on the decline; take a few bottles of Dr. E. B. Halliday's Blood Purifier. It will do you good. It will bring back the color to your cheek and cheerfulness to your mind. In fact it will build you right up. Try it. Sold by all druggists. Noyes Bros. & Cutler, wholesale agents, St. Paul, Minn

Buy the Sigwalt

With Crane's Patent Automatic Tension Liberator, and all latest improvements. The best Sewing Machine made. Agents wanted. Address SIGWALT SEWING MACHINE Co., 236 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Will send their Electric-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed "On 30 Days Trial."

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, the well-known aural surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send by mail free of charge, a valuable little book on deafness and diseases of the ear—specially on running ear and catarrh, and their proper treatment—giving references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

Are You Not In Good Health?

If the Liver is the source of your trouble you can find an absolute remedy in Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Billious diseases. For Book address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

Any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Nervous System, or case of Lame Back, that cannot be cured by DAY'S KIDNEY PAD, cannot be cured by any other treatment or remedy in existence.

THE genuine Frazer Axle Grease is said to be the best in the world and we believe it.

All diseases arising from a disordered stomach yield at once to Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic.

THE best in the world. National Yeast.

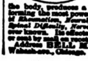
Reed's Guilt Edge Tonic cures Dumb Ague.

Prices reduced ⅓ for Dentistry at Dr. Bryant's, 8 E. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

DR. MARCHISI'S UTERINE CATHOLICON will positively cure Female Weakness, such as Falling of the Womb, Whites, Chronic Inflammation or Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, &c. An old and reliable remedy. Send postal card for a pamphlet with treatment, cures, and certificates from physicians and patients, to HOWARTH & BALLARD, UTICA, N. Y. Sold by all druggists—$1.50 per bottle

Wanted—Agents everywhere to sell our goods by sample, to families. We give attractive presents and first-class goods to your customers; we give you good profits; we prepay all express charges; we furnish outfit free. Write for particulars. PEOPLE'S TEA CO., Box 5025, St. Louis, Mo.



R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER.

A Galvanic Battery is imbedded in a medicated plaster, and, when applied to the body, produces a *constant current of electricity*, forming the most powerful remedial agent for the cure of *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Sprains, Spinal Difficulty, Nervous Diseases, or Female Weakness* ever known. Its effects are magical. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Address BELL MANN & CO., Proprietors, 10 Wabash-ave., Chicago.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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THOROUGH REMEDY for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

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ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE KIDNEYS,

Bladder, Bowels & Urinary Organs,

By forcing into the system through the pores of the skin, powerful and healthful vegetable tonics and diuretics and absorbing from it vile humors and every trace of disease, giving it wonderful power to immediately relieve and permanently cure. Inflammation and Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Consumption of the Bowels, Catarrh of the Bladder, Inability to retain or expel the Urine, Stone in the Bladder, High Colored, Scanty or Painful Urinating, Deposits in the Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Side or Loins, Nervous Debility, Female Weakness, and in fact all diseases of these organs, whether contracted by over-work, excessive drink, the abuse of nature or otherwise. It supercedes entirely the inconveniences and troubles of taking nauseous and hurtful internal medicines. It is the only dissolver of the poisonous Uric Acid which forms in the Kidneys and exists in the blood of Rheumatic patients. It is worn exactly where needed, next to the body and over the kidneys. It is comfortable, and can be used at all seasons, in any climate, and is equally good for Man, Woman or Child. It is safe, pleasant and reliable in its effects, yet powerful in its action. Put aside your prejudices, fears, doubts and suspicions. Give it a trial and become convinced that it is no deception, but a medicated appliance of great value, effecting all that is claimed and nothing less, saving hundred of dollars, and securing to every sufferer, a sound body and perfect health. Thousands are daily adding their testimony to the curative powers of this great remedy, who have been restored to health after all other treatment and remedies had failed. Why Tormented with Back Ache? Ask your druggist for it, and accept no imitation or substitute. If he has not got it, send to us and receive it by return of mail.

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We will send our Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances upon trial for 30 days to those afflicted with Nervous Debility and diseases of a personal nature. Also of the Liver Kidneys, Rheumatism, Paralysis, &c. A sure cure guaranteed or no pay. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

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St. P. N. U. August 30, 1880. No. 38

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