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JUDGE—A. H. BARBER, Fargo, D. T.
 DISTRICT ATTORNEY—J. A. BROWN, Bismarck.
 CLERK—E. N. COREY, Bismarck.
 DEPUTY—U. S. MARSHAL—Alex McKenzie, Bismarck.

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 CITY TREASURER—J. D. Wakeman.
 CITY CLERK—Con. Malloy.
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 METHODIST CHURCH—J. M. Bull, Pastor.
 PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—W. O. Stevens, Pastor.
 CATHOLIC CHURCH—P. John Christensen, S. J., Rector.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leaves for Minneapolis, Berthold and Bismarck every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 p. m. Leave for Fort Yates and all other river points daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 5 p. m.

BRANCH LINES.—Leave daily, at 8 p. m. **FORT BENTON.**—Leave by steamer, Boston line, every Wednesday. Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN A. STOVELL—Attorney, 13 N. Fourth-st.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street

JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, 64 Main-st. (City Attorney)

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys, 47 Main Street Geo. P. Flannery J. K. Wetherby

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S.

Dental Rooms. 12 W. Main-st.

H. R. PORTER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office 37 Main-st. next to Tribune Block

BANK OF BISMARCK W. B. BELL, President Cashier
 A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK WALTER MANN, President Cashier
 Correspondents—American Exchange National Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul

W. M. A. BENTLEY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office 41 Main-st. Tribune Block

HOTELS.

Sheridan House, M. E. BLY, Proprietor.
 The largest and best hotel in Dakota Territory.
 CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS, BISMARCK, D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL, BISMARCK, D. T.
 Cor. Main and 3d St. L. N. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.
 Building new and commodious rooms large comfortable and tastefully furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-271f

CUSTER HOTEL, THOS. MCGOWAN, Proprietor.
 Fifth Street near Main, Bismarck, D. T.

This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates.

OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed STABLE, Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.
 Suggles and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
 My Buggies and Harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
 My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 38-2m

O. H. BEAL, DEALER IN

Fire Arms, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, &c. Sharps and Winchester Rifles a Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing. Orders by Mail Promptly Filled. MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crocker, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third-st., St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No 51 Robert-st., St. Paul.

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MERCHANT HOTEL—Corner 3d and 1st-ave, north. \$2 per day; 10¢ added in the very centre of business—two blocks from the post-office and suspension bridge; street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

JOHN C. OSWALD, Wholesale Dealer in **Wines, Liquors and Cigars** 17 WASHINGTON-AVE. MINN.

Plow Works. S. T. Ferguson, President. W. B. Jackson, Jr., Sec'y and Treas. ESTABLISHED, 1860.

Monitor Plow Works MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Plows, Road Cows, Planters, Road Scrapers, &c. The **MONITOR** **SULKY PLOW**. This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which no others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam.

MONITOR ESTABLISHED 1860.

THE MONITOR PLOW Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin—Solid Steel.

Monitor Sulky Rake, Light, Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Eekes Clean. Send for Descriptive List.

MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER, THE LARGEST **TAILORING** ESTABLISHMENT **In The Northwest.** Importers and Jobbers of **Fine Woolens And Trimmings.** 82 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.—871

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., PIONEER **BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP** Corner Third and Thayer Streets, BISMARCK, D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

N. DUNKLEBERG, General Dealer in **Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors, Mouldings Window Glass.** BUILDING MATERIAL of all kinds. BISMARCK, D. T. **John P. Hoagland,** Carpenter and Builder, Fifth St. Near Ouster Hotel, BISMARCK, D. T.

Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fire Job Work.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED **STOMACH BITTERS** Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is insupportable even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition and thoroughly safe. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Chromo Cards, (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Omit, 10c. **WERNER & GARD CO.,** Ashland, Mass.

Railways.

St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Paul SHORT LINE.

Composed of the Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.

Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Northwest, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.

Also direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

Tickets on sale at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, via Florida.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars of latest make and improvements on through express trains. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH. Tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured in Minneapolis—At City Ticket Office, No. 6 Washington-ave., W. G. Taylor, agent; and at St. Paul & Pacific depot.

In St. Paul—At 116 East Third street, G. H. Hazard, agent.

In St. Louis—At 112 North Fourth street, W. D. B. Whittey, agent.

In Chicago—At all ticket offices of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, and at St. Paul & Pacific depot.

C. F. HAYES, Gen. Man'gr. A. H. BOBE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ERIC & MILWAUKEE LINE, Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroads.

Shortest and Most Direct Route to all points in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Illinois and Iowa, Montana and Dakota, territories, Nebraska and British Possessions. Mark property "E. & M. Line," and deliver to New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway foot of Duane St. or 2d St., North River, or Pier 8, East River.

Passenger Quick Time and have property shipped on East Trains, deliver Freight at our Depot, Foot of Duane Street, before 5:30 o'clock p. m.

W. G. TAYLOR, Agent, 401 Broadway, N. Y. Through Bills Lading given to all foreign points.

A. J. COOPER, General Agent, Milwaukee, W. J. W. CRIPPEN, Northwestern Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS AT ST. PAUL WITH **St. Paul & Pacific R. R.**—FOR—**WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWATONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, MCGREGOR, MADISON.**

Milwaukee, Chicago, And all Intermediate Points in **Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,** New England, the Canadas, and all **EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.**

2 ROUTES. 3 DAILY TRAINS Between **Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.**

The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern Line connecting in same route in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient, located with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in the City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities.

Steel Rail Truck, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. *Westinghouse Improved Automatic Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings* on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres, Resorts and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other Northwestern Line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent S. S. MERRILL, JNO. G. GALT, General Manager Asst. Gen. Manager.

Northern Pacific R. R. 1876 Summer Arrangement 1876. TAKE THE **Custer Route** TO THE **BLACK HILLS.** Thro' Express Trains FROM **ST. PAUL TO BISMARCK, DAILY.** Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from Chicago and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run! Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Black Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort Gerry and the British Possessions, via steamer on Red River to Fargo, Minn.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Gerry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Forts Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills. Dated April 7, 1876.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul. G. G. SANBORN, H. A. TOWNE, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, St. Paul, Brainerd.

COMEFORD & MALLOY. Livery, Sale and Feed Stable. Orders for the City Hack left at the office on Fourth Street. 1151f

JOHN YEGEN. BISMARCK D. T.

CITY BAKERY. Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits, Confectionery, &c. Goods Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

Slowly the golden ball of molten fire was traveling toward the westward, hiding behind delicate sapphire clouds, and shadowing purplish tints upon a tall, queenly woman statusfully draped in white, standing alone upon a stone colonnade; her eyes large and brown, swept the horizon with a hungry, eager gaze.

The fitful gusts of chilling summer wind blew the long, trailing vines, heavy with the passing shower, against her marble cheeks, dashing the many-colored drops over face, hair, and down upon her sheer-white dress, while the frown of care grew deeper upon the troubled face, for

Memory's busy tides are seething 'O'er the landmarks of the past.

"Miss Hinton! you here?" ejaculated Capt. Thornton, in much astonishment. Slowly the chestnut-crowned head bowed until the face was buried in the dark-green ivies.

"This I, Capt. Thornton. Did Ella wish me?"

"Only in search myself; but you are chilly—I will get a wrap," quite reluctantly entering the hall.

"You are very kind."

"The scarlet shawl throws a glow over your face, Miss Hinton. Why did you prefer solitude on your last night with me?"

"I have been watching the last rays of sun glint those rugged, gray cliffs, and trying to shape my future destiny by the time they were hidden from sight. Ah! see, they are gone, and 'it may be for years, and it may be forever' ere I see the sea-washed shore or rugged granite stones again." Her voice was low, and grew softer and tremulous as she ended the long dissertation.

"You imbibe too freely of sadness, Miss Mabel. Will you walk with me? I have a great deal to tell you. Why do you avoid me so assiduously of late?"

"Silence is the eternal duty of man," says Carlyle—why not of woman also?"

"Let riffs of moonlight through your ideas," interpolated Capt. Thornton, quickly, and abashed. "It would only mend the vase for a time, and I prize your friendship too highly to be more explicit. Everything seems gloomy to me to-night. Past, present, and future are each bringing its sorrow to the surface—even the harrowing, dubious future. What think you? Nothing, Miss Mabel? You confide in no one?" as both wandered back and forth on the long colonnade in the moonlight.

"It has been said the most tragic things in life are its failures, and how bitter do mine chide me to-night. My heart grows cold with its rebuff, and no silvery clouds peep behind the darkness for me, Capt. Thornton."

"You have lended your hope back on the rock of despair, methinks, Miss Hinton; and why do you torture me, knowing my strong arms are ever ready and willing to guide you safe to the peace harbor?"

Only a tighter pressure upon his arm, and a tremor, which involuntarily made him press the hand resting there more closely.

"Capt. Thornton, please say no more."

"It is too trying. I must unburden my heart, as I have so oft done before; the intensity of my love for you is consuming the vitality of life. Day after day I have noted your bloodless, careworn face; and back my heart wandered to a country farm-house, with its broad stretch of grain-laden fields, and the most pleasing, a rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed lassie of 16. That picture has haunted me for ten long years, amid the blue ocean storms and under India's sweltering sun, and now, as before, to tell my love for you, and to you, throws a mystical silence over you, and a shrinking away which you never will explain."

"Let me not see how cruelly I have annoyed you. Mine eyes are burning, and brain seems gone."

"Oh, Mabel! why are you so heartless?"

For a moment she leaned heavily upon his arm, then sobs of emotion shook the queenly form; as he clasped her to his breast her arm encircled his neck, and she gave way to her feelings. Frank Thornton rained kisses upon the blushing face.

"I love you, Mabel."

"Love, Frank, I adore you, but oh, what have I done? There is an interminable barrier, oh—my love—" She could say no more, for breath came thick and heavy, and with a convulsive gasp she exclaimed wildly: "Yes, yes, Frank, I must give even you up."

"Never, never," he cried.

"Yes, forever; there is a fearful secret which shadows my life—yet I can and will love you always." She slipped from his arms and sped like a startled fawn up the long stairway.

Capt. Thornton watched the ghostly figure, and with a deep-drawn sigh slowly resumed his pace.

"Aye, forever," was a true version to his sighs, until from sheer exhaustion he leisurely strolled in the parlors.

"I heard you and Miss Mabel in low converse, Thornton, and were you so uninteresting she banished you?" asked Guy Marchfield, jestingly.

"I was not so cruelly treated, Guy, but you and Miss Ella would not entertain anyone but selves; and Miss Mabel had to prepare for her flight."

"How heartless," replied one.

"Regret it so much!" chimed in another guest.

"Not more than I, for Cousin Mabel is truly fascinating, so deep too, that I always don my thinking cap to keep in her train," said Ella Hinton, thoughtfully.

"Let me go for her, Ella?"

"No, no, Susie; she is busy, or would not have excused herself," was the determined reply. So gaily for a time was the merriment continued, until, tired of nonsense, the weary party exchanged good-night, and retired. All? no; Capt. Thornton packed hastily his valise—left a note of thanks, with regrets that business forced his departure, for Mrs. Hinton—and was on the road in the midnight train, flying fast from his recent object of love, and the happy summer passed, but not forgotten.

Poor Mabel's reaction was too great, and she sobbed out the miserable hours; truly her glow of joy was hidden under the rust of sorrow. Like a tangled skein of floss, as rapidly one knot was untwined another still more tangled assumed its stead. She was a woman of great depth, and from poverty to luxury she reviewed her life. She was bereaved

deeply while only 18, and left an orphan, with poverty staring her in the face. A wealthy uncle made her his heiress, where every wish and desire could be gratified, at 20; so for six long years she had been a society woman. From youth to mature womanhood she had loved Frank Thornton. Occasionally her hungry heart would be appeased by a glimpse of him, which only made the aches more intense, and leaving her aunt and cousins with Capt. Thornton, as she supposed, was very hard, yet an inevitable step.

It was scarcely day dawn when she bade them adieu, with a wistful look at the dear old piazza, which only had heard the confession made the night before between the two, and back she was quickly borne to her home of wealth, to a giddy whirl of gaiety. Not a word, through the fall and early winter, had she heard from her soul's adoration. Not hearing made thinking of him more frequent, and she grew morose and tired out of life.

It was a clear, cold morning, and Miss Hinton was seated by a glowing grate, sipping chocolate and scanning the morning paper—the servants heard a crash and fall, and rushed in to find Miss Hinton in a faint, and her chaperone trying to resuscitate the apparently dead form. After a few seconds she opened her eyes.

"Please assist me to my room—Capt. Thornton is married," she murmured, and held eagerly the newspaper.

"A card, Miss Mabel."

"Not at home to anyone."

"I told the lady you were ill; but she is here now," as Susie Mays opened the door.

"How sorry I am you are ill, Mabel."

"Only the effects of over-dissipation, Susie. How are all at Gray Cliff?"

"Well; but I was so in hopes you will only have time to spend one day here. Did you see my marriage notice?"

"Yes; I should have congratulated you before, child, but was feeling so badly had forgotten you were married."

"For shame! I wanted to tell you all last summer, but left it for Capt. Thornton's secret."

"I am surprised; you are given to secretiveness."

"No; the first of any importance I ever kept."

"You will be deprived of my reception, Susie, which I should gladly have given, on account of my illness."

"We cannot remain over. Thanks, Mabel, for your kindness."

"Why did not your husband call with you?"

"His plea of business—came for goods—and his time so completely occupied—left me at the door to find my way back from here."

"Don't go!" as Susie arose.

"I am sorry, but cannot remain longer; good-by! Will see you next summer, Mabel, at your aunt's."

"Yes, I hope so; take good care of your new-found treasure," and, shading her face with her hands, was in such a brown study that the maid shook her to hand a telegram. Her fingers trembled, and face grew ashy pale as she noted the contents, and her silent prayer was registered in heaven.

"How can I endure more? Truly I have a heavy cross to bear." Turning to the waiting servant, "there is no reply, but pack a small trunk with plain garments and a black dress as hurriedly as you can."

"Yes, Miss Mabel."

Mabel Hinton was very calm and self-possessed, ate a hearty dinner, gave directions for a week's absence, and was at the depot waiting by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A crushed heart, broken in twain, years of loneliness, with no glad hope to crown the years with love and happiness. He was married, and last summer told her a prevarication. All grew more defined and sad as she, seated alone, reviewed their love for each other. When she left the cars a close carriage was in waiting, and a lonely, desolate ride through thick forests in the early morning to a large, rambling brick building, ivy-grown, was the end of her journey. The gates were locked, and the shrill shrieks of the mad inmates made each hair almost rise on end, and Mabel Hinton shrank from the awful ordeal that was before her—"Too late, miss, he's dead!"

"Dead—dead, did you say?"

"Yes, and when I sent for you he was conscious and sane, and made me write a letter for you; it was a terrible death-bed scene."

"Where is he, poor, poor soul?"

"Buried, mam. Yes—know it is the law, unless the friends request the body. We put it away among us. You left more than enough money to do all we did for him," handing Mabel the letter.

"Conduct me to his grave."

"I will; but must tell the carriage to wait, because you look too weak to spend a night here."

"A new-made grave, where the songings of the wind through the trees chanted a solemn requiem, held the secret barrier that had robbed Mabel Thornton of a happy life. And the tearless eyes and feverish face gazed wildly; and, turning her eyes heavenward, thanks God that he was where he would suffer no more. A husband only in name, yet a husband." She placed the letter in her pocket, and, thanking the janitress, left the lonely spot almost a fit subject to dwell there within those narrow brick walls. Her drive back over the lonely road was a joyless one, but she instinctively entered the cars—then all was a blank.

The fluttering lace curtains awoke the beautiful woman, and, attempting to rise, fell back with a cry of pain.

"Darling, rest quiet; you are with me."

"Auntie, I am well, but oh so weak—what is the matter?"

"You have been almost at death's door, Mabel, but are all right. You must not talk."

"I know he is dead, for I saw his grave. Auntie, I must die, too."

"Not while I love you so," said a deep, rich voice; and Capt. Thornton bent and kissed her face.

"You here! Are you and Susie living here?"

"My Cousin Harold and Susie were married last winter, and I, darling, was only hiding my time."

"It has come, Frank, for I am free to love you now."

He bent again. Her face was covered with kisses. "I was going to see you at Susie's request, when I was carried

by my stopping-place from carelessness; and, as you entered the car door, you fell almost in my arms. I took this letter which your aunt and I perused together, and have found out a great deal since from the matron of the asylum, for I have been to see her; and, from your ravine while ill, know all."

"You must not talk so much, Mabel," said her aunt.

"Did you find out my poor father thought he had wronged the boy? He, by his falsehoods, made my father force me to marry him; led him into a lawsuit; told him he would dishonor his name; and I secretly obeyed his dying request; married the boy, who shortly after went crazy from his wrong deeds to a poor, honest man like my father. I worked for him while I was so poor, and kept him in the best asylum I could; and when I was made rich, gave him all the comforts in my power. And now I am doubly blessed. You, Frank, still love me, and God has tortured me seven times seventy, and purified and refined me for a noble husband!" And, with hands clasped, life's shadows fitted away to rest on some other not so fortunate.

"Your life has been a perfect sacrifice to him."

"I never loved him, but did what I thought my duty."

"And Heaven will bless you, Mabel, for it," said her aunt, with tears coming rapidly down her cheeks.

"After my father's death, I found out my husband, had acted with deception, but it was too late, auntie, for our marriage had been celebrated."

"To save my husband's brother from dishonor you have spent the best years of your life in sorrow."

"While her latter years will be my sacred interest, and a double portion of love from me will be given my wife—see Miss Hinton," said Capt. Thornton, with glad smiles chasing each other over his face.

"Now, Frank, my inevitable barrier is removed, and my secret you complained of told!"—she caught her breath strangely, like a sob and forced laugh.

"And proud I am, Mabel, of a wife who has an over-abundance of pride for family, and honor."

"For years, Frank, I have murmured against my implacable fate, but how wisely all was ordained; for silent love through years only makes me revere more than it can be verified."

The warm spring brought many stirring events. First, Ella Hinton and Guy Marchfield were united in the holy bonds of matrimony; then Frank Thornton and poor Mabel, who dreams life away in sunshine, joy and gladness.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Warts.

As much as warts and corns may be thought to resemble each other, they are quite different in origin, character and means of cure. A corn is simply a thickening and hardening of the scarf-skin, or epidermis. It is always caused by pressure, and is removed only by the removal of the pressure. And we may here state that, so absolutely are they thus removed, a protracted period of sickness will gradually lift them wholly out of the flesh.

A wart, on the contrary, belongs to the skin, proper—the *vera cutis*—and consists of an abnormal growth of one or more papillae, in which the nerves or blood vessels terminate. For this reason, while the substance of a corn is as insensible as that of the finger-nail, the substance of a wart is peculiarly sensitive beneath the scarf-skin which covers the head of the papilla, and which these carry with them as they push upward.

In most cases, as the equalized action of the parts is restored they go off of themselves. They can be speedily removed, however, by touching them repeatedly with nitrate of silver, or by applying nitric acid to their extremities. Care should be taken not to touch the adjacent skin.

Many superstitious notions prevail respecting the cure of warts, among the people. They have been handed down from the remotest times, when superstition had more to do with medical methods generally than true science.

In the aged, when the cuticle is hard, the epithelial cells, instead of developing upward, develop downward into the tissues, and give rise to painful tumors, which the physician alone can eradicate.

Sometimes "moles" tend to enlarge and become painful. A little nitric acid applied to them a few times will arrest the tendency.—*Youth's Companion.*

Same Thing with the Ancients.

There was an expression of unusual pleasure on the face of the wrathful Achilles that morning, and the crafty Ulysses accosted him with more than his wonted heartiness on that account.

"You're out early this morning," remarked the wily one.

"Yes," said the sulky one, "but then I was out late last night. You see, I had a pretty good thing on my mind, this morning, and I was afraid if I slept too long, I might forget it. I was out last night, went down to see Briseis, in fact, and sat up pretty late. Fact is, I'm clear gone there. No use talking, she just breaks me all up. Well, when I came away somebody had sat on my hat, new Broadway style, and we had a time straightening it out. I says, says I—never thought of it before, either, just popped into my head at that minute, 'Briseis, dear,' I says, and I clasped it on her head, 'both mashed; both mashed on Briseis,' see?"

"Mashed?" repeated Ulysses, in some wonder. "Mashed? I don't see, you weren't mashed. You great gee, why all the cavalry in Diomedes' camp might run over you and not—"

But Achilles, with a look of wrathful disgust setting down over his face, strode away to his tent. "Patroclus!" he cried, and when the young man appeared he said to him:

"Take a conch shell and two bass drums and go down behind Ulysses' tent and practice overtures all day. And if he says anything about it, send him to me."

And he told his armor-bearer that there wasn't enough intellectual culture in all Greece to-day, to go around a Phoenician primary school in the holidays.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

KEEP the stables clean. Clear out the manure every morning, and scrape or card off all filth from the animals. The stable should be made so warm that the manure will not freeze at night. A lower temperature will either demand a larger amount of food or the animal will fall in condition.