THE CLIMAX.

Discolored Spots on Paper

VOLUME III. RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889. NUMBER

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. WILKES SMITH,
Dental Surgeon.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO DENTISTRY.
OFFICE—Smith Building, Main Street. Hours, 9:00 to 12:00 M.; 1:00 to 4 P. M. june22-tf.

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OFFICE: Main street, over Madison National Bank, Richmond, Ky. 2-tf.

W. CREED, D. D. S.,
PARKSVILLE, KY.
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Everything done pertaining to the profession. 47-

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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
OFFICE with C. F. & A. R. Burnam, on First Street. june 22 tf

J. A. SULLIVAN,
Attorney at Law,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
OFFICE on First street, same as formerly occupied by County Judge Miller. octo. 1y.

C. S. POWELL,
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Office on Second Street. June 22 tf

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Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting.
Pump Repairing a Specialty. All kinds of pumps kept at Gas Works, Richmond. Leave orders at Bonanza Mills or W. G. White's Drug Store. 50 4p.

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Real Estate and General Collecting Agency.
Special attention paid to the sale or exchange of Real Estate, and to the collection of all kinds of accounts. 47-46.

New and Original Designs
—OF ARTISTIC—
MONUMENTS
In Granite and Marble.

"Try Ayer's Pills"
For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"
"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.
No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.
C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."
"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.
4 3

A WHOLE-SOLED FIRM.
Wallace & Rice,
—The extensive dealers in—
Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods & Hats
at No. 104 West Main Street, Richmond, Ky., have received their
Spring and Summer Stock,
and it is much larger than they have ever before handled. But their prices are no larger than before. They have
Every Grade and Variety
—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES
that the public could wish. Their line of GENTLEMEN'S
FINE CALF, HIGH-CUT, LACED, CALF-SKIN SHOES
is especially full. The same in Congress and Buttons. Also Goat and Kangaroo. Both
French and American Calf,
The new and popular Ooze Calf with Tanfox.
IN LADIES' SHOES
—THEY HAVE ALL THAT—
The Best Markets Afford.
French, Medium and "Common Sense" heels in Oxford Ties, Low Buttons, Newport Ties, and Brazon Adonis Buckles.
IN HATS,
—THEY HAVE THE—
Knox, Stetson, Marwick and Austin Drew,
both hard and soft. A FULL LINE of
GENTS'
Furnishing Goods,
including Monarch Shirts, E & W. and Coon Collars and Cuffs.
NECKWEAR IN PROFUSION.
Gloves in great variety. An assortment of Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs.
Hosiery of Every Grade.
UMBRELLAS in silk and other goods, with assorted handles.
Elegant line of Shirt Jewelry.
41-40.

GANTER'S
—CHICKEN—
Cholera Cure!

[For THE CLIMAX.]

SHADOWS.

There are shadows which darken our pathway,
As daily life's journey we tread;
From the bright little face in the cradle
To the pitiful face of the dead.

Alike to all ages, conditions,
Their unpitying visits are paid;
Their visiting minions are legion,
And our only escape is the grave.

But a merciful Father has promised
Our grievous burdens to share,
And never to lay upon us
Any sorrow too heavy to bear.

The flowers which droop in the shadow
Lift their heads in the morning sun;
Thus let us—forgetting our troubles—
Fight bravely till life's battle's won.

Cast Fate to the winds as a fiction,
Take Faith as an armor it-stead,
For chance ne'er decided a battle
Nor cared for the souls of its dead.

And then when life's journey is ended,
And the shadows of death round us fall,
We'll pass through a night time of shadows,
To the most glorious sunrise of all.

—W. M. L.

ROBBING THE POOR.

Unprincipled Women Who Retain the Wages of Their Servants.

There is a class of women, said by those who know to be numerous, whose dishonest operations it seems impossible to prevent. They hire servant-girls or sewing-women, keeping them so long as they can be pacified with a small part of their little earnings, but dismissing them without pay when they refuse to work without their money. This style of robbery, that is aimed at people to whom the loss of a dollar is serious misfortune, is not only contemptible but cruel. Yet it is carried on with a systematic coolness that no fear disturbs. Said one of them to a collector who demanded a servant's pay: "What can you do? I know all about law. You can't get any thing out of me, for I don't even own the chair you are sitting on." This woman keeps a boarding-house, but her furniture and business are in her son's name.

Another is a West Side dress-maker, who is so absurdly infatuated with her husband that she robs her girls to supply him with money. He is a perfectly worthless creature, who uses his power to fill his pockets. Gambling is his passion. When he gets all his wife's money he leaves her, going on a tear that continues till it is gone, when he comes home, plays the penitent, and is readily forgiven. People who know them say that the woman would be honest if she were not so foolishly fond of her husband.

Another regular offender is a necktie-maker who is bent upon getting rich. She dresses well, goes to the theater regularly, and presumably has money, but she doesn't own her furniture. Servants and sewing-girls are employed by her in this easy fashion that never intends to make return. It is useless to remonstrate with her and apparently impossible to punish.—Chicago News.

FANCIES IN FISH.

The Public Palate Tickled with Imaginary Delicacies.

After all there is a vast deal in a name. "Sardines in olive oil" sell readily as disguised Eastern herring in cotton-seed oil. "Ocean trout" and "Alaska mackerel" are considered far superior to the common menhaden from which they spring. "Pickled whitefish" are much more satisfactory to the imagination than the weak-fish which represent them in the market. "Cod steaks" sound promising, even when cut from the savage wolf-fish. "Kennebec salmon" are always in demand, whether from Maine or in the guise of red-fish and steel-head from Oregon. It is, therefore, with little surprise we hear just at this time of the wonderful dinners provided by a celebrated restaurateur in Washington, with "young halibut" as the chief attraction, transformed and idealized from the homely and humble winter whitefish, which has approached our shores, not to thrill epicures, but to deposit its eggs peacefully.

We are reminded of a circumstance in a noted coffee-house in Melbourne a few years ago which created a good deal of excitement. The proprietor introduced a fish of surpassing sweetness and delicacy of flavor, under the name of "Sweet William." His patrons eagerly devoured "Sweet William," and the fish had a tremendous run. It was tender, juicy, and entirely free from bones. All went swimmingly for a time. Inquiries failed to reveal the name of the new favorite until one day somebody saw a barrelful of young sharks go into the establishment, to be translated into "Sweet William." Then the volume of business suddenly shrunk and the air was black with threats of suits of damages by enraged customers. And so that's what's in a name.—American Analyst.

QUEER SUPERSTITION.

The Discovery of Drowned Bodies by Means of Bread.

Among beliefs current among sailors in our own country is the notion that it is unlucky to turn a loaf upside down after helping oneself from it, the idea that for every loaf so turned a ship will be wrecked. It is also said that if a loaf parts in the hand while being cut it bodes dissension in the family—the separation of husband and wife. Again, it has long been a widespread belief that the whereabouts of a drowned body may be ascertained by floating a loaf of bread down stream, when it will stop over the spot where the body is.

A curious account of the body thus recovered near Hull appeared some years back in the Gentleman's Magazine: "After diligent search in the river had been made for the child, to no purpose, a two-penny loaf, with a quantity of quicksilver put in it, was set floating from the place where the [illegible]

THE BISON'S EXTINCTION.

Dr. Carver Tells How the Great Herds Were Wiped Out.

"As the Indians hunted them, the race of bison would probably have lasted forever, but about 1866 the white men turned their attention to the shaggy monsters of the plains. Large Eastern firms organized hunting parties and paid the shooters $2.50 for each bison where he lay dead on the plains. I then went to Southern Nebraska and became a professional hunter. The bison consisted of two large divisions, the one living in the South and the other in the North. Their only common feeding ground was along the Republican river and its branches in Nebraska. The Indians were well aware of that fact, and hostile tribes have had many a fight for that territory. It was not until 1873 that the Government put an end to this by sending the Pawnees South and the Sioux to their Northern reservations. Prior to that time we had to do all of our hunting at the risk of being scalped at any time.

"Our favorite gun was an army model of the Springfield rifle, 45-caliber and loaded with ninety grains of powder. The whites patterned after the Indians and hunted on horseback. Having wagons to haul our game, we did not care to 'circle' them as the Indians did. When a herd was located we would mount our best horses and as quietly as possible approach the herd from the leeward side. As soon as they saw us the fun would begin. Although of a low build, the bison will make a very interesting race with a horse for ten miles. We would press up on the right flank of the herd and ride so close to the animals that our guns would touch the side when fired. The most deadly shot was to fire quartering through the lungs so that the animal would bleed to death. In this way we would follow the herd as long as our horses could stand it. On one of those runs I killed 113 bison, none of which were more than 100 yards apart. In riding back an awful sight was presented to the eye. The trail was marked by dead and dying animals. An occasional big bull would have a broken back so that he could only get up on his fore legs, and nothing could look more furious than his shaking head, with coal-black eyes glazing in a death stare from his haggy front. We received our pay for the animals dead on the plains, and wagons followed us up, quartered the animals and shipped the saddle and tallow to Eastern markets.

"About 1871 the hide-hunting began. Prior to this time little or no attention was paid to the skins, but when the demand for them created a high price the meat was allowed to rot upon the plains, and this magnificent race was extinguished simply that extravagant tastes might be satisfied. With the improvements in firearms an entirely different mode of hunting was adopted. The Springfield army gun was superseded by a Sharp 50-caliber and loaded with 120 grains of powder. The hunter used his horse only in finding a herd. This done, we would go to the leeward side so that the scent of the powder and report would not reach the animals, and find a suitable shelter about 1,000 yards distant from them. I have killed them at a distance of a mile. Hunting in this way we had to be very particular, and watch the herd closely. Like a herd of cattle, the bison are always on the go and are apt to walk out of rifle range in a short time. In moving, however, they always have a leader and the trick was to kill any one that started to lead the others off. By thus killing the leaders, we could often shoot for an hour from behind one clump of grass, and when they had moved out of range, the 'skinners' would come up and cut the hide in the ordinary way for skinning, tie the animal's head to a stake, hitch a team of horses to the hide, and jerk it off. No one will ever know what immense numbers of bison were killed by these hide-hunters, but to my certain knowledge three million hides were shipped from the banks of the Frenchman river in one winter. The hide hunters, by a system of fires, kept the bison from the streams until many of them perished, and thousands of others were easily killed. At the close of that winter a man could go along the banks of the Frenchman for many miles by simply jumping from the carcass of one bison to that of another. Considering facts of this kind, it is not surprising that a small, tame herd and a few old circus animals represent the great herds which, less than a quarter of a century ago, blackened miles of prairies as a thunder cloud darkens the sky."—Kansas City Times.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

Fanciful and Picturesque Designs Imported from Paris and London.

Toques and round hats make up the bulk of spring and summer millinery, and are most fanciful and picturesque in design. The toque with pointed front and elongated crown is merely a bonnet without strings, and has come to be a most formidable rival of the demure little capotes and princess bonnets that are not complete without a strap, bow or ribbon strings tied under the chin; but these strings are warm and uncomfortable in summer weather, and unless they are too becoming to be given up they will be dispensed with, or at least superseded by thin lace strings tied in a great Louis Quatorze bow, or in a loop with an end hanging on one side. Lace toques and straw lace toques in nearly flat shapes are sent over both from Paris and London, and are trimmed with small soft rosettes of comete ribbons. The trou-trou black nets with ribbons drawn through the holes make stylish toques and turbans trimmed with merely a cluster of small spring [illegible] of the ribbons [illegible] toques come [illegible] light designs, [illegible] character by a [illegible] along the edge [illegible] torsade of velvet, [illegible] ribbon belts, a [illegible] fashions of the [illegible] straw laces [illegible] violet velvet and an Alsatian bow in front, [illegible] by two low [illegible] ribbons, one [illegible] color of violets, [illegible] cisely those [illegible] each other in [illegible] low crowns [illegible] front and [illegible] Those [illegible] right for[illegible] eyes.

and are quite laden with plumes, while the Empire hat is more poke-shaped in the rounded front of its brim, with a trimming inside the brim next the face, and another feature is the quantity of flowers upon it, especially the rose garlands that belong to the Empire period. There are wreaths of pink and yellow roses without leaves placed flat all along the outside of the brim, or just inside, framing the face, or else merely surrounding the crown. Lace also belongs to Empire styles, and is sometimes set in a plaited ruche outside the brim, a black lace ruche on a red straw hat being especially favored for young women and girls in their teens. The French models of Empire hats are not, like those of the winter, of exaggerated size, but are of medium size, in the shapes just described, and are especially liked for demi-season, summer, and indeed for almost all the year, when made of black Brussels net with fly-away bows of black ribbon on the soft low crown, and a garland of roses, either yellow or pink, with a cluster of small rose-buds placed as a face trimming inside the brim, and held there by a quaint little bow of ribbon, yellow or rose-color, to match the flowers. Good specimens of the Directoire hat are those of black chip or straw, with a band of green chip—the new Euphrates green—inserted in the brim. A coil of green velvet is around the crown, inside and out, a bunch of wheat pointing forward is stuck in the twist next the hair, while on the outside a great panache of green ostrich feathers (half-long plumes) is held against the left side of the crown by loops of green velvet.

Dragon-flies, black birds and black butterflies are fashionable trimmings amid flowers and feathers, and give the black note along with lace that is now in such favor. A red tulle shirred hat, low, with large brim, has black ostrich tips like a wreath all around the crown, while tiny twin black birds hold up the left side of the brim. Black English walking hats have white China crape and black velvet loops over the crown, fixed there by dragon-flies with gauzy wings outspread. Other black hats of the same shape have green velvet folded around the brim and upon the crown, with a pair of small black birds posed as if flying down the left side.

Gold ribbons and embroideries, literal copies of those of the First Empire, are the trimmings for white and for black bonnets. An Alsacian bow of gold ribbon with disks woven as its patterns is the trimming for black tulle capotes that are shirred on wires, and have a little coronet front of wired loops of fine jet beads. A gold bonnet of Empire shape is made of white cloth perfectly incrusted with golden laurel leaves. It is drawn on slender wires to [illegible] very light, and its only garniture is a lace jabot on top, with some gold ball pins and narrow black velvet strings. A theater bonnet all white and gold, with gold net crown and cap front of plaited Empire lace, has for finish a black velvet Alsacian bow with gold braid edging the velvet.—Harper's Bazar.

ELECTRICAL ITEMS.

Many Ways in Which Electricity Is Utilized All Over the World.

It is proposed lighting Galway harbor by electricity.

In spite of ice and snow the telephone service of Austria seems to have done admirably last winter.

Her Majesty, the Empress Eugenie, has just had a telephone introduced in her palace at Farnborough.

The greatest progress evidenced in any of the applications of electricity is in its employment for lighting purposes.

The recent invention of a light motor encourages the belief that it may eventually be used for aerial navigation.

In the Irish channel cables the hemp sewing under the sheathing has frequently been destroyed by insects.

The present executive committee of the National Electric Light Association promises to be both progressive and harmonious.

It is highly probable that if new cables are laid between England and France they will also be laid between England and Belgium.

Twenty million dollars are invested in the main electric-light companies in the United States, and fully as much more in local companies.

One danger to be dreaded in the employment of unarmored submarine cables lies in the readiness with which they may be damaged by grapnel.

The only outward and visible sign that electric traction is practically known in London is an occasional glimpse of an electrically-propeled omnibus.

The candle power of an incandescent lamp varies directly as the fourth power of the excess of current over that at which the lamp begins to admit visible rays.

One very important point connected with electric haulage in mines is the danger arising from the sparking at the commutator owing to the presence of fire-damp.

The choppers on the electric snow-plows in Boston consist of steel pins revolved so rapidly as to chop into fineness the hardest ice and most densely-packed snow.

It is proposed in Switzerland to utilize the falls of the Rhine to generate electric power. The projectors are trying to raise the $2,000,000 necessary to undertake the work.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

'Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time
All broken down and hopeless when life should hold its prime;
She feels herself a burden when a blessing she should be
And longs for death to bring her release from misery.

If these poor, discouraged women who suffer from diseases peculiar to women could only know that health could be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, how eagerly they would hasten to avail themselves of it. They ought to know it, and try it. Every woman who is still healthy ought to be told about the wonderful virtue in this medicine, and understand that it is a safeguard against the terrible diseases common to her sex. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or money paid for it will be refunded.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels, and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

THE HAPPY OPTIMIST.

A Man to Whom Every Cloud Is Sphered in Purest Silver.

The optimist is the jewel of society. He is not born; he is made. The optimist is the pure metal that glistens at the bottom of the world's crucible after it has been freed from all deleterious matter by the fire of adversity.

He is, as it were, a sheaf of experience clarified and tinctured till nothing but the pure, fragrant attar remains. It is not impossible that he may have been, in his younger days, so ill-contained as to rant himself hoarse as a mosquito. The father of American optimists, whose soul, in his latter years was as calm and transiucent as one of our mountain-girt lakes, was irascible in his youth.

When one has been beneath the trip-hammer of real affliction, has felt the hand of calamity clutching at his heart, the little every-day annoyances seem to him like the tickling of a straw wielded by a lilliputian, and the cries of pain and disappointment that winnow the air, as the tinkling babble of toy lives. Who shall say that the optimist has not caught a glimpse of the infinite? Is it not very like, for is he not ever tip-toeing on the skirt of the limitless?

The faith of the optimist is as boundless as space itself, even though you grant it the much-haggled-over fourth dimension, and by this faith he becomes almost a prophet, for the knowledge of what ought to be, and the faith that it will be brought to pass. A Delphic oracle, or a seer of Ercildoun is not more intuitive than your perfect optimist. He can catch the outlines of the ideal flower even while Nature vigorously wields the pruning knife of adversity, cutting back the young plant and fitting it for a better growth.

To the optimist every cloud not only has a silver lining, but is sphered in silver, with every drop of rain a pearl. The mission of the optimist is to find good in every thing, and nobly he fulfills it. He is an oasis hid in the great social desert, a fountain of peace and content, undisturbed by the typhoon of restlessness and dissatisfaction that swords ceaselessly about him. His presence is as soothing as the low hum of an æolian string fingered by the zephyr, and as healthful as the wind which Egypt's natives call the "doctor," is to the burning cheek and parched lip of the fever-stricken African tradesman.

Where gets the optimist this peace which passeth all understanding? It comes from his conviction that around the waist of nature, consistence, is bound the saving and inexorable law. —Esoteric.

A SERMON TO PARENTS.

How Children Are Made Imperfect Physically and Mentally.

A child comes into the world as the great preparatory field from which it is very soon to emerge into the boundless beyond. It is taken from the womb and thrown into a cradle. It is doped and dosed with something to deaden it to sleep and stagnate its blood. It is denied fresh air, pure water that goes to help make a pure physical system. It is left unfed hours upon hours when its stomach is empty and its physical system is worried by want. It is neglected when it wants food, water or care. It is helpless in the hands of those who torment it with pins, bandages, yanks, jerks, sharp words and fault-finding, till the growing mind finds itself in hell instead of Heaven.

As the childs grows on in years, its mind, ever on the alert, as it seeks for information of some kind, it detects its parents in hundreds of petty falsehoods and learns to lie. It experiences cruelty and becomes cruel. It is abused and learns to abuse in return. It is cuffed, slapped, kicked, yanked, jawed, scolded, worried and hung upon the outer walls as trash, when it is the only thing on the place that is to accompany its parents into the beautiful beyond. It listens to profanity and vulgarity, and becomes vulgar and profane. It is lied to in all manners of direct and indirect ways by its parents, and thus learns to consider falsehood as a pleasure or necessity, or both. It is not turned to the beautiful, as is the work of the glassmakers, but is left to get up and out of darkness as best it can. It is fed with food that does not nourish, and its body becomes the home of ailment, malady and disease. Then, when it has a headache, a stomach-ache, a blind eye, a deformed foot, a blemish, or weak, deformed spot, it is taught that God made it so, when God never yet made an imperfect human being. Every physical imperfection is the protest of nature against ignorance, carelessness and indifference to results.

Every mentally-imperfect child is the result of the carelessness and neglect of its parents and the public. Impure food, deleterious fluids, improper care, lack of paternal love, pernicious reading matter that distils dirt into the young mind, all injure and unfit it for the future. Men have no business to have land, horses, cattle, wives or children until they can properly care for what they have, and the most valuable of all they have is their children. Why is it that we do not all try to treat them and their mentalities in a proper manner? Good father and good mother, is not a child better than a horse, a cow, a hog or a farm?—"Brick" Pomeroy, in Advance Thought.

—Cocoanut Pie: One grated cocoanut, one pound sugar, one-half pound of butter, six eggs. Beat the sugar and butter as for cake, then mix in the eggs and cocoanut. No upper crust. This quantity makes three pies.

The Remarkable Cures
Which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the severest cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Miss Sarah G. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofulous sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had three abscesses on his [illegible] and neck; that of Willie [illegible] Walpole, Mass., who had hip [illegible] and scrofula so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are [illegible] of many instances in which [illegible] effected by this [illegible]

TRUE POETRY DEFINED.

Prof. Rice Attempts to Contradict Some Prevailing Notions.

Prof. Thomas R. Rice, the head of the department of English at Columbia College, delivered an instructive lecture on "Shakespeare's Dramatic Construction." A great drama, he said, is made up of two elements; first, emotion, and second, action. The problem of dramatic poetry is to convert an emotion into an action, and in showing this Prof. Rice used "Othello" as an example of the perfect English drama. He also gave some useful hints regarding the composition of poetry as follows:

"The true theory of poetic art, the poetic movement in all ages and among all peoples, is the movement of the human spirit bound in the fetters of its acts. These fetters are the rules of poetic construction. To affect to be outside of them is to be essentially unpoetic. To break the law is to produce discord and ugliness; to obey the law is to produce a poem. As the kind of poetry becomes grave and thoughtful, the laws of poetry become not only more difficult to understand, but also more difficult to apply. Expand the ballad into an epic and even the genius of Milton stumbles, even the art of Virgil fails, in applying at all points the laws of narrative poetry. Expand the song into an ode and the world, having brought forth one Pindar, seems unable ever again to appreciate or to apply the highest laws of lyric expression. But there is one kind of poetry that in the strictness, the goodness, the majestic force of its compelling and restraining laws goes even beyond the epic art of Virgil, even above the lyric art of Pindar. Dramatic poetry as fashioned into a system by Sophocles, and, under changed conditions, perfected by Shakespeare, reaches its results by obedience to such laws of form and movement as tax the mind to the uttermost. To understand these laws rightly and to apply them successfully is a feat that has been accomplished by hardly a half dozen of the greatest poets."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE MOON'S REVOLUTION.

Why We Have Need to Be Devoutly Grateful for Our Satellite.

If we could take a bird's-eye view of the portion of the solar system containing only the sun, the earth and the moon, we should see the sun moving with rapid pace through the vast regions of space, taking with him the earth and the moon. We should see the earth revolving round the sun, taking with her the moon. We should also see the moon revolving round the earth, her motion round both sun and earth causing her to move in an irregular curve, always concave to the sun.

We could then realize as no words can describe how exceedingly complicated is the motion of the moon in her orbit, and admire with reverent awe the heavenly harmony that prevails even in this small portion of the material universe. For it must be remembered that our majestic sun is but a shining point, seen from the nearest fixed star, and our earth and moon are invisible to the suns of space.

The moon revolves around the earth from any fixed star to the same star again, in twenty-seven and three-tenths days, completing a periodic or sidereal revolution.

The earth meantime has advanced in her orbit, and the moon requires more time to complete a revolution in regard to the sun, bringing sun, moon and earth into line, and making the time from new moon to new moon again twenty-nine and a half days. This is called a lunar month, lunation or synodic period.

The moon is often considered as of little consequence in the economy of creation. But what would the earth do without her? She is our minister and companion. If she were blotted from the skies there would be no tides of any amount, no silver crescents hanging in the golden West, no glorious full moons flooding the sleeping earth with soft lights and shadows, and no total eclipses of the sun, the most sublime phenomena on which mortal eyes rest.

We have need then to be devoutly grateful for our satellite, for her position in the heavens, for the short period of her revolution, and for all the blessing that follow in her train. Her movement round the earth is but one short chapter in the complex history of our nearest and most intimate celestial neighbor.—Youth's Companion.

Prince Alexander's Shadow.

Now that Prince Alexander of Battenberg has accepted the consequences of his marriage, and retired into comparative obscurity for the moment, all the story of his short, though brilliant, career will be forgotten; but no one's life has been more full of incidents of romance. He was adored by his army, which would have followed him to the death, and by his own immediate followers, to whom he was a real hero in every sense of the word. Through his Servian career he was attended by a tall and handsome jaeger, who never left him for a moment, and who on many occasions ran great risk of losing his own life in his determination not to lose sight of his master. At night he slept on a couch in the ante-room outside his bed-room, and at least one plot to assassinate Prince Alexander was frustrated by his vigilance. After Prince Alexander left Bulgaria, the servant who followed his master disappeared, and the solution of the mystery—for mystery it was to those who knew the Prince—was then discovered in the fact that the handsome jaeger was a woman in disguise, who, being madly in love with Prince Alexander, determined to devote her life to guard him from danger during his stormy reign in the Bulgarian kingdom. What became of her was not known, but she was not seen again with the Prince after he left Sofia.—Chicago Herald.

Two Apt Comparisons.

"Miss Clara," he murmured, fondly, "can you tell me why your eyes are like the stars?"

"No. Why are they?"

"Because they shine so brightly."

"[illegible] Not you are like the [illegible]

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