San Marcos Free Press.

J. H. JULIAN, "Prove All Things: Hold Fast that which is Good." PROPRIETOR.

17TH YEAR SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1890. NUMBER 30.

FREE PRESS.

Office, Travis' New Building, San Antonio street, one Square from Bailey's Corner.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SAN MARCOS, TEXAS, AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, in advance.....$1 50
Six months, " 75
Three months, " 40

The above rates include the prepayment of postage by us. Sample copies sent free. Single copies 5 cents.

Any of our friends would do us a special favor by giving us the names of any persons within their knowledge who would be likely to subscribe for the FREE PRESS, so that we may send specimen copies to such persons.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Legal and Transient Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for each additional insertion. A square is the space of one inch. Fractional squares will be counted as full squares.

Full particulars given on application, personally or by letter, as to advertising for longer periods. Terms liberal.

Business Cards, one inch orless, one year, $8. Cards in Business Directory, one year, $2.

Local and business notices will be charged ten cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CONGRESSMAN—8TH DISTRICT:
Hon. L. W. Moore, of Fayette County.
SENATOR—25TH DISTRICT:
Hon. W. H. Burges, of Guadalupe Co.
REPRESENTATIVES—91ST DISTRICT:
Hon. Geo. T. McGehee, of Hays Co.
Hon. J. L. Ellison, of Caldwell Co.
DISTRICT COURT—TWO DISTRICT.
Hon. H. Teichmueller, Presiding Judge, LaGrange
J. M. Bethany, Attorney, Austin Co.
TIMES OF HOLDING COURT.
Hays.—1st Mondays in March and September. May continue three weeks.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
M. R. Kone, Judge County Court.
Jas. G. Storey, County Clerk.
Thos. J. Peel, District Clerk.
B. B. McBride, County Attorney.
J. S. Davis, Sheriff.
F. M. Johnson, County Treasurer.
R. S. Fortson, Assessor.
Otto Gross, Surveyor.
T. R. Fourqurean, Commissioner Precinct No. 1.
J. T. Goforth, " " " 2.
J. W. Thorn, " " " 3.
R. R. Wilhite, " " " 4.
R. J. Smith, Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 1.
R. W. Renner " " " " " 2.
T. W. Thorn " " " " " 3.
J. C. Rowe " " " " " 4.
T. E. McElroy " " " " " 5.
J. W. Crow " " " " " 6.
H. Leinneweber, Constable precinct No. 1.
H. Holtz, " " " 2.
J. L. Egger, " " " 3.
R. R. Walling, " " " 4.
T. P. Obar, " " " 6.

TIMES OF HOLDING COUNTY AND PRECINCT COURTS—County Court for Criminal, Civil and Probate business—4th Mondays in January, April, July, October.
Commissioners' Court—2d Mondays in February, May, August and November.
Justice Court, Precinct No. 1—Last Monday in each month, at San Marcos.
Precinct No. 2—2d Friday in each month Mt. City.
" " 3—3d " Wimberley's Mill.
" " 4—4th Saturday Dripping Springs.

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor—Hammett Hardy.
Council—W. D. Wood, N. J. Travis, Gid G. Johnson, L. H. Browne, Charles Rock, P. J. C. Smith, Dan Holheinz and Wm. Giesen.
Assessor and Collector, D. P. Hopkins.
Marshal—J. M. Turner.
Street Commissioner—M. T. Chastain.
Council meets the first Wednesday in each month.
Public School Trustees meet first Tuesday in each month at the Mayor's office.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST.—Preaching at the Methodist Church every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7-30 p. m. Rev. J. A. Scott, Pastor. Sunday School at 3-30 a. m. Dr. J. H. Combs, Superintendent. Teachers meeting 3-30 p. m. Prof. J. E. Pritchett, leader. Young Men's meeting, Tuesday, 7-30 p. m. Prayermeeting, Wednesday, 7-30 p. m. Service for the Ladies Friday, 4 p. m. Woman's Aid Society, Thursday, p. m. Woman's Missionary Society, the First Friday in the month, 4 p. m. Singing, Sunday, at 4-30 p. m.

BAPTIST—Services in the Baptist Church every Sunday. Sunday School at 9:30 a m Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats are free, everybody is invited to attend all the services.
M. G. ECELLER, A. M. Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 2nd and 4th Sundays each month. Rev. S. J McMurray, pastor. Sunday school every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited to attend.

CHRISTIAN.—No regular pastor at present. Sunday School at a. m. A cordial invitation extended to all.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Oliver Wilson Pastor. Services the 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month. Sunday school every Sunday.

CATHOLIC.—services 4th Sunday in each month. Rev. Father Smith Pastor.

MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF, TO AND FROM SAN MARCOS POST OFFICE.

Mails from Austin arrive at 9:05 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.; close at 8:35 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Mails from San Antonio arrive at 7:40 a. m. and 4:20 p. m.; close at 7:10 a. m. and 5:05 p. m.
Mails from Lockhart arrive at 7:25 a. m.; and 5:15 p. m., close at 8:10 a. m. and 5:45 p. m.
Luling, arrives at 12 M., closes at 12:30. P. M.
Above mails arrive and depart daily.
Blanco, via Wimberley—Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 P. M. Departs Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 A. M.

OFFICE HOURS.
General Delivery from 8 A. M., to 12 M., and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. except during distribution of mails and on Sundays and holidays. Open on Sundays thirty minutes after distribution of each of the principal mails.
J. M. CAPE, P. M.

Come and See Me!

M. SCHULZE

Carriage Painter and Trimmer

Carriages, Hacks, and Buggies Repainted and Made As Good as New.

I keep all the best materials on hand in

Varnishes, Paints
—AND—
Trimming Goods.

I do you all I promise, and give you all satisfaction

Country Orders Promptly Filled.

TYPE METAL Makes Superior BABBITTING.

For Sale Cheap at this Office.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Free Press as an Advertising Medium.

The FREE PRESS is a leading local newspaper, the best advertising medium, and has the best printing office between Austin and San Antonio. It circulates considerably North as well as South. A live paper, devoted to the development and progress of the country, Jeffersonian Democratic in politics.

The FREE PRESS has been published by its present proprietor for sixteen years. It is well established, and gaining steadily in public favor. Especial attention is called to the CHARACTER of its circulation. It goes among the best class o well-to-do farmers and business men. In this respect it has NO SUPERIOR IN THE STATE. Write for advertising rates.

WHAT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. SAY.

The well-known advertising agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York City, have issued an annual Newspaper Directory for over thirty years, and these publications have been generally recognized as authority as to the matter newspaper circulation. In the regular issue of the Directory they have included all the newspapers published in the United States and Canada. Recently, however, they have issued a condensed list. It gives only THE BEST newspapers as advertising mediums, and hence is practically better, because more convenient, than their larger Directory. Four fifths of the newspapers of the United States are practically "counted out" by intelligent advertisers, who only want to know the BEST. Hence the value of the work under notice. The publishers in the preface well say; "It sifts the wheat from the chaff. It directs the attention of an advertiser toward papers which he should and ought to use, and tends to intercept a portion of that patronage which goes to publications which cost greatly in excess of any power to benefit which they possess. It takes the general ground that the best is the cheapest."

We need scarcely say that on this plan the FREE PRESS is given by this book (see page 158) as THE advertising medium of San Marcos and Hays county it being *the only one on the list*. We respectfully invite the attention of advertisers, both at home and abroad, to this fact.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANKERS.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN Marcos, North side Plaza.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of San Marcos, Southeast Corner Plaza.

JEWELRY AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

GEO. W. KNIGHT, near South-west corner Plaza.

DENTISTS.

DR. J. H. COMBS, Judge Wood's New Building, upstairs.

DRUGGISTS.

RAYNOLDS & DANIEL, North side Plaza.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

P. T. TALBOT, Next door to First National Bank.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Northwest cor. plaza.

DAILEY & BRO., Southwest Corner Plaza.

GROCERIES.

R. W. LEAVELL, South side Public Plaza

THOMAS TAYLOR East Side Plaza.

HARDY & CO., North side Plaza

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELERS.

W. H. ROBBINS, North side Plaza.

GROCERIES & HARDWARE.

WM. GIESEN, South side plaza.

MILLINERY.

MRS. RICHARDSON, nearly opposite Nance's Furniture Store.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

J. R. PORTER, North Side the Square.

DRS. J. H. AND J. W. COMBS,

DENTISTS. DENTISTS.

OFFICE:—North Side Public Square, San Marcos. - - - - - Texas

C. C. MEAD,

Successor to E. Christian & Co.
Dealer in

Sash, Doors, Blinds, LUMBER and Shingles.

SAN MARCOS, - - - TEXAS.

Isaac H. Julian,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

SAN MARCOS, - - TEXAS.

Letters of inquiry concerning any matter of business or local interest, accompanied by a stamp for reply, will receive prompt attention.

Office FREE PRESS Building.

DETROIT

NUKE GRIP Steel Tackle Block.

HALF THE COST of holding saved to storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvement EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.

FULTON IRON AND ENGINE WORKS 10 Brush St., Detroit, Mich. Established 1857.

BROKEN OUT!

How often do we see this on the faces of children and, alas, of people who otherwise are healthy? What causes it? Bad Blood. The thought is terrible; the trouble is worse. No ordinary help can remove it. It requires something unusual. Do not take cheap sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. You must have something that has proven its power in both Europe and America. General Wheatcroft Nelson, of London, says: "My experience in the English army, as well as in America, convinces me that *nothing* so thoroughly purifies the blood, or adds to the health, vigor and life, as Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir."

This grand Elixir is sold by druggists in all parts of America. It is a good, pure, honest medicine. Try it to-day.

F. C. BAILEY,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

—AND—

UNDERTAKERS' GOODS.

—CALL AND SEE THE—

BAILEY PATENT MOSQUITO BAR FRAMES.

The best Folding Frame ever made.

—CHINESE STRAW MATTING—

From the cheapest to the best grade.

CHAS. SINZ,

Contractor and Builder,

SAN MARCOS, TEX.

Makes out Plans and Specifications and Executes the work. May be found at the Lumber yard of G. Mead, near passenger depot. my16tf

If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

Our Clubbing List for 1890.

We are prepared to club the FREE PRESS to new or renewing subscribers with the following publications at the rates specified below, if ordered at the same time with our paper. In the first column we give the regular of price each publication singly in the second the price of the same and the FREE PRESS together.

	Singly.	With the Free Press
Austin Statesman	$1 60	$2 20
Galveston News	1 25	2 50
N. Y. Weekly World	1 00	2 30
St. Louis Republic	1 00	2 20
N. Y. Ledger	2 00	3 30
New Orleans Times Democrat	1 50	2 50
Louisville Courier Journal	1 00	2 35
Cincinnati Enquirer	1 15	2 40
Standard, N.Y. (Henry George)	2 50	3 50
Texas Siftings	4 00	2 50
Farm and Ranch	1 00	2 00
Detroit Free Press	1 00	2 10
Saturday Evening Post	2 00	3 00
New York Observer	3 15	3 70
Atlanta Constitution	1 00	2 30
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 00
Scientific American	3 00	4 00
Century Magazine	4 00	5 30
St. Nicholas	3 00	4 00
Harper's Young People	1 90	2 75
Youth's Companion	1 75	2 75
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 80
Lippincott's Magazine	3 00	3 50
Eclectic Magazine	5 00	5 85
Phrenological Journal	1 50	2 75
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	3 00
Popular Science Monthly	6 00	4 10
Good Housekeeping	2 50	3 40
Harper's Monthly	4 00	5 10
" Weekly	4 00	4 85
" Bazar	4 00	4 90
Godley's Lady's Book	2 00	3 25
Woman's Magazine	1 00	2 20
Demorest's Monthly	2 00	3 00
Ballou's Magazine	1 50	2 20
Golden Days	3 00	3 85
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 30
Home and Farm	50	1 80

Any other paper or periodical not included in the above list, furnished at proportionate rates, or ordered separately at publishers' prices, free of charge and postage prepaid in all cases.

The many losses caused by failures, robbery or and petty thefts out of the mails, make it absolutely necessary to send considerable sums by postal order, registered letter or draft.

The safe arrival of all publications guaranteed.

If after a reasonable time any subscriber fails to receive the publication sent for, notify us by postal card that the error, if any, may be promptly corrected.

Our responsibility ceases when paper arrives with dates correctly credited, which is evidence the subscriber has been paid.

A Comparison.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,
With the singin' birds an' the bum'l'bees,
A-knowing' thet I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.
Fer I really don't 'zactly understan'
Where the comfort is fer any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebby you'll say,
A livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.
As fer that, jus' look at the flowers arou'
A-peepin' their head up all over the groun'
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or ruther in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds, and the bum'l'bees,
An' a-livin' out here among the trees
Where you can take your ease an' do as you please
Makes it better'n the city.
Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff,
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough.
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me 'tain't half as tough
As livin' in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PLAYED CRIPPLE.

Col. Bloodgitt's daughter, Zaldie, was exceedingly handsome, but was so haughty and imperious that the young men of the community stood in awe of her. The colonel and his daughter lived in an old stone house, moss grown and covered with vines. A stream that came tumbling out of the hills swept past the foot of the garden at the back of the house, and the fox, playing among the purple lark spurs, barked the whole night through. Every surrounding wore the soft color of romance, and every sound about the old place seemed to be inspired by a lurking sentiment. The old man sat all day on the broad porch smoking his pipe, while Zaldie sang old songs or played with a dog on the soft and grassy slope. Every one had come to believe that the girl lived merely to scorn marriage in her gentle and beautiful way, and there was not a swain in all the neighborhood that dared to breathe a hope of winning her.

Luke Brizentine, who owned the finest horse in the country and had therefore strong claims, had asked her to share his life of corn bread and wild mustard greens, and had not only been rejected, but was violently kicked down the steps by the old man. Sol. Matterson had been equally presumptuous, and although he owned a water mill and a pretty fair article of bay steers, the old colonel shook him until a dry grin of anguish that lasted several days settled on his face.

One day a slim young fellow named Griggle M. Robinson, while passing through the settlement, caught sight of the girl as she played with the dog. He saw her hair waving like new wheat straw dashed about, and he heard the music of her voice, and then he swore that he would win her. He stopped at a neighboring village, and in an adroit way drew the landlord into telling what he knew of her. Then he went to his room to meditate upon a plan of action, and he was greatly encouraged, for Griggle was a lawyer and had practiced before a justice of the peace. At midnight, just as his candle placed on the hearth had begun to nod, he got up, laughed softly, and in his subdued ecstasy gently bumped his head against the wall. His plan had ripened.

"I have heard," he said to himself, "that pity is akin to love. Glorious poet who wrote that line! Ah! what a will he could have drawn up!—what a writer of mortgages he would have made! I will go to that house a painful cripple, with a few dollars in my pocket, and engage board. They will not refuse me. I will converse with her as the days pass, and my own words and her own pity shall kindle her soul into a flame of love. Then, when she is mine, I will stand out before her a strong and sound man, and what was pity shall turn to pride. Griggle M. Robinson you were born to be great."

The afternoon was beautiful. Zaldie, tired of play and tired of singing, sat with her father on the porch, and the dog, with a garland of larkspurs about his neck, snapped at the horse flies that came buzzing through the warm air.

"Who is that at the gate?" the colonel asked.

"Oh, it is a poor, crippled man," the girl answered.

"Come right on in!" the old man shouted. "Zaldie, help him up the steps."

"Oh, no," the cripple pleasantly answered, coming forward; "I can help myself."

He came up on the porch not ungracefully, and after bowing with a grateful air sat down on a chair which the girl ran and brought for him.

"You look so tired," said the girl. "Let me get a pillow for you to rest your head on."

"On, no," Griggle responded, looking up and smiling. "You have already made me so comfortable that—that"—Here he broke down.

"Tut, tut," said the colonel, wheeling about in his chair. "We have only done for you what we should do for any one in distress. Where do you live, hah?"

"I live many miles from here," Griggle replied; "that is, the brown hills among which I once happily dwelled are many a weary day's journey from this romantic place."

"Why, my dear sir, you do not talk like an ignorant—excuse me—a crippled man."

"Oh, papa," the girl interposed, "crippled men, I should think, can talk as well as any one else."

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head, "not as a general thing. There is Hamp Smith, for instance. He is crippled, and I don't know that I ever saw a worse talker. However, that is neither here nor there. What can we do for you?"

"You can, if you will, do a great deal for me. I will explain my situation: It was absolutely necessary for me to have a change of scene, and I started out with that end in view. I have traveled many miles, have crossed many rivers, but this is the only place that holds out a promise of rest. Now, to come at once to the point, I want to board with you for a while."

"Why, my dear sir," the old gentleman exclaimed, "I never took a boarder in my life."

"But, papa," the girl quickly spoke up, "do let us take him just for a while, anyway. It can do us no harm, and will be so much of a benefit to him."

"All right, have it your way."

What a glorious time it was for Griggle! He would sit on a rustic bench in the yard watching the girl in her joyous play, and occasionally she would come up mischievously and throw a handful of flowers at him.

"Don't you wish that you could romp with me?" she asked one day.

Griggle sobbed and leaned his head on the back of the bench.

"Oh! please don't cry," the girl implored, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Come, look up now. See what a pretty flower this is."

"It is a lovely flower," he answered, looking up, "but I have seen lovelier ones—in fact, I see a lovelier one now."

"I wouldn't allow any one else to say that," she answered, smiling.

"Then I indeed enjoy a glorious privilege."

"If it is glorious to you it is surely pleasant to me."

"Won't you sit beside me?" he asked. She sat down. He stroked her hair "The angels must have spun this silk," he said.

"Well, I wish the angels would take care of it, for it is very troublesome."

"Zaldie is a pretty name."

"Do you think so? I always thought it was horrid, but if you think it is pretty I will try to think so."

"Do you know what I wish I were, little girl? I wish I were a great strong man, with a face so handsome that you could not help loving me; but alas! I am only a cripple."

He leaned his head on the back of the bench again. "Oh! please don't do that," she implored. "If you only knew how I pity you. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed your society—you came to me as something to care for and"—

"And what?"

He looked up and gazed in her eyes.

"And it would grieve me to give you up," she timidly rejoined.

"Then why give me up?" he passionately cried. "Let me live here; be my wife."

Both of them put their heads on the back of the bench.

That night as Griggle straightened out his leg and got into bed he mused: "She is mine. Glorious being, Griggle M. Robinson has won you."

The old man, whose heart was held by the girl, gave his consent. The wedding day was fixed. It was evening and Griggle and Zaldie stood near the garden gate. "Loved one," he said, "you shall never be sorry."

"I know that, dear."

"And when you see other men so active and strong you will not have a secret contempt for me?"

"Never."

"Zaldie," he exclaimed, "I am sure you shall not. I am no cripple. I am one of the soundest lawyers you ever saw. Look." He straightened out his leg and hopped about six feet. The girl shrieked and fled to the house. Griggle, knowing that her joy was overpowering, and that she had run to tell her father, followed. The old colonel came out. "My daughter has told me all," he exclaimed. "Vile wretch, you have deceived me and broken my daughter's heart. You are not a cripple, but a lawyer! I will teach you a lesson."

He seized a hickory cane that stood leaning against the railing of the gallery, and with the wild strength of justice raised a goose egg between Griggle's eyes.

The shrewd but unfortunate young man has gone back to the turmoil of his cross roads home, and is practicing law before a negro justice of the peace.—Opie P. Read in Courier-Journal.

The Noble Dog Bather.

Among the many occupations that men follow is the singular vocation of dog bather. Apropos of this there called the other day at a fashionable uptown residence a very elegant young Frenchman, faultlessly gloved and clothed in garments of the latest cut. He sent up a card which bore the name of a French family of the haute noblesse. The hostess, somewhat surprised, received him with bewitching courtesy, after having made a most elaborate toilet.

"I ev called," explained the visitor, with a profound salute, "for zat you ev a dog. Ees it so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Very well, bien. Shall I ev ze honor to gif him ze bath? Feefty cent for ze bath only, mademoiselle. I bathe ze dogs of many distinguished families. I"——

"No, sir," responded the hostess, coldly.

"Bien—ver well. I leef my card."

The chagrin of the lady may be imagined, since she had spent nearly an hour in preparing to meet her aristocratic guest.—Truth.

All Starting.

Between the 1st of April and the 1st of May eight out of every ten tenants in the United States notified their landlords that unless the house was repapered, repainted, repaired and the rent lowered they would not remain another year. About one landlord in 500 consented, and about one tenant in 1,000 kept his word, and moved and was sorry for it. All is now settled until another spring.—Detroit Free Press.

SAVE MONEY.

Our Mr. Walter Denny has just left for the eastern markets to purchase Fall Stock, and in order to make room for same, we will for the next 60 days sell at

Greatly Reduced Rates for Cash.

We are no Mount Blanco, Bragadocio Cheap John Outfit, but will sell you good goods at prices that

DEFY COMPETITION!

MID-SUMMER BARGAINS!

Clark's C. N. T. Spool cotton, at 45c per dozen.
"Fruit of the Loom" Domestic, at 10c.
Quilting Calico, 25 yards for $1.00.
Gents' Shoes on the bargain table at cost.
Some Goods in all Departments at cost.
12 yards Pacific Lawn for $1.00.

We keep constantly on hand a nice line of Jean Pants, Overalls, Work Shirts and Clothing to please all. Come and secure bargains.

DENNY BROS. & DENNY.
SAN MARCOS, TEX.

DALLAS CORRESPONDENCE.

Stray Items From Eugene Lynn.

"Did you konw that Minnie was married?" Said a gray haired grandmother to me as we chanced to be walking down the street. There was a peculiar tremor in her voice as she spoke and a dewy look about the eyes that was very suggestive of tears, and although she tried to smile while speaking of it, reminding me of sunshine hidden by mist, yet intuitively the thought came to me that something was wrong.

Pitying her as I did, in her sorrow, my thoughts turned to the old glad days of the happy past, when Minnie and I were friends, sharers of each others joys and sorrows. Our friendship was uninterrupted for one brief year when she returned to her northern home with a promise of a visit from me soon—but alas, "the best laid plans of nice and men gang aft agley, and leave us naught but grief and pain, for promised joy."

We have never met since, and now the tidings come that she is married. Well that is nothing strange! you think. No, but when the dear old lady told the sad story of how she was engaged to a noble young man and ran off and married another, I understood the cause of her sorrow.

Moralists tell us that "life is what we make it," but this seems a strange contradiction at times, and one feels tempted to say that other people make our lives either happy or sad.

Amidst life's sadness and perplexities, when the heart seems crushed beneath its weight of woe, we should remember that "'tis:

"Better to hope when the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are lifted."

How we used to talk and write to each other about what we were going to do when we got married, what kind of a man we admired, and the thousand and one other things girls intended to do when the right time comes. Unfortunately the right time to perform these wonderful exploits rarely ever comes. I do not mean to disparage girls, by no means, for they are angels of light and mercy in this beautiful world, but when it comes to love and marriage they are a little uncertain. This dear sweet girl will marry laughing eyes and sory cheeks, she to whom "every sun that rose was as a promise and a smile from God," laid aside her girlish resolutions, "never to marry against the wishes of mother." Shakespeare says "We know what we are but we know not what we may be." Hav'n't we all done things that far back in the shadowy past, we thought it impossible for us to ever do—*other* people might, but we never.

Owen Meredith truthfully said that "we are what we must and not what we would be. The will and the power are diverse."

A YOUNG MAN DECEIVED BY HIS ANTICIPATED BRIDE.

The following little incident was told to me in confidence, by a gentleman friend, to whom the original party concerned told it confidently, and I now tell it to you, sub rosa of course.

They were seated on the broad piazza, enjoying the serenity and quiet of the gorgeous beauty of a moon-light night. As they sat there, half hidden by the trellis of vines, they fashioned with deftness and skill, castles of fancy. They were painting a beautiful picture in the love lighted future and there came into his eyes that far away look that men sometimes have who dwell "amidst the hights." Some people allude to this period of lovers joys, as the "fools paradise," but after all there is something divinely restful about the peace of love when it has "all to adore and nothing to desire." No matter what other people may say and think about your foibles and eccentricities, there is one to pardon, one to love and one to trust you still.

He spoke tenderly of going away to seek his fortune in a distant state. The fair creature at his side replied with a half sob, that she would be so old when he came back that he would cease to love her. Not wishing to see her melancholy, he banteringly acquiesced, thinking, perhaps, to arouse the combative spirit in her nature. "Yes, you will be fearfully old when I return, so old that you will be losing all of your teeth." Oh! fatal words! How little did he know what a revolution they would call forth. Could he but recall them ignorance would still be bliss to him, but the spoken word comes not back again.

She replied with charming abandon and child-like innocency, that she already had false teeth—the look of utter amazement, consternation, agony and horror that swept over his face prevented her from finishing her statement. 'Twas while in this razzled-dazzled state of mind that he was pouring forth his soul's complaint into the sympathizing ear of my friend.

Talk about that girl ever deceiving her sweet heart! Shades of departed spirits! convince that man that she will lay bare the thoughts of her innermost soul for his unscrupulous gaze.

He thinks that she has deceived him because she did not tell him long ago, and yet, "O! man than pendulum 'twixt a smile and tear" perperhaps you have told her that you have reformed whenever you feel inclined to take a drink, you think of her and "chew cloves instead." Be careful that you do not chew the cloves afterwards to prevent any deleterious effects of your convivial proclivities.

EUGENE LYNN.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose &c., leaving the skin clear white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.