Nameless.

The summer sun is on the trees
And n t a path is shady;
You sit within the porch to read,
A very dainty lady.
And is't a poem ma es you grave,
Or just an old love-story
Of maiden bright, and valiant knight
Who rides away to glory?

I know the kind of story well:
The maiden's hair is golden,
The knight wears armor as they did
In days we now call olden.
They make their vows by moonlight, dear
In language rather stilted,
And then she pines alone for months,
And wonders if she's jilted.

But he comes gaily back, to find
She is of maids the truest,
And lovlier far than maidens are
With even eyes the bluest—
Not lovlier, sweet, than you to-day,
With sunshine on your bower,
A leafy nook, in which you look
The very fairest flower.

Would I might read the story, too,
And chat with you about it;
Perhaps it's just as well I can't—
Indeed, I do not doubt it.
A pretty picture, dear, you make,
And in my heart I'll frame it;
I do not know what your cal'ed,
And so I cannot name it.

THE STONE-CUTTER'S STORY.

He was whistling over his work, careless, from long custom, of the solemn significance of the letters he was cutting in the white marble. The June sun was nearly at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little seaport town of Monkton. A stranger, handsomely dressed in gray, with large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence that was around the yard where the stone-cutter worked, and read the lettering, almost completed, upon the tombstone:

HIRAM GOLDBY,
Aged 35.
LOST AT SEA, JANUARY, 1866.

The last six was nearly completed. A strange pallor gath red for a moment upon the stranger's face and then he drew a long, deep breath and said:

"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stone-cutter looked, shaded his eyes with his brown hand, as he turned his face to the setting sun.

"This is 1876," was the grave reply, "and Hiram Goldby has been then years under the waves."

"Well sir, that's the question—is he there?"

"Is he there? Your stone tells us he is and has been for ten years."

"Yes, sir, so it does—so it does. And yet she has ordered it. She came over a week or so back with a worried look upon her sweet face that I have never seen anything but patient in the long years, and she said to me: 'You may cut a stone, Davy,' she says, 'and put it up in the churchyard, and I don't want to see it I'll pay you whatever you choose to ask. Davy,' she says, 'but he's not dead and don't want a tombstone.' 'Lor, mum,' says I, he'd a turned up all these years if he was not dead.' But she shook her pretty head, the prettiest I ever seen, sir, and she said: 'My heart never told me that he was dead, Davy, and I'll never believe it till my heart tells me so.'"

"His sweetheart?" questioned the stranger.

"His wife, sir—his loving, faithful wife, that's had poverty, and loneliness and misery, her full share, and might ha' bettered herself."

"How was that?"

"Mr. Miles, sir, the richest shop owner hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven long years, trying to win her. Then he said that she was free even if Hiram came back."

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stranger.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing. What answer did the widow make, Mr. Miles?"

"'If Hiram's dead,' said she, 'I'm his faithful wife.' "Maybe you are from the city, sir, and haven't heard the story of our Pearl?"

"What story is that?"

"Well, sir, it's been told many times, more particularly in the last year, but you're welcome to what I know of it. There, that six is done, and I'll leave the Scripture text till morning. If you'll come to the gateway and take a seat on some of the stones, I'll tell you, that is if you care to hear it."

"I do care," was the grave reply; "I want very much to hear the story."

"Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl of Monkton—that's what they call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts. It's a matter of thirty-three years back, sir, that there was a wreck off Monkton rocks, that you can see from here, sir, now tide's low. Cruel rocks they are, and many a wreck they've seen, the more the pity. You see them, sir?"

"I see them."

"Well, sir, this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl-baby three or four years old, with a skin like a lily leaf, and great black eyes. Hiram Goldby found her on the rocks. He was a boy of twelve years, strong and tall, and he carried the child in his arms to his mother. You may see the cottage, sir, the second white one on the side of the hill."

"I see it."

"Well, Hiram took the baby there, and Mrs. Goldby was the same as a mother to it—a good woman, God bless her soul—the Widow Goldby."

"Is she dead, then?"

"Aye, sir, six years agone. The baby I was telling you of, sir, talked a foreign lingo, and was dressed beautiful in rich clothes, that must have cost a power of money. But never would Hiram or the widow sell them, putting them up carefully in case the child was ever looked for. She was that pretty, sir, and that dainty, that everybody called her Pearl, though she was not like our girls, but afraid, always deadly afraid of the sea. I have seen her clench her mite of a hand and strike at it, for she had a bit of a temper in her, though nothing to harm.

"When Hiram made his first voyage, for they were all seafaring men hereabouts, and there was nothing for a lad to do but ship, the Pearl was just a little washed out lily, a fretting until he came home again. And it was so whenever he went, for they were sweethearts from the first time he nestled her baby face on his breast, when he picked her up from the wreck. She was sixteen when they were married, as near as we could guess; Hiram was a man of twenty-four. She prayed him to stay at home then, and he stayed a year, but he fretted for the sea, and he went again, thinking, I s'pose, that his wife would get used to it, as well as all wives hereabouts must do. But she never did—never. It was just pitiable to see her go about, white as a corpse, when Hiram went away, never looking at the sea without a shudder like a death chill. All through the war it was just awful, for Hiram enlisted on board a man o'-war, and Pearl was just a shadow when he came home the last time."

"After the war?"

"Yes, sir but he made no money of any account, and so went away again, after staying at home a long spell. Well, he never came back. 'Twasn't no manner of use a telling Pearl he was lost; she'd just shake her pretty head and say: 'He'll come back.' Not a mite of mourning would she wear, even after his own mother gave him up and went in black; for, sir, it stands to reason he's dead years ago."

"It looks so."

"Of course it does; nobody else doubts it but Mrs. Goldby's last words were—'I'm going to meet Hiram,' and they say the dying know. But even then that didn't make Pearl think so. She wore mourning for her who had been the only mother she knowed of, but not weeds. Weeds was for widows, she said, and she wasn't a widow."

"But the stone?"

"Well, sir, I'm coming to that. A year ago, sir, a fine gentleman from France came here hunting for a child, lost on this coast. He'd heard of Pearl by happen chances, if there is such, and came here. When he saw the clothes, he just fainted like a woman."

"She was related, then?"

The stranger's voice was husky, but th sea air was growing chill.

"Her father, sir."

"He took her away?"

"He tried to. He told her of a splendid home he had in New York, for he'd followed his wife and child, sir, to the city they had never reached. He was rich and lonely. He begged his child to go, but she would not. 'Hiram will come here for me,' she said, 'and he must find me where he left me.'"

"On what has she lived?"

"Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage was old Mrs. Goldby's, and bless you, Pearl did not eat much more than a bird, and her dresses cost next to nothing. But there's no denying she was very poor—very, and yet the grand home and big fortune never tempted her. So her father came on and on to see her, until April. An' he died, sir, and left our Pearl all his fortune and the grand house in New York. But she'll not go, sir, she'll die here, waiting for Hiram, who'll never come."

The stranger lifted his face that had been half hidden in his hand and said: "There was a shipwreck in the Pacific Ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and one man was saved—saved, Davy, by savages who made him a slave, the worst of slaves! But one day this sailor saved the life of the chief's daughter, who was in the coils of a hugh snake, and the chief released him. More than that he gave him choice spices and woods and sent him aboard the first passing ship. So the sailor landed in a great city, sold his presents and put the gold in safe keeping. Then he traveled till he reached the seaport town where he was born, and coming there at sunset, heard the story of his life from the lips of a man cutting his tombstone."

Not a word spoke Davy. Standing erect, he seized an immense sledge hammer, and with powerful blows from strong, uplifted arm, dashed the marble into fragments. Then, panting, with exertion, he held out his brawny hand to the stranger—a stranger no longer.

"I've done no better work in my life than I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram. Go home, man, and make Pearl's heart glad. She don't need it, Hiram—she don't need it, You asked me about the stone. The neighbors drove her to ordering it, twitting her that now she was rich, she grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but says, 'Don't put dead upon it, Davy—put lost at sea; for Hiram's lost, but he'll be found and come back to me. She never looked at it, Hiram, never. And there's not an hour, nor hasn't been for ten years, that she hasn't been looking for you to come back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's blessing be upon both of you."

So, grasping the hard, brown hand, Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage where he had been born forty-five years before. The sun had set and the darkness was gathering, but a little gleam of light streamed from the window of his cottage. He drew near softly, and standing on the seat of the poarch, looked over the half curtain into the neat but poor sitting room.

It was not the grand house, Pearl's heritage in New York, but Pearl herself was there. A slender woman, with a pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly banded and gathered into rich braids at the back of her shapely head. Her dress with a plain dark one, with white ruffles, cuffs and apron.

She had been sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and threw aside the curtain. She did not see the tall figure drawn closely against the wall in the narrow poarch, but her dark eyes looked mournfully toward the sea, glimmering in the half light.

"My darling!" she whispered, "are you dead, and has your spirit come to take mine where we shall part no more?"

Only the wash of the wave below answered her. Sighing softly, she said: "Is my darling coming? I feel him so near to me, I could almost grasp him."

She stretched out her arms over the low window sill, and a low voice answered her: "Pearl! Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped only empty air, were filled then, as Hiram stood under the low window.

"Do not move, love," she whispered, pressing her soft lips to his; "I always wake when you move."

"But now," he said, "you are already awake See, Pearl, your trust was heaven-given. It is myself, your fond, true husband, little one, who will never leave you again."

"It is true! You have come!" She cried at last, bursting into a torrent of happy tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead and my heart not tell me." It was long before they could think of anything but the happiness of a re-union after the many years of separation, but at last, drawing Pearl closer, Hiram whispered—"I walked from J——, love, and am enormously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the last shadows from her happy face, and she bustled about the room preparing supper.

"Supper for two!" she cried gleefully.

The grand old house in New York is tenanted by its owners, and Hiram goes to sea no more; but in the summer time two happy people come for a quiet month to the little white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the evening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone, and ended by smashing it into atoms.

"For," is the invariable ending of the tale. "Pearl was right, and we were wrong, all of us; for Hiram Goldby was lost at sea, sure enough, but he was not dead, and he came to her faithful love as she always said he would."

A Practical Sweetheart.

A nice young man employed in the Kansas Pacific office resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street and purchased a two-dollar pair of shoes. In order to make the present appear more valuable he marked five dollars upon the soles of the shoes, and at his request the clerk put a receipted bill for five dollars into one of the shoes. The presentation was made, and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel.

The girl examined the shoes in the daylight and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and obtain a better bargain. Yesterday she appeared in the store and selected a pair of shoes, price $3 50, and politely requested the clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her husband had paid five dollars. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the boot man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her $3.50 pair of shoes, and obtained $1.50 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for three dollars to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.—*Kansas City Times.*

Fairbanks & Co., scale manufacturers, already get three gold medals at Paris.

The Long and the Short of It.

"'Tis the curious-est thing!"

Along in the early spring, when the plow had turned the moist brown earth open to the sun, Mother Crinkle's heart was stirred within her. The oddest little woman she. It was as if she had exhaled; and all left was a trim, scant dress, with a crook in the back, a tidy neckerchief and a funny stick-up cap. Only under the cap was a live, sweet face, and under the kerchief was a live, sweet heart; else how could it have stirred within her when the earth was new!

For scores of years, every single year, when this strange old planet had whirled around into its spring-time, Mother Crinkle had dug and hoed and raked over her beloved garden-patch, and drawn her seed bags from the topmost sell, and had sown and planted the seeds in the hills and straight rows waiting. And then had watched and cared for, and weeded and watered, and guarded from bug and beetle, until at last, when the strange old planet had slipped into its autumn, everything was grown and ripened; and she gathered and garnered the roots and the fruits of it all.

Then she folded her hands and was glad. And the garden-earth was glad, because it wanted to rest.

"'Tis the curious-est thing," she said.

It was an autumn day. Fair upon the hills in the sunlight stood the sheaves of corn, finished and waiting. Piles of red-cheeked apples lay under the trees; a hundred yellow pumpkins were tumbled in the fence corner; pears dropped now and then from the bent boughs; purple grapes hung heavily from the vine; lovely, idle clamistis was one wreath of plumes; creeper clung tenderly to the old wall, its five-fingered leaves full of scarlet and amber and crimson and gold; an army of golden-rod hedged the lane, nodding its crests in the wind; the great elm above hung out a banner or two; while at its feet the astors stood ready to grieve out their stary blue eyes. Everything, like the corn, was finished and waiting.

Even Mother Crinkle's busy hands were stayed, or she would never have paused to say, "Tis the curious-est thing."

Mother Crinkle sat in the door. As she spoke, Joey, the mottled cat, rubbed fondly against her; and Shep, the dog, lazily winked off a fly and looked up into her face; and the chickens stopped to listen, and the boy Ned turned from his Jack-o'-lantern to hear; while the maiden, leaning against the fence, turned her graceful young head. For all wanted to know what was curious to Mother Crinkle, as she sat looking down across her garden-beds. And she told them.

"Last spring, dears, I planted that bed with seeds—the costliest seed in all the seed-book, with the greatest, longest name and the beautifulest picture to look at. Well, I looked and looked an' never a seed of 'em all came up. An' I says to myself: All my care has been for naught! But by and by—what do you think, dears? Some how, by hook or by crook (how the clouds only know—I don't), one single squash seed had got into my nice ground, and it came up, and it grew, and it grew, and grew, till it spread all over everything and went over the fence-top besides. Then it blossomed, and the squashes set an' set; and then they grew, until I thought they would burst themselves. And there I have now a family of twelve squashes, as big as ever you saw and as yellow as butter, all a settin' in their green leaves An' nobody ever asked 'em to come! So you see, my children, how the first is last and the last first; an' there ain't no knowin' how things will turn out. An' it is the curious-est thing in all creation how the Lord gives an' takes, and helps an' hinders; and that is the long is the long and the short of the whole matter."

And Mother Crinkle laughed a little mellow laugh, that almost had a tear in it.—*The Independent.*

A Tin-Clad Dog.

In these times of mad dogs, one which got his head into a tin jar a few nights ago at the residence of W. T. Chandler, Beaver Valley, Del., was the maddest of all, but happily he was not mad from an attack of hydrophobia. Spooking around Mr. Chandler's back yard, he found in an open summer kitchen a tall tin jar, with something in the bottom which made him thrust his head in a considerable distance to reach the palatable morsel at the bottom, which we believe, was potato yeast. Probably not from the effects of the yeast, but from some cause, the dog's head from the nose to behind the ears grew so large that the can pesisted upon remaining on his head. When the dog found that he was fairly caught and not being able to howl himself, he commenced a series of gymnastics that made more noise than half a dozen dogs. He tugged at the can with his feet, he snorted and sneezed and would have growled if he could; he rolled over on his back, stood upon his hind feet, and shook himself, but that can was "thar" and he could not remove it. Taking a cruise around the yard he jabbed the big end of his tin elongation against the yard fence, jammed through a bunch of dahlias, swept down a swath through the potato patch, and emerging to the onion bed he took a roll in it, and comming back to the open kitchen again he sent the breakfast table *hors de combat*, legs upwards. By this time Mr. Chandler had so far recovered from the fears ingendered by the terrible racket below, that he ventured from his bed to see what was the matter. Opening the kitchen door, the dog hearing a noise made a bounce in that direction, almost ramming the bottom of his tin can that stuck to him "closer than a brother" into Mr. C.'s face. Frightened for the instant at such a queer kind of an animal, Mr. Chandler shut the tin-headed beast out, but after a moment's consideration, he grasped the situation and boldly went out and grasped that tin can, and with a dexterous effort he threw the fuzzy end of it over the fence, but held on to the tin end. The dog pulled and Mr. Chandlor pulled, and at last the separation came, Mr. C. performing a somersault on one side of the fence and the dog at the other.

At the Soda Fountain.

Hand in hand they entered and stood before the machine, gazing wonderingly at its beauties, when the bustling vender of the "effervescent," with his hand on the valve, in his unctuous tones demanded, "What kind of syrup?" This was something "Jake" evidently wasn't prepared for, but he took in the situation at a glance, and determining not to appear ignorant, in a tone which implied as strong as any thing could imply that the b. v. aforesaid knew his business, and could fit out any pair of country sweethearts who called on him, with just the right kind of syrup, and no other, he remarked, "Wall, I reckon as I ain't particular." Down goes the valve, and the bottom of Jake's glass is filled with lemon-syrup, that being the cheapest, while the b. v., with his most winning smile, turns to the owner of the little finger mentioned above, and propounds the same query. Now the gentle creature had heard the query when addressed to Jake, and wondered thereat, but was reassured by the answer as she had caught it, though why she had smiled at it at the time was rather puzzling; but now, when it was put to herself, she hesitated, stammered, blushed crimson, and finally, with a sly glance at Jake, blurted out, "I guess I'll take a tickler, too." The b. v. disappeared under the counter for two or three minutes, during which a strange sort of noise, as of a subdued earthquake, was heard from that direction, after which he was seen to hurry to the rear of the store, and a boy shortly appearing, took his position at the soda apparatus.

Forty, Less One.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.

Over by th tangled thicket,
Where the level meets the hill,
Where the mealy alder bushes
Crowd around the ruined mill
Where the thrushes whistle early,
Where the midges love to play,
Where the nettles, tall and stinging,
Guard the vine-obstructed way,
Where the tired brooklet lingers
In a quiet little pool,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis
Keeps a very private school.

Forty little speckled beauties
Come to learn of her, each day,
How to climb the foaming rapids,
Where the flashing sunbeams play,
How to navigate the eddies,
How to sink and how to rise,
How to watch for passing perils,
How to leap for passing flies,
When to play upon the surface,
When beneath the stones to hide,
All the secrets of the water,
All brook learning, true and tried.

"That's a good-for-nothing skipper;"
"That's a harmless yellow-bird;"
"That's the flicker of the shine,
When the alder leaves are stirred;"
"That's the shadow of a cloudlet."
"That's a squirrel come to drink;"
"That's look out for him, my darlings!
He's a fierce and hungry mink;"
"That's the ripple on the water,
When the winds the wavelets stir;"
"That—snap quick, my little hearties!
That's a lucious grasshopper."

So the clever Mistress Salmo
Gives her counsel, day by day,
Teaching all the troutly virtues,
All life's lessons grave and gay.
Well she knows the flashing terror
Of King Fisher's sudden fall!
Well she knows the lurking danger
Of the barb'd hook, keen and small!
Well she tries to warn her pupils
Of all evils, low and high!
But, alas! the vain young triflers
Sometimes disobey—and die!

What was that which passed so quickly,
With a slender shade behind?
What is that which stires the alder,
When no ripple tells of wind?
What sends Mistress Salmo darting
Underneath the stones in fear?
Crying, "Hide yourselves, my darlings,
Our worst enemy is near!"
"I am bound to understand it,"
Says one self proud speckle-side;
"When I see the danger's real,
Then if need be, I can hide."

So he waits alone and watches,
Sees the shadow pass again,
Sees a fly drop on the water,
Dashes at it, might and main,
"Missed it! Well," he says, "I never!
That's the worst jump made to-day!
Here another comes now for it!"
Splash! He's in the air—to stay!

When the alders cease to tremble,
Silence comes and sun-glints shine,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis,
Calls the roll—just thirty-nine!

St. Nicholas for July.

Proverbial Philosophy.

A great many men eke out what they really have with what they pretended to have.

A man who is poor and generous has fewer friends than the man who is rich and stingy.

So live that when thy summons comes you won't fear the constable who serves it on you.

A doctor enjoys bad health without ever having tried it, though he has the patience to do so.

Why is a woodpecker like a tramp? Answer. Because he bores for his grub—*Boston Globe.*

There iz lots ov pholks in this world whose only importance konsists in their being exklusive.—*Billings.*

It is the silent watches of the night that render alarm clocks necessary.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Any man pays too much for his whistle when he has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.—*Saturday Night.*

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, or pomposity for erudition.

There is a sort of constructive consolation in thinking that a great many people will freeze to death next winter.—*N. O. Picayune.*

An audience cannot be too thankful when it hears a letter read from a statesman instead of listening to an expected speech.

Alexander the Great used to say that he was more indebted to Aristotle for giving him knowledge than he was to his father for life.

See how the little busy bee improves each shining minute; how gayly lights he on your nose and sticks his stinger in it.—*Fulton Times.*

Envy is frequently the foundation of false reports. There is a jealousy which renders the success of others a provocation of melevolence.

The man who continually does wrong under the impression that no one will find it out is simply rubbing his nose against his own grindstone.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; but early to ryes and tardy to bed makes a man's nose turn cardinal red.

The heart of many a burned-out merchant has been hurt by thoughtless insurance companies inquiring into the cause of a fire.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There wouldbeless willingness to go to war if the shot of the enemy were distributed like prize money—the largest part to the higher ranks.

How sturdily English was the declaration of Cobbett: "I speak not only that I can be understood, but so that I cannot be misunderstood."

Cider may be a goodtemperance drink, but I kan manage to git so drunk on it that I kan't tell one ov the 10 commandments from a bye-law or a base ball klub.—*Billings.*

All the favorite old infidels and humbugs are just now busy maping out their lecture route for next winter, while the good man is wondering where his fuel is to come from.

There is no need of almanacs in this country. One can tell the approach of spring and fall by the number of men who shake hands with him and pick out the fat offices they hanker to fill.

If the man who kills himself on account of disappointed love could only return to earth and loaf around until the nearest daily went to press, he'd see where he didn't miss making a fool of himself

Young man, perhaps yu had better be a munky than a philosopher; if yu play the munky well, mankind will look upon themselves az superior to yu, and toss yu haffs and quarters, but if yu play the philosopher they will konsider yu superior to them, and shun yu ackordinly.—*Billings.*

How funny! If you see a merchant studying up the sailing days of foreign steamers, you form a high opinion of his business; but if a cashier does it you draw your deposit from his bank instanter.—*Lowell Courier.*

No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience, and hold the torch of truth to all the dark chambers and hidden cavities, and not come up with a shudder and a chill as he thinks of the time when he undertook to talk politics with the deaf old father of his first sweetheart while the girl was present.

At one of the Whitehall Sunday shcools a teacher was instructing her class about the prophets. She finally put the question, "Why don't we have the prophets now?" and asked the boy who could answer it to hold up his right hand. A little hand of a six-year old boy quickly went up. "Well, my little man, why is it we do not have prophets now?" "Because, ma'am, my paps says the times are so hard, and so many men have gone into selling goods, that profits are knocked higher'n Gilderoy's kite." The lad was immediately presented with a gum-drop, and told to go out and play.—*Whitehall Times.*

Ben Franklin's Influence.

"See here, old woman," Harry observed, with his eyes intently fixed on a "Poor Will's Almanac" of 1827.

"Now, what is it?" said Mrs. Archibald, without removing her hand from the pie dough.

"Why, that great and good man, Benjamen Franklin, who writ into this almanac afore you was born, says: "Never argue at home,'"

"Of course not. Any fool might know that."

"But it's a good idea of him, notwithstanding."

"No, 'taint. I knowed that much afore your old Benjamen Franklin was ever thought of."

"Then, why don't you try it on once in a while?"

"Try what on?"

"Not arguing at home,'

"Who's arguing, I'd like to know."

"Why, you are."

"I ain't."

"You are."

"Iain't; you are; ain't; 'yar; ain't; 'yar; hain't-'yar-hain't-'yar-hain't."

"You, Martha, she screamed, "where's that poker? What on the face of the airth's the reason everything in the house is out of the road when it can do the most good?"

Henry made a break for the door, but she saw the movement, and grabbing up a piece of dough as big as a watermelon she brought it down over his head and gave it a twist around his neck, as though she was putting the finishing touches on an apple dumpling, while Henry, blinded by the involuntary mask, fled across the front room only to fall out of the open window, breaking the eggs he had for breakfast across the sill, and dropping through the open cellar door into the coal pile, where the old woman held him at bay with a soft pumpkin pie, while Martha scrubbed the dough out of his ears and the smut off his nose with the stove brush she had been using up stairs.

When Henry got out he confidentially button-holed Oxtoby and remarked, with a cautious look over his shoulder:

"I always thought Ben Franklin was a fool, and now I'm convinced of it"—*Easton (Pa.) Free Press.*

A Careful Darkey.

Last Saturday was the champion rainy day of the season, and when Uncle Josh bought a big umbrella, the merchant remarked that it was a good investment the colonel was making.

"Yes, sah, me'n Anarky's been a-wanting a rumberilla for a long time. An' I wish you'd please do it up keerfully, an' wrap a heap o' paper round it so it won't git wet."

"What! Wrap it up? Why, I think you'd better open it and keep yourself dry."

"No, sah! Dat rumbrella's for me'n Anarky to take to meetin' in clear wedder. Ketch Joshway Jyars payin' dollar'n half for a rumberilla, an' den lettin' it get wet in dis po'in down rain!"

The London *Lancet* says a blow on the ear has often ruptured the drum, and warns parents against boxing children's ears. You can get more music out of a child by applying the slipper a couple of feet below the "drum."—*Norristown Herald.*

Environed With Danger.

The dweller or temporary sojourner in a malarious region of country is environed with danger. Besides inhaling at every breath an atmosphere saturated with an infectious poison, he also drinks water which is in most instances likewise impregnated with the fever and ague breeding *miasmata.* If a bilious subject, deficient in stamina, or irregular in habit of body or digestion, his peril is much increased, as these abnormal conditions are extremely favorable to the contraction of malarial disease. But this danger may be safely encountered with the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely nullifies the atmospheric virus, and neutralizes the constituents of miasma-tainted water. This benign antidote to disease eradicates and prevents fevers of an intermittent and bilious remittent type, besides effecting a thorough and permanent reform of the conditions of the systems which invite not only malaria, but other diseases equally to be dreaded.

Two Noted Grave Robbers.

Our readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of Hon. Scott Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College. Public indignation justly brands any man as a scoundrel who will rob the grave of the dead. But there are two noted grave robbers in the country, so far from being the subjects of the people's wrath, are universally lauded for their virtues. The reason is plain. While the former class steal the dead bodies of our loved ones to submit them to the dissecting knife, these only rob the graves to restore the living victims to our hearts and homes. Their names—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets—are household words the world over. The Golden Medical Discovery cures consuption, in its early sta es and all bronchial, throat, and lung affections; Pleasant Purgative pellets are the most valuable laxative and cathartic.

Old age does not prevent you from being cured of your Heart Disease. Mr. Thompson says:

"I have had Palpitation of the Heart for ten years. Two years ago I had a paralytic shock; since then I have been troubled very much worse. I found no relief until I had used Dr. Grave's HEART REGULATOR. I have used it for four months; the palpitation has entirely left me. I was so bad at times that I could not breathe freely, and used to have a faint, sinking feeling; was so bad that I could not sleep, and had to get up and walk around in order to get breath. I feel entirely well of all my heart troubles, and would advise all afflicted with Heart Disease to use it. I am seventy years of age, and live in Bakersville. JAMES THOMPSON, Manchester, N. H."

Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a circular containing a list of testimonials of cures, &c.

Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is for sale by all druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

CLOCK WORK IS NOT more regular than the liver, the stomach, and the bowels when they are put in order with DR. MOTT'S VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS, a supremely effective and safe alterative, cathartic and blood depurent which promotes thorough billous secretion, a regular habit of body, sound digestion and nervous tranquility. It is the best possible substitute for that terrible drug, mercury. For sale by all Druggists.

Awards to America at Paris.

The cable announces most of the prizes won at Paris. The Howe Scale Co must feel satisfied with their share. They take the *gold medal* (the highest award), the *silver medal* in class 68 (the only award to any scale manufacturer), and the *bronze medal* in class 64 (the highest in that class).

From S. M. Pettengill, of Salisbury, Mass.—I have sold more boxes of GRACE'S SALVE during the last four months than of any other like preparation in my store; in fact it is the only Salve for which there is any sale. This bespeaks the confidence of the public in its virtues and is in my opinion a valuable recommendation of its healing properties.

Fairbanks Scales.

Numerous foreign governments, as Russia, Cuba, Siam, Japan, etc., have adopted the Fairbanks Standard Scales for government use, and in the last four years only, our own government, in the Post-Office, War and Treasury Departments, have bought over 11,000.

Cottage Gingerbread.

Take one cup of butter and lard melted together, add one cup New Orleans molasses; stir into this one cup each of sugar and cold water, two large teaspoonfuls ginger, two eggs beaten, and four cups of flour, having in it three large teaspoonfuls DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. Bake in moderately hot oven.

For upwards of thirty years Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never failing-success. It correct acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

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The Celebrated
"Matchless"
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TOBACCO
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

Another Fat Man Reduced.

H. A. KUFUS, dealer in dry-goods, Woodhull, Ill., writes BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y., June 22d, 1878: "*Gentlemen*—Please find enclosed $5.00, for which send me, by express, Anti-Fat. I have taken one bottle and I lost five and one-quarter pounds."

Rheumatism is the most painful and most troublesome disease that afflicts humanity. It comes when we least expect it and when we have no time to be interviewed by it. The only reliable remedy that we ever found is *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

Nearly all diseases that afflict humanity originate in the stomach, liver or bowels, and might be prevented if people would use a little common sense; but they will not. They rather take *Parson's Purgative Pills*, because *one* is dose.

To cleanse and whiten the teeth, to sweeten the breath, use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase no Remedy equal to DR TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, colic and Seasickness, taken internally—(it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. The VENETIAN LINIMENT was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so many stating, if it was Ten Dollars a Bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of Certificates can be seen at the Depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Sold by the Druggists at 40 cts, Depot 42 Murray St., New York.

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As this preparation is entirely different in its combination and effects from all other remedies called Hypophosphites, the public are cautioned that the genuine has the name of Fellows & Co. blown on the bottle. The signature of the inventor, James I. Fellows, is written with red ink across each label, and on the yellow wrapper in water mark, which is seen by holding the paper before the light.

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES

is adapted for diseases which are produced by loss of Nervous power, and consequent muscular relaxation viz.:

Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Aphonia, Cough, Nervousness, Mental Depression, Neuralgia, Epileptic fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Leuchorrœa, Fever and Ague, Marasmus, Dyspepsia, Diphtheritic prostration; Diseases produced by over taxing the Mind, by Grief or Anxiety, by Rapid Growth, by child-bearing, &c., &c.

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Galls of all kinds,	Lame Back,
Sitfast, Ringbone,	Hemorrhoids or Piles,
Poll Evil,	Toothache,
Swellings, Tumors,	Rheumatism,
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Cracked Teats,	Fistula, Mange,
Callous, Lameness,	Caked Breasts,
Horn Distemper,	Sore Nipples,
Crownscab, Quittor,	Curb, Old Sores,
Foul Ulcers, Farcy,	Corns, Whitlows,
Abcess of the Udder,	Cramps, Boils,
Swelled Legs,	Weakness of the Joints
Thrush,	Contraction of Muscles.

Merchant's Gargling Oil is the standard Liniment of the United States. Large size, $1; medium, 50c; small, 25c. Small size for family use, 25c. Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.
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BEFORE. AFTER.

It will speedily increase healthy flesh and muscle. It will increase the vital power. It will stop tendency to emaciation. It will give an appetite. It will regenerate the whole system. It vitalizes the blood, supplying such ingredients as may be required. It promotes vigor in the organs which expend for health on the involuntary muscular action, viz: the Liver, Lungs, Heart, Stomach and Genitals. It will cure Consumption. It will cure Fever and Ague, General Debility and Nervous Prostration.

An endless chain of good effects follows the use of Dr. Judge's ANTI-LEAN, and we are safe in saying, from a long experience in medicine, its virtues are not possessed by any other combination. This has been used in my practice for years, and has not in a single instance failed when used as directed. It will fill a want long felt, there never having been an article of this kind before offered to the public.

It has been demonstrated, and proved beyond all doubt, that on a post-mortem examination of different persons advanced in life, and who have died from an affection of some other organic disease than Consumption that at certain periods of life they were afflicted with tuberculosis, or pulmonary consumption, and have recovered by an increase of adipose tissue of flesh, and consequently formed a cicatrix in the lung, and arrested the tubercular deposit, and saving the healthy tissue and mucous membrane of the lungs, has restored thousands who have lived to a good old age.

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