AT THE DENTIST'S.

My bosom was the universe,
My soul the surging sea,
Whose roaring billows of content
Leaped heavenward with glee.
And far above their feathery foam,
Where stars with planets cope
To brighten their celestial dome,
Gleamed thousand orbs of hope.

My heart swelled till it filled the space
Between the earth and sky,
Still one brief prayer could find no plac
Within its walls to lie;
And so on through the ethereal clime
My anthem prayers did flee,
Resounding 'tween the walls of time
And of eternity.

Then heaven was mine and mine the world,
And mine the stars and sun;
And on through endless space were hurled
My planets, one by one.
The tempest shook his ruffled mane
And charged down at my feet;
Grim death arranged his funeral train,
Wound in his funeral sheet.

All powers above and all below,
Save mine, then ceased to be,
And as I cleft with but one blow
The earth from sea to sea—
The waters, from amazement, could
Not pass the smallest ledge,
And petrified the billows stood
Upon the ocean's edge.

The lightning was a harmless toy,
Too weak to singe a hair;
And all the thunders could destroy
No strain of music there.
My strength, alas! how quickly was
It won and lost! forsooth
The laughing-gas gave out just as
The dentist pulled my tooth.

—Minneapolis Journal.

A DARING EXPLOIT.

What Cressy Did to Recapture the Horse-Thief.

"And that is all there is of it, but it has settled me in uncle's eyes."

Ned Carter kicked the heels of his boots in a disconsolate clatter against the box on which he was sitting, as he dolefully ended the tale he had been reciting to a sympathetic listener in the person of his sister, Cressy.

Cressy and Ned Carter were orphans. She lived with her grandmother on the lone mountain-side, and Ned had been with his uncle, the sheriff of the county, for a year. He had done so well that his uncle had held out hopes of a glowing future should he continue to prove trustworthy. At last he had been left in charge of the prisoners while his uncle took two convicted ones to the State penitentiary. From this the trouble came.

The deputy looked after things in a general way, and assisted when assistance was needed, which was only when the prisoners were allowed in the open courtyard once a day to do their morning work. There were but three of them at the time—one, a "regular," who spent half his time there on charges of drunkenness, one who had but a few days more to serve, and the third, a horse-thief, who received the bulk of their attentions, as there was do doubt that at the coming session of court he would follow those just gone with Ned's uncle "over the road."

As usual, they had been let out by Ned from the corridors into the yard one morning, the deputy on guard outside as Ned saw him just before he unlocked the doors; but as Travers, the horse-thief, stepped out to the pump, Hudson stepped inside for a match for his cigar. The fellow, seeing such a clear coast, instantly decided to improve the opportunity, and so dropped his bucket, bounded across the court-yard, vaulted the fence and was gone before Hudson came up the area steps or Ned suspected the state of affairs.

In some way known only to such parties the thief succeeded in disappearing completely, though diligent search was made and hand-bills were sent out immediately offering a reward for his capture and containing a description of the man.

So it was, instead of a splendid record to show his uncle on his return Ned could only show an empty cell and relate the escape of a valuable prisoner. And, to add to his trouble, the deputy attributed the carelessness entirely to him. It was a serious blow to his uncle, officially, and Ned was made to feel the loss of his uncle's confidence in him in various important ways.

This was the story he had just told Cressy, with its doleful ending.

"Just as if you were to blame!" she exclaimed, sympathetic but indignant.

"But I suppose I was, in part. I ought to have been sure Hudson was just where I left him before I took any chances, though he should not have left the place unguarded."

"Isn't there any thing you can do about it?"

"Nothing unless I could capture the thief myself. That is the only way I could redeem myself, and there isn't a ghost of a chance for that to happen."

"Oh, Ned, wouldn't it be splendid to do it?"

"Of course, but he must be found first, and he is too smart to let anybody know his whereabouts."

"How does he look, Ned?"

"Do you think you can corner him, sis? Well, these will tell you how both horse and man look when they are not disguised," tossing her some posters. "A nice money reward, too, only I care most for the man. But I must go now or I shall lose my train. Don't you fret, Cressy, and don't tell grandmother. I'll do the best I can to let uncle know I am not entirely unworthy," and he jumped up, and started down the path to the station.

His uncle had sent him to a neighboring city for some handcuffs which a locksmith had been repairing and it had hurt his feelings much to hear the closing comment as the errand was explained: "They'll hardly run away if you do lose sight of them."

He had been given permission, also, to stop off over night at the little way station and go up the mountain to see his sister, whom he now left looking after him sadly as he set out on his long walk to catch the morning express back to the city.

"How I wish Ned could get him," she sighed, as she turned back to the little house at her grandmother's call.

"You had better go over the other side and see if the berries are ripe, Cressy," and Cressy took the basket and started for the other side of the mountain.

But berries were scarce, so she picked her way down—farther than she had ever before ventured, until she reached a spot where a precipice dropped suddenly into the ravine below. It was a dark and lonely spot—so covered with growth that the bottom, where a shallow stream ran, could hardly be seen. Cressy was curious about the ravine before her and threw herself upon the ground to peer down into the gloomy depth, wondering how she could get down there, when a splash and a rattle of stones startled her, and she saw, the next moment, a man carefully picking his way through the ravine and leading a horse whose step in the water and on the shaly rocks had reached her ears.

"How queer! If that horse was a chestnut I might think the man was the one Ned wants."

She parted the bushes and looked again. He had stopped directly below her, and stood as if deciding what to do. [illegible] and Cressy gave a start, for she saw upon the back of the hand the letter T, and as he let it fall upon the back of the horse she distinctly saw that the little finger was crumpled—bent under to the palm. Her heart gave an immense leap, for those two things were especially mentioned in the description she had read from the poster as she came up the mountain.

What could she do—for it must be the thief and escaped prisoner, and he must be caught. She could hurry back and down to the station and get the men there to come—but that would not do. Ned must get him. It would make it all right for him again if he could take the man back—be the one to capture him. That must be it. But how could she get word to him? She peered over the brink again, and felt satisfied from the movements that the man was making this secluded spot a hiding-place for a time; and then she cautiously slipped away up through the woods and over the top, down to the station as fast as she could, turning over in her mind what plan to pursue that Ned might find the man before any one else succeeded.

It was a long walk, but at last she stood at the foot of the mountain, and learned that Ned had missed the passenger train, but had gone on only a short time before on a gravel train which had come up two miles from the gravel pit for another flat car and must now be filling up at the pits for its return to the city.

"It has to wait for the special to come up before it can go on," the operator told her in answer to her question.

So, without a word more, she set off down the track, tired as she was with her two-miles walk. She felt quite sure, as she stumbled along over the ties, that she could reach the pits in the forty minutes before it could possibly leave. But her footsteps lagged in spite of her. Still she kept on until she reached the long, open river bridge.

She had forgotten that, and she knew, as she looked at it, that she could never keep a clear head to walk across it upon the ties. She could go around, but the gravel train might start before she could walk around by the distant road bridge. She shuddered, but she must cross here in some way.

As she looked around in a dizzy terror at even the thought of attempting the feat, she saw a short, broad board, and an idea struck her. She slid down the embankment and scrambled back with the board.

"I can't fall off it, if I can only do it," she said to herself. "Anyhow, I mustn't think about it; and it is long enough," as she thrust it out before her upon the ties inside and next the rail.

There was also a narrow plank upon the outside, which she had not dared to venture upon alone. Now she knelt upon the two and, grasping the rail with her hands, shut her eyes and crawled on in that position until she felt the end of her board. Then she braced herself with one hand, found a footing for her knee upon a tie, and pulled forward the board to bridge another set of ties.

It was slow and dangerous work, and she screwed her eyes close shut for fear she might see what would unnerve her. Once her board caught and it seemed to be slipping. It was a horrible thought, and she felt that she, too, were slipping, but she clutched rail and board and it held firm as she crawled along.

Suddenly the rails vibrated under her hand. Where was she? Was she anywhere near the end? The special was coming—how far away she dared not try to see. With one more convulsive effort she pulled the board forward, crawled its length, then a sharp whistle shrieked out—two of them. She gave one gasp and looked. She saw a few more ties between her and safety—saw the engine flying right at her—heard another shriek from the whistle, wavered a half second, then in desperation rose to her feet, and bounded with swaying arms along the narrow outer plank, to strike the solid earth, leap aside, and roll down the embankment, while the train came to a stop upon the bridge.

Cressy was not hurt, only unnerved, and to the questions poured in upon her she could find no answer but that she must see Ned before the gravel train left.

"It's something important. No person would ever try crawling over the long bridge 'less it was," the fireman observed.

"Can we make it?" suddenly asked the conductor, looking at his watch.

"Yes, sir," the engineer replied briefly, and Cressy found herself swung up into the cab beside him and the train sped back, to the bewilderment of the passengers, over the last half mile.

The engine came to a stop right opposite Ned, and he was astonished to see Cressy, who cried out:

"Oh, Ned, I've found him."

"Why, Cressy Carter, how did you come here!"

"On her hands and knees, youngster, some of the way," the engineer put in.

"But I have found him."

"Who?"

"The prisoner," she whispered.

"Cressy Carter!" Ned was too astounded to say more.

"What is it?" the conductor asked, coming up curious to know.

Ned explained briefly, when the conductor caught him by the arm.

"Jump aboard, boy," he cried. "Put her on, Billy," to the brakeman, and before they were hardly aware of it they were steaming back to the valley station.

A little quiet work, and three men accompanied Ned to the other side of the mountain. The man was taken entirely off his guard when a revolver was presented with a command to throw up his hands. Ned had the satisfaction of placing the handcuffs which he had in his pocket upon his prisoner and escorting him to the city before the sun went down, fastened to his own wrist.

"You see I thought I would fix the handcuffs so they couldn't run away," Ned explained, slyly, as he delivered him over to his uncle.

The latter was delighted at the deed, and laughed heartily at Ned's reminder of his own last words to him when he left home on his errand.

"But," said Ned, as his uncle expressed his pleasure and assured him that he had made full reparation for the trouble arising from his share in the escape—"but you know that, after all, the credit of it belongs to Cressy. She did it for me."

"Yes, she did a brave thing for you, Ned," his uncle repeated for the hundreth time, as he came in one day with a package. "Now you can do something for her."

And that was how it came about that Ned one day went up the road and mountain path and laid a package in Cressy's hands, after she had heard all about how Ned had succeeded in recapturing the horse-thief.

"And it has settled me in uncle's eyes," he ended the account. "And now, Cress, for what you did for me this is all I can do in return."

It was two hundred dollars, the reward offered for the capture of both horse and thief—for the bay horse she had seen in the ravine had turned out to be the missing chestnut, most cleverly dyed.

"For me!" exclaimed Cressy.

"Yes, for what you did for me. You did not think I could keep the reward."

"I had forgotten the reward," said she, with a tremulous little laugh, as she fingered the money.

"Well, I hadn't. But, Cress, don't you ever try such a thing as crossing that bridge again, not even for Ned."

"I was fearfully frightened, so I guess I won't," she answered, slowly, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I find another of your escaped prisoners."—Sarah B. Scarborough, in Yankee Blade.

READING CHARACTER.

How Applicants for Work Are Frequently Judged by Employers.

It is of common occurrence that advertisements for help appear in the daily papers directing applicants to address in their own handwriting, and by the character of such communications the applicants are judged, and fairly, I dare say, in most instances. The experienced man of business, the astute lawyer, or other professional, reads in these communications, almost unerringly, the talents, attainments and general character of their authors. Such letters reveal, first, as a matter of observation, the artistic skill and literary attainments of the writers; secondly, by inference, their general taste and judgment. This inference is drawn from all the attendant circumstances, from the selection of writing material to the superscription and affixing of the postage stamps. Perhaps there are one hundred applicants for a position; one is chosen; just why he will not know, while ninety-nine are left to wonder why their applications are unsuccessful. Some were bad writers, some were bad spellers; one made a fatal revelation of his lack of good taste and judgment by selecting a large-sized letter or foolscap sheet of paper, which he folded awkwardly to go into a very small-sized envelope; another used a page to express in a loose, ungrammatical way that which should have occupied no more than five or ten lines; another manifested a want of knowledge or taste in the arrangement of the several parts of his letter; thus every act and circumstance connected with the letter speaks for or against its author, and accordingly he has been accepted or rejected. I dare say that in a vast majority of these cases the handwriting has been the chief indication, and was alone sufficient to determine the fate of the applicant. The quality and style of one's handwriting not only show directly of themselves the writer's ability in that respect, but indirectly will go much further, and are strongly indicative of the whole general character of the writer; for it is reasonable to infer that the same good taste, judgment, skill, patience and persistence which have given to any one a thoroughly accomplished handwriting will be equally manifest and equally potent elements of success in any other direction in which they may be employed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MONEY IN CHINA.

A Country Where the Mexican Dollar Is Not Below Par.

The chief coin in circulation along the coast of China is the Mexican dollar and the copper cash. It takes from 1,000 to 1,500 cash to make a dollar, and some of the coins in use are so poor that you can break them in two between your thumb and finger. They are of the size of an old red cent, and have a square hole in the center, in order that they may be strung on a string. They are made in different parts of China, and the Viceroy of Canton is now building a mint with modern American machinery, which will turn them out by the million. In the interior of China these cash and silver and gold in the lump form the money. The standard of weight for both is the tael, which weighs about an ounce, and the money is cast in the shape of a lady's shoe. Ten taels of silver make a lump of about the size of a Chinese lady's foot, and if you want to pay out less than this amount you take your knife or a chisel and pound off as much as you want. It is the rudest way of doing business, but the Chinese are very suspicious of coins, and they like the pure metal. Gold bricks about an inch long and half an inch wide and of the same thickness are also used, but you have to watch these, as you do every thing else in the shape of money in China. In South China you will find a chop dollar, out of which little chips of silver have been taken, or in which holes have been bored and these holes filled with lead. You will find coins under weight and chunks of metal which are counterfeit, and the result is that every Chinese business-house has to keep one man whose business is to detect counterfeit coin. This man is called the schroff, and all the money of the establishment passes through his hands. He gives a big bond, and he is responsible for all the money he takes in. If he makes a mistake it is his loss, not that of the firm. You will find these schroffs connected with our Legation abroad, and they may be called the cashiers of the East. They are always Chinamen, and the foreign banks in Asia have all their figuring and their money calculations made by Chinamen. The Chinaman does this with his little box of buttons strung on wires; he never makes a mistake, and he is the great arithmetician of the world.—F. G. Carpenter, in National Tribune.

WOMAN'S FASCINATION.

Some of the Reasons That Attract the Stronger Sex to the Gentler.

The power of fascination inherent in women may, moreover, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white-haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, loving interest evinced in a lad's affairs by such a one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career.

Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop. On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her enthralling beaute de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old-fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.

Types differ, and any one you may select has some position between these two opposites. Take, for instance, a pretty and may be witty woman who, hardly of her own free will, makes every man fall in love with her to a greater or less degree. She may be innocent of all evil intention, but her position on the scale is not vastly removed from that of the melo-dramatic sorceress. Or, again, take the instance of the pretty young matron who, while devoted to home, husband and children, yet has several intimate friends of the male persuasion. But her influence is all for good. Her fascination is exerted in a worthy cause, and she has found out a great truth—that there is no friendship so lasting, so true and so pleasant as one between persons of opposite sexes, where a true feeling of bonne camaraderie exists and there is no pretense of love-making. Such a woman, if she lives long enough, bids fair to develop into a snowy-haired old lady on whose friendship the children will rely.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Poetry of Eating.

That marvelous story-writer Guy de Maupassant says: "A man is a gourmet as he is a poet, or an artist, or simply learned. Taste is a delicate organ, perfectible and worthy of respect, like the eye and the ear. To be wanting in the sense of taste is to be deprived of an exquisite faculty, of the faculty of discerning the quality of aliments, just as one may be deprived of the faculty of discerning the qualities of a book or of a work of art; it is to be deprived of an essential sense, of a part of human superiority; it is to belong to one of the innumerable classes of cripples, infirm people and fools of which our race is composed; it is, in a word, to have a stupid mouth, just as we may have a stupid mind. A man who does not distinguish between a languoste and a lobster, between a herring (that admirable fish that carries with it all the savors and aromas of the sea) and a mackerel or a whiting, is comparable only to a man who could confound Balzac with Eugene Sue and a symphony by Beethoven with a military march composed by some regimental band-master." — Harper's Bazar.

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EUTSCHER THIERARZT. **V. S.**

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas James Shafer and his wife Mollie Shaffer by a certain deed of trust, dated the 26th day of June 1885, and duly recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county Missouri, in deed of trust and mortgage record No. 28 and pages 403 and 404, conveyed to the undersigned as trustee, the following described real estate situate in the city of Sedalia, Pettis county and the state of Missouri, to wit: Lot No. 15 block 4, in J D. Brown's addition to the city of Sedalia, Missouri, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a negotiable promissory note, in said deed fully described and, whereas the said note has become due, and default has been made in the payment of the same, now therefore at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, public notice is hereby given, that the undersigned trustee will on

FRIDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF MARCH, 1890,

between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the west court house door in the city of Sedalia Pettis county and state of Missouri, proceed to sell the above described property at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash to pay said note remaining unpaid, and the costs and expenses of executing said trust.

2-4w5t C. G. TAYLOR, Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Charles A. Cadwell, by his certain deed of trust, dated the 13th day of December, 1882, and duly recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at deed book 50, pages 582 to 586, conveyed to the undersigned, all his right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Lot No. two, (2), of the northeast quarter of section two, (2), except the following described tract, viz: Beginning at the northwest corner of said lot two, thence south 11 70-100 chains, thence east 26 chains, thence north 11 70-100 chains, thence west to beginning, containing 30 42 100 acres, being the same land sold by said Cadwell to Adam Fister and John Montgomery, Jr., on November 17, 1882. Also beginning at the northeast corner of lot number one, (1), of the northeast quaster of section two, (2), thence south 57 feet, more or less, to the centre of a hedge, thence west in the centre of said hedge to the west line of said lot one, (1), thence north to the north line of said lot one, (1), thence east to beginning; all in section two, (2), in township forty five and range twenty-one, (21), containing in all 70 acres; which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, in said deed described, and whereas, said note has become due and is unpaid, now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate, at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on

FRIDAY, THE 21ST DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1890,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

JOHN MONTGOMERY, Jr, Trustee.
Dated this 24th day of January, 1890.
1-28wtd

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