

NEVER AGAIN.
There are gains for all our losses.
There are gains for all our pains.
But when youth, the dream, desire,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.
Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain.
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.
We are wiser and are better,
Under manhood's sternest reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

"DAVE."

An Incident of Railroad Life.

BY CORA PALMER.

Engine No. 23 left the round house, moved slowly out of the yard, and down the track to the depot platform, where she was to take the southern express over the western division, the trip being a twenty-four hours' run.

It had suited the handsome man who stood at the throttle to make the magnificent engine of which he was so proud, and which was noted for its speed, almost creep down to duty this morning, and it required no stretch of the imagination on his part, and he rather liked the fancy, to think that it was the leaden weight of a strong man's heavy heart that bore her down and impeded her progress so wonderfully at times.

How well he remembered Flora Lamar, black-eyed Flora, who was older than he, but who had ever shown such a decided preference for him, and had been so jealous of simple little Viola White, whom he had met and loved, the modest, unpretentious country girl. She had been the object of his first boyish dream of the strong, fervent love of the man, and the cause of all the sorrow he had ever known. He had lived over their happy married life, until his wife deserted him, leaving no clue to her whereabouts and giving no reason for her conduct.

To the boys on the road he was "Dave," handsome, kind-hearted but close-mouthed "Dave." They knew nothing of his past. He had come among them and made his way up, and all that they could ever learn was that he was from the East. His father and mother were dead, and all ties to the old home were sundered.

One night he received the intelligence that a woman answering the description given by him of his wife was lying at the morgue, having been lifted from the river that morning. He had hastened to the place, but in the swollen, bloated features of this poor creature, he could trace little resemblance to his wife. She was much such a formed woman as Viola, but lacked the symmetry and graceful outlines that had belonged to the latter. The only thing that could reconcile him to the thought that this was all that remained to him of his wife, the only thing that could fill his heart with a sorrow over this as his dead, was the hair so like hers. The little, short, amber-colored ringlets were the exact shade and curl of the longer tresses Viola had worn.

Herbert Graham buried this dead as his own, and had come to duty this morning, carrying the saddest of all sad burdens, a strong, brave heart, robbed of all hope.

Just beyond M—they side-tracked for the Western express to pass, and Dave was anxious to make it by the usual time.

At this place they often had to wait some little time and he had become wonderfully interested in a little child who always came to the gate and peered through the pickets at the train. The little cottage was a gem of itself in a setting of a profusion of bloom and evergreens.

They were running faster than usual this morning to make up lost time, and were just turning a curve when Herbert, looking from the cab window, beheld a sight which made his blood run cold.

Itation; but before he could collect his thoughts the mother rushed to the spot almost frantic with grief at the sad fate she thought had befallen her darling, and in her great joy at finding him safe, saw nothing save her baby.

But Herbert Graham looked at her in wonder and astonishment. There before him was the living, breathing image of his lost wife, a widow's cap above her rich hair, and clad in deep mourning. There was no time for wonder, however, for the Western express rushed past them and he must go on to duty.

"Thank you, sir, again and again," the little woman murmured. "God will reward you; I never can."
"Madam," said Herbert, bowing, "no thanks are called for a duty performed. I will, however, request the pleasure of calling at your home upon my return, and inquiring for the welfare of your child. May I ask for your name?"

His heart stood still as he listened breathlessly for her reply, and as she was about to speak it bounded high, and at the name, sunk like a leaden weight.

"My name is Brown," "Widow Brown," and I live in the cottage yonder. Do call when you are at leisure, for you will be a welcome visitor at a grateful mother's home."

She was fairer and seemed more womanly than the Viola of old, and his brain was only in such a whirl that when once more on the road he half-believed the whole thing a wild imagination of an excited mind that was perhaps losing its power. He thought of the dead of last night, then of the living of to-day, and wondered if at last he had become insane with his terrible grief.

And then for a moment, he would hope for the best, only to banish the thought in the next and go back to that lonely grave where had been buried what he considered his all. He repeated the words of the child to himself, "Herbie loves papa, poor papa," and with each repetition there passed a thrill through his frame of wonderful and doubtful joy. Between the time of what had nearly terminated in a fatal accident and the hour that found him at the cottage door, he lived through an eternity, if the time could be counted by emotion. He was shown within the neat little parlor, where his poor, troubled heart found a something convincing, and a certain joy. There, with the full light shining upon it, a sight met him that almost stunned him for the moment, but the fullness of his overburdened heart found vent in the one exclamation.

"Thank God! At last!"
There, in the best possible position the little room afforded, hung a life-size painting of himself as he was three years ago. He had found his wife at last.

Mrs. Brown opened her violet eyes wide, indeed, as she entered the parlor, upon seeing her visitor in such evident agitation; but she closed them dreamily as the delicious sense of rest and protection and love overcame her, when the strong arms clasped her close to the great heart, and the voice, almost choked by emotion, asked:
"Viola, my wife, do you not recognize in me your husband of former years?"

The explanation he had once determined to receive, was soon given.
"I thought perhaps you loved her; she said you did; and she was so brilliant and I so dull, and you seemed tired and weary at times, not telling me the cause, and she told me that you were unhappy and intended to marry her some day. She told me as a friend, you know, and made me promise beforehand that I would say nothing to you. So I thought I was only a barrier between the happiness of two, and that it would be but one life, and that mine, that would be unhappy, and, my husband, I loved you so well that I could even give you to her, feeling sure that at some time you would know how Viola adored you, that she could sacrifice all she had, if it would only give you a moment's happiness."

Which have any more intrinsic value to her who carries them? Are they witnesses of love or even of admiration? How many are sent merely to satisfy the demands of vanity? At every ball rival beauties carry bouquets sent to each by the same men. Many are sent by members of the lady's family, which taken half the significance from flowers sent by the same kindfolk on birthdays, or in sickness, or at a time of special joy or sorrow. And what is to be said of the bouquets sent to women of fashion by men who wish to obtain their good offices? And what of those sent by a man to a woman whom he admires, not to give her pleasure, but of prestige—to gratify her vanity, and reflected by his own? There is an instance, well known, in one of our great cities, of one man's sending a lady seven bouquets for the same ball, to console her for a social slight; she appeared to the uninitiated as a great belle, and he as the belle's favored cavalier. And what of the bouquets stacked on the front cushion of a procenobium box, in the blast of the foot lights, and flung, half faded, to a prima donna, to whom they are already a drug, who perhaps is hurrying through her part to leave town by the next train?

But I do not wish to enter upon the morals of the subject, or there would be much to say about the frightful extravagance involved in these most ephemeral displays of luxury and vanity. It is chiefly of the desecration of flowers and of their tender and almost sacred associations that I wish to speak. All that poets have said about them becomes mere parody; Perdita and Ophelia with their gifts and interpretations are made ridiculous. There must be a new dictionary for the language of flowers; a bunch of tea roses in January means twenty-five dollars; a spray of lilies of the valley twenty-five cents, etc. What can be more foolish than the fashion for flowers in midwinter and at grand routs, which in their homely prettiness belong essentially to rural scenes and the open air? The new mania for daisies in snow time blots the English anthology from Chaucer to Burns. Nobody would sing now—
"Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my swears be."

For lilies, roses, violets, pansies, and the rest have been degraded to the level of the flowers out of turnips and carrots to garnish a ham. Indeed, by unnatural treatment, the sweetest blossoms have lost their fragrance; it is long since forced carnations have had any odor except that of tobacco; and most lovely looking of the pink hot-house roses are entirely scentless, and the finest variety of white rose actually smells like a turnip.

As a matter of taste and feeling, the worst abuse of flowers is the way in which they have come to be used at funerals. One needs no further proof of the conventional and cold blooded manner in which they are employed than the wire frames and stands of mortuary designs in the florist's windows, intended for funerals as much as the palls or hearse-funerals. Ingenuously, having been exhausted in making the cross, crown, star, heart, anchor and other Christian emblems commonplace, has proceeded to destroy the last semblance of sentiment by devising floral funeral decorations indicative of the departed's vocation—swords, ships, masonic emblems; for professors a chair! No word of people of sensibility cry out that there shall be no flowers on their coffins, or on the coffins of those they have loved. Affection and grief have been robbed of their most congenial tributes.

Common sense and good taste have abolished many silly practices within a few years; heavy suppers at small evening parties, dancing matinees, receptions of the bride and groom's entire acquaintance after the wedding, universal visiting on New Year's day,—those and other once honored observances have become honored in the breach; they have been pronounced vulgar. Flowers have been made vulgar as a decoration by excess and unfitness in their use; when will they be reinstated in their true functions?

Elgin, (Ill.), Daily Leader.
The subject of opinion, we perceive, is by J. A. Daniels, Esq., of Messrs. Stoddard & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse, Wis., and appears in the La Crosse Chronicle. Some time since, I was attacked with pain in and below one of my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil quieted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

A Rather Sane Lunatic.
Col. Tom Buford, the Kentucky assassin of Judge Elliot, is still in the lunatic asylum, where he was sent after his acquittal. The physicians of the institution say that he has a growing mental malady, probably softening of the brain; but the Colonel himself says: "Lunatic, the devil! I'm no lunatic. Your own mind is not one whit better balanced than mine at this moment. The plea of insanity in my case was simply adopted to cover the great crime of the courts. I wanted to try the case upon its merits. I made the issue with my life in the balance, and I would have laughed at a death sentence." He is robust and talks coherently.

New Albany Ledger-Standard.
Speaking of Governor's suggestions the mention of an item we received from Mr. Henry A. Knight, Foreman at Chas. Waters & Co.'s Governor and Valve Works, Boston, Mass.: I have used St. Jacobs Oil among our employees and find that it never fails to cure. The men are delighted with the wonderful effects of the Oil, as it has cured them of bruises, burns, etc.

Facts About Railroads.

New York Times.
Greece has just 7 miles of railway; Russia 14,384 miles; France 12,300; Austria-Hungary, 10,725. The proportion of one mile of railroad to square miles of area is for Russia, 1.67; for France, 1.4; for Prussia, 1.09; for Austria, 2.24. In Russia there are 6,800 inhabitants for each mile of railroad; in France, 2,685; in Prussia, 2,114; in Austria, 3,350. All Europe, excepting some five smaller States, has 71,540 miles of road, or one to every 44 square miles and 3,340 inhabitants. That is to say, Europe has somewhat fewer miles of railway to square miles of area than the United States, although it has five times the population. Here there is an inference as to the "overcrowding" of our railroad building, but, however, some unfortunate shareholders may say for it, there is a proportionally bright showing for our superiority in the vigor and enterprise which are such marked American characteristics. The average cost of a mile is least in mountainous Switzerland (\$95,800), and for all Europe, \$111,500. The gross receipts of 1880 were for all Europe. That is \$6,968,015,900. \$9,750 per mile, or not very much more than the earnings in the United States. From all of which it appears that the comparison of the United States with any country of Europe is like placing a mountain beside a mouse. All Europe is our only fair match now, and still we grow faster than any other nation the world has ever seen.

Carlyle's Copy.

Philadelphia Ledger.
This is said to be the authentic version of the burning of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution." When Mr. Carlyle had completed the first volume, Mr. J. S. Mill called on him and stated that he had heard he was engaged in writing the history of the French Revolution, adding that he himself had intended to write on the subject, and that he would be glad to see what was already done, in order that he might judge of the advisability of beginning the work or not. Mr. Carlyle readily lent his manuscript. But it happened shortly afterward that Mr. Mill's cock had occasion to bake some cakes, and finding the precious manuscript lying about, he concluded that he might turn it to good account, and accordingly, partly as fuel, and partly as lining for the cake tins, she used up the whole of the manuscript. "Mr. Carlyle never keeps notes," said Mrs. Carlyle, "but gets all his materials ready, works till he has everything in his head, and then winds it out like a spool from a reel." Horrified at the accident, Mr. Mill and Mrs. Taylor called on the great historian. "Such a thing never happened before," said Mr. Mill. "Yes, though," answered Mr. Carlyle, "Newton and his dog Diamond." "True, but Newton went mad over it." "Well, well, we shall hardly be so bad as that," said Carlyle, and he soon afterwards began at the beginning, scarcely saying a word about his misfortune, at the very end afterwards, as the work advanced, grumbling about it often.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy particularly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Colds and fever, indigestion or derangement of liver, constipation or headache, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of heaviness and depression, and all such ailments, are only removed by these Bitters.—*Continued.*

Let it be understood once for all Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will possess a medicinal and a beautifying quality, and no other preparation under the face of the sun that can accomplish this work.

Have you tried Piso's Cure for Consumption? It is the best medicine for the lungs, and the most powerful in the world. It is the only remedy that will cure the most stubborn cases of Consumption, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of Cough, Croup, and Whooping Cough. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of Asthma, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of Bronchitis. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of Emphysema, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of Pleurisy. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of Tuberculosis, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of Consumption. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the lungs, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the chest.

Why Will You?

Allow a cold to advance in your system and this serious malady, such as Pneumonia, Hemorrhages and Lung troubles when an immediate relief can be so readily obtained. *Bocher's German Syrup* has gained the largest sale in the world for the cure of Coughs, Colds, and the severest Lung Diseases. It is Dr. Bocher's famous German Preparation, and it prepares with great effect, and no fear need be entertained in administering it to the youngest child, as per directions. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the chest, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the lungs.

A Farmer's Opinion.

A Michigan Farmer writes that he was completely cured of a very bad case of Piles by one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Nothing on earth is so sure a cure. Sold by all druggists at 25 cts.

Distempers, Coughs, Colds, Fevers, and most of the diseases which horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, and poultry are liable to are readily overcome and cured by using Uncle Sam's Condition Powder according to the directions. It will make six times as much of a horse, and will cure all the diseases of the horse, and will cure all the diseases of the cattle, and will cure all the diseases of the sheep, and will cure all the diseases of the dogs, and will cure all the diseases of the poultry.

Stomach Bitters.

Shooting Chills Down the Back.
Dull pain in the limbs, nausea, biliousness, are symptoms of approaching fever and ague, the most distressing of all diseases. For the relief of these symptoms, a small quantity of Stomach Bitters will be found to be the most effective remedy. It will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the stomach, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the bowels. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the digestive system, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the alimentary canal.

Don't Take any Chances on Life.

When Varro's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure will regulate and keep you healthy at all times.

Ladies' Free Prescription.

Ladies, you don't know what is the matter with you, but you know you are far from well. You are weak, have no ambition, no appetite. Dr. E. B. Halliday's Blood Purifier will tone you up, give you appetite and will help you in many ways. It will bring back the color to your cheeks and cheerfulness to your mind. In fact, it will build you right up and you will never be without it after becoming acquainted with it. If you are troubled with Catarrh or headache take a bottle of Dr. Halliday's Catarrh Iphigen, use it in connection with the Blood Purifier, and you will be surprised at the result. For sale by all druggists. Noyes Bros. & Cutler, wholesale agents, St. Paul, Minn.

RENEWED BROTHERS.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough, soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I was so far gone at one time I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friend's thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive. "I write this, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured. Sold by druggists.

Gen. John A. Logan.

Gen. John A. Logan, United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have written the last year or so of my life thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Rheumatic Remedy, and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been permanently cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a powerful medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the blood, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood.

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HOLMAN'S PATENT.

CURES Simply Without Dosing by Absorption.

It is a sovereign remedy for all forms of Liver and Stomach troubles, and is the ONLY SAFE and ABSOLUTE cure for Malaria in its various types.

Dr. Holman's Patent is a genuine and radical remedy, NOT ONLY TAKING MEDICINE. It was the FIRST article of the kind that was introduced to the public generally. It was the ORIGINAL PATENT, and was devised by DR. HOLMAN'S PATENT.

It struck out from the beaten path and made a NEW WAY. No sooner had he rendered the undoubted CERTAINTY than the Imitators and Pirates who hung to and infested every successful enterprise, started up and have since followed in his footsteps as closely as the law will tolerate.

Against these Dr. HOLMAN gives SPECIAL WARNING. Not only do they FAIL TO CURE, but in disappointing the purchaser they bring doubt and odium on the principal of ABSORPTION, of which Dr. Holman's Patent is the ORIGINAL and ONLY TRUE REPRESENTATIVE. Every imitator is an emphatic endorsement of the substantial worth of the genuine article. A poor one is never copied.

Each Genuine Holman Patent bears the Private Revenue Stamp of the HOLMAN PATENT CO., with the Above Trade-Mark printed in green. Buy None Without It. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$2.00. DR. HOLMAN'S advice is FREE. Full treatment sent free on application. Address: HOLMAN PATENT CO., P. O. BOX 7122, 93 William St., N. Y.

Great Public Sales.

SHORT HORN CATTLE.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS, DE MOINES, IOWA, APRIL 18, 1881.

Agents Wanted for the Pictorial History of the War.

This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable history of the great Civil War published. It contains in narrative of personal adventures, thrilling incidents, stirring battles, heroic deeds, and all the details of the war, from the first shot fired to the last. It is a complete and reliable history of the war, and is the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood.

CHOP TEA.

CHOP TEA is a powerful medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the blood, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood. It is the only remedy that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood, and the only one that will cure the most violent cases of all the diseases of the blood.

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