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O'NE of the pleasantest little farms in Son Vermont, situated in West Brattleborn, a

hers."

"I haven't any girl," said Mrs. Beardsley, deeply in jured at the reminder of the fact. "If it wasn't that Mrs. Maikin accepts a home with me between whiles. I should be doing all my own work myself."

"Well, you come over here when you want a rest," he said, rising. "I'm going down your way now, if you want company, Mrs. Beardsley." And Tacy gave him a glance of gratitude, although she did not know of it, that repaid him for the walk.

Foor little Tacy! All her late years had been poisoned with the bitterness and spleen of Mrs. Beardsley's tongue. There had been a dispute going on between her and her stepson Aaron that kept Tacy's head aching, and although she had so longed for peace that

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down,
Through monutain passes bleak and brown,
The city, like an opal set
In enerald, showed each minaret
Afre with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig and line
Where song-tirts made un-loddous chims,
As I came down from Lebanon.

Miscellany.

As I Came Down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanou,
Like lava in the golden glow,
Like lava in the golden glow,
Through olive orchards far below
I saw the nurmering river run;
And Testh the wall upon the sand
Kwart sherks from distant flamarcand,
With precons spices they had won.
Lay long and languidly in walt
Till they had passed the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon.
As I came down from Lebanon.
I saw strangs must from lands afar.
In mospine and square and gay basaar;
The Magi that the Mesiem shint,
And grave Effendi from Stambon,
Who sterbet sipped in corners coul,
And from the balconics o'errun.
With roses gleaned the eyes of those
who dwell in still seragios,
As I came down from Lebanon. As I came down from Lebanon.

The Haming glow of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king in garments soun
Of purple and the fluest gold,
Outblowned in glories manifold,
Until the moon, above the dun
And darksuing desert, void of shade,
Soone like a keen Damascus blade.

As I came down from Lebanon.

MRS. HEARDSLEY.

Three times in the course of her life had Mrs. Beardeley died, and three times had she gone to heaven, as she asserted with a complacency rivalled only by her resentment at having been called back from that abode of the good. Mrs. Beardeley's idea of heaven, however, may have been very different from ours, and indeed it may have been quite another place that she visited. It would only have been beaven to her if there were no children there to disturb the aternal fitness of things, if there were no music to make discord to her ear or want of ear, if there were no flowers to make a clutter, and Three times in the course of her life had there were no flowers to make a clutter, and If there were no one present of any superior authority to her own. One thing is certain, if Mrs. Beardsley had remained there it would have been heaven to nobody else re-

making there.

"Them snapping black eyes o' hern would spy something outer kilter in one o' the corners of heaven itself," said old Miss Malkin, the nurse; "and shed set the angels by the quills, and get up a new revolt among 'em in less 'n no time." And her long suffering little step-daughter in law didn't dare to smile acquiescence.

If Mrs. Beardsley had ever home there is the mother to her particular acquiescence.

in less 'n no time." And her long suffering littie step-daughter in law didn't dare to smile acquiescence.

If Mrs. Beardsley had ever been a real mother to her husband's son Aaron, Mrs. Tacy, Aaron's wife, might have felt differently, but as she had been the traditional stepmother so completely, the son's wife felt nothing but hostlity in the year of her married life and enforced companionship. Stewas only a child than herself, having married at seventeen; and when Aaron died and left her stone with Mrs. Beardsley, her heart sank within her, and she hailed deliverance, when two or three years afterward it cames along in the tersion of handsome Hary Haverman, embraced the deliverance out of hand, and became Mrs. Haverman without even asking Mrs. Beardsley's opinion; and that lody's hysterical surprise was one of the the occasions when Mrs. Beardsley's even to heaven, and to everybody's sorrow, as well as her own, failed to remain there.

Tacy, at the time of what Mrs. Beardsley beardsley went to heaven, and to everybody's sorrow, as well as her own, failed to remain there.

Tacy, at the time of what Mrs. Beardsley's hands, and a letter saying that her own small income should be at the disposal of that lady during her life. "I suppose she expects me to thank her for my own," said Mrs. Beardsley will have been an invitation to the ceremony, left the bouse in Mrs. Beardsley's hands, and a letter saying that her own small income should be at the disposal of that lady during her life. "I suppose she expects me to thank her for my own," said Mrs. Beardsley will have been an invitation to the ceremony left the house in Mrs. Beardsley's hands, and a letter saying that her own small income should be at the disposal of that lady during her life. "I suppose she expects me to thank her for my own," said Mrs. Beardsley will have her for his proposal of the lady that her for my own, "I said Mrs. Beardsley will have her for his proposal of the lady that her for my own, "I said Mrs. Beardsley will have her for his proposal for

Mrs. Beardsley, however, forgave Tsoy: at least she said she did. How could she help it, with that old Haverman house only a half-mile away, the inside of which she was the said of the s

s half-mile away, the inside of which she had been so wicked as to suffer them. And then harry reproached the for being hysterical, and at that she feared be did think an affair could have been carried on under her very eyes? As she reviewed the days now, a hundred incidents started up like points of firs to light her on her way. And the moment she recovered from her hysterics she took a little walk for her health in Tacy's direction.

"You'll find out who's your mistress, miss, and it won't be anybody in this houselong. I'll warrant," said Mrs. Beardsley.

"Well, Tacy," said the guest that day at dinner, after Becky had retired, "beginning ife again as you are, you can take advice from your elders, I suppose. And my sdvice to you is to got rid of that Becky without wavning. I never met her match for impudence, and I've met s good deal."

"Becky? Why, she's a perfect treasure," said Tacy.

"A perfect treasure!" ochoed Harry, with a gay twinkle of his wicked eyes.

"Well, you may call it a treasure that insults your mother. I call it a baggage. And

"Bocky? Why, she's a perfect treasure," said Tacy.

"A perfect treasure!" echoed Harry, with a gay twinkle of his wicked eyes.

"Well, you may cail it a treasure that insults your mother. I call it a baggage. And I shall expect you to send her packing if you care anything about me."

Poor Tacy looked aghast.

"No, no, now, Mra. Beardsley," cried Harry, coming to the rescue; "that's too severe a test. Let Tacy keep the girl that suits her. You manage your girl, and she'll manage hers."

son author that app 1807s need solling, and although she had so longed for peace that she would have been willing to give up every-thing for the sake of it, she never secored it. The sharp sayings, the slanderous statements, in which Mrs. Beardsley gloried were hateful

and painful to ber, and she felt that the innuendous and contained out shifts and all the rest were degrading to the listener. And now to think that even by marrying out of the house she had not escaped this ogress, whom family decency compelled her to treat with divility, and of whom she did not wish to complain to Harry, through some sentiment of personal pride and reserve concerning her as a part of her past!

But it was of no use to wish she should never see Mrs. Beardeley again, for here she was immutably; nor that Harry's business was in some other place, for how could she bear to leave house and friends herself? No; she must make the beat of it here. And so overy little while she sent over to Mrs. Beardeley certain fuzuries she could not have had otherwise—great bowls of fresh cream and dishes of strawberries, melons and peaches and grapes, all in the season, and various other more substantial things, among them always the marketing of a good Sunday dinner, which Harry himself ordered.

None of this made any difference to Mrs. Beardeley; it all only embittered her a triffe more as the enforced recipient. And every time she spent a day at Tary's she contrived to leave Targy tolerably miserable at the end of it—miserable in a way of which she would not speak to her husband, feeling that she must always receive Mrs. Beardeley, and that if Harry disliked her more than need was, that would become impossible.

What Mrs. Beardeley's motives were in making Tacy uncomfortable, other than as envy inspired them, it would be difficult to say; but there was not a detail of Tacy's house-keeping which was not subject to her seemy inspired them, it would be difficult to say; but there was not a detail of Tacy's house-keeping which was not subject to her succeing criticism, as often before Harry as another. Tacy had not a friend that she did not assault with a perennial malice, not so much from malignity toward those individuals, apparently, as toward Tacy hersell. Retorting at first, at last the victim took refuge in ei

ently, as toward Tacy herself. Retorting at first, at last the victim took refuge in silence, and the silence apurred on Mrs. Beardsley more than the retort. Whether she carred for what was said or not, it was all very upset. ting to the nervés of the young wife; and always after the departure of the seemy Ta-cy felt as if she had done a hard day's work. "I saw Adele Freemantle to day," Mrs.

leardsley said, untying her bonnet strings. I declare she looked about as fresh as she

science? Why, Mrs. Beardsley, you thought of marrying again yourself once?" said Miss Malkin.

"That's the mischief of being a nurse!" crelaimed Mrs. Beardsley. "Nurses know a a great deal more of folks' business than folks know themselvos. At any rate, I didn't marry again."

"No," said Miss Malkin, with full acquiescence now, as became a nurse, although perhaps with a manner that reminded Mrs. Beardsley why she didn't marry again. "Now here's some nice grue!; you take it, like a lady."

fore known how to make it.

But when Harry came home, blithe and gay, and took her in his arms, all her doubts flew to the winds, and she cried again to think she had been so wicked as to suffer them

she took a little walk for her health in Tacy's direction.

"Good morning," said Tacy, coming down in her pretty wrapper. ("I never had such a gown in my life," said Mrs. Beardsley.) "This is kind of you, Mrs. Beardsley." "But there and call her mother, too."

"I hever called you mother while I was marrised to Aaron, Mrs. Beardsley, so it would seem rather odd," said Tacy. "But there now, we won't talk of that, Just take off your things and stay to dinner, and you'll have a chance to make Harry's acquaintance," she said, gayly.

"H.m.! I guess I don't need to be invited in my daughter's house, Harry or no Harry, And we for making his accurate the said." The work was accurate the work of the said, but what olse is there to do?"

Mrs. Beardsley lived in burned to the ground, and what should Harry do but bring the woman home in his arms!

"I know who's a territy the said, but what olse is there to do?"

Mrs. Boardsley fortunately did not hear him, being entirely unconscious through smoke and shock. It was another of the occasions of her dying and going to heaven, and she made Tacy the object of loud reproaches for calling her back.—Tacy, who worked over

your things and stay to dinner, and you'll have a chance to make Harry's acquaintance, she said, gayly.

"H-m! I guess I don't need to be invited in my daughter's house, Harry or no Harry, And as for making his acquaintance, I used to think I knew enough of him when he was keeping company with Adels Froemantle."

"Why, what on earth do you mean?" cried Tacy. "Harry hardly knows Adele."

"Doesn't he? Well, if he wants to tell you so, I've no objection. It's not my mission to be making mischief in, families." Having implanted which berb, Mrs. B-ardsley will the other shore, it's nothing but cruelty and cold curiosity that calls them back through the deep waters again," cried Mrs. Beardsley. "And you ought to know well enough. Tacy Beardsley—I mean Haverman, but somehow Harry is such a frivolous, inconstant sort of a husband that I never feel as if he sear a husband, and your name always seems to me to be Beardsley—you know well enough that heaven isn't a country so casily reached by everybody that, when you do get there, you want to be dragged out and knocked down in this way. If you'd seen the trait way, either."

"Well, 'm, you're not my mistress; and when I ask you to trim my lamps, it's time enough to begin."

"You'll find out who's your mistress, miss, and it won't be anybody in this house long. I'll warrant, "said Mrs. Beardsley."

"To know you had an epileptic or a catalogue."

laugh; for, as the days went on and Mrs. B-ardaley's pleasant converse with them, and Tacy listened and brooded, he grew aware from day to day of his wife's eyes following from day to day of his wife's eyes following ini with a strange, dogged quastioning in them that gave his true heart a perpetual un-rest. To cap the rest, his business had be-come seriously involved, and he had not a dollar of income, and was forced to cut short Tacy's usual allowance. "It's no more than I expected," said Mrs. Bisardaley, looking at Tacy's old winter suit—the low state of the family fluances having continued a good while—"to see you going so shabby. I must family finances having continued a good while—"to see you going so shabby. I must say it looks suspicious. A husband who loves his wife wants to see her well dressed, and takes his pleasure in it, and raises the money by hook or by crook to bring it about. And when he doesn't, then you may be sure he is just as indifferent to her as he is to the wind that blows. Aaron always wanted you to be well dressed, but I must say Harry never seems to know what you have on. Men don't eith the women they love, and that's a fact."

I don't know why this was the last straw in

women they love, and that's a fact."

I don't know why this was the last straw in
the camel's burden, but Tacy broke down
while Mrs. Beardaley was talking, cried in
terrents, and had to be carried acreaming to

and painful to her, and she felt that the in- making other people run for hot water, and

and what not,
"He's driven her mad—that's what he's "He's driven ber mad—that's what he's done!" cried this virtuous woman to whom he had given a home at his hearth.

Harry came home in the midst of it, stood at his wife's door three minutes, took the stairs at a bound, found his team where he had left it, put the old mare to her utmost, made a brief call at a place four miles away, came back triumphant, went into the house regardless of all Mrs. Beardsley's "Hush, hushes," and "Poor lambs," and striding into his wife's room, sat down by the bed and lifted her disheveled head and toar-sodden face to bis shoulder. "What is it, my darling?" he whispered. "You have made me miserable long enough. Tell me now what makes

And she did.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Beards ley's wrath did not go without saying. Loud and inartice late at first, it was finally to be made out that the was filling the world about her with complaint concerning all she had done for Harry Haverman, and the ingratitude she had not in return. She refused to eat, she refused to have her stove lighted, and she would have refused to sleep had not nature been too much for her. "I am under no obligations to Mr. Harry Haverman that I can help," she said, witheringly. "If he chooses to send his wife's mother to the poorboose, I can't help that. To the almahouse I'll go. I sha'n't stay in this place, that's certain. He knows I can't sleep with a fire in my room. I've put a fire in his room, though, that'll make it hot for him!" And rejoicing in the work she had done ignorantly, and with a parcel of her possessions in land, the worth old person started on her. ly, and with a parcel of her possessions in hand, the worthy old person started on her walk to the poor house. She never reached the poor-house, though. Her anger and its expression was more than her own nerves ures prostrated her in the street, where she fell, striking her head on the sharp ice, and

The Century's Life of Lincoln

The November Century makes a new era in se history of that magazine, in beginning se publication of "The Life of Lincoln," by is private secretaries, John G. Nicolay and Col. John Hay. Two prefaces, one editorial and the other by the writers, give ample ac-count of the work and call attention to the exceptional opportunities which these gentlemen have had to prepare what is certain to be the fullest and most authoritative work on the subject. Its authors were, in a sense, the chosen blographers of Lincoin, by whose aid they were reaforced in the collection of material during the war. From an historical point of view the value of the work -largely resting on documentary evidence not attaina-ble by other writers -must be rauked high. In fact the inner history of the war waits up In fact the inner history of the war waits upon this work. The first part is concerned
with the Lincoln family as pionesrs, including their relations with Boone in Kentucky,
and their subsequent life in Iodians and Illinois down to the Black Hawk war, and a pioture of the society and surroundings of young
Lincoln, involving a concise history of the
western states of that day. On the pictorial
side there is a frontispiece portrait of linwestern states or that any. On the pictorial side there is a frontispiece portrait of Lin-coln in 1860, from a remarkably fine and un-backneyed photograph, a portrait of Boone from Solly's painting from life, and the tra-ditions of the Lincoln homes and localities are gathered up pictorially to supplement the text. A fac-simile of a passage of Mr. Low-ell's "Commemoration Ole," referring to Lincolu, is printed at the beginning of the magazine, and certain other fac-similes throw

new light upon the early history of the Linble change has recently taken place in the ble change has recently taken place in the map of South America, by joint agreement of Chili and the Argentine Confederation. This action amounts to the entire obliteration from the map of the region so long known as Patagonia, which was not, however, a political division, but was until this agreement simply a section of unclaimed territory. To Chili has been assigned all the western scope of the Cordilleras to the southern extreme of the continent, to the Strait of Magellan, and all the islands off that coast. The eastern slope of the range and the vast pameastern slope of the range and the vast pam-pas extending to the Atlautic are now the property of the Argentine Confederation. The Strait of Magellan is declared neutral and free to all nations. The chief island, Terra del Fuego, is parted equally between the two nations, Chili taking all the other islands, including Cape Horn.—American

ous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two obects at the same moment. Landsser would not allow that this could not be done, and imnot allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at the same time a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butter placed a fresh canyar on the case! before ler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landsoer had completed a life sized picture of a fallow deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.—St. Nicholas.

"What does he do?" He prones his roses,
Near Florence, at a villa there;
Neath soft Italian akine he closes
The mode of life. Without a care,
He smiles and takes his ease, he posses,
Too "cultured" for his nailve air.
An ardent hoy, he dreamed of House,
And Fame.—his heart was set upon her!
Twas his to choose; his facile pets
fined in the content of the prones his roses.
And, quite content the book he closes.

D. H. R. Geodule in the Coult

A young man and a young woman of Peo-ria, Ill., have made a wager upon the fate of a congressional canvass which makes the forthcoming election a subject of grave con-cern to thom. If the candidate in question wins, the girl agrees to marry the man. If he loses, the man agrees to marry the girl. A Wyoming brancho has been shipped to Europe for Rosa Bonheur. We advise the fair Rosa to play with her caged lions if she inclines to dangerous amusement, but to keep away from the business extremity of this Wyoming curiosity.—San Francisco Examiner.

When Stanley came home from his trip across Africa he said there was a grand opportunity for missionaries in Ugands. His glowing description of the country, tenming with 3,000,000 of intelligent and fairly industrious psople, fired the hearts of English Christians. They sent several missionaries to live in the beautiful country near Victoria Nyanza, in Uganda's chief town. Freuch Roman Catholics soon followed the English pioneers, and all worked hard and zesilously to help and instruct the natives. It costs, the French tell us, \$5,000 to put a missionary in Central Africa. These Uganda missions have cost not only many thousands of dollars but also the lives of three white mor and years of ceaseless toil and anxiety. The news

for nothing and nobody but you, my sweet wife."

"Oh, Harry! then, Harry," Tacy almost abricked, "take her away then!—take this dreadful woman away! She's killing me; she's killing all our peace; it's her slow poison. I don't know that I shall ever get over it; but give me a chance—do give me a chance. Put her away somewhere."

"It's just what I came home to do," said Harry. "T've found her a boarding place where she'll be properly looked after, four good long miles away, and she's going to thunble her things into one of our trunks and ab eout of here in half an hour, or she's going without them."

And she did.

"It's just what I came home to do," said where she'll be properly looked after, four good long miles away, and she's going to the missionaries, and they and their work were safe while he lived. His young son Mwanga, however, is the tool of his council, and they have filled him with fear that the whites may some day try to deprive him of the power which 17 of his ancestors for nearly three centuries have wisided. The murder of Bishop Hannington, therefore, has been followed by the extinction of the native Christians.

When the story of the massacre reaches us the delication of the safe of the power which 17 of his ancestors for nearly three centuries have wisided. The murder of Bishop Hannington, therefore, has been followed by the extinction of the native Christians.

When the story of the massacre reaches us the delication of the native Christians.

tion's progress and power of growth: Since 1880 the population has increased from 50,-000,000 to 60,000,000; an addition of 10,000,-000 inhabitants, about as many as Great Britian has gained in thirty years, is but one of the elements at work. From abroad we have added during the six years, by inmigration alone, a population greater than that of the entire state of Ohio or Illinois. Another nation, more populous than this nation was when it achieved it independence, has

been brought to these shores across the sea here is and never stirred again.

"Oh, we have killed her?" cried Tacy, in a horror, when they told her—"we have killed her?"

"She'd bave killed us if we hadn't," said Harry, grimly.

"She has killed herself," said B-cky.

"It's awful," said Harry. "Of course it's awful, "said Harry it's awful, "said Harry it's awful, "said Harry. "Of course it's awful, "said Harry. "Of course it's awful, "said Harry it's awful," said Harry it's awful, "said Harry. "Of course it's awful, "said Harry it's in peace. There will be nobody to teach you crue! empicions of your poor husband, or me contempt for my dear wife."

"Ob, but if it's our fault that—"

"Ob, but if it's our fault that—"

"And I trust," said Miss Malkin, "it is not it me Mrs. Beardalsy has really gone to heaven."—Harriet Prescut Speford, in Harper's Hazur.

The Century's Life of Lincols.

railroad; on the first of September we had 132,000. The middle states have added one-132,000. The middle states have added one-third to their mileage; the states between them and the Mississippi nearly one-third, and the southern states nearly one-half, and the states west of the Mississippi more than one-half—over 10,000 miles. In four states and one territory—Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—have been added 10,000 miles. Then consider that every mile of new railway, in regions not siready supplied brings within ready reach of markets. plied, brings within ready reach of markets 6400 seres of land, enough to support the entire population of another town, and that we have added in six years the means of sup-porting 45,000 such towns.—N. Y. Tribune.

Dr. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, in his official report upon the out-break of pleuro-pusumonis at Chicago, de-tails his personal examination of the diseased disseminated, but as the diseased cattle have been found in nearly all the herds and as they have browsed upon nearly all of the open pastures around the city the infection must be very widespread, particularly as the own ers themselves practiced inoculation exten-sively, which, while it reduced the mortality among cattle, had a tendency to spread the disease over a vast territory. After detailing the manner in which the disease is supposed to have started and various diffusities in to have started, and various difficulties in tracing it to Chicago, the report continues: The state live stock commission has cooperated cordially in an effort to discover and isolate the affected and exposed cattle, but neither the state law nor the appropriations made to secure the enforcement of its provisions are adequate to the emergency. Every animal in the distillery stables and every one which has been upon the infected commons of Chicago, should be summarily seized, condemned and slaughtered. Experience of the world with this plague teaches us that no other course can be relied upon to exterminate the contagion. Unfortunately it is only too plain that such a measure cannot be carried out, and that it will not be attempted without additional legislation. o have started, and various difficulties in

A CUMOUS CINCUMSTANCE.—James Gailbraith of Barnet set a trap for a for one evening in December, 1882. The next morning he went for his game, but the trap was gons, and the only tracks in the locality were made by the switch of the chain attached to the trap, from which he inferred that the fox had taken wings and disappeared with his trap. The next August Moses Moreton was at Litchfield, Conn., on lumber business, and while there a man entered the hotel, and saked if any one had set a trap for an eagle. He said that he found a trap with a log chain attached to it in his pasture, and the skeleton of an eagle in the jaws. Moreton immediately thought of Gailbraith, told about his trap disappearing, and said "J. G." was stamped on the hook of the chain. These letters were stamped on the chain found. The distance from Barnet to Litchfield is 220 miles.—Montpelier Argus.

When the unabridged Webster's dictionary was first published, the scholarly Caleb Cushing wrote a criticism, saying that for its size it had as few errors as could be expected. This pozzled the editors, who thought the work was practically without errors, and they wrote to Mr. Cushing asking for an explanation. In reply Mr. Cushing marked 5000 mistakes in the volume that had been presented him, and sent it back.

According to a Claveland letter James A.

has about finished her studies.

An English periodical, the Circulating Library, in noticing the "Memoirs of General Grant," adds this remarkable information concerning the great coldier: "Grant was the son of a farmer, who gave him a much better education than he had himself received. The civil war obliged Grant to become a soldier, in which capacity he served for four-teen years, when he again took to farming, which he had to relinquish on account of ill health. He then became successively octate agent, cierk in a store and Senator. In this last vocation he distinguished himself so highly that he was elected President."

Washington never lost his liking for a good ton ever since the battle of the Monongabela Bishop, as he was named, was a terrible dis-ciplinarian, and devoted to his master's in-terests. At amrise every day, he would go to the stables, where the boys had been at regardless of all Mrs. Beardsley's "Rush, hushes," and Poor lands," and, striding into his wife's room, ast down by the bed and lifting of the disheveled head and tear-sedden face to his shoulder. "What is it, my darling?" he whispered. "You have made me miserable belong enough. Tell me now what makes you miserable?"

"Ob, Harry," she sobbed, "don't you—don't you—any more?"

"And you're not—just—just as indifferent to me—"

"And you're not—you're not—just—just as indifferent? Don't I harg upon your wash, your wasy, your—""

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't care anything about Adele Freemantle?"

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't care anything about Adele Freemantle?"

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't care anything about Adele Freemantle?"

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't care anything about Adele Freemantle?"

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't care anything about her. I care for nothing and nobody but you, my sweet wife."

"Ob, Harry! then, Harry," Tacy almost shrinked, "take her awsy then i—take this dreadful woman away! She's killing me; left and instruct the natives. It costs, the French tell us, \$5,000 to put a missiona, the Prench tell us, \$5,000 to put a missiona in the listes of three white men and the vessel that the froits of all phare can be the this sold ringing and nobody but you, my sweet wite."

The words of the horses, if a single dain appeared to be she that the froits of all phare can be the town of the lives of three white men and your and the liste bark the price of the sold in an anxiety. The how reached us last week that the froits of all phare can be the solve of the serifices have been wite priced and straining the ancient and indifferent to me—"

"And the freemantle?"

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't care anything about Adele Freemantle?"

"And you don't—oh, solemnly!—you don't can anything about her. I care for nothing and nobody but you, my sweet wife."

"Ob, Harry! then, Harry." Tacy almost the little bark Eisanor, which had been sent in sections fr

her father's house and while she stands at the altar. After the marriage she folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in her linen closet in her new home, where it remains un-touched. The tear kerchief has only per-formed balf of its mission. Children are boin, grow up, marry and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new tear kerchief. Her own remains where it was placed in the lines

of the dead, never to be removed.

Together we'll side with the obling tide In a lover's bliesful dream; I will guide thes eafe o'er the waters wide In the gleam of the silvery beam. The wavelets are beck'ning gently to these in their foam-like, snow-white crest, And they rapple a little song back to me, "I'm coming at Love's request." J. N. F.

-Prince Kornatak, uncle of the Mikado of Japan, has serived in San Francisco. He will wist New York and Washington.

-A Michigan man has paid \$21 costs in

mous as the headquarters of Gen. Washing ton, has been purchased, together with two acres of land, by a memorial association, and the house and land will be kept intact as a memento of the revolutionary struggle. According to official reports from India, that country, even more than the United States, is at the present time the great sup-porter of the market value of silver. It is

absorbing that metal at the rate of \$40,000, 000 per annum, and is not treasuring it up in government vanits, but distributing it among —The theory of Pasteur concerning the cure of hydrophobia has attained such prom-inence and confidence that patients flock from all parts of the world to his laboratory. One morning recently there were no fewer than 180 sufferers awaiting treatment, while since

uly, 1885, more than 10,000 persons have een operated upon. —On an allowance of \$8000 for household expenses President Cleveland scraped along during the year past on \$1651, the smallest amount expended in any year since 1877. The statistics cranks are waiting for the re-ports a year from now, when they will esti-

ports a year from now, when they will esti-mate the cost of supporting a wife.

—The ex-empress Expenie has constructed at Farnborough, England, a splendid church, in which the bones of Napoleon III. and the prince imperial will be deposited. Only French priests, the Premontres fathers of St. Michel de Frigolet, will serve in this church. These fathers, expelled from France by the governmental decrees, took refuge in Eng-land. They will begin their guardianship of the tombs next May.

—The 16-years-old son of W. S. Lawrence

the tombs next May.

The 16-years-old son of W. S. Lawrence of Hyde Park, Mass., recently found his father in the woods hanging from a tree with a rope around his neck. The boy climbed the tree and cut the rope, and father and son both fell a distance of 15 feet. The boy succeeded in resuscitating his father and they went home together.

—Charles Ohman, a Chicago contractor, who built a house for Andrew Anderson, in which the latter was married, took occasion which the latter was married, took occasion just as the wedding was well under way to take possession and endeavor to nail up the doors and windows because he held a lieu on the building for an unsettled balance. All hands turned on the intruder and put him out, and there was such a row that the police wagon was called and the entire party arrested except the minister, who escaped. After explanations all were released but Ohman, who was held and fined. The others went back found the minister, and the wedding

was concluded.

—From Chicago comes the story that a Mrs. Fraser gave birth to a child in that city and after a few days' illness apparently died. Dr. Mark H. Lackerstoen, who was attending bes, tried a bypodermic injection of ten drops of a solution of nitro-glycerine. As a result, first there was a gasp, then respirations and pulse movements. The face next flushed, speculation came back to the syes and the patient became conscious. The doctor says that in all cases of shock or collapse this remedy ought to be tried before the patients are given up for lost. For some little time it has been used for epilepsy and for cortain forms been used for epilepsy and for certain forms of kidney trouble. It can also be given through the mouth. It is a 1 per cent. solu-tion of alcohol of nitro-glycerins.

ing wrote a criticism, saying that for its size it had as few errors as could be expected. This puzzled the editors, who thought the work was practically without errors, and they wrote to Mr. Cushing asking for an explanation. In reply Mr. Cushing marked 5000 mistakes in the volume that had been presented him, and sent it back.

According to a Cleveland letter James A. Garfield has been studying law with Judge Boynton in Cleveland, and is looked upon by friends of his father as the son most like him in every way. He has his father's size, complexion, eyes and manner. Both sons are now men, and have, it is said, great ambition. Miss Mollie, the only daughter, is now a young woman, tailer than his mother, and has about finished her studies.

An English periodical, the Circulating Liber.

were found soon afterward by the family.

—At Kauakuha, Wis., workman engaged in excavating a sewer came upon the tuins of a stone building at the depth of sight feet. The stone first found bore traces of fine workmanship and polish. Forther digging developed a quantity of sahes, about 25 bushols, which were removed, when another wall was struck. The stones were finely faced, some being blackaned as if by fire and smoke; others must have been subjected to great artificial heat, as they had crumbled into line. The work was found hut a foot or two above bed rock, and shows evidences of workmanship that could have been performed only by a highly civilized race. It must have been done centuries ago, as a large olm tree had grown over the rains. The discovery has led to the advancement of many theories.