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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1889.

The Governor's Proclamation.

Inasmuch as the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first president of the United States will occur on the 30th day of April, Anno Domini, 1889, which day has been set apart by an act of congress as a general holiday for the people of the whole country...

Baltimore business men have subscribed \$500,000 toward a great sugar refinery.

A CINCINNATI boy swallowed a ball of yarn which contained a needle. A post mortem examination was the result.

The Atlantic ocean, of late, has caused much anxiety.

Successful advertising I can do, and one that is being more highly developed each day. It is an art requiring not only an artist, but a positive genius.

By the admission of the new states the government is obliged to purchase 8,000 national flags.

A PATHETIC little incident is related: While the friends and relatives of Thomas Reynolds were assembled Sunday afternoon at his home awaiting the beginning of the funeral services over his wife his four-year-old daughter Maggie tipped to the coffin and bending over it whispered: "Mamma, dere's lots of nice people here. Dit up and see them." No answer coming to her she turned and said to the listeners: "My mamma is very sleepy and I know she's sorry not to see you all, but I'll tell her." Then wondering that they too made no answer and alarmed by the tears she saw on every cheek she ran to her father.

THE AMERICAN DESERT.

What is known as the Great American desert promises, in the course of a few years, to become a land flowing with the milk and honey of agriculture. Its development has been slow and inappreciable, and confined to spots which are, to the eye of the weary traveler, deadened with the view of alkali plains which seem to have no limit but the horizon.

Not as Bad as He Looked.

"Speaking about ministers," said W. E. Harris, agent of the Royce & Lansing musical comedy company, to a reporter the other day, "reminds me of an amusing incident which happened to Mr. Royce, our comedian, while spending the Sabbath in a Missouri town last fall. You know Mr. Royce is noted for his ministerial look. Well, he and a friend attended services at one of the churches of the place, occupying a front pew. After church the minister, who had noticed the well-known comedian's presence, hastened from the pulpit to welcome the stranger, and, after being introduced, extended his hand with the remark: 'A brother minister, I believe?'"

He Knew Her.

Foreman of the jury—Well, how many damages do you think the young man is entitled to? First jurymen—As I understand it, he ain't suing for blighted affections nor anything of that sort, eh? Just merely wants to get the money back that he expended for presents, ice cream and the like? Second jurymen—that's all. First jurymen—Well, I ain't in favor of giving him a cent. If the fun he had didn't amount to more than his presents, that's his lookout. I courted that girl myself, once.

In the Sleeping Car.

In the evening, weak and weary, Entered the sleeping car; Found I the porter haughty, dreary, As at eve the porters are.

Up and down the aisle he tossed me.

Flung my baggage here and there; In my every wish he crossed me Till my soul overflowed with swear.

Long I sued, implored, beseeched him.

"Give me quarters for the night," Till at last my pleadings reached him And he folded me from sight.

In the morning, ah! how lowly bowed the porter down to meet

Bushed my garments, meanly slow; Placed his palm where I might see Thus between monk and porter Time is ever shifting powers; In the eve we beg their quarters, In the morn they beg for ours.

"SCRAPS."

Pench prospects in Delaware are said to be good. Robert T. Lincoln is two years younger than the Prince of Wales, and they look a great deal alike.

The Connecticut legislature has passed a law prohibiting the use of tobacco by persons under 16 years of age.

Mrs. Harrison denies that any discrimination has been made at the White house against colored domestics.

Gold discoveries have been made in Montana near the Canadian line, and the country is flooded with prospectors.

The true trust has bought up all the available twine in the country, and is preparing to increase prices from 100 to 200 per cent.

Minneapolis, Minn., is to have a building 28 stories high. At twelve feet to the story, this would make the building 336 feet high.

Rider Haggard writes: "My favorite novel is Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities.' In this great book, Dickens touched his highest level."

The Duke of Westminster, according to latest returns, is still the richest man in Great Britain, his fortune being set down at \$80,000,000.

"Didn't I see you with your arm around a girl's waist the other night?" "Yes, I was making haste to reach her heart by the belt line."

Many are in doubt how Amelie Rives pronounces her first name. In a late valentine letter written to a friend she makes it rhyme with "family."

It is beginning to dawn upon the public mind that the postal service got a bargain when Mr. Wamamaker was placed at the head of the department.

A salt vein has been found in middle Kansas, 300 miles long, twenty-five miles wide and 400 feet thick. It is said to be one of the most valuable salt finds in existence.

"So you are running a prohibition paper in Iowa now?" "Yes, and doing well. See this cane? It was presented to me by the local prohibition club." "It is a beauty." "You bet it is, and it holds a pint."

A careful census of the American bison, or buffalo, shows that there are only 750 of these animals left alive. Efforts are being made to protect these and perpetuate the race at least to the extent necessary for the zoological gardens and similar purposes.

A farmer's wife says: The oldest, cheapest and most reliable incubator is a big-bodied, short-legged, rusty-looking, yellow hen, that would rather set on a pile of brick than lay an egg. She will scratch up the flower beds, pick the currants, and do all sorts of mischief, but she is a faithful sitter and a good mother.

Washington's father died when the future president was 12; Jefferson's when he was 14; Jackson's before the boy was born; Madison's when he was a youth; Garfield's when he was a mere babe; Harrison the elder's, before he had reached his majority; Tyler's when he was 13; Johnson's when he was 4 years old; and Hayes' and Cleveland's when they were young boys. The characters of nearly all of these were molded by their mothers.

A lamb who lay down beside a pond for rest and sleep, found it impossible to close his eyes on account of the croaking of a frog. Out of patience at last with the interruption, he sprang up and demanded: "In heaven's name, why do you keep the noise going?" "It's the only noise I can make," was the humble reply. "Yes, but why do you make it at all?" "If I kept quiet, who would know that I was on the earth?" Moral—Men of blab are excused on the same grounds.

Randall, the mountain evangelist of West Virginia, some years ago went over the state painting texts on rocks and walls. He decorated all sorts of waste places with the text, "What shall I do to be saved?" A patent medicine man came along later and painted just below this, wherever he could find it, "Use Blank's cure for consumption." The quaint combination got into the papers, and Randall seeing it, went back over his route with his paint pot and added below the text: "And prepare to meet thy God!"

LIFE'S LESSON.

I saw a robin in the spring, With eager heart in plumed breast, And chirp, and song, and busy wing, Building her nest.

The budding maple's amber glow, The swaying willow's tender gleam Were dancing on the grass below And in the stream.

And through the softly fragrant air The radiant brightness of the sky Smiled glad, and fleecy cloudlets fair, Low, floated by.

But robin, singing as she flew, Had happy thoughts for none of these, She saw not radiant sky of blue, Nor budding trees.

She wrought for summer's beauty fair, And dreamed a dream of happy rest, When little ones her love should share Within the nest.

When loving mate, the livelong day, Should sing and trill the dowdy brood His sweetest notes, and only stray To bring them food.

She dreamed of whispering leaves, Her pretty nestlings' shy retreat; Of bug, and worm, and garden green, And fragrance sweet.

So when her mate-bird loiteringly, swung A moment on some dancing spray, Or o'er the shining waters hung, Or flew away.

To watch the slowly creeping green, On mossy bank, where violets hid, She gravely called, with sober mien, Or sharply chid.

Again, in summer's drought and heat, I heard the robins' clamorous brood Call loudly from their near retreat, For daily food.

And saw the mother toll alone, From early morn till evening late, On drooping wing, with plaintive moan For her dead mate.

And one day, when a storm swept by, And trembling tree-tops swayed and tossed, I heard a robin, on the lawn, For nestlings lost.

And when, at last, by pity drawn To bid the mother cease distressed: I only found, none on the lawn, The empty nest.

—Helen Mer. D. Ashy, in Women's Journal.

MY FRIEND SPARLING.

A Troubled Conscience and a Haunting Presence.

I am a manufacturer of and dealer in gravestones and monuments. There are three men who habitually associate with me, with business, the doctor, the undertaker and the tombstone maker. I have the finer feelings and sentiments of the average man, yet my occupation has led me to regard the great and solemn change chiefly from a business point of view. That men should die has seemed to me as a matter of course, and as a necessary means for the support of myself and family. Still, death may produce a great shock in me, as was the case with that of my friend Sparling.

We had been friends from boyhood. He lived near me; my way to and from business led past his house. I met him almost daily. Mutual assistance over some of the hard places of life, a similarity of tastes, and frequent interchange of thought and opinion had endeared each of us to the other. For a week I had been busy with preparations for a long business tour. It was but three months. The day before my departure I had met Sparling and had said to him: "I am going on another tour. I wish you should not meet me tomorrow, but say good-bye now." We separated with a hearty hand-shake and the friendliest of farewells.

I was to take the evening train of the next day. My ticket for New Orleans was in my pocket, my trunk packed, the porter with those at home was over, and the clock was taking me to the station. The afternoon paper was in my hand; I opened it and the following paragraph caught my eye: "STUPID DEATH—As we go to press the painful news reaches us of the death of our friend Sparling, which occurred at his residence about three o'clock this afternoon. The occurrence will be a painful loss to his friends and acquaintances, as the deceased has apparently been in the best of health. The cause was probably heart disease. Particulars are not, however, desired for our next issue."

The paper dropped from my hand; the shock I had for a moment, Sparling's death! I could not comprehend it. The clock had just turned into the street on which was his house. I looked at my watch; there was not one moment to spare. Should I tell the truth, that this certainly gave me great relief, just then? I of all men, should be with the afflicted family at that dark hour, and here was an excellent excuse for the non-performance of the sad duty. I shrug, as all do, from the disagreeable task.

The clock went swiftly to the house; the door I had had no time to lose. I saw in the hallway that the blinds were closed; two or three neighbors were on the front steps. I had a glimpse of a woman doing something at the door. "Put your crumple on the knob," I said to myself, and she disappeared like some fleeting picture scene upon the memory.

So my journey was commenced with a heavy heart. I looked about anxiously for somebody at the station who could tell me something more about my friend's death. Nobody could. The two or three with whom I was able to exchange a few words about it before the express came and went knew what I did and no more. They had seen the brief newspaper announcement, and that was all.

I lay awake two hours that night after my berth in the sleeper was made up, thinking of poor Sparling, of his bereaved family, and what I ought to do in the premises. It was an unusual occasion with me; nobody, not even a relative, had ever departed and left the gap in my life that this man would leave. Naturally, I began to condemn myself for hastening away as I had done, after learning of Ezra's death. To be sure, my plans were all previously made, and the three days' delay that would be necessary in offering my condolences to the family and attending the funeral would be inconvenient. That was all, merely a little derangement of my plans, not even involving any business loss. I became angry and dissatisfied with myself as these reflections proceeded, and tried to excuse my conduct by the plea that the news had come upon me so suddenly that I had no time for the calm reflection necessary to a change of plan. My conscience was a stern monitor, and would not excuse me so easily. "He would never have acted thus toward you," was its comment upon my apologies.

I tossed about uneasily; proposed in my mind that I would get off at Cleveland and return home; resolved the next moment that I would do nothing of the kind, but would send a long telegram to the widow, explaining the necessity of my absence and tendering my sympathy; decided next that this would be an absurd thing to do—and at last fell to sleep with nothing settled. When I awoke I was three hundred miles from home, and Cleveland was an hour behind me. I tried (Continued on third page.)

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