HOME.

The touch of kindred, too, and ove he feels!
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine, the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never know; the life,
Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!

—Thompson.

BRITTA'S STORY.

A young, bright-looking girl from Sweden, with a small package in her hand, stood before a lady curtsying and smiling.

"The Swede pastor sends you me," she said. "He say he send me more as some other girl, 'cause I clean and loovely for works—and—and"——

"What else did he say?"

"And for 'cause I such a glad girl. In Brendaburg, my home, where lives Mr. Jansen's fader, the peoples all calls me "Britta the Glad."

"Was this all?"

"No; he say he sends me, for 'cause I been speaks such loovely English, like I been here sax month; I been but only three, and many Swede say they think I been borned in 'Merica, such English I has!"

"How soon could you come to me, Britta?" said the lady, smiling at the girl's innocence.

"I is comed now!" cried Britta, holding up the little package, and adding, "Here been my working-gown, and apron, and slipper, for walk easy and soft in lady house."

In twenty-four hours Britta was at home in her duties as maid-of-all-work in the lady's house. The days wore on, and her smile never faded before cinders, or dust, or soap suds.

When her first Monday came the clothes-line broke, letting the moist clothes down on the sandy bricks; and she was heard to remark to herself, "It been good thing that sand wash out more as paint!"

Company came unexpectedly one day when dinner was over. When she set about getting another meal, Britta remarked, with a smile, "It been good God give us more as is all eat by selves, then strange one not go hungry!"

Such serenity of temper and more than willing service led the mistress to remark that the angels were not all in heaven!

Britta, as she went from room to room, saw tokens of a little boy's presence, but no little boy. Connecting this fact with the sable garb and the sad face of her mistress, she said to her, one day, in a tender tone and in a respectful manner, "I think you been give some little boy to God?"

The lady told her of the loss by death of her only son and of his long sickness.

"Ah! I hope you been glad for that," said Britta, clasping her hands and raising her eyes.

"Glad!" exclaimed her mistress, in surprise. "How could I be glad?"

"I mean I hope you been satisfy."

"No; not glad or satisfied, Britta. I think perhaps you have never had any trouble, or you could not talk in that way," said her mistress.

The first shadow she had seen there, now fell over the girl's face, and clasping her hands on her heart, she said, "Ah, I been many troubles. I been has one big one on my heart now, but fader up there help me and keep me all times glad."

Craving sympathy from even the lowliest trusting heart, the lady drew out this story of Britta's life.

"Near, close to my home, runs my river. My dear, looving fader been long years sick with cripples, that never lets him walk. He makes little brooms of small sticks, for beat egg and stir things. My moder much sick and not work hard but knits all time. I cook, and wash, and makes garden.

"Once every month I goes to big town to sell small broom and knit things—mitten, and stockings and shawl. In summer I walks on road over loovely green fields! In winter I skates there on my dear river. I sells all, and brings back fish, and meal, and little tea and sugar, and white meal for my dears.

"Ah! ah! One day my fader I so looves been die when I gets home. My heart say first it go break. But I 'members he been say many times, 'For what you keep me here, Lord? I wants go home up there!' So I gives him to God, and I been glad ever after—so glad God got him safe!

"Then I must work more hard. I goes to farmer and works in field all day, and when night come I go to his house and scrub floors till bedtimes. Then farmer-wife let me go home, one mile, for sleep with my moder, and take care for her.

"When four 'clock morning come, I make moder some tea, and make good her bed, and goes off to farmer, and dig, and rake all day. See how my fingers bended—never come right, from hard work.

"In winters, when no work in field, then I spins, spins. After I feed cows and milks, farmer-wife let me take wool home and spins by my moder. At night I goes back and feeds cows and milks more 'fore I goes to bed in my little house.

"Ah! I so glad when I can stay night with my small, dear moder and not leaves her 'lone; for she been more sick since fader go from her, and lie much times in bed now."

"But, Britta, how could you leave her to come to America?" asked the lady.

"I 'fraid you think me fool if I been tell you all things."

"No, I want to know how you can always be so 'glad,' with a mother so sick and poor far from you."

The roses mounted to her cheeks as Britta replied, "I been got a friend all my life; name, Knude Knudesen. He so dear and good! He, too, had old moder and grandmoder, and he work, work so much for takes care of them!

"But sometimes they boths die and go home to God up high. Then poor Knud been all 'lone in his small house when he comes home from his work in field."

"Had he no wife?" asked the lady.

"He but only twenty year! But I been promise him long time I will be his wife when we been rich and can marry. He cannot leave moder and grandmoder and live with me in my small house when they lives; and now they dead, I will not leave my dear moder to live in his small house. Oh, so small those two house!"

"Well, if you had Knud to leave, as well as your mother, how could you come to America?" asked her mistress.

"I tells you ma'am. My farmer—so kind to me—always give me one day in one month for go to town and sell my moder's knit, and get medicine and tea and white meal for her.

"One night, eight months gone, I comes home skating on river, so glad that I been sing all the way from town. I meets mans on river carrying dead sheep to town on their backs to sell, and they says to me, 'I hear you sing long way, Britta the Glad!'

"I think no trouble anywhere for me. I got my little moder and Knud; and God got my fader dear; and on my head in basket is all good things for comfort us and makes dear moder smiles and says, "Good child!"

"Near my little house my river turns round so way,' she continued, crooking But I so glad, that I says, 'Burn now! I got my little moder safe to my heart!"

"Then I fears she gets cold, and I calls and calls for some good neighbor come, and take her in his house. But Carlsen Petersen and his wife gone off, and enken (widow) Marie Wieberger sick in bed.

"But soon I sees, on my river, Knud Knudesen, coming like he been got wings on his feet, and soon comes more good neighbors, but too late time to save blanket, bed, or anythings—beds all made of our own gooses, too!

"All kind friends been poor, like us-selves, and got small house and much children. So Knud say, 'I carry dear moder home in arms,' to me, 'and takes care her—I so lonesome with no old womans to cares for."

"He carries her, and I walks on hind, so glad, so glad! We been poor 'fore, but got no things now, but only dear moder and 'selves. Soon Knud's farmer and my farmer comes with wifes and brings us much things, and we all so glad!

"One day, Knud say to me, 'I been think I will go to 'Merica and gets rich with these big hands for work'—he have such great hands! 'Then I comes back and makes you and our dear moder rich not break his dead moder's word for such a poor price as riches only."

"Then I says, 'Nobody been promise me to my farmer. I will go to 'Merica and get rich. Enken Wieberger will take care of dear little moder till I comes back.'"

"But Knud say, "No womans can take my dear moder from me—I will cares for her while you been gone; and when we gets more we will come to you and all be rich in 'Merica. I been got my passage-money save in big box. Take that and go. Make home for us, Britta the Glad!"

"And my moder says, "Go, too, and we all be glad for such hopes."

"And how much money have you earned?" asked the lady.

"Not some at all, ma'am. I have been very sick on sea. Water comes into my little bed, and I can't lift hands and foots when ship comes in. They puts me in carriage, and takes me to hospital. Doctor—poor gentleman—talks not Swedish, so sends for Swede minister; and he be my good friend and comes from my home.

"When I better, he takes me home, and his wife makes me dress and apron her elbow to show its course. "While I sings, I turns round my river's elbow; and ah, I sees fire and smoke!

"I throws 'way baskets and all things, and flies like my skates been winge.

"My little house blaze! I runs in and wraps little moder in blankets, and brings her out in arms. I can bring no thing more out. I sits down in snow with her in arms, and sees dear little house my fader build with his own hands all burn up. Blanket and bed, and all my moder weaves, burn too and hat. Now I come to you, I will work much and send home my money for Knud to keep in his big box. Where the farmer's two years been out, you will see him coming here with my little moder in his strong arms. You not surprise now that I been always so glad?"

In two years and a half, the kind mistress, who had learned many a lesson from Britta, saw a gentle, patient old woman seated in the tidy home which her child had prepared for her, and heard from Knud in a perfect torrent of words—not one of which she could understand till the laughing girl translated it to her—how he had sold the small house for one hundred dollars, which money he had now in gold, in his belt, and how Britta had secured him work as a porter before he landed. And holding up his great hands for her admiration, he asked,—

"How can I but grow rich with these?"

And Britta, laughing, said, "We all so glad!"—Mrs. J. D. Chaplin in Youths' Companion.

Facetial.

Notice in a Hoboken ferry-boat: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to occupy them until the ladies are seated."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. P., with a tooth ache! "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. P., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."

"My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." "And I," murmured her husband, "I often went to sleep over your letters."—Elevated Railway Journal.

At the Ashbury Park baths, the other day, an impatient young man walked up to the door of one of the compartments, and, knocking on the [illegible] testily inquired; "When in [illegible] are you going to get those pants on?" There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied: "Don't know; when I get married, I suppose." He had mistaken the door; that's all.

The Post-office on the Navy Department: "In four thousand years," says Professor Paige, without stating who told him, "another glacial epoch will destroy the world," and it is urged that an ark be built to save a few representative families of this country. Well, we shan't get excited. If the ark is built at all, the government will probably build it, and in that case we would prefer a pine slab and the wide chances of the open sea.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Mobile mother-in-law presented her daughter's husband with a house and lot. A Massachusetts mother-in-law made a will in favor of her son's wife, and died within two weeks afterward. A Manhattan mother-in-law gives her son-in-law all the money he wants to spend, simply because he is such a good husband. A Manassas mother-in-law never gets angry at her daughter-in-law and never tells her how to cook. A Milwaukee mother-in-law always kisses her son-in-law whenever she visits him. She thinks he likes it. A Minnesota mother-in-law sends her daughter-in-law a jug of fresh milk and a basket of eggs every day.—Hints to Mothers-in-law.

A Letter of Introduction.

The other day a stranger made his appearance in the office of a Baltimore man, and presented a letter of introduction to the effect that he was Mr. Blank of Denver, who had come east to see about organizing a company to develop a silver mine. The Baltimorean read the letter, and then stood up and called: "James! James!" James appeared at the door with a broom in one hand and a waste-basket in the other, and the gentleman continued: "James, go down to the night-watchman's office and borrow his shot-gun!" "Excuse me, sir, but—but—," stammered the silver man, as he reached for his hat— "but this is something new?" "Just wait a moment," replied the gentleman as he walked to and fro. "Beg pardon—but excuse me, you know—see you again—good morning!" gasped the speculator, as he backed out, and he went down stairs like a man who expected every instant to feel a charge of bird-shot ripping the pickets off his back fence. Singular that a man with a silver mine should come east to be as easily discouraged as that. —Wall Street News.

J. W. Mackay in Europe.

A Berlin letter in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: There seemed a coincidence in the arrival of Bonanza Mackay and his princely household just as the American hog was, figuratively speaking, on everyone's tongue. Mr. Mackay came direct from Paris in his own palace car, and stopped only one day on his way to witness the coronation ceremonies in Moscow. He had in his party an English Marquis, a French count and a Portuguese baron. His expenses for a day in the Royal hotel were 450 marks, or about $112. One of the most important members of the party was a man whose sole business it was to carry a hand-satchel containing Mrs. Mackay's diamonds. Her trunks were reported to hold a queenly wardrobe, including fifteen magnificent court dresses made purposely for exhibition during the week of coronation festivities. The bonanza king bought a letter of credit here for 300,000 rubles just before proceeding to Russia by special train. He was compelled to leave his private car behind, as the wheels are fitted to travel over any European road excepting those of Spain and Russia. The visit of the party created a decided sensation, and some of the newspaper criticisms were amusing. One journal said this morning, and I give an almost literal translation, "That the Russian Government should invite the rich American, Mr. Mackay, as guest to their festivities, causes people universally to shake their heads. How can they allow a man known in the world as a mining king such an opportunity to come to Moscow? They should not set the people a bad example. It is absolutely imprudent to show the people in such a manner to what height sharply managed mines may bring one."

The "Silver King" will remain here longer on his return from Russia. An American lady said last evening, after depreciating the bonanza sensation: "But it is we who will have to pay for Mackay's visit here. The German tradesmen already think Americans are all wealthy, therefore they add to the price asked us, making no distinction even when appearance should. Only yesterday I visited a millinery store to purchase a hat, where the prices have always been reasonable. But they asked such a high figure for it—more than would be charged even in an expensive American shop—that I walked out in disgust. The Mackay's visit has already begun to show its effect. Let us hope that they may change their minds about stopping here again."

An American Girl's Romance.

There is a romance attached to the history of the Countess Potkamer, whose death was announced in the Herald of Saturday, which interests a circle of acquaintances extending over a large territory. The countess was Miss Josephine Parsons, and came in her childhood from New York to Seneca Falls with her parents, perhaps fifteen years ago. She early developed a critical taste for music, and about seven years ago she was sent to the university at Leipzig, Germany, to perfect her musical education. Thus accomplished, she returned to her home in Seneca Falls. It was learned then by those who were nearest to her that she had "left her heart behind," and there was a conditional engagement of marriage between her and the young Count Von Potkamer, military secretary of the department of Prussia. There was gossip at the time regarding the terms of the "settlement" demanded by the parents of the Count before they would consent to the nupitals. The father of Miss Parsons, it may not be indelicate to say, was a man of considerable wealth, and was difficult to manage in the transaction. Affairs seemed to be so far arranged that the date of the marriage was appointed, when it was found that the Count could not obtain a leave of absence to come to America. Miss Josie therefore, proceeded to Germany but a few months ago and joined her lover. Her wedded life ended with the birth of a child. The friends of the Countess had every reason to believe that her wedded life had been one of happiness. The cable despatch concerning her death reached her friends in New York, who were anxiously awaiting intelligence, knowing her critical condition. The mother and sisters, who are in Michigan at present, have this affliction added to that of the distressing death of the father by his own act only a few months ago.—Seneca Falls letter to Ithaca Journal, July 8.

Famous Women's Sayings.

"Love," observed Ninon de l'Enclos, "never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion."

"I love men," said queen Christine of Sweden," not because they are men, but because they are not women."

The wife of Phocion, when asked where her jewels were, replied: "My jewels are my husband and his triumphs."

Caroline Matilda of Denmark once wrote on a window-pane: "God keep me innocent; and make others great!"

"It is the toilet of death, but it leads to immortality," exclaimed Charlotte Corday, as she dressed for the gullotine.

It was Madam de la Fayette who said, "If I had a lover who wanted to hear from me every day, I would break with him."

Madame d'Argenson being asked which of two brothers she preferred, replied: "When I am with one, I prefer the other."

Madame de Bawr, a French writer of romances, when asked by Ducis why she lived, replied. "I live from curiosity."

"The crime makes the shame, not the scaffold," wrote Charlotte Corday, in a letter to her father after the murder of Marat.

Madame de Stael replied to the chamberlin who told her that she could not see the First Consul, who was then taking a bath: "Genius has no sex."

"Love matches," observed Lady Blessington, "are made by people who are content, for a month of honey, to condemn themselves to a life of vinegar."

"I entered the world through a celebrated door," said Sophie Arnould, alluding to the fact that she was born in the room where Admiral Colingy was assassinated.

Said Madame de Stael to some Americans, after the War of Independence; "You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the fortune of the world."

"Vanity," said Madame Deffand "ruins more women than love." In her opinion, "women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness."

"That gentleman, sir, was my husband; he is dead," replied Madame Geoffrin, when asked who a quiet old gentleman was, who had not been present in her salon for a month.

TORNADOES.

Scientifically Accounted for, and Some Remote Causes that Produce Painful Results Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New York society for the promotion of science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain; the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvelous effect of the sun upon vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:—

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The president makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An uneasiness and disgust with everything in life, commonly called home-sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pains in the head increase to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun; but it is none the less certain that the tornado is here, and it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago, I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too weak to make any resistance. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage, I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but of greater vigor than I have before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means of restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows:

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident that four-fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that cannot be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver; to render their action wholly normal, and their effect upon the system that of purifiers rather than poisoners. That this end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

Gen. Hancock's Father.

From a Washington Letter.

I learned with some surprise the other day that the father of Gen. W. S. Hancock was a Philadelphia foundling, adopted by old 'Squire Hancock, of Norristown, Pa. The foundling grew up to be a man of sterling integrity and uprightness of character, and in the due course of time became one of the most prominent and most respected citizens of that locality. He fell in love with a beautiful lady, of one of the first families, and his passion was reciprocated. Her parents, however, objected, and a runaway match was proposed and carried out. Gen. Hancock is one of the fruits of that union.

France has persuaded Tunis to accept a protectorate.

Humanity's great hope for the future is alone to be realized in improved conditions of matrimony. What a profound obligation does this fact involve. Those who realize the responsibility can hardly do better than take advice from Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham whose wonderful remedies for the cure of all diseases peculiar to women are so justly celebrated. Send for pamphlet.

Telephone communications are to be established between Mankato and St. Peter.

Paralytic strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections, prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

A new bank building is being erected in Herman.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS."—15c. Ask for it complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

A new elevator is about to be built at Sauk Centre.

When fashionable lassitude is established to the destruction of healthful emotion, and the sufferer longs for death, rather than life, there is no better remedy than Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, which brace up the system and give to sleep its blessed reposefulness.

Mathias Paulson, one of the pioneer settlers of Meeker county, died in Acton recently, aged seventy years.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

Foot-pads attempted to rob Mrs. Wheldon, while driving in Elk River, but she escaped by whipping up her horse.

SKINNY MEN—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1.

Jacob Mueller, a respected pioneer of New Ulm, died suddenly.

Perry Davis' Pain Killer is an excellent regulator of the stomach and bowels, and should always be kept on hand, especially at this season of the year, when so many suffer from bowel complaints. There is nothing so quick to relieve in attacks of cholera.

L. Williams, an old and respected citizen of Big Lake, died at his home in that place on the 25th inst., of cancer of the stomach.

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

Mr. Hall the recently appointed stmas po ter at Jonesborough, Fillmore county has already resigned, on account of ill health.

IRRITATION, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters" will supply the blood with iron, and build up, strengthen, tone and purify the whole system, create a healthy appetite, aid digestion, and invigorate the liver. A single dose is sufficient to show its good effect. Look out for counterfeits. Every bottle bears the signature of J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

Having used Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I am satisfied that it is a first rate preparation and would recommend it to any one similarly affected. R. W. Cheever, Editor Herald, Clinton, Wis.

Wise's Axle Grease never gums.

A steeple is being placed on the Catholic church in Delano. It is to be 100 feet in height.

DON'T die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Carey, the Informer—His Craven Fear.

I have just learned some extraordinary things about the informer James Carey. With all his bombast and make-believe courage, he turned out a most craven coward. His demands to be released and his expressed determination to brave the anger of the multitude were evidently intended only to induce the authorities to give him money to leave Ireland. But the clever conspirator, the deep knave, who to the last moment pretended to be deeply religious, was completely outwitted.

Without his knowledge, his wife and children had been sent away from Dublin. He was brought out of Kilmainham in a cab. He came to defy the castle and to impose conditions. But he suddenly found he had met his match. He was shown his passage ticket and asked would he go or remain. If he chose the latter course, the door was open to him and he was a free man. What was he to do? He had no house to shelter him; there was not a friend to receive him; his wife and family were on board the vessel in an English port that was to convey them to the colonies—and to go into the streets, mayhap to be butchered within half an hour, or certainly torn to pieces before another day elapsed.

He was dazed with sudden fright, his limbs seemed to become paralyzed, his tongue seemed to lose the power of utterance, and cowering down he begged that he would not be driven forth. Gladly he accepted the proffered passage to an English colony, and to the credit of Lord Spencer be it said that James Carey has left Ireland forever without receiving one farthing, or the promise of a farthing, from the Government. The Lord Lieutenant not only refused to give him any money, but absolutely refused to give him a written pardon, and the last heard from Carey, as the ship left on her voyage, were deep curses on the Castle, on the Invincibles, and every one in general.

Peter Carey was treated differently. He not only received a pardon, but a sum of money, not very much indeed. When the school of informers were located together in Kilmainham they were frequently at a loss for amusement Robert Farrell was the subject for their practical jokes. After the execution of Joe Brady they so terrified him that he nearly lost his senses. Over Farrell's bed was a bell, and having secretly attached a string to this bell, they tolled it during the night. They jumped up saying that was Joe Brady's death knell, and Farrell, in a state of abject terror, prostrated himself on the flooor, begging Brady's pardon. They found means of moving chairs and tables at night in such a mysterious manner as to convince Farrell the place was haunted by his victim. As a result he prayed the authorities to send him away as soon as possible.—Dublin Letter in Philadelphia Press.

Of the bishops of the church of England three are over eighty and nine over seventy years of age.

Topeka, Kas., has ten colored teachers. Eight of them are graduates of institutions of learning.

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2 TON WAGON SCALE, $40. 3 TON, $50.
4 Ton $60, Beam Box Included.
240 lb. FARMER'S SCALE, $5.
The "Little Detective," ¼ oz. to 25 lb. $3.
300 OTHER SIZES. Reduced PRICE LIST FREE.
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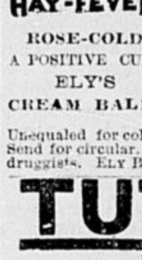

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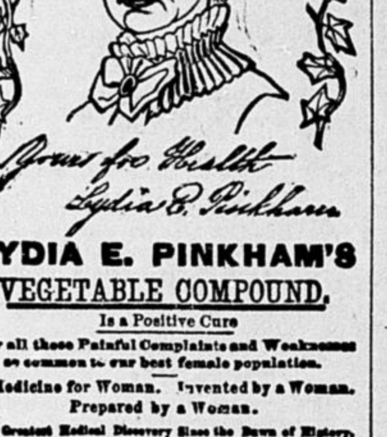

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