The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN, : : KENTUCKY.

LOVE'S POWER.

If I were blind, and thou shouldst enter
E'er so softly in the room,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round thee center
That would lighten up the gloom.
And my heart would surely guide me,
With Love's second sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And the seal at once be broken
By Love's liquid undertone.
Deaf to other, stranger voices,
And the world's discordant noises—
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,
'Twill reach my heart!

If I were dead and thou shouldst venture
Near the coffin where I lay,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And no look of mildest censure
Rest upon that face of clay.
Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flushes
Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes
Would give back the cheek its red,
If I were dead!

—*Josephine Pollard, in The Century.*

DAVE'S WIFE.

"So Dave has brought his wife home?"

Deacon Somers cut a larger chip from the stick he had been whittling down to a very fine point as he answered Deacon Bradlaw's query by the one monosyllable: "Ye-a-s."

"Got home last night, I hear."

"Ye-a-s;" and the stick was coming down to a very fine point now, so assiduously was the deacon devoting all his energies to it.

Deacon Bradlaw waited a moment, with an expectant air; then he clasped one knee with both hands, and leaned forward toward his neighbor.

"Well, what do you think of your boy's choice?" he asked. "What sort of a woman does she seem to be? Think she'll be a help in the church?"

Deacon Somers was silent a moment. Whirling the whittled stick around and around, he squinted at it, with one eye closed, to see if it was perfectly symmetrical. (Deacon Somers had a very mathematical eye, and he liked to have everything "plumb," as he expressed it. He had been known to rise from his knees at a neighbor's house in prayer-meeting time and go across the room and straighten a picture which offended his eye by hanging "askew.") Having convinced himself that the stick was round, the deacon tilted back against the side of the country store where he and his companion were sitting, and began picking his teeth with the aforesaid stick, as he answered Deacon Bradlaw's question by another, and a seemingly irrelevant one.

"Do you remember Dave's hoss trade?"

"No," answered the deacon, surprised at this sudden turn in the conversation. "I can't say't I do."

"Wa'al, just after he come home from college, two years ago, he got dreadfully sot against the bay mare I drove. I'd had her for years, and she was a nice steady-going animal. We had a four-year-old colt, too, that I drove with her. Wa'al, Dave he thought it was a shame and a disgrace to drive such a ill-matched span. The young hoss was right up and off, and the bay mare she lagged behind about half a length. The young hoss was a short stepper, and the bay mare went with a long, easy lope. They wasn't a nice-matched span, I do confess.

"Wa'al, Dave he kept a-talkin' trade to me till I give in. He said he knew of a mighty nice match for the young hoss, and if I would leave it to him he'd make a good trade. So I left it to him, and one day he came drivin' home in grand style. The old mare was traded off, and a dappled-gray four-year-old was in her place. A pretty creature to look at, but I knew the minit I sot eyes unto her that she'd never pull a plow through the stubble ground, or haul a reaper up that side-hill o' mine."

"'Isn't she a beauty, father?' said Dave.

"'Yes,' says I; 'but handsome is as handsome does applies to hosses as well as to folks, I reckon. What can this 'ere mare do, Dave?'

"Dave's face was all aglow. 'Do?' says he. 'Why, she can trot a mile in two minutes and three-quarters, father, and I only give $75 to boot 'twixt her and the old mare.'

"Wa'al, you see, I was just struck dumb at that there boy's folly, but I knew 'twan't no use to say a word then. I just waited, and it came out as I expected. The dappled-gray mare took us to church or to town in fine style—passed everything on the road slick as a pin. But she balked on the reaper and give out entirely on the plow. And I had to buy another mate for the hoss, and let the dappled mare stand in the stable, except when we put her in the carriage."

Deacon Somers paused, and his glance rested on Deacon Bradlaw's questioning, puzzled face.

"Well?" interrogated Deacon Bradlaw.

"Wa'al," continued Deacon Somers, "Dave's marriage is off the same piece as his hoss trade. Pretty creature, and can outstrip all the girls round here in playin' and singin' and paintin' and dressin', but come to washin' and bakin' and steady work—why, we'll her to get somebody else to do that, and let her sit in the parlor. Mother 'n' I both see that at a glance;" and the deacon sighed.

"I see, I see," mused Deacon Bradlaw, sympathetically. "Too bad! too bad! Dave knew her at college, I believe?"

"Yes; they graduated in the same class. She carried off all the honors, and the papers give her a long puff 'bout herellycution. Dave's head was completely turned, and he kept runnin' back and forth to see her, till I thought the best thing for him to do was to marry her and be done with it. But Sara Jane Graves would have suited mother 'n' me better. You know Dave and she was pretty thick before he went off to college."

"She's a powerful homely girl, though," Deacon Bradlaw said; "and the awkwardest critter I ever see stand in a church choir and sing. Seems to be all elbows somehow."

"Ye-a-s—ye-a-s; a good deal like the bay mare Dave was sot against—awkward, but steady-goin' and useful—more for use than show. Wa'al, wa'al, I must be goin' home; all the chores to do, and Dave's billin' and cooin'. Good-afternoon, deacon. Come over and see us."

When Dave Somers and his bride walked up the church aisle, the next Sunday morning, over Parson Elliott's congregation there passed that indefinable flutter which can only be compared to a breeze suddenly stirring the leaves of a poplar grove. Every eye was turned upon the handsome, strong-limbed young man, and the fair, delicate girl at his side, who bore the curious glances of all these strangers with quiet, well-bred composure.

After service people lingered in the aisle for an introduction, in the manner of country village churches, where Sunday is the day for quiet sociability and the interchange of civilities. And after the respective friends of the family had scattered to their several homes, Dave's wife was the one universal topic of discussion over the Sunday dinner.

"A mighty pretty girl." "A face like a rose," "Too cute for anything," "Stylish as a fashion plate," "A regular little daisy," were a few of the comments passed by the young men of the congregation. To these remarks the ladies supplemented their critical observations after the manner of women: "Her nose isn't pretty;" "Her mouth is too large;" "Her face was powdered—I saw it;" "Her hat was horrid;" "I don't like to see so much agony in a small place." But Sarah Jane Graves said: "She is lovely. I would give the world to be as pretty as she is. No wonder Dave loved her." And she choked down a lump in her throat as she said it.

All the neighboring people called on Dave's wife the next month, and, with one or two exceptions, introduced the conversation by the question, "Well, how do you like Somerville?" To the monotony of this query Dave's wife varied her replies as much as was possible without contradicting herself. "I am quite delighted with the fertility of my mind," she laughingly remarked to Dave at the expiration of the first month. "To at least fifteen people who have asked me that one unvaried question I have invented at least ten different phrases in which to express my satisfaction with Somerville. I have said: 'Very much, thank you;' 'O, I am highly pleased;' 'Far better than I anticipated even;' 'I find it very pleasant;' 'It has made a very agreeable impression upon me;' and oh, ever so many more changes I have rung on that one idea, Dave!" and the young wife laughed merrily. But under the laugh Dave seemed to hear a minor strain. His face grew grave.

"I fear I did wrong to bring you here among these people," he said. "They are so unlike you—so commonplace. I fear you are homesick already, Madge."

"No, no; indeed, you are wrong, Dave. Indeed, I am happy here, and like your friends," Madge protested, with tender earnestness.

But as the months went by it was plain to all eyes that Dave's wife was not happy; that she did not assimilate with her surroundings. She made no intimate friendships; she sat silent at the sewing society, and would not take an interest in the neighborhood gossip which formed the main topic of conversation at these meetings. She would not take a class at Sunday-school, claiming that she was not fitted to explain the Gospel to any unfolding inquiring mind, as she was not at all sure that she understood it herself.

Dark insinuations were afloat that Dave's wife was an "unbeliever," or at least a Unitarian, and her fashionable style of dress marked her as "worldly-minded" at all events. Deacon Bradlaw and Deacon Somers held many an interview on the shady side of the village store, and "Dave's wife" always came up for discussion, sooner or later, during those interviews.

"She's settin' a bad example to all of Somerville," Deacon Bradlaw declared. "My gal Arminda's gettin' just as fussy and proud as a young peacock about her clothes; nothin' suits her now unless it looks stylish and citified. And I see there's a deal more extravagance in dress among all the women-folks since Dave's wife came with her high heels and her bustles and her trimmin's. You ought to labor with her, Brother Somers."

Brother Somers sighed. "I do labor with her," he said, "but the poor thing don't know what to do. Her guardian—she was an orphan, you know—give her the little money she had left after her schoolin' to buy her weddin' fixin's. She'd no idea what plain folks she was a-comin' among. So she got her outfit accordin' to the way she'd been brought up. Lord! she's got things enough to last her ten years, and all trimmed to kill, and all fittin' her like a duck's foot in the mud; and what can she do but wear 'em, now she's got 'em, she says, and I can't tell her to throw 'em away and buy new. 'Twould be no economy. She's been with us [illegible] a year now, and she's never asked Dave for a cent's worth of anything."

"But she's no worker; anybody can see that. And you've had to keep a girl half the time since she's been with you," Deacon Bradlow added, somewhat nettled that his neighbor made any excuses for Dave's wife, whose fair face and fine clothes and quiet reserve had inspired him with an angry resentment from the first.

"Ye-a-s, ye-a-s, that's true," Deacon Somers confessed. "She's no worker. Lord! the way she tried to make cheese; and the cookin' she did! Mother had to throw the cheese curd into the pig's swill, and the bread and cake she made followed it. More waste from that experiment of hers than we've had in years; and she was flour from head to foot, and all of a perspiration, and sick in bed from cryin' over her failures into the bargain. The poor thing did try her very best. But it was like the dappled mare tryin' to haul the plough—she couldn't do it, wa'n't built for it."

When Deacon Somers reached home his brow was clouded. His good wife saw it, and questioned him as to the cause. He shook his head.

"I'm troubled about church matters, mother," he said. "The debt for that new steeple and altar, and all the rest of the expense we've been to the last two years, wears on me night an' day. And Deacon Bradlaw he's gettin' mad at some of the trustees, and says he'll never put another dollar into the church till they come forward and head a paper with fifty dollars a piece subscription. I know 'em all too well to think they'll ever do that, and Deacon Bradlaw he's a reg'lar mule. So the first we know our church'll be in a stew that will send half its members over to the rival church that's started up at Jonesville, with one o' them sensation preachers that draws a crowd like a circus," and Deacon Somers sighed.

"Isn't there something that can be done to raise the money?" asked Mother Somers, anxiously. "Can't we get up entertainments?"

"That's old, and 'tain't strawberry season," sighed the deacon. "We couldn't charge more'n fifteen or twenty cents at the door, and that wouldn't bring in much for one entertainment, and nobody would turn out to a second. There don't seem to be no ingenuity among the young folks here 'bout gettin' up anything entertainin'. Our strawberry festival was just a dead failure—barely paid expenses."

Dave's wife, sitting with her pale face, which had grown very thin and wan of late, bent over a bit of sewing, suddenly looked up. Her listless expression gave place to one of animated interest. "Father Somers," she began, timidly, "do you suppose—do you think—I could get up a reading?"

"A what?" and Deacon Somers turned a surprised and puzzled face upon his daughter-in-law. It was so new for her to betray any interest in anything.

"A reading. You know I took the prize for elocution when I graduated. I know ever so many things I could recite, and it might draw a crowd just from its being something new. We could charge twenty-five cents admission, and it would give the impression of something good at least. After they had heard me once they could decide for themselves if I am worth hearing again."

Deacon Somers looked upon the glowing face and animated mien of Dave's wife with increasing wonder. Was this the listless girl he had seen a few minutes before?

"'Pon my soul," he ejaculated. "I don't know but it might draw a crowd, just from curiosity. Everybody would go to see Dave's wife. Not that I hev much of a opinion of readin's; never heard any but once, and then I went to sleep. But it might draw, seein' it's you. You can try if you want to."

Dave's wife did try it. It was announced before service Sunday morning that Mrs. David Somers would give a reading in the church edifice on Thursday evening; admission twenty-five cents. Proceeds to be applied toward the church debt.

Again there was a breezy stir in the congregation, and scores of eyes were turned upon Dave's wife, who sat in her silent, white composure, with her dark eyes lifted to the face of the clergyman.

But Sarah Jane Graves could not help noticing as she had not before the marked change in the young wife's face since the day she entered that church a bride.

"How she is fading! I wonder if she is unhappy?" she thought.

Thursday night came fair and clear. As Deacon Somers had predicted, the announcement that Dave's wife was to give a reading had drawn a house; the church was literally packed. Dave's wife rose before her audience with no words of apology or introduction, and began the recitation of the old, hackneyed, yet ever beautiful

"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was new to most of the audience, and certainly the manner of its delivery was new to them. They forgot themselves, they forgot their surroundings, they forgot that it was Dave's wife who stood before them. They were alone in the belfry tower clinging with bleeding hands to the brazen tongue of the bell as it swung to and fro above the deaf old janitor's head. When the recitation was finished two or three of the audience found themselves on their feet. How they came there they never knew, and they sat down with a shame-faced expression.

Sarah Jane Graves was in tears, and one or two others wiped their eyes furtively, and then the old church walls rang with cheers. So soon as they subsided Dave's wife arose, and, with a sudden change of expression and voice, began to give a recital of "An Evening at the Quarters." It was a negro dialect, and introduced one or two snatches of song and a violin air. To the astonishment of her audience Dave's wife picked up a violin at the appropriate time, and played the air through in perfect time and tune; and then the house resounded to another round of cheers, and the entire audience was convulsed with laughter. Everything which followed, grave or gay, pathetic or absurd, was met with nods of approval, or the clapping of hands and the drumming of feet. Somerville had never known such an entertainment before. The receipts for the evening proved to be over forty dollars.

During the next three months Dave's wife gave two more readings, the proceeds of which paid half the church debt, and this so encouraged the members that old grudges and quarrels were forgotten, and Deacon Bradlaw and the elders made up the remaining half, and Somerville Church was free from debt.

Yet Deacon Bradlaw was heard to say that while he was glad and grateful for all that Dave's wife had done, he did not in his heart approve of turning the house of God into a "theater." "She performed exactly like them women whose pictures are in the store winders in town," he said, "a-makin' everybody laugh or cry with their monkey-shines. I don't think it a proper way to go on in the house of God. Never would her given my consent to it ef I'd knowed what sort of entertainment it was to be."

"Dave's wife ever been an actress?" he asked Deacon Somers when they next met.

"Actress? No. What put that into your head?" answered Deacon Somers, with some spirit.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'; only her readin's seemed a powerful sight like a theater I went to once. Didn't know but [illegible] gettin' [illegible]. Anyway, she's missed her callin'. Wait a minute, neighbor; don't hurry off so. I want to talk church matters."

"Can't," responded Deacon Somers, whipping up his horse. "Dave's wife is sick in bed, and I came to the store to git a few things for her—bitters and some nourishing things to eat. She's sort o' run down with the exertion she made in them readin's. She used to be just drippin' with perspiration when she got home."

Dave's wife was ailing for months, unable to do more than sit in her room and paint an hour or two each day. The house was filled with her paintings. They ornamented brackets, and stood in corners, and peeped from the folds of fans, and smiled from Dave's china coffee-cup.

One day Dave proposed to his wife that she should go to her old home—the home of her guardian—and make a visit.

"We've been married fifteen months now," he said, "and you've never been away. I think a change will do you good. You seem to be running down every day."

So she went. After an absence of ten days she wrote to Dave to send her paintings to her by express. She had need of them; would explain when she returned. Dave packed them carefully, and sent them with a sigh.

Poor Dave! He had come to realize that his marriage was a great mistake. To be sure, he loved Madge yet, but the romance of his youthful attachment had all passed away in the dull commonplace routine of his domestic life, where Madge had proved such an inefficient helpmeet.

He had been blindly in love with his divinity; elated with the fact that he had won her away from two or three other suitors. Madge was a brilliant scholar and a belle, and with the blind faith of young love, Dave had believed that she would excel in domestic duties as in intellectual pursuits. Her ignominious failures, her utter uselessness, and his mother's constant and indisputable references to her inefficiency about the farm work, had presented her to his eyes in a new light. The brilliant girl who was the pride of the college, and the helpless, thriftless wife whose husband was regarded with pity by a sympathetic neighborhood, were two distinct individuals as were also the young elocutionist carrying off the honors of her class, and the tired, tearful woman weeping over her soggy bread and melted butter.

The success in her readings had revived his old pride in her for a time. But her consequent illness and listlessness had discouraged him.

Mrs. Somers saw the express package, and inquired what it was. Dave told her, remarking at the same time that he did not know what use she intended to make of them.

"Maybe she's going to give 'em away to those who will appreciate 'em," suggested his mother. "I'm sure we've no room for such rubbish. But her time's no more'n a settin' hen's, and she might as well spend it in that way as any other. She can't do nothin' that amounts to anything."

"I think her readings amounted to a good deal," Dave responded, glad that he could once speak authoritatively of his wife's usefulness.

"Oh yes, for that emergency. But its steady work that tells. Lor' pity you and father ef I couldn't do nothin' but give readings! Wonder where your meals would come from. Your marriage and your horse trade were 'bout of one piece, Dave. Your wife's pretty in the parlor or on the floor readin', and your mare looks nice and drives nice in the buggy. But they can't work."

Dave's wife came home at the expiration of a month, looking fresher, and feeling stronger, she said. And she did not bring her paintings.

Deacon Somers came into Dave's room the night after her return to talk about a certain piece of land that was for sale. It "cornered on" to the deacon's farm, and a stream of water ran across it.

"It will be worth a mint of money to me," he said, "for I can turn that field into a pasture, and all my stock will water itself. But the man who's sellin' wants a hundred and fifty dollars down. He's goin' West and must have that amount this week. I don't see the way clear to pay it, for expenses have been a good deal of late, takin' doctors' bills and hired help and all into consideration, and my ready money has run low. Do you think of anybody that'll be likely to lend us that amount for three months, Dave?"

But before Dave could reply Dave's wife spoke.

"Father Somers," she said, "I can let you have the money—not as a loan, but as a gift. I have been of so little use to you, and have made you so much expense, I shall be very happy if you will let me do this for you." And rising up, she came and laid a little silken purse in Deacon Somers' hands.

"But where did you get it, child?" asked the wondering Deacon, looking from the plethoric little purse to her face, which had flushed a rosy red.

"I sold my paintings," Dave's wife answered. "A gentleman happened to see a little thing I painted, and he said he knew where I could dispose of any quantity of such work. And sure enough I sold every one of those things I painted when I was sick for good prices. And I decorated some plates for a lady, who paid me well for it. So I have more than $175 in that purse, which you are more than welcome to."

Deacon Somers removed his spectacles and mopped them with his silk handkerchief. "I can't do it, my child," he said; "it wouldn't be right. You must keep your own money."

"But I have no use for it," cried Dave's wife. "I intended to spend it all in Christmas gifts for the family, but this is better. I have everything I need. All I ask or desire is to be of some use—and to have you all love me," she added, softly.

"A hundred and seventy-five dollars for that trash! Well, the world is full of fools!" Mrs. Somers ejaculated, when she was told of what had occurred. But she looked at Dave's wife with an expression of surprised interest after that, as if it was just dawning upon her that one might be of use in the world who could neither cook nor make cheese.

Deacon Somer's farm boasted a fine stone quarry, and he was very busily at work every spare moment, quarrying stone for the foundation of a new barn he was to build. One day Dave drove to town, ten miles distant, with a load of grain for market. It was September, and the market had risen during the last few days. All the neighboring farmers had turned out and hurried their grain away. Deacon Somers remained at home, quarrying stone. Mrs. Somers rang the great bell at noon-time, but he did not come. Then she grew alarmed.

"Some one must go up to the quarry and see if anything has happened," she said. And Dave's wife was off like a young deer before the words were out of her mouth.

It did not seem three minutes before she stood at the door again, with white lips, her dark eyes large with fright. "Father is wedged in under a great bowlder," she said. "You and the girl must go to him. Take the camphor and ammonia; it may sustain his strength until I can bring relief. I am going to ride the dappled mare to the village and rouse the whole neighborhood."

"We have no saddle," gasped Mrs. Somers; "and the mare will break your neck."

"I can ride anything," [illegible] answered as she sped away. "[illegible] taught me with other useless accomplishments."

A moment later she shot by the door and down the street toward the village. She had bridled the mare and buckled on a blanket and surcingle. She sat like a young Indian princess, her face white, her eyes large and dark, looking straight ahead, and urging her mare to the highest speed. Faster, faster she went, until the woods and fields seemed flying pictures shooting through the air. Half-way to the village, which was more than two miles distant, she met Tom Burgus, the blacksmith. She reined up the mare so suddenly she almost sat her down on her haunches.

"Deacon Somers has fallen under a bowlder in his quarry," she cried. "Go to him—quick! Dave is away." Then she rode on.

At the village she roused half a dozen men, and to the strongest and most muscular she said: "Take this mare and put her to her highest speed. Tom Burgus is already there. You two can lift the bowlder, perhaps. I will ride with Dr. Evans."

The man mounted the mare, and was off like a great bird swooping close to the earth. He swept away and out of sight.

When Dr. Evans reined his reeking horse at the quarry, Tom Burgus and Jack Smith, who had ridden the mare from the village, were propping up the bowlder with iron bars, while Mrs. Somers and her help were trying to remove the deacon's inanimate form. The doctor and Dave's wife sprang to their assistance. In another moment he was free from his perilous position, and Dr. Evans was applying restoratives. "He will live," he said, "but in five minutes more, if help had not come, he would have been a dead man. It is very fortunate you had a swift horse in the stable and a rider who could keep her seat," and he glanced around at Dave's wife just in time to see her fall in a limp heap.

Deacon Somers was quite restored to his usual health the following morning. "Dave's wife and the dappled mare saved my life," he said to Deacon Bradlaw, who came to call. "So the boy didn't make so poor a bargain either time, neighbor, as I once thought."

The deacon recovered rapidly, and just as rapidly Dave's wife lost strength and color. She faded before their eyes like some frail plant, and at last one day with a tired sigh she drifted out into the Great Unknown; and with her went the bud of another life, destined never to blossom on earth.

After they came home from the church-yard where they had left her to sleep, Dave found the dappled mare fast in her stall; her halter strap had become a noose about her slender throat. She was quite dead.

Over the low mound where "Dave's wife" sleeps the marble mockery of a tall monument smiles in irony at those who pause to read its flattering inscription. It is so easy to praise the dead! And the memorial window sacred to her memory in Somerville church—a proposition of Deacon Bradlaw's—flushes in crimson shame while suns rise and set.

And a sturdy farm-horse pulls the plow through Dave's stubble field, and Sarah Jane drives the work in his kitchen.—*Ella Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.*

Says an Albuquerque correspondent: "Let me tell the young men from the East that the cry of 'Young man, go West!' is played out, unless he wants to take a pick and shovel and work for two dollars per day and live on almost nothing."—*Chicago Times.*

—The principal witness in a case against a negro woman who murdered her step-daughter and was sentenced by a jury in Chatham, Va., recently, was a five-year-old child.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—To cure a bruise or sprain, bathe in cold water, and then apply a decoction of wormwood and vinegar.—*The Household.*

—A lump of alum dissolved in the water in which you wash light blue stockings will prevent their fading.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cider from late apples is of better quality and possesses more body than that from early apples. It will also keep much longer.

—It is claimed that tomatoes raised on Northern soil have thinner skin and a smaller proportion of seed than those of the South, and are consequently more desirable for canning.

—Skimmed milk is one of the very best articles of diet for laying hens, and, so far as they can use it, it can be put to no more profitable use. Mixed with wheat bran, it makes an excellent feed for growing chicks.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—To purify cistern water put a peck of charcoal in a bag and hang in the water; it will take up all bad odor. Put some in the sink and keep it over the screen, and there will be no bad smell come from it.—*Exchange.*

—It does not pay to keep poor stock of any kind. If every animal is good of its kind, it is always salable, and can be turned into money at any time that it is desirable to do so, whereas an inferior one is always a drug on the farmer's hands.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A delicious pie is made by stoning and chopping one heaping cup of raisins, mixing with them the juice and rind of one lemon, the yolks of two eggs. Bake with bottom crust only, and make a meringue of the whites of the eggs. You may put one whole egg in the pie, and make it with an upper crust.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Peter Henderson says he finds that turf can be successfully laid down, if necessary, in dry and hot summer weather, by simply covering it when finished, before it gets too dry, with about a quarter of an inch of light soil put through a half-inch sieve. The grass begins to grow through the soil in a very few days.—*New York Times.*

—The high-chair for the baby is always too large at first. This is a wise provision for growth, but not always a comfortable one, but it may be made so by making a padded covering for the seat and back of the chair. The smaller the child the thicker the cushions should be; thus a chair that is large enough for a child of five may hold an infant of a few months.—*Detroit Post.*

—When using lemons for any purpose, it will be found an economical plan to grate the yellow rind off, mix it with an equal quantity of sugar and put it up in an empty box with a tight cover. This will be delicious for flavoring custards, molasses-cake and anything else where lemon extract is used. It retains the strength of the lemon while cooking and is much more delicate to the taste than the oil or extract of lemon.

Preserving Forests Against Fire.

Wherever it is possible leave the trees standing in blocks. Between these blocks the land should be kept under cultivation by the plow, or pastured so closely as to prevent any grass from growing up and standing in high tufts, for such would enable the fire to run over the ground, and thus carry it from one block to another, to the destruction of their trees. The size of these blocks ought to be as small as possible; as a general rule, we would limit them to five to twenty acres, and never let one exceed fifty acres. The cultivated division between these should vary in breadth according to circumstances, to be decided upon by a Government surveyor. As western winds are more generally prevalent during a dry time, when forests are most liable to be fired, the space ought to be broader between the eastern and western lines than the southern and northern. As wood and timber are cut, they should be hauled out from the woods and piled on or near the center of these spaces, and then, in case of fire, these at least would be saved from destruction.

Before commencing lumbering in the forests, or clearing for cultivation, the tract of country subject to this ought to be surveyed, and the spaces lined out to be first cut over, and all the brush cleaned up and burned before dry weather sets in. In some instances, these spaces could be left safely to grow up a new forest, but it would be better to put them under cultivation or into grass. If suitable blocks of forest were left standing, the thinnings of these would go far to supply the country with a sufficiency of lumber. As soon as a tree here had attained a proper age and size, it might be cut down, hauled out, and turned into lumber, as is done in many of the European forests. This gives the younger trees near where they stood a chance for a better and more rapid growth, thus keeping the blocks up for a never failing supply of wood and timber for the annual wants of the country.

Forests are set on fire by so many various ways, that neither guards nor laws, however strict, can entirely prevent them. These are mainly done by hunters, pic-nic parties, brush burning, sparks from locomotives, or depraved people, delighting in the wanton destruction of valuable property belonging to others. The preservation of sufficient areas of forest where now standing, and the planting of others where needed, are important considerations, not only for our own United States, but for the whole continent of North and South America. This should now be made both a State and National subject, by passing such laws, and strictly enforcing them, as shall ensure their being properly cared for; and when we have done this for our own region of the western hemisphere, let us use our influence to have the same thing accomplished, where not already done, in all other portions of the American continent.

Fire and lumbermen are annually making a shocking waste of our forests. It is fully proved now, that where reservations have been made of blocks from them by farmers, on the first settlement of their lands, the thinnings from these blocks for fire-wood, fencing and lumber, have been more profitable to them than the crops gathered from the land entirely cleared up for cultivation; and the wooded portions of the former now are worth and would readily sell for two to five times the price per acre of the latter.—*Agriculturist.*

About Water.

A curious fact about water is that it is the rust of the metal known as hydrogenium. When oxygen combines with iron it forms a reddish rust, and the metal becomes in time disintegrated. In this condition it is said to be oxidized. Now, water is simply oxidized hydrogenium. This metal is present in the sun and in all the planets in enormous quantities. Indeed, it is said that the human body is composed of $5\frac{1}{2}$ pails of water, mingled with some lime, iron and certain salts. Chemistry has revealed to us many marvels, but none greater than the composition of common water.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A rancheress of Washoe Valley, Nevada, has invented a novel method of preserving eggs for winter use. During the summer she breaks the eggs, pours the contents into bottles, which are tightly corked and sealed, when they are placed in the cellar, neck down. She claims the contents of the bottles come out as fresh as when put in.

The Highest of Waterfalls.

Some years ago Niagara was supposed to be the most magnificent waterfall in the world, but recent African explorers discovered that the falls on the river Zambesi, known as the Victoria, are even more wonderful than the famous American waterfall. And now comes the news that in Washington Territory there exists what is, in some respects, the most marvelous cataract in the world. It is on the Cowlitz river, and the fall is fully 1,500 feet high. It has not yet been fully explored. There is also a waterfall in Wyoming Territory 475 feet high, which is said to be a very wonderful cataract of its kind. The remarkable newness of our country is shown by the fact that these great natural curiosities have not as yet been thoroughly examined by white men.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Among the passengers of a crowded steamboat was a man with delerium tremens. In the midst of his frightful visions and cries for help he turned to the attendants and begged piteously for a bible. One was carried to the state-room of the frantic sufferer, and eagerly seized by him, then laying it on the bed above his breast, with a wild laugh, he exclaimed: "There, devils, you are beaten now; you can't get over that book." A strange calm came over him as he lay with his wild eye fixed intently on the book. *The Congregationalist* tells this as a true incident of travel on the sound.

—According to the British postal statistics, the English are the most prolific letter writers in the world. The average per head is: England and Wales, 40; Scotland, 30; Ireland, 16; United States, 21; France, 15; Germany, 13; Italy, 6. During the twelve months ending March 31 the number of letters sent was 1,280,656,200; of post cards 144,016,200, and of book packets and circulars 140,582,600. One firm posted 132,000 letters in a single dispatch, and another firm 167,000 post cards. During the year the number of telegraph messages was 32,692,026.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt now and then breaks through the hole she made long ago, to sing no more in public. She recently appeared on the stage at a concert given for charitable purposes at Malvern, England, and gave the audience a delightful surprise by her fresh and vigorous rendering of Mendelssohn's "Lift Thine Eyes" and Rubenstein's "Songs of the Birds."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The late Judge Black is said to have received the largest fee ever paid to a lawyer for success in a suit. He defended the New Almaden Quicksilver Company of California in a suit in the United States Supreme Court, the opposition counsel being Reverdy Johnson, Charles O'Connor and Judah P. Benjamin. His fee was said at the time to have been $250,000.—*Chicago Journal.*

A SERVANT girl fell on a bracket,
Her skull, she did nearly crack it,
St. Jacobs Oil applying,
Saved her from dying—
It proved to be "just the racket."

A steamboat Captain from Goshen,
Was hurt by a boiler explosion,
On the pains in his hip,
St. Jacobs Oil got the grip,
He calls it the all-healing lotion.

"A SCENE of bare beauty," is the way a Rawlins (N. C.) paper puts it in giving a description of a ball.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN the dim dictionary of Wall street there are several such words as fail.

Fits, Fits, Fits.

Successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

NERVOUSNESS, debility and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Cancers and Other Tumors

Are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

A GIRL who runs away to sea has a naughtygal inclination.—*The Judge.*

OWENTON, KY.—Dr. I. F. Mundy says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics, and prescribe it frequently."

BOSTON should make Sullivan professor of the Hownesst [illegible] Forceful.

THE Governor claims a home in both Essex and Middlesex Counties. He wishes to please both sexes.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is doubtless owing to our being made of clay that we are so easily "broke."—*Rochester Express.*

"WILL there be a hop to-night?" asked a summer sojourner of another who had loved the stock market "not wisely but too well." "Don't know about the hop, but there will be a skip if I can get my trunk out," was the reply.—*Boston Bulletin.*

QUININE is a drug in the market.—*Grit.*

ROWING is a sort of marine sport, and yet it's regular army work.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

"IT seems to me that the lard is diminishing rapidly, Mary," said the mistress to the servant girl. "Yes'm," was the reply of the maid; "but then you know when you bought it that it was short'ning."—*Somerville Journal.*

THE gardener is safe in the early part of the season. It is at the watermelon period that he must fight. That is why he says: "In time of peas prepare for war."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE man who uses profane language may have considerable dash about him, but he is running a risk of going where they have altogether too much colon.—*Boston Transcript.*

DIED in the wool—Mary's famous little lamb.—*N. Y. News.*

A YOUNG man who went into the kitchen, where his girl was baking, and inadvertently sat down on a hot pie just from the oven, now boasts that he "descended from the 'upper crust.'"—*Norristown Herald.*

RANKS high—Old butter.—*N. Y. Journal.*

THE view from the Starr King Mountain is too grand and beautiful to be lost by any one who can reach its top. It is 33,800 feet above the sea.—*Boston Post.*

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Dr. Irwin H. Elderidge says: "I would recommend a trial of Brown's Iron Bitters in all cases of anæmic debility or when a tonic or appetizer is indicated."

"PA, rogues always fall out at night." "At night? How do you know that?" "Because, pa, when rogues fall out, honest men get their dews."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HAY-FEVER. I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms. I used it, and with the most wonderful success. T. S. GEER, Syracuse, N.Y.

VESUVIUS threatens another "alarming eruption." It is high time for Vesuvius to be vaccinated.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

HAY-FEVER. I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it is, in my opinion, a sure cure. I was afflicted for 25 years, and never before found sure relief. W. H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.

THE worst punishment you can inflict on a Chinaman who has committed a crime is to exqueues him.—*Lowell Courier.*

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

YOU would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

[illegible]'s Rosalia Salve is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price 25c.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

LADIES, buy for your husbands, brothers and sons Cheltithion Collars and Cuffs and save trouble in washing.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Is infallible when the scalp is annoyed with dandruff. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

TWELVE HOURS AFTER.

MR. HENRY BARNES, the Tea and Coffee Merchant, 30 Houston Street, New Haven, Conn., writes on May 10, 1883: "It is with feeling of gratitude, and a desire to benefit my fellow man that I write you these few lines as a testimony to the value of the greatest of all medicines. Eight years have I been a sufferer from kidney disorder and inflammation of the bladder. Sometimes when passing water the pains were something terrible, a scalding, burning sensation, with retention of urine, with sharp pains in my side, loins, and back, extending clear to the back of my head, tended to make life miserable. I have been treated by a number of our best physicians, and have used any number of proprietary medicines, all to no avail, obtaining no relief. How long I would have continued in this way I do not know. In fact I despaired of getting relief, until a neighbor, who had been very much benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy, advised me to try it; and, although I had no faith that it would reach my case, yet as he spoke so highly of its great merits I decided to give it a trial, and the use has been attended with the very best possible results. Twelve hours after taking the first dose I experienced relief. I continued on in its use until I had used five bottles, when all the pains had vanished, my otherwise good health returned, and I am free from all pains, and am a well man. I am confident my cure has resulted from the use of Hunt's Remedy, and that alone.

"What it has done for me I am positive it will do for others. You are at liberty to use my name if this letter in any manner you see fit."

HURT BY A FALL.

When only a boy some thirteen years old I was hurt quite badly by a fall, and severely injured my back and kidneys, and was doctored by our best physicians, and tried many remedies, and they all failed, until Hunt's Remedy was recommended to us by friends that had used it here in Manchester with the greatest success. We purchased a bottle from Z. Foster Campbell's drug store, and found that I improved very rapidly; was relieved of the pains in back, and after using several bottles found that I was completely cured, and I can not overestimate the good Hunt's Remedy has done me, and can most heartily recommend it to those troubled with kidney complaints; and you can use this letter as you choose.

Respectfully yours,
ALONZO P. MARSHALL,
19 Orange St., Manchester, N. H., May 7, 1883.

In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has been found a potent safeguard ... for sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES. [illegible] T. H. GROWAND & CO., [illegible] Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHICAGO SCALE CO. 151 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill. 2-Ton Wagon Scale, $40; 4-Ton $60; "Little Detective," $3. Send for Price List.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

A Dangerous Case.

" " ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882.—" Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most intense and deathly pains in my back and —Kidneys.

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony.

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The doctors tried in vain to relieve me. But to no purpose.

"Morphine and other opiates

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

"The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work, as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that was ever known. I called the doctors again, and after several weeks, they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again. In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since. It also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and hearty with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used.

J. J. BERK, Ex-Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife!
"Sister!
"Mother!
"Or Daughter!
"Can be made the picture of health with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!
"*Will you let them suffer?*"

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAY-FEVER

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

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Steam Engines

and STEAM BOILERS, smaller sizes adapted to

Farm and Plantation Use!

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MILL STONES. Under & Upper Runner Mills. J. W. Pryor's Purifier, Bolting & Bolting Cloth, BELTING, SHAFTING, PULLEYS and GEARING. Wheat Cleaning Machinery of all makes. [illegible] THOS. BRADFORD & CO., 174, 176 and 178 W. Second St., Cincinnati, O.

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[illegible] THE JOHN WILKINSON CO., 77 and 79 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Binder Tablet, with Envelopes, [illegible] by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

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A FORTUNE Sample for stamp. Lady or gent $10 per day. Smith & Brown, P. Saginaw, Mich.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Sure Cure Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

RUBBER STAMPS, with your name, 30 cents. [illegible] Agents Wanted. [illegible] THALMAN M'F'G Co., Baltimore, Md.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

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Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

The Peculiar Old Mystery!

It was one of the peculiarities of the old-fashioned Doctors that they never would tell patients what they were prescribing for them. They said it would do the patients no good to know, and that it would only be gratifying a foolish curiosity. In order to keep patients from knowing, they would write the prescriptions in dog-Latin, so that most patients could not read them. All that sort of thing is now over. The patient wants to know what he takes. He is weak, and wants to be strong, or he is dyspeptic, and wants to digest well. Or he has a troublesome liver which he wants to put to rights. So he takes Brown's Iron Bitters about which there is no mystery at all. This is the best preparation of iron in the world, in combination with gentle yet efficient tonics. It gives strength. It builds up enfeebled systems. It enriches impoverished blood. It removes feminine weaknesses. It casts out debility. It is what YOU want, and your druggist has it.

SOMETHING EVERY LADY OUGHT TO KNOW.

There exists a means of securing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless article, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vulgar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not suspected by anybody.

No lady has the right to present a disfigured face in society when the Magnolia Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents.

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. [illegible] For free book, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

Wanted Agents Male and female for new book, "Daughters of America." Low in price. 50c. will secure an outfit and agency. Address FORBES & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl St., New York.

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