San Marcos Free Press.

I. H. JULIAN, "Prove All Things; Hold Fast that which is Good." PROPRIETOR.

15TH YEAR. SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1888. NUMBER 11.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Free Press Recognized by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., as Ahead as an Advertising Medium.

The well known advertising agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York City, have issued an annual Newspaper Directory for thirty years or more, and these publications have been generally recognized as authority as to the mattter of newspaper circulation. In the regular issues of the Directory they have included all the newspapers published in the United States and Canada. Quite recently, however, they have issued a condensed list. It gives only *the best* newspapers as advertising mediums, and hence is practically better, because more convenient, than their larger Directory. Four-fifths of the newspapers of the United States are practically "counted out" by intelligent advertisers, who only want to know *the best*. Hence the value of the work under notice. The publishers in the preface well say:

"It sifts the wheat from the chaff. It directs the attention of an advertiser toward papers which he should and ought to use, and tends to intercept a portion of that patronage which goes to publications which post greatly in excess of any power to benefit which they possess. It takes the general ground, that the best is the cheapest."

We need scarcely say that on this plan, the FREE PRESS is given by this book (see page 158) as *the* advertising medium of San Marcos and Hays county, it being *the only one on the list*. We respectfully invite the attention of advertisers, both at home and abroad, to this fact.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Legal and Transient Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for each additional insertion. A square is the space of one inch. Fractional squares will be counted as full squares.

Advertisements for three months or more will be charged at the following rates:

No. of Squares.	3 mos	6 mos	1 yr.
One square.....	$4 50	$8 00	$12 00
Two squares.....	8 00	12 00	20 00
Three squares.....	10 00	15 00	25 00
One-fourth column	15 00	25 00	40 00
One-half column...	25 00	40 00	60 00
One colum.....	40 00	65 00	100 00

Yearly advertisers allowed the privilege of quarterly change.

Business Cards, one inch or less, one year, $8. Cards in Business Directory, one year, $2.

Local and business notices will be charged ten cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements for Schools, Churches and Benevolent Societies, half rates.

Marriage and Obituary Notices, of over ten lines, charged as advertisements.

Calls upon candidates, their replies and their circulars, and all notices of a personal character, (if at all admissible into our columns), will be charged as advertisements.

A cross mark upon the paper indicates that the time for which the subscription was paid has expired.

All advertisements and subscriptions due in advance.

Any of our friends would do us a special favor by giving us the names of any persons within their knowledge who would be likely to subscribe for the FREE PRESS, so that we may send specimen copies to such persons.

Our terms for announcing candidates are $15 for state and district offices, $5 for county offices, and $3 for precinct and municipal. Terms, cash.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL.

CONGRESSMAN—8TH DISTRICT:
Hon. L. W. Moore, of Fayette County.
SENATOR—25TH DISTRICT:
Hon. W. H. Burges, of Guadalupe Co.
REPRESENTATIVES—91ST DISTRICT:
Hon. Geo. T. McGehee, of Hays Co.
Hon. J. L. Ellison, of Caldwell Co.
DISTRICT COURT—22ND DISTRICT.
Hon. H. Teichmueller, Presiding Judge, LaGrange
M. Bethany, Attorney, Austin Co.
TIMES OF HOLDING COURT.
Hays.—1st Mondays in March and September. May continue three weeks.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
Ed. R. Kone, Judge County Court.
Jas. G. Burleson, Dist. and County Clerk.
S. B. McBride, County Attorney.
Jas. A. Wren Sheriff, J. M. Turner Deputy.
C. S. Cock, Justice of the Peace Pre. No. 1
E. A. Vaughn, " " " " " 2
H. C. Hubbs, " " " " " 3
J. C. Rowe, " " " " " 4
W. W. Slack, " " " " " 5
J. H. Patterson, County Treasurer.
R. S. Fortson, Assessor.
Otto Gross, Surveyor.
W. L. Owen Com'r Precinct No. 1
E. A. Vaughn " " " 2
H. C. Hubbs, " " " 3
Peter Schmitt, " " " 4
W. L. Steel, Constable precinct No. 1
J. Nolen, " " " 2
Jepp Benson, " " " 3
S. H. Stone, " " " 4
TIMES OF HOLDING COUNTY AND PRECINCT COURTS—County Court for Criminal, Civil and Probate business—4th Mondays in January, April, July, October.
Commissioners' Court—2d Mondays in February, May, August and November.
Justice Court, Precinct No. 1—Last Monday in each month, at San Marcos.
Precinct No. 2—2d Friday in each month Mt. City.
" " 3—3d " Wimberley's Mill.
" " 4—4th Sat. Dripping Springs.
TOWN OFFICERS.
Mayor—Hammett Hardy.
Council—W. D. Wood, G. W. Donalson, Gid Johnson, D. A. Glover, Nd. J. L. Green, P. J. C. Smith, Dan Holbein and Roger Byrne.
Marshal—Wm. H. Lyell.
Street Commissioner—J. W. Danforth.
Council meets the first Tuesday in each month.
Public School Trustees meet first Tuesday in each month at the Mayor's office.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST.—Preaching at the Methodist Church every Sabbath, Rev. W. H. H. Biggs, Pastor. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Singing at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday. Young Men's prayer meeting on Monday night.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at the Baptist Church every Sunday. Rev. W. D. Beverley, Pastor. Sunday School at 2:30 a. m. Young men's prayer-meeting Tuesday night. Congregational prayer-meeting Wednesday night.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 2nd and 4th Sundays each month. pastor. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited to attend.

CHRISTIAN.—Elder Pastor. Sunday School at 9 a. m. A cordial invitation extended to all.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Rev. N. H. Fuller, Pastor. Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays in each month. Sunday school every Sunday.

CATHOLIC.—services 4th Sunday in each month. Rev. Father Smith Pastor.

MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF, TO AND FROM SAN MARCOS POST OFFICE.

Mails from Austin arrive at 8:15 a. m. and 8:55 p. m.; close at 9:45 a. m. and 4:25 p. m.
Mails from San Antonio arrive at 9:15 a. m. and 8:55 p. m.; close at 9:45 a. m. and 7:35 p. m.
Lockhart, arrives at 10 M., closes at 11:30, P. M.
Above mails arrive and depart daily.
Kyle, via Wimberley—departs Tuesday and Friday at 6 A. M. Arrives Monday and Thursday at 7 P. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

General Delivery from 8 A. M., to 12 M., and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. except during distribution of mails and on Sundays and holidays. Open on Sundays thirty minutes after distribution of each of the principal mails.

H. A. McNEARS, P. M.

DR. N. M. NYE

DENTIST.

Johnson Building, on the Square.

Special attention given to Diseases of the Mouth and Facial Neuralgia.

Office in New Braunfels the last Thursday and Friday in each month mr8ly

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANKERS.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN Marcos, North side Plaza.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of San Marcos, Southeast Corner Plaza.

LAWYERS.

S. B. McBRIDE, Att'y and Land Agent. Office over First National Bank, San Marcos.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

I. H. JULIAN, Judge Wood's New Building, Upstairs.

DENTISTS.

DR. J. H. COMBS, Judge Wood's New Building, upstairs.

DRUGGISTS.

RAYNOLDS & DANIEL, North side Plaza.

DRY GOODS.

ED. J. L. GREEN, at the old stand of Green & Price, Southeast Corner Plaza.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

P. T. TALBOT, Next door to First National Bank.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Mitchell Building, North side plaza.

DAILEY & BRO., Southwest Corner Plaza.

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.

E. S. MACKIN, Near Northeast corner Plaza.

GROCERIES.

R. W. LEAVELL, South side Public Plaza.

THOMAS TAYLOR East Side Plaza.

HARDY & CO., North side Plaza

TINWARE.

M. B. OWNBY, Northeast of Public Square.

FURNITURE.

J. W. NANCE, Southeast Corner of Public Square.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELERS.

W. H. ROBBINS, North side Plaza.

GROCERIES & HARDWARE.

WM. GIESEN, South side plaza.

MILLINERY.

MRS. RICHARDSON, between First National Bank Building and Nance's Furniture Store.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

J. R. PORTER, East Side the Square.

Our Clubbing List for 1888.

We are prepared to club the FREE PRESS to new or renewing subscribers with the following publications at the rates specified below, if ordered at the same time with our paper. In the first column we give the regular price of each publication singly, in the second the price of the same and the FREE PRESS together.

	Singly.	With the Free Press.
Austin Statesman.....	$1 00	$ 2 85
Galveston News.....	1 25	3 00
N. Y. Weekly World.....	1 00	2 75
St. Louis Republican	1 00	2 90
N. Y. Ledger.....	3 00	4 60
New Orleans Times Democrat..	1 50	3 10
Louisville Courier Journal.....	1 50	3 10
Texas Siftings	2 50	3 60
Farm and Ranch.....	1 00	2 50
Detroit Free Press	1 00	3 00
Saturday Evening Post.....	2 00	3 50
New York Observer	3 15	4 90
Atlanta Constitution.....	1 50	3 10
American Agriculturist.....	1 50	3 10
Scientific American	3 20	4 65
Century Magazine.....	4 00	5 50
St. Nicholas	3 00	4 50
Harper's Young People.....	1 50	3 25
Youth's Companion	1 75	3 65
Atlantic Monthly.....	4 00	5 30
Lippincott's Magazine.....	2 00	3 34
Eclectic Magazine	5 00	6 50
Phrenological Journal.....	2 00	3 30
Peterson's Magazine.....	2 00	3 50
Popular Science Monthly	5 00	6 00
Harper's Monthly.....	4 00	5 35
" Weekly.....	4 00	5 35
" Bazar.....	4 00	5 40
Godey's Lady's Book.....	2 00	3 75
Demorest's Monthly.....	2 00	3 50
Ballou's Magazine.....	1 50	3 20
Golden Days.....	3 00	4 35
Our Little Ones.....	1 50	3 40
Home and Farm.....	50	2 40

Any other Paper or Periodical not included in the above list, furnished at proportionate rates, or ordered separately at publishers' prices, free of charge and postage prepaid in all cases.

The many losses caused by failures, robbery of and petty thefts out of the mails, make it absolutely necessary to send considerable sums by postal order, registered letter or draft.

The safe arrival of all publications guaranteed.

If after a reasonable time any subscriber fails to receive the publication sent for, notify us by postal card that the error, if any, may be promptly corrected.

Our responsibility ceases when paper arrives with dates correctly credited, which is evidence the publisher has been paid

PURELY VEGETABLE.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,
Mental Depression, Colic.

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

No Household Should be Without It,

and, by being kept ready for immediate use, will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

THERE IS BUT ONE

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

See that you get the genuine with red "Z" on front of Wrapper. Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Sole Proprietors, Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, $1.00.

MERRELL'S FEMALE TONIC

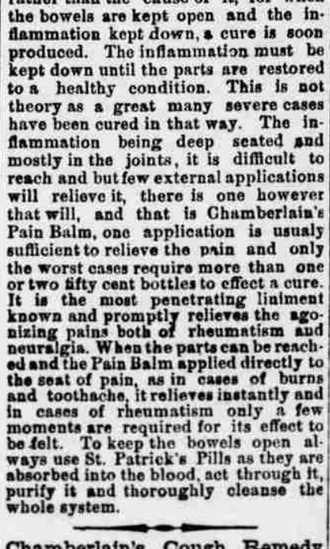
Is prepared solely for the cure of complaints which afflict all womankind. It gives tone and strength to the uterine organs, and corrects dangerous displacements and irregularities. It is of great value in change of life. The use of MERRELL'S FEMALE TONIC during pregnancy greatly relieves the pains of motherhood and promotes speedy recovery. It assists nature to safely make the critical change from girlhood to womanhood. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken at all times with perfect safety. Price, $1. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. J. S. MERRELL DRUG CO., Sole Prop., ST. LOUIS.

THE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM.

It is claimed that rheumatism is sometimes inherited but it is more likely that the persons presumed to inherit it are physicaly constituted the same as their parents and naturaly susceptible to it. If children are differently constituted from the afflicted parent they do not "inherit it." Biliousness is as much of an inheritance as rheumatism, as persons of a bilious temperament are most susceptible to it and they of course get their temperament from their parents. Other authorities claims that rheumatism is caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood. Others to taking cold when their is poison circulating in the blood, others that it is purely and solely a disease of the nervous system. It is well known that when persons have acute or inflammatory rheumatism the bowels are usualy constipated and the urine scanty, but is that not caused by the rheumatism rather than the cause of it, for when the bowels are kept open and the inflammation kept down, a cure is soon produced. The inflammation must be kept down until the parts are restored to a healthy condition. This is not theory as a great many severe cases have been cured in that way. The inflammation being deep seated and mostly in the joints, it is difficult to reach and but few external applications will relieve it, there is one however that will, and that is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, one application is usualy sufficient to relieve the pain and only the worst cases require more than one or two fifty cent bottles to effect a cure. It is the most penetrating liniment known and promptly relieves the agonizing pains both of rheumatism and neuralgia. When the parts can be reached and the Pain Balm applied directly to the seat of pain, as in cases of burns and toothache, it relieves instantly and in cases of rheumatism only a few moments are required for its effect to be felt. To keep the bowels open always use St. Patrick's Pills as they are absorbed into the blood, act through it, purify it and thoroughly cleanse the whole system.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Will cure a severe cold in less time than by any other treatment. It relieves the lungs, opens the secretions, renders the mucus less tenacious and easier to expectorate and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as a cold has been contracted and before it has become settled in the system, it will often cure what would have been a sever cold in a single day. It is a certain cure for crou"



For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

A Doubting Heart.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy Southern breeze
To bring them in their Northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the tomb, heedless of or tears or rain.
O, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft, white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will weary hours never leave the earth?
Oh, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angel's silver voices stir.

THE SEXTON'S STORY.

For the FREE PRESS.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

The train was beginning to move off as we reached the depot, but the Colonel sprang aboard, and mindful of my promise to Miss Jean, I followed him. He never glanced around, but taking a seat, bowed his head upon his hands. We ran on for some time; passing several unimportant stations, when, all at once, there was a shrill whistle, the train came to a stop, and every one was putting their heads out of the windows to see what was the matter. The conductor came through, saying the train just ahead of us had been wrecked, and all of the male passengers hurried to the scene of the accident. The train had fallen through a bridge and many of the coaches were piled upon each other, all broken and splintered in the greatest confusion. The people of the neighborhood were doing all they could to clear the wreck and assist those who were still alive. Many dead were laid out side by side, while the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, were fearful and heart-rending.

I don't know whether the Colonel knew I was following him or not; he expressed no surprise at seeing me. Side by side we looked among the dead and dying until we came upon the object of our search. Both were dead; the man crushed and mangled almost beyond recognition, the woman's fair face untouched in its marble beauty; a great beam lying across her breast telling how she met her death. As the Colonel stood over them with clinched hands, distorted face, and eyes blazing with maniacal fury, I raised my heart in gratitude to God, that he had been spared the awful deed it had been his purpose to commit. I touched him upon the shoulder.

"What shall be done, Colonel?"

He stared at me vacantly for a moment, while he removed his hat and passed his hand over his brow, where the great drops of cold perspiration were standing. His ashy lips moved and I heard him mutter:

"Take this cursed Jezebel and bury her, for she is the daughter of a king."

He turned to me after a moment. "There under that tree, John. The train is going to run back to the city for medical assistance and to carry all of the wounded that can be moved. I will return and leave it with you."

Procuring the assistance of a laborer, I proceeded with my ghastly task.

It was dark when I reached the city again, and I went homeward with a terrible foreboding of evil. Martha, my wife, met me at the door, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Oh, John, I thought you would never, never come! Such a terrible thing has happened. The Colonel came home crazed with drink, and when little Lillian climbed upon his knee—you know he was so fond of her—he hurled her from him with an oath. As she fell, her head struck the sharp corner of the mantel, and the doctor says she can only live a short time."

"Oh Miss Jean!"

I hurried up to Lillian's little room where she lay upon her snowy bed with closed eyes and panting breath. On one side knelt Miss Jean, with one of Lillian's little dimpled hands clasped in both of hers, while on the other, knelt the poor Colonel, with a stony look of horror and anguish upon his face. Near was the family physician, grave and sorrowful, while rocking to and fro at the hearth was old sable mammy Liza, grieving for her nursling. For some moments Lillian lay quiet, then a smile passed over her pale lips and the violet eyes unclosed,

"Oh Jeanie," she whispered, "don't you see the lilies? A whole garden full of pretty lilies. How big and white they are—how they glisten and shine."

Again she was silent for awhile, then the blue eyes unclosed for the last time.

"Don't you hear the music, Jeanie?" she said faintly. "Such beautiful music—and oh, Jeanie, don't you see! the lilies have turned into angels, with long white robes and golden harps and crowns. 'Tis the angels singing—they are calling me!" And with a little quivering of the lips, a little fluttering of the hands, little Lillian's pure spirit went to join the angels in the garden of lilies.

We led the poor Colonel unresistingly away, the light of reason gone forever, and I think it was in God's mercy that it was so.

Miss Jean was to have been married the next day to Mr. Charles Conyers, as staunch a young fellow as ever trod the earth. In her pretty chamber was the snowy robe, fleecy veil and orange blossoms waiting for the bride. She glanced in upon them once, then turned away with a tearless sob. "Put them all away, Martha," she said to my wife, with quivering lips. "I will never, never need them now."

Mr. Charles pleaded in vain, "No, it can not be," she said gently, "I love you too well to let you burden yourself with my misfortunes. I shall henceforth devote myself to my brother."

"But I would share your troubles Jean, and your brother shall be my tenderest care."

"Nay, you have not considered what it will be. I will not let you thus sacrifice yourself. I am only a sorrowful, broken woman now, seek one more suited to make you happy,"

And he replied: "There is but one woman in the world for me Jean." And though she tried to pursuaded herself to the contrary she had too much of a woman's heart in her bosom, not to feel in a measure happy and comforted at the assurance.

Then came the crash of the firm. Gresham, the Colonel's rascally partner, pocketed all of the available funds, and fled, leaving him to meet it alone. Everything went to satisfy the creditors, and renting an humble little cottage, Miss Jean procured a few music scholars, and took up the burden of life as best she could. It was very heavy for her slender strength though, and as she grew thinner and paler day by day, people began to remember there was consumption in the family, and to whisper that she was going like her mother. Mr. Charles came to me pale and troubled. "Don't you see how thin and pale Jean is growing, John?" said he, with a throb in his strong voice; "I feel that she is drifting from me day by day, while I am powerless to keep her."

Don't the good book say something about the Captain of our salvation being made perfect through suffering, Miss? Well some how that thought will get into my head whenever I think of Miss Jean. But her cup of sorrow was not full yet, for one dreary day last autumn, they carried Mr. Frederick's mangled remains home; he had been run over and killed while in a drunken spree.

After that Mr. Charles, who had risen to success in his profession, renewed his entreaties, and at last conquered. He came to me only the other day, smiling and radiant. "Congratulate me, John, I have won at last, Jean has consented. Tell Mrs. Martha to bake us a huge wedding cake, and be sure you eat a goodly slice John. Please God we will try and bring back the roses to her cheeks, and the old glad light to her dear tired eyes."

After the failure of the firm, I procured the position as attendant of the grounds here, more for the purpose of looking after the Colonel, than anything else. Every day he comes and sits by little Lillian's grave, murmuring to himself about the lilies and the angels; and every day he says to me, with such a wistful sigh, that he is waiting and listening for the song of the angels to call him away to join his little girl in the garden of lilies.

Ah, there come Miss Jean and Mr. Charles now, Miss. You may be very sure he is never far from her side."

From the opposite direction, came a gentleman, and with him a lady in deep mourning; observing them, the poor Colonel rose and ran to meet them with the glee of a child.

"Perfect through suffering!" Yes, it was touchingly expressed by the pure, spiritual face, with its patient mouth, deep blue eyes and low white brow, shaded with waving, golden auburn hair. And Mr. Charles, was he handsome? Well not after the outward form, perhaps, but there was the beauty of a true, tender soul shining from the clear depths of his dark gray eyes, and written in every line of the grave, quiet face.

Thanking the man softly, I clasped little Pearlie's hand, and stole silently away, feeling purer and better, from having listened to the story of the saintly Jean and her loyal lover. LIZZIE S. LEAVELL.

San Marcos, Texas.

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

Freddy is an uncle, though a very young one, indeed. His relationship to the two still more youthful specimens of humanity that he calls nephews adds so much to his own self-importance that he has sometimes to be cautioned against selfishness when the three are playing together. These warnings have sunk deep in his mind, and in making known his needs in the way of Christmas presents a prospective visit of his nephews was carefully provided for in the following prayer: "Oh Lord I want a rocking horse for Christmas, if you please. You'd better send three, as I want to use mine all the time."—Harper's Bazar.

A DAY WITH WHITTIER.

The Last Years of a Good Man.

Andover Letter to the Philadelphia Press.

John Greenleaf Whittier passed his eightieth mile post amid the benedictions of the people and surrounded by many tokens of respect. As I entered the house on "Oak Knoll" on the poet's birthday, gallant Joseph Cortland, of Newburyport, well known among Philadelphia Quakers and around Haverford College, came out, escorting, with true colonial gallantry, a lady to the carriage in waiting. This plainly dressed woman possessed a face not beautiful but suggestive, and as she was whirled away and disappeared among the trees, with a merry twinkle in her eyes and a ringing laugh, she waved farewell to the silver haired husband of Gertrude Cortland, who stood upon the piazza. That was Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who came over from Andover to pay her respects to our "dearest poet."

Within was a scene long to be remembered. There was no formality, everybody was happy and yet there was a perceptible under-current of regret, for Whittier was eighty years of age. Alas, "the years of our life are threescore years and ten." The spacious dining room was filled with a merry throng of people, many flowers, good coffee, and good things to eat. Jolly Governor Ames, in pure Puritanic fashion, stood at the head of the table and cut the fruit cake.

And now here comes Whittier himself and mingles with the throng—the author of "Snow Bound" and "Mogg Megone," of "Toussaint l'Ouverture," and the first of any living American poets. His step is surprisingly firm, his eye twinkling with gratitude. He and the governor had some innocent sport, which consisted in sprightly repartee in which the good poet showed himself no mean master. After many farewells had been said, we sat down and talked, and what a delightful conversation it was! We looked into the deepening gloom, which tenderly settling over "Oak Knoll." The wind soughed over through the pines. I looked up into that sweet face with the wrinkles of eighty years upon it, and said: "Mr. Whittier, you surely are very happy to-day, surrounded as you are with touching tokens of appreciation."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I am happy, but—but—" he faltered as he turned away to hide the gathering tears, "it is my last birthday. It will soon be over."

He gazed away toward the sea—and the gloom was deeper. "How absurd," he added, "to pay such tribute to me! It is entirely overdone." Mr. Whittier's exceeding modesty was often illustrated during the day. Some one sent a lovely laurel crown, which was placed over the oil portrait of himself. This painting represents Whittier as a young man, and is one of his favorite pictures. The modest old man observed this crown over the picture, and when an opportunity presented itself, took the crown down and hid it. His friends, after a search, found and replaced it, but the good poet failed to recognize it the second time.

In the evening we were gathered in the west parlor and Mr. Whittier was in good spirits after a day of excitement. Charles Coffin had lost his Quaker-Blaine hat and wanted to go home. Finally, after a long search, somebody intimated that Mr. Whittier had appropriated it for his own use, but he was equal to the occasion and advised Mr. Coffin to take the next hat he could find in the house, as he had too many hats already. He arose at one time, and, standing erect in the room surrounded by fragrant flowers and elegant souvenirs, he exclaimed, "How shall I tell these dear friends how thankful I am! I will write something for all." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. presented their distinguished patron with a life-sized etching of Mr. Whittier inclosed within an elegant frame of polished wood. They also sent a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers. The Hampton school sent a painting framed by the Indian boys, who cut his name in the frame. A town named after Whittier, in California, sent its first paper printed on fine silk, and there were hundreds of costly and touching souvenirs of respect, which Mr. Whittier showed me with evident interest.

In the course of a conversation he referred to the battle he fought for the slaves and recounted some of the scenes he went through during the anti-slavery struggle. "I remember distinctly upon one occasion," he said, "we held a great meeting in Tremont Temple. That was when the voice of Abbie Folsom was heard in New England. We were divided as to the means of settling the difficulty and there was great confusion. Tremont Temple presented a wild scene on that memorable night. It looked as though there would be bloodshed. Upon the platform, with many others, sat William Lloyd Garrison, whose head was quite bald; beside him sat Mr. Burleigh, whose heavy locks fell upon his shoulders. A negro was also present on the platform, and this negro wanted to speak. At the critical moment a man arose in the rear end of the house and began to shout: 'Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker.' Finally he got a hearing, and he said: 'I only wish to say a word. I want that negro to shave Burleigh and make a wig for William Lloyd Garrison.' It was enough. The house roared with laughter and trouble was averted while good humor was restored." The aged poet laughed heartily as he told the story, bringing both hands down on his knees.

Finally the subject of matrimony was referred to, and a cloud gathered over his face. "Ah," he said, "I was so interested in my poetry and in the slavery struggle that I permitted those golden days to go by without getting married, and now I am sorry;" and the old man hung his head in silence.

Col. F. W. A. Robie, of Plymouth, N. H., has served continuously as a Justice of the Peace forty-six years.

One small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

The great Lick telescope in California will bring the reflection of the moon within thirty miles of the earth.

Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Largest bottle in the market. Sold by all druggists.

What's the tariff got to do with it, anyhow? Just look at ladies' bonnets, how high they are; and yet there is very little protection about them.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Chicago woman attempted suiside in an original way. She placed her lips over a gas burner and then turned on the illuminant.

There can be no death without a cause. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

A sweet potato measuring four feet one inch in length and two inches in diameter, was exhibited in East Gainesville, Ga., recently.

Regulate the Regulator. Impure blood is dangerous. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier. Largest bottle on the market.

Chicago, in consequence of using bituminous coal, has become almost as smoky and sooty a place of abode as Pittsburg formerly was.

Mistress—"Did you put the coal on the stove, Bridget?" New Importation—"I did, Mum, but it will be sum toime before it gits hot, fur ther fire's out."—Tid-Bits.

The cowboys of the West frequently dye their dogs different colors. The most brilliant specimens of dyed dogs are colored a superb tint of sky blue.

To every bird its own nest is charming. How happy our homes if only health abide with us. Keep that dread visitor, Consumption away by using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It drives the seeds of the disease out of the system.

A Toledo baggageman, who checked an old lady's trunk about seven years ago, has just been left a legacy of $13,000 by the grateful woman.

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To thoroughly cure scrofula it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid. Thousands who have been cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla, testify to its wonderful blood-purifying qualities. Sold by all druggists.

At the Church Sociable: Vivacious Young lady—"Guess what we are going to have to-night. Mrs. Bascom—charades." Mrs. Bascom—"I knowed it! I smelt 'em clear out to the gate."—Burlington Free Press.

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