

The day that is the night of days,
With cannon fire for sun and stars,
We spy from any billow's lift,
And England still this tidal drift
Would she be sainted forsooth now
A space before the thunder's flood,
That martyr of its hour might now
Spare her the tears of blood?

Asleep upon her ancient deers,
She hugs the vision plithora bleeds,
And counts her manifold increase
Of treasure in the fruits of peace.

What curse on earth's improvident,
When the dread trumpet shatters rest,
Is wreaked, she knows, yet smiles content
As cradle rocked from breast.

She, implous to the Lord of Hosts,
The valor of her offspring boasts,
Mindless that now on land and main
His heeded prayer is active brain.

No more great heart may guard the home,
Savered and armed and skilled to cleave
Yon swallower wave with shroud of foam,
We see not distant heaven.

They stand to be her sacrifice,
The sons this mother flings like dice,
To face the odds and brave the Fates;
As in those days of stary dates,

When cannon cannon's counterblast
Awakened, muzzle muzzle bowled,
And high in swathe of smoke the mast
Its fighting rag outrolled.

—George Meredith in London Athenaeum.

An Amusing Trick.
Select a boy who will be easy to manage and seat him at a table with a goblet between his teeth.

Now tell him to groan and make other doleful sounds, still keeping the glass between his teeth.

This part of the performance having passed off, say to him, "I think, my friend, that the results would be more satisfactory if I should cover your head with this towel."

Accordingly his head is then enveloped in a cloth on which two marks have been previously made with charcoal to represent the eyes.

Care must be taken that the glass is still kept between his teeth.

When all is ready he is told to continue to make the sounds he had made before. If all goes well the resonance of the sounds, amplified by the presence of the glass and the curious aspect of the boy, will form a combination quite sufficient to please the most exacting.

—New York World.

Persian Tombak.
Tombak is a narcotic, which is known under the name of Nicotiana Persica.

and is cultivated in Persia exclusively, in the provinces of Chiraz, Kechan and Isphahan. Its quality varies with the place of production. The best tombak is that which is derived from Chiraz.

The production of this province varies between 1,500 and 2,000 bales a year, which is almost entirely consumed by members of the imperial family.

Tombak of this superior quality is not very abundant, and the price paid for it is about fifty or sixty francs the bale, the bale being equivalent to 2.8 pounds avoirdupois.

The province of Kechan produces the second quality of Persian tombak. With small leaves like the Chiraz tombak the product of Kechan is not even so abundant.

—Kew Bulletin.

An Old English Institution.
We have quite lost the mughouse. This was a kind of music hall.

a large room where only men were admitted, and where ale or stout was the only drink consumed. Every man had his pipe; there was a president. A harp played at one end of the room, and out of the company present one after the other stood up to sing.

Between the songs there were toasts and speeches, sometimes of a political kind, and the people drank to each other from table to table.

—Walter Besant in Harper's.

From a Scotchman's Sermon.
We are told to love our enemies; but we are not told to like them. I don't like my enemies. I dislike them very much.

But (with this a careful glance) I love them. And I shall ever be ready to show my love to them by trying to get them severely punished, that they may be led to repent of their behavior toward me.

—Reminiscences.

See Poison for Rheumatism.
Experiments on the stings of an antipode for rheumatism are interesting.

Dr. Aaron Miller has virtually found the sting of bees an antidote to very severe rheumatic pains to which he was subject. Although several years ago he was so severely afflicted with rheumatism, and found it quite efficacious.

—New York Journal.

The Difference.
A woman will eat anything without complaining, while a man will begin to backslide whenever the cooking goes wrong.

But when it comes to the fit of a garment that doesn't suit her, she has opinions that can no more be held in check than you can put mittens on a landslide.

—Ran's Horn.

They Never Met.
"Is it true," asked a sympathetic friend, "that you met with another accident on the street yesterday?"

"No, sir," said the victim surlily, "it isn't. I'm not meeting these accidents at all; they're following me up, d'ye hear—following me up!"

—St. Joseph Daily News.

Little Pet Explained.
Mamma (with her best company smile) —Why do you raise your feet so high, my pet, when you walk across the floor?

Little Daughter—I'm afraid I'll kick up zat new rug an show the holes wat's under it.

—Good News.

It is not likely that, save in Russia, Persia and China, there will again be such dreadful loss of life as has been experienced from the failure of the crops.

The railways of the United States provide a living for nearly 3,000,000 persons, or nearly one-twentieth of the population of our country.

Love that is love is not venerated or grained timber, but is solid oak clear through, and is never one bit afraid of the auger or buzz saw.

In the parrot's beak both mandibles are movable—a peculiarity unknown in other species of birds.

A Queer Belle.

Some years since Lieutenant Peary, who is now somewhere in the frozen north, had charge of certain government works at Key West. While the work was in progress he noticed on the bottom of the harbor, near where a breakwater was being built, something which shone through the water.

He inquired what it was, but he was able to get no response more satisfactory than the assurance that it had always been there.

The boatmen of the neighborhood had seen it shining there in their childhood, and had in turn been assured by their fathers that it had been there all their time.

Although the inhabitants of that subtropical clime might be content to live and die with an unsolved mystery at their very doors, it will easily be understood that the temper of Lieutenant Peary was different.

He sent down to investigate and after much difficulty succeeded in bringing to light a small copper cannon of the Fifteenth century. He was able to satisfy all the claims of the government to the piece for the price of old copper and the interesting relic became his own.

—Boston Courier.

A Gallant Kentuckian.

When the name of Mrs. Mary Brown Day was before the Kentucky legislature the other day for election as state librarian Senator Mulligan made this fervid and chivalrous plea in the lady's behalf:

"The storied stream that surges near us, floating on its bosom a full, round century of history, poetry, tradition, was broader, deeper, clearer than now; these old hills that tower above us were greener, loftier, yet easier climbed; this old pile was stately, majestic; men were braver, youth more heroic, lassies were fairer, may I be pardoned for at least believing? and amid that trooping throng of maidens, more beautiful than the nymphs of Thessalian groves, purer than the virgins who fed the sacred flames on Ephesian altars, brighter in glance and smile than the beam of Venus, happy as the wild birds that twittered around them, the echo of these hills repeating, but adding no sweetness to their laughter, the most winsome and beloved, gentlest, bonniest, best, was she whom we so love to remember as Mary Brown Russell."

She was elected. —New York Post.

Sharp New Yorkers.

Your New Yorker is a witty individual. His sense of humor is as broad and rollicking as his conversation is keen and crisp.

He may be a small boy in frayed knickerbockers crying "wuxtra" on the street; a fakir on Broadway selling patent collar buttons or a broker on 'change—the same Attic salt and laconic brevity flavor his remarks, tempered with a sense of humor that robs his sharpest thrust of half its sting.

"Here, young man," said Russell Sage one day, as he held out a nickel to a fakir who had dropped his box of tin watches on the stone coping of the Trinity churchyard fence and dodged, at the risk of life and limb, after the old man's hat, which had blown half way across the street.

The fakir knew the multimillionaire, but had evidently not reckoned on the thrift which helped win the millions.

"Thank ye, Mister Sage," he said, as the size of the reward dawned upon him. "Wait a minnit an I'll give you yer change."

Deacon Sage hurried away and the bystanders laughed. —New York Recorder.

Onions and Garlic for Luncheon.

Neither the German nor the Irishman is averse to onions mingled with his food. The Italian eats the onion like an apple.

A chunk of bread and two onions is luncheon enough for an Italian ditch digger or pile driver. All of these demand their full midday hour, and if nothing better offers curl up with their hands on a stone or pile of boards and take a nap.

The Polish and Russian Hebrews take no luncheon at all unless they work near home, when they go home and eat with their families.

They work hard, and their stomachs are full, and their heads are clear, and their hands are strong, and their hearts are merry, and their lives are long.

These they take time of from time to time as they are hungry. These men work mostly among themselves. When they come in contact with other nationalities, and particularly in the factories where they work with girls, there is a loud outcry against their garlic.

—New York Evening Sun.

Nourishment by Bathing.

"It is well known that the skin is a great absorbent, and nutrition even can be conveyed through its agency," said a trained nurse. "A physician once ordered a beef tea bath for a child that I was nursing, who was apparently dying of some exhaustive bowel trouble, and with admirable effect. And I myself have found that rubbing delicate persons with warm olive oil is an excellent tonic. If I had the charge of a puny, sickly baby I should feel inclined to give it oil baths instead of water baths, and try the effect. The oil is quite as cleansing, and it stands to reason that such tiny beings, particularly if they are badly nourished, should not have the natural oil of the body continually washed away."

—New York Tribune.

Rats in an English School.

An infant school at Dover has been closed on account of the number of rats which infest it. The vermin had become so bold that they scamped about in the most impudent fashion while the children were engaged upon their lessons, and there was no remedy but granting a holiday and in the meantime exterminating the plague.

—London Tit-Bits.

A New Cure.

Will—Hello! I thought you were down with la grippe.

Fred—I was, but a burglar cured me.

Will—Expain.

Fred—The fellow was in my house last night; I collared him and held on until I lost my grip.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Sir Morell Mackenzie in Berlin.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's death recalled the placidity of that eminent surgeon amid the series of extraordinary insults and antagonistic demonstrations in Berlin during the illness of the late Kaiser Frederick. I have seen the people in Berlin throw mud at the carriage of the English doctor, who was popularly supposed to be murdering the German kaiser, and he was subjected to insults without number whenever he appeared in the crowded streets of the German capital.

The bitterness of the emperor's physicians was so keen that it transcended all bounds of medical etiquette, and Sir Morell's life at Charlottenburg at one time was only saved from continued and unbearable insults by the protection of the kaiser's English wife.

The Empress Frederick was a firm believer in her countryman's skill, and she prevailed in the end. After the mist of the medical battle had cleared away it was found that the skill of Sir Morell Mackenzie had been justified, and laurels were piled high upon his brow.

He was a typical surgeon in manner, for nothing ever had the slightest effect upon his deep seated and natural tranquility of manner.—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

Extraordinary Capture of a Hawk.

On one of the cold mornings during the cold spell a large hawk pounced upon one of Benjamin Haller's tame ducks that at the time were in a pool of fresh, unfrozen water in the canal bed a short distance beyond the "third lock" at Macedonia. The hawk fastened its claws around the neck of the fowl close to its body, but the duck was in deep water, and true to its nature it ducked and drew the hawk with it under the water.

Again the duck dove, which was too much for his hawkship. The hawk released its hold on the duck and with difficulty flopped its way to the shore. The weather was cold and froze the feathers of the hawk together so that it could not fly. William Haller was a witness of the capture and escape game between the hawk and duck, and when it was all over he took a hand at the game by capturing the hawk. The bird measured 3 feet 6 inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other wing.—Junia Valley Sentinel.

LEMONT FLIXID.

A Pleasant Lemon Drink.
For biliousness and constipation, take Lemont Elixir.

For indigestion and foul stomach take Lemont Elixir.

For sick and nervous headaches, take Lemont Elixir.

For sleeplessness and nervousness, take Lemont Elixir.

For loss of appetite and debility, take Lemont Elixir.

For fevers, chills and Malaria, take Lemont Elixir.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. H. MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

50c. and \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists.

Lemon Hot Drops.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Horeness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases.

An elegant and reliable preparation. 25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

April 16m

Pay for Writing Love Letters.

An old lawsuit is again occupying the attention of our court, and Judge Harney is at a loss how to rule on the points of the case, because he is unable to find any similar case on record. The case has been in our court several times, and it was supposed the matter had been dropped. Years ago Mrs. Nancy Martin, who then lived near Linden, secured the services of Miss Franklin Best, who lived with her, to write love letters for her, as she did not feel able to perform the task herself.

Miss Martin became acquainted with the defendant, and she was induced to write the letters for her, and she was paid for each letter.

When the defendant was arrested, she was found with a large quantity of letters, and she was charged with writing the same.

The court was divided on the question of whether or not she was guilty, and the case was referred to a jury.

The jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, and she was acquitted.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The court then ordered that the defendant should pay for the writing of the letters.

The Bluebird.

You may expect the bluebird any time after the sun passes the winter solstice. In his musical engagements it is not a matter of dates, but opportunity. It is never a matter of importunity. Who ever heard a bluebird's song out of season? It may be cold and snowy tomorrow, but his wings tremble in the nervous ecstasy of the present and he sings of the bit of spring that now is. When the storm comes then he is silent. He may flee before its breath or, if it is late in the season, he will folk his wing, unstrung his lute and unconcernedly wait till the vernal sun and wind shall come again. But let the merest slit of sunlight gash the cloud and he warbles forth his greetings. He has been accused of trying to force the season. But it is not that. He is such a lover of the very promises of nature that he is as happy in hope as fruition.

I found a group shivering against a March snowstorm, late, as the sun was sinking, and stopped to watch them pitying their distress. Suddenly there was some commotion, which I attributed to my presence and scrutiny—a low conversational chatter, a quivering of wings, a few fitting changes of position and then a gurgle of spring melody among the snowdrops. Astonished, I turned to where the sun should be, and there on the horizon's rim its half disk was burning like a beacon. Two minutes later it was out of sight, the air was gloomy, the snow fell on, but the morrow was a bluebird day indeed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

They Trusted in the Lord.

The two gangs of negroes from the southwest who have been stranded in this city within the past few days have displayed traits that are pleasing, and that have stirred up popular sympathy for them. Though they found, when they got here, that they could not get to Liberia, in Africa, by a ferryboat or a horse car for ten cents; though they and their pickaninnies were hungry, homeless and helpless in a strange city, though they did not know what to do or where to look for anything, it is interesting to learn that they did not whine or howl, or threaten to raise a rumpus, or to play havoc with most things, or even to let loose the dogs of war.

They stood out near the dock in the cold patiently; they held dialogue about the unknown; they were overjoyed when a policeman gave them advice; they blessed the good Lord when they got shinbone soup for nothing; they grew merry and sang the old melodies of the plantation when they were offered a free place to sleep in, and they laughed, prayed, grew humorous and exhorted each other because things were going quite tolerable in a country for which they started out on their way to the happy land of Liberia.

All of which is somewhat refreshing as things go in this world.—New York Sun.

A Peculiar Commission.

One of our Springfield artists, whose reputation for lifelike portraits is established, had an old lady walk into his studio the other morning with a queer commission. She was a quaint, odd figure, clad in an old style bombazine with a few straggling trimmings of rusty crimson, and she evidently was not familiar with city life. "Please, sir," she burst out, "I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

The artist looked at her for a moment, and then he said: "I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."

"I don't know what you mean, but I'll try to do it for you. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to paint my husband's portrait, and I want you to paint it in a way that will make me look like him when I see it."