THIS HEART OF MINE.

This heart of mine is sadly human,
And passion sweeps it oftentimes;
Shall earthly pleasures never fill it?
Or do I long for things sublime?

It flutters restless in my bosom,
As if it pined sad and alone.
Is it the poet's soul within me
That makes my spirit weep and moan?

My heart is empty of all pleasure—
Such pleasure as the world can give;
My path is shrouded still in darkness,
I've lived—and still—on hope I live.

My heart is tired with Hope's beguiling,
And Faith droops low with weary wing;
How long can Patience bear her burdens?
When shall these lips in rapture sing?
—Chicago Ledger.

THE CAPTAIN'S SHAWL.

For ten years the old Midget farm house had stood empty, the snows of winter piling themselves up against the threshold in January, the tiny moss pinks peeping through the drifts of dead leaves when the bland May sunshine came; and when, one day, Capt. Ezekiel Midget was seen sitting on a wooden milking stool, smoking his pipe, in front of the open door, the neighborhood all opened their eyes.

"Just come back from the east," said Deacon Robbins.

"Been a-livin' with pashas and effendis," said John Jenks, who had once heard a lecture on the east.

"Makin' his fortune, I calculate," observed Billy Thaxter.

"Don't look much like it," shrewd Mr. Munday. "He's got on the very same identickle coat he wore when he went away; I'd know them horn buttons if I was to see 'em in Jerusalem. And he hain't refurnished to signify; and there sut'nly ain't been no attempt to mend the broken fences, nor patch up the stun walls on the place."

Capt. Midget had commanded the Nancy Belle, a fishing schooner which cruised from Maine to Florida, and during one of his voyages he had fallen in with the captain of a Turkish vessel, and allowed himself to be tempted into the fer regions of the golden east.

After that all record ceased, except that now and then a rumor floated back of the captain's having been seen by stray travelers, seated cross legged on a cushion, smoking a prodigious chibouque, in the companionship of turbaned dignitaries and salaaming slaves!

But of all this the captain would bear no testimony.

"I did stay east a spell," was all that he would say, "but I can't say I liked it."

The captain's favorite niece, Lucy Ostrom, came down from Biddingham to live with him, and settle his house.

"I don't want things no different from what they be," said the thankless mariner.

"Oh, but you can't live so, uncle!" said Mrs. Ostrom. "And Nathan would just as lief come down and live here, as to work in the shoe factory at Biddingham."

A sharp attack of genuine Connecticut rheumatism accentuated Mrs. Ostrom's advice, and Capt. Ezekiel made no further objection to the plan.

"Lucy's a good creetur'," said he. "I guess I'd let her have her own way."

"Uncle, is it true?" Mrs. Ostrom asked, one day.

"Is what true?" retorted the old man, slowly, rubbing his swelled fingers with pine scented liniment.

"About your having a genuine cashmere shawl that once belonged to a great begum in Walowallah, in India?"

"Yes, it's true," said Capt. Ezekiel.

"Oh, uncle, where is it?"

"I left it in the bonded warehouse in New York," answered the old man.

"Was it very pretty, uncle?"

"Wal, it wasn't bad to look at."

Mrs. Ostrom's bright blue eyes sparkled.

"How I should like to see it!"

"Guess likely you would!" was the dry rejoinder.

"Uncle!"

"Wall!"

"What are you going to do with it?"

Capt. Ezekiel screwed up his face.

"Wal, I was calculatin' to hev it sold at auction at Biddingham, Friday week," he answered, slowly. "If orter'd fetch a deal o' money, that shawl. It's all sorts o' colors, and that fine ye can dror it through a weddin' ring, if so be ye've a mind to."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Ostrom.

The fame of the begum's shawl spread all through the place. Every woman in Bidding Center had some question to ask, or some statement to make in regard to it. Not a soul can secretly determined to put in a bid for the treasure.

"It's too bad you've had such ill luck this year, Nathan," said Mrs. Ostrom, with tears in her eyes. "I'd ha' liked that 'ere shawl."

"Well, well, Lucy, 'tain't everybody can have what they want in this world," said Lonest Nathan.

But in his secret heart he determined to draw his slender balance out of the Biddingham savings bank, and have a try for the prize coveted so ardently by his hard worked wife.

Her brother, Squire Samuel Gripps, also made the same resolve.

"Lucy shall hev that shawl if money'll buy it," said he. "She's always wanted a shawl. Ma' Gripps, she's too short and stout for that sort of thing, or else I guess she'd strike for the begum's shawl, too."

Printed circulars relating to the eastern treasure were tacked up on all the corner stores and upon the trees in front of the school houses, churches and toll gates, and when at last the all important day arrived, there was a crowd almost equal to that which was wont to assemble on the occasion of camp meetings and circuses.

Squire Samuel Gripps had authorized Bela Smith to bid on his behalf.

Mr. Ostrom, unwilling to be identified by his wife, engaged little Miss Peck, the dressmaker, to represent his interests.

Other householders, maidens and matrons, were there assembled, each and all determined to possess themselves of the scented Oriental treasure, which they then beheld for the first time.

A visible thrill passed through the throng as Jethro Dumbleby, the village auctioneer, held up the richly hued fabric.

"Come, gentlemen an' ladies," bawled Jethro, "here's a shawl worn by the lady of the president of them eastern kentries an' worth its weight in gold! Here's the Begum Badjer's shawl! Look at it—feel it. Come, gentlemen an' ladies, who'll start the begum's shawl as it orter be started."

"Fifty dollars!" bawled Dr. Drummond, who was supposed to have made a fortune in natural gas in Pennsylvania.

"Sixty!" bounced shouted Mr. Mudge, the dry goods man.

"Seventy!" piped Miss Peck.

"Eighty!" yelled Bela Smith.

From this the bidding ran up, after a most spirited fashion, to two—three—four hundred dollars. There it stood for a while, until Dr. Drummond, with a desperate effort, raised it to five hundred.

Mr. Mudge whispered with his wife, and nodded to the auctioneer to make it six.

Miss Peck withdrew, in obedience to a disguised signal from Mr. Ostrom.

"Seven hundred," said the squire in bold defiance of [illegible] the head.

"Seven hundred and fifty," said Mr. Jenkins, of Jenkins' Hall.

"One—two—sold!" bawled Nicodemus Slote, a recently prosperous resident, who had built a rubber factory in the ravine under the hill.

A dead silence fell on all the crowd. With one accord they stared at Mr. Slote, who stood there sleek, smooth shaven and smiling, his hat on the back of his head, his hands thrust into his pockets—Midas in a Nineteenth century costume.

"One thousand dollars is bid for this priceless treasure!" said Jethro Dumbleby. "Who'll give me more? It's given away at one thousand dollars, actually given away. I'm waitin' to hear some one say eleven hundred!"

But no one uttered the magic words. The begum's shawl was knocked down to Nicodemus Slote at $1,000. Its rich dyes and sandal wood scented folds were extinguished in a quaint eastern box, fastened together by old ivory rings, and carried off by Mr. Slote in a ponderous close carriage, drawn by two shining horses.

"I declare, it is too bad," said Squire Gripps.

Mr. Ostrom sighed and turned away.

"A thousand dollars is a thousand dollars," said he, "but I would have admired to see Lucy wearin' of that shawl."

Mrs. Slote appeared in church the next Sunday wrapped in the historic garment. Her strut was that of an overfed turkey hen; her soulline nose seemed to blow the air like the bow of some aerial boat.

Mrs. Ostrom had on her faded black beaver jacket, worn shiny at the seams. She was rather low spirited when she returned home.

"Mrs. Slote did look lovely in that shawl," said she.

"Humph!" remarked Mr. Ostrom, "I can't fancy Lovisy Slote lookin' lovely in anything."

"Would you like a shawl, Lucy?" asked Capt. Ezekiel, looking with a kindly regard at his niece.

Mrs. Ostrom admitted that she would.

The captain went upstairs to his trunk, and brought down a flat parcel.

"Well," said he, "here's the ginoolne begum's shawl for you, Lucy. T'other shawl was one I got of a dealer in the Punjee valley—no great account, anyway, although I allow it was cheap at a thousand dollars. This 'ere's wuth five if it's wuth a cent, and it's the real begum shawl, Lucy, my gal. And it's yourn!"

Mr. Ostrom put on his spectacles to stare at it. Mrs. Ostrom burst into tears.

"Why," cried she, "it's bean-ti-ful! Mrs. Slote's can't hold a candle to it!"

"I guess not," shrewdly spoke the captain.

And Mrs. Ostrom's shawl so far outshone Mrs. Slote's, that night at church, that the latter lady went into violent hysterics as soon as she reached home.

"To think o' that Ostrom woman wearin' a handsomer shawl than mine!" said she.

"I'll hev the law of 'em!" cried Nicodemus.

But he did not. His case, as Counselor Jenkins informed him, "hadn't a leg to stand on."

"The one he bought was a begum shawl safe enough," said Capt. Ezekiel, "but it wasn't the begum's shawl. I never said it was, did I?"—Helen Forrest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday night.

Reproducing Power of the Liver.

A scientific fact of great value, and one which should bring comfort to legions of that large class of persons who are weary of the caprices of an erratic or tardy liver, has lately been established. Experiment has proved that large portions of the liver can be removed without serious disturbance to the animal functions of the human body. The explanation of this curious fact seems to be that the liver has a wonderful power of reproduction. Fonflek found that, within a few days of the removal of portions of the liver, the work of its reproduction began, and that it proceeded with great rapidity to completion. In certain cases he found that within a period of a few weeks as much was reproduced as had been removed, and this amounted occasionally to twice as much as had been left behind. These investigations have an interest altogether outside of that which is absolutely scientific, because they cannot fail to influence the development of abdominal surgery, if it is understood that large portions of the liver may be removed without serious danger to life.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Long Lived Tortoise.

At a recent reception at Lambeth palace, the official residence of the archbishop of Canterbury, Professor Flower showed the tortoise of Archbishop Laud, which he brought from Fulham to Lambeth when he became archbishop, and which lived 199 years, and during that time saw out eight archbishops. It would have lived probably many years longer but for the carelessness of the gardener, who dug it out of its hole one winter and did not find it another. Its shell had been preserved, and was in the palace, but from being much knocked about had lost some of its parts. Professor Flower got the archbishop's permission to look it up, and have the inscription, which was almost obliterated by time and ill usage, deciphered, and have it placed under a glass case, with its history properly engraved on a silver plate. The tortoise at Peterborough cathedral was a still more wonderful one even than its Lambeth brother, for it was known to be over 180 years old when it died, also from an accident, and Bishop Jeune had its shell preserved, with an inscription narrating its age and history.—Once a Week.

Managing Dark Hair.

If you have dark hair, do not let anybody persuade you into wearing it in a full heavy bang; leave that to the unfortunate blondes, who, according to statistics, do not marry. Instead, if you possibly can, have your hair parted and brushed back with just one or two soft locks curled a little. Frizzy black hair is as bad form as that which gains its sunshine from peroxide or hydrogen. You want you black hair to shine like your diamonds. In your heart of hearts you ought to be satisfied with it, for fickle Monsieur Worth says that nothing delights his soul so much as to make a gown for a dark haired woman. There is no earthly use in a blonde trying to turn her locks to auburn. This color is only produced by using the peroxide on dark hair, and even then great care has to be taken that too much is not used, else it will be lighter than the Titian red desired.—New York Sun.

A Strange Illinois County.

A citizen of Calhoun county boasts that there is not a railroad, a telegraph, an express office or a bank in his county. The county jail has not had a criminal inmate within the last five years. The grand jury of the county has found only three indictments within the last two years, and these were against persons who had illegally sold liquor. The county has only two terms of court a year, and a term never lasts over three days.—Chicago Herald.

They say that it makes Queen Victoria angry to intimate that she should step down and out in favor of Albert Edward. Very likely it does. It is enough to make any experienced queen mad to suggest that she pass over the government of a nation to a mere boy of 49.

TIME OF THE WORLD'S HARVESTS.

Burmah in the month of December.

Peru and South Africa in November.

East India and Upper Egypt in February and March.

Algeria, Central Asia, Central China, Japan, Texas and Florida in May.

Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Northern Russia in September and October.

Australia, Argentinia, Chili and New Zealand are reaping their wheat in January.

The coast territories of Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia and Cuba in April.

Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Hudson's Bay territories, Lower Canada, Columbia and Manitoba in August.

Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Southern France, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado and Missouri in June.

Austria, Hungary, Danubian principalities, South Russia, south of England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New England and Upper Canada in July.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DON'TS FOR MEN.

Don't carry valuables in your outer coat.

Don't make too great a display of your jewelry.

Don't go into a crowd with your outer coat unbuttoned.

Don't forget that you are just as likely as anybody else to be a victim of pickpockets.

Don't carry money in the pocket on the right hand side of your trousers; pickpockets expect to find money there.—Boston Transcript.

FOUNDATIONS OF FORTUNES.

Wanamaker's first salary was $1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart made his start as a school teacher.

Jim Keene drove a milk wagon in a California town.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store.

Pulitzer once acted as a stoker on a Mississippi steamboat.

Dave Swinton sold sugar over an Ohio counter for $1 a week.

Moses Taylor clerked in Water street, New York, at $2 a week.

George W. Childs was an errand boy for a bookseller at $4 a month.

Jay Gould canvassed Delaware county, N. Y., selling maps at $1.50 apiece.

C. P. Huntington sold butter and eggs for what he could get a pound or dozen.

Andrew Carnegie did his first work in a Pittsburg telegraph office for $3 a week.

A WITHERED BLOSSOM.

She seemed to change into another child—
For days the little one had scarcely smiled.

Her poor thin limbs, so pitifully weak,
Told of the illness more than tongue could speak.

Hushed was her silvery laugh; seldom she stirred;
Her prattling voice was now no longer heard.

Her burning cheeks betrayed the fever dire;
Her tiny hands were hot as fiercest fire.

A cruel cough that racked her puny form
Shook her as shakes a sapling in a storm.

Beneath the lids that kept her eyes concealed
Dark circles all the ravages revealed.

Her sleep was marked by low and piteous moans,
Which told of inward pain and aching bones.

Her short, quick gasps and hot and fetid breath,
Seemed to denote the near approach of death.

Just like a flower shriveled by the sun,
The fever seared and scorched the little one.

Until at last the fires no longer burned,
And back to Paradise her soul returned.
—Sara T. Clover.

FRIED OYSTERS.

"My dear," said Mr. Cassidy, "put on the frying pan, and get ready to make some oyster fritters. I'm hungry, and we'll have a bit of supper before we sleep."

Mrs. Cassidy lifted a bit of supper and oyster fritters as well as her husband, and she nodded an assent; and, putting by her work, went into the little kitchen at the end of the flat and, having handed her spouse a small tin kettle with a handle, looked to the fire, and set all that was necessary on the cooking table. Then she sat down to wait for him.

It was warm in the kitchen and comfortable and cozy.

Mrs. Cassidy, waiting for her spouse, leaned back against the wall and shut her eyes. Not sleeping; oh, no, only thinking. The clock ticked on; the tea kettle sang its song. Mrs. Cassidy was back in the country place where she was born, talking at the garden gate with Tom. Then something aroused her. She started up.

Tom! Tom! Why, where was Tom Cassidy? He had been gone an hour. And the oyster saloon was only around the corner. She must have had a nap.

Frightened and nervous, she ran to the door. All was very still in the street, and where the houses were not utterly dark the lights had gone to the upper floors.

Perhaps the saloon was closed and he had gone farther for the oysters. Yes; that must be it.

She went back to the kitchen and waited, but no Tom came.

In fact, he did not come that night. About dawn next morning the servant, coming down stairs to kindle the fire, saw her mistress crouched up in the corner of the kitchen fireplace moaning and rocking herself to and fro.

When asked what was the matter, she said:

"Your master is dead, Sally."

Sally shrieked, but when informed that her lady's reasons for this statement were that her husband had gone out intending to return in a few minutes, and was not yet at home, Sally grinned and took the affair lightly.

"Depend upon it, mum," she said, "he's only gone off on a spree. They all does it sooner or later. My last lady didn't see hers for three weeks one winter. Mr. Cassidy 'll turn up all right again soon."

But her mistress could not be comforted. Neither was Sally a true prophet. It was soon evident that Mr. Cassidy had disappeared.

All his male relatives and connections went to work at the search for him as soon as they could be telegraphed for. No gentleman of his description had inquired for oysters late that evening in the neighborhood.

At his place of business a person waited for him at nine that morning by appointment. Failing in this meeting was very disadvantageous to Mr. Cassidy.

He had bought tickets for the theatre the next evening for Mrs. Cassidy and himself, and had given them to her to keep safe. Not the most suspicious detective of them all could believe that Mr. Cassidy had voluntarily left home.

A respectable gentleman of his age, well dressed as he always was, probably would have been taken to a hospital if he had been seized with a sudden attack of illness in the street; or, at least, if he had been supposed to be intoxicated, clubbed and locked up in a cell for daring to have apoplexy or heart disease, his remains would have been found by this time. They searched high and they searched low for a week. At last a body was found in the river. Its clenched hand was closed over something that proved to be the handle of a tin can. Time and weather had done the worst with person and wearing apparel, but the body was identified by the loss of two front teeth and a bald spot on his head.

To be sure, Mr. Cassidy in life had worn two artificial teeth, but that was nothing. The detectives, the brother-in-law, the two cousins, talked the sad affair over, and decided that there could be no doubt concerning the manner of his death.

The unfortunate widow had the news broken to her. She was prepared for the worst by that time. And the next day's papers had a full account of the affair. They stated that

"Mr. Cassidy, a prominent business man of our city, feeling some appetite at 11 o'clock at night, on Wednesday, the — of ——, with the simplicity and amiability that distinguished him, took a small tin can from his kitchen dresser, and set forth to procure a certain number of these luscious bivalves, which his estimable lady—a true American wife—agreed to dress for him. Proceeding down the street, he had reached a lonely and deserted place opposite the well known church under the pastorage of Dr. Checkens, when suddenly from the shadows of the sacred portal a ruffian darted toward him, crying, 'Your money or your life!' and at the same time dealing him a furious blow in the mouth, which deprived him of two front teeth. Mr. Cassidy defended himself ably with the can, but finally fell senseless under the blows the wretch continued to deal him. The can was wrenched from the handle, which his manly hand still clutched even in insensibility, and after having been robbed of all his valuables, his pocketbook, and even his shoes, he was dragged toward the wharf and cast in. In vain his anxious wife watched and listened for his return. His body lay beneath the dark water; his soul had flown heavenward, and the murderer fled safely with his ill gotten spoil. Mr. Cassidy's terrible death is deeply regretted by all who knew him."

The funeral was a large one. For awhile every one thought poor Mrs. Cassidy would die; but she had a fine constitution, and with this grief is not apt to kill, though it may put an end to a weakly or ailing person. She got about in her widow's weeds, and her brother, a person of promptitude and dispatch, who always took time by the forelock, closed up the late Mr. Cassidy's business, sold his house and furniture, invested the money for the widow's benefit, and engaged an excellent boarding place for her in no time.

All she desired to do was to weep in retirement for awhile and to visit every little while the grave, over which a stonecutter had, at the same active brother-in-law's command, placed a marble shaft, engraved with the name and virtues of the deceased—that, and, of course, she must go to church.

There came a Sunday morning when the widow stood in her long veil before her mirror, and decided that "black" became her greatly.

She sat down and drew on her gloves. She remembered that, after all, 35 was no great age.

"How wicked of me to think of it," she said to herself; "but I wonder whether I ever shall do like other widows and marry again? It will be lonely, and poor Tom always said that any one who had been happy in one marriage would surely make another. I've been very happy—very. Poor Tom!"

She shed a tear and took from a glass on the mantel a bunch of tiny violets which she had bought out of pity from a poor little flower girl, and put them in her belt.

"Crape has such a close smell," she said, by way of excuse, "and no one will notice them."

Just then—

"Good heavens, Selina!" cried a voice behind her.

She started up.

Mr. Cassidy, or his ghost, stood in the doorway. The ghost was but the thought of an instant, and, as we have said, Mrs. Cassidy was very healthy. She did not faint. Instead, she uttered a full lunged, resounding shriek and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Tom!" she sobbed, "Tom, Tom! How did you come to life again?"

"Haven't been dead," said Mr. Cassidy, "and I cabled. Good heavens, what a mass of black crape you are!"

"You wouldn't—have—liked me—not to mourn for you, Tom!" sobbed Mrs. Cassidy. "When I—I—thought I was dying—I managed to say—de—de—deepest black there is."

"But I didn't want to be mourned for!" said Mr. Cassidy.

"I didn't put it on until they found you!" sobbed Mrs. Cassidy. "You looked so dreadful I didn't know you, but you were identified. Jack identified you, and there's the handsomest shaft over your remains!"

"I haven't any as yet!" said Mr. Cassidy. "Why are you here? Why are those strange people in our house?"

"Jack sold it for me, and settled your business up and brought me here. He was very, very good, in my affliction!" said Mrs. Cassidy.

"You haven't been in affliction!" said Mr. Cassidy.

"I thought I was. It's all the same thing. I've been through everything," said Mrs. Cassidy.

"And you seem to thrive on it!" said her husband angrily. "You're a very blooming widow, indeed. And that busybody, Jack, has been putting me out of the way as speedily as possible, settling my business—selling my home, indeed! And I cabled to you."

"I don't know what you mean by cabling," said Mrs. Cassidy. "But I know that to go off that way was a terrible thing. Without a word or hint. Enough to drive me, frightening me. If you'd been ill or met with an accident—but to go off and never send a word all this time. I can never forgive you."

"Oh!" said Mr. Cassidy. "You never got the cablegram!"

"If it's like a telegram, I never did," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Why, Tom, have you been to Europe?"

"I've been to England," said Mr. Cassidy. "You see, as I went down the street with the oyster can I heard a carriage behind me and it stopped, and somebody called me—'Cassidy!' I stopped. It was Billings—you know Billings! 'Jump in,' says he; 'want to talk to you, and I'm in a hurry.'

"So in I jumped. He told me he was going on board a steamship—the Spread Eagle—and that as there'd been a delay, she'd start about 3 in the morning, and he wanted me to see him off. Well, Selina, I couldn't say 'no'—Billings is my particular friend—and I went with him. Knew you'd excuse me, and I went on board, and we looked at his state room and we—had a bottle or two of ale and—well, then I said I must go, and he went out of the state room to get a card to write his London address on and I thought I'd try whether his berth was comfortable, and I stretched out on it. It had little blue curtains to it, that drew up and down—I drew them down.

"Well, Selina, that's the last I knew until it was broad day. I waked up to find Billings looking at me.

"He had come back, and as the curtains hid me, supposed I'd gone off. Felt angry that I didn't say good-by, went on deck to see the last of land, and was just going to bed himself. There was a pretty battle of fish; I'd been carried off. I sent for the captain. He was like a rock; inclined to believe me a sort of stowaway at first. I raved, I roared; I made a spectacle of myself before strangers; but when people understood that I left a wife who expected me home in ten minutes, and my business at sixes and sevens, they compassionated me. If we'd met the right steamer I could have got home; but we didn't. I went to England. Good Lord, how wretched I've been! I had to borrow Billings' shirts and stockings. I had enough with me to pay my passage back, but I bid that. I cabled instantly on arrival, and I came back by the first steamer. And now I find—well, I find I'm dead—dead and buried. I'll kill Jack first, and then go and drown myself."

But Mrs. Cassidy understood now. She had taken off her bonnet and veil, and she was petting him and crying over him as if he had been a baby and begging him to tell her it was not all a dream. And then a ring at the bell. And there was Jack with a crape around his hat and a prayer book in his hand.

He took his "blowing up" quietly and wrote a paragraph for next morning's papers while it was going on, heading it:

THE DEAD ALIVE!

HAPPY RETURN OF THOMAS CASSIDY.

And he once more took time by the forelock.

He unsettled the business; bought back the house and furniture; induced the stone mason to take back—at a slight reduction—the shaft which marked the grave of the dead tramp who had been identified as Mr. Cassidy, and had the satisfaction of restoring his friends to their old quarters as by magic.

And so, one evening, as the two sat together in their little parlor, Mr. Cassidy said to his wife:

"Selina, we haven't had those oysters yet. If you'll see to the frying pan I'll go and get some. And I swear I'll not mysteriously disappear this time."

He did not. And as they ate the fritters Mrs. Cassidy declared that it was all exactly like a dream, a horrible dream, that she could not bear to think about.—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

The Disinterested Letter Carrier.

A person who has written a letter can scarcely do a more foolish thing than to intrust it to some disinterested party to put in the postoffice or mail car. Only a day or two since a brakeman had occasion to put on an old coat which he had not used for some time, and in one of the pockets he found a number of letters which had been handed to him to deposit in the mail car, but he had forgotten them. Some of the letters were nearly worn out, and the writers were, no doubt, worn out waiting for answers. Such instances are constantly occurring. People writing letters should either deposit them in a proper receptacle or hand them to a proper official.—United States Mail.

Antiquity Vouched For.

Mrs. Esthete (in old furniture store)—I am looking for a genuine antique bedroom set. The proprietor is out, is he?

New Boy—Yes, boss; won't be back for an hour. We've got what you want, though.

"Have you? Oh! oh, I'm delighted. But perhaps it is a new set, made in imitation of an old?"

"No'me; it's genuine, I guess. The boss told me to put insect powder on it this morning."—Birmingham Mercury.

The Small Boy.

In winter on his little sled,
His chubby cheeks a rosy red,
And pleasure in his eyes,
Controlling with one foot his steed,
And laughing at the wonderous speed
As down the hill he flies.

Now patiently uphill again the little sled he drags,
Pursuing such a sport, the boy's enjoyment never flags;
With pleasure flushed he deems ten minutes' toil uphill well spent,
To purchase one exhilarating minute of descent.
But shall we criticise the boy when men grave and mature
To purchase evanescent joy will hardest toils endure?
—Boston Courier.

No Claims at All.

"Do you call that stuff poetry?" inquired the magazine editor contemptuously of the gentleman with the long hair, who had submitted a manuscript to him.

"Most certainly, sir," returned the indignant author. "But why do you call it 'stuff?' You haven't read it yet."

"No, and I don't intend to read it. How can it be poetry? It isn't even written in violet ink."—Plunder.

Grave Jokes.

This epitaph long since was writ;
You've very likely heard of it:
"It was a cough
That carried him off.
It was a coffin
They carried him off in."

And here's another of those rhymes
Appropriate for the present times:
It was a sneeze
Caused his demise.
'Twas influenza
Brought his cadenza.
—Chicago Herald.

Why Mamie Quit.

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?"

"No, I quit yesterday. I don't like my teacher."

"Why not?"

"He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I kept on for some time longer I might be able to whitewash a fence."—Washington Capital.

How Johnny Lost the Prize.

His family and friends were there,
His uncles, cousins, aunts;
And all were sure that for the prize
Their Johnny had best chance.

'T was Johnny's turn to speak his piece;
He said, with outstretched hands:
"Under a spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands;"
—Syd. B. Griffin, in Puck.

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By A. L. Adamson,
Real Estate Auctioneer and Insurance Agent,
813 Hull street, Manchester, Va.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE
OF
VERY VALUABLE FARMING AND WOOD LAND,
ALSO ONE OF THE
BEST FLOUR AND GRIST MILLS IN THE COUNTY.
THE WHOLE ESTATE CONTAINS 603¼ ACRES, DIVIDED INTO SIX TRACTS, WHICH FRONT ON JAMES RIVER, FALLING CREEK AND BOTH SIDES OF THE PETERSBURG TURNPIKE, ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM MANCHESTER, IN CHESTERFIELD COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Chesterfield county, Va., entered December 4th, 1889, in the suit of Henry T. Watkins vs. Bennet and wife, the undersigned special commissioner will sell at public auction, at Chesterfield Courthouse, on

MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1890,

at 12 o'clock M. (that being court-day) the following real estate—to-wit:

1st, Lot No. 1, containing 56 acres of wood land, on the west side of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, adjoining the Tower Tract.

2d, Lot No. 2, containing 343 acres, nearly all wooded, lying between the Petersburg turnpike and the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.

3d, Lot No. 3, containing 53 acres, on the east side of said turnpike.

4th, Lot No. 4, known as the Mill Tract, containing 57 acres, together with a large Flour and Grist Mill, Miller's house, &c., thereon, bounded by Grindale creek, Falling creek, and the said turnpike.

5th, Lot No. 5, containing 53½ acres, bounded by Grindale creek, Falling creek, and James river, together with a four-roomed dwelling, a large barn, stable, and other outbuildings thereon. This tract is first-class farming land, being James River Low Grounds.

6th, Lot No. 6, containing 40¾ acres of wood land, lying on the east side of said turnpike, and commencing at the Belle road.

Parties wanting to purchase a mill will find it to their interest to examine the one we are offering; it is now in first-class order, Mill and has a large and never-failing supply of water, in fact, there is plenty of power to run other manufacturing enterprises in addition to the present mill.

All of the above tracts are good farming land, several tracts being very fertile. The whole property is located on the white turnpike leading from Manchester to Petersburg, and along which it is proposed to run an electric railroad between the two cities. In addition to the above, it is very probable that the future Exposition Grounds will be located, and large railroad shops will be built, between the land we are selling and Manchester, thus making this one of the best investments for any one looking for large profits in the near future.

The auctioneer will take great pleasure in showing the property and giving further information.

TERMS: One-third cash, and the balance in one and two years; deferred payments bearing interest from day of sale, and title retained until all the purchase money is paid and a conveyance or credit by the court.

BENJ. H. NASH,
Special Commissioner.
A. L. ADAMSON, Auctioneer.

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF CHESTERFIELD COUNTY, JANUARY 14TH, 1890.

I, E. B. Flournoy, clerk of the Circuit Court of Chesterfield county, do certify that the bond required of Special Commissioner B. H. Nash, in the suit of Henry T. Watkins vs. Bennett and wife, has been duly executed.

Given under my hand the day and year above written. E. B. FLOURNOY, Clerk.
mh5-5t

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE,
"THE CRITIC" NEWSPAPER,
PUBLISHED IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Well established; over two years old; in good running order; all fixtures (except press) complete; owner will sell owner wishes to devote all his time to other business. An energetic man can make from 100 to 500 per cent. out of the paper. At present devoted to society, genealogy, fashion and household topics. Being free from political or other prejudices, it can easily be converted into an organ for any cause.

For terms and full particulars address or call at the Critic office, 1217 Main street.
mh1-1w

FOR SALE—A HANDSOME YOUNG HORSE, of medium size; works well in all harness; paces and lopes delightfully under the saddle, and can be handled with safety by ladies. Also an excellent PHAETON AND HARNESS of modern style. Apply at 724 Brook avenue. mh7-3t*

FOR SALE.

Lots and Residences

Monthly Payments.

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE LOTS ONLY ONE AND A HALF MILES FROM CENTRE OF THE CITY, ON HIGH PLATEAU OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE CITY.

Sixty-foot lots on fifty-foot avenues, Queen Anne houses. Monthly payments. No malaria. No shanties. No mount pr ces. Stop paying rent and own your own houses, on North avenue, near city limits.
Apply to JAMES R. BARTON,
on premises.
mh4-1r

SAVINGS BANK.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF RICHMOND.
CORNER OF ELEVENTH AND MAIN STREETS.
CAPITAL, $100,000.
R. A. PATTERSON, President; L. Z. MORRIS, Vice-President;
GEORGE N. WOODBRIDGE, Cashier.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS: George L. Christian, W. R. Quarles, O. O. Owens, P. Whitlock, H. Theodore Ellyson, W. H. Zimmerman, B. Allsop, D. G. Davis, H. R. Labatto, M. M. Gillam, L. Z. Morris, John Pope, Fritz Sitterding, John H. Bundera, John W. Gordon, N. D. Hargrave, Henry Bodeker, L. B. Tatum, H. Swinford, James Lyons, G. G. Valentine, H. Selden Taylor, Herman Schmidt, R. T. Johnson and R. A. Patterson.

Deposits received in sums of One Dollar and upwards, and interest allowed.

LOANS MADE ON REAL ESTATE.
Negotiable paper discounted.
Open daily till 3 P. M.; Saturday till 6 P. M.
feb-eo,we&frdm

NOTICE.

NOTICE. MARCH 7TH, 1890.
I have this day appointed JOHN H. CULLINGWORTH my agent to conduct the Barroom and Confectionery business, at No. 928 north Twenty-eighth street, to buy and sell for cash only.
LAURA V. CULLINGWORTH.
mh8-13t*

PAINTS, &c.

PAINTS.
We offer at lowest market prices
LEWIS PURE LEAD,
PURE LINSEED OIL,
and all MATERIAL FOR HOUSE PAINTING.
Every article guaranteed to be strictly pure.
PURCELL, LADD & CO.,
mh7 Wholesale Druggists.

BONE FERTILIZERS.

BONE FERTILIZERS.
MILLER'S STANDARD BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE.
A pure Ammoniated Bone and Blood Fertilizer. Gives best and most satisfactory results on grain, grass and truck crops. Also a permanent improver. For sale by
L. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen,
10 south Fourteenth street.
mh8-3tecdW2t

LEGAL NOTICES.

VIRGINIA—IN VACATION.—IN GOOCHLAND CIRCUIT COURT
CLERK'S OFFICE, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1890.
H. N. Hughes.....Plaintiff,
against
Adele Nesterowitsch and A. K. Nesterowitsch.....Defendants.
"IN CASE AND UPON ATTACHMENT."

The object of this suit is to recover of defendants the sum of $799, with interest on $510, part of said demand, as follows: With interest on $90, part thereof, from September 1st, 1888, till paid, with like interest on $30, another part thereof, from October 1st, 1888, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from November 1st, 1888, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from December 1st, 1888, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from January 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from February 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from March 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from 1st April, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from 1st May, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from June 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from July 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from August 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from September 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from October 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from November 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from December 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $30, another part thereof, from January 1st, 1890, till paid, and like interest on $10, part thereof, from September 1st, 1888, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from October 1st 1888, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from November 1st, 1888, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from December 1st, 1888, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from January 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from February 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from March 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from April 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from May 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from June 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from July 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from August 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from September 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from October 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, another part thereof, from November 1st, 1889, till paid, and like interest on $10, the residue of said demand of $100, from December 1st, 1889, till paid, and with interest on $40, another part of said demand, as follows: Interest on $20, part thereof, from the 1st day of January, 1890, till paid, and with like interest on $20, balance of said demand of $40, from the 1st day of February, 1890, till paid. And for this purpose to attach the property or estate of the said defendants in the county of Goochland, Va., which said debt is due the plaintiff, and the said plaintiff having sued out an attachment against the said defendants, upon affidavit filed that they are non-residents of the State of Virginia, and that they have property or estate in said county, and said attachment having been levied upon certain personal property of said defendants, and neither process in the aforesaid suit nor a copy of the aforesaid attachment having been served on said defendants, it is ordered that they appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

A copy—Teste:
WILLIAM MILLER, Clerk.
B. T. BARRET, p. q. fe16-S4w

VIRGINIA.—IN THE CHANCERY COURT OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND, THE 31ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1890.

Lucy E. Coffey, who sues by her next friend, E. L. Coffey, her husband, the said E. L. Coffey, Rosalie H. Noland, who sues by her next friend, C. Powell Noland, her husband, and the said C. Powell Noland.....Plaintiffs,
against
Philip Haxall, Barton