

In the death of Dr. J. E. Davidson, Polk county has lost one of its most substantial citizens, and so society a worthy member of high moral character and exceptional mental vigor.

Early in life he conceived the idea of making the practice of medicine a profession, but found many obstacles besetting the pathway of his cherished ambition.

Under similar circumstances most of men would have given up the idea of fitting themselves for a learned profession, but not so with this modest and unostentatious youth.

Senator C. B. Farwell, of Illinois, has succeeded in securing a congressional appropriation of \$2000 for experimenting in the artificial production of rain.

"It would seem unreasonable to look for the economical production of rain

under ordinary circumstances, and our only chance would be to take advantage of a time when the atmosphere is in the condition called unstable equilibrium.

The latest sensation in the exploration world is an aerial voyage to the north pole in a balloon. Two adventurous young Parisians, an aeronaut and an astronomer—Messrs. Besaceon and Hermitte—are going to attempt the hazardous voyage.

CAPTURING AN EARL.

"La me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins to her daughter Matilda, "who do you think has arrived at the hotel?"

"Any of our friends?" inquired the daughter.

"I wish I could say he was," said Mrs. Jenkins. "No, Matilda, it is no less than a member of the British nobility."

"How do you know, mother?"

"Because I happened to be in the post-office a few minutes since, and with my own eyes I saw a letter upon the wheel directed Earl Spencer, Jonesboro hotel.

"La, how fine that would be!" she exclaimed. "I guess Ellen Hawkins would not show her airs any more. The mean creature, I wouldn't take any notice of her, except just to write her to the wedding, so that she might have a chance to envy my good luck."

"Very true," said her mother approvingly, "but you know a good deal must be done before this can be accomplished. You must endeavor to look your prettiest to-night, so as to produce an impression upon the young man, if possible. I think you had better wear your green de laine."

"No, mamma; that doesn't become me. I shall wear my plum colored silk, and you must lend me your gold chain."

"But," said Mrs. Jenkins reluctantly, "I was going to wear that myself."

"I don't see," said her daughter, teasing her head, "that it is of much consequence how you look. I presume you don't expect the young lord will marry you. But it is very important how I look. If I can't go looking decent I won't go at all. Of course all the ladies in England have gold and jewels to wear, and I know he won't say a word to me unless I have something of the sort."

"Perhaps you ought, Matilda," said her mother. "I am sure it is my sole aim in life to promote your success, and if I could only live to see you the wife of an earl I should die in peace."

Six o'clock found them seated at the hotel table. It so chanced that Earl Spencer was the only guest (the reader must remember that it was a small country inn), and accordingly Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter had the distinguished stranger quite to themselves.

Mrs. Jenkins to appear quite ignorant of the earl's station—even of his nationality, unless he should himself reveal it.

It would have been somewhat difficult to decide wherein lay the marks of high birth which Mrs. Jenkins professed to find in the stranger. He looked much more like a third rate clerk.

But Mrs. Jenkins was not a woman of great discernment. She saw nothing but what might be expected of an earl, and murmured in the ear of Matilda that his appearance was very distingue—by the way, she pronounced the word in a way of her own.

Matilda nodded assent to her mother's remark, and began to play off her airs and graces upon the distinguished gentleman. Her delight was great to find that she was creating an impression.

"I should judge," said Mrs. Jenkins at length, "that you were not an American. There is something about you which makes me think you an Englishman."

"You are right, m'am," said the earl. "I am from England."

"May I ask if you have been long in our country?"

Mrs. Jenkins hardly knew whether to say sir or not, but finally decided not to do so.

"Only a few months," was the reply. "A few months," thought she. "Then he must certainly be traveling incog., or we should have heard of his being here by the papers."

"When they were ready to depart the managing lady turned to the Englishman and said: 'I should be very happy indeed to see you at our house to tea to-morrow evening, if you have no other engagement. I have always had a very high idea of the English, and am glad to have an opportunity to show it.'

"Thank you, m'am," the earl replied with alacrity. "I will certainly call. At what time do you sup?"

"At whatever hour will prove most convenient to you," was the gracious reply.

"Indeed, m'am, you are very kind. Suppose we name it 6 then."

"Thank you, m'am—I mean sir. We shall look forward with great pleasure to your coming."

"Those people are extraordinarily polite," thought the young man after their departure, as he sat in his room smoking a cigar. "I really think they have taken quite a fancy to me. My good looks, I think it must be, for I haven't a single recommendation besides on earth. Well, if I find the girl has money I may improve my advantages and offer myself in matrimony. Money would be very acceptable just at present."

Had Mrs. Jenkins heard this soliloquy she would probably have come to the conclusion that there was something wrong about her calculations, but fortunately for our hero this was not the case.

It will be readily imagined that Mrs. Jenkins exerted her culinary skill to the utmost in preparing for her illustrious guest. As he saw the numerous dainties spread out before him he felt a glow of joy pervade his frame, and determined on the spot to lay siege to the heart of Matilda.

The reader will easily imagine that his advances were readily met by the young lady, who was quite enraptured by the conquest which she had achieved over the heart of an earl. Nor was her mother less gratified. The good lady held her head higher than ever, and speedily anticipated the time when, as mother-in-law of an earl, she would take precedence of all who had hitherto ventured to look down upon her.

At least one memorable day she burst into her mother's room with a triumphant glow on her face.

"Has he proposed?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins in great agitation.

"Yes, mother," was the reply of the overjoyed Matilda. "He told me that he loved me to distraction."

"I congratulate you, countess that is to be," said her mother. "By the way, did he say anything about his rank?"

"Not a word, mother."

"I am not at all surprised. He strenuously that you don't give him a hint that you know anything about it. How much we shall enjoy going to England!"

"We!" repeated Matilda. "Surely you don't propose going across the Atlantic at your time of life?"

"At my time of life!" said Mrs. Jenkins sharply. "Indeed I do. I don't mean that you shall have all the enjoyment. But did the earl fix the day for the marriage?"

"He left that to me."

"Then fix it as soon as possible. You must not let him slip through your fingers."

That day three weeks the important ceremony took place in Mrs. Jenkins' cottage. Scarcely was it over than that worthy lady, no longer able to restrain herself, addressed her son-in-law:

"I trust, my lord, that you will never regret this day."

"My lord!" repeated her son-in-law, exhibiting unequivocal surprise.

"Certainly you cannot expect to remain incog any longer?"

"But I have no claim to the title, m'am."

"No claim!" exclaimed the mother and daughter, turning pale. "Are you not an earl?"

"That is only my Christian name."

"And what is your employment?" asked Mrs. Jenkins on the point of fainting.

"I am a house painter, m'am, but being a little unwell was ordered by the doctor to spend a couple of months in the country."

We draw a veil over the scene that ensued. The lofty fabric of pride which Mrs. Jenkins had built up fell to the ground, and her chance of being allied to the British nobility seems more remote than ever.—Caroline F. Preston in Boston Globe.

THE DEAR OLD FACE.

I saw him in a dream again last night— The dear old face, the patient, rayless eye, The well known figure sitting in the light In the old chair—and it was no surprise.

Nay, but my soul went out in one great cry Of wild rejoicing to behold him there, And at his feet I knelt convulsively, Fossilied his hands, and stroked his soft gray hair.

"Father, dear father, is it really you? Speak, ease the doubt that at my heart doth ache— Say that the hour is merciful and true, And the stern past a weary, long mistake!"

One moment—just one moment did it seem— He smiled upon me; then my hope was o'er. But oh, thank God! if only in a dream I have beheld my life's best friend once more.

"Do you love me?" she said when the skies were blue, And we walked where the sunlit river glistered, And I told and retold her my love was true, While she listened and smiled and smiled and listened.

"Do you love me?" she whispered when days were drear, And her eyes searched mine with a patient yearning, And I kissed her, renewing the words so dear, While she listened and smiled as if slowly learning.

"Do you love me?" she asked when we sat at rest By the stream enshadowed with autumn glory, Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast, But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story And I said, I will tell her the tale again— I will swear by the earth and stars above me, And I told her that uttermost time should prove The fervor and faith of my perfect love, And I vowed it and pledged it that ought should move—

While she listened and smiled in my face, and then She whispered once more, "Do you truly love me?"

A Woman Naturalist.

Fraulein von Chauvin, the German lady scientist in natural history, attracted much flattering attention at the recent congress at Berlin, where she even had her place next to Virchow.

Fraulein von Chauvin, having been prevented through ill health from going through the regular school routine, including languages, has concentrated all her interest in the study and observation of animal and vegetable life.

Fraulein von Chauvin's collection of butterflies is the most perfect in Germany. Also within the vegetable world this gifted lady has wrought many wonders, and she has reared flowers and seeds where no botanic garden has succeeded.

It is probable that you have already heard that Miss Leiter is engaged to wed Sir Charles Hall, a most eligible party, for, although nearly fifty years of age, he is wealthy and amiable, and is, moreover, a member of the Prince of Wales' set.

It seems that Sir Charles and Miss Leiter met in Scotland, where the former was a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, a rendezvous famous for illustrations personages.

Probably the youngest school teacher in the state is Miss Clara Greenwald, who has been engaged as teacher in one of the schools of Penn township, this county.

Miss Mary Franz, of New York, has brought suit against a physician for making an unfavorable report on her case to a beneficial society of which she was desirous of becoming a member.

Several doctors have certified that her health is good, and it is expected that the suit will develop interesting legal points.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teaching at Thirteen.

Novel Action for Damages.