Oh, love is like the roses Oh, love is like the roses,
And every rose shall fall.
For sure as Summer closes
They perish one and all.
Then love, while leaves are on the trees,
And hirds sing in the bowers;
When winter comes, too late twill be
To pluck the happy flowers.

Facu shrill and shricking scale: 'Oh, love is like the roses!" cries This muslined nightingale

In a dark corner dozing In a dark corner dexing
I close my eyes and ears,
And call up, while reposing,
A glimpse from other years;
A genes-picture, quaint and Dutch,
I see from this dark seat,
The full of human brightness, such
As makes femembrance sweet.

Flat leagues of endless meadows (In Holland lies the scene). Where many pollard shadows O'er nut-brown ditches lean; Gray clouds above that never break, Mists the pale sunbeams stripe, With groups of steaming cuttle, make A landscape "after Cuyp."

A windmill, and below it A cottage near a road, Where some meek pastors Where some meek pastoral poet Might make a glad abode; A cottage with a garden, where Frim squares of pansies grow, And, sitting on a garden-chair, A dame with locks of snow.

In trim black, trussed and bodiced. And on her bosom modest
A kerchief white bespread.
Alas! the breast that heaves below
Is shriveled now and thin, estal thoughts as white as snow Though vestal thoughts Still palpitate within.

And folded on her knee; Her lips, that meet precisely,
Are moving quietly.
She listens while the dreamy bells
O'er the dark fists intoneNew come, now gone, in dying swells
The Sabbath-sounds are blown.

Her hands are mittened nicely,

Her cheek a withered rose is, Her eye a violet dim; Half in her chair she doxes, And hums a happy hymn. But soft! what wonder makes her start And lift her aged head, While the faint flutterings of her heart Just touch her cheeks with red?

The latch clicks; through the gateway
An aged wight steps slow,
Then pauses, dofling straightway
His broad-brimmed gay chapeau!
Swallow-latied coat of blue so grand,
With buttons bright beside,
He wears, and in his trembling hand
A nosegay, ribbon-tied.

His thin old legs trip lightly
In breeches of mankeen,
His wrinkled face looks brightly,
So rosy, fresh, and clean;
For old he is and wrinkled plain,
With locks of golden gray,
And leaning on a tasseled cane,
I've nobbles on life way.

Oh, sky-lark, singing over
The silent mill hard by,
To this so happy lover
Sing out with summer-cry!
He hears thee, though his blood is cold,
She hears, though deaf and weak;
She stands to greet him, as of old,
A blush upon her cheek.

In Spring-time they were parted By some sad wind of wee: Forlorn and broken-hearted Each faltered, long ago: They parted ; half a century Each took the path of pain-He lived a bachelor, and she Was never woodd again.

But when the Summer ended. when autumn, too, was dead, When every vision splendid Of youth and hope was fied, Again those twain came face to face As in the long ago; They met within a sunless place In the season of the snow.

"Oh, love is like the roses, Love comes and love must flee! Love's rapture and love's glee!"
On peace! for in the garden there
He bows in raiment gay,
Doffs hat, and with a courtly air
Presents his fond bouquet.

One day in every seven, While church-bells softly ring, The happy, silent heaven Beholds the self-same thing : The gay old boy within the gate, With ribbons at his knee; "When winter comes is love too late?"

Oh, talk not of love's rauture. When youthful lovers kiss; What mortal sight may capture A scene so sweet as this? Beside her now he sits and glows, while prim she sits, and proud, Then, spectacles upon his nose. Reads the week's news aloud?

O Cunid, look and see

They live their love again. She sees in him a happy boy-Swift, agile, amorous-eyed; He sees in her his own heart's

Content there he sits smoking His long Dutch pipe of wood;
Gessiping off and joking,
As a gay lover should,
And oft, while there in company
They smile for love's aweet sake,
Her snuff-box black she hands, and he

A grave, deep pinch doth taka!

In soher Sabbath-joy, Mingling the past and present, They sit, a maid and boy! "Oh, love is like the roses!"—No! Thou footish singer, cease! Love finds his fireside 'mid the snow, And smokes the pipe of peace! Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE UNTERWALD WEDDING.

Maitre Seiler was a well-preserved. forty he became a Judge; and only at fifty-five did he make the discovery that laws and splitting hairs upon some laws and splitting hairs upon the gounde. Yeri and Kris-

At fifty-five he awoke to the consciousness that he had wasted life. He was smitten old gentleman. very clever at every point in the common law of the Unterwald, but he was tine was weary of cooking it, so much not wise enough to know that at that of that fish did the good old Judge bring age one can scarcely begin life over to the chalet,

If, apart from the law, he had ever a he gave up his judgeship, and retired into private life with the respect and even veneration of all who knew him, having angled half his life for clients, and settled the differences of other legal anglers through nearly a score of years, he fell to angling for fish as the one joy of his life.

Indeed it was this new occupation, amid nature, trees, flowers and living water, which prompted Maitre Seiler to the conclusion that he had made a mistake in life when he brought it down to grinding law from New Year's Day to St. Sylvester's, which is the last day in December.

The old man's heart was desolate. His quiet, resigned old housekeeper-a spinster, who had thrown herself into the pathetic and tears early in life Maitre Seiler found, now that he saw sky and forest daily, to be quite a wearisome woman; and the consequence was that Maitre Seiler would pack up his fishing wallet, with a crust and flask of white wine for his lunch, and go out

from six in the morning until sunset. One day, having caught trout until he was weary of unhooking them, and the afternoon becoming close—it was a warm April that year-he fell asleep warm April that year and there under a whispering fir tree, and there under a way retained. There is no reason why have the night while the forester made him. Struction.

Then as he awoke he experienced that self a bed of furs, etc., on the ground wonderful luxury—a gradual regaining of the living-room, of the senses—while a sweet voice was He thought the singing in the distance.

When he sat up and rubbed his eyes, he found that the sun had set, and that he himself was rather stiffer in the limbs than was comfortable. The voice came nearer, and through the break in the glade he saw a mountaineer girl spinning as she came slowly

ing goats The girl was about sixteen; her yelow, light wavy hair was drawn to the back of the head, and there fell in two long, red ribbon-tied plaits; while the black bodice and poppy-colored skirt completed a far more charming picture than any the old Judge had seen in court through all his legal years.

He sighed lightly. She stopped and looked about, but

she showed no fear.
"Don't be afraid," he said, gently. The girl smiled as she saw the pleasant old gentleman, and said, "O, no; and Bruttlewart and Michlin would butt you if I told them.'

solved to go on munching. " And who art thou?"

"I am Lotte.

"And where does Lotte live?" "I am the daughter of the Forester "Ha! ha! art thou the daughter of the Forester Yeri? I remind me I have seen him in my court at sessions and

other times. Is his house far away?" "But a turn, messire, in the path; and the forester will be glad to see thee, good herr, if he knows thee." "Why, whom have we here?" asked the forester, looking out from the head of the stone steps, which led from the living floor of his forest home to the

ground. "Good-even, Yeri; thy daughter has found me. I am Messire Seiler, late Judge of the canton. Hast so soon for-

gotten me?" 'He! 'Tis Messire Seiler!" cried the forester, doffing his hat and hurry- blithely into the room.

ing down the steps.
"I fell asleep!" said the old Judge, looking yet upon Lotte; "and, though I am still as active as a roe, I did not awake until the sun had gone down. I am a long way from the town; my wallet is empty, and so also am I; and, therefore, I am asking thee for some

supper, Yeri. With right good will," said the forester, holding out his hand, which the old Judge took; for in and about Switzerland the general equality of riches appear to create an equality of habits; the officer and the private will the district will not find himself ill at ease when he eats his supper with a

social rank. The good wife Kristine now coming light!" forth with a welcome, these four peomother fell to work preparing supper. | to thy rangership?" The red-cheeked, coarse white cloth

spoons and platters laid, and the big husband by the laws of Unterwald!" tureen, lively with a pattern of wild flowers, was ready for the soup. Not much of a meal-but plain soup, the beef which made it eaten with vin- looked at him so earnestly. egar and oil, black bread and strong cheese, the whole washed down with

eaten such a meal. Judge was in love with Lotte, though

good night.

"O, no," replies the Judge, wishing to cut a good figurge before Lotte "I never was more active than I am. I shall be up with the lark, and out be-

fore any of you.' num three times, he never awoke, and, in fact, did not present himself until for him." Neverthless, though they softly called for-naught!" the forester's breakfast had been wait-

ing a whole hour. The forest girl had been out and away hours; and, as he saw her, with the fresh morning color on her face, and holding out to him a bunch of wild flowers which she had gathered, he decided that a pretty girl looked better at

sunrise even than by sunset. That was the beginning of it. The prim housekeeper wondered what became of her master until all and said : capacity of astonishment was left; while good Yeri and his wife, though they were wonderfully benefited and honored by the old Judge's friendship, were marvelously puzzled to find an answer to the riddle why Maitre Seiler came to their hut four or five times in

the week. One day a barrel of rikvir, a capital agile gentleman of nearly sixty. At wine in those parts, would be sent with twenty he thought of nothing but law; Maitre Seiler's compliments; and, at thirty, of nothing but pleading; at within a week, an admirable present of

the meaning of words and phrases is honesty of the couple, Yeri and Kris-scarcely all the pleasure to be found in the fact that of life, it is not to be picked up again the latter never suspected the real basis in the autumn of existence. of all these civilities on the part of the

As for trout, the good woman Kris-He never said much to Lotte-spoke

like a father to her, and certainly never passion, it was a quiet, half-doubting enabled the pretty girl to guess love of fishing; and, therefore, when what was in his heart. This life went on to the end of June,

when the tall mountain grass was ready for the scythe. The old Judge, however, had never slept at Yeri's except upon that one particular night when first he visited

He did not know that he had been put in Lotte's room; he supposed it the guest's chamber. But upon that particular night in June he had made up his mind to speak

to Yeri; and then it was he found that, Judge and orator as he was, he could not plead for himself. "What ails the old Judge to-night?" thought the forester. "He does not

seem himself." the Judge decided that he would defer it until the morning, the forester made the discovery that it was dark, and the moon would not be up for two hours, so the good Judge was invited to stop for

the night. He had no idea that his remaining put the primitive family to any inconenience; no more than at the moment he learned that he took Lotte's room

from her. the night, while the forester made him- struction.

He thought the girl looked pale and anxious; but he could not detect that she was in great tribulation.

A little while, and the forest hut was quite quiet-not a light to be seen. Now they have a habit in parts of Switzerland of cutting the high grass by moonlight, the belief being common that grass so cut makes better hav than forward, followed by two or three brows- that which falls beneath the scythe in sunlight.

The old Judge, unable to sleep, was turning over in his mind what he should say on the following day to the forester, when he heard the tinkle of cow-bells, the lumbering of heavy wagons, and the rattle of talking and singing voices, all of which gradually approached.

Not ignorant of the custom of moonlight hay-making, the old Judge found the rustic sounds rather soothing than not, when he heard a tapping at the He listened, and the sound was re-

peated. He knew that the window was ten or The goats looked at the stranger in an undecided way, but apparently reit could only be reached either by a —very absurd, but very necessary to its ladder, or by climbing the vine which grew on the wall about the lattice.
A thief! What thief would tap at a

window? What could a thief hope to steal in that poor place, unless-The old Judge's heart began to beat And, as though in reply to his

as the tapping was heard again: · Lotte! He moved off the bed (for he had lain down in his clothes, too weary with thinking over the grand question to undress), and drawing near the window, he saw by the light of the moon which had now just topped the trees, that a black-haired and extremely handsome routh was clinging to the vine, his bright eyes eagerly fixed upon the win-

The old Judge silently opened the lattice; there was a low, bright laugh, and the young man leaped lithely and

"And whom have we here?" suddeny cried the Judge, pouncing upon the intruder. The youth uttered a low cry, but

offered no resistance. "What thief in the night are you?" "So please your worship," said a clear, pleasant voice, "I am no thief, but Wilhem, only son of the wood ranger at Kusnach, and I am come to see my Lotte!'

"Thy Lotte?" "So please you, she is my wife !"

"Your wife?" "Ay, messire; 'twas an Unterwalden sit down together, and the great man of wedding. 'Tis our custom here in this canton; and I am but waiting for my appointment as ranger, which I hope small farmer, the latter meanwhile, being perfectly hospitable, never servile, and rarely uncomfortable, when second father to my Lotte, to tell my second father to my Lotte, to tell my second father to my Lotte, to tell my face to face with a man of superior father and hers that we are betrothed, and that we are ready to marry by sun-

"O, then, the interest Yeri's daughple shut out the evening, after entering ter has shown in the old Judge comes the forester's house, and Lotte and her out of the hope that he will help thee

"'Tis exactly so, messire. I am no was soon upon the table, the wooden thief, but an honest man, and Lotte's "How long since?"

"These fair six weeks !" The very time during which she had

some blackish, sour country wine-yet | promise thee thy wife and place." the old Judge thought he never had To tell the truth at once, the old face we are pleased to call resignation.

Judge was in love with Lotte, though "Messire Seiler, tho art not well!" S1.105.156.000, or over one-half.

she was only 16, and the old gentleman was by that time 58, if a day.

cried the forester.

"Nay; better than yesterday. By "I lay me, good Judge, you will sleep till late in the morning," said broad-have something to say to thee. It is chested Yeri, when they were saying this-I want thy consent to a marriage between Lotte, here, and one Wilhem, only son of the ranger, at Kusnach." The forester beat his hand upon the

table as Lotte uttered a cry, and the good wife clapped her hands. "Never!" said he; "tis a rare good- | ple.

"Yes; he will make her a good husband. "But he has no post; he is nothing." "I promise you he shall have the

nder rangership." "Well, now, messire, when thou pleadest to me, 'tis as thou didst when thou wert a lawyer, and if my girl says

Lotte looked at the Judge, meaningly, "I do not hate him, father."
"Then 'tis settled," said Yeri.

So the old Judge went home wearily, sadder and a wiser man. The forester, Yeri, wondered why the old Judge never came, while the presents were sent as before; and the melancholy housekeeper marveled that her master gave up fish-

Seiler was quite happy, but never a word said he. Not even once again did he go to the hut in the forest, and he benefited by the lesson he had learned that youth is for youth, and that if it is

For no man can retrace his life.

The French Returning to Hard Money. The French government have taken an important step in the direction of a speedy resumption of specie payments. A recent circular issued by the Ministe: of Finance instructs the tresorier. generaux of the departments to make use of gold pieces of 20 francs, 50 francs and 100 francs, in the same way as any other description of mony in their disbursements for government ac-count. At the same time the Minister of Finance recommends the Departmental Treasurers to abstain from all payments in 25-franc Bank of France notes, but to reserve them exclusively for their payment to the French Treas ury. The effects of this measure will be to replace the 25-franc notes in the hands of the public by a metallic currency. Gold and silver are very abundant at this moment in France, not only at the bank but also in circulation. In addition to 150,000,000 francs of gold and silver coined by the mints of Paris and Bordeaux since the Franco-German The time went on, and when at last war, the bullion importations during the first seven months of the present year amount to 634,000,000 francs. Of the latter sum the exportation of the precious metals since the 1st of January amounts to 81,000,000 francs. The balance of internal coinage of France is, therefore, exclusive of bullion, a trifle

over 553,000,000 francs.

Current Paragraphs.

Easy roads lead to hard places. Money generally costs too much. THE origin of Easter eggs-A hen.

A MAN who has no mind will not change it. NENER marry a woman who kicks

ideways. THE wisdom of the wisest is folly in

the sight of God. A FOOLISH friend is more troublesome of the desert—treeless, shrubless and than a wise enemy.

In California all educational offices are open to women. ONLY the stores of the mind can be taken to the next world.

A HEALTHY heart digests and draws strength from misfortune.

HEED the slanderer to-day, and he will talk of thee to-morrow. NEARLY every county in Oregon conains undeveloped coal mines.

THE latest Utah discovery is of a bed

cent, on the average and entirely free from arsenic.

thoughts, a soft, pleasant voice called, from snoring in church. THE frog-dealers of New York are doing a jumping business. Five hundred low rumbling in the air; the hills pounds of that French delicacy are con- quiver, the earth trembles, and a torsumed in that city daily.

> ume having appeared in 1834. A Bowling Green (Ky.) man has a

feathers and down. The old hen feels very much ashamed of herself. THE Postmaster-General has per-

the department during business hours.

THERE are at present 214 prisoners in Washington City jail, which is seventy-nine more than have been confined in that institution at any one time since

Boston in one year contributes nearly \$3,500,000 for the poor, or enough to board all the poor at the leading hotel

BRET HARTE is said to be constantly hard up. Such, however, is genius,-Exchange. If being hard up constitutes genius, we have had some spells of remarkable brilliancy.—Nashville

A SPECIAL convention of clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal diocese of Iowa has been called to meet at Davenport on the 9th of December for the purpose of electing a successor to the late Bishop Lee.

wealth of New York State for 1874 The companies are subjected to a fine "Begone, young man; I think I may promise thee thy wife and place."

Next morning he was very grave, but there was that noble something in his shows real estate \$1,750,698,918; personal property, \$418,608,955; total, \$2,169,307,873—which is \$40,000,000 the aggregate of fines have these errors been that greater than in 1873. Of the whole \$1,105,156,000, or over one-half.

CALIFORNIA contains twice as many square miles as the six New England States combined. Again, Cal. contains least Mr. Bass' report says. On all the 37,775 more square miles than Great railways in England there were returned Britain, Ireland, and all the adjacent killed during the same year 632, and inislands under the British flag. Were it as densely inhabited as the British home territories California would have killed was 1,080, and of injured 27,340. more than thirty-five millions of peo- This last year the accidents on English

With few exceptions, says a veteran observer, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a people of thorough education. It is a very common but a very egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones-just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress.

Fair Fnn.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin There is, however, every reason to betells this story: "Where'll ye have these?" said a hard-handed man of Athens, the other day, in the art gallery of the Mechanic's Exposition, at the Itseems probable that legal proceedsame time setting down two gigantic, gaudily painted tin jars on the table at will be instituted by the British Board which the energetic Slack was busily writting, with a thump that made every-thing dance again. "Where will I have them?" said the journalist, leaning back prosecution of the companies which in his seat and gazing in astonishment at the two tin horrors; "why, I will have them off this table in the first place and out of this room in the second place." "Waal, ye needn't get huffy about it. You told me to bring 'em here and you'd give 'em a good place." "I told you to bring them here," said Slack, "when, where, how?" "Why," said the wood-be exhibitor, "you writ it on my letter and sent it back to me ; here it is in a big hand, as plain as print, sir," and he produced a letter which, sure enough, was indorsed in the bold hand of the editor: "Send them to the art gallery, and if they are what you say they are, we will give them a good place." Puzzling over it for a minute he turned back the leaf, and his astonishment subsided into a smile, as he read: "I have got two of the somest painted water colors in Boston, which I want to show in the Mechanics' fair." "Young man, go East, to the Quincy Hall, and perpaps you can get space, but next time you write a letter about your merchandise, spell cooler with two o's and an e."

A Buzz Saw Tragedy. ward P. Sipler, aged thirty-five years, and a native of New Jersey, was stand-ing, about 2:30 o'clock, adjusting the per minute, when he missed his strike, and in an instant was carried into the fatal grip of the deadly instrument. Quick as a flash went the top of his head, next his right arm, then his left, the poor fellow's entire body being horribly mangled and out in many pieces, as if by a razor. Death was, fortun-ONE-SIXTH of America's population of over 30,000,000 cannot read or write; 5,000,000 out of a total school popula- stout, hearty man, married, with three over the entire neighborhood.

Eternal Desolation. In the northwest corner of San Bernardino county, lying partly also in Inyo county, and, by the newly surveyed line, partly also in the State of Nevada, is a region paralleled by few other spots on the face of the earth. We say the world is instinct with life. Here, if the phraseology may be pardoned, is a place instinct with death. A huge basin, whose rim is the ancient hills, stricken with the barrenness of eternal desolation, whose bosom is the blasted waste waterless, save a few bitter pools like the lye of potash water; surrounded by mountains that tower thousands of feet above the sea-level, itself lying three hundred feet above the sea. It is a very "Gehenna"—a place of death and bones. Birds do not fly over it. Animals do not enter it. Vegetation cannot exist in it. The broad sands absorb the heat, the bare mountains reflect it, the unclouded sun daily adds to it. Ninety degrees in the shade (artificial shade, there is no other) means winter. One hundred and thirty and one hun-Don Piatt says shrewdly: "Humor dred and forty degrees, that is summer. The hot air grows hotter, wavers,

trembles with heat, until nature, goaded to madness, can endure no more; and then the burning blast rouses itself in of sulphur, almost pure, assaying 90 per its might; rouses as an angry beast, with a hoarse, ominous roar; sweeps mile after mile, on, ever on, over the broad reach of the desert, bearing in Ir anything will impress the human its black, whirling bosom-black as the mind with awe, it is the expression of a midnight-dust, sand, alkali and death. man's face who has just been aroused Sometimes a murky cloud gathers upon the mountains above; then there is a rush-a warning sigh on the winds-a rent, half water, half mud, bounds from the hills, leaps into the desert, plowing BANCROFT'S history, the tenth volume of which is now in press, has been just forty years in publishing, the first volume chasms like river-beds in the loose sand. The clouds scatter, the sun comes again, the eternal thirst of the desert powing chasms like river-beds in the loose sand. again, the eternal thirst of the desert is not quenched. The raging river was

only a dream. chicken covered with red hair instead of In the year 1849 a party of emigrants entered the basin. Day after day they toiled on, thirsting, dying. The piti-less mountains walled them in; no escape. One by one they dropped and emptorily prohibited the use of indied. A few, abandoning everything, toxicating liquors either in or out of scaled the mountains and escaped. The others lie as they fell, dried to mum-A RICHMOND negro went to steal hens, flesh; no beasts to prey upon them. mies-no birds even to devour their caught his foot in a trap, and cut a toe off rather than have daylight find him bright, untarnished. Such is the place. there. It was an untoward affair for Mile after mile silence reigns; silence and death.

Walled by the mountains, doomed with brazen League after league the never-ending sand

Spreads like the ocean, to the lifting eye, An aged, weary, long-forgotten land; As cursed in wrath, and smit with God's fierce to cooling mist quenches the endless thirst. That rules supreme the boundless stre

Over its broad expanse no storm-clouds burst With hurrying feet. It is a land accursed," Railway Mortality. Railway servants lead a life full of risk. The numbers of this class of persons wounded and killed each year is appalling-so appalling that the railway companies manifest the utmost anxiety to keep the statistics bearing on the subject from the public. In England the railway companies are required by statute to furnish annually a return of the railway accidents attended with loss of life or personal injury. The companies, it would seem from a report sent to the London Times by school rooms, often packed to their ut-Mr. M. T. Bass, have made returns as most capacity, where science is taught THE equalized valuation of taxable required, but most inaccurate ones, and yet with an utter disregard of some the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company reported that thirty-nine of their servants were killed and seventy-three injured in 1872. The fact is, that fifty-four were killed and 1,367 injured. Soat jured 1,395. Mr. Phillips, agent of Mr. Bass, argues that the number of railways have been even more numer ous than in 1872. It is estimated that during the last year 1,300 railway serinjured, according to the returns, was if not all that is necessary. And should only 1,171, an error of 25,829! Eight we admit this air in the night, we need railway companies have made erroneous returns last year. The number of killed returned by the Lancashire and York- we must breathe night air. And such shire Railway Company, for instance, was only thirty-nine. The real number it seems was 1,317. Some of these nonofficial statistics are only inferential. it too generally is in our closed sleep-

official statistics are only inferential. There is, however, every reason to be lieve that they are much more reliable to that they are much more reliable than those furnished by the railway companies themselves.

It we would breathe sufficiently of this air we must make an effort, must go out into the world, must expand the lungs and admit the fresh air to their six hundred millions of air cells, not sufficiently of this air we must make an effort, must go out into the world, must expand the lungs and admit the fresh air to their six hundred millions of air cells, not only as a means of invigoration, but for the prevention of that most fatal of the diseases of civilization—pulmon ary consumption, so many victims of the diseases of civilization—pulmon ary consumption, so many victims of which are sacrificed annually for the prosecution of the companies which have failed to send in accurate returns of the number of their servants killed and wounded will have a tendency to make them more respectful of human life. Hence its advisability.—Chicago Tribune.

Rare Gems and Their Value.

Rare Gems and Their Value.

Rare Gems and Their Value.

My Gilson has accurate returned to construct the province of the same and of the above named disorcers.

It too generally is in our closed sleep-ing rooms.

If we would breathe sufficiently of the sum effort, must go un into the world, must expand the lungs and admit the fresh air to their six hundred millions of air cells, not only as a means of invigoration, but for the prevention of that most fatal of the diseases of civilization—pulmon ary consumption, so many victims of the diseases of the Bloweis-Files, and all Derangements of the Bloweis-Files, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscration only as a means of invigoration, but for the provention of that most fatal of the diseases of civilization—pulmon ary consumption, so many victims of the diseases of the Diseases, Headacke, Consipation, Costiveness, Indigention, Diseases, Headacke, Consipation, Octavity of the Internal

Mr. Gilson has recently concluded a ourney round the world, which he the condition of the trade in gems. In about his religious faith, for it could be an article in the St. Petersburg Gazette he states the result of his investigations. Diamonds he found at a lower rate than they have reached in ten years past. Pearls and emeralds are. well as they know how, God will forgive the balance." Gen. Sherman has another short creed. He says this is on the other hand, at a premium. An about \$180; a sapphire of the same size would bring \$1,350; an emerald \$7,500; a diamond \$13,500, and a ruby \$37,500. In Europe these gems would rank somewhat differently, opals and sapphires rating higher and emeralds lower. Pearls are now brought from Central America, California and the Persian Gulf, but none of them rival those of the East Indies. About \$5,-250,000 of diamonds are annually im-A most melancholy and distressing accident occurred at the Washington navy yard a few days since. Mr. Ed-Many of these are of good size, and Many of these are of good size, and most have a yellowish tinge. In consequence of this importation, diamonds of the same hue have fallen 75 per cent. in guides of the large circular saw of which he had charge. The saw was running at the rate of 800 revolutions fortunes realized in America through fortunes realized in America through petroleum and military contracts have created an excessive demand. But this effect upon the value of the stones may be considered merely temporary. A similar depreciation in their price occurred at the discovery of the diamond mines in Brazil—Go conda having previously supplied the market-but they soon regained their value.

"Go to grass" is swearing when used using the expression.

Pure Air.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The propriety of the use of an abun-

dance of pure air may be inferred from the vast supply of it-an ocean more than forty miles deep enveloping the earth. Its importance may also be deduced from the fact that, while it is constantly vitiated, its purity destroyed by combustion and respiration, there are influences and forces as constantly deputized to restore the integrity of this great body of air, not only to guard against the natural results of its poisonng influences when thus contaminated, but to restore to it its original purity, its native life-imparting power. This is done principally through the agency of water, also abundant in its supply, and the vegetable kingdom, which, with its unnumbered lung-leaves, is ever gathering up and appropriating what to animal life is ever noxious-fatal in their results, but vigor and growth to vegetable life. With such a supply, therefore, ample for our world though its sentient beings should be increased tenfold, and with these wind, wave and vegetable influences, restoring its purity as fast certainly as the opposing influ ences of combustion and respiration can vitiate it, we need not be parsimonious in its employment. We need not fear that in using just as much as the capacity of our lungs will permit we shall ever encroach upon the rights of our neighbors, for the good Father has amply and abundantly supplied the wants of all of His creatures

Again, facts show us that an adult, that he may have a good supply, and that of the best quality, or such as his health demands, should have at least from seven to ten cubic feet of fresh air each minute. This supply has a direct reference to the purification of the blood, a matter of vast importance, and to the sustenance of the body, imparting vitality and power, one of the great energizing influences. But how shall we obtain an ample

supply of this vital fluid, an absolute necessity to all living creatures? I answer not in our box-like sleeping apartments, with closed doors and windows, to exclude even a breath of fresh air. On an average these will not con-tain enough air to last their occupants more than three-fourths of an hour, while during the remaining seven the occupants might breathe a vitiated air, poisonous, loaded with the emanations from bodies constantly ejecting waste and impure matter, not unlike the noxious miasmata the cesspool and the low lands of the South, with the seeds of disease and the diseasive tendencies of those around us. We shall not find pure air, such as the Creator manifestly intended for us, in most of our churches, especially those well filled, since the air of these cannot remain absolutely pure for more than fifteen minutes. During the rest of the services, while the preacher is presenting the great incentives of purity of life, we are compelled at each inspira-

tion to breathe the fumes of whisky and tobacco, the corrupting effluvia of scrofula; the taint, it may be of the putrefac tive breath of him whohas worse than a mark of Cain upon him, the almost ineradicable curse stain of libertinism with the seeds of disease saturating the whole air of the room. We shall not find it in our lecture rooms, our shops, our larger manufactories or in our principles—the alphabet of practical science. We shall not find it in any place where the occuthis friend of man and beast, so eager, as it might seem, to bless, that it attempts to insinuate its presence wherever it may gain access. It will not be found in our closed apartments only so far as we secure its presence by proper means of ventilation, remembering that the most important consideration is the escape of the foul air, which must be succeeded by a fresh supply. The proper means of securing this air may be determined by each individual, but

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BROW this friend of man and beast, so eager, must be done by open doors, windows judiciously effected, or by regular ventilators. Even slight orifices opposite each other, if abundant, will do much, not, therefore, infer that it must be night air is not only not generally poison, but, even in the most malarious dis-

his famous speech, regretting that they never had dancing at his house, and said he liked to see the young people "scooting around," he told me that nade for the purpose of ascertaining after his death there need be no dispute given in a few words. Said he: "I believe that if people only act half as not a bad world unless we choose to opal the size of an average olive would make it so. If we are kind to others bring in New York, at the present time, in return, we will be kindly dealt with. in return, we will be kindly dealt with. - Washington Cor. Louisville Courier-

ACCORDING TO LAW AND EVIDENCE .-A singular case which occurred many years ago in one of the rural towns of Vermont is thus described by the Rutland (Vt.) Herald: "Capt. A. shot and killed a dog belonging to his neigh-bor, Smith. This act was charged upon one G., and a suit was brought against him to recover damages. The case was tried by a jury before a Justice of the Peace, and Capt. A. sat as a juror. Circumstantial evidence was presented to prove that G. shot the dog, and the jury agreed to return a verdict of 'guilty.' Several years after the trial Capt. A. sak has had told me that they could only patch her up for the time being. She was confined to her bod and had been for some time. I heard of your Pine Tree cough. She has now finished the fourth bottle, and sak how her bed and had been for some time. I heard of your Pine Tree cough. She has now finished the fourth bottle, and sak been for some time. I heard of your Pine Tree cough. She has now finished the fourth bottle, and sak been for some time. I heard of your Pine Tree cough. She has now finished the fourth bottle, and sake to do the work for her family; and may God as able to do the work for her family; and may God as able to do the work for her family; and may God as able to do the work for her family; and may God and had been for some time. I heard of your Pine Tree cough. She has now finished the fourth bottle, and as able to do the work for her family; and may God as able to do the work for her family; and may God as able to do the work for her family; and may God as able to do the work for her family. But her family in the strength of the family of the provide may be a family of the fam him to recover damages. The case was verdict of 'guilty' against G. on the ground that his juror's oath required

their summer dresses in packing. They are rolled in wrapping paper, and thus their fresh and stiff appearance is alhint and do likewise.

UP A TREE. - Frenchmen, despite their supposed frivolity, have an eye to business, it seems. There was to be a mar-riage in a French village, and all the guests were punctual, but the bride-groom could not be found. He was discovered, at last, up a tree, but would not come down till the future father-inlaw conveyed to him a farm that had been promised. Much protestation and many tears; but he was firm. Finally the papers were signed, and down he

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY! Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial for coughs, colds and bronchial affections stands first in public con-fidence and favor. This result has been acquired after a test of many years. - Com.

Ragged stockings and protruding toes are not seen on feet where SILVER TIPS are worn. Parents remember; this they last

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT THE CREAT

Blood Purifier!

ONE BOTTLE Will make the Blood pure, the Skin clear, the Eyes bright, the Complexion smiooth and transparent, the Hair strong, and remove all Sores, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Tetters, Cankers, etc., from the Head, Face, Neck, Mouth and Skin. It is pleasant to take and the dose is small.

It Resolves away Diseased Deposits; it Purifies the Blood and Renovates the System. It cures with certainty all Chronic Diseases that have lingered in the system five or

ten years, whether it be Scrofula or Syphilitic, Hereditary or Contagious,

BE IT SEATED IN THE Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

IT IS THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE FOR Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urina, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases water there are brick-dust deposits, Chronic Rheumatism, Screfula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Byphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspessia, Water-Brann, Tic Deloreux, White Swellings, Tumore, Ulcers, Skin and hip Biseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Goot, Broysy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaints, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strimorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Erup ions, Fyver Sores, Scald Head, Brigworm, Salt Rheum, Erysip-las, Acue, Biack Spots, Worms in the Plesh, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges. Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm and all wastes of the life principle are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it, for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

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manifest a zeal and ability worthy of a
good cause, in their efforts to shut out

cure you of the worst of these complaints in a low hours.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CBAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEANTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIABRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWBLS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

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It is now fifteen years since the attention of the public was first called by Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart to this wonderful remedy, and so well has it stood the test of time that to-day it not only has the complication of the entire community, but is more frequently prescribed by physicians in their practice than any other proprietary preparation in the country. It is the vital principle of the Pine Tree, obtained by a peculiar procease in the distillation of the Tar, by which its highest medicinal properties are retained. For the following complaints, Inflammation of the Lungs, Coughs, Sore Throat and Breast, Broncaitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Disease of the Kidneys, Urinary Complaints, Nervous De bility, Dyspesia, and diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, there is no remedy un the world that has been used so successfully or can show such a number of marvelous cures. The following will serve to show the estimation in which this sovereign remedy is held by those who have used it.

Consumption for Ten Years Cured.

From St. Louis, Mo. ground that his juror's oath required him to decide the case according to law and evidence, and it was fairly proved, he said, that G. killed the dog."

"Mem."—French ladies never fold their summer dresses in packing. They are rolled in wrapping paper, and thus

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