HOW MY GROST WAS LAID.

He fell flat on the ground before me, lasped his hands to his forehead, and ittered a horrible groan. Never on the ge did murdered villain fall so sudlenly or with such a whack. I began to shake all over. I was, in

fact, frightened almost to death. Had I cilled him? Had I really killed John Rogers? I was young enough to think it possible. I did not then feel quite as ure as I do now that "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." My sixteenth birthday I was just past, and John Rodgers was only twenty-Biddy called him the "milk gentleman:" at he milked his mother's cow, and was adescending enough to bring it to our door in a tin can every evening. We did not keep a cow. The railway ran at the foot of our property, and we had had the pleasure of seeing three Alderneys immolated on cow-catchers; and, as Mrs. Rogers remarked, that "though she was a lady to the backbone, and jest as good as anybody in that neighborhood, ef not lette better, she did not mind letting s have her extra milk;" we gave up our own experiments in cow-keeping and ere served by John Rogers. Part of the argain understood, though unexpressed. was that the milk-bringing was to be aken in the light of a call. A member of the family received the can, and rearked sagely that it was warm, cold, ainy, or that we needed rain, and asked how Mrs. Rogers found herself. When as sovereign obliges another great cere-

ony is required. I think I never shall forget the linen nits made, as well as washed and ironed, whis mamma, in which John Rogers lways appeared; his head of curly red air, his big blue eyes, very round and ride open; his long, red hands and rists, and the length of stocking, ankle and shoe-string which finished him off. He generally wore a pink in his buttonole. He was romantic, and had a vol-

me of Tennyson and another of Tom foore, which he was fond of quoting; nd so we come again to the reason of his illing flat on the ground at my feet in hat piece of woodland, and which was alled in the neighborhood Peck's grove. I had not been wandering there arm-

arm with John Rogers, but I had a abit of taking my book there on sultry ternoons, and he had fallen into anher habit in going home that way after gving the milk. Sometimes he had a ok in his pocket and would take it out nd favor me with a selection. Lady lara Vere de Vere was his favorite. I as not particularly delighted with this tention, but our supply of milk was ependent on our civilty, and I was vil; and so it had come to this-John agers had proposed to me. There, in them, for he talked incessantly. "Martha Jane got the basket? Wal, art and hand, and I had said:

"Oh, Mr. Rogers, please don't. I-I uldn't possibly think of marrying. I'm oyoung. Mamma and papa call me eir little girl."

"Never you mind, Celina. Old folks ever kin understand young folks is rowed up," replied John Rogers. "We in wait. We kin keep company a year two. I'm in hopes grand ther 'll step by that time, and we'll hev the med-

farm. Dunno as we need even ter ention it jest now. "Oh, I don't mean that, Mr. Rogers,"

said, in terror. "I don't want to wait. an-I"-here I thought of the milk. regard you with the greatest respect a neighbor, but-oh, no, Mr. Rogers, hollow in the cheeks-no sharpness in ht put your arm around my waist. I the temples, but there were the big n't allow it; but-I-couldn't think of arrying you at any time." "Hay!" cried John Rogers. He said it so sharply that I started. "Ab, I see that I am right!" cried John ogers. "You've been a trifling with y feelings. You've led me on to this crush me under your heel. You thort break a country heart for parstime ere went to town. "Oh, Mr. Rogers!" I cried in desperaa; "you know I'm not going to town; always live here.' "It's all the same," said John Rogers; "You hold your course without remorse, To make me trust my modest worth: Aud is t you fixed a vacant stare, And slew me with your noble birth.

with: "I'd hev you to know, ma'am, that me and my folks is jest as good as you and your folks any day in the year; and, as for my John, ef I'd knowed what he was after I'd hev showed him. A hity-tity piece—a nasty little thing like that! Uch!" that! Ugh!"

"Has she gone crazy?" panted mamma. What have we done?

And then I burst into tears. "Don't blame her, mamma," I sobbed,

I've broken poor John Roger's heart." There was much rain about that time, and chills and fever prevailed to an alarming extent. John Rogers took them-I suppose lying on the ground was not good for him-and had them very badly. He enjoyed it, I think now, but he was a terrible, haunting ghost to me as he grew thinner and thinner, and yellower and yellower, and haunted my path with reproachful goggle eyes and Tennyson sticking out of his pocket. I think my remorse might have eventually have broken down my constitution if papa had not decided that we should all

spend a year in Europe. I married abroad, and on our return we all settled in New York, and I felt glad not to return and face the tombstone of John Rogers.

"I'm afraid," I often said to my husband, with tears in my eyes-"I'm afraid. love, that I have broken one honest heart that loved me well; and I may even be responsible for a life.

And I never dared to sleep alone in the dark, for fear of seeing the ghost of John Rogers pointing to a volume of Tennyson

"How the years fly!" But mine flew happily. I was thirty years old and the mother of three little children, when we to. one day bethought us to go npon an excursion up the river. The day was fine; the air delicious; the boat a little too crowded. On our way we stopped at the landing nearest our old home, and though fourteen years had flown, I thought of John Rogers and grew melancholy.

"That ghost," I said to myself "will never be laid. Yet certainly I did nothing wrong. I never encouraged him, and it?" I could not marry him. That would have been impossible.

Meanwhile the gang-plank, as I believe they call it, was thrown out, and some people came on board. Among them was an exceedingly fat, comfortable man of 35 or more; his wife, a dry skinny person, in a bright blue bonnet, and a purple grenadine dress, and a small tribe of children. I should not have noticed them any more than any of the rest but for the man's amazing Six times four are thirty-four and two to promptitude in gathering up camp-stools and the fact that he seated the family Press. very near our party. Once established, however, it was impossible to forget

I am relieved; thought you'd left it, and we'd be obliged to buy our victuals at the tavern, charging as they do. Sally,

stop scratchin' your shoe toes. Do you think I'm made of money? Ma, h'ist Peter onto your knee, won't you? Next thing he'll be overboard. Don't scratch your head so David. Ma, you're veil'll git blowed off next, and you,ll be botherin' about a new one."

"When I bother, I'll get one," replied a sharp female voice. "Ef I was you I wouldn't publish my meanness to the hull boat, John Rogers."

It was very red and round now. No goggle eyes, round and blue as ever. The nose, with the funny nicks in the nostrils, and the curious, pale reddish eyebrows, and a good deal of the pale

What the Clerk Wanted.

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow turns, entered and began:

"Mr. Pinchem, I-I-" "Have you got those goods off for Kal mazoo?" interrupted the old man. "Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem

have long-' "And about the order for starch?" "That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you.

"Ah, speak to me. Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day.' "Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private

matter.' "Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I how much we made on that last 10,000 pounds of soap. Six times four are twenty four; five times two are ten and two to carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one-ah, well, go ahead; I'll finish this afterwards."

"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years." "Ten, eh? Any longer than other years? Go ahead."

"And I have always tried to do my duty.'

'Have, eh? Go on." "And I now make bold-"

'Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind-I'll hear you out." "Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask-askwant to ask-"

"Well, why don't you ask then? don't see why you don't ask, if you want

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for -for-for-"You wan't to ask me for the hand of

my daughter. Ah! Why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go 'long, now-I'm very busy.

"Mr. Pinchem." "What, you here yet? Well, what is

"I wanted to ask you for, for-" "Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!

"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you or, was not the hand of your daughter,

but for a raise of salary." "Oh, that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week.

A Valuable Discovery.

A short time ago Mr. George Crumble a suburban resident of Cleveland, discovered that the water of his well had a neculiar taste.

"This is undoubtedly sulphur-water. once.

"Now, here, Mary, if you are going to express an opinion, express a sensible not fall enough on many of them for the one. Do you suppose that because your water to run off. Still it's rather a fine father found a sulphur well on his place that all of his children are likely to find sulphur wells? Don't let anybody hear John Rogers! At the name I turned and looked full into the fat man's face. say that I'd found a sulphur well simply

Oatmeal as Food.

The appetite often craves food which the stomach rejects; but a long period of forcing enables it to receive it under protest. Nor is it the quantity of food that is nourishing but the quality. A pound of choice meat at twenty cents is worth as much nutriment as two pounds of inferior meat at ten cents. An egg is one of the best and most nutritions articles of diet that can be put upon a table, and the less it is cooked the more valuable its digestive and assimilating properties. Since oatmeal has become a del iency, retailing all the way from four to twenty-five cents a pound, according to localities, people of wealth add it to their cusine as a valuable breakfast dish. Car-

lyle said of Lord Macauley: "Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of a fellow made out of oatmeal. There is a story told of a shrewd Scotch voman who used to tell her fine healthy bairns, "the one that eats the maist parritch will get the maist meat." And when the meat came there was no room for it. Dr, Johnson defined oats as in Scotland food for men, and in England food for horses.

"And where," asked an indignant Scotchman, "will you meet with such men as in Scotland or such horses as in England?" The apologist for a national dish says: "If oatmeal can make such men as Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, and Lord Macauley, we may well heap high the porridge dish and bribe our hildren to eat it. One thing we do know. It is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confectionery, and the score of delicacies on which many pale little pets are fed by their foolish, fond mothers

A regiment of almost giants, recruited from the Scottish highlands, are as Car-lyle said of Macauley, "Made of oatmeal." So boys who want height and breadth and muscle, and girls who want rosy cheeks and physical vigor, should turn from hot cakes and other indigestibles to this food for Scotchmen and horses.

There is still something to take into account. The air and exercise of that glorious country "Scotland, bonnie Scotland," and the tramping tours which her sons take, giving them robust appetites for porridge and bannocks, and such plain, wholesome fare.

Two New Zealand Cities.

Christehurch is the "City of the Plain," and plain enough it is. It spreads over two miles square, and looks West. But it has a river Avon running through it which is as crooked as a ram's horn or a sheep's hind leg. This is not the Avon that Shakespeare lived on at Stratford; but everything here is named after somebody or something in the old country. There is one of the finest museums here I have ever seen, and the Domain, or public ground, is very fine, "I wouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Crumble, "for you know father found a sulphur well on his place fowers. The drainage is on top of the streets; cement gutters, which have to be cleaned every morning, as there is city, and in time will be a large and prosperous one. It's so quiet now you can hear your heart beat anywhere in the streets. And it reminds one to be

Humanity to Live Stock in Transit.

Attention has lately been called in the British House of Commons to the suffer-ings of American-imported live stock on the voyage across the Atlantic, and from the remarks of the Secretary of the Privy Council it appears that the attention of that body had been several times called to the matter, and that it had been for some time in communication with the Board of Trade with a view of devising measures for lessening the sufferings o animals in transit. Humanity and selfinterest alike demand that the suffering of exported animals both on their way to the sea-board and across the Atlantic should be reduced to a minimum, and the latter consideration is likely soon to enforce the dictates of the former. In this country the Humane Society's ef-forts will probably soon place upon our roads cars effectually designed to transport live stock with a minimum of inconvenience; for out of the 420 models its offer of a premium has elicited, one at least must prove satisfactory, while there seems every disposition on the part of our Legisla tures to compel the railroad corporations to pay regard to humanity in this con-

nection. In England reports to the Privy Council from the insurance agencies show that the amount of suffering endured by stock in transit has been much lessened by recent devices, and the Privy Council's effort's are likely to make still further improvements; in this direction. Already most of the animals are landed in excellent condition; while reports of our exports of live stock in this week's agricultural news column show a remarkably small percentage of fatality among our shipments last year. Small as this is, however, it is considerably greater than that incurred by a Cana dian Steamship Company which has sent to this office a statement of its business in that line for the last fifteen months. From this it appears that during this time it shipped 16,005 head of cattle, and landed 15,852 head alive, while out of 30,456 sheep shipped, it lost only 725. - Exchange.

How to Pack Ergs.

Receivers have a good deal of trouble with eggs that come in loose packages; have not been properly packed, and ar-rive with more or less broken. This trouble is a usual experience at this season of the year, when the arrivals in-crease, and when consignments come from all sections. When cases are not

used, the barrel is the next best package. In packing, oats should not be used, becarry; and three times -"- [Detroit Free | like some of our over-grown villages out | cause they are heavy, and increase the cost of shipment, and the eggs are apt to work through, and coming in contact with one another, there is sure to be some breakage if great care is not taken. By using cut straw the eggs can be got through in good shape and they are all in suitable condition for reshipping, provided the proper rules have been followed. In using straw, see that it is clean and dry, so that there will be no musty smell. The eggs should be laid with the ends toward the outside of the barrel. Between each layer of eggs there should be a thick layer of straw. See also that plenty of straw is placed between the eggs and sides of the barrel. A barrel if properly packed should not have more than about 60 or 65 dozen. When the package is filled place considerable straw over the top, put the head of the barrel then mark

SHORT BITS.

The oldest living graduate of Williams College, Herman Halsey, class of 1811, has signified his intention of being presont at the commencement next month.

Velvet Cakes .- Make a batter of one quart of flour, three eggs, one quart of milk, one gill of yeast; when well risen, stir in a large spoonful of melted butter; bake in muffin rings.

Electric e lightning is in successful operation on more than sixty steamers on the Mississippi river and its tributaries. It is believed to add much to the safety of that kind of traffic and traveling.

Walt. Whitman fell in love with the fine-looking, gray-headed women of Bos ton. Probably he was not made aware that most of them were still young, but their hair had turned white from reading his poems.

"Melican man's gun shootee pletty good," was the patroinzing observation with which Young Kee returned their weapon to a group of astounded militiamen at Carson City, Nev., after making five successive bullseyes on the 200 yard target.

Mrs. Ingram, at Battle Creek, Mich. has eaten nothing of any account in eight months. The shock to her nervous system when she had a tooth pulled has affected her stomach in some way so that the slightest particle of food throws her into spasms.

It is estimated that three millions of dollars were paid for cut flowers in New York in 1880, one-third of which was for rosebuds. Not less than twenty acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone, during the winter months.

A painter in San Francisco, while at work in the fourth story of a building, fell down the elevator shaft a distance of sixty feet, breaking his spine by striking the engineer who was standing in the elevator. The blow caused a fracture of the engineer's skull, and neither of the men survived the injuries from this terrible fall.

Beaconsfield and Sir George Eliot, two self-made men, attributed their success, after the commonplaces of work, courage, energy and talent, to these things: First, a lively sense of per-sonal honor; second, tact and unfailing screnity of tamper; third, the happy art of inspiring and retaining friendships.

For gapes in poultry, a correspondent of the Lancaster Farmer has found no other treatment so effectual as caging the affected chicken in a box covered with a screen on which pulverized lime is placed, and shaking a little of the dust down occasionally, which causes sneez-ing and ejectment from the throat of the worm that makes the mischief.

"And God made the rivers, and the mountains, and the trees, and the bird, and papa, and mamma, and you and everybody on earth." Bertie looked very serious for awhile, then pointed through the window to a poor, drunken object, Did reeling along the street, and asked: He make that fellow over there?" "Yes, dear; He made him, too." "Well, He must have been crazy to make such a 'rooster' as that!"

Mr. Alexander Sinclair, editor of the Glasgow Herald, who has been making an extensive tour of the United States, going so far west as the Rocky Moun-

liss Celina Tompkins. Oh, I know

'Dear me, I'm sure it's very dreadful you to say so, Mr. Rogers," I said. "Then you repent ?" said John Rogers on ain't a goin' to yield to this here de of birth. When folks' relations ministers and doctors they do feel sot by it generally, but

"Howe er it be it seems to me "Tis only noble to be good. Kind hearts are more than— Than doctors" signs, and simple Faith more than dominies' blood.

all cast aside all them there prejues of caste and hey me, whether or

"Oh, no, Mr. Rogers," I sobbed; "oh I'm sure"-the milk rose before my emory again-"I'm sure no family ald be more respected than yours; but never mean to marry at all." "It's final, then ?" said John Rogers. "Oh, yes, indeed it is. I'm very sorry,

it indeed it is," said I. Instantly, without warning, Mr. gers threw his book one way and the k-kettle the other, and feil flat before in the road.

"Get up, Mr. Rogers," I cried, when had been perfectly motionless for full minutes. "Oh, get up, get up!" and to my relief he answered, but at he said was really terrible:

"Miss Celins Tomp kins! There stands a spectre in your hall. The guilt of blood is at your door— Tou're killed me!"

Had I killed John Rogers? As I said fore, I was young enough to believe it saible. For an hour I stayed there king him with my pink-lined parasol, his tin can, put his hat on the back his head and hurried home. At the I met a little boy and gave him a 10-

have any." Her manners certainly not that repose which marks the cas- a dozen stout men. But a continuation If Vere de Vere; and when she called of these doses for a few years is sure to

reddish hair. "It is John Rogers!" I ejaculated involuntarily. It was now his jurn to

be started. "Who on earth!" he ejaculated. Then a sudden light of recognition ap

peared on his face. "Not Miss Celina Tompkins!" he cried, and we shook hands. "This here's my partner," he said, indicating his wife with a wave of his umbrella; "and I see you've got one, too, and both our quivers is pretty full. We've got older, ain't we, all of us since you lived to Plankville? Grand'ther was fortynate enough to die next spring, and me and Samanthy stepped off in August. I weigh more'n use to done; I turn the miller's scales

at 200. Mrs. Rogers, this here is-" I gave him my married name as he paused, and received a very unfavorable glance from Mrs. John Rogers.

ing:

Afterward I heard her spouse explain-

"She sot considerably by me when she was a gal, but she took too many airs. She was one of them kind that was all outside and nothin' solid, so I let her know I wasn't to be caught. They did say she most broke her heart. I dunno "If she knowed what I've had to stand

she'd rejoice," retorted the still unmol-lified Mrs. John Rogers. "I'm sure I wish you'd had her."

A little later I saw them with their nine (I had an impression that they had nine) small children, and one in the arms, hunting for a place to lunch comfortably, and I turned to my husband with a sort of gasp. "My dear," I said, "that's my ghost

-that's the person I've always believed murdered.

"The one who died of love for your

sake?" asked my spouse. I answered: "The very same John Rogers. He is laid at last."

NOXIOUS DRUGS TO HORSES .- Grooms are too much in the habit of administering these, wholly careless or ignorant of their injurious effect. This is particularly the case with arsenic, which they freely use in order to give horses a finer and nim with my pink-lined parason. edding hot tears, begging him to rise. a only moaned. Finally, as it was freely use in order to give horses a finer freely use in order to give horses a finer and more showy coat of hair. We often and more showy coat of hair. We often hear of cases of death from this cause both at home and abroad. It is an imperative order from us to our stablemen piece to run and tell Mrs. Rogers to never give medicine of any kind to mething had happened to her son, our animals without first consulting us. Rogers, and that she'd better go In some European countries, particulook for him in "Peck's grove;" and larly Hungary, we have heard that the ded 5 cents more not to tell who sent lower class of females are almost in-Then I went home. I had done sanely addicted to the habit of takcould do. I could not marry John ms, but I felt very guilty. ans, but I felt very guilty. here was no milk for breakfast next ming, nor did Mrs. Rogers again "let take enough at a single dose to kill half take enough at a single dose to kill half lect the bill she gave my mother an result in premature death.-- | Rural New ited piece of her mind, ending Yorker.

because your father once found one.' "I was just agreeing with you. But Uncle James discovered a sulphur well

and-' "That'll do. I don't care anything about your Uncle James; but I believe that we have a genuine sulphur well."

He invited neighbors over, who, when they drank, pronounced it pure sulphur. They took bucketsful home, and declared that Crumble would have one of the finest summer resorts in the State. "This water gets stronger and stronger every day," remarked Crumble to a neighbor. "This vein must be very neighbor. "This vein must be very large. Why, if it keeps on improving we can go down and dig up the sulphur

with a spade. Crumble had several offers to sell, and although he had previously thought of selling his house and lot, he refused to take twice its former value.

"She's boiling with sulphur now," said Crumble. "I don't like it so strong," replied his

wife. "No, for you don't know what good water is. You'd rather drink water without any taste to it."

He went out to the well and came back with a pitcherful of the valuable finid. He poured out a glassful, drank about half, gagged, turned away and remarked: "She'll be fine by a week from now." However, he went away and hired a man to go down and see liberal feeding of roots once a week if he could not scrape up some of the sulphur.

"See any?" yells Crumble. "Oh, yes," answered the man. "Genuine, is it?"

"Yes-w-o-o-k!" "What's the matter?" By this time he arrived at the top, and threw out a yellow dog and an old boot.

Crumble turned away and heaved. His house and lot can be bought at half price.

two miles north of the Connecticut line. A large mill stream runs through the place (a branch of the Westfield river), furnishing a number of privileges, most of which are utilized. Messrs. Noble & Cooley are by far the largest manufacturers in the place. They say that in which seems practical, is the following: December, 1853, they first made a drum Scald three barrels or casks with hot in Mr. Noble's father's kitchen, from a water, rense thoroughly and empty. board in the barn, steamed it with a tea- Then scald with boiling vinegar, rolling kettle, and used two hogs' bladders for the barrels and allowing them to stand the heads. Next they made a dozen on their sides two or three days, until drums, and sent them away in a boot they become thoroughly saturated with box. They now have a factory 110x40 the vinegar. The barrels are then filled drums. These were made of wood, tin, brass and nickel. They used for the kind known as salted fleshes. Let none of your readers wonder where all the toy drums are made hereafter. This firm also made 400 gross of toy pistols, 23,-000 boxes tempins, 700 gross rolling hoops, and 42,000 boxes wooden tooth-picks. --[Hartford Times.

thankful you have one to beat. Dunedin is the best built city in the colony, and has a population of thirty thousand. The residences are upon th

hillsides and tops, and have a splendid view from all parts of the city. Princess street is over a mile in length, and is solidly built. It has street-cars and all the conveniences of any American city, but no hotel. There is not one in the colony. There are hundreds by that name, but they are nothing but rum-holes. I did not see much of the city, for it rained all the time I was there. Its public buildings are fine, and there are many things there to interest the traveler.

Beans as Food for Sheep.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:

I have been in the habit of feeding beans and bean straw to my breeding ewes for several years, and have never experienced any bad results, having fed liberally of both. Beans and bean fod-der are as natural for sheep as hay and oats for horses. Our custom is to feed poor beans-the pickings. We buy them of the dealers, paying ordinarily 25 cents per bushel, depending somewhat upon the supply. I consider them Friday. the best and cheapest food for breeding ewes up to about yeaning time, when two parts bran, and one part corn meal. should be fed at least once a day, and a

through the winter. My ewes thus iar have had only straw and beans, with an occasional feed of roots, at the rate of about a pint each day, fed morning and evening. They have pure water every day, which I consider essential. I care more to have my ewes in good condition and strong than to fear that certain kinds of food are injurious. More lambs are lost by lean, weak mothers than by overfed ones. It is worthy of remark that in ewes fed for market, if an occasional one happens to be in lamb, she always brings forth a strong, vigorous lamb, really making ewe and lamb worth more than the average of the flock.

CONVERTING CIDER INTO VINEGAR.-Various methods for hastening the conversion of cider into vinegar, have been recommended. A recent French method feet, with five floors, and use steam and about one-third full with strong, pure water. They have made and sold 70,000 cider vinegar, and two gallons of cider added. Every eighth day thereafter two gallons of cider are added, until the bar-cause. If one should express the opingallons of cider are added, until the barheads of all these drums 30,000 sheep- rels are two-thirds full. The whole is ion that ice water is the source of more skins, which came from Liverpool, of the allowed to stand fourteen days longer. when it will be found to be good vinegar and one-half of it may be drawn and the process of filling with cider be begun again. In summer the barrels are alture is eighty degrees.

secure plainly: Eggs, so many dozen, and all is complete, and a good condition is certain.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE .--- Two chums,

one rich the other poor, graduated in the class of '53 at Amherst College. The rich man's son went into business with his father in new York and took his friend with him as an employe. Soon the two young men fell in love with the same woman-a not unusual occurrence by the way-and the poor one, thinking he could offer but scant inducements by the side of his rich rival, went West. After experiencing varying for-tunes, he became rich at last, and the other day set out for the East after an absence of 24 years. Last Friday while on a train in Western Iowa, he noticed a woman trying to open a car window. He offered to help her. She was his early love. They talked just as one might expect them to under the circumstances, especially when each found the other was not married. She was a school teacher in Iowa, poor and dependent on herself. Love still lingered in their middle-aged hearts. The old story was rehearsed. They became Mr. and Mrs. ---- on that very day, notwith-standing the ominous fact that it was

A CURIOUS FACT .- It is a curious fact that Russia, one of the poorest of civilized countries, makes a greater parade of wealth in one respect than any other European State. The domes of all the great churches in St. Petersburg, Moscow and other large towns are plated with gold nearly a quarter of an inch thick. The new church of the Savior, dedicated and opened in Moscow last August, represents a value of fully \$15,-000,000. The Isaac cathedral in St. Petersburg may safely be credited with at least thrice that amount. So strong, however, is the old Sclav belief in the inviolable sanctity of "holy places" that during countless seasons of widespread and bitter distress, no attempt has ever been made to plunder the gold thus temptingly exposed, Indeed, one of the finest churches in St. Petersburg (the Kazan cathedral) owes its massive silver thrine to a voluntary offering of the plunder taken by the Cossacks in 1812.

WORSE THAN WHISKEY .--- Wm. Bross, of Chicago says: "A general reform in drinking ice water would confer a benefit upon the public, Its constant and immoderate use has become one of the most active causes of disease. It produces our national disease, dyspepsia, in its most aggravated forms, and you can scarcely look over a death list that you will not see a notice of some one dying of diabetes, Bright's disease, or other kidney complaint. In most cases ice disease among business and public men than whisky, a wide induction of facts would show him not so far from right. Sad experience as well as extensive observation and inquiry have convinced me lowed to stand exposed to the sun, and of the truth. Ice water came nearer Cabe could not keep it, and he often tells in cold weather kept where the tempera- costing me my own life than any other it with as much relish as his auditors cause within my memory.

tains, says the desire to emigrate, from Scotland to the United States is more so than formerly, especially among the better class of farmers-men who have a little money. There is a feeling of independence growing up, a desire to own land for themselves, that pervades all the members of the Scottish farming community, so that as soon as they can get what they consider undoubted information about the farming lands of this country, and make sure where is the best place to go, they will come over in large numbers.

Beauty in Advertising.

Advertising is a science. It requires a genius to make an advertisement attrac-tive. George Robbins, the gifted London auctioneer, had the "gift" as "Leather-Stockings" would have termed it. He once described a property he was offer-ing for sale as perfect but for one defect -"the singing of the nightengales was

apt to disturb the sleep of the residents!" He has a worthy successor, who describes a duck pond as "an aqueous provision for the poultry;" and a "residential estate" he is instructed to bring to the hammer, he describes as follows: "The house is a splendid home; replete with all that art and science could devise to render it perfect in fulfilling the requirements of a patrician or a peer, an opulent citizen or a man of letters; with a sumptuous suite of reception rooms, unique in the richness of their adornments, classic in the perfection of their style, and for symme-try of proportion and harmony in design an example to any age, in striking contrast to the anachronisms of the day, and surprisingly beautiful grounds, of which the combination of attractions makes the summer too short for their enjoyment and robs the winter of its dread." Now, that is what we call the poetry of advertising. It is a real literary gem, which a person will generally read twice, and then read it to his friend.

GETTING EVEN WITH A PRACTICAL JOKER.-McCabe was a practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi river steamboat, and forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room. He took a seat in the corner, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle, again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. "Great Jupiter, he yelled, "the thing's bewitched." More oil was administered, bet the engineer began to small a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and slipping up behind McCabe, the en-gineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back. "There," said he, "I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!" The joke was so good that Moreceive it.

Where Drums Come From. Granville Corners is situated about