day, some day of days, threading the With idle, beedless pace, Unlooking for such grace, I shall behold your face! day, some day of days, thus may we

chance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Go winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill;
What matter! I shall thrill
what matter! Through every vein with summer on that

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back, And for a moment there

I shall stand fresh and fair And drop the garment, care; more my perfect youth shall nothing lack. I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be, How, face to face, each soul Will slip its long control, Forget the dismal dole

Adreary fate's dark, separating sea; Man glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,

Its lonely, yearning years, Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

THE IDEAL CREMATORY.

How Cremation Will Be Robbed of All Its Objectionable Features.

[The Modern Age.] It is not a disagreeable journey on which we now propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final dis-position of a friend's remains in the ideal crematory of the future—science having already perfected the mechanical appliances necessary in conducting it in the way we describe.

Our friend has died, and, through the usual announcements, we learn that the last rites will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmurs of whose rustling leaves brings peace and quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute. Within the grove stands a massive building of gray masonry, whose architecture shows no striving after ornamental effect, and whose solid proportions give a sense of eternal permanency. A few small windows in the simple frieze which growns its walls do not destroy this effect, and their plain stained-glass clashes in no wise with the harmony of color between the sky, the trees and the gray stone of the temple of rest. About the Doric pillars of its portico green vines twine fondly, as though they, too, would do their share in robbing death of all its hideousness.

To this place loving hands have borne the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to the journey from this earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is one impressive room, with walls, floor, ceiling, all of white and spotless marble. The view is not a dazzling one, for the light is subdued and comes in varied color through the windows at the top. On either side of the chamber stand a few the temple bear in plain, sunken letters a name and two dates. Behind or beneath them are niches containing urns, where rest the pure

white ashes of the beloved dead.

On a simple dais in the middle of the room lies the body of our beloved friend. The hour has come, and about it are gathered those who knew and loved him while he lived. The scene, the surroundings, the subdued music of the organ, the absence of everything to jar upon the taste or senses, brings on thing stronger than wine, and that only a mood of solemn contemplation. No thought of physical corruption jars upon Richard Mansfield, the actor, takes our memories of the dead. The opening words of the speaker are said, a hidden choir harmoniously chants of hope and life, and now the end has sherry and claret." come. With the words "ashes to ashes" a white pall is thrown over the dais and we have looked upon our friend for the last time. The dais noise-lessly sinks from sight, a short hour is spent in listening to a funeral oration or in contemplation, until the dais, still covered with the pall, rises from below. The pall removed, we see upon the dais an urn-provided beforehand, and containing the ashes of our friend. This is now sealed into one of the niches, and the ceremony is over. This is not pure imagination. Modern invention has robbed incineration of all its objectionable features. Never till of late years could the world well and simply solve the problem of what to do with its dead. The whole process can be carried on as we have pictured, and without a single revolting feature in any part of it.

Oue Secret of Mormon Success. Exchange

The great success of Mormon missionaries abroad is owing to the fact that they offer poor people land. These lands are really furnished by our government under the homestead law. But the Mormons do a splendid business offering these lands to converts. The poor people come to our shores, get the land from our government through Mormon agencies, and they reimburse the chisch for the trouble of converting them by paying tithes. The Mor-mons do thriving business in this way, and keep an overflowing church treasury, which supports two emissaries near congress with ever-ready reasons for not interfering with polyg:

Hair-Cutting and Child Nature. The banging of a girl's hair changes

the whole nature of the little wretch, and she becomes as agun that is loaded. You take a picture of "Evangeline," and bang is Chair, and she would look as though | would "run at" people. How would aris. Van Cott, the alleged female preacher, look with her hair banged? It is just the same with boys. You take a nice, pious, Sunday-school boy, who can repeat 300 verses in the new testament, and cut his hair with a clipper, and he looks like Tug Wilson. BRAIN-WORKERS DRINKS.

A Boston Bartender Tells of the Various Liquids Most Affected by a Number of Notable Men.

"Nelse" in St. Paul Pioneer Press. I asked a bartender the other day what were the peculiarities and favorite drinks of some of his patrons of note. He had quite recently been employed in one of the largest drinking establishments in New York, and replied that every man usually had a favorite drink which he generally called for upon ranging alongside the bar. Whisky was called for nine times out of ten in one form or another, but fancy mixed drinks of all kinds were extremely popular

"Here is Oscar Wilde, for instance," he said. "He is very popular among the gay 'boys' of Gotham, and can drink most of them under the table and give them their choice of the liquor. He is one of the longest-headed drinkers I know of-the result, I think, of his calm, even temperament. Nothing disturbs him. He likes everything, although he shows a partiality to Vermouth cocktails. Champagne is also a great favorite with him. He does not care for Mumm's or Delbeck, however, the former not being 'dry' enough and the latter too 'dry.' Something between these two is his choice, although he is not 'set' in the mat-Something between ter. He takes very kindly to American drinks, like all Englishmen, and is very fond of whisky and seltzer, and also gin fizzes. He can't go beer for some reason. He is a great smoker, and is consuming the weed in some form incessaptly. His cigars are of the best brand, and he pays exorbitant prices for them. The number of cigarettes he smokes in a day is enormous. He prefers the La Ferme and Egyptian cigarettes. The one great peculiarity about Wilde is that he smokes before breakfast, something rarely done by the most inveterate smokers.

Steele Mackaye is sharp, quick and decisive in his manners and drinks great quantities of the best beer to get fat. He don't get fat, however, and never will. I have seen him drink fifteen glasses of beer at one sitting and not turn a hair. When the number gets up into the twenties he grows excited and talks ferociously. He is not at all averse to fancy drinks of all kinds, especially to gin fizzes and whisky cocktails. He smokes 25 cent cigars when his friends are kind enough to give them to him. Edgar Fawcett, the poet and playwright, is the opposite of scientific imbiber. His principal bad habit is to mix his drinks. Whisky and water is generally called for by him. He is also partial to sherry and bitters, but will drink almost anything. He has a great admiration for Oscar Wilde's poetry, and and when excited by sherry and bitters raves over it. Fawcett was Lcugfellow's pet before his death. He is itself. also a smoker. Cazuraun, the wellknown adapter of French plays, is a lively little Frenchman, the possessor of a very red nose, which he has spent mints of money and years of time in no longer meet to converse. Life is dresses in black, and talks rapidly when pleasant parlors have passed away. coloring. He has very bright eyes, excited. He is particularly heavy on cordials, especially kimmel. Absinthe terrupts all this. Parties are of the past—"receptions," are the only the past—"receptions," are the only warr variety receptions."

Leander Richardson, the correspondent and adaptor of plays, is very fond of beer and is gradually building out a Dutch front. He drinks immense quantities of beer when sitting up all night to write a letter. At the bar he names Santa Cruz sours, gin fizzes, claret punches, and champagne cocktails as his "pizen." A good cigar, either mild or strong, suits him. Lawrence Barrett is rarely, if ever, seen in a saloon, and I doubt if he drinks anysemi-occasionally with intimate friends. champagne with his meals to whet his appetite. George Riddle, the reader, likes wines of all kinds, but prefers

How He Got Even.

[American Machinist.] A good story is told of the well known engineer, William A. Sweet, of Syracuse. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day, a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask "the judge" what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon atterward Mr. Sweet received a bill from the judge "for legal advice, \$1,000." which he paid promptly without a word of complaint.

Time passed on, and one day the judge, who was also heavily interested in salt manufacture, needed some mechanical advice about machinery which was not running satisfactorily, and prise. asked Mr. Sweet to look at the machines and tell him what was needed. Mr. Sweet looked them over for two or three hours, and indicated the cause of the trouble. When he went home he promptly made a bill out against the judge for "mechanical advice, \$1,500," and the bill was duly paid, furnishing probably one of the few instances on record in which mechanics ever got ahead of the law.

Why Drivers Turn to the Right. [Henry Grady in Atlanta Constitution.]

Major W. H. Smyth gives me the following origin of the American custom of turning to the right on the road: Our ancestors drove oxen as a usual thing. In driving an ox team the driver walks on the left of the team, so that he can handle the goad or whip with his right hand. In meeting a wagon each driver would turn to the right, so that he could be between his own oxen pedigrees and stirring tales to narrate. and those of the other wagon.

Ambuscading the Professional,

[Philadelphia Call.] A couple of pickpockets followed a centleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first op-

"What shall we do now?" asked one.

The Irrepressible Book Agent.

[Boston Journal.] There was a great commotion on Washington street the other afternoon. The mass of snow which had been held by the frost immovable upon the roof of a high building, relaxed by the sudden thaw, began to slide and fell in a white and smothering cascade upon the crowded sidewalk. By leaping wildly into the middle of the street and do.lging into the doors of convenient shops nearly everybody escaped the avalanche, but one unfortunate man was caught by it and completely buried from sight. Immediately the people who had avoided a share in his misfortunes rushed to his assistance. One man groped into the snow and caught him by the leg; another got a purchase on his arm, and others gripping him by the clothing and body in due time he was brought to his feet again.

He presented a sorrowful spectacle, however. His hat looked like a halfinflated concertina, his coat was torn and his collar hung only by the button on the back of his shirt, and wherever he disclosed a lodging place for the snow in his raiment or person there the chilling element had established itself. He was apparently lifeless also, and a great crowd collected, with every manifestation of sympathy. The stranger soon revived, he sighed and opened his eyes, the flush of life returned to his ashen cheek. He saw the concourse about him and smiled, opening his mouth to speak, and as the people crowded around to hear him, said: "Ah -h! that was a narrow escape for me. The perils of winter, even in this temperate zone, are indeed fearful. But how much more terrible are they in the frozen regions of the pole! I have here"—and he opened a sachel which had survived the shock—"the new book describing the sufferings and details of the De Long party, for which I am taking subscriptions, and which I should be pleased to sell you at"-but here somebody yelled that another snowslide was coming, and the crowd vanished like smoke.

Books the Death of Conversation. [Boston Transcript.]

We are deluged with books that are born and fret their hour upon the counter and then are heard no more. Booksnot account books, but books of no account. Books catalogued in the commonplace. Every one takes his turn at a novel or a drama, and society is the loser by it; for what might pass current in a spontaneous way for eleverness, Oscar Wilde. He is far from being a when saved up and dealt out in book formula, loses ground and proves itself not worth the saving.

People are niggardly of being bright, clever and witty in society because they are saving up for the coming book that shall surely yet be written, and that every one is supposed to be writing. All the bon mots are carefully tucked away; nothing is given out of

Every story has a price in the book market, and the vapid consequence of all this is that in general society conversation has ceased to exist. People too absorbing. Quiet groups in A larger scale of entertainment interrupts all this. Parties are of be the privileged guest at the unfolding of the statue of-i. e., Mr. M-'s MS., twenty foolscap pages, read by the author; or, it may be Mrs—'s blank verse, or somebody will strain

forth Browning. Society has little spontaneity since the whole world turned author, and publishers have taken from it what they cannot pay back.

> Tree-Planting in England. [Boston Courier.]

While our forests are disappearing before the woodman's ax and the sawmill, there is no such diminution of the number of trees in England. This is owing to the perseverance of the landed class in tree-planting. One family alone, that of the dukes of Athole, has in a hundred years planted scores of millions of trees. The "planter duke," who commenced operations in 1774, planted 27,000,000 trees, covering 15,-000 acres, principally upon the Dunken Hills and in their neighborhood. The present duke of Atuole plants from 600,000 to 1,000,000 trees every year. The terrible storm which destroyed the Tay bridge blew down 80,000 of the duke's trees; but the loss was hardly noticeable. Millions of trees have been planted on Nantucket island, but unfortunately most of them died. Visitors to Nantucket will remember a few narrow belts of stunted pines here and there on the downs in the interior of the island, which represent the total outcome of this most laudable enter-

The Magnitude of India.

Philadelphia Press. Few people are aware of the magnitude of India, or comprehend that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Fewer still know that it contains sixty-two cities with a population of more than 50,000 people, and twenty-two cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants. Below the limit of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous, and there are hundreds with populations above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted; and there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organization or of the life and people in them. I Yet many of them have histories of 2,000 years, and in all flourish families which think themselves noble, and have long

> England's Sporting Land. [Exchange.]

In England there is more land lying idle in sporting grounds, game preserves and landlords' parks, than the whole kingdom of Belgium, which supports cortainty to relieve him of his purse. in happiness and prosperity 6,000,000 people, and sends large food exports to ce. year is received by 8,142 landlords as "Wait for the lawyer," said the other. | rent on 46,500,000 acres of land.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

The Mysterious Element in the Mind that Arouses Vague Apprehent sions What Actually Causes It.

The narrative below by a prominent scientist touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the distressing evils which hypochondria brings. They come at all times and are fed by the very flame which they them restores here. selves start. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded. Editors Herald:

It is seldom I appear in print and I should not do so now did I not believe myself in possession of truths, the revelation of which will prove of inestimable value to many who may see these lines. Mine has been a trying experience. For many years I was conscious of a want of nerve tone. My mind seemed sluggish and felt a certain failing off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people feel, who like myself are phy-sically below par, but like thousands of others I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork, and resorting to a glass of beer or a milk punch which would for the time invigorate and relieve my weariness.

After awhile the stimulants commenced

to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased and I was compelled to resort to other means to find relief. If a physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he cannot see himself as he sees others; so I called a physician and he advised me to try a little chemical food, or a bottle of hypophosphates. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indis-position seemed to increase, my food distressed me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I stated my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five to ten drops of Magende's solution of morphine, two or three times a day, for the weakness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deathly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed

to relieve my constipation.

In this condition I passed nearly a year wholly unfit for business while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished, and I suffered from incapacity with an appalling sense of misery and general apprehension of com-ing evil. I passed sicepless nights and was troubled with irregular action of the heart, a constantly feverish condition and the most excruciating tortures in my stomach, living for those days on rice water and gruel, and, indeed, the diges-tive functions seemed to be entirely de-

It was natural while in this condition I should become hypochondrical and fearful suggestions of self-destruction occasionally presented themselves. I experienced an insatiable desire for sleep, but on retir-ing would lie awake for a long time tor-mented with troubled reflections, and when at last I did fall into an uneasy slumber of short duration, it was dis-turbed by horrid dreams. In this condition I determined to take a trip to Europe, but in spite of all the attentions of physicians and change of scene and climate, I did not improve and so returned home with no earthly hope of ever again being able to leave the house.

Among the numerous friends that called on me was one who had been afflicted somewhat similarly to myself, but who had been restored to perfect health. Upon his earnest recommendation I began the same treatment he had employed, but with little hope of being benefited. At first I experi-enced little, if any, relief, except that it either side of the chamber stand a few memorial statues—real works of art—each one of them keeping alive the memory of some one who in his life was either good or great. Many of the marble slabs in the sides and floor of lips.

The past—receptions, are the only wear very crushy, very vapid, very much all alike, unless a deliberate stand is taken by some wearied soul stand is taken by some wearied soul stand is taken by some wearied soul and a form of entertainment is fixed and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attain the past—receptions, are the only wear very crushy, very vapid, very much all alike, unless a deliberate stand is taken by some wearied soul is use, however, and after the third bottle could see a marked change for the better, and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attain the past of the past—receptions, are the only wear very crushy, very vapid, very much all alike, unless a deliberate stand is taken by some wearied soul is use, however, and after the third bottle could see a marked change for the better, and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attain the past of the course, and the course of the past of the past of the course, and the past of the past of the past of the course, and the past of th tend to my professional duties. I sleep well, nothing distresses me that I cat, I go well, nothing distresses me that I eat, I go from day to day without a feeling of weariness or pain; indeed, I am a well man, and wholly through the influence of H. H. Warner & Co.'s Tippecanoe. I consider this remedy as taking the highest possible rank in the treatment of all diseases marked by debility, loss of appetite, and all other symptoms of stomach and digestive disorders. It is overwhelmingly superior to the tonics, bitters, and dyspepsia cures of the day, and is certain to be so cures of the day, and is certain to be so acknowledged by the public universally. Thousands of people to-day are going to premature graves with these serious diseases, that I have above described, and to all such I would say: "Do not let your good judgment be governed by your preudices, but give the above-named remedy a fair and patient trial, and I believe you will not only be rewarded by a perfect restoration to health, but you will also be onvinced that the medical profession does not possess all the knowledge that is embraced in medical science." cures of the day, and is certain to

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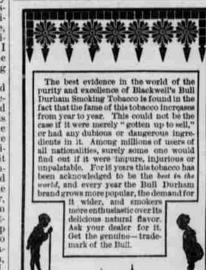
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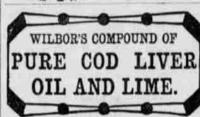
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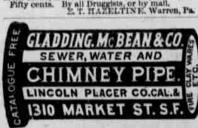
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