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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS (cont.)  
One square of one insertion.....\$1.00  
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BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS (cont.)

TIME.	1 sq.	2 sq.	3 sq.	4 sq.	5 sq.	6 sq.	7 sq.	8 sq.	9 sq.	10 sq.
1 month.....	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	10 00	11 00	12 00
2 months.....	4 00	5 50	7 00	8 50	10 00	11 50	13 00	14 50	16 00	17 50
3 months.....	5 00	7 00	9 00	11 00	13 00	15 00	17 00	19 00	21 00	23 00
6 months.....	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	20 00	22 50	25 00	27 50	30 00
1 year.....	10 00	13 00	16 00	19 00	22 00	25 00	28 00	31 00	34 00	37 00

### Memories.

I often sing, when I am sad,  
Those dear sweet songs of yore—  
Their memory lingers in my heart,  
Though I may hear no more  
That dear voice at evening hour,  
That claimed my heart like magic power.  
Long years have gone since loved ones  
Met round the family fire,  
My mother, kind and gentle,  
My noble, gray-haired sire,  
So blend their voices, soft and low,  
In happy songs of long ago.  
To-night I find I'm dreaming  
Of childhood's hours long fled,  
And fancy finds me champing  
The darlings I thought dead;  
Oh, may the morning's early light  
Chase not the evening's memory quite.  
Oh, could we pierce the shadows  
That blind our mortal sight,  
And see the precious dear ones  
Around us day and night,  
Our songs would not be sad again,  
But anthems sweet with heaven's refrain.

### Maud Arlington.

BY IDA L. DEAN.

"John, what have you there?" inquired Mr. Arlington, as he passed his servant in the hall.  
"A note for Miss Arlington," said John, with a bow.  
"Let me see it for a moment," said Mr. Arlington.  
John gave him the note; he took it, glanced at the writing, and then turned to the servant and said:  
"Tell Miss Arlington I wish to see her in the library immediately."  
John bowed and turned away, wondering what could be the matter. Mr. Arlington entered the library, and shut the door with a bang. Presently it opened softly, and a young girl entered the room.  
"What is it, papa?" she asked.  
"Yes, what is it?" he asked, angrily, and, advancing, he gave her the note.  
"Read."  
She took the note, read it, then gave it back to her father, saying:  
"It is from Arthur Lee; he wishes to escort me to the opera to-night."  
"But have I not forbidden any communication between you and Arthur Lee?" cried Mr. Arlington.  
"Yes, father, you have, but I will not obey you."  
"Will not obey me?" said her father in astonishment. "Say that again if you dare!"  
She was silent for a few moments, then said:  
"Papa, I mean what I say."  
Mr. Arlington paced the floor in silence for a few moments, and then, throwing himself into a chair, said in a gentle tone:  
"Maud, what I say or do is for your own good, and you should consider it as such."  
"Papa, I do not mean to be disobedient, but I will never marry a man I do not love, and I will marry Arthur Lee, and no other," said Maud, firmly.  
"Maud, do not be so hasty; remember he is but a poor artist, and cannot give you the home that Harry Everett can."  
"I want no better home than the one Arthur can give me, and for marrying Harry Everett," she said, scornfully, "that I will never do."  
"I will give you until to-morrow evening to decide," said her father; "you can go now."  
Maud left the library and retired to her own room. Locking the door, she sat down to her desk and wrote a few lines; then calling a little boy, who was employed in running errands, she gave him the note, telling him to deliver it to Mr. Lee, and to be careful not to let any one about the house see it. The boy departed, going out the back way to avoid suspicion. About nine that evening she stole gently out of the house and down to the river side. A young man came forward to meet her as she approached.  
"Maud, my darling!" he said, as he clasped her in his arms.  
"Oh, Arthur!" she cried. "I have something to tell you, but I must do it quickly. Papa wishes me to marry Harry Everett—but oh, Arthur, I will die first."  
"How long did he give you to consider it?" Arthur asked, thoughtfully.  
"Only until to-morrow evening," she answered.  
"Well, I think we can be safe away before then, darling," he said, "so take courage."  
"What can we do, Arthur?" Maud asked.  
"You can go home and get what few things you may need," he said, "and meet me here in an hour. I will have a carriage in waiting, and we will leave forever the place where you are so persecuted."  
Then kissing her tenderly, they parted. Maud hurried to her room and packed a few things in a valise. While tossing over the contents of her drawer, she came across a small rosewood box.  
"Oh, my vase!" she exclaimed. "I had almost forgotten it!"  
She set the box on the table, and taking a key from her pocket, unlocked it. Raising on a crimson velvet cushion was a small vase of curious workmanship. The vase gathered in her eyes as she gazed on the beautiful toy.  
"Poor mamma," she murmured. "It was her last gift to me."  
After gazing at it for some time, Maud locked the box and very carefully packed it away with her other things; then, leaning her head on her hand, she fell into a deep reverie. Four years before, when Mrs. Arlington lay on her death-bed, she had called Maud to her and given her the box, saying:  
"Maud, I want you to keep this in remembrance of me. Do not remove the vase from the box unless you are in need; then you will find—"  
But a severe fit of coughing cut short the sentence, and half an hour later Maud was motherless! So the mystery of the vase remained sealed.

after giving one farewell look at the room where she had spent so many happy hours. Arriving at the trysting-place, she found Arthur there; and, after a few moments' conversation, they entered the carriage and were driven rapidly away. The next morning Mr. Arlington descended to the breakfast-room, but Maud was not there; after waiting some time, he sent the maid to see if she had risen. Presently the girl returned, looking rather frightened, and said that Maud had not been in her room and the bed had not been slept on. Excited by a thousand fears and fancies, Mr. Arlington ran hastily up stairs and into Maud's room. It was as Jennie had said: the room was empty; but on the stand was a note directed to Maud's delicate writing to himself. Opening it with trembling fingers and a sense of impending evil at his heart, he read as follows:  
"DEAR FATHER.—When you read this I shall be in eternity. I cannot marry a man I do not love; I prefer death to such an alternative. Forgive me, papa, if I have been undutiful. I cannot marry for money. I shall end my troubles in the river."  
"An ever your loving daughter,  
MAUD."

"Oh, heavens, what have I done?" cried Mr. Arlington, as he finished reading the note and beheld Maud's delicate writing.  
"Wife and child both gone!"  
Then, rushing frantically from the house, he hastened down to the river-side. On the bank he found a cape and a handkerchief with her initials in the corner. For many days Mr. Arlington lay at death's door; his sister was sent for, and she came to keep house. He did not die, but came slowly back to life; but he was a changed man. Hitherto he had always been harsh and stern toward those in his employ, but now his former manner was changed, and he had a kind word and helping hand for all.

Five years passed away. It was a dreary autumn day; the sky overhead was of a dull, leaden hue, and the dead leaves fluttered to the ground with a rustling sound. A poor, wretched room in the top of an old tenement house, the wind sobbed and fell from his nervous frame. "Wife and child both gone!" Then, rushing frantically from the house, he hastened down to the river-side. On the bank he found a cape and a handkerchief with her initials in the corner. For many days Mr. Arlington lay at death's door; his sister was sent for, and she came to keep house. He did not die, but came slowly back to life; but he was a changed man. Hitherto he had always been harsh and stern toward those in his employ, but now his former manner was changed, and he had a kind word and helping hand for all.

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shaking his hand warmly. "All that is past now."  
"And it shall never be recalled," said Mr. Arlington.  
"What a happy meeting it was! After the story of the vase had been told again, Mr. Arlington said, as he laid his hand on his daughter's head:  
"And this restoration, my darling, is all due to the mysterious vase."

### Russia in Turkey.

Of course the outside of the current troubles in the East of Europe is all that is seen by the world, but it is well to understand that Russia really opened this war in 1870, when the Czar notified the subscribing powers to the Treaty of Paris of 1856 of his determination to disregard any further the eleventh and thirteenth articles of that treaty, which were the present campaign. England and Italy were obliged to assent, which they did with a sullen protest. France was engaged at the time in war with Germany, and was therefore helpless. The Czar's policy was to entice Turkey by fomenting disorders in the Balkans, and to force her provinces. For a time all seemed to go as the Czar wished; insurrection followed insurrection, reforms were neutralized by intrigues, the army was untrained, iron-clads that were of no service absorbed immense sums of borrowed money, and, to cap the climax, the direction of the Sultan's affairs drifted into the hands of one who was Russia's unrelenting tool. The condition of Turkey was indeed deplorable. She had no credit, no army, no vigor of administration, and her subject provinces turned to Russia for both alliance and protection.

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### Useful Suggestions.

In Austria, sub-cutaneous injections of ammonia are being used very successfully for the cure of snake bites. The Melbourne Argus reports several cases in which the latter, encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young Count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, who all the ingenuities of childhood expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood.

### Story of a Princely Boy.

Charles X. of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant of Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young Count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, who all the ingenuities of childhood expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood.

### A New Mechanical Money Box.

A variety of curiously ingenious money boxes for children, have, of late, appeared in the hardware and toy stores, which, it seems to me, are intended to cause the average youngster to lay up immense stores of pennies, if only for the satisfaction of seeing the toy operate when a coin is inserted. There is a metal frog into whose mouth the penny is put, whereupon he gulps down the coin and, after a moment's delay, the penny is ejected in another direction. Another device is so constructed that, when the penny is dropped into the slit of the box, two or three tin horses proceed to race around a miniature race track; still another is the figure of a poor individual seated in a chair. The coin is placed in his hand, whereupon he promptly inserts it in the slit which is located in the position of a coat pocket. About the most ingenious invention of the kind we have yet seen is that hereafter illustrated. It was patented by Mr. C. C. Johnson, of Windsor, Vt. The penny is placed on the tray held by the miniature cashier outside of the house, and the weight is just sufficient to press down the platform on which the figure stands. The arm, in descending, strikes the pin of a locking device beneath it, and frees a spindle which, operated by concealed clockwork, causes the cashier to be carried round in a circle against the door on the left, which opens before him so that he can enter the bank, and best to crush his neighbor. You could not fancy anything more heartless than the Puritan's refusal to allow these heartbroken men to say holy prayers over their king's and their friend's remains; and his refusal of that same king to let these Puritans live along with him in the native England which had room for them all. When the faithful lords found it impossible to change this decision, they went sadly to St. Peter's to find a place to lay their king, and found the church bare, so naked, so altered that it was only with hard ado that they found a vault in the middle of what had once been the choir where they could lay the King. Here they found a little space for Charles, close to the great organ where Henry VIII. lay peacefully, unwitting who was coming. The Duke of Richmond marked out roughly upon a "scarf of lead" the letters of his name and the date. Then, all in silence, at three o'clock in the January afternoon, he came to the castle, and found the cold and naked chapel, they carried the coffin, then covered with a black pall, of which "the four lords" carried the corners with a forlorn attempt at state. As they came down the Castle Hill toward the choir, the snow fell so fast that they were suddenly to snow, and the snow fell so thickly and so fast that soon "the black pall was all white." Was there ever a more mournful sight? In the dim chapel that snow-covered spot of wintry lightness, "The Bishop of London stood weeping by to tender that his service, which might not be accepted." Thus they laid him in the dark vault to molder with the other royal bones, dropping the white scarf that covered him, and a wonderful problem they said, of his innocence) into the black gulf with him—not a word said, not a prayer except in their hearts, the Puritan governor of the Castle standing by to see his orders executed. When all was over, he picked up the empty cells of the chapel and took the keys away. Windsor has seen weeping and sorrow like every other old house where men for generations have lived and died, and more than most, for in the old days suffering and grief were not so common as they are now; but never has our venerable Castle seen so melancholy a sight.

### Clearing Land with Dynamite.

Experience at clearing lands, both in removing stumps and large boulders with dynamite in Scotland has proven successful. The following account is given of a late trial in an Edinburgh paper:  
A spadeful of earth was removed from the side of a stump and a hole driven into the stump with a crowbar. Into this hole a cartridge of dynamite was pressed by means of a wooden rammer, and a detonating percussion cap with a Blackford fuse attached, was squeezed into a small cartridge or primer dynamite, and inserted into the hole in the trunk in contact with the charge. The hole was filled up with loose earth, about a foot-length of the fuse being left protruding. The match was next applied to the fuse, and sufficient time was taken for the powder to reach the percussion cap to allow the operatives to retire to a safe distance. When the explosion occurred the stump was literally blown out of the ground, some twenty pounds, weighing nearly twenty pounds, being thrown to a distance of over a hundred yards. The destruction of the stump was complete. In breaking up boulder stones, the dynamite was simply placed on top of the stone, covered with sand, and fired with the fuse in the ordinary way. The result was the reduction of the boulders to fragments the size of a walnut. It was effectually proved by the experiments that land can be speedily cultivated by the use of dynamite, and the committee of the society who watched the operations expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the results.

### There is a very pleasant donation party, and the company sang "We give up all for heaven," with deep feeling, but the next day the minister expressed a desire to resign. He said that three quarts of beans, a pillow case of dried apples, two pounds of head cheese, a pan of twisted doughnuts, and a calico-dressing gown were undoubtedly very valuable in their way, but they seemed to him to form an unnatural basis to preach sound theology from.

### Is there anything in life so lovely and poetical as the laugh and merriment of a young girl, who, still in harmony with all her powers, sports with you in luxury and freedom, and in her mirthfulness neither despises nor dislikes? Her gravity is seldom as innocent as her playfulness; still less that haughty discontent which converts the youthful Psyche into a bull, thick, buzzing, winged-roosting night moth.

### Charles I.'s Death and Burial.

In January, King Charles was taken to London, and there was tried and beheaded, as you know. You and I have not the time to inquire (and perhaps, between ourselves, are not clever enough to decide) how far this could have been helped, or what excuse they had who did it. The only thing we can be sure of was, that Charles was not a bad man, nor Cromwell an ambitious hypocrite, though I do not think the one was a martyr, nor the other a spotless peer. It was on the 30th of January, 1749, that this terrible event took place, and, after that occurred the saddest scene that old Windsor ever saw. Four of the King's faithful servants (he had faithful servants all through his career), the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, were found together with a curious lot of articles. Among them were wampum enough to make a string about two feet long, a stone pestle, glass bottles of peculiar shape, a copper kettle with iron frame and handle, a gun band, and a brass box, shaped like the case of an old-fashioned bull's eye, but larger, containing about twenty Roman silver coins of comparatively modern date, about the size of an old shilling piece, or on one or two the figures 1670 are legible—proving, as in the other articles, that the graves are not so ancient as had been supposed. It is proposed to place the relics in the Museum of the Long Island Historical Society.—Brooklyn Argus.

### Professor Proctor is thirty-nine years old, has written twenty-three books, and has eleven children.

### MOTHER'S BOY.—Mother, cherish your boy. Respect him, and encourage him to talk with you. Ask questions about things that interest him. Caress and kiss him, and prove yourself the best friend by showing your love. How is your little boy to know that you love him, if you never fondle him? If you continually rebuke him, and frown at him, how can many mothers cease to show their love as soon as a child is four or five years old. Little boys after this get fewer kisses, because, frequently they soil their hands and faces by playing, and their feet and hands get dirty. Just as the sweet cheeks and lips we love to kiss, and instead of putting back the matted curls, and with a little cold water bathing the hot face, we say, "Go away with you, dirty boy, I don't want to look at you. How much better to fold him in your arms, kiss him, and send him away happy. I have not said indulge your boy, but make him love you.

### COOKING RHUBARB.—Rhubarb is best cut in lengths, boiled in water and sugar, and then eaten with cream. Teach the children to be silent in company, unless drawn out by your guests, but alone at home make him your companion. If you hold his love till he is fifteen, he will always cherish you. Up to that age, many boys have little real love for their mothers, and the faint love nearer the mother than the son.

### THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—The working wire rope, says the New York Times, which was hoisted to the top of the Brooklyn tower of the East River bridge last week, and made fast to the anchorage in that city, was yesterday towed across the river and connected with the New York tower. The wire, or rather wires, were coiled around a wooden drum, and placed on a scow. The scow was towed across the river by the tow-boat Edward Annan, making the passage in eight minutes, and paying out the wire as she moved toward the New York tower. The wire was allowed to remain at the bottom of the river until the arrangements for hoisting it to the top of the New York tower were completed. A few minutes before noon, everything being in readiness and the river between the towers clear of vessels, the wire connecting the New York and Brooklyn towers was hauled taut. A second wire was taken across the river in the afternoon and placed in position. Six other wires will be run across before the cradles are made fast and the work of building the temporary foot bridge commenced. The stretching of the wires was carried on amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of enthusiastic crowds gathered on the piers on both sides of the river.

### CHILDHOOD'S LESSONS.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look, with a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired but not touched; with pleasant work in a shady nook; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself!—Brookwood.

### THE TRAMPERS.—In this country, idleness from necessity and enforced vagabondage are a new feature altogether. There is land enough, and all can be fed by their labor. But it so happens that with our growth as a people we are more and more dependent on the machinery of production and distribution. All cannot live on farms, where manufactures and commerce collect such large bodies of population. Men's labor is divided up so that a time it throws an entire class on their resources. That is just our present condition. And a large proportion of the tramps of to-day is made up of men thus afflicted. But there is another element among them, and against these society cannot get to protect itself. This class is roaming across the country east and west at present, and fears but little from winter-approach. It will become a winter-approach. It will become a winter-approach. It will become a winter-approach.

### THE KEENEST ABUSE OF OUR ENEMIES WILL NOT hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning as the injudicious praise of our friends.

### WHAT IS THE nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? The widow.

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