

Current Literature.

WHAT IS THE USE

What is the use of all this eager strife For place and power, since so soon we must Restrain our hold on all things—yes, on life, And be forgotten in the devouring dust? What is the use, dear love?

The Miser's Inheritance

Miss Sammis was the only daughter of the miser, a miserably called old Sammis in his native town, that an old called him by a name which he thought his wife would not like. It had been christened Octavius Clever Sammis, but she had never known him. He was, however, not so old as some who were called only middle-aged. It was his manner, his long nose, and sharp chin, the wrinkles in his forehead, and the sparse gray hair that gave him the reputation of age, and he had none of the wiles of youth, even at five and a half.

When his poor wife was ill the doctor had ordered wine and beef-tea, but he had remonstrated: "Beef-tea does up so much meat, and wine is very dear—and I had had a bad cold, my love. Don't you think you could take a nice little piece of dried pork and some old cider instead?" The poor woman answered that she would try. But after she had tried a week even Old Sammis said that something must be done. He bought the wine and the beef, but before the tea was made she was past swallowing.

Her daughter came home from her uncle's, and cried over what the neighbors told her, but did not say to her father what she intended to do. In going downstairs to hide, in her cellar, the bottle of wine his wife had left as full as when it came into the house. Old Sammis tripped and fell, the bottle broke and out his brain, and crumpled out of which he died, and the girl who had washed dishes in her uncle's kitchen to save her keep, found herself worth half a million.

She was a small thin girl, she stooped a good deal, and her nose and chin nearly met, but she was neat and prim, and as soon as the power was hers she furnished the old house decently and hired a servant. She might have cut a dash and become a fashionable woman, but the thought did not occur to her. She felt happy when she thought of the money that belonged to her, and she could not bear to part with much of it. She was not even able to bring herself to the point of buying a black silk dress for her aunt, who needed one sadly.

Two or three hundred dollars would have fitted a trunk over which those poor little shabby cousins would have danced with joy; but she could not do it. She could not have denied any one food and medicine, or fire or light, or anything useful under her own roof, as her father had denied her mother, for she was only twenty-one and a woman; but she had the old man's blood in her veins, and the miser's cravings lurked in her soul. So the interest of her money was slowly added to the principal, and she grew richer slowly but surely.

However, she was not yet a miser, and when certain things in the way of table linen were wanted, she went down to the city to buy them, and to make a call or two as well, and was hurrying up Broadway from the ferry, when just as she passed Trinity Church a man touched her on the arm, and said: "Beg your pardon, lady, but haven't you lost a twenty-dollar gold piece?" Now Miss Sammis knew well enough that she had no gold whatever with her, but she hesitated before saying no. "I'm not sure, I must look," she said, feeling for her pocket.

"I think I seem it drop outen your pocket when you took out your hand-

kerchief," said the man. "Satan got the better of Miss Sammis. 'Then I must have lost it,' she said. 'Yes, lady, and it's honest of me to pick it up for you, ain't it, when I might 'a' kept it?' said the young man, holding out the money. 'And you hadn't oughter be bridle me a dollar to get a moral victuals with had you, just as a reward for honesty, and to encourage me,'" whined the young man. "Well, no, I think I ought to give you something," said the miser's daughter. "I was thinking of a quarter, but—"

Looking into her purse, and stooping out a dollar bill—but there! she added with a thrill of generosity. "There!" The young man seized the money, said "Thank you," and vanished around a corner; and Miss Sammis, with the job of one who has drawn a prize in the lottery, hurried to the shop where she intended to purchase her table linen, made her selections, and offered the twenty-dollar gold piece. The cashier carried it away in a basket, and in five minutes more, a request that she would "step into the other" was made by a shabby, thin-walked man, and she found herself under arrest on a charge of having sold to pass counterfeit coin. "But I'm Miss Sammis," of Honeytown," she explained, smiling at her sides. "I'm rich. It is impossible to suspect me!"

"If you could remember where you got the money," said the policeman, as he pat her in a cab, "it would be better for you. We are looking out for these young gold pieces, and women are getting rid of them, and that makes it bad for you." And so they drove away from the little crowd that had gathered about the carriage, and Miss Sammis soon found herself in the presence of a justice of the peace. The shopkeeper made his charge, but she had collected her senses. She gave her address, the name of her pastor, of her lawyer—influential persons in Honeytown. "It is mortifying to be charged with this thing," she said, "but you will soon find that I am not connected with a band of counterfeiters. I inherited half a million of money a short time ago. My father was Octavius Clever Sammis."

Money commands civility, as a general thing. Every one became immensely polite. The lawyer was telegraphed for, and came in a tremendous state of excitement. He questioned his client as to her possession of the money, and her vague answers led him to believe that she was desirous to shield some one from suspicion. "The truth must be told, my dear young lady," he said. "We will put you on oath. Your good heart makes you desire to protect an unworthy person, but for your own sake we must put you on oath. And so the thin lips of Miss Sammis kissed the Bible, and the questions were asked.

"Where did you get this gold piece?" "From a man on the street." "What was the man's name?" "I do not know." "Why did he give it to you?" "He asked me if I had lost it." "And you said?" "At first, I said I did not know; then, perhaps, and I gave him a reward including it. He asked for it." "Had you dropped it?" "No." "How did you know?" "I brought no gold with me." "It is a very common trick, and generally succeeds," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Sammis did not know the money was counterfeit."

The lawyer took the lady home. On the way they scarcely spoke, but alone in her own room, Miss Sammis, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill. She might have felt only indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her inmost soul that when she falsely claimed that money, she was at heart a thief. She began to think as she had never thought before, and she understood that she had inherited the miser's mania, and that it was growing on her, so that she a rich woman, had, as she believed, taken from a poor and honest man what did not belong to her. It was true she had been tricked and cheated, but that did not alter the facts. Then she prayed for help, and grew strong. She did not alter her plain way of living, but she entertained and gave to the poor. She saw to the education of her little cousins, and sent many a kind gift to her aunt, and she helped the pastor in his work. Kindly feelings grew in her heart, and her face softened, and she grew agreeable in appearance and attractive in manner.

And, finally, the most softening influence in the world filled her heart. She loved a good man, who loved her tenderly. Together they live among their children in old Honeytown, and are known as the most kindly of its people. No worthy charity that has been aided by them. No good object but they are ready to further. The miser's daughter has conquered her hereditary vice—one so nearly allied to dishonesty that the miser is always ready to become a thief, and generally is one, and the angels smile over her victory.

"Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar college girl. "Bread! well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and then—" "But what is the plastic material you speak of?" "Oh, that is commonly called the sponge." "But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with a thermometer and hydrometer, and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook; and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid. Exchange.

Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation, and a fine constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills to correct the evil, and restore the organs to natural, healthy, and regular action.

Miscellaneous.

Cutting Hay

What is the best time in the growth of the timothy plant in which to cut it for hay, is a question again considerably discussed and one of great importance to the farmer. Years of experience in growing and feeding timothy, with the experience of some of the best farmers has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is best to cut when the seed is in the "dough" state, or even later. Prof. Sanborn says recently about "ten to eighteen days after full bloom."

There is in this connection a point too generally overlooked, viz. that the timothy plant as a perennial only has to store up the seed material for the reproduction of a new race of plants, but has to store up and mature the material for the perpetuation of its own individual existence. This it does in its subterranean root stems. It has been found that in meadows, cut when the plant was in the "dough" or an immature state, the meadow was so exhausted, the timothy dying out and giving place to weeds. Where the growth is mature and the proper amount of material stored up in the root stock, the plant continues robust and holds its own. The difference in the root stock is easily seen by the unaided eye, as being firm and mature in the one case, or feeble and with brown and black markings, the indicators of incipient decay. Green corn may be eagerly eaten by stock, but will not go far to perpetuate the race of plants.

Manure Pile

A pit for home-made manure is very necessary on every farm. A basin located where the farmer can easily and conveniently cart the refuse straw, oak leaves, etc., at least once a month, and often, if possible, to be trodden under foot by stock and afterward covered with an application of lime or acid phosphate, is very desirable and very profitable. If possible these pens should be located near your ground on which the manure is to be applied. "Home-made manure" should be the farmer's text. Lessen and cut-off your acreage in cultivation; this will aid you in perfecting the best mode of accumulating home-made manure. One of the chief sins existing in our present farming system is the habit of over-cropping. Another sin (of omission this time) is our failure to inform ourselves concerning the nature of our soils. No man can farm intelligently who is ignorant of the character of his land, and who does not know what kind of soil is best adapted to the different crops. We should manure at least twice a year, and raise two crops of cow peas—one to be gathered for seed, or cut and cured for hay, and the other to be turned under for the benefit of the ground.

How Long it Would Take

The project for filling the Desert of Sahara with water is creating a great deal of discussion among foreign, especially French journals. Naturally the question has arisen, how long it would take to fill the whole basin of Sahara, and some startling figures are given in connection therewith. Five thousand years, it is claimed, would be required to fill up that vast sea of sand, were the water to flow through a passage 100 feet wide and 25 feet deep, with the velocity of four miles an hour. Under the same conditions it would take 4000 years for the waters of the Mediterranean to fill the valley of the Jordan. With a channel 100 times greater capacity it would do the work in 40 years. At the same rate it would take 400,000 years to fill the Caspian Sea to the level of the Mediterranean. Fortunately, it is only a portion of Sahara which can be made into a lake or inland sea, and doubtless there are middle-aged men to-day who will live to see this feat accomplished.

A People Who Cannot Make Fire

The Papuans of the Macleay coast of New Guinea are in the most primitive stage. They are wholly unacquainted with metals, and make their weapons of stone, bones, and wood. They do not know how to start a fire, though fire is in use among them. When the traveler asked them how they made a fire, they would not understand his question, but they regarded it as very amusing, and answered that when a person's fire went out he got some of a neighbor, and if all the fires in the village should go out, they would get it from the next village. Some of the natives represented that their fathers and grandfathers had told them that they remembered a time, or had heard from their ancestors that there was a time, when fire was not known, and everything was eaten raw.—Popular Science Monthly.

Judge B. had a very faithful, conscientious colored servant who always accompanied him on his circuit and in vacations. Cuffee often talked about the importance of his "getting religion," until the judge one day put a damper on him by remarking "Why Cuffee, you are always in anxiety about your soul; I don't have any of those troubles of mind that you do." Cuffee was unpleased, and could not reply.—Some time after, during a vacation, the judge

who was very fond of shooting, went out with Cuffee hunting ducks. Coming upon a large flock of them in a shallow stream he fired and killed a great number, and wounded several others, that, unable to rise, hastened off flapping their broken wings in the water. The judge, in his excitement and wishing to make as large a record as possible, jumped into the stream and heroically waded after them, securing a part of the fleeing ones. After returning and gathering all upon the bank, Cuffee said "Now, Masson, I understand all about that question you ax me de oder day. You see you didn't pay no 'tention to dem ducks what you kill stone dead, but run arter dese dat was wounded, and trying to get away from you; so de debble hab got you sure an he doan trouble you, but he pay all 'tention to me who am wounded and am trying to get away from him." The judge was set to thinking, and concluded that if that was his situation it was time to wake out of his stupor. As the result he soon afterward made a public profession of religion, and became an active exemplary Christian man.

Attention Bee Men—Partner Wanted

A man who knows how to handle bees—a man who is willing to be taught—who is capable, honest and industrious and a good salesman, can find a situation by applying at this office with satisfactory references. Must furnish a pair of horses with a spring wagon to other capital required. aug16m

Syrup of Figs

Nature's own true laxative. Pleasant to the palate, acceptable to the stomach, harmless in its nature, painless in its action. Cures habitual constipation, biliousness, indigestion and kindred ills. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the liver and acts on the bowels. Breaks up colds, chills and fevers etc. Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than bitter, nauseous, liver, medicine, pills, salts and draughts. Sample bottle free, and large bottles for sale by all druggists. 11

Advertisement for a mechanical or electrical service, featuring a diagram of a device and descriptive text.

Weak Nervous Men. Advertisement for a medical treatment for nervousness, including a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for Dr. Spinney, a medical professional, with contact information.

Advertisement for Dr. Allen's Private Dispensary, detailing various medical services and treatments.

Advertisement for Dr. Allen's Patents, No Patent, No Pay, featuring an illustration of a patent steam mill.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertisement, including a testimonial from a man named BERRY CARTER and a list of ailments treated.

Advertisement for a Singer Sewing Machine, highlighting its features and price.

Advertisement for E. O. Smith, Dentist, located at the corner of First and Commercial streets.

Advertisement for BEE HIVES! featuring the MONARCH HIVE and a testimonial from a customer.

Advertisement for THE WELL KNOWN MITCHELL WAGON, manufactured by Mitchell, Lewis & Co.

Advertisement for DR. MINTIE, a specialist in chronic and private diseases, with a list of ailments treated.

Advertisement for DR. LIEBIG'S Private Dispensary, featuring a logo and a list of medical services.

Advertisement for Cut This Out, featuring a coupon for a free trial of a product.