SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

[Harper's Weekly.]

"Good-by, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and marshy moss.
But keep in the foot-path, Jennie,
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way.
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On, on, in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at nightfall,
And she'd sunlight all the way.
Sunlight all the way;
And she smiling said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they could keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day.
They'd have sunlight all the way,
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls back on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay!
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way.
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Why Sweet Gladys Wept, Until the Man in the Moon Sobbed From Sympathy.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"God pity me!"

Gladys McNulty, usually so proud and composed and who moved about in the little world of those who knew her with the stately grace of a New York Post editorial, sank on a fauteuil as she uttered these words and sobbed as if her shoestrings would break. In the lindens that lined the entrance to Brierton Villa the robin redbreasts were trilling their merriest lays. And yet, lying there on the fauteuil, whose velvety surface is not more soft than her cheek, Gladys McNulty is sobbing away the hours of this beautiful June morning and ever and anon there comes from between her white lips a low, despairing moan that is pitiful in its sad intensity. But finally the convulsive sobs that are racking her dress waist grow fainter and in a little while she sits up, the pink suffusion of a blush telling all too plainly which side she had been lying on.

And as she sits there gazing listlessly into the middle of next week, her mother, a pleasant-faced woman, enters the room.

"Why are you weeping, Gladys?" she asked.

The girl does not answer, and strive as she may to keep down the sobs that are welling up from her heart, the effort is in vain and again the pretty face is bedewed with tears. But an instant later she has conquered her emotions and looks bravely up at her mother.

"I will tell you, mother," she said, "the cause of my sorrow. I was crying to think that you cannot go to the matinee to-morrow."

"And why may I not go?"

"Because," answers Gladys, in a voice that is hoarse with agony, "I have concluded to take it in myself."

Used to Be One Himself.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"I doan't want a pusson ter pay all de 'tention ter der soul. We mus' humor de body a little as we go 'long. It's all right fur yer to sing an' shout, but I'd rather heah de pot bilin' when I'se hungry den ter heah any song yer ken sing. Music's mighty fine an' a pra'r ain't bad, but I'll be dinged ef suthin' ter eat don't hit me mighty nachul at times."

"Anderson, I'se afeered dat yerse'f ain't a holy man."

"I kain't hep it. De Lawd gim me a longin' fur meat an' bread jes' de same as He gin me a soul, an' ef He'll only take kere ob de soul I'll promise not ter let de longin' airter flesh suffer much."

"Yer ought ter be ashamed ob yerse'f."

"I kain't hep it, I kain't hep it, but I'se got a longin' ter chaw suthin'. Quit er puttin' meat in the preacher's mouf when he opens it and see how quick he'll turn loose de gospul."

"Yer oughtn'ter talk dat way."

"He'd drap it like er hot pertater, I tell yer. Oh, yas, da likes ter sing, and some ob 'em ken put up a powerful pra'r, but when da set down ter de table, look out. Eat, why dat black slick nigger what comes home wid yer some times, ken eat more biled co'n den a steer. It's a k'lamity ebery time dat nigger opens his mouf, an' greens, he eats greens like a cow eatin' hay. Oh, I uster be a preacher myse'f. I preached till da quit feedin' me an' den I stopped."

They Sold Him a Hole.

[Wall Street News.]

He was telling the story in the billiard room of a Denver hotel. Said he:

"There were three of us, you see, and Nevada was a cold climate for us. We were dead-broke, half-starved, and clear discouraged, when along came a New Yorker. He wouldn't play cards, wouldn't be robbed, and we couldn't stick him with forged land patents or bogus pre-emptions. One day we trailed out and dug a hole into a hill and salted it a bit, and rushed back and offered the New Yorker the big discovery for $3,000 cash down."

"And he bit?"

"Took right hold like a pair of pincers. Why, he never even stopped to beat us down. We got a cool thousand apiece and made for 'Frisco."

"Purty cool that was."

"Well, I dunno. If there was anything cool in that transaction it was the way that New Yorker hunted up a pard, set miners to work, bought machinery, and took over $750,000 out of that 'ar hole inside of eight months! Maybe we've got over feeling flat, but I guess not."

A Fortune in One Recipe.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A poor soldier went into the store of a hair-dresser in London for money to get back to the army. He had already stayed beyond his furlough, and he must have quick transit. The hair-dresser felt sorry for him and gave him the money. "Now," said the poor soldier, "I have got nothing to give you in return for your kindness except this little slip of paper, which has on it a recipe for making blacking." The soldier gave it, not supposing it to be of great value. The man received it, not supposing it to be of any great value. But it has yielded the man who took it $2,500,000, and was the foundation of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments of England.

Yonkers Gazette: When a widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.

An Exquisite Verse.

[Inter Ocean.]

The comic poets have caught up a new substitute for ideas, the original of which was the following exquisite verse:

If I were a Lumti-tum-lum-titum-too
In the land of the olive and fig,
I'd sit all the day on the trolle-lol-loo
And play on the thingee-me-jig.
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall
A what's-its-name's all that I crave—
But bury me deep in the what you may-call,
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave.

AFTER AMERICAN DOLLARS.

The Foreign Idea of the Looseness of Money in This Country---Reckoning Without Their Host.

Thrust your hand into America, grab it full of dollars, and then pull it out. That is the foreign idea of the plenty and looseness of money in this country. In trying to carry it into practice the visitor is pretty sure to learn that we are good bargainers, never buying anything that does not at least promise to be worth its cost in gratification of some sort. I have read that we are fools because we paid high prices for views of Mrs. Langtry, the accusation being that we let ourselves be swindled by expecting to see a good actress. We simply bought a sight of a notorious women and got it. In the case of Sarah Bernhardt, we were willing to give more, because she brought great talent in addition to notoriety; and who can say that we were cheated? Scores of European performers sorrowfully know that we have declined to purchase their entertainment, though cleverly importuned to do so. In the present instance of Irving, our instinctive demand of value for value has kept us sensible. New York has liked some of his roles and disliked others, praised his merits and condemned his demerits, bought tickets at high rates for such performances as pleased and left the speculators heavy losers on the others.

Two men of eminence in a holier profession than play-acting are now being rather unpleasantly instructed in this matter of getting American money. They are Capel, the English Catholic priest and orator, and Hyacinthe, the French seceder from the Romish church. Each has world-wide celebrity, each needed a replenishment of his church fund, and each concluded to come to the Yankees for the money. Neither is getting it. They have been socially made welcome in this city, and it may be that private subscriptions will help their entirely worthy causes, but the entertainment-buying public is not dealing with them to a remunerative extent. Hyacinthe lectured last evening in Chickering hall, which can hold 3,000 persons, but did contain only 300 The receipts could have no more than covered the expenses. The metropolis cares little for lectures, and appeals for charity on behalf of foreign building projects do not touch our hearts. Another fact is that our own clergymen justly believe that there are as yet plenty of eligible sites for new churches on this side of the ocean.

Capel has had no backing from Cardinal McCloskey in his mission, and Hyacinthe receives no Protestant sympathy of an influential kind. The failure of the latter to draw a crowd to his lecture was manifestly depressing to him, and his eyes seemed to have a dread of the rows of empty seats. His gaze was carefully adjusted, so as not to extend beyond the occupied front. I pitied him. Nevertheless, I had to laugh when a third of the originally small audience departed in a mild panic. There had been no intimation in the advertisements that he would speak in French. He had not delivered six sentences in that language before a horror of hearing him for an hour without understanding him took possession of those who were ignorant of his tongue. A bolder man than the rest led a movement to the door, and was followed like sheep after a bellwether.

A Lesson in Real Realism.

[Derrick Dodd in San Francisco Post.]

Boucicault tells another good story which has never yet appeared in print. The following incident occurred at Jacksonville, Florida, last spring, and the clever actor-dramatist says it suggested an entirely new idea in dramatic construction, which he proposes to avail himself of some day. The curtain had just gone down on the third act of "The Colleen Bawn" when a tall professor-like individual advanced to the front of one of the boxes, and propounded the following unlooked-for conundrum to the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, why is it that Shakespeare is the only real dramatist the world ever produced?"

As no one replied, the tall man went on earnestly:

"Is it because of his marvelous knowledge of human nature, or his wonderful command of language and expression? Not at all. Other writers have equaled him in these respects, but the immortal bard is the only dramatist who recognized the evident fact that in real life vice is not punished and virtue is not rewarded, as the sickly, sentimental playwrights of to-day would have us believe. There is no last act make-up-all-around-every-body-get married business in his plays. Look at Othello! That's the way matters wind up in real life. Look at Romeo and Juliet. No 'happy denouement' about them. My advice to the public, therefore, is to never sit a play out. Always leave before the last act, just when the trouble, villainy and heart breaking is at its worst, and you will get the real realism and naturalness."

"Go on! Go on!" said the audience, which seemed to be profoundly impressed with this reasoning.

"I have nothing more to say," continued the critic, putting on his hat, "except that the curtain will be rung up in a minute. I move that we now adjourn."

And Boucicault says that when the curtain went up he was dumbfounded to observe that there was not a soul left in the house.

The Chinaman and His Coffin.

[Cor. London Telegraph.]

The idea of the Chinaman is that when he dies he ought to be buried in the trunk of a tree, and so it comes about that all coffins are designed with a view to keep up the illusion. They consist of four outside tree boards, and are so fashioned together as to look very like a tree at a little distance. They are, of course, tremendously heavy; but then that is considered an excellent fault. If a son wishes to be very polite to his father, or one friend desires to obtain the good will of another, he makes him a present of a good, solid, heavy coffin. The gift is put into an honored place in the house ready for use, and is shown for the admiration of any friends who may call. The owner would rather go into his coffin than part with it, and, generally speaking, though a Chinaman, may get into debt and be very harshly treated by his creditors, they will leave him his coffin, not wishing to prejudice his entry into the next world, which, according to the Celestials, depends very much upon the way in which a man is buried. I was told that half the Chinese living in Hong Kong were already in happy possession of their coffins, and ready to enter them when wanted.

Stirring Times Ahead.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

There are indications all over Europe which are ominous for the reigning monarchies. England is a republic in all but name, France is one beyond all peradventure, while in Germany, Italy and Spain, the great body of the populations are republicans in theory. A change will probably come over Europe soon after Kaiser William's death. The kingdom of Sweden is even now shaken by a popular democratic agitation. King Oscar, a descendant of the French adventurer Bernadotte, has repeatedly set at defiance the popular will as expressed through the Norway Storthing. And as a consequence there is a determination on the part of that nation to assert its right against the autocratic rule. King Oscar may yet lose his crown if not his head, for he has violated the fundamental law, by making the same pretensions which cost Charles I. of England his life. There are stirring times ahead for the peoples of Europe.

Digging out tarantulas and their nests has become quite an industry in Santa Barbara, Cal. The insects are suffocated with gas, then stuffed, dried and fastened to a card. The retail price is 50 cents each, but many hundreds are sold wholesale for $3 or $4 per dozen.

One of Whitelaw Reid's fancies is to eschew the words "edition" or "issue" and use therefor "impression."

Penmanship of British Royalty.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An expert in handwriting as expressive of character has "written up" the marks of sundry British statesmen. The members of the present cabinet, with the exception of Sir Charles Dilke, do not write bad hands. The caligraphy of the late Lord Beaconsfield was elegant, bold and dignified. But of all the writing of ministers, that of the elder Pitt stands pre-eminent for its beauty and symmetry. Like Addison's, his handwriting resembled copperplate.

The royal family of England have generally written good hands, that of her present majesty being remarkable for its ease and gracefulness. Her predecessor, King William IV., wrote legibly and well. The writing of Queen Anne is large and majestic. She signed herself "Anne R." The first letter of the name was usually a moderately-sized capital, but the succeeding ones gradually increased their dimensions until the final letter reached sometimes almost an inch in height. Her irate majesty was wont to rise on her dignity in much the same way. Mary of Scotland signed herself neatly and prettily, "Marye the Quene." Both the Charleses wrote plainly and "like gentlemen." The same may be said of the four Georges, although that of George I. is rather stiff and pedantic. There is a good deal of pompous display in the writing of Queen Elizabeth. Her signature especially is resolute but showy.

An Expert Horseman.

[Chicago News.]

Johnny H——, a lieutenant in my old regiment, was always a great horseman—one of those men who could teach a horse anything, and make a spirited animal out of the sorriest plug. He was always up to some trick or other, in which his trained horse played a prominent part. When we were on a scout a favorite trick of his was to ride at full gallop into town and drop his horse in a heap right in the street, and the intelligent brute would lie there as though dead. He would go off and attend to his business and come back to find a crowd around the horse almost ready to mob him for his cruelty. Flinging a leg over the animal's back he would come to life, spring up and be away in an instant Many a time in dangerous scouts has his ability to drop horse in an instant stood him in good stead, and enabled him to escape capture. A peculiar thing was that his horses would never do their tricks for any one else. Officers used to take a fancy to some of his trained animals, and pay a large price for them, only to find that they were very ordinary and stupid brutes out of their trainer's hands.

The Inconvenience of Glasses.

[Exchange.]

A common notion among uneducated people, whose eyes are in good condition, is that young people have no use for glasses, and that they wear them "just for style." To those who are tinged with this medievalism it is respectfully suggested that they wear a pair of glasses for a week and see if they are willing to undergo the inconvenience for all the styles in a millinery store. If they try that invention of the evil one, the nose pinchers, less than a week will be necessary, for the tormenting things will gradually slide off the nose if that organ is at all thick or inclined to perspire. Nose glasses are the abomination to all oculists, for they know that with them no uniformity of position can be attained. A glass to be accurately fitted to an eye must have its focal centre in a line with the centre of the eye. The wearer of the eyeglass sticks that instrument of torture on his nose in as many different positions as he can, with the lenses at all conceivable angles. Then the bowed glasses fret the ears and wear the bridge of the nose raw. The man who would wear glasses for style would wear ear jewelry and corsets.

Creations to Illustrate the Actor.

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I passed perhaps the most distinguished actress in this country on the street to-day, whom I do not personally know, and I caught the words as I passed: "The business doesn't pay." I thought to myself: Here is a woman brought up in another part of the world, but she is undoubtedly talking, not about her art, but the profits down at the theatre, which does not especially concern her, as she has no interest there. My belief is that some of our managers will make a great deal more money if they keep their eyes off the dollars and at the art. Pieces that are made in this country at present are nearly all written for some one actor, and not based on any genius or interesting character. An actor is a being to enter into a creation; but our creations are all made to illustrate the actor. What can be expected of a dramatic literature which, instead of seeking in history or human nature for its hero, goes down under the stage to find a posturist and strutter and manufacture him into a historical hero?

Texas' Grazing Lands.

["Hanson" in Chicago Times.]

It appears that the great Texas pastures of mesquite grass cover at least 150,000 square miles, which, it is claimed, will sustain fifty cattle to the square mile. But in only one place has a test of its capacity been made. A ranch of thirty miles square is inclosed, and now supports 30,000 cattle; nor would it support more than 10,000 more by the most careful management. So we may conclude that the mesquite plains would not support more than forty to the square mile, or 6,000,000 in all—quite enough, however, for the needs of this country. Texas contains 274,365 square miles, of which it is claimed that one-third is farming land of various grades, one-half grazing land of the capacity above indicated, and not more than one-sixth complete desert—most of this on the gypsum plains and barren mountains. But I apprehend it is too early to make so arbitrary a division; for men are now abandoning tracts they once believed agricultural and moving into tracts they once thought barren.

The "Wishbone" Wedding.

The "wishbone" wedding has become the correct thing. The couple stand beneath a floral wishbone. After the ceremony the bride and groom are given the wishbone to pull. The tug results in a break somewhere, and whoever holds the long piece is absolved from getting up to build fires in the morning.

Keeps Up His Correspondence.

Mrs. Tabor tells a reporter in Denver that her husband, the ex-senator, now away from home, sends her "a postal card every day and once a week a sweet letter."

Tennyson's income is about $20,000 per year.

A TOOTHSOME MORSEL

This, from the Madison (Wis.) Democrat, conveys its own moral: Hold on! We are cognizant of the fact that an aching tooth was last night cured by the application of St. Jacobs Oil. The young fellow got mad over his raging tooth in the ball room, and rushed straightway to a drug store where he applied the good old German Remedy; in ten minutes the toothache had gone.

Bob Ingersoll says Arthur is an impossibility as a Presidential candidate.

"We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house."

Louise Michel is writing children's stories while in prison.

THE BILIOUS,
Dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Luther Holden, of Wallingford, Vt., celebrated his 102d birthday recently.

Mr. Oliver Myers, of Ironton, O., says: "SAMARITAN NERVINE cured me of general debility."

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

For a cough or cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Heed such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

"Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss" is advertised in another column of this paper. This establishment is well known on the Pacific Coast as reliable and square in all its dealings. Their goods have gained an enviable reputation.

The latest Chicago banquet to the actor Irving was given by Emory Storrs.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM, the GREAT COUGH REMEDY, never fails to do the work.

Mr. Samuel H. Pouder, Sheriff of Washington county, Tenn., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me of dyspepsia of three years standign."

It is better to die than lose one's reason, and yet the murderer prefers insanity to hanging.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

Fulton Market in New York sells 40,000,000 pounds of fish and rejects 8,000,000 annually.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

MRS. GOVERNOR MOODY, upon her return from San Francisco, brought with her a magnificent grand square piano to adorn the mansion house. The instrument is a Knabe, and does full credit to that celebrated make. With such an agency to invite the Muses, the Governor should henceforth be only "moody" in name.—The Oregon Statesman.

Dr. A. T. Henak, Garfield, Iowa, says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

There is snow to the depth of five feet in the Cœur d'Alene mines.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Spectator printing office, at Hamilton, Ont., was burned recently.

"It quiets the patient and ultimately cures him." A late enconium on SAMARITAN NERVINE.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "There is nothing to be compared with them."—Rev. O. D. Watkins, Walton, Ind.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation tasteless. 25 cents.

PORTERSVILLE, Cal., April 10, 1882.—Mr. Robt. S. Ammen—Sir: I have been selling your valuable Cough Syrup for the last twelve months. The past winter we had the worst epidemic of measles, whooping cough and colds I ever saw. Ammen's Cough Syrup sold better than any cough medicine I had in the house. Expect to always keep a good supply in my store.
Respectfully yours,
P. F. CHAPMAN, Druggist.

Caloric Vita Oil, the renowned healer, at wholesale. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
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BURNS, SCALDS,
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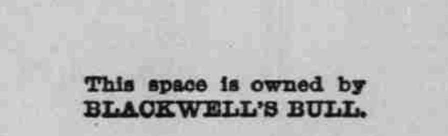

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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The Strongest and Best!
THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.
H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:
DEAR SIR:—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers. WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.
We concur:
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J. L. MEARS, M. D., Health Officer.
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Incubator!
From $20 up.
Send for descriptive price list, etc.
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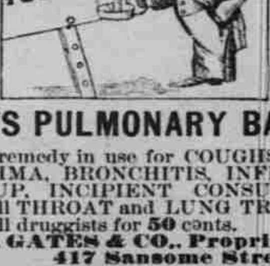

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CAUTION.
Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable preparation, and should not be confounded with the various substitutes, imitations, non-secret humbugs, "Succus Alterans, etc., etc., which are now being manufactured by various persons. None of these contain a single article which enters into the composition of S. S. S. There is only one Swift's Specific and there is nothing in the world like it. To prevent disaster and disappointment, be sure to get the genuine.

Swift's Specific is a complete antidote to Blood Taint, Blood Poison, Malarial Poison, and Skin Humor.
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I have had remarkable success with Swift's Specific in the treatment of Blood and Skin Diseases, and in Female Diseases. I took it myself for Carbuncles with happy effect.
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