

FIRST STEPS.

[Elizabeth C. Kinney, in St. Nicholas.]
Hush! the baby stands alone.
Hold your breath and watch her.

Now she takes a step—just one—
Wavers, stilly, quite, and then!
Craze! Life's first step will cost:

One, two—three, by she walks—almost,
Trembling, trying, crying.
Precious baby, up once more—

Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,

Where mamma, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing, with a word,

Her first step she reckons.
On, two, three—Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;

Hear her sweet-voiced baby talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,

Stepping off so proudly—
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased, then laughing loudly,

First exploit of self-content;
Now she's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,

One can hardly see without
She so presses to advance
In her baby-learning—

But—so—Ah! her little mischance
In this returning!
There lies baby on the floor,

Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
Are life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming,

When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she's clinging
To the one whose soothing song

Back her smile is bringing.
Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss—
Brave again as ever,

See, the plucky little miss
Makes her bed endearing;
Walks right off—the darling pet—

Rush now to caress her!
Come what will, our steps yet,
All good angels bless her!

THE TROUSERS HABIT

In Women Is Developing a Lucrative Addition to the Trade.

[Boston Globe.]
"Oh, I couldn't stand a divining her name," protested an ultra fashionable tailor,

following with his eyes the willowy figure of a lady as she disappeared into the street.

"Well, she is connected with the stage," rejoined the tailor, re-adjusting his glasses,

which had become dislocated on his nose, "and the most exacting little wretch about her clothes that I ever saw."

"Do you have other female customers for gentlemen's suits?"

"We have more than the general public knows anything about. Ah, there it is!

What do they do with men's clothes? I dare say many of them wear them in the seclusion of home for comfort's sake.

"Yes, the styles are plain almost to meanness this spring. The waistcoat front, that is, a jacket and waist in one,

is already popular for street wear. A straight English collar, silk scarf and necktie, rather pleasing masculine effect.

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THE PRINCE OF FILIBUSTERS.

The World-Wide Deeds of Gen. Henningsen, an Englishman.

[Ben. Perley Poore.]
The prince of filibusters, so far as they were seen in Washington, was Gen. Henningsen.

He was an Englishman by birth, and, after having received a military education, he left for Spain, when 19 years of age, to serve in the

forces of Don Carlos, as a staff officer of the partisan chief Zumalacarrui.

After many acts of reckless heroism he was captured, and on the death of the partisan returned to England in 1835.

Two volumes from the youthful officer's pen tell his story of a "Twelve Months' Campaign with Zumalacarrui."

He did not let his sword rust long in idleness. Schanyl, the prophet of Circassia, had unfurled the banner of rebellion in the Caucasus, and young Henningsen promptly repaired to his ranks.

From the sunny valleys of Spain to the snowy fields of Russia was a strange translation, but it was sufficient for him that a weak side needed a brave sword. Henningsen's life in Russia furnished the material for half a dozen volumes, published at various periods when peace drove him to his retirement.

Such careers were rare, however. The Hungarian revolution of 1848 and 1849 found him serving with distinction under Kossuth, and he was appointed governor of Comoon.

Henningsen's European reputation in the disastrous struggle and was lionized on his return to England. Young, handsome, with great literary talent, honored with the friendship of Wellington, he still yearned for fresh fields of adventure.

He followed Kossuth to America, where his reputation had preceded him, and society welcomed him everywhere. He married a southern widow lady, Mrs. Conolly, of Burke county, Georgia, and a Senator Herrick, a devoted and cultivated woman.

For a while he devoted himself to literary work, and published some once popular books of travel and fiction. But the fingers, cramped by a pen, were itching to grasp a sword hilt, and the opportunity soon presented itself.

The exploits of William Walker in Central America were astounding the world, and attracting to his side the brave and adventurous of every land.

Ever since the days of Cortez had the world seen such a career as that of the once "immortal" fifty-six who sailed from California in a little vessel to conquer an empire and imperil the peace of two continents.

Henningsen threw himself into the ranks of the American filibuster with his usual enthusiasm. His fortune and his life were freely risked, and although he lost the one and exposed the other on a score of well-fought fields, he never regretted his experience with the so-called "filibusters."

"I feel proud of having been one of them," he wrote me, "and quietly glory in my retirement at having been able to command and control, besides securing their personal devotion and attachment."

He considered his life as the best of the world ever saw, and his experience entitled his opinion to respect. They were mostly Californians. "California was the pick of the world, and they were the pick of California."

When the United States sent a man opposed to 4,000 allied Central Americans, and encumbered with 300 or 400 non-combatants, Henningsen held the Plaza of Granada for seven days and nights of incessant fighting.

"They were poorly sheltered or not at all, and died of starvation daily and hourly thinning their ranks, but from leader or men there came not a whisper of surrender."

Relief, ridiculously small in number, but invincible of courage, came at last. A hundred men were sent to the world calls "filibusters" disembarked from the lake steamer, and with a cheer and a volley carried four batteries and effected a junction with their beleaguered comrades.

Henningsen leasurly evacuated and burned the town, leaving his gage of defiance behind him—a lance stuck among the ruins with the taunting inscription: "Aquí fué Granada."

"Here was Granada. Then a United States man captain's interference compelled the starving heroes to surrender, but the liad of Central America was past forever.

During the early part of our civil war, Gen. Henningsen commanded the Wise Legion of Virginia. He was rapidly achieving a distinction, warranted by his military fame in smaller arenas, when he incurred the displeasure of Jefferson Davis, who had a singular genius for ignoring or suppressing the abilities of his subordinates.

Henningsen had indignantly anticipated the verdict of posterity by speaking contemptuously of Davis, and the latter could never forgive such precedence. After peace, he lived quietly in Washington, and all this he called upon to demonstrate that this Sitting Bull was only a prominent solar myth; that his massacre of the palefaces is a beautiful allegory expressive of the surrender, at sunset, of Day to Night, when the palefaces who succumb represent the departing light, and the ascendancy of the dusky warriors the coming on of Darkness.

The archeologist will notice a slight photographic error had metamorphosed "sitting" into "sitting," and the careless, which, by mistaking "Borax" (i. e. the North Wind—Borax Americanum) Bull, "has actually misled three centuries."

"What could be more exquisite," will cry our mythologist, "than the allegory of returning Spring—expressed the legend that on the 19th of March, 1884, that is, about the time where the idea of March are surrendering to the kalends of April! Sitting Bull visits Gen. Terry at Fort Snelling!"

Here we have Sitting Bull the Sun, accompanied by the gentle and invigorating Blizzard visited the Earth (Terra—Terry) the general or universal mother. The visit occurs in the lapse of old age (Senility—Soiling of strong Fort) winter. Mark how the pictorial nineteenth century speech here expresses the truth that when the glorious sun pours its rays upon an awakening earth, the gentle and invigorating Blizzard of April begins to get around, and everything tends with life, and joy, and springtime!

An Old Saw Reset. [Philadelphia Call.] Plumber—Have you Mr. Rich's bill made out yet? Clerk—Yes, sir; but I want to make another one. There is a big mistake in it.

Plumber—What sort of a mistake? Clerk—This bill should be \$17, but I got for \$31.75. Plumber—Are you sure the 17 cents is right? Clerk—Oh, yes; perfectly correct. Plumber—Then success must have made any change. Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.

Hasty on Geography. A London journal informs its readers that "preservation of the Adirondack forests is at last agitating the people of the west who wish to protect their valuable prairie lands from drought."

A Priestess of Mammon.

[Eagle City (Idaho) Cor. Chicago Tribune.] Amid the general din of the season, and rising above the general confusion, the clink of glasses against bottles, and the tinkling sound of ivory chips, may be heard the words, "Queen high," "pair kings," "bets two beans," and the like, uttered not softly but penetrating voices which attract one entering the door.

Making my way to a corner of the room, and elbowing a party cautiously through a pack of men, I saw a remarkable sight. Before one of the ordinary poker-tables sat a woman of no ordinary beauty. Her traces of refinement had not yet been obliterated by coarse associations and reckless dissipation. She was dressed in a tight-fitting gown, fitting about the bust like the waist of a riding habit, and adorned with a double row of staring gilt buttons.

On her head was a jaunty jockey cap of blue, but its little visor shading a face whose delicate lines and marked individuality would in any other place have secured for its possessor immediate notice as a cultivated, intellectual power. Yet there she sat, dealing the cards with a graceful ease born evidently of long practice in similar scenes.

Careless of the rough talk and ribald jokes of the men, she surveyed them all about her with a cold, calculating eye. Her hands, clad in the daintiest gloves, moved with the grace of a trained pianist, and the cards, raked in the chips, paid losses, replied to the sallies of the men, and attended to business with a devilish insouciance and calmness which was simply horrible. A more painful sight I never saw, but there he re-appeared, the wickedness of the scene, which robbed it of the vileness of the slums and invested that woman in the corner of a mining-camp gambling-house with a horror which was simply satanical.

Oscar Soaks Reveals. [London News.] A large audience assembled at the Crystal palace at Sydenham a few days ago to hear Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture on his impressions of America. Mr. Wilde (who has discarded knee breeches and reassumed the prosaic trousers) said that the Americans are the noblest people in the world, whose national occupation is catching trains. Pennsylvania, with its rocky gorges and woodland scenery, reminded him of Switzerland; the prairie of a brown blotting paper. Everything is twice as large as it should be; everywhere is twice as far as it should be. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The father became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his illness, but they were unable to explain his symptoms. Sores broke out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo where a painful operation was performed. He recovered, but he lost much blood and affording little relief. The young man returned home and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared that there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a few days. He refused to accept this verdict, and announced that the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its meaning, and he finally succeeded in comprehending it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death to a life of suffering. He was buried in the knowledge of his father's art west of the Rocky mountains, that an old patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually sued the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported, had been delivered minus the arms! And, what was more surprising still, he gained his case and the damages.

Beating a Deaf Man. [Boston Globe.] Will Keith is a very clever drug clerk who compounds cross-bone preparations for a leading chemist in Washington street. He is a very genial young man, and some of his many friends often call upon him at his place of business. I at one time while entertaining three or four Y. M. C. A. boys, a man entered with a prescription which was promptly compounded, and with an air of "see-my-modus-operandi," he threw the package before the customer with the words: "Twenty-five cents, please."

The man who was almost deaf threw out 5 cents and started out. "Twenty-five cents, sir," said W. K. in a louder tone. "There is your 5 cents," said the d. m., pointing to the nickel and walking toward the door.

"I said 25 cents," at the top of his voice. "I say there is your 5 cents," said deaf as he passed through the doorway.

Our affable d. e. allowed a bewildered expression to hover over his handsome features for but a moment, when it was dispelled by a bland smile as he remarked: "Oh, well, let him go; there's 3 cents profit anyway."

A Chinese Failure. [Wall Street News.] When a native of China doing business goes to the wall, a merchant in investigating his affairs, and the result is usually about as follows: "I find that your household expenses have been 8 cents per day."

"Alas! oh mighty mandarin, I have an extravaganza been 60 cents per month. How dare you incur such expense on your small capital?" "I was in hopes times would improve."

"And I find among your items of expense such things as opera tickets, oysters for Sunday, and smoking tobacco for your grandmother. No wonder you have to shut up shop and cause your creditors to mourn."

"Oh, mighty mandarin, show mercy to an honest but unfortunate man, you call yourself honest, when you withdraw 70 cents of your capital to buy your wife a party dress? Come to the temple of justice."

"At the temple the creditors divide up the assets, and each one is then privileged to use a whip on the debtor's bare back until he thinks he has got 100 cents on the dollar."

Out in Arizona. Hon. A. W. Sheldon, Associate Justice, Supreme Bench of Arizona Territory, writes as follows: "It affords me great pleasure to say, from my personal observation, and you know the scope of such has been very extended, that St. Jacobs Oil is the great and wonderful conqueror of rheumatism and neuralgia, and all the aches and pains, and I cheerfully bear this testimony."

"NOTHING WRONG WITH MY LUNGS NOW."

A patient writes nearly a year after using Compound Oxygen: "There is nothing wrong with my lungs now and for that I thank you more than anything else. It is true that there are days when I do not feel as bright as I could wish, but if I take Compound Oxygen I doubt if I would be here to feel at all."

"Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in consumption, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, STARKLEY PATEN, 1124 and 1131 Girard street, Philadelphia.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. MacIntyre, 406 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

The wig is the missing link. It is neither man nor monkey, but a baraboo. A TRAGIC EVENT. A Father's Despair and Self-Inflicted Death—His Final Resentment—Too Late to Save His Parent.

The graphic occurrence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in our contemporary history. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and roused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well known and respected. It seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes and took the greatest delight in the society of his children and pride in their development. And indeed he had good reason to be proud of their progress. He was long lived, successful and useful. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head ached, his eyes were sore, and he had a heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He lost his appetite and his sleep. He began to lose weight and his hair turned gray. He was troubled with indigestion and his bowels were constipated. He was unable to do his usual work, and he was taken to Buffalo where a painful operation was performed. He recovered, but he lost much blood and affording little relief. The young man returned home and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared that there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a few days. He refused to accept this verdict, and announced that the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its meaning, and he finally succeeded in comprehending it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death to a life of suffering. He was buried in the knowledge of his father's art west of the Rocky mountains, that an old patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually sued the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported, had been delivered minus the arms! And, what was more surprising still, he gained his case and the damages.

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A WONDERFUL HOUSE.

THE RED HOUSE (Trade Union) of Sacramento, Cal., appears in this issue of our paper. Established in 1872, this is the first house to set up "strictly one price," and the first to mark all goods in plain figures. They have the largest Country Order Department in the State of California and employ an immense number of expert salesmen. Their stores cover over 13,000 square feet of floor room, with nearly two miles of shelving. From a small beginning this establishment has become one of the largest retail concerns on the coast and has won the confidence of the people by fair dealing. They carry a large stock of general merchandise, including nearly every thing that an ordinary person (man, woman or child) needs, from a necktie to an overcoat, with boots, gloves and hats; or from a spool of cotton to a silk dress and bonnet. They issue a large and finely illustrated catalogue and price list which is sent free to all who apply for it. This is truly a wonderful house and fully entitled to its well-earned reputation.

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

Disease, Propensity and Passion brings Mankind numberless ailments; foremost among them are Nervousness, Nervous Debility and general weakness of the Creative Organs. Allen's Brain Food successfully overcomes these troubles and restores to the sufferer his former vigor. It is sold at druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Avenue, New York City. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

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

Fortify the system. All who have experienced the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will testify to its value as a purgative and alterative. It is a specific for biliousness, liver complaint, indigestion, nervous debility, or premature decay. Know that it is a safe and effective remedy. It is sold at all druggists and by mail from J. C. Williams, 1124 and 1131 Girard street, Philadelphia.

FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION. CAMELLINE has been sanctioned by the highest medical authorities for the treatment of the complexion. The recommendation of forty of the leading physicians have been published.

POISON OAK. CAMELLINE is a sure preventive of Oak-poisoning and gives speedy relief in all cases of eruptions.

Price, 50 Cents. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A CURE OF PNEUMONIA.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave her up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

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

Malaria is caused by Torpid Liver; Piles by Constipation; Headache by Indigestion. Avoid them all by using the great vegetable remedy, Allen's Bilious Physic, 25 cents. At all Druggists. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

A plug of Star tobacco weighs sixteen ounces. Nearly all other brands are a fourteen-ounce swindle.

TO PREVENT OAK-POISONING.—If applied before exposure Camelline is a safe-guard against the evil effect of poison-oak.

CATARH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, or any ailment that will cure you, FRISKY CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America and self-addressed envelope to Jay, Josiah T. is man, Station D, New York.

GLASSING, McBEAN & CO. SEWER, WATER AND CHIMNEY PIPE. LINCOLN PLASTER CO. 358 MARKET ST. S.F.

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