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Roseburg Review.



VOL. IX.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1885.

NO. 51.

LOVE'S DAY.

Midway the last of those drear months That winter knows.
While yet the earth is hidd n 'neath And the north wind defiant still His trumpets blows, Is set a day as full of sweets

The tidings of its coming spread The birds among, And soon the sturly evergreens Are filled with song; The daintiest though s of Poesy About it throng. And many precious gems of Art To it belong.

For oh! 'tis Love, 't's Love, that says: "This day is mine—
This day when all true I overs haste,
With eyes that shine
And lips that smile, ther hearts to lay
Upon the sarine Long years to me made sa red by St. Valentine.

-Harper's Weekly. MOLLY ST. LEGER.

A Valentine Story of Over One! Hundred Years Ago.

It was a gray, gloomy day in late October, dur ng the last week of their sojourn at the old family country house floors, and which opened upon a deep orch altogether delectable in its viney prised, but merely satisfied them. seclusion, so su gestive of tete-a-tetes, moonlight or dayl ght.

river which flow d at the foot of a rapidly stoping lawn, and from the library ing a quarter of a mile long, at least, to the bank of the Ke meber.

This was the work of Downing, who. lawless growths, more fascinating to a dear lover of romance. town-bred girls than the most perfect landscape gardening could possibly be. once had a deer park of a hundred acres, but that was long ago.

days, a steady down-pour, gladdening very noses. to the hearts of the country folk, whose wells, owing to the long drought, had long since refused water. Caleb Atkins, coming down from the village as usual, with meat and milk, had expressed to couldn't be better." the cook that morning his opinion that able spell," to which statement cook

always rained court week. "Cook has the universally logical fem nine mind," observed Beatrix, who had overhead this colloquy while whistling and waiting for Ajax at the hall door. "If it always rains court week, why, then, of course, it's always court week, isn't it? Wonder if Supreme Courts and storms prevail s'multaneously over the universe! I'll ask her. Oh! oh! you big, black, wicked, splendid old fellow! This last to Ajax, who came to her whistle with a bound and a leap, planting his big muddy paws on her shoulders, and staying her remonstrances with a sweeping lap of h's huge tongue, which fairly h.d from

view her piquan' merry face. "Oh, shut that door, do, Trix, and behave in a civilized manner," growled Marjory, from the depths of the Sleepy Hollow cha'r by the hall fire. She was reading The Fair Maid of Perth for perhaps the twenty-fifth t me, and was right in the thick of the tournament where'n fell the sons of Torquil advancing to death with the ery "One

more for Heetor! Whatever of modern authorship the brary of Fairview lacked, it was rich in the older novelists, and owned a most sumptuous edit on, creamy pages bound in fragrant Russia, of the prince of romantic novelists, Walter Scott.

Instantly turning at the sound of her voice, the big dog sprung into her lap, planting a huge paw, only partially clean ed, on an exquisite engraving of the said tournament and elic ting a satisfactory shrick from her, he plunged upon the sofa whereon Sue was i dozing and dreaming, and then dashed up the oaken star, close followed by the laughing, shricking girls, casting back glances of intense delight at his success in inaugurating the frolic he so much loved, and having reached the landing on the third floor, stood waving his huge tall and watching with an actual twinkle of his eyes the breath-

less run of the girls up the last flight. They were nearer the storm area by fifty feet up there than in the hall below, and the wind and rain seemed to be holding high carnival, whistling in the waterspouts, roaring down the chimneys and pelting pit lessly against the wind ws and upon the slate caps of All kinds of Stationery, Toys and the numerous bay and or el windows. A window to the cast looked out upon

SEEDS! SEEDS! of the long upper hall and peered up the dusky stairway. "Fascinating, isn't it? ' remarked

Marjory. "It's a real cosey attic day. Let's go up!

re o ned Tr x. We've rummaged forget Abram instantly. She was though her father ultimately forgave Pen's story was done. Marjory still everything-Madame Heath's brocaded wedd ng gown and General Heath's queer old uniform, and Major Brockton's kit, in the 1812 war, and Greatgrandfather Brockton's w'g and gown, and all the old bonne's and mob caps and camlet cloaks."

The attics were large and high, as were rich in those deep, dark, shadowy corners and recesses, whose ghostly suggest one make one s flesh creep.

There was one part cularly dark recess where the low attic of the west wing debouched into the main attic, into which Marjory suddenly disappeared and shortly emerged, her hair testooned with dusty cobwebs, and her eyes blinking as those of an owl suddeal launched into the sunlight might do. She was dragging a small black trunk by its b ass handle, said trunk being as cobwebby as her head, and mouldy with the mould of ages appar-

"That is what I call second-sight," she sa d, sw ng ng it around w.th the expertness of a genuine baggagesmasher. "I d d not know this thing was there-never hear of it before, and should have sa d I had explored every inch of the senchanted land.

The girls looked at it. It was brass bound and fastened by a solid hook built of Hallowell granite, was of the El zabethian style of architecture, with castellated walls, and a large source of the castellated walls, and a large source of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously. They had hoped for castellated walls, and a large source of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously. They had hoped for castellated walls, and a large source of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a mass of papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a part of the cover flew up, disclosing a papers. The three sighed simultaneously is a paper of the cover flew up, disclosing a paper of the cover flew up, on the Kenneb c. This ancient house, of brass. She touched the hook and castellated walls and a large square something more precious, more start- go to him whenever he should send for entrance, the immediate neighborhood Detroit. It inclues nearly every man case years ago for ladies to be left hall down into which you looked from ling; a br de s trousseau, perhaps, the galler es on the second and third fragrant with age and attar of rose -a service of untique silver or even a casket of pearls would not have sur-

eclusion, so su gestive of tete-a-tetes, consignification of the signed Marjory. "It's big enough for three connecting rooms fronted the assessment of the successful repellion against the author of the successful repellion against the author of the stabilishments; three-quarters at least of those who are in the professions of those who are in the professions of those who are in the professions of courtesy that contribute a successful repellion against the author of the successful repellion against the author of the stabilishments; three-quarters at least of those who are in the professions of those who are in the professions of courtesy that contribute a successful repellion against the author of the successful repellion thin flat book which lay on the top and opened it. On the blank page was wr tten "Molly St. Leger. Her album." window at the south end of this triad A yellow paper fastened with a faded of rooms could be seen a lovely river blue ribbon dropped from between the pictu e framed betw en tall oaks and leaves of the album. Marjory loosed else given him up entirely. It was cer- les; bitter again t taxation, and ready evergreens, at the extremity of an open- the ribbon and d sclosed a folded sheet.

cut through the primeval forest straight had an album in 1765, and who received valeatines in 1768? For as true as you I ve, girls, this is a genuine valyears before, had cut and trimmed and entine, one hundred and ten years old fashioned these slopes and dells into if it is a day, with cupids and hearts fair, regular beauty. But time and a and two doves a-cooing. Oh, what a proper degree of neglect had brought jolly find for a rainy day! It's like back a bewitching wildness, a gypsy- reading a page of Walter Scott," said like abandon of straggl ng vines and Marjory, who by this time you know as "Girls! girls! and so you've found it

at last," crel out a cheery voice at Three bundred and eighty acres comprised this estate of Fairview, and it Molly St. Leger's has to find that trunk sometime and hear her story. But nobody ever finds it t.ll the right time It had now been raining for three comes, though it may be under their

Her story! and who's to tell us, I should I ke to know?" queried Trix. "I am," promptly replied aunt Penelope, "and right here. Time and place

"Wouldn't it be more comfortable by the rain was I kely to last a "consider- the hall fire?" timidly suggested Sue, who is kittenish in her tastes, and likes signified her assent with the remark to curl up and purr in a cosey corner. that next week was court week, and it But the others, aunt Pen included, scouted the prosaic suggestion.

ous!" murmured Trix, stretching herlay back comfortably among the ruins while aunt Pen began:

(It may as well be explained here that Farview is richer in that species of wealth which pertains to attics, than most of even very old family mansions. For after the Boston Fire of 1871 many ancient relies were transported thither for safety, not only the e belonging to Molly St. Leger's direct descendants, but also heirlooms of families into which those descendants had married.)

"Molly St. Leger was not a native born American citizen. She was born and lived in a delightful old castle in England-a castle that would do your heart good just to see, Marjory, with which she fled, not with, but to our an- doves look precisely like two fighting cestor, Abram Hunt. I saw it all last crows.' year when I was in England-the old old, cut into all sorts of queer shapes, out of everything," said Beatrix. peacocks, Greek vases, and maids-of-

"And General Heath's delicious old

love letter and the letters he wrote her the surve llance of her rebellious Bo ton, the first object that caught when he quarreled with his son Jo, niece, and a hard time she had of it. | Molly's eye was not, as now, the gilded who had the honor of being my greatgreat-grandfather, you know, said
Marjory, with a toss of her gold-brown
head.

Meanwhile they were running up the

Meanwhile they were running up the

attie stairs and through the center of lowed by sun lry other notelets brought friend of Abram's, who lived on what the attic, skirting the massive chim- by the same winged carrier, so that is now Joy street, in the immediate ners, each one of which could almost Molly knew exactly the day and hour neighborhood of Thomas Hancock's have held in its interior a seaside cot. on which Abram started for America, house, which he afterwards left to his and he, skirt ng the castle at a safe nephew. John Hancock. Mo'ly soon d stance, saw a tiny handkerchief flut-became fam'liarty acquainted with the attics et such a house should be, tering from the turret window, and borothy, or Delly Quincy, afterward but although tolerably well lighted, went on his way with high courage and the wife of John Hancock, for Abram hope in his heart.

> Molly was released from her imprison- was senior member. playing the spinuet or reading, sud- England.' denly developed a remarkable taste for "Huckleberry pastures on Beacon housewifery. Like the Greek Penelope. Hill!" ejaculated Sue. she busied herself of mornings with methods for the management of pour of Commonwealth avenue, was sitry and the raising of pigs and calves, lenced. and, altogether, promised at last to | (Aunt Pen, it seems, d'd not deem it able and proper St. Leger.

her, and that was to be when he was was known as Springate.) proper escort could be had."

ta'n her father would never relent. "And who is this Molly St. Leger who with a sigh of relief. "we have "Luckily, however," she continued, length. other Saint's days, St. Valentine's Day was he'd in much mo e stered observfrom Abram in his character of Valen- to her. tine. If I'm not mistaken there is one

> trunk, thrust her hand under the mass who now sympathized with h m in his of papers, and after a slight search, rebellious feelings, some details of the brought up the box. She opened it.

It contained a pinch of dry dust. dred years," said Aunt Pen, cheerfully. And she went on. "Well, on the morning of St. Valentine's Day, just at self on a discarded rug, with her head Molly loosed the ribbon and down fell cup of tea with Molly that evening. on Ajax's shaggy sides. Marjory hav- the valent ne which you hold in your ing sat down in a huge chair with hand, Marjory. Read it, please." And irresistible even to so determined a stant additions to a permanent family spidery legs which instantly collapsed. Majory, sitting up among the ruins of rebel as Dorothy Quincy. She came; fund, and the wife, if she is worth havthe spider-leg char, read :

"O Molly, Molly, fair and sweet As is the blitre to-morrow That brings you to your lover's side, Once more unto your casement, love, My mess enger comes flying; Fling back the lattice—take him in—

Your Valentine espylag. "Come, come, my Molly, here I wait, The good ship spreads her sails; Bearing such precious freight as thou, she'll fear not storms nor gales. Her hawthorne, eglantine; Come with the springtime's hastening

My life-long Valentine!" "Our ancestor rhymed better than he real battlements and a turret chamber drew," remarked Sue, peeping over -Molly's own-the very one from Marjory's shoulder. Those cooing

"What a deligtfully drea Iful facility garden with its box two hundred years you have, Sue, for taking the poetry "S.lence in the assembly!" said Aunt | place honor, and its fish-pond with moldy- Pen. "There was another slip of

the lee schooners lying just below, bedraggled and dripping from the t ps of their mizzen masts to the water line. An occasional sailor was seen shrouded in oil clothes.

They swung back the door at the end of the long upper hall and peered up the churchyard precincts, to rise from moon, and turning again at the point the roofs on Beacon Hill and drinking other. where the castle turrets are last seen, from the fountains and ponds." "But the fatal discovery was finally looked long and lovingly on the home It was a silent group that went in made and Molly was forthwith shut up of her childhood and young womanin her turret chamber and ordered to hood. She never saw it again. For to the fire-lighted hall below after aunt replied the other. further informed that she could not leave her turret till Abram was fairly at sea on his way to Boston, in New she never rev sited her old home which of ore the fire, just as Molly had drop-

ope in his heart. Hunt was a partner in the firm of "As soon as he was fairly at sea which Dolly's father, Edmund Quincy,

ment, and both her father and aunt had; "In a few weeks Molly and Abram reason to congratulate themselves upon were married, and went to keeping the excellent, the subduing effect of their house near Springate, though Molly course of discipline. Molly, who hith- always had a special liking for Beacon erto had apparently cared for little but Hill, with its sloping huckleberry pasthe pleasure of the moment, rambling tures and sparkling springs, as being abroad on her pony, embroidering, the first place of her residence in New

"Sue thinks." said Trix scornfully. the maids at their spinning and weav- "that Beacon street and the Back Bay ing. She learned the art of bread- as they exist to-day, were a part of the making and of ale-brewing, the best original creation:" and Sue, who lives

mature into a thrifty, entirely respect-necessary to explain to these girls, who, as native Bostonians, were, of course. "No letters came from Abram. Those familiar with the topography of old were not days of much letter writing. Boston, where Springate was. But and furthermore, letters coming to others may like to know. In or near Molly through the post must have what is now Spring Lane was one of

fairly established in business and a "Molly had come to New England in a time of ferment. Echoes of the "Now, Aunt Pen," a-ked Beatrix, storm athering in the Western demurely, "do you consider that an World had reached the ancestral establishments; three-quariers at least it is not expected that strangers should "Well," repl'ed Aunt Pen, hesitating thority of his Most Christian Majesty. between her entire sympathy with George the Third. So Molly was Molly and her troublesome conviction greatly surprised and disappointed, I that she ought to point the proper fear, to find that Abram was as arrant | tion. There is possibly one per cent. of | is politeness in public. It involves the moral, "Molly must have done that or a rebel as could be found in the Colonto follow Hancock and Adams to any

"As I have sa'd, her friendship with not to decide that; we have Mrs. Hancock was warm and intimate, only to do with the story. Two years and she assisted at many of her famous passed and Molly was then twenty, codfish dinners, and was present at You know the old cus om of St. Valen- that historical breakfast when Madam tine's Day? The first one you met af- Hancock entertained Admiral D'Estater the sun had risen was to be your ing and three hundred of his officers, Valentine for the year. Like many and not having sufficient milk to supply the wants of her guests, sent out her servants to milk the cows pastured ance by our ancestors than by us. on the Common, with orders that all And many a gift had Molly received owners who complained should be sent

"Abram Hunt was one of the famous in that very trunk, a tiny white s lk Boston Tea Party, and there is a charmbox painted with white rosebuds, and ing story of Molly connected with it. containing a rosebud. It was the one Although partially disguised as an In-Abram sent her just before he went dian. Abram wore his white top boots. and after the tea party was over, as he Sue, who sat nearest the brass-bound stood by the parlor fire giving Molly, affair, he shook out from the tops his of boots a quantity of tea which had "Mo t things are dust after a hun- lodged therein upon the hearth, and

then swept it carefully into the fire. "But Molly noticed that a small quantity of tea still remained in the dawn, Molly was awakened by a slight top boots, and this she removed with- man in early or middle life, who has emrustling at her window. Her dove out Abram's knowledge. The next day ployment of any kind, to lay up some-Oh, no; right here, with the beating rain just above our heads. It's delicities and under his snowy wing, in the old place, was a confidential matters, took a note to be able to set apart fifty dollars a week, delighted with the agreeable manner,

the tea was made-one cup had been drank and Molly was on the point of pouring out a second when footsteps were heard coming rapidly through the hall. Abram's footsteps, unmistakably selfishness—self-indulgence—or possi-bly a pervert al good-heartedness, which and the lesson is well worth our learnhall. Abram's footsteps, unmistakably

pot out of sight under the edge of her is a ways to be condemned. In the ample train. But alas! the del'cious lorg run it vo ks a hardship upon the the happiness of others.—Philadelphia ample train. But alas! the del'cious long run it wo ke a hardship upon the fragrance could not be so promptly or off meer's friends as well as upon himeffectually hidden. Abram sniffed the aroma suspic ously:

· " Molly,' he said with unusal sternness, is it possible you are making

oring under his eye, but smiling rolast pound into Boston Harbor? "But Abram was not to be cajoled. | happiest. - De'roit Fost. 'Molly,' he said. 'I am not deceived; I know you are making tea. Give it to me; and Molly reluctantly drew out

the tiny teapot from its silken hiding-"Without a moment's hesitat'on honor, and its fish-pond with moldy-backed carp as old as the time of backed carp as old as the time of william the Conqueror, for aught I brother and confidant, saying that a poured out every drop of the precious brother and confidant, saying that a beverage into the fire shaking out vig. knew. The St. Legers came over with waiting the next night, at a certain orously the clinging tea leaves. It was clear of the water, often several feet. William. and are to this day as distinctively French in feature as in name. place, to convey Molly with the great-William, and are to this day as distinctively French in feature as in name. place, to convey Molly with the great-doubtless, that both Molly and Dolly Molly's portrait shows her to have est possible speed to Portsmouth, With feelings of intense satisfaction. There are the ink bear are the ink b was small and slight, with rosy cheeks. following day. Her escort was to be drank one cup of the forb dden tea, fish-bone of commerce. Many of the about one of these old roads with trees

unbending in her views on all social She was a loyal-hearted maiden, as her matters. Molly's earliest playmate truth to her lover shows, and it was was Abram Hunt, the fifth son of John not without a deep pang of regretful when he made his last visit to America, Hant, who held the nearest living and love that she turned at the door that she was an old woman and Abram had night and looked her last upon the lope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty that the first date is last that to America, she was an old woman and Abram had lope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty that the first date is last that to America, she was an old woman and Abram had lope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty that the first date is last that to America, she was an old woman and Abram had lope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty that the first date is last that to America, she was an old woman and Abram had lope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty that the first date is last that the first date is last to America, when it is last that the first date is last that the first date is last to America, she was an old woman and Abram had lope's Mr. Crawley, found great difficulty that the first date is last the first date is last that the first date is last date culty in providing for so many sons, and Abram was destined to trade.

The rigid Lady Dunbarton made no withstanding certain threatening shad
wherein her a strong desire once more to see and take the hand of her old friend. So withstanding certain threatening shadshe came to Boston on a short visit to objection to the childish intimacy be-tween Molly and Abram, never dream-ing that a St. Leger could so far forget

England, whither his father had decided to send him. Molly's own maid, Phœbe, was taken from her, lest Molly should win her by her blandishments to carry some message to Abram, and Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she sailed steadily onward through the Narrows into our beautiful harbor of Lady Dunbarton herself took unos she never revisited her old nome which her oldest son inherited.

Her oldest son inherited.

"After some three weeks of buffeting in the beginning of the frolic with Ajax. "I am glad," she said, as she picked it up, "that all romance and poetry is not shut up in books."—Mrs. Francis A. Humphrey. Foreign Missions.—Chicago Herald.

THE REVIEW

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THRIFT. The True Gospel of Eleancial Salvation. It may be doubted whether Dr. Franklin's services in the fields of science and

fellow men, and whose benevolence was attested by many gifts. What he d'd, edge. Mere suavity is not all of politeand what he taught others to do, was to live frugally and temperatery, work diligently and waste no money in unnecessary purchases. His home proverbs have passed into the common speech of the people. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars are saved parlor, as to its form of man festation. from foolish expenditure in this country | Touching street cars, it is often a you don't need because it is cheap?"

A good many young men-and some case of the aged or infirm, or a woman old ones—are chiefly ambitious to be with a child in her arms, it is specially called "good fellows." They like the desirable that the seat should be offered. reputation of being "open handed."

They are willing to sacrifice a tithe or it may be a quarter of their income like the sent should be offered.

But in other cases, while it is polite to do so, it is also equally polite to recognize the courtesy. Ladies have themevery week for the sake of what they selves to blame for the lack of courtesy call "a good t'me" and the dub'ou ap- in this particular that is often seen. proval of a parcel of other men as lool. Because they do not acknowledge the i h as themselves.

Thrift should be a sort of every day usually careful to give room for others religion with persons of small means or when they might, an indifference to the small income, and this class includes courtesy due them is sometimes seen. ninety-nine-hundredths of the men in It is far more common than was the who works with his hands; nearly every standing in crowded cars. The reason person engaged in teaching of any is what we state above. Were they kind; nineteen-twentieths of those em more courteous they would receive ployed in stores and other necessatile more attention in the particulars named. other literary or quasi-literary pursuit; all public places. And when these are indeed, the great bulk of our populaty-and-nine live as carefully as they

Some of those men who spend every cent they make month after month and year after year have unthrifty wives, and for them, if for anybody, the recording angel ought to drop a tear upon the evil entry and blot it out; but most of those who scatter as they go have not shed expression, do not answer for body to blame but them elves. The de- that regard for the comfort of others sire to dress in style; to make a show of which is the material element in good generous living and a display of costly conduct. hospitality: to in lulge in expensive articles of food and dr.nk; in a word, the temptation to live beyond one's means is the cause of more domestic misery, more diappointment, more life-failures and more weariness that ends in death desire to attract admiration. But they than any other single danger to which are egotistic, cold and proud. They people of general respectability are ex. have given pleasure to none. They

Except in case of sickness or extraordinary calamity it is the duty of every note tied with a bit of blue ribbon. Dolly Quincy, inviting her to take a or only one, but something should go in store for the future. A husband, if he "A cup of tea! The temptation was is worth baving, will aim to make coning, will help him.

oned a disgram, and among sensible people it is. It is a manifestation of the true gentleman or lady? Evidently self. It is sure to bring unhappiness to his own home. Simple habits, inexpensive tastes, cautious expenditures of | How, When, and the Variety That Should money, will do more to bring prosperity and real enjoyment into a household "How can I, answered Molly, col- than all other material alv: n ages combined. The doctaine of thrift is the guishly, when you yourself tipped the true gospel of financial salvation without which no life can be at its best or try, especially in summer, than to see

Shells that Travel.

The great cone's or strombus has a time to hear a farmer say: "I wouldn't critable sword that it thrusts out, sticks care if there wasn't a shade tree by the into the ground, and by a muscular ef- side of the road. I don't think the frost was small and slight, with rosy cheeks, and you look like her. Trix.

"Molly s mother died when she was a baby, and she was brought up under the supervision of her father's sister, dowager Lady Dunbarton, as uncomprome sing a Tory as her father, and unbending in her views on all social views on al streaming after them, presenting a very If taken in the early spring there is enrious appearance. The shell known but little difficulty in making trees as the Lina Nans is particularly remarkable for these flights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When placed in a boat they have been known ests, and can be taken up with a clump to leap out, and the ordinary scallop has of earth. Before setting the top and been known to jump out of a pot when branches should be well cut back, and placed upon a stove. -- Rehoboth (Mass.) Sunday Herald.

A Fish Story.

"Don't flounder around so!" said the Of the varieties most desirable may be rabbed mackerel. "Shut up or I'll whale you!" said the maple. The white ash also would find

"Will you'do it a porpoise?" asked the macker 1. " Not a shad-dow of a doubt of it,

'I beg you be clam, gentlemen," entreated a lobster. "Or 'eel get in hot water," cried s sheepshead, on his mussel; and they all

The Mormon Church has more missionaries than the American Board of Foreign Missions.—Chicago Herald.

M. C. A. Watchman.

Neatly and expeditiously executed

PUBLIC CONDUCT. How the Lady and Gentleman and the Bour

Are Distinguished. Good behavior everywhere marks the polities were of so much importante to lady and gentleman. Rough, ill-manmankind as his precepts and practic in nerly, unseemly conduct distinguish the thrift and economy. His life is a most boor. Just what constitutes good beimpressive illustration of while may be havior, however, is a matter about accomplished by systematic adustry, which differences of opinion prevail. self-denial and proper care for earn- Mere awkwardness may indicate only lack of knowledge and consequent em-Franklin was never mean, stingy nor barrassment, and not rudeness, in the miserly. On the contrary he was a unmannerly sense. There are persons philanthropist who spent time and who simply fast in politeness, not from money freely for the advantage of his ligtent on, but from a lack of knowl-

liteness in a street car, at church, in

the theater, on the street, and in any every year by the remembrance of Franklin's advice to "never buy a thing you don't need because it is cheap?"

question whether gentlemen should always rise and offer ladies their seats.

No doubt it is polite to do so. In the favor, and also because they are not

articles almost without exception, and, shown they are apt to be reciprocated. And this touches the essence of what our people who have either by their promy perception of the rights and own exertions, or by good luck, or by comforts of others, and the willing and some other means, come into the own- graceful concession of these. Where ership of sufficient property to render this is done, even if the manner be not exhertation to economical habits unnec- all that could be desired, the spirit and essary for them, and besides they are for purpose answer. These are apt to be the most part sufficiently inclined to save evident in the manner. And where their pennies without encouragement from others; but how many of the ninepoliteness will appear. But selfishness, that seeks only personal enjoyment, at the expense of all others, is the essence, of impoliteness. There appear in publie life many who are polished as to outward manner who are, at the same time, at variance with all the rules of

How frequently these points are illustrated in public places. There are persons who are noticed in all public assemblies for their self-important airs, their evident effort at display, and their only strutted as a peacock would, and attracted attention. Another enters, quiet, unassuming, but cheerful and bright. There is an inviting smile that draws kindly attention and friendly delighted with the agreeable manner, the geniality of this person. Yet his manner was unstudied, and he was merely affable. His influence, howevsunshine he scattered mellowed the A thriftless habit ought to be reck- soil of other hearts for weeks to come. Which was really polite? Which was

SHADE TREES.

There is nothing that presents a more attractive appearance to the weary traveler over the highways of the counupon their sides lines of shade trees that have been set perhaps by a former generation. We were pained at one

grow, if they are carefully raised and the roots are not cut off too much. when placed in the hole prepared for it the earth should be worked about the roots so as to come in perfect contact with them, and insure certain growth. mentioned the common clin and hardan appropriate place, as well as the soft maple. At setting it is well to have some protection placed about the trees to prevent injury. Although a labor of love, he who walks in the shade of trees will sound the praise of him who performed the labor.—Ger-mantown Telegraph.

-Many a sociations sell old papers for a more pittance, that would be worth much more if gathered up white they