TOLD BY THE WAVES.

I was a child, but the sea was old,
Gray and old was the roaring sea,
When first his mighty waters rolled
At my restless feet and sang to me;
I was a child, but the washing waves
In their wailing grief or their fitful play,
Called my name in the hollow caves,
And told me stories of yesterday.

Of a strange old time, I know not when,
Of a distant land, I know not where!
Of a Home beyond the thoughts of men,
And beyond the reach of my fondest pray'r.
I was a child, but the gray old sea
Told of a time that was long of yore—
Told of a past Eternity
Like the great infinity before.

Long have I trodden ais beaches bare,
Gathered his sea-weeds brown and wild,
Scattered his spray from my waving hair
As though I were still a little child.
But now no more does the ocean tell
His mystic tales of the Past to me,
For I hear in his ceaseless surge and swell
The call of a far Futurity.

—Arthur L. Salmon, in Once a Week.

THE CLERK'S LEGACY.

It Is Inconvenient to Inherit from Living People.

James Wallace, a salesman in the dry goods store of Messrs. Fog & Millet, was electrified one morning by receiving the following letter:

SIR: In accordance with the provisions of the will of my late client, Mr. Anthony Wallace, I am directed to inform you that you have fallen heir to the sum of fifty thousand dollars, not payable, however, till the end of the year. In the meantime, you will rece ve the dividends quarterly. As the money is invested securely at eight per cent., this will amount to four thousand dollars annually. I send you a check for a thousand dollars in advance, supposing that you may find its present use desirable. Yours respectfully, JOHN PODD, Attorney at Law.

The delight of James Wallace in receiving this epistle may be imagined. Hitherto he had been confined to a salary of six hundred dollars a year, which, of course, had compeled him to live in a modest manner.

"Fifty thousand dollars! Four thousand dollars a year! Isn't it glorious? Won't I make things fly?"

"What do you mean by making things fly?" inquired his cousin, John Wallace, who was employed in the same establishment.

"Mean, my dear fellow? I mean to enjoy life. That's what I mean."

"Don't you enjoy it now?"

"How can I, cooped up in this shop all my time? No, the first thing I shall do will be to discharge old Fogg and Millet. My days of slavery are over."

"I suppose you will go into some other business?"

"Then you suppose wrong. With an income of four thousand dollars a year I don't need to be tied to business."

"Then you will devote yourself to some study and cultivate your mind?"

"Nothing of the kind. I tell you I mean to enjoy life."

"I hope you will—in the right way."

"Not in your way. You're too steady-going for me. My plans are not arranged, except that I shall go to the Belleville Hotel to board, and next week give a grand blow-out in honor of my inheritance. Will you come?"

"I won't promise. Might it not be more proper, considering Uncle Anthony's recent death, to postpone it?"

"Not a bit. I didn't know much of him. I haven't seen him since I was a boy. By the way, I wonder he didn't leave you something."

"He had a right to dispose of his property as he pleased."

"Well, if you don't complain, I don't. That is certain."

James Wallace lost no time in waiting upon his employers, and tendering in a very cavalier manner his resignation of the clerkship which he held.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wallace, on your prospects," said Mr. Fogg. "If you should determine to go into business for yourself, Mr. Millet and myse f will be glad to assist you with any advice in the selection of goods or on other points."

"I shall not go into business," said the young man. "I have had enough of it."

This was all the satisfaction his employers received for their disinterested offer.

James Wallace lost no time in establishing himself in handsome rooms at the Belleville Hotel, which he refurnished in a costly manner. At the end of a week he issued invitations for his "grand blow-out," as he called it. About fifteen young men were invited, his cousin among them. John Wallace thought it might be churlish to refuse, and accordingly accepted the invitation, but withdrew at half-past ten o'clock, finding the entertainment fast degenerating into a drunken revel. The remainder kept it up till nearly morning, and few of them were in any condition for business the next day. James Wallace, being under no such necessity, did not rise till two o'clock in the afternoon.

As might be expected, his bill for furniture added to the expense of his entertainment, consumed entirely the thousand dollars which had been sent him—and all this in ten days. However, the fact of his inheritance being known, he found no difficulty in obtaining credit any where.

Having been accustomed to having his time fully employed, he found in his present idleness that it hung heavily on his hands. His associates no being in independent circumstances were occupied in the daytime. In the evening, however, a coterie gathered in his rooms, where wine and cigars were always provided.

"I shouldn't think your life would be very satisfactory," said his Cousin John to him one day.

"I wouldn't exchange with you at any rate John."

"Yet I think I am happier than you."

"You find your happiness in slavery and drudgery—I don't," rejoined James.

"In what, then?"

"In independence, and plenty of money."

"I am glad if you have plenty of money. I suppose you might be exceeding your income.

"Well, suppose I have. Shan't I have a pile coming in at the end of the year?"

"I am afraid that will only lead to fresh extravagance on your part."

"I think it will be some time before I am a candidate for the poor house."

"It ought to be; but I'll tell you what, James, though you have fifty thousand dollars, and I have saved only four hundred, I will guarantee, in case you do not change you course, that at the end of ten years I will be the richer of the two."

"What's four hundred dollars?" exclaimed James, contemptuously.

"Not much, I grant, but it is a nest egg, and as I may fairly count on an increase of salary, it will steadily increase."

"Very well, you may go your way and I will go mine. By the way, why don't you drop in of an evening? I generally have a little company."

"To be frank, I am afraid I shouldn't enjoy it, James. I usually spend my evenings in reading. It is all the time I have, and I don't like to lose it."

At the end of six months James Wallace had not only spent his semi-annual income, but as much more, so that he was now two thousand dollars in debt. This did not trouble him much, however. He thought of the fifty thousand dollars, and had already formed plans for disposing of it.

One morning about this time—or afternoon rather—for it was one o'clock—James Wallace was told that a gentleman was below who wished to see him.

"Show him up," said the young man.

An old gentleman, apparently about sixty-five, in an old-fashioned costume, was ushered in by the servant.

James Wallace had given an entertainment the evening before, lasting till a late hour, and the effects were plainly perceptible in his haggard face as he leaned negligently against the mantel, smoking a cigar.

Just behind him was an ornamental French clock, and the entire apartment was elegantly furnished.

"I come from Mr. Podd," said the old gentleman, very quietly. "He has received a request from you to advance a portion of the money you were to receive at the end of the year. He is surprised at such a request. He supposed your income ample to defray your expenses."

"Well," said the young man, "I have been at considerable expense to fit up these rooms."

"Not over a thousand dollars, I should say," said the old gentleman looking about him.

"That is about the figure."

"And the other thousand I should suppose would have been sufficient to maintain you during six months."

"Then you supposed wrong. The fact is, old gentleman, you don't know how much it costs to support a young man in style."

"Probably not; but it is a good rule not to exceed your income."

"I don't want any advice," said James, haughtily.

"I am afraid it will do you little good. May I inquire the amount of your salary before this inheritance came to you?"

"I starved on a salary of six hundred dollars."

"Do you know how much your cousin receives?"

"Seven hundred now. He did receive the same with me last year."

"How much are you in debt?"

"About two thousand dollars."

"So you have spent four thousand, or your entire year's income in six months?"

"So it appears," said James, nonchalantly.

"What am I to think of that?"

"Really, old gentleman, for I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, you appear to concern yourself considerably in my affairs. May I suggest that I don't see any necessity for it."

"Perhaps you will when you know my name."

"All right. Let me know it."

"I am Anthony Wallace."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, starting as if he had been shot. "My uncle! Are you not dead then?"

"I am as much alive as ever I was."

"I don't understand it," said the nephew, pale with affright.

"Then I will explain. I have no others to inherit my property except you and your Cousin John. Not wishing my money to be wasted in extravagance, and being able to think of no other ordeal, I took the course I did. To my mortification, I find that you have run a career of extravagance and dissipation. I recall the inheritance, and shall make John, of whom I hear excelent reports, my heir. As for you, I will pay your debts and will allow twelve dollars a week for three months. During that time, I advise you to obtain a situation. After obtaining it I shall watch your course, and if it meets my approval I will give you an income of fifty dollars a month. That is the utmost you need expect. Had things been different, you should have received the fifty thousand dollars which is but one-half of my property."

James Wallace's mortification was extreme, but he had no one to blame but himself. His cousin received the inheritance, of which he made a worthy and noble use, and has since inherited the balance of his entire property. James is still a clerk on a small salary.—Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

A NOTED ALLIGATOR.

He Rather Enjoys Being Shot at and is Always on Hand.

Bob of Dunn's creek is the best-known to river men and tourists of any alligator in Florida. He is one of the largest saurians in the State, being fourteen feet six inches in length, while the largest alligator on the St. John's river of which any reliable account can be had is but sixteen feet in length. Dunn's creek, Bob's home, is one of the most beautiful of Florida streams. It is twenty-two miles in length and it is very deep, being the outlet from Crescent lake into St. John's river. It is a very crooked stream, and is so narrow that in places the boat will scrape the banks. It is lined with evergreens, which meet overhead, forming a leafy bower that is delightful to the lover of the picturesque. The windings are very abrupt at times and the navigation is exceedingly difficult. The steamer Georgia, Captain Bright commanding, is the only boat now plying in its waters. In one of the shortest of the many bends in Dunn's creek Bob has had his home for many years, always lying on the same log, and so close to the log that the passengers can reach him with an oar. Alligators usually become frightened and roll off from the logs into the water at the approach of a boat, but Bob is used to it, and appears to wait for the boat to come. Every day for ten years he has been seen on the same log, and as the boat approaches he slightly turns his head, as though he were waiting for the passengers to begin to shoot at him, which they invariably do. After he is tired of this amusement he dives into the water, to again reappear when the boat returns. He has been shot every day during the last decade, but he never tires of it, and no one has ever succeeded in hitting him in a vulnerable place. He seems to understand that he is there to act as a target for the marksmen and throws his throat close against the log and turns his head so that the bullets can not strike his eyes. He then knows that he is safe. The log on which Bob suns himself has been measured a number of times, and his length is therefore well known. During the ten years since he first began to become famous he has grown two feet.

Captain Bright stated that he believed the pilot would miss his location if Bob was to die. He is a certain landmark, and passengers who are acquainted with the stream will ask "How many miles are we from Bob?" in order to ascertain their whereabouts.

The log upon which he lies has become known as Bob's log, and some facetious passengers have made up petitions to have a post-office established there and Bob appointed as postmaster, giving him as a surname that of the man after whom the creek was called. Several petitions, it is said, have been prepared, but so far as heard from none have been presented to the department; but if "Bob's Landing, Bob Dunn, postmaster," is ever put in the "Postal Guide" it can be known that no one lives there and the postmaster is a huge 'gator.

Bob's home is the half-way point between Crescent lake and St. John's river, and visitors to Florida should not fail to see him. Captain Bright states that if they ever run short of ammunition they will catch Bob and take the bullets out of his back, where enough to stock a small store must be imbedded. Bob is not a myth. He can be seen by any passenger who will go up Dunn's creek, and hundreds of tourists will testify as to his existence and characteristics.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CONSOLABLE WIDOWS.

A Bereaved Wife Who Was Only Too Thankful for Release.

Once I was with a friend of mine when the news of her husband's death was brought to her. He had been killed in a railway accident. She was shocked by the news and the dreadful suddenness of it, and turned so white that I thought she was going to faint. I made her sit down on a sofa that was near, and she whispered in my ear: "Get them all out of the room, Madge, I am so afraid they will see the joy in my face that I feel in my heart!" He had been a brute to her and to his children. He used often to knock the little ones down in his rages, and, though his wife never told me so, I fancy that he more than once had laid his hand upon her by no means "in the way of kindness."

Now, was not that a release from misery for her and her children? They are happy as possible now, and when any one suggests a second marriage to her she smiles in a way that a few of her friends understand thoroughly.

Leila, our American friend, is great on the subject of widows. "I know," she says, "that society expects widows to sit on their husbands' coffins and make every body uncomfortable, and society is just the first to turn and rend them for doing it. Just you wait till I'm a widow; I'll be a real smart one. This is the sort of cap I'll wear," and she sketches her own pretty head, with a cap about two inches square on the top and a pair of "weepers" streaming on the air behind. "There! shan't I look nice? Oh, girls! I wish I'd been born a widow, that I do!"—"Madge," in London Truth.

—How true was Emerson's conclusion when he said that the best part of health is a fine disposition. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom.

—What this country needs is maple sugar that will pass a thorough Civil-Service examination.

—If you take the right side, the just ddy ultimately men, however much they oppose you and revile you at first, will come to your support. Earth, with all its power, will work with you and for you, and Heaven is pledged to conduct you to complete success.—Seward.

There are, in the truest sense, no great things and no little things in the sphere of duty. Whatever is to be done is the one thing in the world to be done by him who ought to do it; and however unimportant that thing may seem in itself, it has its relations to every other thing done by every other person.—S. S. Times.

—What maintains one vice would bring up two children. You may think that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes perhaps a little finer and a little entertainment now and then, can be no matter, but remember many a mickle makes a muckle; and further, beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a large ship.—Franklin.

—Any body can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe, and his friends never hear of; a puff of the idle wind can shake a million seeds from the thistle and do a world of mischief which the husbandsman must labor long to undo. Such are the seeds of the slanderer, so easily sown, so difficult to gather up, and so pernicious in their fruits.

Killed a Scorpion Snake.

Mr. L. J. Reese, of Carroll County, Ga., is exhibiting a snake which he killed and which he says is the outgrowth of a red-headed scorpion. Mr. Reese says he has seen these scorpion snakes before they had shed their forelegs—seen them when they were snake and lizard combined. The species of lizards which make these snakes are usually found about rotten logs or stumps, having red heads and green and reddish stripes lengthwise their bodies, and usually larger and more clumsy than other lizards. When they have turned into snakes they are very hard and sleek, and are of a reddish brown color on the back, with black and white specks and a black stripe along the center. The sides have white stripes along them. About two inches of the tail is brown and very hard and sharp, and the belly is perfectly white. These snakes taper gradually from the head backward. They do not grow very large. The one spoken of above was two feet and four inches long, and from the size of a man's thumb at the head to a pin at the tail.—Atlanta Constitution.

Suspicious Submission.

A small boy had been having a day of unmitigated outrageness, such as all children who do not die young are likely to have at times, and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him:

"When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been naughty to-day."

The youngster accordingly put up his petitions in the usual form, and then, before closing with "Amen," he added:

"And please, God, make me a good boy."

He paused a second and then, to the utter consternation of his mother, concluded with unbated gravity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done!"—Providence Journal.

A Great Undertaking.

"What under the sun are you coming around this way asking people all these questions about their ages, and such things that ain't nobody's business?" inquired the woman with a baby in her arms of the census taker.

"Madam," said that official, politely, "you remember, no doubt, last election time, and the consequent inauguration."

"To be sure."

"You know how the whole country was topsy-turvy, and seemed to have lost all rationality."

"Yes."

"Well, madam, I am helping the country to right census."

—Mr. Grumpy—"I don't see why you advertised for 'a plain cook;' you know I like little fancy dishes and entrees." Mrs. Grumpy (meaningly) "Because I'll never have another good-looking cook in this house, my dear. I'll attend to your fancy dishes and entrees myself."—Epoch.

—At the Mansion House ball.—Mr. Griggs (who has retired from the provision trade, and is ever so exclusive) —"A very fine swarry, General, but a little mixed, don't you think?" General Tufts (who is also exclusive)—"Hang it all, sir, you can't expect them all to be cheese mongers."—Pick Me Up.

—It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

—Good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

—The moral cement of society is virtue. It unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys.

Old Time Smokers

Who know a good thing when they see it, cannot be fooled by a poor imitation of the well-known "Seal of North Carolina" Plug Cut Tobacco.

Bear in mind that the genuine "Seal" costs you no more than the many trashy plug cuts that some dealers carry.

See that you get the Seal of North Carolina, and you will smoke no other tobacco.

FOR THE SSS BLOOD! SSS

Swift's Specific cured me of Cancer, which was hereditary, for my father died of Cancer. My case resisted all other treatment, in fact grew worse all the time. I left off all other remedies, and took S. S. S. which forced out the poison until my system was cleansed, when the Cancer healed, not even leaving a sign. My health since has been excellent.
MRS. LAURA E. DERDEN.
Dawson, Ga., Sept. 26, '88.

Send for Treatise on Cancer and Blood Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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In BRANDRETH'S PILLS the true life-medicine has been found, compos d as they are of numerous vegetables so combined that each multiplies the virtues of the rest. They never can do any harm. Their action is always the same, no matter how long or in what doses they are taken. They purge away the waste particles of the system. They recruit the animal vigor and arrest the progress of decay. They purify the blood. They stimulate the liver. They invigorate digestion. They open the pores. They make the bowls do the work of the kidneys, thus giving those organs an oftimes needed rest. One or two nights for a week will demonstrate their power and is generally sufficient to cure ordinary diseases.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

ELECTRIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL.—1 Jar and battery of electricity, stored in condensed form, sent prepaid with 10 days' supply of treatment for free trial. It cures without fail, chronic, nervous, private and all other diseases, including female trouble and weakness, lost manhood, etc., Madrid-Paris Co., San Francisco, Cal.

The greatest friend of truth is time.

PHYSICIANS CONSENT.

Mrs. Emeline C. Hanna, missionary for First Baptist Church, Troy, N. Y., says: "I am only too glad to add my testimony to the great value of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. It has permanently cured me of Kidney troubles, Catarrh of the Bladder, also constipation. I would state that I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy with the full consent of my physician."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a sovereign remedy for Nervousness, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaint, and all the ills peculiar to women. It drives the poison from the blood and restores the patient to the bloom of youth.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y. $1: 6 for $5.

Send for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders.

The slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time.

It Don't Pay

to use uncertain means when suffering from diseases of the liver, blood or lungs, such as biliousness, or "liver complaint," skin diseases, scrofulous sores or swellings, or from lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all these affections, if taken in time, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect results in some incurable Lung Disease or Chronic Throat Trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

The devil's most devilish when respectable.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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$5.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.
N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B.F. J. & Co.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday and to-morrow than he is to-day.

That Cantankerous Old Woman

Described in the nursery ballad, "who lived upon nothing but vituals and drink," and yet "would never be quiet," was undoubtedly troubled with chronic indigestion. Her victuals, like those of many other elderly persons whose digestive powers have become impaired, didn't agree with her. This was before the era of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or some one of her numerous friends and relatives would undoubtedly have persuaded her to try the great specific for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. This would have been a measure of self-protection on their part, for she would soon have been cured and ceased to disturb them with her clamor. The most obstinate cases of indigestion, with its attendant heartburn, flatulence, constant uneasiness of the stomach and of the nerves, are completely overcome by this sovereign remedy. Chills and fever and bilious remittent, rheumatism and kidney troubles are also relieved by it.

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzerland, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

To get these buy a box of the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.
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A good daughter is the morning sunlight and evening star of her parent's home.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

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Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.
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Most persons can be led; few can be driven without spoiling them.

People do not discover it until *too late*, that the so called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use *nothing* but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

Hate idleness and curb all passions. Be true in all words and actions.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures STIFFNESS. Stiff Neck. Soreness
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