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FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and ACUE (Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SA-VE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear his testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

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Prepared Office, 881 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY

WHAT TWO BOYS DID.

The writer of the following is well-known to some of our readers. He was one of the two boys, and the story shows that boys have not changed during fifty years.

A farmer, in the country, a half-century since, Made a tour of his cornfield, to examine his crop; But before his departure to his workmen he went; And gave for their duty a two-hours' stint.

That is, so much work to be done before three, And when it was finished, till that time they were free.

And then on his tour of inspection he went, And left the two urchins to finish their stint. It was not very long ere their labor was done, And down under apple trees went for some fun.

They'd not been there long ere the old man came round And found them both lying there, flat on the ground.

Eating big apples, both mellow and sweet, Each trying his prettiest the other to beat, Though the uncle there found them, they did not need run; They had finished their stint, and had earned time for fun.

But that surly old uncle didn't look at it so; He slipped like a madman, and told them to go And dig their potatoes, no matter what come, Till they found the sun setting, then start off for home.

Then off went the farmer "mad as a March hare; But the boys did their duty, and for him did not care.

They then went to work, and tried to invent something for sport, without having a stint.

One said, "Let's dig a big hole in the ground, And then the next time the old man comes around We'll have it all covered with the tops of these yams,

But we'll be as busy as innocent lambs. "We'll have it so covered 'twill look like hard soil,

And we'll place a potato just over the hole; And when he comes in by those bars there, you know,

He'll grab that potato, and down he will go." He came from those bars, and test there should be waste.

For that small potato the miser made haste; He made a quick grab, and "pon my dear soul The uncle did tumble right into that hole."

John H. Eastman, Superintendent of the State Reform School for Boys, ceases to occupy that position on September 1st. He resigned to accept a similar position in the State of Rhode Island.

A committee of the Camden County Board of Freeholders has refused to sanction the bill of \$600 presented by Coroner Justice for the inquest on the victims of the recent accident on the Camden & Atlantic Railroad when seven persons were killed.

The Daniel F. Beatty Organ and Piano Company, at Washington N. J., has been reorganized with L. W. England as President and W. P. Hadwen as Manager. The Company is organized with the object of preserving the business built up by Mr. Beatty, and of filling orders in arrears for musical instruments for which Mr. Beatty stands indebted.

Ex-Speaker Randall is said to be unhappy about Cleveland's nomination and especially so since his letter of acceptance, which failed to fulfill his pledge on the tariff question, Cleveland having promised, it is said, to support the Randall position. It is alleged that Mr. Randall may bolt the ticket, and the statement is made so emphatically that a confirmation or denial from the Ex-Speaker is probable.

The New York Sun says that there have been many acrimonious controversies over the authorship of "Beautiful Snow," but nobody will ever claim to have written Cleveland's letter of acceptance for him. It is all his own. And this recalls the fact that it was stated that Congressman Dorsholmer was entrusted with the writing of Cleveland's letter. Now that the document is out, a public apology is due Mr. Dorsholmer. He did not write it. Mr. Dorsholmer is no dunderhead.

Judge Fomaker, of Ohio, who has been stumping in Virginia, says he is gratified by the outlook in the latter state.

The destruction of the entire Chinese fleet at Foo-Chow is confirmed. Indications increase that Bismarck will undertake negotiations between France and China.

Grover Cleveland's only claim to the title of Reformer rests on his having signed certain reform bills passed by the Legislature of New York. Have friends of Governor Cleveland any other claim than this? Yet, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the author of most, and the supporter of all the reform bills, shows that those measures were passed by Republicans in spite of Democratic opposition, and that the Governor's veto of one of them was for "frivolous reasons," and that his signature to others was simply assent to what had already been worked out by the Republican members of the Legislature. The "Reform Governor's" struts in borrowed plumage.

A bark bound from New Orleans to Gibraltar, put into Pensacola with yellow fever on board.

The International Agricultural Exhibition was opened at Amsterdam with imposing ceremonies.

An earthquake shock, lasting thirty seconds was felt Tuesday on the island of Jersey.

The United States steamship Tallapoosa collided with the schooner James S. Lowell, three miles off Martha's Vineyard, last Friday night, and was sunk. Four persons were drowned, including the surgeon, Dr. Clarence Black.

General Leonidas Pope Walker, the Confederate secretary of war, died last week at Huntsville, Ala.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie says that if every citizen in Great Britain and Ireland of twenty-one years of age was allowed to vote, a majority would be in favor of electing a chief magistrate after the death of Queen Victoria.

The Democrats and Prohibitionists of Kansas have united upon a fusion ticket.

Butler, it is said, hopes to secure for his new party the balance of power in the next Congress.

Emory A. Storrs thinks Blaine will carry among other states, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Massachusetts and New York.

Colonel John S. Swan, of Charleston, a cousin of General Grant's and an ex-Confederate, has written an open letter denouncing the Democratic party for its lack of principle.

The Western cattle kings, many of whom are aliens, are accused of having appropriated, through fraud, millions of acres of the public lands between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The Land-Commissioner made a special investigation of the subject and will report fully upon it.

The fall of Foo-Chow occurred after a hard hour's bombardment by Admiral Courbet's fleet on Saturday. Prince Bismarck is now suggested as arbitrator between France and China.

A cold wave swept through the Eastern and Northern sections of the country on Sunday night, the thermometer at some points in New England falling below the freezing point. Considerable damage is reported to have been done to the growing crops.

Troops have been ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Athens, O., in case the striking miners there attempt violence.

Owing to civil service reform laws and a stringent money market, it is said there is less money for campaign purposes this year than is usually the case.

Monday, the French fleet attacked the forts on the Min River, and withdrew after an hour of cannonading. It is believed in Paris that China has made a formal declaration of war.

The advance guard of the Gordon relief expedition has started for Wada Aulfa, where a large force of natives has assembled to haul the steamers through the cataracts.

Many valuable blooded horses were burned to death in the fire at the Abdullah Park Stables, near Cynthiana, Kentucky.

Oliver T. Morton, son of the late Senator Morton, of Indiana, is aiding the Republicans of that state with his influence and with his voice on the stump.

In the Independent of this week, August 28th, in an editorial concerning Mr. Cleveland, we find the following sentences, which we publish to show how a conscientious man looks upon moral qualifications. These extracts show the tenor of the whole article:

The private character of this so-called reform candidate has been one of such rottenness as justly to destroy all claim in his behalf to the confidence and respect of the American people.

Independent Republicans cannot, in view of what they now know, give him their support, without the grossest self-stultification, and, indeed, without justly exposing themselves to the charge of gross and senseless hypocrisy.

The people should not, and, as we believe, will not so disgrace themselves in the sight of God and man, and defy the imperative mandate of sound morals as to bestow this honor on any such base profligate. * * * What a strange spectacle such a law-breaker, if elected, would present in the parlors of the White House. * * * What a demoralizing lesson it would be to the young men of the country! What a barrier to the successful teaching of morality from the pulpit or political platform, or in the halls of Congress! All decent people, not to say Christian people, would have to hide their heads with a profound sense of shame and disgust.

The Independent will do all in its power to prevent the election of Gov. Cleveland.

To prevent the Republicans from capturing any congressional districts in the South, Bourbon organs are urging the Democrats to see that the "precautions" necessary in such cases are not neglected.

General Sheridan used to sing camp songs when a raw lieutenant thirty years ago in Texas in such a way as to draw the greasers from miles around. He was known as the "best song and dance man on the frontier."

90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy. Call on, or address, A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J. P. O. Box 299.

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We can print you a Book Label an inch square, or anything between that and a full sheet Poster—24x38 inches.

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Everything in that line kept for sale including Trunks, Valises, etc. Satisfaction given in new work or any kind of repairing.

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DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex, it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

A CURE FOR GRAVEL. A Common and Painful Complaint—A Statement you may Confide in.

It seems to have been reserved for Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., to accomplish, through his preparation widely known as KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, what others have failed to compass. The subjoined letter will be found of vital interest to sufferers from gravel, and to the general public.

ALBANY, March 20, 1881.

DR. D. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y. DEAR SIR:—Let me tell you frankly that I have never been partial to proprietary medicines as I believe the majority of them to be nothing better than methods of obtaining money from people who are suffering, and ready to catch at any hope of relief. They are mean cheats and delusions. But your Favorite Remedy I know by long experience, to be a totally different thing. I had been a sufferer from gravel for years, and had resorted to many eminent physicians for relief, but no permanent good came of it. About three years ago your Favorite Remedy was recommended to me. I can give you the result in a sentence: I tried it and it cured me completely. I am confident it saved my life. You can use this letter if you think best. Yours etc., NATHAN ACKLEY.

Capt. Nathan Ackley was for a long time connected with the Canal Appraiser's office in Albany. He is well known, and writes for no purpose but to do good to others.

As a medicine for all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Digestive Organs, Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has fairly won its high reputation. Write if desirable to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

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Pies, Rolls, Buns, Etc., Etc., Baked Fresh Every Day,

At Packer's

"Old Reliable" Hammonton Bakery.

Patronize home industry and encourage home enterprise. By so doing you will the better enable us to serve you, and thus deserve your patronage.

Baker's Liquid Yeast Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

Fruits and Confections As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

Pay the Printer promptly.

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[Of 32 years' Experience.]

Steam Saw and Planing Mill Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings, and Scroll-work.

Window-Glass, Odd sizes cut to order.

Lime, Cement, and Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of

FRUIT PACKAGES

Berry Chests

Cranberry and Peach

CRATES.

Odd Sizes of Fruit Crates made to order.

CEDAR SHINGLES

A Specialty, — odd sizes cut to order.

Oak and Pine Wood for Sale, Cut and Split if desired.

A large quantity of Pine and Cedar

Cuttings, for Summer and kindling, \$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS

five and a-half feet long, for chicken

yard fence.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

As shines the steady pole star
 Across the dark'wood wild we roam,
 So brightly beams, so flashes far,
 The blessed light of home.
 In days of glory or of shame
 Mid gales of grief or adverse blast
 We watch it o'er its vital flame
 And guards it to the last.

Enkindled fire in Paradise,
 Joy, Purity and Peace came down
 Attended by their native angels,
 Earth's happiness to crown;
 And when within the humblest bower
 Whose building loving hearts ordain,
 That radiant light begins to glow,
 Those angels meet again.

It glows where dark, malignant powers
 With strife and blood pilgrims stay,
 The tempter at its glory cowers,
 The darkness flees away;
 It flashes the tell-tale warning
 And sounding lines of care grow dim;
 From courts where poverty stuns low
 Ascends earth's sweetest hymn.

And when Time's treasures vanish here
 And mother, wife, and child no more
 Spread forth the banquet of cheer,
 Or welcome at the door;
 On Faith's upturned and steady eyes
 That pierce beyond the sun and moon,
 Still falls that light that glows and gleams,
 And guides the weary home.

OUT OF FITY

She was just 17; the very youngest little bride that any one remembered ever coming to reign at Arwood Towers; the sweetest, daintiest little Lady Fiedling that the country had ever welcomed. The countess was like a dream; it had come so fast; it seemed that all her life had lived itself in these six months; the leaving of her English school and going out to her father's plantation in Ceylon, so proud to be his housekeeper; the companion to her bride when she went to the coffee estates. Then the young English stranger who passed through Lindoola, in his rather vague wanderings for adventure's sake; and who was received and entertained at Helme Harcourt with the delightful open heart of the countess's mother. And then the awful night when the sudden terrible stroke of cholera left her fatherless, and life seemed a great black void; and the chaplain's wife had been good to her, and kept her from dying in despair; and Sir Henry Fiedling had come to her rescue, and then—and then—she was resting her poor little orphaned head on a heart that was kind and true as her own father's, and a strong arm was close round her slender waist, and the voice she liked alone to hear of all voices around her was saying to her, "I will never leave you, and another sorrow he could guard her from. He seemed the only real thing in all that dream-time; the sad past, and the present that was happy—but just as unlike reality. Was it really herself, simple little Nestsie Harcourt, who was so loved and so comforted, and that and welcoming home as if she had been a royal princess?"

Perhaps it was as well she could not realize it or her head might have been turned. Why, had not the whole week Harry and she were spending in Lindoola, the most beautiful of the Nestas to the country-side, been one round of festivities, of which she was queen? This evening they had driven to grand concert in the country town, to hear a famous singer, and Nestsie, in her wonderful golden gown, with her eyes outshining the diamonds on her white neck, and her cheeks flushed with its pretty shy pink, had been an attraction only second to the queen of song herself. She felt a little weary with the quietude and the happiness of it all; but they had reached home and were having supper in the great hall; for the concert had forced them to dine rather earlier than usual.

The house was crowded with guests, and they were all vehemently entertaining. The ladies and gentlemen began to play, and they meant to finish it with a few games. The furniture in the blue drawing-room was being hastily moved, and Nestsie's heart sank at the thought of further exertion; her head ached and she was worn out with the day's play, and she was to leave Harry and make her excuses to Eleanor. "Where was Harry, by the way? She had not seen him since they sat down to supper, and heard that beautiful Miss Trafford were talking in the doorway. A hasty search was playing in the room, but no result, and Nestsie stopped by an open door to glance in at the half-cleared drawing room. Two portly dowagers were deep in conversation, their heads bent together behind their fans; but their voices rose above the music, and Nestsie was playing. Nestsie could not help hearing what they said.

"Glady's Trafford? Yes, indeed!" cried the black velvet gown to the purple brocade. "A very, very old love affair that, my dear. He and she were perfectly inseparable, and most devoted to each other. He would have been the two oldest families in the country; his equal in position and fortune; Lord Stourbridge's estates are next his, you know, and Glady's is heiress to a great part." What made Nestsie's heart give such a leap, and her face grow so pale, and her eyes spot where she stood? Arwood Towers was the only place near the Traffords. It was as if her whole being were strained to hear the rest; she never thought of eavesdropping, poor child. It was life and death to her.

"Come about?"

asked the purple brocade.

"Heaven knows! A lover's tiff. I suppose, or some rubbish! It's a thousand pities! A Lady Fiedling has always been at the head of the county society, and she has been so for years, for the position, with her beauty and cleverness and talents. She has always been immensely popular."

"And who is the girl he has married? She seems a nice little thing enough."

"Ah!—a harmless sort of creature, plain and simple, but a very good woman. She was a planter's daughter

Ceylon, somewhere; and she was staying with them when the father died. She was left quite friendless and destitute, and he married her out of pity. "He was always a quixotic goose, Harry," NESTA said. "He was always a quixotic goose, Harry," NESTA said as death, was hurrying up the stairs to her room. There was a little sofa in a sheltered nook in the corridor, and there sat Harry—the missing Harry—and the woman he should have loved. She heard him sigh and she said she saw Harry bend his head to kiss the beautiful hand he was holding; and she heard his low murmur:

"If I had only known years ago things might have been so different!" On, on, till her own door closed behind her, and she was alone. She looked at the gaily ornamented chairs that strewed her bower, as if she had never seen them before. She hung the diamonds from her throat and wrists as if they had hurt her, and sank into a chair beside the quaint old ebony table. "I am alone," it must be her own fault, but his; yes, because she was pink and white, and nothing more; and she was not tall and stately and talented; and she ought to have known pity wasn't love, only it had seemed so like it.

"If he had known years ago, things might have been so different!" Might they not still? What if she was to go away that very night, and never trouble him again. She had not a friend in the world except her old Brighton schoolmate, the little school-teacher, Miss Eggar, but to take her in, and let her teach the little children. And perhaps she might die soon; and Harry could be happy with the woman he had always loved. NESTA felt as if death wouldn't be long in coming, so she felt a time table. Yes, the train for the Midland Junction, Midland, was at 1 o'clock; it was only 13 now, and though she could not very well understand the puzzling figures, she thought it must stop at the little station just the other side of the park. She ran to the station-book and found that she could arrive at 1.15. Big tears and two washed down on the paper, but she wiped them patiently away; it must be clear that Harry might read it.

"They say you only married me for pity," she wrote; "I might have guessed it, my darling, but you were so good to me. I have never loved you, but I will make you free again, but it is better for us never to see each other any more, and perhaps I may die, and you can go back to the woman they say you have always loved. I saw you just now when you kissed her hand, and I said she could have been my wife. I am different if you had only known years ago. Yes, they would have been different for us all. God bless you my poor good boy! you were not to blame." She paused and looked up.

"Harry! I sign it!" she said: "I am not his wife any more, for only love really makes a marriage." Her eye fell on her little wedding ring, its brightness scarcely tarnished yet. She stopped and pressed her lips to it gently, solemnly.

"Harry, my Harry!" she whispered. "If it had only been love, not pity!" She rose and slipped off the golden gown, and put on a dark, warm dress.

"I must even go away from him in the things he gave me, and as she fastened the long fur cloak with its silver clasps, "I haven't a single gown that was mine before I knew him. He has even dressed me out of charity. His pity has been more generous than other people's love. The opened window in her dining room and stepped out on the balcony whence a light; of steps led down to the terrace below. She glanced back at the pretty room, with its Chinese cabinets and beds and white china, and the white walls, and the white and blue and white with the light full upon it, so that he could not miss it. Then she shut the casement sharply behind her and turned resolutely away.

The moon was bright with a faint brightness—now almost as light as day now hidden behind clouds. "I am alone," she was bitterly cold. She drew her cloak tighter around her and tried to walk fast, but she was desperately weary, and stumbled along. Somehow the way to the little gate had never seemed so incomprehensibly long. NESTA was alone. The moon shone brightly. The moon and the clouds were playing such pranks that one could not be sure, and her heart had been too full to notice all the turns. It was as black as Erebus now; a darkness that might be felt. NESTA felt short, but some mysterious instinct, just as the moon shone out clear and bright once more, its golden sparkle reflected as by a thousand broken mirrors in the waters of the lake which shimmered at her feet. A change, and she was alone. She heard her heart beat as she saw the very rushes Harry and she had been gathering yesterday. Yesterday? A thousand years ago; when she was happy.

A wild thought flashed across her brain; she had wished to die, would it not be better to die now? But she was not for that other woman too, if she were under those cold snilling waters in a dreamless sleep? It was only a moment, her soul was too white and too brave for more; she recoiled with a start of horror, but she felt the light of the moon on her little feet slipped on the edge; she threw out her hands to stop herself, but the frozen grass slid

from their fingers; there was one short, sharp cry—and a pale, sweet-face lay still among the rushes in the silent moonlight.

"And as dark and warm and deliciously restful when she knew anything again." She heard Harry's low voice before even she opened her eyes; and felt his clasp of her hand—Harry's hand-compass, there was no other like it anywhere—and though she was aware it must be a mortal still but felt it did not matter since it could be so much like heaven, for Harry's voice and Harry's hand were there still; and she slept again, smiling gently.

"What time," she awoke the band and voice were missing, and Harry's back was visible in the room beyond as he raised herself on her pillow.

"And as she rose she caught sight of herself in the long Farche glass opposite the window, and saw that all over her tangle-of brown hair was cut short, and there was no pink and white prettiness now, only great dark eyes and a small white face. And as she fell back on her pillow, half from surprise and half from sadness, for the smile which the bells brought out clear and sweet and mystical in a perfect coral of exultant joy."

"Christmas bells! is it Christmas?" she said.

"Why it was November when I died!" said an angry tone and hurried to her side, she smiled up at him and asked again.

"Christmas! is it really Christmas, Harry?" but he only bent to catch her in his arms. She yielded to his kisses; then suddenly she tried to push him away, and said, "You must leave me alone; you must not!" she said—"He saw the troubled look in her eyes and knew that memory was coming back.

"Yes, I must," he said, "my little darling, my blessing, my life! The doctor says I must tell you all about it, and I will do so, if you would let me talk; and oh how I have waited for this moment to come! It has been one long nightmare since the minute I heard you scream and ran up just in time to see you sink!"

"Then it was you who found me? Oh! Harry!"

"Yes, you must hear it all. I came to your room five minutes after you must have left it, and there was the time-table open, and your little note, bless it and so I just set forth for the station, and while I was gone had almost reached the park gate when that cry came off—to the right—and I turned just in time." His voice broke, and he bent his head down to hers.

"Nesta, it was all a lie, a vile, infamous lie, winceless told it. Gladys told me, and she was dear old boy-and-girl friends, nothing more. I knew my cousin Wilfred loved her, and I always thought that she had something to do with his going to Australia, years ago. It was only that night she confided in her word, and I had almost engaged all these years, and Wilfred was trying to make a fortune for her sake. I told her I would soon put all that right; and then I scolded her for never having told me before, when I could have saved them both all these years. But she said, 'Nesta!—' for her face was hidden, and she was sobbing softly—"you will no doubt see me again!"

"Never, never, never! if you told me yourself! But, Harry," in a whisper she said, "I am glad you are here. You really—nearly made me out of pity?"

"Yes, my sweetheart—the very sincerest pity for myself! And Nesta never asked any more questions.

A New Experience.

Abijah Jones never far from Salem. He is a horny-handed agriculturist, and hard earth is the only beverage with which he is at all acquainted. He is a young and somewhat dissolute city relative, and, in company with the latter, stopped the other evening at a well known hostelry on the Salem turnpike. The evening was cool, and the city relative lost no time in commencing conversation with the farmer.

"Well, what do you have?" he asked.

"Wal," replied Abijah slowly, "I do not know much about such things; I guess I'll hev whatever you do."

"I'll have a whiskey punch," said the city relative; and the two glasses of the respective nature and size placed before them. Abijah swallowed his at a draught, and a look of infinite satisfaction stole over his weather-beaten features.

"What do you call them things?" he said, leaning over the bar and addressing the bar-keeper.

"Whiskey punches, replied the bar-keeper.

"All right," said Abijah, nodding and smacking his lips; "keep a makin' 'em till we get home. And the bar-keeper said, well, Abijah had a new experience.

Universal Exhibition.

The government of France in 1889, A universal exhibition, which shall commemorate the centenary of the Great Revolution of 1789 and the subsequent establishment for the first time, in 1792, of republican institutions in France. Two places have been selected for the exhibition, namely, the Bois de Boulogne, One is the large place of ground lying between the Palace of St. Cloud and the river Seine; the other is the Bois de Boulogne. No better plan could probably be suggested than that the universal exhibition be held in Paris, the city of the Parisians which, through close to the city, seems far removed from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife."

The discovery of gold in the Frazer river and its tributaries, in British Columbia, occurred in the year 1858, and attracted thousands of men who started from Victoria to the land of promise was your humble servant, Joseph Laylor.

I did not go alone on my gold-seeking expedition. Henry Cleave went with me as a partner. Our journey of twenty-three days from Victoria, often wading waist-deep in the mud and slush, and crossing mountains of immense height.

At last we arrived at the mines in a deplorable condition. Here we found the food so scarce, the provisions scarce, and, although we had read such glittering accounts of the mines, the gold was slow in coming.

Day by day we toiled, and at the end of the first week we were not much richer than when we had arrived.

The second week, however, we struck a vein, and our anticipation seemed about to be realized.

It was the last day of the second week, and Harry and I were seated in the tent, smoking and discussing our unexpected luck.

I had just put down my pipe, when a man entered the tent. It was Bob Riley the bully of the mines.

He was a man of about six feet in height, splendidly formed, and at the same time looked as though it might fell an ox.

He took a seat without even saying as much as: "By your leave."

"Hey, old boy, guv us that pipe," he said at length, pointing to my pipe. I had just finished it, but was loath to do so. "Get out of the bum; d'ye hear?"

"Bob Riley," I replied, "I know you're a bully, and I'm not afraid of you. If you call me rightly and speak respectfully I'll lend you the pipe."

"Guv me that pipe!" cried he, his face as white as his rage. "Guv me, the pipe and mind who you're talking to; d'ye hear?"

"I will not give you the pipe, Bob Riley, till you do what I told you," was the answer, interposing my body between him and the object of his inquiry.

With an oath, he arose and came toward me, Harry jumped up to take my part, but I told him to keep quiet and I'd make it right.

It certainly looked as though Bob would have won, but was less than a comparison to him.

"Get out of the way!" he cried, with an oath, his face white with rage.

I did not move.

He then raised his brawny fist to strike me down.

I parried the blow and the next minute he had measured his length on the ground, his head touching the canvas, from a well-measured blow on the mouth from my fist.

In a minute he was up again, for I would take no mean advantage of his position.

"Get the valley of others he cried: "Joe Laylor, my time will come. I shall never forget this!" and with that he disappeared from the tent.

That night I lay awake, the words of the bully ringing in my ears. I tried to forget it, but I could not.

The morning it had leaked out that I had "licked" the bully, and I was the talk and hero of the day.

I pass over a period of four months. Unmistakably had attended the education of Harry and myself, during this time, and had made him nice \$20,000 of gold piece, and thinking of leaving the mines.

For the better safety of our money we had dug a hole in the ground under our tent, deposited it there; placed on the hole a large stone, and then covered it with mud, and five miners, Harry and myself had formed a band for mutual protection.

Every night at 12 o'clock Harry and I used to look to see if our gold was safe.

Four months had gone by and we were growing rapidly rich.

Midnight had arrived and we were again about to look after our gold.

God! Am I blind?

The gold was not there!

With ten-fold force the words of the bully came to my mind. But he had not been seen since that memorable night four months ago.

The air in the tent was stifling. I could not stand it.

I pressed out into the cool night air, and as I had measured the hole in the ground.

Harry remained in the tent, as much affected as I was.

As I walked on I observed a faint glimmer of light in one of the tents.

It was that of a worthless vagabond, by name Jim Langley.

All night long there were pitch dark.

With nervous tread I approached and peered in through a hole in the canvas.

Could I believe my senses!

I saw Bob Riley and Jim Langley, bending over a small table and counting money from some bags which I recognized as mine.

In less than five minutes I had aroused our committee, and the gold was again in my hands. while the thieves were safely locked up to await the arrival of the law.

A week went by, and our fortune was increased by \$10,000. At the end of the week we had determined to go.

It was dangerous to go in the day, as every one who left was watched to see if it took gold from him.

All night long we traveled with the exception of an hour to rest. Toward the break of day we started again.

We had not walked for more than an hour when we heard footsteps approaching, and presently two men appeared.

"Hello, my good men," cried one of them, Harry, tired of carrying the bag; "will you please to carry our bundles for a little ways?"

It was reckless of him to say the least

The men acquiesced, and we all went forward.

We had now arrived at a narrow pass where more than two persons could walk together. We had proceeded on "a little way, in pairs,—when I heard two pistol shots, followed quickly by a third.

I saw Harry and one of the men fall, and a third man lay by my head.

"Before I could turn, almost, the other man was on me.

"It is my turn now. I do not forget."

Now he was down with me on top, when suddenly the positions were reversed.

There was a knife in my belt, and both struggled to get it.

God! His hand was on my throat, my knife in his uplifted arm.

I saw it about to descend, and raised my arm to ward off to ward off the blow, when there came another shot, and Bob Riley fell over—dead.

A party of men came in sight, and I saw that it was the justice and his escort on their way to the mines, who were passing by.

In a minute everything was explained.

Harry was dying from a wound in his side.

It seems he had been watching the associate of the light in crime, who proved to be Langley, but he was not in time to dodge the shot.

He had, moreover, drawn his pistol as he fell, and fired, luckily killing his murderer.

"Joe," he said, in a faint and hardly audible voice, "gaspung between each word." "Joe, I'm dy—ing.—Bury me—when—I'm gone. I leave my—money—to—you, hoping—you will do good with it—and aid the poor. Good—bye,—and his soul left its earthly tenement for a better one.

I buried some men, and we took his body down to the Queenella river.

We made a coffin,—placed all there was of him in it, and buried him on the south bank of the river.

Breakfast Drinks.

Coffee stands first in the list of beverages for the breakfast table, though for staid persons or those who are afflicted with palpitation of the heart it is not to be recommended. To make it to perfection one requires a coffee pot with a double base. A French filter pot is the best. Never boil the coffee, but steep it in the aroma. Buy two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha; the first is required for strength, the latter for flavor. I prefer to have coffee roasted at the grocer's, as inexperienced hands are liable to leave a few berries in the pot and thus spoil the coffee by its taste. But we grind our own coffee, and that only the moment before pouring on the boiling water. Allow two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground coffee to a pint of wa er. Cover tightly with a lid, and shake and set back to settle. In this way coffee will be clear without the aid of eggs or shells. If it is not possible to procure cream, always boil the milk and use loaf sugar.

Tea needs first of all, the help of a "cozy" to keep the water from getting too hot. The wadded cover made to fit the teapot. It is generally shaped in two half circles, stitched around, wadded, lined and corded. It can be made very ornamental by braiding or crewel work. Tea requires water freshly boiled, and should not be made to stand on the hob and stew before using, and it should never be boiled. Allow a teaspoonful heaped for each person. After pouring on the water let it for one moment stand near the fire, then place directly under the spout, and before eating the coffee, pour it to the table. In this way the tea preserves all its delicate aroma.

If any reader has not tried tea "à la Russe," it is quite a revelation. Tea is to place of peeled, well sugared lemon at the bottom of each cup before pouring on the water. The water is drawn off, and the tea can be served in the same way.

Chocolate must be scamped and soaked in milk for an hour before using, to free it from lumps. Allow two sticks to a pint of milk. The sticks must be boiled and the milk made to simmer, and the chocolate into a fine paste, stir in the milk; let it boil half a minute. Serve hot, as when only lukewarm it becomes flat.

The best breakfast beverage of all is cocoa, which, being more oily and nutritious, is strongly recommended for those who have weak lungs. It is made in the same way as chocolate, only a little vanilla is often added as a flavoring which takes off the over-rich taste.

A nice addition to either chocolate or cocoa is a heaping tablespoon of whipped cream. Place the cream on a saucer, dip the top, must be lightly flavored with vanilla.

Cafe au lait is a common beverage among French people. It is made with a quart of clear, strained coffee, a quart of boiling milk, sugar, and the coffee, steeped in the whites of three eggs, four eggs. Run the coffee-pot with hot water and pour in the coffee and milk alternately. Cover closely for three or four minutes. Put a spoonful of the whipped and sweetened white of egg in each cup.

A Table Utensil.

If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will go to the bottom of the cup, and these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of the duration of the weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; if the froth is evenly applied to the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Into the gloom
 With pant-
 across
 Swift as a bird
 Darted this
 awful danger
 Rocks and
 But straight
 eyes
 It expected
 bla-
 Terrible thou-
 Trouble its
 Where burn-
 Coupled ov-
 It hates as a
 The narrow
 And shrieks
 And longs
 Oh, what am-
 With musc-
 Speeding on-
 Guided nic-
 Often and of-
 And haves
 And longs to
 And leave
 O, pondrous
 O, human
 Follow the
 There lies
 The narrow
 Fat by the
 O, passionat-
 Alone will
 His
 A haught-
 the master
 halred, blu-
 rare loveliest
 The gir-
 window, h-
 scene that
 sound of h-
 her head to
 his
 "Idelle,
 "Yes, pa-
 was questi-
 "Can yo-
 Idelle? I
 lever has
 want your
 "My lov-
 Emerson is
 "Ho is
 you. The
 King Em-
 "You
 faint, smil-
 father!"
 "I cannot
 him, and
 "Do no
 Meredith
 given your
 mine of h-
 more nor-
 and his w-
 never be-
 He was
 Idelle let
 window a-
 Sudden-
 her and c-
 "Look
 darkening
 with your
 son."
 "I have
 Greely,"
 ened.
 "I tell
 Ralph G-
 Haven h-
 "I will
 said, tho-
 the soul
 Her fa-
 "GIRL,
 "I saw h-
 one link
 insinuat-
 Idelle?
 "He i-
 quietly,
 least I
 and-
 "Mar-
 interpos-
 "And
 said.
 "I w-
 Idelle."
 ever br-
 other fa-
 The s-
 Ab, if s-
 innoc-
 "I sp-
 but if h-
 hinted,
 good."
 "I a-
 quietly
 A litt-
 and was
 her tho-
 words a-
 "It w-
 she said
 worthy.
 I about
 I almo-
 knowin-
 At t-
 man cr-
 tinguis-
 It was

THE ENGINE.

of the deep, dark night,
ing breath and a startled
am;
it in sudden light
temperature of steam.
are lurking eyes,
shadows under the track,
by the light of the great white
thro' the shadows dense and
ights and dark desires
and heart many an hour,
and smoulder the hidden fires,
or with might and power,
will horse bale the rails,
track by track and hill;
with a crew of startled pain,
to follow its own wild will.
I but an engine shod
in ale and flesh by the hand of God
thence the dense, dark night,
none by the soul's white light.
then my heart bitter tears,
its way with a bitter hate,
to follow its own desires,
the end in the hands of fate.
engine of steel and steam;
engine of flesh and bone,—
white light's certain beam,
safety, and there alone.
track of fearless truth,
soul's great eye of light,
he heart of restless youth,
carry you thro' the night.

INNOCENCE PROVED.

ity, stern, dark-faced man,
of Meredith Grange; a fair-
eyed girl, with a face of
ness, his daughter Idelle.
"I was leaning against the
er eyes fixed on the beautiful
face, but her, but at the
father's voice, she turned
towards him, her eyes meeting
his." he said.
"I am," she said, but her voice
singing.
"You give your answer to-day;
I have waited patiently; your
patience itself, but we
answer now."
"Is not" the girl repeated. "King
is not that, father."
"Your lover is at least he loves
your question is, Will he marry
you or not?"
"I give me a choice," with a
sile; "I will not. Oh,
with a swift break of passion.
I marry him; I do not love
I do love—"
"I dare to repeat that, Idelle
in my presence again! I have
in my opinion, and more than
said to Ralph Greely, who is neither
less than a fortune hunter;
life, with a consent, you will
not." he said.
"I am silent for a moment, and
her eyes wander out of the
again.
"I saw your father rise and went to
to fight her by the arm.
"Here, girl," he said his face
glowing. "I have fooled long enough
You will marry Mr. Em-
erson?"
"I promised my love to Ralph
Greely the night our arms tight-
ly clasped."
"You," her father said, "that
is only a ruse to marry you." "I
do not believe that story," Idelle
said, her face grew pale. "He is
of honor."
"You," he laughed.
"I saw them together," he said.
"I saw them pleading with him. Every
one of his names to court, and
as she ought to be his wife."
"I know your face will pale
at this," he said.
"I know you were true," she said
"my heart would change—"
"You would turn from him, and—
"I will marry King Emerson?" her father
said.
"I will marry King Emerson," she
said.
"I told you that to promise
her father said: "You promised
to give him his word, whatever their
claims."
"I smile on the girl's face wavered;
she was too sure of her lover's
love."
"I feel
she thought thoughtfully," she said;
"Ralph Greely is what you have
your careless words will hold
him."
"I am satisfied," her father said
"Idelle later Idelle left the house
undared down by a sunny dell,
gladdened filled with her father's
is as well as her own.
"I am a foolish speech of mine,"
she said; "I know that Ralph had been un-
happy in my King Emerson, whom
I had so shrunk from, without really
loving him."
"I saw this instant a tall, fine-looking
man crossed the meadow—a man dis-
tinct-looking as well as handsome."
"King Emerson going towards

ed for the
linked their
time before.

How it hap-
her beeling or
diddle could be
principal with
no matter why
every chord
her anguished
she told her
wept in symph-
with a low
white and as
from the coun-
When King
witness-hap-
with an ex-
understand,
denoe, which
coolly and cal-
Yes, he had
dead woman
Yes, he had
their names
Yes, he had
marry her.
At these
to his feet,
"You soon
Then his
sat down ag-
Late that
was closeted
held a paper
"To-mor-
debt comes in
on that day
"You had
"I want to
wered cards
Later still
of the claim
her father.
"My hon-
diths for the
me forever-
honored, at
own life as
above-us
ise to be con-
can a few

Wom, we
pirited, Idel-
two determ-
consent dur-
To save
she would
day week.
After King
Grange, he
that led to
of his hon-
face with
stopped rip-
A mut-
lips.
"You had
"Yes, I
she sank
"Once I
she said,
wife. I
and give
God's sac-
"Don't
said, I
the last
in a few
in Eng-
The girl
convulsed
new-born
who had
"You
dith" she
The me-
"We wa-
"We wa-

"Late
thinking
would be
wife.
"Bette
anguish
Sudden
the wind
could rise
on the big
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"You
stranger
of the nigh
a story that
listened.
"You
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| | |
|---|--|
| <p>...murner. Suspicion had names together for some ...happened, who had known of ...the bridge, Idelle More- ...ardly told, but she was the ...ness against the man, who, ...that was, she loved with ...of her heart.</p> <p>...h was pitiful to behold as ...story, and sister-women ...satisty as, when all was told, ...the had fallen back ...lessness, and been taken ...rt room.</p> <p>...King Emerson entered the ...the prisoner looked at him ...cession it would be hard to ...but King gave his avail- ...be amounted to very little, ...clearly.</p> <p>...ed seen his cousin and the ...together more than once ...had heard rumor connect ...ad advised the prisoner to</p> <p>...words the prisoner leaped ...his eyes blazing.</p> <p>...ndrell!" he cried, and he ...ounsel interfered, and he ...train.</p> <p>...t evening King Emerson ...t with Idelle's father, and ...in his hand.</p> <p>...row," he said, "the ...due. If Idelle is my wife ...you are safe,"</p> <p>...he her promise."</p> <p>...himself," King Emerson an- ...ely.</p> <p>...in the evening Idelle heard ...King-Emerson held over</p> <p>...the—the home—the Merce- ...erations—will pass from ...t, our proud name be dis- ...and I—I, Idelle, will take my ...sure as there is a Heaven ...You have given your prom- ...his wife. What difference ...weeks make?"</p> <p>...eary, heart-broken and dis- ...less was no match for the ...manned men, and the unwilling ...opped from her lips.</p> <p>...her father's name and honor, ...marry King Emerson that</p> <p>...ing Emerson left Meredith ...turned down a narrow path ...a short cut in the direction ...e, and there he came face to ...a delicate-looking girl, who ...tered in his path.</p> <p>...tered course broke from his ...here?" he said.</p> <p>...," she answered, and then ...pon her knees.</p> <p>...one, and for the last time," ..."I ask you to make me your ...ave pity on me and my child, ...is a right to your name. For ...e pity me in my anguish!"</p> <p>...he made a fool of yourself!" he ...not marry you were you ...oman on the earth. Besides, ...days I wed the purest maiden ...—Idelle Meredith."</p> <p>...d rose to her feet, her face ...with anger and dark with ...decreedly hated of this man ...wrecked her life."</p> <p>...will never marry Idelle Merce- ...s said.</p> <p>...n laughed.</p> <p>...ill see," he said.</p> <p>...ill see," she repeated.</p> <p>...that night Idelle sat alone, ...of the future and what it ...to her as King Emerson's</p> <p>...r death," she thought in the ...of her soul.</p> <p>...ly the sound of a light tap at ...e, roused her, but before she ...e, the casement, which opened ...alcany, was pushed in and a ...ing in years, but weary and ... stood before her.</p> <p>...are Idelle Meredith?" the ...said, and then, in the silence ...ght, she told the horrified girl ...that made her grow faint as she</p> <p>...will tell this to-morrow at the ...Idelle said.</p> <p>...the stranger answered.</p> <p>...next day rose bright and cloud- ...in the court room, crowded ...ple, stood Idelle Meredith, ...torney for the defense was ...a looking being from what he ...only the day before, but the ... excitement of his manner ...be accounted for till—till— ...Clark" was called.</p> <p>...s midnight visitor, the woman ...s knelt to King Emerson, stood ...t distress box.</p> <p>...to do you know of this case?" ...er asked.</p> <p>...read, said," she answered slow- ...was the murder committed. She ...red by her husband."</p> <p>...was her husband?" the law- ...d.</p> <p>...anded him the marriage certifi- ..."</p> <p>...Emerson was her husband.</p> | <p>There was a cause of ...King Em- ...and he had ...des and he had ...the crowd ...back and for- ...Then sud- ...forth, for E- ...man.</p> <p>The next ...cheers were ...for, before the ...thing. King ...pistol from his ...muzzle close ...bathed in his ...feet.</p> <p>His crime ...dared not fa- ...Six months ...were married ..."And so</p> <p>words you o- ...band said ...Esther! He ...and he asked ...a friend to ...certificate for ...and I want ...knowing the ...stood, but a ...defied him to ...give it to me ...on the bridg- ...lost the cer- ...found it in ...When I fou- ...but my word ...for a man's ...his head?"</p> <p>Helen Cl- ...ment and ...King Em- ...which was ...Grange, w- ...hand.</p> <p>"The pr- ...with a smil- ...purchaser, ...And he ...the beauti- ...full of love</p> <p>...shaking</p> <p>A gentle- ...and very in- ...not in the ...the man- ...the other ...my's recem-</p> <p>"A mumm- ...that is with ...which is ap- ...pening to be ...my friend ...he said after ...Yards from ...reached, ...eighty year- ...As the pro- ...invisible ...from the ...as filled with ...as strong as ...and sweet ...ty pungeon ...ing at all ...and room- ...fragrance ...fresh air ...sessed a fa- ...overcomer ...ed it for a ...grance ca-</p> <p>poppies as ...between the ...my was I ...the Nile- ...mummy ...ed to grise ...its long ...body was ...as I have</p> <p>"I want ...said my ...intended my ...go, but I ...wanted to ...he ended ..."Why ..."So th- ...him, and ...felt so ...holding</p> <p>so long, ...Egypt, I ...fallon so ...I they le- ...that it is ...The dat- ...a long ha- ...have been ...poet Hor- ...the tem- ...lived, a- ...to Jeru- ...have ch- ...mial. ...help en- ...that hug- ...Egypted ...micro- ...mule's se- ...who we ...as game ...with th- ...sared ...my ins-</p> |
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[illegible]

the Brotherhood of acaciae
 in the Flowery Kingdom
 of life, of society, of the
 struggle for existence and retreat
 retreat where they can pass
 quiet days in quiet, study
 retreat. These retreats (moun-
 tains to the monasteries of
 the mountains. They are invariably
 buildings, one story in height,
 in architecture, and
 upon the mountains or
 of forests. Around
 is a windowless wall,
 the busy life forever shut
 out. In the grounds and
 surrounding land nature is
 never interfered with,
 a bloom and die, the trees
 and crooked, the weeds
 thrive until sometimes it
 as if no human being lived
 there. Closer examination
 that every plant producing
 flowers or wholesome food
 is carefully watched and
 every resource of vegeta-
 ble food human wants hus-
 bandry. This also
 the last degree. To them
 the brotherhood who
 retreats. To them the
 and trees represent the
 humanity; the weeds, the evil
 of a true manhood is to aid
 up those who are righteous,
 injure the wrong doer, leave
 the task of eliminating
 from her great economy.
 retreats do not belong to specific
 in the Western civilization,
 founded by one or more persons
 for the sake of rest. The forms
 of admission amount
 to—Any person who has fallen
 who has lost those he loved,
 sinned and repented, who is
 able to work, is eligible. He
 himself giving his name, ad-
 dress, transfers to the
 and all he possesses, promises
 to all lawful commands of
 his Superior, loyalty, friend-
 ship to his fellow
 and devotion and aid to all
 things in sickness or distress.
 admitted, given a new name
 in costume, assigned a room,
 as to his duties, and the
 is complete. From now on
 fixed. Study and conversa-
 tion of the field and
 the improvement of the re-
 the instruction of brothers
 been less favored, are his
 duties. At times he is sent out
 to subscriptions for the common
 to nurse the sick or feed the
 but these occur infrequently.
 government of these brother-
 pure autocracy. A brother
 governs for life. At his death
 is a successor; if the appoint-
 ed or not made, the brothers
 of their own number. The
 are about the same as in
 cities, omitting the elements of
 Cleanliness, sobriety, indus-
 try, intellectuality, charity
 are the seven stars of
 heaven. No woman is allowed
 the threshold of the retreat, no
 immolant or narcotic permitted
 for medical use; no quarrelling,
 conversation, game of chance, in-
 or vulgar talk is allowed.
 conversation is punished by reprimand,
 banishment, temporary ostracism or ex-
 according to the degree of the

Alaska Glaciers.

a visit to some of the Alaskan
 Mr. Meehan states that
 the Muir glacier, said to be 400
 miles long, flows a rapid current, which
 averages to be 100 feet wide and
 in average depth, and which
 summer and winter without inter-
 mission.
 At its termination the gla-
 ciers over the sea, and gives off
 much steam.
 Mr. Meehan remarks that
 at ice sheets have their lakes,
 waterfalls, hills and valleys;
 waterways change their courses
 through the melting, and that
 that progresses freely in the sun's
 heat and not in the shade.

Industrial Interests.

The stages in the industrial inter-
 ests of the country are shown in the
 following figures: In 1831 the value
 of cotton-mills in the United States
 was \$10,000,000, in 1870 it was \$141,-
 000,000, and in 1880, \$368,225,000.

It is hard to judge, for we are sinners
 and are in a virtue in a promise un-
 less it is kept.
 It is a right good thing, and no
 man will turn up his nose at it,
 says that in leisure there is wis-
 dom. Money promotes domestic tran-
 quility and that is the biggest ad-
 vantage I know of. But it ought to
 be so great that it is not value
 associated with it has to be ex-
 plicitly. No money is safe, except
 made by honest men.

