

ECHO JOB OFFICE

Is Prepared to do

All Kinds of Job Printing
AT POPULAR PRICES.

NEW TYPE, FAST PRESSES.

CALL AND SEE OUR SPECIMENS.

We are just in receipt of the sad intelligence of the death, on the 24th inst., at Charlotte, N. C., of Gen. D. H. Hill. This will be sad news to many people of the whole State, and especially so to many of the citizens of this city who knew him only to love and admire his most noble character. The Echo will have more to say to-morrow of the life of this noble man. His son, J. M. Hill, of Ft. Smith, has our sincere sympathy in his great sorrow.

More Arkansas "Reconstruction History."

The chief object of registration during Powell Clayton's rule was to turn Republican minorities into majorities and manufacture combustibles to "fire the Northern heart." We have shown how by the use of this machinery the Democrats were prevented from carrying the State for President, and Republican candidates for Congress were falsely declared elected. The process was simple. The registration in Democratic counties was set aside. In the musty official records still preserved is unimpeachable evidence of concerted action to make political capital for use in Northern elections. Below is a copy of a letter written by Gov. Clayton's direction by his private secretary.

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 19, 1868.
Hon. James A. Hicks, Judge,
Magnolia, Columbia County,
Ark.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of September 28th was received and answer delayed on account of the severe accident to the Governor. I am directed by him to make the following reply: "It is impossible for me to explain the difficulties of the situation. I have a brother-in-law who was a member of the militia and report at this place for safety. You can have positive assurance that after the election you shall be re-instated—possibly before. In regard to registration I will inform you, in confidence, that in all probability it will be set aside. Unless I can have troops in the county before the election I cannot see how there can be any election. I am doing all I can. I regret that any trouble should arise in reference to your letters being published. The substance was used for political capital, without any thought of injuring you."

By direction of the Governor, Private Secretary.

Troops were needed in Columbia County to overawe, and if necessary, murder Democrats who might insist on polling a Democratic majority in a Democratic county. Judge Hicks was assured—in confidence—that the registration would be set aside. There does not appear to have been any charge at that time of irregularity or fraud in the registration, but one could be easily manufactured, and whatever political exigency demanded was to be done.

As a ready method of making political capital for use in Northern elections, the Governor, speaking in the voice of his private secretary, advised the county officers of Columbia County to "leave the county," as if their lives were in danger, but with the assurance that they could be returned. Nothing calculated to produce political capital was omitted. The real object of the conspirators was frankly avowed in confidence. Here is a letter bearing the Governor's own signature, in which his plans are outlined as follows:

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 4, 1868.
A. M. Merrick:
DEAR SIR:—In reply to communication of September 1, I have to say that United States troops cannot be used. I have

already made application for them, but did not succeed. I am doing the best I can. You must hold your ground until I can obtain relief. Report to me every violation of the law and every outrage, giving all the facts, as we intend using them as political capital to influence Northern elections. Very Respectfully,
POWELL CLAYTON,
Governor.

Records of these "outrages" were not desired that crime might be punished, but to grossly misrepresent the people of the State before the country and help the Northern Republicans in the elections. And the man who counseled and directed this was Governor of the State, and his pretense was that the laws could not be enforced without troops. But this was not all. Gov. Clayton organized an immigration scheme, for immediate application, that possessed the double merit of originality and illegality. In furtherance of this scheme he sent the following telegram:

NOVEMBER 9, 1868.
To J. M. Lewis, Indianapolis, Ind.:
Let it be understood that emigrants wishing to look at Arkansas will be accepted in the State Militia for three months.

Clayton's immigrant, who wished to "look at Arkansas," were thus assured of positions in the militia, with the certainty of pay to be drawn from the taxes paid by the classes they were expected to hunt down and kill. As an additional inducement the militia were to be given the ballot without complying with the law requiring a legal residence where they desired to vote. There was no law but Clayton's will. It superseded the constitution and statutes. The telegram settling this matter is subjoined:

Dec. 5. To B. Vaughan:
Send a courier to Col. Malory to inform him that the militia are to be made from the company command to the clerks of the county courts.

No doubt these militia made excellent voters. No question of legal residence barred their progress to the polls. Voting the Republican ticket was the sole qualification, and the militia-men able to prove that he had shot down or robbed a Democrat or two was presumably permitted to cast a few extra votes as a reward of merit.

All this is not a mere allegation, incapable of proof. It is found in the official records, and cannot be disputed. It reveals a recklessness, a degree of criminality under the shield of the law, unequalled in the history of government in a civilized country. The men responsible for these great crimes were not acting as public enemies. They were not in the guise of an invading army, commissioned to murder and rob at will. In fact they were public enemies; and in fact nothing restrained them but their own will and opportunity in the commission of crime; for they well knew that their most infamous acts would be obliterated by legislative whitewash. But they bore the title of and acted in the name of legal authority. They claimed to be conservators of the peace, and had sworn to uphold and enforce the laws of the State.

Their methods and real intent the *Gazette* has at times exposed with the view of giving the public information needed, now that the survivors of the Old Gang still in Arkansas have, with an impudence and affrontery worthy of their earlier prototypes, the Goths and Vandals, demanded another opportunity to seize and plunder the State.—L. R. GUSCHEL.

See Tobien's fine Prince Albert Coats and Vests before buying your spring dress suits. 143tf

Team, spring wagon and harness to trade for outside lots address, box 930. 305-4f

John L. Morton's celebrated flour made at Cassville, Mo., is for sale by Cadwell Brothers and by Wm. Smith at his Arkansas Grocery on Main Street. Try it. 274tf

For sale or trade, the best meat market in the city, centrally located and doing a good paying business. Address post-office box 626, city. 300-1f.

FOR SALE—I have \$800 in city script for sale. Come and see me. H. D. FIELD.

For legal blanks, go to Hawley & Woodruff's yellow front stationery store, opposite Basin. 304tf

Dressed chickens delivered to any part of the city by Wm. H. Pitts for 20 cents each.

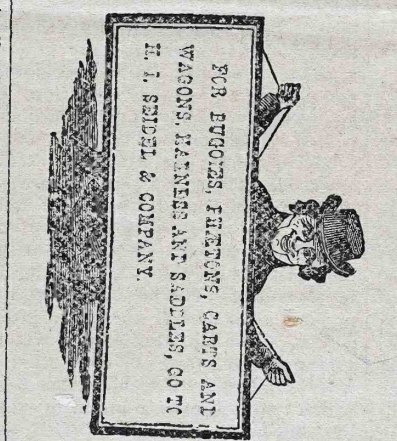
If you want saddle horses to ride that are spirited, active and in the best of condition for service, or the prettiest driving buggy team in the city, go to G. W. Rainwater & Co.'s Harding Spring Livery stable. 279tf

For Rent.
Two cottages, pleasantly located, near Crescent Hotel, splendid neighborhood. Will rent either furnished or unfurnished. Apply to F. A. Pickard, at the Hardware store, junction of Main and Spring street. 302-1f

Notice.
All parties wanting anything sold at auction will please call at Bakers Auction Room on Main Street. When I am out on my farm, leave orders with Capt. M. E. Boyd, Jr., or C. HARRIS.

The Greatest Bargain.
Do you see how Eureka is building up and real estate with no up with it; but we have a nice cottage in tip-top order, the lot 58 feet front and 120 feet back, all under fence. The title is good, no incumbrance. We will sell you for One Hundred and Twenty-Five dollars. If you will come and see it, you will like it. Our man wants to go and see his grandmother.

BETTEN & BAYS,
Real estate Agents. 305-6f



Contractor and Builder
Of all kinds of Masonry, on short Notice.

Brick Work a Specialty
We have For Sale, best Brick in the Country
Crabash & Liles.
Leave Orders at Wadsworth's, on Spring St.

JACOB EVERMAN,
Pine Street Livery Stables.

FINE SADDLE STOCK EXCLUSIVELY.

Nothing but the best, most gentle and easy gaited horses kept in this Stable. A specialty made of gentle horses for children. One of the best riding teachers in the State will give lessons to beginners.

FOR THE BLOOD,
Weakness, Stomach, Indigestion and Biliousness, try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
R. G. FLOYD, M. D.
Office in Buchanan Building.
Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 4:30 p. m.
Residence on Spring St., Eureka Springs.

J. B. POLSON, M. D.
Office in Cook Block.

DISEASES OF WOMEN
A SPECIALTY.

DR. W. R. HANDESTY,
Office over Post Office.

Specialties—Female Chronic and Venereal diseases. Office hours, 8 to 12 and 2 to 5.

W. A. REESE, M. D.
Residence on Wall Streets.

Office at late residence, first building East of Post Office Building, Main Street.

DR. W. W. JOHNSTON,
Office Over Bank

Residence on Elk Street near Prospect Avenue. Telephone No. 6.

JAMES COMBS
Veterinary Surgeon.

Office on Main Street at Allen's grocery. Treats all kinds of stock for any disease or wounds and guarantees satisfaction.

J. D. WALKER, JOHN CARROLL
Payetteville, Eureka Sp'gs.

WALKER & CARROLL,
Attorneys at Law.

Eureka Springs, Ark. Will practice in the Courts of Carroll County.

R. H. FETTY,
Fire Insurance Agent.

Office opp. Basin Spring. Eureka Springs.

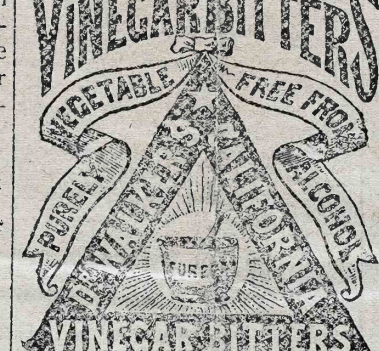
C. G. WHITE, JOHN H. CHILDS,
WHITE & CHILDS,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in Cook Block.

J. C. BETTEN, D. C. BAYS,
BETTEN & BAYS,
Real Estate Agents.

SPRING ST. BARBER SHOP
IN MILLER BLOCK
OPPOSITE RY. HOUSE

Hair Cutting in all the latest styles. The best barbers in the city. H. W. GRAY.



THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache within Thirty Minutes. Try it.
GEO. W. DAVIS, of 159 Baronne st., New Orleans, La., writes under date, May 20th, 1888, as follows: "I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used your bottle of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West st., New York, says: "I have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FERGUSON, of Dryden, N. Y., says: "Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humboldt, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis, ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism."

MRS. WM. A. DAVIS, of Camden, N. J., says: "I have suffered greatly from indigestion and bowel troubles, and Vinegar Bitters gave me great relief."

VINEGAR BITTERS.
The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and purifies the blood, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free.

Address, R. B. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St., New York.



Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea bath, curing all skin and scalp diseases, itching, eruptions, etc., or, clarifying, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials and is the most pure and invigorating to the skin, keeping it cool and healthy, and it is a guaranteed cure for sleeplessness, if directions are faithfully followed.
\$2.00. Six for \$3.00. Druggists.
R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St., New York.

A. N. MATTHEWS

—AT—
R. J. GRAY'S OLD STAND
WITH A FULL LINE OF

Wines, Whiskies AND Brandies.
No. 14 Main Street.

ELINE & ANDERSON!
CONTRACTORS.

All kinds of Stone and Brick work, Dimension Stone for Columns, Lintels, etc., a Specialty.
P. O. BOX, 998.
EUREKA SPRINGS, - - - ARK.

Mrs. Ida Ping. Miss Maudie Dickson

PING & DICKSON,
—DEALERS IN—
Millinery and Fancy Goods.

Mrs. Rowe's old stand, opposite Perry House. The largest and best selected stock of millinery hats in the city. We give our entire attention to the business and guarantee satisfaction. A full stock of feathers, ribbons and velvets in all the latest shades, for patrons to select from. Hats trimmed to order at short notice.

R. M. THORNTON,
Successor to A. N. MATTHEWS & COMPANY.

Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Glass, Etc.

A full line of everything found in any first-class hardware store. We are ready to meet all competition in prices and quality.

F. A. PICKARD,
—DEALER IN—
Hardware, Furnitures, Carpets, Wall Paper, Glass, Varnishes, Paints, Doors, Sash, Etc., Etc.

A General Stock of House Furnishing Goods, Stoves and Tinware. Call and be convinced of the Prices and Quality.

FIRST-CLASS TINNER.
Junction Spring and Main Sts., in Stone Building.

J. W. IIII II,
Crescent Livery and Transfer Stables

GEO. S. CONGDON,
CONTRACTING PAINTER.

Spring Street, Opposite American House.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Putty, Glass, Wall Paper at the

Lowest Living Price.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

GEO. S. BROWN,
Grocer—First-Class Goods
Main Street, foot of Spring.

The best assorted stock of Goods in Eureka Springs. Everything usually found in a first class grocery. Come and see our specialties.

BANK EXCHANGE SALOON AND BILLIARD HALL.

Liquors, Brandies, Wines and Cigars.

No. 34 Main Street.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK. F. M. O'NEILL, Props.

BLAVER SALOON,
SIDNEY DAY, Proprietor.

Wines, Liquors, Brandies, Cigars, Etc. Call and see us when at

The Narrows.

Beaver, Ark. on E. S. Railway.

New Undertaker!
G. W. CHARLEVILLE & CO.

Carries a Full Line of Caskets, Burial Robes, Etc.

Special care taken in the Embalming and Shipment of Bodies. All work guaranteed. Also a large stock of Moldings for Picture Frames, Etc.

OFFICE AT THE JUNCTION OF SPRING AND MAIN STREETS.

Sleepless Nights

"For nearly a month I was not able to sleep, but after using Paine's Celery Compound for two days, insomnia, red and strength returned." E. G. SMITH, Claussen, S. C.

"I have taken only a part of a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and it has entirely relieved me of sleeplessness, from which I have suffered greatly." Mrs. R. A. ADOLPH, Florida.

Paine's Celery Compound produces sound and refreshing sleep. A physician's prescription, it does not contain one harmful drug. Like nothing else, it is a guaranteed cure for sleeplessness, if directions are faithfully followed.
\$2.00. Six for \$3.00. Druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Local notices, per line..... 10
Editorial notices, per line..... 10
Standing ads, (1 inch) in Daily, per week..... 50
Standing ads (1 inch) in Weekly, per month..... 50
Professional cards, not to exceed one inch in Daily per week..... 25
Professional cards, not to exceed one inch in Weekly, per month..... 25
Legal advertisements at law rates.
Subscription, Daily, per week..... 15
Subscription, Weekly, per year..... \$1.50
All bills for Daily will be collected at the end of each week. Bills for advertising the Weekly will be collected every month. Subscription to the Weekly invalid in advance.

COMPLETE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.
Governor..... Jas. P. Eagle
Secretary of State..... Ben R. Chisler
Attorney General..... W. R. Adkins
Land Commissioner..... Paul M. Cobb
Superintendent of Schools..... W. E. Thompson
Little Rock.
U. S. Senator..... H. A. Craudall
U. S. Senators..... J. H. Berry and J. E. Jones
Congressman, 5th District..... S. W. Peel
Circuit Judge..... J. M. Putnam
Circuit Attorney..... Sam Johnson
Payetteville.
Supreme Court Judge..... S. P. Vail
S. P. Hughes, Jr., Jennings, W. R. B. Smith
Little Rock.

COUNTY.
Judge..... Bradley Bunch
Clerk..... Leg. Annally
Sheriff..... S. J. Morris
Representative..... W. E. Phillips
Assessor..... A. D. Maples
Treasurer..... I. Worthington
Carrollton.

Western District.
Deputy Clerk..... "Gip" Taylor
Deputy Sheriff..... J. P. Carroll
Deputy Treasurer..... J. T. Champlin
Constable..... A. R. Harris
Eureka Springs.

CITY.
Mayor..... O. W. Watkins
Police Judge..... John H. Chiles
Treasurer..... J. P. Fowler
City Clerk..... Joe F. Ivey
Chief of Police..... W. F. Willis
Police..... A. Coffey and W. N. Dale

ALDERMEN.
First Ward..... J. D. Jordan, R. H. Blockson
2nd..... J. S. Sanford, T. D. Wickham
3rd..... R. H. Jones, W. R. D. Browne

SCHOOL BOARD.
J. C. Fraker, Pres.; S. B. Dickson,
W. W. W. Jones, Sec'y.; H. W. Bell,
R. H. Dabbs.

CHURCHES.
Congregational—W. W. Fellows, Pastor. Services Sunday forenoon and evening at the Opera House.
Baptist—H. Beacham, Pastor. Services Sunday forenoon and evening, at Elk Street Baptist Church.
Second Baptist—Rev. Mr. Lindsay, Pastor. Services Sunday forenoon and evening, at church in Newlawn.

M. E. Church South—J. J. Tarlton, Pastor. Services Sunday forenoon and evening. Third Street Church.
M. E. Church—N. J. Tedrick, Pastor. Services Sunday forenoon and evening at the Elk Street Church.

Presbyterian—W. S. Lowry, Pastor. Services every Sunday forenoon and evening, at Stone Church.
Christian—Rev. Mr. Ireland, Pastor. Services every Sunday forenoon and evening at Prospect Avenue Church.

Episcopal—J. J. Vauks, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. at church near the Crescent Hotel on Main.

Odd Fellows Chapter—W. A. Rogers, J. Hamilton and J. A. Guffy, Trustees.
Eureka Springs and Carroll County Medical Society—A. J. Gibbs, President, Dr. Weaver, Secretary.

Good Templars—N. J. Tedrick, Working Chief. Meets every Tuesday evening at the M. E. Church.

LaBELLE HOTEL,
BERRYVILLE, ARK.

The favorite stopping place of Commercial travellers. Fine sample rooms, good livery and feed stable. Transient rates \$1.00 per day. JAMES MCCREERY, Proprietor.

CARTER'S
LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious liver. Such troubles, such as indigestion, nausea, dizziness, distress after eating, pain in the side, etc. While they most remarkably succeed in curing.

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, when they also correct all disorders of the bowels, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

ACHE

Is the mark of many lives that have been saved. We make our great boast. Our pills cure without others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills taken daily. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action relieve all who use them. In cases of constipation, four or six pills taken at bedtime will be found very effective. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail.

PREPARED BY J. C. CARTER, NEW YORK.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness and General Debility. Physicists recommend it. Antiseptics sold in Germany have trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

WORMS.

Children suffering from these detestable parasites can't be relieved by so-called worm medicines which only irritate the palate. The time-tried, tested cure is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. As you value the life of your child, don't wait until it is incurable. Give it once; it never fails.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children that want building, should take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All doctors keep it.

THE DAILY ECHO.

A. B. ADAMS, Editor.

EUREKA SPRINGS, - ARKANSAS.

A LATTER-DAY DELUSION.

How swiftly now the seasons glide,
When one looks back to hours of youth,
A day seems past, scarce more in youth,
Since the child roamed wondering-eyed.

But days were then as now are years,
Life's path appeared an endless "climb,"
There was for all things so much time;
Folly to let its waste waste fears!

With face turned futureward, before
Our feet the way untrod, intent
To seek, to find, to know, we went,
Nor reckoned of the moment's store.

Yet now we say we squandered our
O hours, that have been ours and brief!
The fault stands out in bold relief
Against the wide, time-distant belf.

And our regret rings, as the tone
Of cloister bell, within our hearts;
While to our lips the moan upstairs:
"Ah, if we then had only known!"

But vain it is to deem that then
We would use the wisdom of the years.
Even though we could, ere care and tears
Have wrought it to maturity.

If we, by miracle foresaw
The train of days with ill they hold,
Young hearts it could not change to old
Soon, soon we'd laugh away our awe!

"Time for all things," the sage hath cried;
So let not after-thoughts deceive;
Youth must be youth, its course achieve;
No age its own will be denied.

Then trustful be the glance we cast!
No greater waste than useless pain;
Richer we grow, the more we pass;
Though the years speed so fast, so fast!

—William Struts, in America.

MISS GOLDEN'S LODGER.

Money Is Not the Only Thing on Earth Worth Having.

After Mr. Golden had failed, and he and Miss Golden took to letting out the rooms in their house to lodgers, and she found it necessary to work hard at embroidery besides, and to give up all those pretty luxuries she had been used to, there came one day to the door a sparely-built man, rather handsome, but not very young, and just a little shabby, who asked if they had a room to spare for him.

"It must be a very cheap one," said he, "for I can't afford a good one. I don't care how high up it is, and I don't want it to be furnished. I have very good furniture of my own—good enough for me; plenty good enough—and I don't wish to die in the poor-house. No; I don't wish to die in the poor-house."

Miss Golden opened her eyes at the big man of five-and-forty said this, but there was a little bad bedroom on the top floor which stood in place of the traditional garret, and thither she conducted the gentleman who dreaded the poor-house so much. The room suited him, the rent suited him, he gave a well-known banker's name as reference, and he declared himself to be Mr. Moss.

The banker to whom Mr. Golden went smiled a peculiar smile and said:

"I am glad to hear of it, and I feel sure you will find it a very comfortable and a very cheap one."

And he handed him a key and a card, and a wooden stool, and a little three-legged table, and wanted fifty cents for his trouble, and took twenty-five in cash, and took the rest out in bad language on the door-step, after he had been shut out. Then Mr. Moss arranged his room himself, and drew one teaspoonful of tea in a little tin teapot, and had one roll and one radish for his supper. The roll he bought; the radish he took from a bunch on the grocer's counter.

"What are your radishes?" he said. Then he nipped one off, and walked away like an absent-minded gentleman.

"Poor soul," said Ellen Golden, "I do feel so sorry for him."

So she smiled and nodded to him when he went out next day, and was always very careful to be civil to him. She knew what it was to be poor herself. And what was a cup of coffee now and then, or just a wedge of pie, or a bowl of soup? It wasn't missed, and one could do it in a neighborly fashion, for a man must be very poor to live so.

And Miss Golden, who often laughed at the idea of owning such a name—she whose life was so little of a golden one—did a thousand such little kindnesses. They had enough to eat and drink, her father and herself.

Then, when the nights grew cold, their tenant, who could have no fire in his room, often warmed himself at that of his landlord. He was not without ideas, and he was by no means plain; but his brain was full of thoughts of one order—thoughts of money; how people made it and lost it; how they got high interest for it; how they speculated with it and lost it; how unexpected legacies were left to some people, and how others waited in vain for dead men's shoes; and sometimes when Ellen Golden, who had a touch of romance in her, hinted that, after all, money was not worth every thing else in life, he would stop short in his serious, solemn way, and say:

"My dear young lady, you don't think enough of money. It would be a terrible thing if you were so careless as to come to the almshouse in your old age. Many worthy people have come to the almshouse in their old age."

His grave, dark face, the little touch of foreign accent there was in his voice, his curiously earnest manner, all gave his words a curious weight and meaning.

Ellen could not laugh at them. "But it is such a pity, papa," she used to say, "such a terrible pity that poor Mr. Moss should have let his misfortunes warp him so. If he would but talk of something else."

And Mr. Golden would say: "Ah, you don't know how it hurts a man to have had all his schemes and ambitions come to an end in his mature years. Youth can rise again after a fall; middle-age can not. No doubt poor Mr. Moss has failed."

And Ellen Golden supposed that this must be so, and that night asked her tenant to tea, and made a wonderful cake with a view to his coming. He did not refuse to eat the cake, but he gave her a little sermon on extravagance, and begged her to reflect what eggs cost.

"It is certainly quite disinterested," said Ellen Golden. "but he makes me so uncomfortable. Being so poor myself I can't feel hurt at his reminding me that I am poor, too—but I wish he wouldn't."

In return for the kindness of the Golden, poor Mr. Moss was always ready to do a thousand things. He was handy with hammer and nails, and had a wonderful faculty for mending shoes. Once or twice Ellen thought he must have been a shoemaker, he so ably cobbled her discarded walking-boots; and she had fancied him a carpenter when he put the kitchen closet door on his hinges; and a jeweler when he reset the amethyst in her dead mother's ring which she now wore in memory of her. Once she said:

"How did you learn to do so many things?"

And he answered:

"Nothing saves a man so much money as to be a Jack-of-all-trades." Still he was not saving himself money when he dug her garden and put new bricks in her range. And he did it with the same alacrity with which he sponged and pressed his own clothes, and re-covered his own umbrella.

When he came home at night he always went to work; and they learned that he made his own bedstead, and his three-cornered table, and stuffed his own straw mattress.

"A penny saved is a penny got," said Mr. Moss. And Mr. Golden, who never yet had found himself quite able to pour himself a cup of coffee, or find his own slippers, and who, though he had been a prosperous commercial gentleman once, would have been as apt to sweep his own chimney as to mend any thing about the house, stared in amazement.

"He appears to be a gentleman by education," he said; "he is well read in the classics; he understands music as few save professional folk do; and stocks—my dear, I think he knows more about stocks than any one I ever met. What an invaluable man he would have been to me in my business. I would gladly have had him for my head clerk. He might have saved me from failure; yet see to what a pass he is reduced himself!"

Mr. Moss certainly was a mystery; but, since he did not choose to explain himself, the Golden, were too polite to ask questions; and whether it was the fact that there was something to wonder at in him, or whether his dark skin and black eyes were the proper contrast to her complexion and blue orbs, Ellen Golden found herself thinking of him a great deal.

"If he only would forget money, or the sound of it, how nice he would be," said she.

And one day—but this she had never told to any one—he had said to her:

"I am glad to hear of it, and I feel sure you will find it a very comfortable and a very cheap one."

And he handed him a key and a card, and a wooden stool, and a little three-legged table, and wanted fifty cents for his trouble, and took twenty-five in cash, and took the rest out in bad language on the door-step, after he had been shut out. Then Mr. Moss arranged his room himself, and drew one teaspoonful of tea in a little tin teapot, and had one roll and one radish for his supper. The roll he bought; the radish he took from a bunch on the grocer's counter.

"What are your radishes?" he said. Then he nipped one off, and walked away like an absent-minded gentleman.

"Poor soul," said Ellen Golden, "I do feel so sorry for him."

So she smiled and nodded to him when he went out next day, and was always very careful to be civil to him. She knew what it was to be poor herself. And what was a cup of coffee now and then, or just a wedge of pie, or a bowl of soup? It wasn't missed, and one could do it in a neighborly fashion, for a man must be very poor to live so.

And Miss Golden, who often laughed at the idea of owning such a name—she whose life was so little of a golden one—did a thousand such little kindnesses. They had enough to eat and drink, her father and herself.

Then, when the nights grew cold, their tenant, who could have no fire in his room, often warmed himself at that of his landlord. He was not without ideas, and he was by no means plain; but his brain was full of thoughts of one order—thoughts of money; how people made it and lost it; how they got high interest for it; how they speculated with it and lost it; how unexpected legacies were left to some people, and how others waited in vain for dead men's shoes; and sometimes when Ellen Golden, who had a touch of romance in her, hinted that, after all, money was not worth every thing else in life, he would stop short in his serious, solemn way, and say:

"My dear young lady, you don't think enough of money. It would be a terrible thing if you were so careless as to come to the almshouse in your old age. Many worthy people have come to the almshouse in their old age."

His grave, dark face, the little touch of foreign accent there was in his voice, his curiously earnest manner, all gave his words a curious weight and meaning.

Ellen could not laugh at them. "But it is such a pity, papa," she used to say, "such a terrible pity that poor Mr. Moss should have let his misfortunes warp him so. If he would but talk of something else."

And Mr. Golden would say: "Ah, you don't know how it hurts a man to have had all his schemes and ambitions come to an end in his mature years. Youth can rise again after a fall; middle-age can not. No doubt poor Mr. Moss has failed."

And Ellen Golden supposed that this must be so, and that night asked her tenant to tea, and made a wonderful cake with a view to his coming. He did not refuse to eat the cake, but he gave her a little sermon on extravagance, and begged her to reflect what eggs cost.

"It is certainly quite disinterested," said Ellen Golden. "but he makes me so uncomfortable. Being so poor myself I can't feel hurt at his reminding me that I am poor, too—but I wish he wouldn't."

In return for the kindness of the Golden, poor Mr. Moss was always ready to do a thousand things. He was handy with hammer and nails, and had a wonderful faculty for mending shoes. Once or twice Ellen thought he must have been a shoemaker, he so ably cobbled her discarded walking-boots; and she had fancied him a carpenter when he put the kitchen closet door on his hinges; and a jeweler when he reset the amethyst in her dead mother's ring which she now wore in memory of her. Once she said:

"How did you learn to do so many things?"

And he answered:

"Nothing saves a man so much money as to be a Jack-of-all-trades." Still he was not saving himself money when he dug her garden and put new bricks in her range. And he did it with the same alacrity with which he sponged and pressed his own clothes, and re-covered his own umbrella.

When he came home at night he always went to work; and they learned that he made his own bedstead, and his three-cornered table, and stuffed his own straw mattress.

"A penny saved is a penny got," said Mr. Moss. And Mr. Golden, who never yet had found himself quite able to pour himself a cup of coffee, or find his own slippers, and who, though he had been a prosperous commercial gentleman once, would have been as apt to sweep his own chimney as to mend any thing about the house, stared in amazement.

"He appears to be a gentleman by education," he said; "he is well read in the classics; he understands music as few save professional folk do; and stocks—my dear, I think he knows more about stocks than any one I ever met. What an invaluable man he would have been to me in my business. I would gladly have had him for my head clerk. He might have saved me from failure; yet see to what a pass he is reduced himself!"

Mr. Moss certainly was a mystery; but, since he did not choose to explain himself, the Golden, were too polite to ask questions; and whether it was the fact that there was something to wonder at in him, or whether his dark skin and black eyes were the proper contrast to her complexion and blue orbs, Ellen Golden found herself thinking of him a great deal.

"If he only would forget money, or the sound of it, how nice he would be," said she.

And one day—but this she had never told to any one—he had said to her:

"I am glad to hear of it, and I feel sure you will find it a very comfortable and a very cheap one."

And he handed him a key and a card, and a wooden stool, and a little three-legged table, and wanted fifty cents for his trouble, and took twenty-five in cash, and took the rest out in bad language on the door-step, after he had been shut out. Then Mr. Moss arranged his room himself, and drew one teaspoonful of tea in a little tin teapot, and had one roll and one radish for his supper. The roll he bought; the radish he took from a bunch on the grocer's counter.

"What are your radishes?" he said. Then he nipped one off, and walked away like an absent-minded gentleman.

"Poor soul," said Ellen Golden, "I do feel so sorry for him."

So she smiled and nodded to him when he went out next day, and was always very careful to be civil to him. She knew what it was to be poor herself. And what was a cup of coffee now and then, or just a wedge of pie, or a bowl of soup? It wasn't missed, and one could do it in a neighborly fashion, for a man must be very poor to live so.

And Miss Golden, who often laughed at the idea of owning such a name—she whose life was so little of a golden one—did a thousand such little kindnesses. They had enough to eat and drink, her father and herself.

Then, when the nights grew cold, their tenant, who could have no fire in his room, often warmed himself at that of his landlord. He was not without ideas, and he was by no means plain; but his brain was full of thoughts of one order—thoughts of money; how people made it and lost it; how they got high interest for it; how they speculated with it and lost it; how unexpected legacies were left to some people, and how others waited in vain for dead men's shoes; and sometimes when Ellen Golden, who had a touch of romance in her, hinted that, after all, money was not worth every thing else in life, he would stop short in his serious, solemn way, and say:

"My dear young lady, you don't think enough of money. It would be a terrible thing if you were so careless as to come to the almshouse in your old age. Many worthy people have come to the almshouse in their old age."

His grave, dark face, the little touch of foreign accent there was in his voice, his curiously earnest manner, all gave his words a curious weight and meaning.

Ellen could not laugh at them. "But it is such a pity, papa," she used to say, "such a terrible pity that poor Mr. Moss should have let his misfortunes warp him so. If he would but talk of something else."

And Mr. Golden would say: "Ah, you don't know how it hurts a man to have had all his schemes and ambitions come to an end in his mature years. Youth can rise again after a fall; middle-age can not. No doubt poor Mr. Moss has failed."

And Ellen Golden supposed that this must be so, and that night asked her tenant to tea, and made a wonderful cake with a view to his coming. He did not refuse to eat the cake, but he gave her a little sermon on extravagance, and begged her to reflect what eggs cost.

"It is certainly quite disinterested," said Ellen Golden. "but he makes me so uncomfortable. Being so poor myself I can't feel hurt at his reminding me that I am poor, too—but I wish he wouldn't."

In return for the kindness of the Golden, poor Mr. Moss was always ready to do a thousand things. He was handy with hammer and nails, and had a wonderful faculty for mending shoes. Once or twice Ellen thought he must have been a shoemaker, he so ably cobbled her discarded walking-boots; and she had fancied him a carpenter when he put the kitchen closet door on his hinges; and a jeweler when he reset the amethyst in her dead mother's ring which she now wore in memory of her. Once she said:

"How did you learn to do so many things?"

And he answered:

"Nothing saves a man so much money as to be a Jack-of-all-trades." Still he was not saving himself money when he dug her garden and put new bricks in her range. And he did it with the same alacrity with which he sponged and pressed his own clothes, and re-covered his own umbrella.

When he came home at night he always went to work; and they learned that he made his own bedstead, and his three-cornered table, and stuffed his own straw mattress.

"A penny saved is a penny got," said Mr. Moss. And Mr. Golden, who never yet had found himself quite able to pour himself a cup of coffee, or find his own slippers, and who, though he had been a prosperous commercial gentleman once, would have been as apt to sweep his own chimney as to mend any thing about the house, stared in amazement.

"He appears to be a gentleman by education," he said; "he is well read in the classics; he understands music as few save professional folk do; and stocks—my dear, I think he knows more about stocks than any one I ever met. What an invaluable man he would have been to me in my business. I would gladly have had him for my head clerk. He might have saved me from failure; yet see to what a pass he is reduced himself!"

Mr. Moss certainly was a mystery; but, since he did not choose to explain himself, the Golden, were too polite to ask questions; and whether it was the fact that there was something to wonder at in him, or whether his dark skin and black eyes were the proper contrast to her complexion and blue orbs, Ellen Golden found herself thinking of him a great deal.

"If he only would forget money, or the sound of it, how nice he would be," said she.

And one day—but this she had never told to any one—he had said to her:

"I am glad to hear of it, and I feel sure you will find it a very comfortable and a very cheap one."

And he handed him a key and a card, and a wooden stool, and a little three-legged table, and wanted fifty cents for his trouble, and took twenty-five in cash, and took the rest out in bad language on the door-step, after he had been shut out. Then Mr. Moss arranged his room himself, and drew one teaspoonful of tea in a little tin teapot, and had one roll and one radish for his supper. The roll he bought; the radish he took from a bunch on the grocer's counter.

"What are your radishes?" he said. Then he nipped one off, and walked away like an absent-minded gentleman.

"Poor soul," said Ellen Golden, "I do feel so sorry for him."

So she smiled and nodded to him when he went out next day, and was always very careful to be civil to him. She knew what it was to be poor herself. And what was a cup of coffee now and then, or just a wedge of pie, or a bowl of soup? It wasn't missed, and one could do it in a neighborly fashion, for a man must be very poor to live so.

And Miss Golden, who often laughed at the idea of owning such a name—she whose life was so little of a golden one—did a thousand such little kindnesses. They had enough to eat and drink, her father and herself.

Then, when the nights grew cold, their tenant, who could have no fire in his room, often warmed himself at that of his landlord. He was not without ideas, and he was by no means plain; but his brain was full of thoughts of one order—thoughts of money; how people made it and lost it; how they got high interest for it; how they speculated with it and lost it; how unexpected legacies were left to some people, and how others waited in vain for dead men's shoes; and sometimes when Ellen Golden, who had a touch of romance in her, hinted that, after all, money was not worth every thing else in life, he would stop short in his serious, solemn way, and say:

"My dear young lady, you don't think enough of money. It would be a terrible thing if you were so careless as to come to the almshouse in your old age. Many worthy people have come to the almshouse in their old age."

His grave, dark face, the little touch of foreign accent there was in his voice, his curiously earnest manner, all gave his words a curious weight and meaning.

Ellen could not laugh at them. "But it is such a pity, papa," she used to say, "such a terrible pity that poor Mr. Moss should have let his misfortunes warp him so. If he would but talk of something else."

And Mr. Golden would say: "Ah, you don't know how it hurts a man to have had all his schemes and ambitions come to an end in his mature years. Youth can rise again after a fall; middle-age can not. No doubt poor Mr. Moss has failed."

And Ellen Golden supposed that this must be so, and that night asked her tenant to tea, and made a wonderful cake with a view to his coming. He did not refuse to eat the cake, but he gave her a little sermon on extravagance, and begged her to reflect what eggs cost.

"It is certainly quite disinterested," said Ellen Golden. "but he makes me so uncomfortable. Being so poor myself I can't feel hurt at his reminding me that I am poor, too—but I wish he wouldn't."

In return for the kindness of the Golden, poor Mr. Moss was always ready to do a thousand things. He was handy with hammer and nails, and had a wonderful faculty for mending shoes. Once or twice Ellen thought he must have been a shoemaker, he so ably cobbled her discarded walking-boots; and she had fancied him a carpenter when he put the kitchen closet door on his hinges; and a jeweler when he reset the amethyst in her dead mother's ring which she now wore in memory of her. Once she said:

"How did you learn to do so many things?"

And he answered:

"Nothing saves a man so much money as to be a Jack-of-all-trades." Still he was not saving himself money when he dug her garden and put new bricks in her range. And he did it with the same alacrity with which he sponged and pressed his own clothes, and re-covered his own umbrella.

When he came home at night he always went to work; and they learned that he made his own bedstead, and his three-cornered table, and stuffed his own straw mattress.

"A penny saved is a penny got," said Mr. Moss. And Mr. Golden, who never yet had found himself quite able to pour himself a cup of coffee, or find his own slippers, and who, though he had been a prosperous commercial gentleman once, would have been as apt to sweep his own chimney as to mend any thing about the house, stared in amazement.

"He appears to be a gentleman by education," he said; "he is well read in the classics; he understands music as few save professional folk do; and stocks—my dear, I think he knows more about stocks than any one I ever met. What an invaluable man he would have been to me in my business. I would gladly have had him for my head clerk. He might have saved me from failure; yet see to what a pass he is reduced himself!"

Mr. Moss certainly was a mystery; but, since he did not choose to explain himself, the Golden, were too polite to ask questions; and whether it was the fact that there was something to wonder at in him, or whether his dark skin and black eyes were the proper contrast to her complexion and blue orbs, Ellen Golden found herself thinking of him a great deal.

"If he only would forget money, or the sound of it, how nice he would be," said she.

And one day—but this she had never told to any one—he had said to her:

"I am glad to hear of it, and I feel sure you will find it a very comfortable and a very cheap one."

And he handed him a key and a card, and a wooden stool, and a little three-legged table, and wanted fifty cents for his trouble, and took twenty-five in cash, and took the rest out in bad language on the door-step, after he had been shut out. Then Mr. Moss arranged his room himself, and drew one teaspoonful of tea in a little tin teapot, and had one roll and one radish for his supper. The roll he bought; the radish he took from a bunch on the grocer's counter.

"What are your radishes?" he said. Then he nipped one off, and walked away like an absent-minded gentleman.

"Poor soul," said Ellen Golden, "I do feel so sorry for him."

So she smiled and nodded to him when he went out next day, and was always very careful to be civil to him. She knew what it was to be poor herself. And what was a cup of coffee now and then, or just a wedge of pie, or a bowl of soup? It wasn't missed, and one could do it in a neighborly fashion, for a man must be very poor to live so.

And Miss Golden, who often laughed at the idea of owning such a name—she whose life was so little of a golden one—did a thousand such little kindnesses. They had enough to eat and drink, her father and herself.

Then, when the nights grew cold, their tenant, who could have no fire in his room, often warmed himself at that of his landlord. He was not without ideas, and he was by no means plain; but his brain was full of thoughts of one order—thoughts of money; how people made it and lost it; how they got high interest for it; how they speculated with it and lost it; how unexpected legacies were left to some people, and how others waited in vain for dead men's shoes; and sometimes when Ellen Golden, who had a touch of romance in her, hinted that, after all, money was not worth every thing else in life, he would stop short in his serious, solemn way, and say:

"My dear young lady, you don't think enough of money. It would be a terrible thing if you were so careless as to come to the almshouse in your old age. Many worthy people have come to the almshouse in their old age."

His grave, dark face, the little touch of foreign accent there was in his voice, his curiously earnest manner, all gave his words a curious weight and meaning.

Ellen could not laugh at them. "But it is such a pity, papa," she used to say, "such a terrible pity that poor Mr. Moss should have let his misfortunes warp him so. If he would but talk of something else."

And Mr. Golden would say: "Ah, you don't know how it hurts a man to have had all his schemes and ambitions come to an end in his mature years. Youth can rise again after a fall; middle-age can not. No doubt poor Mr. Moss has failed."

And Ellen Golden supposed that this must be so, and that night asked her tenant to tea, and made a wonderful cake with a view to his coming. He did not refuse to eat the cake, but he gave her a little sermon on extravagance, and begged her to reflect what eggs cost.

"It is certainly quite disinterested," said Ellen Golden. "but he makes me so uncomfortable. Being so poor myself I can't feel hurt at his reminding me that I am poor, too—but I wish he wouldn't."

In return for the kindness of the Golden, poor Mr. Moss was always ready to do a thousand things. He was handy with hammer and nails, and had a wonderful faculty for mending shoes. Once or twice Ellen thought he must have been a shoemaker, he so ably cobbled her discarded walking-boots; and she had fancied him a carpenter when he put the kitchen closet door on his hinges; and a jeweler when he reset the amethyst in her dead mother's ring which she now wore in memory of her. Once she said:

"How did you learn to do so many things?"

And he answered:

"Nothing saves a man so much money as to be a Jack-of-all-trades." Still he was not saving himself money when he dug her garden and put new bricks in her range. And he did it with the same alacrity with which he sponged and pressed his own clothes, and re-covered his own umbrella.

When he came home at night he always went to work; and they learned that he made his own bedstead, and his three-cornered table, and stuffed his own straw mattress.

"A penny saved is a penny got," said Mr. Moss. And Mr. Golden, who never yet had found himself quite able to pour himself a cup of coffee, or find his own slippers, and who, though he had been a prosperous commercial gentleman once, would have been as apt to sweep his own chimney as to mend any thing about the house, stared in amazement.

"He appears to be a gentleman by education," he said; "he is well read in the classics; he understands music as few save professional folk do; and stocks—my dear, I think he knows more about stocks than any one I ever met. What an invaluable man he would have been to me in my business. I would gladly have had him for my head clerk. He might have saved me from failure; yet see to what a pass he is reduced himself!"

Mr. Moss certainly was a mystery; but, since he did not choose to explain himself, the Golden, were too polite to ask questions; and whether it was the fact that there was something to wonder at in him, or whether his dark skin and black eyes were the proper contrast to her complexion and blue orbs, Ellen Golden found herself thinking of him a great deal.

"If he only would forget money, or the sound of it, how nice he would be," said she.

And one day—but this she had never told to any one—he had said to her:

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Transvaal Volksraad has appropriated \$100,000 for the endowment of the first college of the Republic.

—Mount Union College, Ohio, recently put women on its board of trustees, among them Miss Frances E. Willard.

—The effort to effect a union between the United Church of Christ in Japan and the Congregational churches of that empire has failed, at least for the present.

—Southern Maine has some rather venerable academics. That at South Berwick was incorporated in 1791 and those at Fryeburg and East Machias the year following.

—The city of New York has 600 Sunday-schools, with a total of 187,000 scholars and teachers. Philadelphia has 616 Sunday-schools, with a total of 195,802 teachers and scholars.

—The seminary for girls recently completed by the Cherokee Nation has all the modern conveniences except elevators and electric lights. Four Cherokee girls will act as teachers.

—The Nashville Christian Advocate says: "The African Methodist church, which has not a white man among its members or any organic relations with any white church organization, reports a membership of 460,000."

—The report of the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school Union, of England, shows that there are 4,23

AUNT CHLORIE WHITE.

A New Jersey Woman Who Once Slapped Queen Victoria.

In a picturesque village among the well-wooded hills of Morris County, N. J., lives an elderly woman from whom Dr. H. S. Drayton has drawn the following naive story. The narration is in the old lady's words:

"My father," said Mrs. White, "was a clerk in the arsenal at Woolwich when I was a child of a girl, and I was very fond of running about in the arsenal yard, where I used to play among the big guns and the heaps of cannon balls. The officers all knew me, and I knew King William very well, and the Duke of Kent. They visited the arsenal occasionally, and there would then be parades and evolutions and cannon firing, which delighted me very much. King William called me Chlorie—I don't know why—and sometimes said that he would cut off my curls. I had a great lot of hair that curled. Sometimes the Queen would be naturally in the party that came to the arsenal. The Duke and Duchess of Kent came occasionally, and they were received also with military honors, as the Duke was a high officer in the army, and the guards fired signal guns in token of his arrival. When a royal party came to the gates these guns let all the soldiers at the arsenal and down the marshes know that they must be at their posts, and no one was allowed then to enter the gates without authority.

"One day we heard that the Duke and Duchess were coming, and I was at the gates when they arrived. A little girl came tripping along, and I did not suppose that she was in the royal party, for I had never seen her before, and when she was about to enter the yard, I called out: 'You can not go in there.' She stopped and looked at me, and then said: 'I am going in.' I ran to her and said: 'No, you are not,' and took hold of her to prevent it. Then an officer came and pulled me away, saying that I had been very rude to the Princess Victoria. My father learned of it, and was very angry with me and thought that he might lose his place on account of it. I was made to apologize to the Princess and beg her pardon, and received a severe whipping from my father. They say that I slapped her face, but I am sure I did not, but I might have shaken her a little or slapped her arms, because I was angry that she did not heed what I said, and I thought that it was only out of curiosity she had run over to the arsenal while the Duke was there.

"How old was she then? I should say nearly my own age, ten or twelve. It was several years before her coronation. I remember just how she looked. She was a trim little thing with light hair, a hat trimmed with roses on her head. She wore a green silk Spencer, and low, button shoes with straps around the ankle. I felt sorry that I had treated her so when I was told who she was, but it was a long time before I knew her name.

He was an officer in the Crimea, and was well-educated man.

"Did the King say anything about the affair with the Princess? Yes; he asked the next time he came where Chlorie was, and when he saw me said that he was glad that I had begged her pardon. I usually saw King William whenever he visited the arsenal, and he was really quite friendly toward me."

Mrs. White is a woman not far from seventy years of age; the time of her birth I could not obtain, as she indicated a chary reserve with regard to the exact number of her years. She is intelligent, ready, and has that bearing that shows past associations with people of education and good social rank. How it was that she came to America appears to be due to the fact of her marriage being distasteful to her family and to her determination to do as she pleased. "I might have done better than marry a common soldier," she said, "but I loved him. My family would not recognize him, and that threw us out."—Once a Week.

FEMALE SPECULATORS.

English Women Who Greedily Buy and Sell and Watch the Market.

"The gentleness and modesty of English women are a good deal quoted on the other side," said an American girl the other day, "and are generally brought up to contrast with the emancipated behavior of some of our country-women. When other qualities are undeniably obvious in the British female a favorite plea is that the influx of Americans and Americanism is the cause of these derelictions. Now, it is a fact that English gentlewomen will think nothing of doing things which an American woman of the same class would feel absolutely disgraced by. Take stock speculation, for instance. In New York the experiment of establishing offices for women only where such transactions may be carried on has repeatedly proved a failure. The women who indulge in such operations do not esteem it a privilege to have been excluded from their places of business, and did not avail themselves of the facilities offered.

"Feminine stock speculators here are principally of a nameless class, while the few ladies who are afflicted with a desire to dabble in that sort of thing do so through some friend or relative and are so ashamed of what they are about that the whole business is kept strictly *sub rosa*. It is quite *au contraire* with an Englishwoman. She speculates openly and greedily—buys and sells and watches the market with feverish anxiety; hesitates about a journey which, presenting every other inducement, has the one drawback of putting her out of direct telegraphic communication with her broker at a time when Borneo, All-sops or South American railway shares, in which she has invested, largely on contango (whatever that is), are fluctuating.

A WIZARD'S JOKE.

How Herrmann Once Upon a Time Fooled a Greedy Chinaman.

"Talking of the Chinese play here," said a well-known lawyer, "I never had more fun than I did at a Chinese performance in San Francisco several years ago. I went there with Herrmann, the magician, and several San Francisco journalists. It was in the Chinese quarter and the performance was the adjourned act of a play that had been started a month before. In the lobby were a lot of Chinese peddlers selling sweetmeats, oranges and other fruits. Herrmann made a dead set at the orange man, a thin-faced, avaricious-looking fellow, who wore a queue about five feet long. Herrmann bought an orange and cut it open. With an exclamation of delighted surprise, his eyes sparkling and his face lit up with smiles, he drew a five-dollar gold piece out of the pulp and held it up so that the Chinaman could see it. The latter's eyes bulged from their sockets and a pained look of disappointment crossed his expressionless face. Herrmann bought three more oranges, and from each he drew a shining fiver. By this time the perspiration rolled in beads down the Chinaman's face, and he looked so sick I felt sorry for him. He gathered up his stock, muttering to himself, and when Herrmann wanted to buy another half-dozen the Chinaman refused to sell.

"I'll give you one dollar for them," said Herrmann.

"The price was only ten cents, but the Chinaman was tired of giving away gold pieces."

"Me no wantee sellee," he said shrilly.

"A few minutes later he retired into a corner and with the air of a conspirator began to cut up his oranges. One after another they went, and his look of disappointment became darker and darker as the magic gold pieces failed to appear. It was actually tragic when the last one was gone, and Herrmann gave him one dollar to prevent his committing suicide."—N. Y. Sun.

HOW TO LIFT CHILDREN.

Practices in Common Use That Should Never Be Allowed.

In lifting a child both hands should be used and so placed as to clasp the body about the waist, or hips, and the body raised without any force being exerted upon the arms.

Every day upon our streets can be seen little children just able to toddle along who have to be carried across the street and over or around obstructions; and the torture that they often-times have to undergo from the thoughtlessness of those who attend them causes many a headache to a careful observer who feels for them. Usually, with a hand grasped by the mother or other person caring (?) for the child, it is hurried along faster than its little legs can carry it, a portion of its weight being lifted and causing a constant strain upon the arm; when a crossing is reached the mother takes a stronger pull, the child dangles by one arm, until the process will be varied by two persons taking the child between them and each taking a hand when the weight of the child will be divided between two arms which is only one-half as bad. But such practices should never be allowed. The arms of a child were never intended to serve as handles for the purpose of lifting or carrying. Strains, dislocations and fractures causing deformity and imperfect use of arm or shoulder or both, result from such careless use of the arms of a child, which were designed for the child's use in doing things within its strength. It would be impossible for a child weighing thirty pounds to so exert its strength as to lift that amount with one or even both hands and yet that is what it is compelled to do when the arms are made the handles whereby the child is lifted.—Hartford Courant.

OBSOLETE WORDS.

Many of Them May, at a Pinch, Help the Authors of Our Day.

I would, however, conjure my brothers and sisters of the writing fraternity, if they can cope with the proof-reader, not to fear these dreadful letters *Obs.*, with which the dictionary-makers seek to bury out of good company many noble words which Shakespeare and Spenser made mirth and spoke wisdom. What was fit for those authors to use may still, at a pinch, help us in the nineteenth century. I would indeed go further, if I might, and plead with the dictionary-makers themselves that they should in future omit those condemnatory letters from their columns. Let them still tell us what great masters have employed certain words, that we may be stimulated thereby to emulate the knowledge possessed by these writers as to the essential significance of syllables, and that we may recognize the skill with which those syllables have been in former days subordinated to the highest purposes of thought and art in literature; but let them spare us the sight of those discouraging italics, *Obs.*, just as we begin to glow with a sort of intellectual passion for a word, and would fain seize upon it for our use. The sight of those three condemnatory letters—the very abbreviation makes us think of stupid fashions in speech; it makes us doubt, and while we doubt inspiration flies away and fancy grows pale. Language then becomes a question of times, of mode, of manners, and not what it should be, a question of power and fitness, of usefulness and beauty.—Atlantic.

Making Rapid Progress.

Tucker—I saw your son in the country to-day, Parker. He had his camera with him, I believe.

Parker—Yes, he went out to take some views, I suppose. Was he making good progress?

"You bet he was; and dust, too. Somebody's red bull was after him."—Time.

—If we could use our own good advice how happy we would be.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Winter radishes should be packed in damp sand, and when used soaked in cold water for an hour or two.

—Sand burrs come from seed, and may easily be destroyed in one season by cutting them down as fast as they appear.

—Running roses must be tied up to the supports as fast as they send out shoots. They do not climb, but must be fastened in place.

—To make a corn-crib rat and mouse-proof line it throughout, overhead and all, with wire cloth having meshes so small that these rodents can not enter. This does not impede the air circulation.

—It is said that rats are so fond of sunflower seeds that they will, if plenty, flock into the wire cage kind of a trap in such quantity as to nearly fill it. But they should be fed awhile on the seed before introducing the trap.

—Frozen Cake.—Make a plain cup cake. Make a quart of frozen custard. When ready to serve, take the center out of the cake, fill the space with the frozen custard, cover the cake with the top, pack in ice for half an hour.

—Farm and Fireside.

—A delicious apple preserve may be made by making a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of apples; add a sliced lemon, put in the apples, boil until transparent and place in a jar. Boil the sirup until very thick and pour over them.

—Late cabbage requires good cultivation. A plot of cabbage that have been worked will grow faster and produce better heads than will those that have received a larger supply of manure and the cultivation neglected. The ground around cabbages should never be hard and baked.

—Beets should be safely housed before hard frosts, as they are very tender and are easily hurt by freezing. If you have many beets, about ten days before you wish to gather them take a scythe or hay knife and cut off the tops; they will heal over and may be plowed out and picked up.

—Creamed Macaroni.—One pint of macaroni broken in inch pieces, cover with boiling water, and boil till tender and most of the water is gone. Add one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and a dusting of cayenne pepper; cook until thick and creamy, about ten minutes; add one tablespoonful of butter and cook five minutes longer.

—To secure young black-cap raspberries plants the canes are bent over and tipped into the ground, with a clod resting thereon to hold each cane in position. These tips take root and the old vine is then cut off. The red raspberry reproduces itself by sending out shoots around the parent vine. They can be taken up in the fall and transplanted, or it may be done very early in the spring.

—Continued cropping with corn keeps the surface soil bare through the winter and exposed to washing by rain and melting snow. This, of course, exhausts its vegetable matter and renders it infertile from the loss of carbon is mainly, if not entirely, derived from the air through its broad leaves. Corn is less helped by mineral manures than other grains or grass. Nitrogenous fertilizers stimulate rapid growth early; but this is partly due to the warmth they give by stimulating fermentation in the soil.

HARVESTING CORN CROPS.

Why the Work Should Be Finished Before Winter Approaches.

The corn crop is a double crop, as the fodder is fully as valuable as the grain, if properly saved, and must be handled with a view of saving labor at all stages. The early corn requires planting, seeding and frequent cultivation, while the matured entails the labor of cutting the stalks, shocking, husking and hauling. When two or more of these duties can be done at one operation the cost of harvesting is lessened.

In this section the corn is cut and shocked in the fields, the work of husking being done after the winter sets in by handling the stalks in the shocks. It is not only a laborious operation, but one that exposes the farmer in winter, and the practice belongs to former generations rather than to this. Much of such labor may be saved by cutting down stalks so as to make roads through the corn for the purpose of using wagons. The corn so cut should be carried to the barn and used, grain and stalks, as an early supply. The corn should be pulled from the stalks and thrown in heaps to be loaded in the wagons. It can then be husked in the barn during rainy weather or other leisure time. The pulling off of the ears can be done so easily and quickly that a large field can be gone over in a day. After the corn is hauled off only the stalks and fodder will remain to be stacked or shocked, and all work in the field, except hauling the fodder to the barn, will be avoided in winter, while the damage that usually happens to the grain from fallen shocks, dampness, mice, birds, etc., will be avoided, which is a saving more than equivalent to the labor of securing the grain.

In this manner the grain is at once removed from the stalk, and thereby kept dry and protected from cold. It will cure better and be more palatable to stock.

It is as important to store the fodder under cover as it is the grain, but the fodder is left in the fields for convenience of husking, as it is a bulky crop in the barn and not easily handled; but if the grain is pulled before cutting down the stalks the fodder can be stored in the barn without the necessity of handling it again except to feed it to stock. Stored as soon as it is cured, and when in a bright, clean condition, it will be found more acceptable to stock and be more valuable for feeding. It can be passed through a fodder-cutter, cut the stalks shaved or crushed (if suitable cutters are used), and the work of harvesting finished before winter approaches.—Philadelphia Record.

RUMOR AND REPORT.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

About 25,000,000 letters pass yearly between the United Kingdom and North America.

There is said to be little doubt in England that Sir Edwin Arnold will be the next laureate.

The town of Milford, Conn., lately celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement.

It is suggested that the most probable means of propelling the airship of the future will be by electricity.

It is estimated that the Paris Exposition American money to be dropped in Europe.

The contract for postal-cards for four years to come calls for 2,000,000,000 cards, which will be manufactured at a cost of \$800,000 and sell for \$250,000,000.

For the first time since 1859 Georgia has made corn enough this season to supply her own wants, and she will have besides a surplus of a million bushels for sale.

W. K. Yaxman's steam-yacht Alva, the handsomest and most perfectly appointed pleasure boat in the world, cost \$600,000, and the expense of running her is said to be about \$150,000 a year.

A statue is soon to be erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago, to the explorer, by the name of Fremont. It is said to be 1859 on the site of Chicago, and was the first man to descend the Mississippi to its mouth.

Information has been received that seventy-two American heirs are about to receive the \$51,000,000 estate of a man named Fisher, who died in Germany several years ago. Twenty of the heirs live in Missouri.

A mixer worked by wave-power supplies salt water from the ocean to sprinkle the streets of Ocean Grove, N. J. The waves push backward and forward a swinging door connected with a piston, thus lifting the water.

The California papers say that the brig *Malabar*, which foundered at the harbor of Monterey in 1854, is to be raised, or at least what is left of her copper sheathing is to be brought to the surface. It is said that this is the same vessel that brought Napoleon back to France from the Isle of Elba in 1815.

The people of San Francisco expect to find themselves here long at the end of an ocean cable, the other end of which will be fastened at Hawaii. To lay the wire, which must be 2,080 miles long, will cost, as estimated, \$1,500,000, and of this sum the Hawaiian Government and people will furnish a third.

It is a curious fact that there are 200,000 people in the United States who have artificial legs or hands. This number does not include the veterans of the Union or the Confederate army. In New York City and vicinity there are about 5,000 men and women who have supplied the place of lost limbs with the manufactured article.

Twenty-one days from Japan to New York is a good record that has been recently made. It took the steamer, which contained a cargo of teas and silks, thirteen days for the trip from Yokohama to Vancouver, where a day was lost in transferring the cargo to the freight cars which brought it from Vancouver to New York in eight days. It can not be said that this record beats any other ever made, but it is a rare record.

A San Francisco paper thinks that \$12,000,000 is yearly "drained" by the Chinese from various channels from a city of 300,000 inhabitants. It figures this way: There are 40,000 Chinese in San Francisco. These persons earn at least one dollar a day each over and above their board. This is \$40,000 a day, or \$1,040,000 a month of twenty-six days, and over \$30,000,000 a year. Most of this money, it thinks, goes directly or indirectly to China, never to return.

CURRENT CONDENSATIONS.

ATHENS, Ga., has a cow that walked across the State.

GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM, of Vermont, recently earned \$225 by appearing as a witness in a local law-suit.

There is said to be a big trout farm near Emmaus station, on the East Pennsylvania railroad. There are eight ponds at the farm "whose number by actual count 24,700 brook trout and 3,500 California trout from one to four years of age."

A Minneapolis inventor has brought out an electrical motor for kitchen use, which, it is claimed, will do cooking, baking, ironing, etc., cheaper than gas or gasoline; and by removing the insulators it may be used for heating purposes.

When petroleum was first discovered in the United States it was bottled and sold for medicinal purposes under the name of rock oil. Its medicinal properties were lost sight of until they were re-introduced in a semi-solid form as vaseline.

A REMNANT of the Seneca tribe of Indians still lingers in Warren County, Pa., speaking fish, etc., for a living. The tribe all told have but thirty-four members, and has so dwindled that marriage among blood relations has become a necessity.

Some peevish, querulous people seem mere bundles of nerves. The least sound agitate their sensibilities and ruffles their tempers. No doubt they are born that way. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely relieved? Unquestionably, and with a little Stomach Bitters. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assimilation of the food with this admirable corrective, they will experience speedy and very perceptible gain in nerve force. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

THE room should be kept thoroughly ventilated and a temperature not lower than 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The room should be freely admitted without the least fear.

THE Mediterranean sea would cut United States in two from East to West and make sea navigation from Washington to San Francisco.

When petroleum was first discovered in the United States it was bottled and sold for medicinal purposes under the name of rock oil. Its medicinal properties were lost sight of until they were re-introduced in a semi-solid form as vaseline.

MRS. STEPHEN DANFORTH, of Manchester, N. H., is another victim of the habit. She learned to smoke in Virginia. She was born, and though she does not smoke now, she looks after her husband, who is old and infirm, she is rarely without a lighted pipe in her mouth. She smokes twelve pipefuls daily. Mrs. Danforth will be ninety-seven years old on her next birthday.

A MINNEAPOLIS inventor has brought out an electrical motor for kitchen use, which, it is claimed, will do cooking, baking, ironing, etc., cheaper than gas or gasoline; and by removing the insulators it may be used for heating purposes.

The contract for postal-cards for four years to come calls for 2,000,000,000 cards, which will be manufactured at a cost of \$800,000 and sell for \$250,000,000.

Three sisters (all under fifteen years of age) in Missouri, weigh together 893 pounds. Lydia, thirteen years old, is the heaviest, tipping the beam at 373 pounds. Two of the trio have six fingers on each hand and the number of toes on each foot. The parents are of ordinary size.

The statistics of the export of beef and hog products from this country are as follows: For July, 1899, the total value was \$9,750,521; for the same month last year, \$9,677,730; for the nine months ending July 31, 1899, the amount was \$28,238,500, the same period of the preceding year, \$28,693,000.

Mrs. OLE OLSEN, of Detroit, a Swedish woman, is the proud mother of a bounding boy one year old, who weighs 150 pounds. A time-taught man offered \$100 per week for the privilege of exhibiting the child, but the mother refused to listen to him.

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having, for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its merits are now being demonstrated in the fact that they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of positive guarantee that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic and strength-restoring, and alternative or blood-cleansing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM, of Vermont, recently earned \$225 by appearing as a witness in a local law-suit.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place Hotel in the West. The waters will positively cure all Kidney and Liver Diseases, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, etc.

For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. CHANDLER, G. P. & T. A., "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

RENO, Nev., possesses a young lady of twenty-two who weighs 218 pounds and stands six feet and one inch in her stocking feet.

Did you read what was said in this paper last week by the business manager of the *Health of South St. Louis*, about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria? No one can have Malaria in the system and enjoy one hour of perfect health. A few doses of the Antidote will cure you immediately. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for one dollar, by Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Penna.

It is suggested that the most probable means of propelling the airship of the future will be by electricity.

Cheap Harvest Excursions Will be run via Wabash Line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado and all parts of the West, on September 24 and October 8, 1899. Rate One Fare for Round Trip. For particulars, apply to nearest Wabash Ticket Agent.

ATHENS, Ga., has a cow that walked across the State over a trestle sixty-five feet high and 150 yards long.

"The best thing yet!" That is the way a young man put it who made arrangements to work for B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York State.

It is not above being taught by a man, take this good advice. Try *Doan's Backache Kidney Pills*. It won't cost much, and you will then know for yourself just how good it is. Be sure to get no imitation.

The town of Milford, Conn., lately celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement.

Will be found an excellent remedy for thick headach. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from patients who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

There is said to be little doubt in England that Sir Edwin Arnold will be the next laureate.

The effects produced by sulphur baths are accomplished by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

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

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

Out of Sorts

Is a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or it may be caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right, appetite is capricious, the nerves seem overworked, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon restores harmony to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CHILDREN

SUFFERING FROM Cold in Head, SNUFFLES, OR CATARRH MAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 10 cents per druggist; by mail, registered 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 16 Warren St., New York

FREE

By return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady desiring to cut and make any garment, in any style, at any measure for lady or gentleman, address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Woven Wire Fencing Wire Rope Salvage

800 to \$25 PER ROD. All sizes and widths. Agents' Bids. Information free. In this line of goods, PATENT FENCE, Information free. ESTABLISHED SEVENTEEN YEARS. Prompt sales. Write for prices. 300 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo. 37 NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT

LIVE STOCK—HIGHEST MARKET PRICES for Cattle, Hogs or Sheep, ship to C. C. DALY & Co., Live-Stock Commission Merchants, National Stock Yards, East St. Louis, Ill. EXPRIT Salemen from long experience. ESTABLISHED SEVENTEEN YEARS. Prompt sales. Write for prices. 300 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo. 37 NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 40 pages. Illustrated. Sent free on application enclosing one 20c stamp. THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 102, Phila., Pa. 37 NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

PENSIONS FOR ALL SOLDIERS. If disabled; pay, etc. Du- a. V. McCormick & Sons, Charleston, S. C., or Washington, D. C. 37 NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

\$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID. For highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT FOR AGENTS. Write for particulars. P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., 423 Market St., St. Louis, Mo. 37 NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

OPIMUM—BOOK FREE—CURE

EDUCATIONAL. YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroad situations. Write J. D. BROWN, Sec. and Gen. Agent. HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.

