THE SWITCH OF THE SWALLOW.

Regretfully is yellow on the heath,
The banks with gourdwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
To grace the wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when shadows sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And balked her as she passed.

Come, Summer visitant, attach
To my roof roof my nest of clay,
And let my ear thy music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the rosy dawn of day.

COMIN' THRO THE RYE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

of us Adairs has a fine appetite, and is not ashamed of it. Miss Lister is worrying Captain Brabazon, who is trying, with secret wrath I am certain, to eat his dinner. The other sister looks sulky; apparently her squire is better skilled in the art of repelling unwelcome advances than the other poor captain.

Ah me! I wonder why it should be that when lovers do not come to look for Chloe, Chloe should invariably go to look for them!

"Can you tell me who that gentleman sitting next to my sister is?" I ask Mr. Vasher.

"Silvestre, of Melton. Do you like his looks?"

"He seems good tempered," I say, smiling, "and he is very amusing to listen to. His ideas seem to sprawl all over the place, and he requires his companion to pick them up and put them before his eyes in a recognisable form! Is he not very lazy?"

"Very," he says; "and are not you rather sarcastic?"

"Sarcastic!" I repeat, staring. "Where could I have possibly picked up that trick! I only watch people, you know."

"And some day you will turn my character inside out, and hold it up for me to look at," says Paul.

"If you cannot hold your own against a village maid, I am sorry for you," I say, slyly. "Does it not seem droll that Miss Fleming and you and I should all have met together again here! It reminds one of the witches' meetings in 'Macbeth' does it not you?"

"Only I trust we shall not work such disasters as they did!" he says, laughing. "Do you know that I was in such a hurry to get back to Silverbridge, that I only came here intending to remain until Wednesday, but now I shall stay."

"So he loves her still," I say to myself, glancing at Silvia.

"Will you be glad or sorry?" he says, looking at me.

"I am glad you are going to stay," I say. "Very glad. I will even, if you like, play gooseberry for you. There!"

I have made another mistake. He never knew till this moment that I knew he was in love with Silvia. Having made the observation, however, I will not attempt to cut it; telling stories is so painful and hard, one had need to be so clever to fib successfully; and I never was clever, thank Heaven!

"Gooseberry!" he says, with a swift amused gleam in his eyes; "for me and whom?"

I do not answer, for the sound of voices is ceasing, Milly is drawing on her gloves; and who cares to hear his or her witty or flattering remarks out ceremoniously short by a universal uprising of petticoats!

"And whom?" says Paul's eager voice in my ear, but I turn my head away with a mischievous smile. Milly is collecting the glances of her companions now, and I leave my seat with the rest.

"You shall tell me by-and-by," says Paul, decidedly, as he holds the door open for me to pass out last of all, behind the bashaw like tails of my elders and betters.

"Do not be too sure," I say, laughing. "And now," I think to myself, for a time of penance. Women can be cozy enough together if they all know one another well, but a jumble of relations, friends and acquaintances never."

Silvia has vanished when I reach the drawing-room. No one abhors her own sex more heartily than she, and I do not feel inclined to make friends with the sisters, who are sitting on a distant couch, chattering coy earnestly, reporting progress no doubt. The matrons sit in a ring and discourse of babies and the extraordinary rascality of their servants, male and female. I am not married, and I have no servants, not even a lady's maid; so I turn my back on the drawing room and go up-stairs to the Lovelace and Luttrell nurseries, and look at the babies, happy little souls, with their perfectly blank memories, that enable them to sleep on, and on, and on, with nothing to awaken them but hunger. They look such soft, round little cherubs, with their tow-pinched flats touching their cheeks. I never can see a baby without passing a dream over it, and recalling with an amused wonder that all our great heroes and statesmen and illustrious men were even thus once, yes, and our murderers, our felons, and our outlaws.

The young mothers and the others come up, and an enormous amount of baby worship is gone through, during which I slip away, and going to my room look out at the night and promise myself a stroll by the sea on Monday. I wonder why people always eschew the sea on Sundays! On the same principle as they make themselves uncomfortable in every imaginable way, I suppose.

We all go down stairs, and, as I cross the drawing-room, I see Silvia sitting by the window. She has not spoken to me yet, but then she has had no chance. I will go and speak to her.

"Have you forgotten me?" I say, putting out my hand. "I staid with your aunt once at Flytton, you know; I am Helen Adair."

She looks at me for a moment considering, then she lays her hand in mine. "You are Helen Adair!" she says, with a kind of amazement. "I thought I had seen you somewhere before, but I did not know it was at Charteris."

And as we stand hand-in-hand, the door opens and Paul Vasher comes in, first of the advancing party of men, and looks at us with a quick and keen scrutiny. In another moment Sir George Ventris is beside her, and I am sitting on a velvet chair, professedly looking at Milly's album, in reality only wasting a little malicious pity on the Misses Lister, who, having laid themselves out in shady corners with room beside them for one, are balked by Silvia, whose lovely face detains the captains on their enforced pilgrimage to those charmers. Has she not Sir George Ventris, and is it not mean for her to prevent those flies from walking into the parlors the spiders have so carefully prepared? Mr. Paul Vasher comes and sits down beside me, taking half of the heavy book on his knee.

"Do not make fun of them," I say, laughing, "for nearly everybody here is a relation."

"Do relations love one another?" he asks. "If I wanted a real service done for me, or had got into a scrape, I would go to a friend, not a man bound to me by blood. Relations give ten-loads of good advice, and there they stop."

"I never had any," I say; "and I always have been so sorry that I had not. Why should one always be getting into scrapes?"

"It is human nature," says Mr. Vasher. "Now, does she not look a little duck?"

The "little duck" is our queen, and the photograph represents her as she was in her beautiful youth, with the contiest, prettiest, most lovable face in the world; looking upon it ones heart aches as one thinks of the long, dark, empty years that came to her after those blessed and happy early days. Her daughter-in-law looks from the opposite page with her exquisite tender smile. As Englishwomen beat all other women, does not our princess beat all empresses, queens, and princesses with her fair face? Our noble prince was in luck when he went a wooing.

"Are you loyal?" I ask, looking up at Paul Vasher; "I hope so, for I would never like you if you were not."

Some people say rude things about royalty; they think it sounds grand, but I think it is simply very bad taste."

"Shall you think I am disrespectful if I say that in my opinion kings and queens are not so good-looking as every day people?" he asks.

"No, for that is often true. Portia stance," I say, looking across at Silvia and her lover, "where would you see such a pair as that?"

He does not wince in the very least as his eyes falls upon them, and yet he is going to stay on here for her sake.

"So that is the couple for whom you are kindly going to act the part of gooseberry?" he asks, with a smile.

"I thought you said you were going to play it for me?"

"So I was," I say, turning very red, but still looking him well in the face; "it was you I meant."

"And the lady?"

"Look at that photograph," I say, quickly; "is it not pretty?"

In my hurry I have laid my finger down on a fat baby taken a la fig leaf, so precipitately shift it and indicate a couple of Luttrell lovers, who look even more foolish than they feel.

"Very," says Mr. Vasher, with emphasis. "But where is the gooseberry?"

"I wonder," I say, raising my voice a little, that Lucy talk my color down, "why plain people have their photographs taken so much oftener than handsome ones? It is such a rare thing to see a pretty face in an album! Do you think these people know how ugly they are?"

We are looking at a man whose eyes, already well rolled by nature, have evidently acquired a distinct and supererogatory roll by long practice; he looks as if a smart rap on the back of his head would send them into his lap.

"No," says Paul, "for the plainest people always think themselves the handsomest. Have you ever had yours taken?"

"Once, at Pimpernel; it was a horrid experience, and I never wish to have another like it."

"What did he do?" asks Paul. "Did he, like the little fat photographer in *Punch*, say, 'Look at *me*, miss, and do not smile?'"

"No, but he did worse; he *wished* me to smile, but he would not let me do it my own way he regulated it. When I had got up a moderate grin, he would say, 'A little more, miss!' but on trying to oblige him I showed a little of my teeth, which was strictly forbidden. Then, when I had nailed a painful smile to my countenance, and at his command made an arch grimace with my eyes, he took the cap off, and it was a horrible thing to feel my smile slipping away from me, though I held on to it with my eyelids, and to know that it was going—going—gone!"

"I am afraid the Pimpernel process is a long one," says Paul, laughing.

While he puts the book back I glance around me. The men look amiable and cheerful in the extreme, as all mankind has a way of doing after dinner; one or two of them sentimental, tears will stand in their eyes by-and-by, if a plaintive ballad is sung. It is not an ennobling reflection to think that the best of men is better after a good dinner than he was before; and that the hottest lover can be made hotter still by a choice vintage. Miss Lister is going to sing; she spreads out her green skirts, and takes off her bracelets and clears her throat. Do the birds make any preparations before bursting out in a rush of exquisite song? She sings "Only," and Jack's ridiculous verse comes into my mind as I listen

"Only a face at the window,
Only a face, nothing more;
If ever it owned any legs,
They must have walked out at the door."

Some songs move me, but this one never does. Give me "When the Sparrows build," with the yearning cry of the girl's broken heart wailing through it, and "the faded bents o'er head." Alice sits down and plays glorious "Tam O'Shanter." How the rollicking, dare-devil, spirited notes ring out! How we seem to see the hot pursuit, feel the witch fingers creeping nearer and near to the terrified gallop-horse! An hour passes away. It has been a charming evening.

"Good-night!" says Paul Vasher, standing before me; "we are banished to billiards. Are you going to begin your duties as gooseberry to-morrow morning?"

Chapter V.

He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, what his heart thinks his tongue speaks."

It is half-past eleven o'clock, and we are all in church (save Fane and Captain Oliver), confessing ourselves to be miserable sinners, although in our secret souls we think ourselves nothing of the sort. We are in a big pew that contains, besides hassocks and chairs, a carpet, a table, a cupboard, and red curtains, which latter hide us when sitting or kneeling from the open-mouthed, open-eyed gaze of the Luttrell hinds. In former and more unmannerly days the cupboard held good store of cake and wine, of which the squire, his wife and daughters, and the stranger within his gates, partook during the sermon. Rather trying for the poor parson overhead on a hot summer's day, with his parched throat, and secondly, thirdly, and fourthly, still before him.

And now we are all standing up, able to take our fill of staring at the well-washed, well greased congregation, who are singing "Hymn of the golden" with all the strength of their bucolic hearts and voices.

I wish they had a few H's among them, these good and bad people! They let them all go so recklessly, but with the universal law of compensation put them in again in the wrong place. How loud and clear presently sounds their "Incline our 'arts to keep this law"! It is no use to struggle against overwhelming numbers; we may as well let ours go with the rest, for we can never leaven the lump. I think that whoever invented the letter H did not sufficiently take into consideration the prevailing tendency of mankind to ease. Aitch! It is a word in itself and a hard one; in hot weather especially, how comfortably and easily does it disappear altogether!

The rector is very like Mr. Skipworth in appearance, voice, and manner. For an hour we sit under him and listen to his dicursive ramblings, which, so far as I can make out, are about Jeremiah in the briers, though what on earth he did there and how he got into such an uncomfortable position we are not told. Could not a clever man say all he has to say to his congregation pithily and well in twenty minutes? Is there anything that damages the cause of Christianity so much as the incapacity of these servants of God to expound the Scriptures lucidly and well? In the Houses of Parliament, and wherever enlightened men are gathered together to hear clever, wise, or improving talk, would they sit silent for an hour listening to twaddle that is an insult to their understanding? A thousand times no! They would walk out, or cry aloud, or silence the speaker quickly enough; but in the house of prayer that cannot be done, and so folks with starving souls go Sunday after Sunday seeking bread and having a stone offered to them. Surely men who stutter, men who speak indistinctly, men whose hearts may be pure and good enough, but whose words are weak; men who have no strong sympathy with their hearers, and cannot express themselves concisely and to the point—ought these men to be set up above their fellowmen, to preach the grandest, highest truths the world contains? A man should be proved to be a good and bold orator, a sound logician, and accomplished scholar, so that he may appeal irresistibly to the mind and imagination as to the souls of his congregation, before he enters holy orders; for is not an enormous power put into his hands for good or evil?

When a fine preacher arises, how people flock from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, to hear him! How his fiery, heart-searching words pierce his listeners' hearts. How he holds the mirror up to the bad, wicked soul, and cries, "Behold! to this you have fallen and are falling!" We almost see the gaping, horrid-faced fly with the writhing creatures and the worm that never dies, and the lashing fire of the curling flames; hear the cries of the Man of Sorrows calling to stay them destruction. I heard such a thing once in Pimpernel.

And now we are out again, and walking across the churchyard; and the sun flickers down replies on the silvery white wall cresses, and chaffie green shield of earth that lies heavy on the breast of those who have "fought their fight with the pale warrior," and been vanquished, as all men have been and must be. At the gate the carriages are waiting, for Luttrell Court is more than two miles away, and I find myself seated next to Mr. Vasher, and opposite Milly and Mrs. Lister.

"How well you behaved in church!" says Paul; "you never smiled once, not even when that fat lady tried to pass the fat man in the narrow pew, and they got wedged together!"

"Did I not?" I say, laughing. "I could not help thinking of a rhyme in one of the nursery-books at home—

'There was a young lady of Narrow
Who went up to church in a barrow.
She said with a smile,
As she stuck in the aisle,
They build these here churches too narrow.'

"The lady in church must have been a direct descendant of the one at Yarrow," says Paul, looking at me.

I hope he is not observing the crush-ed and forlorn appearance of my bonnet; in future I will, at all risks carry a band-box. Milly's airy erection is quite faultless. How good-tempered people ought to feel when they are perfectly well-dressed! I could be quite angelic, I think, if I were. Mrs. Lister looks as prim and unapproachable as though she were made of buckram. Her lips are pursed up very tight; she grasps her prayer-book as though it were a pistol, and altogether she is not a pleasant object to contemplate.

"There is Fane!" says Milly, suddenly, as we roll smoothly along under the shadow of the giant trees that line the park; and there, sure enough, in the distance, sneakily dodging behind a tree and looking very hot, dirty and ashamed of himself, is her missing lord and master.

Did I ever say that Fane is only a few years older than Milly, and that they are a very young couple indeed? Every Sunday morning, regularly as clockwork, does Milly make Fane dress to go to church with her, and every Sunday morning at the very last moment does he succeed in making his escape, and she has to go without him. This morning he has seduced Captain Oliver from the path of duty, and the pair have evidently been up to some unlawful amusement, for they appear exceedingly anxious to hide their persons from our view. But Milly gets out of the carriage and majestically walks across the grass to where they lie *perdu* (where could she have learned that dignified swagger? I should like to see her try it on with the governor), and we all follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDUSTRIOUS AMERICAN GIRLS.

American girls apparently have a clearer idea of the kind of education which they need in these hard times than their teachers. They are crowding into the art schools, fitting themselves for engravers, designers, etc. The decoration of china and pottery is likewise attracting their earnest attention, and when the times revive and potteries now contemplated are really established, there will be no lack of designers or decorators, and the art may be made as lucrative a business here as in France or England. Much of the finest work on the Limoges, Faience and Doulton ware is done by girls and women, thoroughly trained in the art, and many of them have grown rich in their novel calling.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Doctor Kinlay, of Cincinnati, asserts that habitual drunkenness is a disease purely physical, and may be overcome by medicine. He asserts that he is eminently successful in his own practice. This is his *modus operandi*: The patient is dosed with whiskey, calomel, and ipecacuanha in large quantities, and in frequently repeated doses. After a day or so of this treatment he, of course, becomes desperately sick, and dreads he is dying—more whiskey is exhibited. Again sick, still more whiskey and more ipecacuanha. On the third day he loathes the smell of whiskey and the thought of stimulants. Again more ipecacuanha in small doses. "At the end of the week," the doctor says, "dropsical symptoms disappear, and the patient, though weak, is healthy, with a good appetite and a clean tongue."

THE FARMERS' SONS' ACT.

Although it is generally known that an Act of the Legislature of Ontario conferred upon the sons of farmers the right of voting, some misapprehension seems to exist regarding it, and therefore it may be useful to remind those interested of the conditions which must precede the exercise of the right. The Act (40 Vic. chap. 9) provides that for the purpose of assessment,

1. Every farmer's son, residents upon the farm of his father or mother at the time of making the assessment, if of the full age of 21 years, may be entered, rated and assessed, in respect of the farm, jointly with his father, or with his mother if a widow.

2. The father and eldest son shall be assessed when the property is not of sufficient value to qualify the others.

3. If the rating be sufficiently high, the right to be assessed and to vote is granted to all the sons that have attained their majority.

4. A son entitled to be assessed may require the assessor to enter his name on the roll.

5. The assessor is subject to heavy penalties for any remissness of duty in this regard.

Some farmers suppose that by assessing their sons also the taxes and statute labor are increased. This is not the case. It makes no difference so far as the taxes or statute labor are concerned how many votes are on the farm.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Six thousand persons have been attacked with measles at Lyons.

Quebec city financial statement for the year is expected to show a deficit of $80,000.

Six desperate characters after badly beating a warder escaped from Halifax Penitentiary last Sunday.

A blue ribbon carnival will be held at Des Moines, Ia., in June, and 50,000 people are expected to attend.

A purse containing $1,250 has been presented to Mr. E. King Dodds for his exertions against the Dunkin Act.

A Consistory will be held at Rome on the 25th inst., when the Pope will proclaim the hierarchy of Scotland.

A new Russian loan of 30,000,000 roubles in Treasury bonds, issued on Wednesday last, is officially announced to have been immediately subscribed.

Eighteen illicit stills have been seized within four months in counties where the Dunkin Act has been in force. Two were seized last week in the vicinity of Napanee.

Miss Thomson, the Scotchwoman who lately shod her horse with gold, has been placed in a British asylum for the insane. She is the daughter of a former civil official in Dumfries.

A family named Edwards, residing in the township of Lobo, is said to have fallen heirs to a large amount of property situated on Canal-st., New York, which is said to be worth $62,000,000.

The Pope has charged three prelates with the duty of examining the affairs of the Church in Poland, with a view to proposing a solution of pending questions. It is said he has proposed a compromise with Germany.

"I have the Queen on my side; I have Parliament with me; I have the people of England behind me. If I were ten years younger I would remake the map of Europe." Such are the words Lord Beaconsfield is reputed to have used lately.

—Sitting Bull and his people are not on the verge of starvation as reported, but in fine condition. The winter has been very mild where he is living, buffalo and other game are plentiful and comparatively fresh, and their ponies are in fine condition. His followers have plenty of arms and ammunition, and are daily increasing in numbers. He does not want to surrender, but evinces a strong desire to go on the war path. In all the pledges he has made to the Canadian authorities he has never promised anything more than not to make war on the United States while on Canadian soil. It is believed he is preparing for another war next spring, and will be joined as soon as he crosses the border by all the roving and disaffected Indians in the North-West.

—Near Burlington, Iowa, one day last week, James Love, a well-to-do farmer, shot his wife, killing her instantly, on account of some disagreement between them. Shortly afterwards his body was found in a fence corner, with two bullet holes in his heart.

Some women at Bridgport lately sent Mr. Gladstone a halter made of Russian hemp, with a gentle intimation that "he had better use it and rejoin his master, the devil, whom he had served so loyally, as his work on earth was now completed."

—A Rome despatch says the Pope, notwithstanding violent opposition, has ordered the Italian bishops to legalize their positions, giving them liberty to demand an *exequatur* from the Government. This defines the Pope's policy. It means tacit acceptance of the loss of temporal power.

—The Great Western railway accounts for the past half year show a balance, after providing credit for the various reserve funds, for the previous half year, sufficient to write off the revenue overdraft and arrears of dividend on preference stock, to pay a dividend on ordinary shares of five-eighths per cent., and to carry forward £300,000.

—A man in Pennsylvania the other night, while intoxicated, drove upon a railway bridge sixty feet high and as many feet long. There was nothing but sleepers to walk on, but the horses stepped carefully across and reached the end just before the express came tearing along. All that troubled the driver was that the road was a little rough.

There is much activity in railroad matters in Manitoba. Canadian and English parties have purchased the first mortgage bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific railroad, and propose to construct a northern extension in Minnesota from Red River to the Manitoba frontier during the summer. They also propose to complete the Pembina branch of the Canada Pacific railway to connect with the Minnesota extension, and by the first of next November it is expected trains will be running from St. Paul to Winnipeg, and twenty miles from there north, where the branch line crosses the main line of the Canada Pacific at Selkirk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating round us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our selves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street, and 170, Piccadilly, London."—799-1y.

ELECTRICITY! THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL!

Worth ten times its weight in gold. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest medicine ever made. One dose cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured an old-standing cold. It positively cures catarrh, asthma and croup. Fifty cents' worth has cured cries in the back, and the same quantity lame back of eight years standing. The following are extracts from a few of the many letters that have been received from different parts of Canada, which, we think, should be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical: J. Cobland of Sparta, Ont., writes, "Send me a dozen Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, have sold all I had from you, and want more now, its cures are truly wonderful." Wm. McGuire, of Franklyn, writes, "I have sold all the agent left, it acts like a charm—it was slow at first, but takes splendidly now." H. Cole, of Iona, writes, "Please forward a dozen Thomas' Eclectric Oil, I am nearly out; nothing equals it. It is highly recommended by those who have used it." J. Bedford, Thamesville, writes, "Send at once a further supply of Eclectric Oil, I have only one bottle left. I never saw anything sell so well and give such general satisfaction." J. Thompson, Woodford, writes, "Send me some more Eclectric Oil. I have sold entirely all I had, nothing takes like it." Miller & Reid, Riverton, P.O., writes, "The Eclectric Oil is getting a great reputation here, and is daily called for. Send us a further supply without delay."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Ask for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. See that the signature of *S. N. Thomas* is on the wrapper, and the nam es of Norman Lyman & Lyman are blown in the bottle, and *take no other.* Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for the Dominion. 964

Note. *Eclectic* Selected and Electrized.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

For nearly a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been acknowledged by the people as a positive cure for all catarrhal affections. Its great popularity with physicians and patients, together with its constantly increasing sale, attests, in arguments stronger than words, its healing power. If there be general or nervous debility and impoverished blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be used in connection with the Catarrh Remedy. The following named parties are among the thousands who have been *cured of catarrh* by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy:

A P Pierce, Cape Geneva, Pa; D J Brown, St Joseph, Mo; E C Lewis, Rutland, Vt; L Springer, Nettie Lake, Ohio; Chas Norcrop, North Chesterfield, Me; Milton Jones, Scriba, N Y; J E Miller, Bridger Station, Wyo; J C Merriman, Lorraine port, Ind; J W Bailey, Tremont, Pa; H B Ayres, La Porte, Ind; Jessie M Sears, Ft Branch, Ind; I. Willis, Canton, Mo; W A Thayer, Ouarga, Ill; S B Nichols, Jr, Galveston, Tex; Jonas P Reinert, Stonesville, Pa; S W Lusk, McFarland, Wis; J Williams, Helmick, Ohio; Mrs M A Chaney, Trenton, Tenn; J G Iodin, Keene, N H; A J Casper, Table Rock, W Va, Louis Anders, Gayport, Ohio; H Crouse, Elkhart, Ind; Mrs Henry Haight, San Francisco, Cal; Mrs E M Galbraith, Lawrenceville, N Y; W J Graham, Adel, Iowa; A O Smith, Norway, Me; Charles Eller, Hancock, Md; Jesse M Sears, Carlisle, Ind; Dan R Miller, S Wayne ind; Mrs Minnie Arnaiss, 230 Delancy Street, N Y; H W Hall, Hastings, Minn; Wm P Marston, Lowell, Mass; I W Roberts, Maricopa, Ariz; Chas S Delaney, Harrisburg, Pa; M C Cole, Lowell, Miss; Mrs C A Spurlin, Camden, Ala; Chas F Kaw, Fredericksburg, Ohio; Mrs Amy Hunter, Farmington, Ill; Capt E J Spaulding, Camp Scharbaugh, Wyo; J W Tracy, Steamboat Rock, Iowa; Leslie Waite, Shoshan, N Y; J M Heck, Junction City, Mont; Henry Rhe, Banks, Cal; L P Cummings, Rantoul, Ill; S E Jones, Charleston Corner, N Y; Geo F Hall, Pueblo, Col; Wm G Bartrie, Sterling, Pa; H E Eben, 918 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa; J R Jackman, Greenhill, Dover, Ky; H Gabriel, Geneva, N Y; Miss Hattie Farnell, Montgomery, Ohio; L Ledbreak, Chatham, Ill; S S McCoy, Nashport, Ohio; W W Warner, Jackson, Mich, Miss Mary A Winne, Darien, Wis; John Zeigler, Carlisle Springs, Pa; Jas Longshire, St Cloud, Minn; Enoch Dixon, Jamaica Corners