Inside the Door.

Once when twilight shades were creeping
Over spire and busy street—
And the evening stars, a-peeping
From their far-off blue retreat,
Seemed to whisper words of home
To the hearts that weary roam—
We were coming to the door,
Where a little while before,
Kisses thrown by dimpled finger
From the lips where kisses linger,
Kisses thrown with childish laughter,
Following all our footsteps after,
Kisses thrown through open door,
Promised welcome evermore.

We were coming; and we listen
For the fall of merry feet,
For the voice of music sweet;
But the eyes with quick tears glisten,
Childish hands are wild with glee,
Patting all the window o'er,
Childish kisses thrown at me,
But they're all "inside the door"
Oh, the world would all be lonely,
If one little darling only,
Vanished from the open doorway,
Of this life to endless day!

Bolts too strong for little fingers,
Flew before the father's hand;
How my loving memory lingers
O'er that little household band!
Cons its treasures o'er and o'er,
Treasures just "inside the door."

So a Father's hand is keeping
All our trust and love in store;
So without we stand in weeping,
While they're just "inside the door;"
And the door's the gate of heaven,
Where our treasures all are flown
When the earthly bonds are riven
He will give us back our own.

Shop Early.

O, women, tender hearted,
Who shared the negro's throes,
Whose gentle tears are started
By dogs' and horses' woes;
Who feel a sister's pity
For women far away—
For slaves in your own city
We ask your help to-day.

Young girls and lads still growing,
Young women and young men,
The seeds of death are sowing
In many a stifling den.
In close shops daily toiling,
From early morn to eve,
And you it is who're spoiling
Their one chance of reprieve.

The hearts of masters soften,
They see the havoc wrought:
But ladies will to often
Shop later than they ought.
O, heed your sisters' crying,
Kind English maids and wives;
It isn't "goods" your buying,
But human creatures' lives.

Shop early—give the weary
A little breathing space,
To make the toil less dreary,
The shattered nerves to brace.
The white slaves' chains to brighten,
Be yours the noble task;
Their hard, dull lives to lighten—
That's all the boon we ask.

O, women, tender-hearted,
Who shared the negro's throes,
Whose gentle tears are started
By dogs' and horses' woes;
Who feel a sister's pity
For women far away—
For slaves in your own city
We plead with you to-day.

"Forget-me-not."

"Forget-me-not," I asked of thee,
Long years ago, beside the sea—
Fair Southern sea with blue waves swelling—
While to thine eyes the tears came welling;
Twas there that thou didst promise me.

Thou saidst, "All good and true I'll be;
From all the world to thee I'd flee,"
The while, thy smiling lips were spelling
"Forget-me-not."

Ah! cruel fate, thou did'st decree
For us the same old history.
False maid, 'midst palms and olives dwelling,
When secrets to the birds thou'rt telling,
When blossoms forth the orange tree,
"Forget-me-not."

HE WENT OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

A Practical Joker's Last Joke—Amusement for the Boys.

"No, gentlemen," said Capt. Skiddy, "you don't catch me taking part in any practical jokes. I went out of that business for good over ten years ago."

"How was that?"

"Well, it was in the winter of '72, may be '73, I was living in Davenport, Ia., and a man came 'round there giving balloon ascensions. One day it was advertised that the Mayor of the town was going up with him. Now, the Mayor was a big, fat man, who always wore a light suit of clothes and a white hat. This put me in the notion of working a joke off on the people. I got acquainted with the aeronaut, and he agreed to assist me in the scheme. We then got an old suit of light clothes, and fixed up a dummy, which we filled up with sand, so that it weighed about 200 lbs. and would, therefore, drop straight and heavy like a man. The day of the ascension there were fully 30,000 people on the ground and the excitement was very great, as there was a slight wind blowing at the time. After the balloon got up about a mile, and may be that as far south of the town, they dropped the dummy over."

"Big sensation then, eh?"

"Well, I should say so. Of course the crowd made a break out of the town to scrape up the remains, and I rushed home to get my fishing tackle, for it struck me that the most healthy thing I could do would be to go fishing for a day or two. Before I had left the house, however, I was arrested for murder."

"For murder?"

"Exactly. A lot of boys, accompanied by the Sheriff, rushed in and collared me. They claimed that the dummy had fallen on a farmer and driven his skull clear into the heels of his boots. He said that the balloonetic had turned State's evidence and the chances were that I'd be hanged by a mob before night."

"That was rough."

"Well, so I thought. I was just scared to death, and I begged the boys to stand by and protect me. I ponied up $50 for legal expenses and they hid me in the garret of a neighbor's house. They kept me there ten blessed days, and there wasn't a day but they struck me for a twenty or two for continuances. One night the whole gang came around full of beer—on my money, mind you—and said they had concluded, as an additional precaution, to hide me in the hollow of an oak tree about three miles out in the woods. I saw through the whole business then, and drove 'em out with a club. It was a good, square case of the biter bit, I know; but they never let up calling me 'Dummy Skiddy' after that until they actually ran me out of town, and I had to emigrate to this jumping-off place of creation," and the captain shook his head with a disgusted air and walked out.—*San Francisco Post.*

A poet asks: "Where will we find content?" He should stand by and watch a country editor eating his weekly ration pie

MINISTERIAL DOINGS.

The Movements of Gladstone, Granville, Lord Hartington and the Other Big Wigs.

A correspondent of the *St. James' Gazette* writes to that paper: "The following paragraph appeared in most of the newspapers the other day: 'Mr. Gladstone attended divine service this morning, and in the afternoon, assisted by Mr. W. H. Gladstone and Rev. Stephen Gladstone, was engaged in felling an oak, which, three feet from the ground, measured eight feet in circumference. Mr. Gladstone threw off his hat, collar, tie, coat and vest, and his braces hung by his side in true wood cutter style. A large number of spectators were present, and many of them carried away chips as mementoes of the occasion. Mr. Gladstone afterward assisted Mrs. Gladstone at a mothers' meeting, the Premier presenting each of the members with a bunch of flowers which had been made up by Mrs. Gladstone.' Now, this is very interesting; but the following extracts from various local papers prove that the doings of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues are quite as interesting and rather more dignified; and I really do not know why they should not be as generally recorded: 'At Walmer yesterday Lord Granville was unfortunately prevented attending divine service. After breakfast he read his letters and newspapers, and enjoyed the family circle till luncheon. After luncheon he put on his red coat and cord, and, mounting his favorite hunter, jumped three hurdles, measuring three feet from the ground and placed thirty yards apart. A large number of spectators were present, and Lord Granville was much applauded. The hurdles were afterward broken up, and tied up in neat little packets by Lady Granville, and presented to the spectators as a momento of the occasion. Lord Granville then resumed his ordinary dress, and assisted Lady Granville at a grandmothers' meeting.' 'At Newmarket, yesterday, Lord Hartington, after attending divine service, inspected his racing stud. After luncheon he took off his coat and vest, tied a handkerchief round his head, fastened his braces round his waist, pulled his socks over his trousers, and in true jockey fashion was hoisted into a four-pound saddle and galloped one of his 2-year-olds three furlongs. Lord Hartington was much applauded by the crowd assembled, who pulled out every hair of the filly's tail as mementoes of the occession. Lord Hartington afterward sent off official despatches to the War Office.' 'The Lord Chancellor led the choir at the early service yesterday morning, and after luncheon, having put on a white surplice, sang

From Greenland's icy mountains, etc.,

with great fervor in front of his drawing-room windows. He was enthusiastically cheered by a large assemblage, and the surplice was afterward raffled for as a memento of the occasion.' 'Sir William Harcourt attended divine service at Derby yesterday morning and read both lessons, the Gospel and Epistle. He also wished to read the communion service and to preach, but was dissuaded by the incumbent. After luncheon he put on his flannels and proceeded to the lawn-tennis ground where, having cut 28 consecutive balls under the net, he bowed to the large crowd assembled, and retired amidst great applause.' 'Owing to his having left his prayer-book in London, Mr. Chamberlain did not attend divine service at Birmingham yesterday morning. After luncheon he put on a gardener's apron and proceeded to his hot-house, where, in true workmanlike style, he illustrated to a large audience the practice of propagating orchids. His illustrations were received with great applause; and an attempt was made by some of the most impulsive of his friends to carry off some of his most valuable plants as mementoes of the occasion. This attempt, however, was frustrated by Mr. Chamberlain, who adroitly closed the door, humming at the same time his favorite melody, 'Not for Joe!' 'Yesterday being a very wet day, Mr. Dobson contented himself with walking up and down the broad path in front of his house, protected from the weather by an umbrella, macintosh and galoshes. The honorable gentleman was immensely cheered by an enthusiastic crowd.'"

Young physician—No, it is not in good taste for a young physician when writing to a patient to sign himself "Yours till death."

At the Tuilleries Garden dog show, Paris, a canine bathing costume is exhibited; also rubber shoes for pet dogs to wear in damp weather.

"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day now and then to attend your grandfather's funeral, but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."

England is now experiencing a drouth, the like of which, it is said, has not occurred for more than fifteen years.

Awards to the amount of $2,719,000 made by the Court of Alabama Claims were yesterday certified by the Secretary of State at Washington, and will now go to the Treasury for payment.

It is but natural that the baseball player who is partial to low balls should go on a bat occasionally.

The heat in Berlin is intense. The exodus is the greatest ever known. All the lines are compelled to put on numerous special trains.

"Just to think," said a vassar graduate, "here's an account of a train being thrown from the track by a misplaced switch. How utterly careless some women are about leaving their hair around." And she went on reading and eating caramels.

Prince Krapotkine, the Nihilist, will be liberated from prison this month, it is reported. He has refused numerous literary offers.

Naples will shortly undergo a complete and perfect system of drainage and municipal improvements, including an underground railroad, bathing establishment and extensive park, etc., removing the sanitary drawbacks which have hitherto interfered with the full enjoyment of a town whose antiquities, museum, natural phenomena and beauty have made her the Queen of the Mediterranean.

Talk about babies; but then, we never indulge in small talk.

THE C. P. R.

The Progress of the Road Through the Mountains.

Dr. Brett has just returned from the Rocky Mountains, where he has been superintending the work of the medical staff along the whole line of construction. Only one serious explosion has occurred, that being on the 4th of July, when two men were killed. The utmost caution is constantly exercised in transporting the dynamite and in making blasts. The material used is the safest that can be obtained. The medical staff consists of five doctors, who visit every camp daily. Two fully equipped hospitals have been erected on the work and these are furnished with a doctor, steward and nurses, from whom the patients receive every possible care and attention. No deaths have yet occurred and the general condition of the men is much better than was expected. The camps are kept clean and every precaution is taken to prevent the outbreak of disease. The climate is in itself healthful and invigorating, of which fact the robust appearance of Dr. Brett, after his six weeks' visit there, is unquestionable proof.

The railway is being pushed forward energetically, and it is expected that the first crossing of the Columbia will be made by the middle of October. A great deal of wet weather has been experienced during the summer, and has to a great extent impeded the progress of the work. Those almost daily rainfalls can no doubt be accounted for in some degree by the constant explosion of blasting material. Track-laying was commenced this season at a point about three miles beyond Laggan, and seven or eight miles have been laid up to the present time. The road bed has been completed for a considerable distance beyond this and the remaining forty-five miles to the Columbia River will be covered by rails during the next three months. After crossing the Columbia the line follows the river bank northward for about 40 miles, and this portion will be easy to build, very little rock cutting being necessary. The line then turns sharply and runs southwesterly down Moberly Creek for 65 miles, where it crosses the Columbia the second time. Then it runs through the Gold Range by the Eagle Pass, crosses Valley Lake and passes down the shores of Thompson River to Kamloops, where it will connect with the western division. The distance from Laggan to Kamloops is 270 miles. The rock cutting has been pretty heavy work, the cuts in some places being 25 feet deep. From the head of Kicking Horse Lake to the Columbia River the work is also heavy. The Tunnel Mountain tunnel is progressing rapidly. The distance to be tunnelled through the side of the mountain is about 200 feet. Work has been pushed from both ends and in the middle, and this difficult task will soon be completed. The force of men now employed numbers upwards of 5,000, and this number will be increased as the work progresses. At present the operations of the contractors are concentrated on a short distance of line that more than the present force can not be utilized to advantage. In a few weeks they will commence to spread out, and work will be afforded to a much larger number.

The scenery, Dr. Brett says, is magnificently grand, surpassing in beauty that of the eastern slope. No imagination can conceive, no pen can paint the panorama of sublime grandeur which spreads out at every turn. The towering, snow-clad mountain peaks, the rugged rocks tottering on the verge of bottomless chasms, the glistening mountain streams rushing madly down deep gorges, all these, relieved at frequent intervals by glassy lakelets and patches of greenest foliage, must be seen to be appreciated. The numerous streams which traverse the mountains in all directions abound with fish which are easily caught. The valleys and timbered districts contain an endless variety of small game, besides black bears, mountain deer, sheep and goats, which afford exciting sport to the hunter and tourist. The invigorating atmosphere, beautiful scenery, abundance of game, etc., will doubtless attract a large number of tourists and holiday seekers to the mountains during the coming autumn.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

New Light on Shakspeare's Tombstone.

The Rev. W. D. Macray has recently discovered in the Bodleian Library an old letter from William Hall, a Queen's College man, who took his B. A. degree in October, 1694, to Edward Tuwaites, of Queen's College, a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar. The interest of the letter is in the light it throws upon the verses cut upon Shakspeare's tombstone. Mr. Halliwell Phillipps has printed it for private circulation, with a short preface, in which he shows that it was probably written in December, 1694. The portion of the letter that refers to Shakspeare is as follows:

DEAR NEDDIE,—I very greedily embrace this occasion of acquainting you with something whith I found at Stralford-upon-Avon. That place I came unto on Thursday night, and the next day went to visit the ashes of the great Shakspeare which lie interred in that church. The verses which, in his lifetime, he ordered to be cut upon his tombstene, for his monument have others, are these which follow:

Reader, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong argument of the want of it in the author, did not they carry something in them which stands in need of comment. There is in this church a place which they call a bone house, a repository for all bones they dig up, which are so many that they would load a great number of waggons. The poet being willing to preserve his bones unmoved, lays a curse upon him that moves them, and having to do with clerks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant sort of people, he descends to the meanest of their capacities, and disrobes himself of that art which none of his contemporaries wore in greater perfection. Nor has the design missed of its effect, for, lest they should not only draw this curse upon themselves, but also entail it upon their posterity, they have laid him full 17 feet deep—deep enough to secure him. And so much for Stratford, within a mile of which Sir Robinson lives; but it was so late before I knew, that I had not time to make him a visit.—*St. James' Gazette.*

KING JOHN'S TREATY.

Meeting of Admiral Hewett and the King of Zion—Oriental Splendor at the Barbaric Court.

The treaty recently negotiated with King John of Abyssinia has been officially published. In this King John binds himself to abolish slavery and the slave trade within his dominions.

The special correspondent of the London *News* describes admiral Hewett's interview with King John:—"Facing the entrance and against the circular wall of the hut, on a throne covered with violet satin cloth, and supported on either side by pillows of the same rich stuff, with the cross of Solomon worked in gold thereon, sat the 'Negus Negusti' and King of Zion. On his right stood a servant with a silver-handled horse-hair fly switch, which he kept swaying to and fro to keep the flies from feeding off the butter on the royal head, for in the habit of greasing doth His Majesty indulge as well as his lowly subjects, and the fat sparkled on his crisp hair, neatly plaited in three broad pieces stretched from the forehead over the royal cranium to the nape of the neck, where the plaits narrow and are held together with a diamond-headed pin. Drawn up just over the tip of his nose, and totally covering the lower part of his face and body, was the shemma or toga similar to the one given by Alula to the Admiral, embroidered with various colored silks in a broad stripe down the centre of the cloth which is the token of nobility. The King, who was indeed all eyes and ears, scanned us each suspiciously as we approached the throne and bowed. He shook hands with Sir William Hewett and Mason Bey, this movement necessitating the partial uncovering of the body, showing the massive Order of Solomon gleaming on a gown of black silk. But only for a moment was so much royalty seen, and as the Admiral and the Egyptian representatives seated themselves on cane bottomed chairs provided for them a little distance on the left of the throne the toga was up to his mouth again, as if our presence had suddenly made him feel very ill. So far was this illusion carried that one almost expected him to rush for the door or call the steward. The Admiral soon settled down to business, and rose to present the Queen's letter, which looked a very formidable epistle as it lay in the pretty blue silk case worked by Lady Strangford.

"Now placed on a better footing the King even condescended to smile his thanks, which lightened up his otherwise gloomy face and made it quite pleasant. It is lean and wan; broad just over the brows, which are perfectly arched; deep-seated large black eyes; a nose slightly Jewish, but small, and a mouth and chin showing a weakness that belie the upper part of the face. His color is almost negro in its blackness, and was much intensified against the whiteness of the shemma. There was no attempt at state; a few domestics lolled against the walls, and on the left side of the throne stood a priest, whose seeming occupation was to keep the flies from his own nose with the aid of a piece of a cow's tail. There appeared to be no one in particular to keep the door or lift the cloth as one entered or passed out. And when we did the latter—after a cheerful good-bye from the King—we had to move it for ourselves. Out of the kingly presence an unruly mob of soldiers and servants jostled us wherever we walked. Sometimes an indignant chief would lay about him with a stiff bamboo, and cleared the way for a time, but they were like flies; their appetite for curiosity was all the more sharpened and they swarmed around in larger numbers. In the compound I noticed that a large leafy bower had been erected to cover at least 500 men. This was where the warriors, chiefs and courtiers of the King feasted. We were none of us invited during our stay to one of these entertainments, the King knowing full well that Europeans are not accustomed to the peculiar luxuries of an Abyssinian banquet. A small one I have seen, and, for myself, was heartily glad that he did not honor us with this mark of his favor. The *piece de resistance* is generally raw meat."

A Terrible Tragedy.

A terrible tragedy was happily averted the other evening by the presence of mind of the wife of one of our most respected citizens. The family consists of the husband, wife and two children. We briefly narrate the thrilling experience of this family. Mr. X. hurriedly entered the room where his wife and family were seated and from the determined expression upon his face, Mrs. X. saw at once that something was amiss. He demanded his razor, which had accidentally been removed. The horror experienced by Mrs. X. may be imagined, and in order to divert his attention inquired for what purpose he wanted to use it. Imagine her relief when he stated his intention of removing a corn or two which ached terribly, and like a true woman she was equal to the occasion, for she had already purchased a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, of which, on every hand, she had heard nothing but praise. Avoid the evils of domestic life by using Putnam's Corn Extractor.

An expert baseball player ought to have plenty to do in the summer, when good fly-catchers are in order.

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This is eminently the case with Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

Among the unostentations heroes at Toulon may be mentioned Dr. Tourettes, aged 24 years, who is on foot night and day giving relief to the scourge-stricken cholera patients.

--Any lady who desires further information than can be given in the limited public space of newspaper columns can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet "Guide to Health" by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass.

She Wanted to be Polite.

A good story is told of Dr. X., who is the physician in charge of the female wards of one of our best-known charitable institutions. One evening about 9 o'clock Mary, a new Irish servant girl, knocked at his door, saying: "Doethor, the head nurse wants you to come down to supper." The doctor, swelling in his pride of superiority above the nurses, sent the Irish girl to an unnamed place. Half an hour later the head nurse came to his room, looking serious. "Doctor," she said, "No. 8 is very bad, indeed, I think you ought to see her at once." "Why did you not let me know before?" was the reply. "Why, doctor," said the nurse, "I sent you word by Mary half an hour ago." "The fool," said the doctor, "she told me to come down to supper." "Why," said the nurse, "I sent you word to come down to eight." An inquiry made the whole thing clear. Mary thought it more polite to say, "Come down to supper" than to say "Come down to ate."—*New York Sun.*

A very interesting series of offensive and defensive military manœuvres will take place in Russia at the usual coming autumn camp exercises. The Emperor, as usual, is expected to be present, as also the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Grand Duke Michael.

A horticulturist says there are 209 varieties of cherries, 60 of apricots, 239 of peaches, 1,087 of pears and 297 of plums.

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IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

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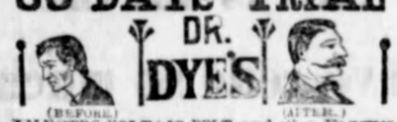

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