A Last "Good-Night."

Love, I see thee lowly kneeling,
Clasped hands and drooping head,
While the moonbeams pale are stealing
Sadly round my dying bed.
Dearest, hush thy bitter weeping;
Lay thy tearful cheek to mine,
While the stars, their death-watch keeping,
Softly through the lattice shine.
Through the trees, low winds are sighing,
And my hand, so worn and white,
On thy clustering hair is lying.
Love, my only love, good-night.

Ah! I hear thy broken sobbing,
Faint and low, thy voice hath grown;
And I feel thy fond heart throbbing,
Oh, how wildly 'gainst my own!
Dear, my spirit still delaying,
Loves to hover near thee now,
Like the moonbeams fondly straying
O'er thy pallid cheek and brow.
Yes, my soul, to share thy sorrow,
Pauses in its heavenward flight,
And will comfort thee to-morrow.
Love, my dearest love, good-night!

Now, for one sweet moment only,
Fold me closely to thy breast.
When thy life seems dark and lonely,
Oh, remember I am blest!
Though thy voice with grief be broken,
Smile once more, and call me fair.
Darling, as my last love-token,
Take this little lock of hair.
Feeling these, thy last caresses,
Tears must dim my failing sight.
Kiss once more my wandering tresses,
Then a long, a last good-night!

Shades of death are round me closing;
Tears and shadows hide thy face;
Still I fear not, thus reposing,
In thy faithful fond embrace.
Though thou lingerest broken-hearted,
All thy thoughts to me shall soar;
We shall seem but to be parted;
I'll be near thee evermore.
Brightly on my soul's awaking,
See, yon gleam of heavenly light!
Now, behold the morn is breaking.
Love, my faithful love, good-night!

Fanny Forester, in Chambers' Journal.

"To Die for the Country."

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

To die for the country! when dying comes
It is not for the flag, it is not for the land,
It is not for the glory, the battle grand—
For all the cannon and the roll of drums

The prayer is not for the flag in the fight
But ever for home, for babe and for wife;
For life and the loved ones—life, sweet life—
And that is the prayer in the battle's night!

I tell you to see the man at your side
Sink down, as you hear that sickening thud—
To look in his face, to see the blood
Slowly oozing from lips that have lost their pride!

I tell you, to see his brimming eyes swim!
I tell you, to see him clutch to the mold
And grasp at the grass, as if to hold
The earth from passing away from him

Oh, ye who have witnessed the dying in heaps,
The Northerner reaped with the Southerner
Just as the hastening reaper reaps
Blossom and corn and cockle burr.

Answer and say if ever a breath
Was heard of delight to die for the land?
Nay, only the reach of a helpless hand
To hold each back from the banks of death

Nothing at all, in that last despair,
Of the one last shot in the desperate strife;
But only a prayer, a low, last prayer
For her at the last, and life, sweet life!

Nothing at all of a sword from the sheath,
For the one last blow on the field afar,
But only a prayer then grinding of teeth,
And a curse upon those who caused the war.

For, oh! it is hard for the man to go,
So many are waiting him far away!
He can hear his kindly-eyed cattle low,
He can see his wife with her babes at play.

So he who says it is sweet to die
For country has never yet felt or seen
The shock of the tiller or the sheaves between,
And tells you a pitiful pagan's lie.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody's coming into the world,
Somebody's leaving it, somebody weeps:
Somebody's barque on life's stream is whirled
Somebody gaily glides over the deeps.
Somebody somewhere is laughing to-night,
Somebody's singing while somebody sighs—
Somebody, somewhere, is quaffing the bright
Fruit of the grape—while somebody dies.

Somebody's heart is bursting with joy,
Somebody's starving, somewhere alone,
Somebody's praying for somebody's boy—
Somebody suffers and maketh no moan.
Somebody's hand is lifted on high—
Somebody's heart is riven in twain;
Somebody somewhere, hears somebody cry—
And the river flows smoothly again.

Somebody's dirge is sung by the waves,
Somebody nevermore sorrow will know;
Somebody Dame Fortune fickleness braves—
Somebody's soul's as pure as the snow;
Somebody's heart's as black as the night.
Somebody's eyes are closed—'neath the sod;
Somebody's soul was too weak for the fight,
And soft soared upward—to God!

Popular Reading.

"So you want to be my coachman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you a married man?"

"Well, y-y-yes, sir. But then, that's all right. I can get a divorce"—*Chicago News.*

Gone is the day of the coat of mail,
When into the tournament
Crowned with his lady's shimmering veil,
The true knight boldly went.

Alack, and alack for the wooing o't!
And alack and alack for me!
For a coachman's hat and a buttoned coat
Are Love's last livery.

—*Puck.*

An eloping coachman's apology—"I was driven to do it."—*New York Journal.*

Coachmen and prize-fighters seem to be the heroes of the day. It is a great thing to be on the box.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WANTED—A position as coachman in a family of wealth. Wages not so much an object as a rich wife.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Yes, my dear daughter, I wish you would do your best to captivate the heart of our coachman."

"And elope with him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Ah, I see, you dear, good papa, you want all the papers to say I am a fascinating beauty and the reigning belle."

"Well, of course, that will help a little, but that is not the main point."

"What is the main point, papa?"

"Well, you see, the papers will all say you are the daughter of a millionaire."

"Well."

"Well, that will enlarge my credit. See? Now run out to the stable, that's a good girl."—*Chicago News.*

Mr. Froude boasts that in order to complete his biography of Carlyle he has completely secluded himself "sixteen miles from any railway," but Sydney Smith did some of his wittiest work when, as he said, he was "twelve miles from a lemon" (but of course the work was not for *Punch*)

The election agitation is increasing in Germany. Socialist riots have occurred at Brandenburg. The mob tore up the pavement and attacked the police with stones. The military was called out and several persons were wounded on both sides. Numerous arrests were made.

FOR THE LADIES.

Married Women the Busiest People in the World.

HOUSEKEEPERS OF THE FUTURE.

Floral Bouquets and Pretty Flowers for Pretty Girls.

His Little Love.

She loves me. She the dearest, best,
Most perfect of created things,
Has said she loves me and has pressed
Her lips to mine. My whole heart sings
With joy, because I am so blessed.
No more with doubts, with fears oppress'd,
My whole heart sings.

Would for her sake my own, my sweet,
That riches, fame, all precious things,
Were mine to lavish at her feet.
But, save the love that takes not wings,
And flies away on pinions fleet
No wealth have I to bring my sweet;
Naught else but love.

Dear love, the heavens are not so fair
As the light of her blue eyes;
One lock of that pure gold, her hair,
More than the wealth of worlds I prize.
Oh, strange that she for me should care,
Who has all beauty for her share!
Oh sweet! Oh, strange!

Yet that she loves me well I know,
In her pure heart no guile could dwell,
And she declared some days ago—
(My sweet, my precious, baby Bell)
In lisping accents soft and low—
"I love you, papa! love you so!
"I love you so!"

How Women Work.

Statisticians are unmarried men as a matter of course. The natural antipathy of all womankind to all figures renders that much certain. What woman ever lived who would on any terms consent to live in the same house with a man addicted to adding things up, striking averages, working out problems morning, noon and night? What pleasure could any woman get from a new bonnet, when conscious that her life partner, upon looking at it, would at once begin to compute the comparative annual expenditure on bonnets and standing armies? What woman of ordinary feminine instincts would put herself in the way of becoming a subject for the manufacture of perpetual "sums" in arithmetic? A tolerably adequate acquaintance with feminine tastes enables us to say therefore, with confidence, that statisticians are always and necessarily unmarried men; and that accounts for the fact that in reckoning up earnings and other matters pertaining to industrial and social statistics, they always class married women among "persons unemployed," to the utter and disastrous falsification of life's facts. To paraphrase Mr. Bumble's indignant exclamation, is statistics suppose the female heads of households to be without employment "statistics is a idiot and an ass. Let statistics try it once!" That is to say, let the statistician who calmly sets down married women as "unemployed" put himself in a married woman's place for a little while by way of experiment. Let him learn by experience the total depravity of inanimate things and the malevolent tendency of dirt to accumulate. Let him try to keep a house in order, to "look after" two or three children. Let him try his prentice-hand upon the management of a cook and a chambermaid, and a laundress of varying and conflicting tempers, who agree in nothing but an indisposition to do any work that can be avoided, a conviction that "Thursday out" ought to include most of the other days and all the nights in the week, and a uniform prejudice in favor of mendacity and insolence. Let him run up and down stairs fifty times in a forenoon; superintend operations in the kitchen, laundry and bed-rooms; see that dinner is served on time, the ironing got "out of the way," the windows kept properly polished, the rooms swept and dusted and "picked up." Let him keep Johnny's waists and trousers and Mary's pinafores mended and all the stockings darned. Let him have it upon his mind to keep the boys from breaking their necks, and the girls from falling into a rage and indulging in such extremely unlovely expressions as "You mean old thing," and "So there now." Let him be charged with the duty of seeing that clothes are clean, faces washed and heads combed for dinner. Let him try his hands at all this every day and then let him tear the whole establishment to pieces twice a year for a debauch of housecleaning. We have left the management of the baby—the young gentleman or lady whose sole concern it is in life to establish and maintain his or her personal supremacy in the household—wholly out of the account, because we wish to be fair and to include in our list only those things which every married woman has upon her hands. But taking the list as it stands, will any statisticians make experiment of this sort of unemployment! The plain fact is—and everybody but a confirmed figure monger can see it for himself—that the most busily employed persons in this working world of ours are those women who are at the head of households.

The Sensible Housekeepers of the Future.

I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter than she is where she waits upon the table, or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be a moment's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or in any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment, and they would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find a good woman for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doors of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions—not before.—*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

A Preacher on Bad Cooking.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath service, said Talmage in a recent sermon. Every morning you plan for the day, decide all questions of diet, supervise the sanitary regulations. To regulate the food, apparel and habits and decide all the thousand and one questions of home business is a tax appalling if it have no divine alleviation. Food and apparel affect in a very great degree the welfare of the nation. One of the greatest battles of the century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. Vast numbers of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cooking. The young lady may be perfect in music, languages, drawing and astronomy, but if she is not well educated in dough her education is imperfect. The world is strewn with the martyrs of incompetent cookery, and it cries out for a God who can help the ordinary woman in the ordinary duties of the household. It's high time that some of the attention given the conspicuous women of the Bible be directed to the Julia of the text: "An ordinary woman, in ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and bearing ordinary responsibilities."

Bridesmaids' Transparent Bonnets.

The bonnets worn by the bridesmaids at a stylish wedding which took place up the Hudson on Thursday week were quite transparent, the framework of fine wires showing distinctly through the dotted tulle, which covered without concealing it. The strings were of the same airy tissue and the aigrettes of scarlet poppies and bearded wheat were set very high in front. The dresses were of white sicilienne, brocaded with small bright flowers and a bit of foliage in silk floss. They were made with long pointed tunics, full draped on one side and held by loops of cream satin ribbon. The pointed bodices were nearly covered with lace trimmings, with a deep flounce of the same going around the flounce of the knife-pleated skirts. Cream Suede gloves, bronze kid sandals, with hose to match; baskets of maiden-hair fern mixed with white roses and carnations, immense fans of white ostrich plumage, suspended by loops of white satin ribbon, completed the details of the toilets.—*New York Post.*

Husbands Scarce in England.

"What's the reason so many English women come over here to join the Mormons?" said a Castle Garden official in response to an inquiry. "Because they don't have half a chance to get husbands in England; that's the reason. Why, one of 'em was telling me that, out of one hundred women folks in her native village between the ages of 20 and 35, there were husbands for only fifty-six of 'em. Fourteen of the other fifty-four had owned husbands once, but they had died. The remaining thirty never had any, and had no hopes of getting any. She seemed to have made a study of the question, for she told me that there were less than four million women between 20 and 40 years in all England and Wales, and of them nearly two million were unmarried. So when the English women learned about Utah, and the glorious opportunities it afforded them in a martial way, they became impressed with the place at once; and that's why they keep coming over with the Mormon missionaries."—*New York Sun.*

Flowers for Pretty Girls.

Blue Nile lilies are among the prettiest flowers now being used in Newport for draping dresses.

Maiden hair fern will be the favorite for bridal bouquets this winter. A small pot costs about $5.

Tuberoses are more plentiful than usual this year, and great stalks of them may be purchased for ten or fifteen cents.

Many of the florists have begun forcing apple blossoms, to have them ready by Christmas for the belles and brides, who will have nothing else.

White asters are among the popular flowers for corsage bouquets. The white is such a pure color, and the flowers are graceful and becoming against any color. Their cheapness also adds to their attractiveness.

Large clusters of gladioli in deep red are used extensively in decorating parlors and look artistic placed in dark china vases long and slender in shape. They are cheap at this season and keep their freshness for several days.

Roses are not plentiful at present. Most of the large New York florists send all their hothouse blooms off to Newport, where it is estimated that during the past week 500,000 roses were sold. Those selling in the streets and at the smaller florists are of a poor quality, yet fragrant.

Golden rod in huge bunches makes fashionable corsage bouquets. It is worn at the belt and held by a bit of bronze or yellow velvet. Another dainty freak is to carry a little gilded basket full of it suspended from thy left arm by a piece of yellow satin ribbon. Gipsy walking hats are trimmed with clusters of this popular fall flower and it remains fresh for several days in moderately cool weather.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Fruits of Experience.

Edith—Oh, ma! George is going to propose to me. What shall I say?

Ma—But are you not rather precipitate? How do you know he is going to propose?

"Why, last evening he asked me if I would accept an invitation from his mother to go to his house to tea."

"Merely a neighborly courtesy, nothing more."

"But he said he wanted me to come early in the afternoon."

"What for?"

"To see how his mother made biscuits."

"My daughter, if you value your future peace of mind you will keep away from that young man, and his mother, too. She is too good a cook."

That education is making a rapid stride in the south is shown by the fact that in Florida alone the number of public schools has increased from 676 eight years ago to 1,479 at the present time, while during the same time the number of pupils in attendance has increased over 80 per cent.

IT WAS THE LAST.

A Lady Seized with Convulsions at a Crystal Wedding and Dies in Half an Hour.

At the house of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. McMichael, Buffalo (who are well known here), on Tuesday evening there was feasting and merriment in honor of their crystal wedding. About fifty couples had gathered to celebrate the happy event. The party had gone out to supper and were seated about the tables when one of the guests, Mrs. G. E. Griffith, suddenly threw up her arms, and with a gasp fell back in her chair as if in a faint. She was carried to the hall in convulsions. Dr. Stearn was called in, and with Dr. McMichael did everything possible for the sufferer. Once or twice she seemed to recover consciousness temporarily, but she died at the end of half an hour, not having spoken a word after her sudden attack. Her home was at No 107 Ashland avenue. Mrs. Griffith was about 35 years of age, unusually bright and vivacious. She has been married less than five years. "Isn't it strange?" said a Mrs. McNeil last evening, "just a few days ago I called on her and told her of the entertainment. She said she would be there, if it was the last place she ever went to; and it was the last place." Mrs. Griffith, it is stated, had made preparations to celebrate her wooden wedding, which would have occurred during the coming month. Death is attributed to heart trouble, to which the deceased has long been subject.

Joy in Every Drop.

This may be truly said of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy of the age. It brings comfort to the weary sufferer when failure has attended the use of every known remedy. Nerviline is an absolute cure for all kinds of pain, internal, external or local. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle and try this great remedy, Nerviline, nerve pain cure. Don't forget the name at any drug store.

The oldest person in Connecticut is said to be Isaac Clarke, colored, who is 106 years of age. After working as a sailor and whaleman for about fifty years, he became physically disabled, and entered the New Haven almshouse, where he has outlived two generations.

No such Evidence

Can be offered for any other preparation as supports our claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best and safest corn cure remedy in the world. Dr. Cousadine, Port Dalhousie, writes: "I can testify to its efficacy, together with many others here." This is a universal opinion. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and avoid poisonous and cheap substitutes. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine.

The latest thing in swell English weddings is the employment of a page. At the marriage of Mr. Shirely with Col. McDonald's daughter in London the other day the bridegroom's nephew, Master Hugh Chafy, acted as page. He wore a costume of black velvet, with a large Irish point lace collar.

—The woman who seeks relief from pain by the free use of alcholic stimulants and narcotic drugs finds what she seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended. No cure was ever wrought by such means, and the longer they are employed the more hopeless the case becomes. Leave chloral, morphia and belladonna alone, and use Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Alberta Tyson, aged 4 years and 6 months, died in the Camden town district of London from the bite of another little girl. The right arm was bitten, and blood poisoning resulted.

J. Carrier, who failed in Montreal, 17 years ago, and paid 80 cents on the dollar, made a dying request to his wife to pay the remaining 20 per cent. if she should ever accumulate enough money. She paid the creditors Saturday.

There is still some talk of the annexation of Parkdale to Toronto.

Bleached veal is the latest iniquity in the New York market.

A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers,*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A. WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

Medical Education in England.

The methods of medical education in England are excellent, as scientific training is carried along side by side with practical work in the hospitals. The time required after a preparatory education is from four to six years. The colleges seldom grant the degrees, as with us, but this function is performed by separate Examining Boards. In order to have all the privileges of an M. D. one must pass three examinations, one for surgery, one for practical medicine and one for obstetrics. The surgeon is permitted to use the title of Mr. only, and is not allowed to practice medicine. Moreover he is considered as subordinate in position to the physician, since in the opinion of the aristocracy his methods are mechanical merely, and therefore he is thought unworthy to occupy so high a position. Foreign graduated physicians or dentists are not permitted to practice without a license, and so doing are liable to legal annoyances. The statement that the writer is practicing in a London hospital is a mistake, as American physicians are permitted to only observe, or assist the regularly appointed medical officers. Yet they are treated with the utmost kindness, and receive gratuitously all the instruction they should desire in the medical clinics.—*Cor. Springfield, (Mass.), Republican.*

An attorney at Pendleton, Oregon, Fred Page Tustan, was engaged by three horse thieves to defend them. In the examination he ascertained that they had stolen four of his horses. He will be witness against his own clients.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

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.☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

D. C. N. L. 43 84.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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