### Weaving the Web.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by the loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me.

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow," she said;
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew sweet with the breath of June,
And young love, hid by the waiting loom,
Tangled the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full!" she cried,
"And morn is so short, though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web—
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the even-tide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So one by one the hours passed on
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still and the breezes slept,
And her singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set the sun,
And laid her hands on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired and heart was weak.
"I am not so strong as I was," sighed she,
"But the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright or so fair to see!"

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing too dark to weave," she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

### Two Preachers.

The preacher stood in the pulpit,
And spoke with large discourse
Of reason and revelation,
Nature and cosmic force.

He talked of the reign of order,
Of scientific skill,
And knowledge of the old key
To find the heavenly will.

And I wondered at the doctrine,
It seemed so strange and cold,
And I thought of saints that I had known,
Weary and poor and old.

For they nothing knew of science,
Praying on bended knee,
And from ancient superstitions
Were not altogether free.

Whilst lost in the maze of wisdom,
About the false and true,
There came to my eyes a vision,
Near as the nearest pew.

T'was a vision dear and tender,
The sweet face of a child,
As weary with all the talking,
He lay asleep and smiled.

Nothing he cared for the preacher
Who spoke of law above;
But in his face was innocence
And words of truthful love.

I thought of a certain teacher—
The wise, the undefiled—
Who saw the kingom of heaven
Within the heart of a child.

'Tis good to be strong and learned
Good to be wise and bold,
But the best of everything that is,
The preacher left untold.

### AT THE ALTAR.

**Some of the Absurdities and Hardships of the Marriage Tie.**

Generally speaking, says the London *Society*, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with a careful study and perusal of the service for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest facility. The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion rails and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when a minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey;" one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "nobey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that, if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey."

### Systematic Goodness.

When you rise in the morning determine that you will make some person happy during the day, says Sidney Smith. It is easily done. A left-off garment to some one who badly needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the dejected—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. If you are young it will tell when you are old; and if you are old it will help to smooth the road down to the bottom of the hill. By the most simple arithmetical calculation look at the result. Suppose you live forty years after you commence this course of medicine, and you make one person a little happier than they would have been every day, that is 365 days in the year, which, multiplied by 40, amounts to 14,600 persons which you have made happy—at all events for a time.

Natural gas is now being used in brick-kilns near Pittsburg. A more even temperature, it is said, is secured, than when coal is used, and the bricks are baked to a uniform hardness, even those in the arches which are generally vetrified by coal burning.

The death of Field Marshal Von Bettenfield, at the age of 88, leaves the Emperor William as the oldest officer of the German army. He was one of the few surviving German veterans who earned their first laurels at Waterloo and Leipsic.

### A SENSE OF HUMOR.

**Some Writers Whose Witty Scintillations Amuse the Reader.**

What dull reading are the works of an author who cannot comprehend a joke, says the London *Standard*. There are writers like Sir Thomas Browne, whose witty fancy enlivens the driest subjects, and there are others who "hold a pen of lead" in treating of the most interesting matters. The elder historians mostly possessed a keen sense of humor; the pages of Froissart and De Comines are most amusing reading. How dryly does the latter remark upon a peculiarity in the wars of England, which recent events seem to show is unfortunately not obselete in these days. "The English are the bravest nation in the world in the field, but in matters of policy their enemies easily outwit them, and what they gain in a battle they lose at the Council. * * * Thus King Edward bubbled and outwitted." How quaint, too, is his description of the solitary Parliament Louis XI. summoned during his reign, when he called it together to please the people, but took care only to summon such persons as would not oppose his designs. What a contrast is presented by the pages of Burnet, who might also stand as the type of a man devoid of the power of appreciating the humorous side of anything. Those readers of the good bishop's ponderous "history" who possess an edition with Swift's "notes" added may, however, find much amusement in their perusal of the work. The wicked wit of the Tory dean plays around the prosy text of the Whig writer, and is as cruel as Mr. Burchell's muttered "Fudge" in destroying the effect of the solemn narration. When, for example, in his preface Burnet indulges in a long peroration about the sacred duty of an historian to tell the truth, and, in an excess of consciousness, bids his reader take even his own carefully prepared history with "a grain of allowance," Swift notes, "I will take his warning." Again, when Burnet is describing the extreme length of the service of the Scotch Church, "I remember on this fast day six sermons were preached without intermission. I was there myself, and was a little weary of so tedious a service." Swift has the cruelty to add, "Burnet at this time was 8 years old!" But still more like Mr. Burchell is the curt "Sad trash," "Dark nonsense," which Swift appends to some of the most solemn moralizings of the historian. Yet witty as was the great dean himself, his sense of the ridiculous was of a different description to the genial humor of Chaucer or Shakspeare. They laughed at the absurdities of their fellows; but their laughter was of the kindly, good-natured description, in which even its object himself might have joined. The bitter, satirical wit of Pope and Swift is of a widely different character from the genial mirth which diverts without wounding. It is the crowning quality of many of our greatest humorists that they are humorous without being malicious, that their wit is thoroughly free from ill-nature, that they acknowledge all the good in humanity while laughing at its little weaknesses. That some of their works are tinged with the coarseness of their age it is impossible to deny; it was the fashion of their era to be more outspoken than in these days; and yet, considering some of our modern literature, it is difficult to see that the older writers are worse offenders than many of our modern brethren, who have not the same genius to redeem their pages. The sense of humor is a gift which cannot be acquired; it must be innate. There still exist persons who will feebly ask to have some good joke "explained to them." These unfortunates are blind in a mental sense, and can only be resigned to their infirmity. The sense of humor is lacking in them, as the ear for music or the eye to appreciate a picture is lacking in others. To try to cultivate this missing power is as hopeless as were the efforts of the German baron (mentioned by Wahab, or one of his correspondents) to cultivate sprightliness. This wealthy Teuton, being refused by an English lady on the ground that he was "not lively enough," annoyed his neighbors in the rooms below by spending hours leaping solemnly over his table. On being asked the reason for his strange conduct he gravely replied, "*J'apprends d'eter vif*" ("I am learning to be lively.") It is a pitiable sight to behold a person actually devoid of a sense of humor groping dimly after the point of a joke. It is the old story of the Scotch judge, who, hearing a joke one day in court, "simmered" the subject in his mind till the morrow, when the point of the jest suddenly broke upon him, and he cried, "I hae ye noo." Some persons never attain to even this tardy enlightment, and will freeze a good story-teller by solemnly asking, "Was that a joke?" Equally devoid of a true sense of humor are the persons who perpetrate foolish hoaxes and utter poor jokes. Practical jokes, so fashionable some generations back, are the most idiotic of all jests. What wit is there in being a greater falsehood teller than your neighbors supposed you to be?

### Railroad Editor Badly Wanted.

A natural history book relates an anecdote of the horned toad of South America, which, "when placed on the metals, beneath an advancing train, exploded with a loud report like the firing of a gun," says the London *Globe*. That is wonderful enough; but another batrachian in Canada has achieved a greater feat. A train on the Grand Trunk Railway was thrown off the line and twelve persons injured, "owing to a broken frog." If Mrs. Leo Hunter had but known of such a case, what a grand poetic justice she would have introduced into the fate of "the expiring frog on a log," which upset a train and injured a round dozen of humanity.

Florida expects to raise three million boxes of oranges this season.

WHY THE SOUTH FELL.—The South did not fail crushed by the mere weight of the North; but it was nibbled away at all sides and ends because its executive head never gathered and wielded its great strength under the ready advantages that greatly reduced or neutralized its adversary's naked physical superiority. It is but another of the many proofs that timid direction may readily go with physical courage, and that the passive defensive policy may make a long agony, but can never win a war.—*Gen. Beauregard, in the November Century.*

### A PLEA FOR PUSS.

**Pussy's Degraded Position in the Eyes of the Law.**

Are cats property? English law says no, but an English woman, not satisfied with what lordships and worships may have to say about it, purposes to test the question. Her puss had strayed, as cats all over the world will stray, into a neighbor's yard, and returned with a piece of meat which the treacherous neighbor had given her. Before mistress or maid could take it from her, poor puss had eaten it and given up one—probably the last—of her nine lives. Whereupon the woman appealed to the law. She declared to the court that this was the second cat she had lost in the same way, and that many of her friends had lost cats, which were believed to be poisoned by the same man. The Magistrate could give her no satisfaction, but suggested that she might find a remedy in a higher court. This peremptory dismissal of the case has been criticised on the ground of the Magistrate's disregard of a law or statue which imposes a penalty on any person who lays poisoned grain or meat on any and except in enclosed places so fenced that no dog can get in; and further enacts that punishment may be inflicted on "whosoever shall unlawfully and maliciously kill, maim or wound any dog, bird, beast or other animal, not being cattle, but being either the subject of larceny at common law, or being ordinarily kept in confinement or for any domestic purpose." An official digest is quoted to show that cats are included in a list of animals "not the subject of larceny at common law," but which are also named as creatures the unlawful possession of which, or of their skins, subjects the holder to penalties. The list is as follows: Bears, foxes, monkeys, polecats, cats, ferrets, thrushes, singing birds in general, parrots and squirrels, and also badgers, hawks, herons, falcons, goats and rooks. But shall it be said that the keeping of the harmless, necessary cat, as a check on the too rapid increase of rodents, is an unlawful possession? Or that the possession of a purring tabby by some one's dear, unmarried aunt, as a companion of her solitude, is fraught with danger to the State? The dog acquires under the law a dignity which is almost personal. Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart must each have a recognized existence on the books of a town clerk, must pay a tax, and must, through the owner, be responsible for all or any damages which he or she may inflict upon man, other beasts (except cats) or property. That puss and tabby may have a market value, in spite of law, is shown by the interest taken in cat shows, the costly and handsome prizes which are awarded for physical and moral excellence, and the big prices which are paid for cats of rare breed. In '49 days a cat was worth to the miners in the California diggin's all of her weight in dust. Because in some one's household she and her litter may be only playthings for the children, must they be counted as valueless? On the same ground half the dogs kept in cities should be rated as worthless.—*Boston Transcript.*

### The American Type of Beauty.

The most perfectly fascinating creature which the Anglo-Saxon race ever produced was the typical belle of Baltimore, the representative of the whole South. In her grace, her tact and fascination one quite forgot that she would have been quite the same thing if she had been unable to read. Perhaps she never did read, not even a novel. Even when she had a little culture it ran all to "accomplishment," and its real use was only to charm the men a little more. This type of girl, still common in America, and till of late common in England, is disappearing with incredible rapidity. It is going with the long hair which was once the crowning glory of woman, and with it is going much that was once held to be essential to guard life and society from utter ruin. I have dwelt on this because it is becoming so common here that not to comment on it would be to ignore the most remarkable phenomenon of English life as it at present exists. As girls realize that it is becoming more difficult to marry with a certainty of being able to live as well as they did at home, as there is a growing unwillingness to raise large families and be left as poor widows to support them, as, in fact, all the old ideals disappear, and new ones of being able to make a living and be "independent" and "bird-free" are developed, they are becoming careless as to beauty, indifferent as to being charmers. A poor young man in England who is in no way distinguished either by family or works is indeed to be pitied. Women, old or young, speak of him as a nuisance. The only interest which he excites is a wonder why he cumbereth the ground. Now as all men cannot be rich enough to marry poor girls, let them work never so industriously, this is manifestly hard for them. So they emigrate or go to the bad, and so the dance goes on.—*Chas. G. Leland's London Letter n Chicago Trib une.*

### How to Save Money,

and we might also say, time and pain as well, in our advice to good housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

### An Amateur Oyster-Opener.

Pulaski tells a good story of an American who lives near the Arcde Triomphe. The other evening he carried home some fine East River oysters and went out into the kitchen to open them. Hearing a good deal of noise the man's mother-in-law called out to know what he was opening them with. "With an oyster-opener, you fool; did you suppose I was doing it with a toothpick?" was his reply. "No, certainly not," quietly remarked the old lady; "but judging from the language used I guessed you were trying to open them with prayer."—*Paris Morning News.*

A armer in Washoe county, Nev., claims to have the champion old horses. He has one 35 years old, another 24 and a third 21 years old. They are all in perfect health and able to do regular work.

### 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, 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

A moose that weighed 750 pounds was run down and killed by a Canadian Pacific train near Mattawa the other day. He had evidently become bewildered at the sight of the approaching engine in the morning mist, and was powerless to move from the track.

**They Speak for Themselves.**

PICTON, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's NERVILINE for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.—REV. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLON and many others.

P. A. Churchill states: There seems to be no end to the success of Nerviline. I send you a few testimonials, and can send you plenty more if of use to you. Sold everywhere.

California started in fruit canning fourteen years ago. Last year the business reached an aggregate of 14,250,000 cans, of which 10,470,000 were fruits of various kinds, including jams and jellies, and the balance vegetables, of which the bulk, 2,755,000 cans, was tomatoes.

**Complain as we May**

About our lot in life, we cannot deny that any are exempt by their position from the common lot of pain and suffering. The highest as well as the most humble must be ever on the alert to take advantage of such means as will relieve, when pain makes a relief a necessity to our comfort. In a letter from "Government House, Ottawa," asking for a supply of "Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor," we are reminded of two things—the first, that corns are universal, and secondly, that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is recognized by all classes as the most certain, painless and non poisonous remedy for corns. Beware of the article just as good, and use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

A new English church built in Moscow at an expense of £16,000 awaits consecration, because no Bishop has yet expressed a willingness to make a journey to Russia.

**Loss of Flesh and Strength,**

with poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in morning, or on first lying down at night, should be looked to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood-cleansing, anti bilious and invigorating compounds, known as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Oak pillars are better support for a building in case of fire than those of iron. The latter are liable to warp from the effect of heat.

——The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit convinces the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

"Swampoodle" and "Gandertown" are the names of Philadelphia's slums, where, northward from the city, the dregs of the city's population make their homes.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Spanish Ministry is so highly incensed at Senor Castelar's Provincial campaign in Biscay that it has actually forbidden the police to permit any public demonstrations or serenades, and people have been arrested for shouting "Long life to Castelar."

### THE PRECIOUS METAL.

**Large Output of Gold from Lorne Creek —A Rush Expected in the Spring.**

The steamer Barbara Boscowitz arrived from the north yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The news from the mines is most encouraging. Mr. B. W. Washburn, who arrived by the Boscowitz, says that himself and a party of four took from their claim $3,000 worth of gold in one month. Six or seven claims have been thoroughly worked, and all are doing well, from $3,000 to $7,000 being taken out of each claim during the past month. Mr. Washburn exhibited some nuggets to the value of $250 last evening at Frank Campbell's corner, which were coarse pure gold, showing that Lorne Creek is not as worthless as some people predicted it would be. Those claims that have not as yet been properly worked are not doing so well, but still the output is anything but discouraging. The Indians are still in a troublesome state, but the miners fear no harm from them, as they (the miners) are well armed and prepared to maintain their rights. Mr. Washburn holds the opinion that Lorne Creek abounds in mineral wealth, and that a great future is in store for the country thereabouts. A big rush to the mines is expected when the spring opens.—*Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.*

A large male hog, weighing 350 pounds, belonging to Mr. S. B. Jetton, near Dawson, Tex., escaped recently from his pen, and made a raid upon a bunch of his mules and horses running in his pasture. The hog succeeded in killing a fine mare and cutting the legs of another so that she may prove worthless, and ran his tusks into the stomach of a mule to the hollow, and it is not expected to live.

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.

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

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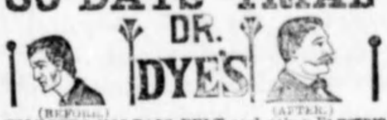

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because 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.
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