What Is the Cure For an Aching Heart?

"What is the cure for an aching heart,
For the blows of fate and fortune's will;
What can cure that fatal smart;
Tell me, shepherd on yonder hill,
Can the scent of flowers or the wandering rill,
Can thy peaceful flocks and thy rustic life
Soeth thy heart and banish strife?"

"No, sweet lady," the shepherd sighed,
"I still weep for my promised bride!"

"Tell me, statesman, grand and proud,
Standing high on the hill of fame,
Holding the heart of the listening crowd,
Is there a balm in a glorious name?"

"No, fair lady," the statesman said,
"There is no rest for my weary head."

"Tell me, proud dame, who bear your part
In the world's bright pageant, gay and grand,
Do you find rest for a restless heart,
Comes gratitude back to your generous hand?"

She laid her hand on her jewelled breast—
"He serves me ill, whom I loved best!"

Turning away from nature's smile,
Asking no more of the gay and great,
The questioner looked at her heart awhile,
Then turned the lock of a humble gate.

There lay a woman in constant pain—
"Happiness! yes; it is suffering's gain!"

The Ruined Staircase.

The ruined staircase in the grey old castle
Echoes no longer to the tramp of feet,
Silence has gathered where the lord and vassal
In pomp and pageantry were wont to meet.

The hall of banqueting is chill, forsaken,
Silent and gloomy are the halls of song,
Here nevermore shall bard or minstrel waken
The strains of music for the festal throng.

* * * * *

The sunlight vanishes' and storm and shadow
Brood o'er the castle on the moated hill,
The bells are tolling o'er the distant meadow,
The dead—the quiet dead—lie hushed and still.

The ancient staircase, in its ruined splendour
Holds its own secrets—but with bated breath,
The winds till whisper with their voices tender
Stories of triumph, sorrow, love and death.

No "Colors" in the British Army.

It may be recollected that at the battle of Maiwand, in Afghanistan, in which a certain infantry regiment was ambushed, but could have escaped were it not that the enemy devoted all his energies to the capture of the colors, the men stood by them in defence, and so were completely annihilated—wiped off the army list, as it were. Of course, the colors were lost. This decided the War Office, and the order was issued that henceforth British soldiers must fight without colors. It is not perhaps generally known that in the British service the colors "two of each regiment" were always carried by commissioned officers—generally the juniors as to service. These colors were escorted by a color guard consisting of the first color-sergeants of each company, who were also the pay sergeants. Now, in action, in case the color-bearers were shot down, there was always great emulation on the part of other officers to seize and bear them aloft, thus offering themselves a needless target for enterprising sharpshooters. This sort of thing might be repeated till the officers were placed hors du combat, when, of course, the real backbone of the regiment (the non-commissioned staff) would be expected to take command; but if the color-bearers were swept off it would be quite likely that the color-guard shared their fate, when the regiment would quickly become like a ship without either a rudder or a pilot. Reasoning thus the magnates of the War Office decied that the carrying of colors entailed a needless mortality among the most efficient members of a regiment, therefore the practice must cease, as the army could fight well enough without them. The strangest part of it all is, the rank and file now cheerfully coincide with the views of their superiors. The day preceding the battle of Tel-el-Kebir general orders commanded that in the coming advance no bugles were to be sounded, no drums beaten and no loud words of command given; whistles were to be used instead.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

New Process of Casting Glass.

Frederick Siemens, of Dresden, has succeeded in casting glass in the same way as metal is cast, and obtained an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use. It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult, the chief feature being rapid cooling. The hardness and resisting power of this cast glass are so great that experiments are just now being carried out at the Siemens glass foundry in Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.

An Undoubted Cure.

Blifkins—Oh, there's no doubt about it. The faith cure will do anything.

Mifkins—Have you tried it?

"I should say I had. Three months ago I was taking anti-fat, and it did me no good whatever; then I tried the faith cure, and my weight has gone down from 275 pounds to 200."

"Well, that is remarkable."

"Yes, indeed. I just stuck right to it, although it was a great strain for a fat man."

"Why, in what manner?"

"Well, you see I had to attend service three times a day, and the church was two miles away."—*Omaha World.*

The raisin-growers of California expect to make an average of $400 an acre this year.

Southern California will show a wine crop of 17,000 000 gallons this year, and a raisin crop of 7,000 000 boxes.

An English journal, in criticising Lord Randolph's attempt to look oracular in his new position, quotes the old saying, "A young man should be wiser than he looks; an old man should look wiser than he is."

There are some funny things out in Michigan. A few years ago they elected a statesman who bore the surname of Begole to be their Governor; and now they have another statesman who rejoices in the name of Yaple.

A large town is growing up around the shore of Lake Elsinore, California, a sheet of water which is seven miles long and three miles wide. A peculiarity of the town is that the people go from street to street almost entirely by boat. In fact the principal street of the town is circular and can be touched by boat at any point.

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

Baseball.

After the St. Louis Browns had won the world's championship against the Chicagos a crowd congregated around the dressing-room and waited for the Browns to appear in civilian clothes. Tip O'Neil, the Canadian, was the first to come out. As soon as he made his appearance in the doorway an old gentleman with grey hair and wrinkled face, and who was a regular attendant at the games during the season, threw his arms about Tip's neck and kissed him squarely on the mouth. Not only O'Neil and the old gentleman were moved to tears, but briny drops rolled down the cheeks of all those who witnessed the affecting scene, so says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

President Campbell, of the International League, said, in reference to the applications of Newark and Jersey City, and the statement of the club managers: "I do not see how these clubs can come in under existing circumstances; but it is my opinion that the Canadian clubs will not submit to the payment of the same guarantees to visiting clubs as last year. This may result in their withdrawal from the league, but otherwise I fail to see how we can disfranchise any of the clubs which now compose the league. Without the Canadians and minus others of the less thriving State clubs, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Newark and Jersey City would make a pretty strong league if Troy came in to break the long jumps between Utica and the eastern cities. However, it is not impossible for Newark and Jersey City to come in as things now are and make ten clubs."

The Turf.

At a meeting of the London, Ont., Hunt Club Thursday evening a number of new members were elected, and Col. Peters, Messrs. D. Skirving and H. Beecher appointed a committee to take steps towards securing the Queen's Plate for a race meeting at London in the spring. The committee can spare themselves any trouble, for the Plate having originally been presented to Toronto has now been definitely settled here.—*Toronto Mail.* That is all right and proper from the Toronto point of view, but in reality the Plate is not a permanent fixture in that city, and its maintenance there of late years has failed entirely to achieve the original object of its donation. It is quite possible that ere long Hamiltonians may see the Queen's Plate run for again at their doors.

The owner of Wild Rake, who is considered the best 3-year-old trotter out this year, asks $10,000 for the colt. Wild Rake is by Hambletonian Mambrino, dam Merry Girl, by John Dillard, second dam by Black Denmark. Wild Rake's sire is the sire of Dr. Ten Eyck's Kentucky yearling.

TO CURE STUMBLING HORSES.

Some good horses, says the Pittsburg *Stockman*, are addicted to stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. A well-versed veterinarian states that there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action; one, a general weakness in the muscular system, such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other, a weakness of the exterior muscles of the leg, brought about by carrying too much weight on the toe. To effect a cure, he adds, lighten the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron, it will wear longer; have it rounded off about the same as it would be when one-third worn out, in order to prevent tripping; allow one week's rest; have the legs showered for a few minutes at a time with cold water through a hose, in order to create a spray; then rub dry briskly from the chest down to the foot. Give walking exercise daily during this week for about an hour twice a day. When you commence driving again omit the slow jog, either walk or send him along at a sharp trot for a mile or two, then walk away, but do not speed for at least several weeks. By this means the habit of stumbling from either of the above causes will be pretty well overcome.

Finding Them at Home.

There was an examination of the graduating class of the University of Texas.

"If one bushel of wheat costs 40 cents, how much will 10 bushels of wheat cost?" asked a visitor.

There was an awkward pause.

"Well," said the visitor, "I'll ask you another question: "If you go into a saloon, and one whiskey toddy costs 15 cents, how much will two cost?"

"You get two for a quarter!" yelled the graduating class in chorus.—*Texas Siftings.*

Salt and Longevity.

Omaha Man (at the restaurant)—May I trouble you for the salt?

Cowboy from Wayback—You bet you kin, stranger. Don't care for salt myself.

"I should consider it a very necessary part of diet. A Berlin scientist proves conclusively that the generous use of salt is conducive to longevity.

"Wall, there's no denyin' that fellers as is too fresh don't live long out our way."—*Omaha World.*

He Didn't Want Work.

Tramp—Look here, these yere potatoes ain't peeled!"

Good woman—Well, goodness, can't you do that much?

Tramp (with injured air)—I didn't ax fur any work. When I get that low I will run for alderman.

Touching Devotion.

Estelle—And are you going to leave me so soon, Augustus?

Augustus—My love, I would willingly give ten years of my life if I could stay longer. But if I don't go I shall be fined for being late at a card party.—*The Rambler.*

A stranger in Wheeling went into a saloon and found a lot of young fellows playing at a new game. A bit of paper was fastened to the wall, each player in turn was blindfolded and turned about three times, and then tried to walk up and touch the paper. The man who touched farthest from the paper was to pay for the drinks. The stranger joined the game, and, when he had jabbed at the paper and pulled off the bandage, found that the other players had fled. He couldn't see the joke until later, when he discovered that his pocket had been picked.

GOOD MANNERS.

A Few Things One Should or Should Not Do.

The following sensible hints on etiquette are taken from *Good Housekeeping:*

A first call from a new acquaintance should be speedily returned.

Great pains should be taken by a hostess to introduce shy people.

A mistress should inform her servants what they are to say to all comers.

One card a year left at the door, or one sent in an envelope, continues the acquaintance.

In calling on the sons or daughters, every visitor should have a card for the father and mother.

Introducing should not be indiscriminately done, at home or in society, by any lady, however kind-hearted.

If one lady desires to be introduced to another, the hostess should ask if she may do so, of course, unobtrusively.

There is no necessity of calling after a tea or general reception, if one has attended the festivity or has left or sent a card on that day.

No gentleman should ever be introduced to a lady unless her permission has been asked, and she be given an opportunity to refuse.

In her own house a hostess should always extend her hand to a person brought to her by a mutual friend and introduced for the first time.

Strangers staying in town, who wish to be called upon, should send their cards by post with address attached to those whom they would like to see.

"Not at home" is a proper formula if ladies are not receiving; nor does it involve a falsehood. It merely means that the lady is not at home to company.

Cards of condolence must be returned by a mourning card sent in an envelope at such reasonable time after the death of a relative as one can determine again to take up the business of society.

A lady who is fully aware of her own respectability, who has always lived in the best society, is never afraid to bow or call first, or to introduce the people whom she may desire should know each other.

Ceremonious visiting is the machinery by which an acquaintance is kept up in a circle too large for social visiting, but every lady should try to make one or two informal calls each winter on intimate friends.

In America it is the fashion to shake hands, and most women, if desirous of being cordial, extend their hands, even on a first introduction, but it is, perhaps, more elegant to make a bow only at a first introduction.

A lady has a right to leave her card without asking for the lady of the house, if it is not her day, or if there is any reason—such as bad weather, pressure of engagements or the like—which renders time an important matter.

A disagreeable woman can always find precedents for being formal and chilling; a fine tempered woman can always find reasons enough for being agreeable.

No More Western States for Him.

"I've got enough of prospecting in Arizona," said a travel-stained man who arrived over the Burlington road, according to the Chicago *Herald.* "The Injuns scared me off a half dozen claims, and then the country got so dry that I was kept awake all night by the cracking of the earth. For about six months I did nothing but scratch a little here and dodge an Indian there, and finally things got so hot that I didn't have time to stop running. Why, I did enough travelling in two weeks to furnish retreats for Miles' army for one year. Arizona may be filled with minerals, but I don't care about digging for them for some time to come. Here, take this home to your folks. It's a rib I picked up in the Dragoon Mountains."

Musical Items.

Fond father—"Don't you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated?" Tortured guest (impressively)—"I think you ought to have something done with it."

Mr. Softpate—"How did you enjoy my singing, Miss Sharpe?" Miss Sharpe—"Very much indeed. In fact, I always like to hear you sing." Mr. Softpate—"Thanks, awfully." Miss Sharpe—"Yes, your singing reconciles me to my own lack of musical talent."

Old man (who only believes in professional music)—"I hope you amateur gentlemen take a real pleasure in performing." Chorus—"Certainly we do!" Old man—"Then, at least, there is some compensation for the torture you inflict."

Marriages in Texas.

The frequency with which young people get married secretly, and forget to inform their parents until afterward, lends color to the following:

"What's the news, Jimmy?" asked the fond father.

"Nothing that I know of. Oh, yes, pa, now that I come to think of it, I was married last week."—*Texas Siftings.*

Moving to His New House.

"Are you moved yet?" asked Phillips. "Began this morning. We carried a salt-cellar and a chair and coaxed the dog over," we ejaculated in delight. "Is that so?" said Ike, in a tone of congratulation. "I am glad to hear that you are so near through the job."—*Enora (Ill) Blade.*

Hardly What He Expected.

Snodkins (in love with a banker's daughter)—"Mr. Welloff—I want—I wish—the fact is, I want to enter your family, sir. I am honest, steady and anxious to advance myself." Banker—"There is no vacancy at present, except the chambermaid's position."

A twenty-three-pound cat is on exhibition at Boston, Mass.

Justice Mansfield, of Verona, N. Y., is the oldest justice of the peace in the United States, being 91 years old.

—Mr. Michael Davitt, the well known Home Rule advocate, will be married on Dec. 30 to Miss May Yora, of Oaklands, Cal. The young lady became acquainted with Mr Davitt on his first visit to the Pacific Coast in 1880. The forthcoming event is the result of an attachment then formed. Miss Yora was born in America, of Irish parents, and is 23 years of age She has been carefully educated by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Oaklands and is intensely patriotic.

NAMES.

With Some Examples of Anything but Appropriateness.

What funny names people give to their children, anyhow, writes Bob Burdette. Not the high sounding or fanciful or romantic names; they do well enough, although they do harmonize ill with red hair and freckles sometimes. But real good sensible names, even family names, I mean. Now, one of the boys with whom I went to school was named Newton. His ideas of heaven and mathematics were equally well founded. I shall never forget his amazement when the teacher assured him that two and two made four. He stuck out for seven a long time, and at length agreed to leave it to the class, and when we unanimously decided in favor of four, he said it was the beatin'est thing ever happened to him. The day he learned that an apple, loosed from the tree, would fall down instead of up, he sat without speaking a word all day, dumb under the overpowering burden of this revelation that fell upon him like the world renowned clap of thunder out of a clear sky. And one day, overhearing the teacher declare that the sun was more than twice as large as the earth he gathered up his books and said he couldn't stand any more of this nonsense. He never came back to the school. He got a place as a clerk in a coal yard, where his immovable faith in the doctrine that two and two make seven, and that the attraction of gravitation makes things fall up, so that the lighter anything weighs the heavier it is, paved his way to a partnership and great wealth. He kept on knowing less and less every day, until now he is a most eminently respectable citizen, who thinks politics is vulgar and debasing, never votes and is a member of the board of education. Then there was young Solomon Wiseman. He stood at the foot of the same class five years; that was the lowest class in school. He never got out of it. Said the teacher, "Can fish live on land, Wiseman?" And Solomon thought a minute and said, "Yes'm." Then she said no, and explained why they couldn't, and then asked, "Could they live in the air?" and he said, cheerfully, "Yes'm." But she said no, and explained why, and then asked, "But they could live in the water, couldn't they?" And young Wiseman said, very confidently, "Nome." She said they could and this discouraged him. He never came so near answering a question correctly again. He stayed in school five years, during which time he drove two teachers to suicide. He is a rich man now and a member of the local board of Civil Service Reform. When he left school he got a place down at the gas works, and his unfailing capacity for making everything mean exactly what it didn't say led to the invention of the gas meter, and so he sped on to fortune. Why, do you know? I could give a dozen instances of these human misnomers. There was Jerry Blackhart, not Jeremiah, but Jeroboam. He was a half-breed Indian, son of old Colonel Blackhart, a miserable old thief of an Indian trader, who called this boy Jeroboam to spite the chaplain of the post. That boy just loved his worthless old father, and he wouldn't have his name changed for anything, though everybody shortened it to Jerry. But he was the whitest boy in that school. He never used a word or an expression that he couldn't have used in Sunday school. He was the soul of honor, and was religious clear through. He got up a noon prayer meeting in school and it led to a revival, and he is a missionary to-day working among his brethren in the far West.

And there was Nick Doolittle; he was the busiest boy in school. He read by firelight until he was bald at 17, studied himself into brain fever at 18; then he became a civil engineer; laid out railroads faster than the Gould family could gobble them up, and every time he gets unusually busy he discharges two or three clerks because, he says, they get in his way and retard his work. Fact is, you can't tell much about a boy by his name, except in the old time Sunday school books, where the good boys are always named John and Charles, and the bad ones are called Bob and Bill.

What to Teach Our Daughters.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the further she will get away from the poorhouse."

Teach her that a good, steady, churchgoing mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

Charles P Thomas, an Oakland boy, 15 years old, recently traded chewing gum with a companion who had diphtheria. Charles contracted the disease and died, and from him his father, his brother and two younger children have contracted it, and the wife and mother is the only one of the family not afflicted with it.

A KING'S CRUEL DEATH.

The Story Partly Told by the Agonized Features of an Egyptian Mummy.

A new light has been cast upon one of the obscurest passages of ancient Egyptian history by the unbandaging of the mummy of King Sekenenra Ta-aken, on the 9th of last June, at the Boulak Museum. As we have seen, Sekenenra, the Theban hero of the legendary romance contained in the 1st Sallier Papyrus, placed himself at the head of the national rising against the Hykeos tyranny, and began that famous war of independence which ended some generations later in the total rout and expulsion of the foreign invaders. Till the other day we knew not that the popular leader fell on the field of battle. This, however, is evident from the condition of the mummy, which has no less than four wounds on the head and face, i. e., a wide gash down the left cheek, which laid it open and clove the jaw; a circular hole in the right temple, probably from a lance or dagger point; a slanting cut over the left eye; and a terrible skull wound, evidently inflicted with a hatchet. Of these, Professor Maspero remarks in his report that "Ta-aken first struck upon the jaw, fell stunned, whereupon his enemies precipitated themselves upon him, and despatched him where he lay." He also observes that "the Egyptians must have been victorious in the combat which took place over the body of their chief, since they succeeded in rescuing it and bearing it off the field." The battle, we may assume, took place somewhere in Lower Egypt; but the King's corpse, hastily embalmed the day after the battle, was conveyed to Thebes, and there received the rites of sepulture. The face of the mummy wears an expression of intense agony. The features are contorted, the mouth is drawn into a circle, the tongue projects, and is bitten partly through by the teeth. As it was in death, so it is now; and the embalmers, when they prepared it, made no effort to restore the stiffened features to a less painful expression, or to release the bitten tongue from the grip of the teeth.—*Amelia B. Edwards in Harper's.*

The Battle of Chrysler's Farm.

To-day (11th of November) is the anniversary of the battle of Chrysler's farm, in which General Wilkinson, of the United States army, with 17,000 men from Sackett's Harbor, attacked a force of British under the command of Colonel Morrison, near Prescott. The U. S. forces were defeated with considerable loss and retreated to St. Regis, across the river, whence in the month of February following they retreated to Utica, frozen out. The battle of Chippawa was fought on the 5th of July following, and Lundy's Lane on the 25th.

Nails in Papa's Face.

Little Richard (he calls himself "Ickard") is a cute 3-year-older, running about in dresses and trying to do all things that larger folks do. He would run the lawn mower, if he was only allowed to. The other day his father had about a three days' growth of beard on his face and the little fellow "snugged up" with the usual effect. "Papa," said he, as he rubbed his own little face, "Ickard finks oo got nails in oo face."

He Never Dies.

"I would like to get my life insured in your company," said an aged man to the President of a life insurance company.

"My dear sir, we can't accommodate you. You have only a short time to live."

"That's where you are off. I'm the oldest inhabitant—never knew him to die, did you?" replied the jolly old customer.

Home Testimony.

Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and give proof of the great value of Polson's NERVILINE as a pain remedy. Try it.

ATHOL, Feb. 20—We hereby certify that we have used Nerviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for head ache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy.—LUKE COLE, ELISHA COLE, J. P.

—The Brandon (Man.) *Sun* gives particulars of the establishment in that town of a wholesale grocery by Messrs. Smith & Burton, two of the most popular road men in the Dominion. The *Sun* is enthusiastic over the enterprise and claims that Brandon should become a great wholesale centre.

An unusually large banana crop is reported from all parts of Mexico.

A Guilty Sacrifice

should never be made, but ambition and enterprise deserve reward. Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All particulars free. Both sexes. All ages. Capital not needed; you are started free. All is new. Those who start at once cannot help rapidly making snug little fortunes.

—Gratifying reports have been received at Ottawa of the success of the Canadian display of fresh fruit at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, the beauty and variety of our products having completely astonished British horticulturists.

A young horse cut great gashes in his neck while entangled in a barbed-wire fence at Randolph, Va. A veterinary surgeon has put a piece of ordinary garden hose in the colt's throat for him to breathe through, and he is getting along first rate

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND