Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
  Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
  To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
  Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still
  For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault
  The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
  Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips
  To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
  For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
  Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys,
  Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
  Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
  And fill young heart's with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled
  Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
  Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

A Bitter Reflection.

Oh why so sad, my lady fair?
  What pales thy cheek and dims thy eyes?
Thy drooping face is mark'd with care,
  Thy heaving breast betrays a sigh.
What lacks thy lot to make it sweet?
  What joy is there that is not thine?
What makes that heart in sorrow beat
  And give of happiness no sign?

Ah, woe is me! I loved a youth,
  Handsome in face, and brave and strong,
The paths of honor and of truth
  Were his, for he could do no wrong.
Two years ago he sailed away
  To seek his fortune o'er the seas,
And I've been yearning every day
  That he'd return his love to please.

But ah! I've waited long in vain
  For my old sweetheart to return;
No message came across the main
  From him for whom my soul did yearn
Until to-day, when I am told
  His ship is due to come in port;
He comes back worth a pile of gold,
  At least, so says the last report.

Then why repine, sweet maid? You should
  Be overjoyed to hear the news;
You soon will wed a husband good,
  How can you, then, this grief excuse?
The lady answer'd, "Would you know
  Why tear drops from my eyes now fall?
To tell the true cause of my woe,
  I-married-some-one-else-last-fall.

MUST WED OR LOSE A FORTUNE.

His Uncle Leaves Him $280,000 on Condition that He Marry.

James L. Babcock, formerly of Chicago, but now of Ann Arbor, will meet with smiling encouragement from mothers with marriageable daughters, for by the death of his uncle he inherits $280,000 in money and bonds upon condition that he marries within five years. Luther James, the deceased uncle, resided for many years at Lima, Mich., and became one of the wealthiest men in the county. He was a bachelor, and in fact, a woman-hater. His brothers and sisters married and had families, and the old bachelor grew to love and admire his nephews and nieces. He finally selected James Luther Babcock as his particular favorite, whom, as he grew to manhood, the old man helped and put in charge of a bank at Ann Arbor. The favorite nephew prospered. He fell in love with a beautiful girl and was accepted. The wedding day was fixed but the dream of happiness was doomed to fade into mist. Uncle Luther James opposed the match and James Babcock accepted the fiat and broke of the match. He is now 45 years old and still unmarried, but some will say that his uncle's will has recompensed him for the loss of his bride. The banker can now marry if he pleases, and if he declines to fill the condition the property is to be given to the sisters, nephews and nieces equally. By the will, which was probated in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, the two sisters and twenty-one nephews and nieces receive $5,000 each, the residue going to James L. Babcock on the odd condition named.—*Chicago cor. New York Sun.*

Complex Family Relations.

The way people can mix up themselves and their relations in the matter of marriage was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of a backwoods Maine family, of which a correspondent writes:

A father, son and grandson married three sisters.

That looks simple enough, doesn't it?

It hasn't dawned on you yet.

Well, see here:

1. Amos, the father, married Abigal.
2. Benjamin, the son of Amos, married Betsey.
3. Charles, son of Benjamin, married Caroline.

What then?

Amos is a brother to his son.
Amos is grandfather to his daughter.
Amos is grandfather to his sister.
Amos is father to his grandson.
Amos is his own grandfather, his own son, and brother-in-law to himself.
Benjamin is brother to his father.
Benjamin is brother to his son.
Benjamin is brother to his mother.
Benjamin is brother to his daughter.
Benjamin is the son of his sister.
Benjamin is the husband of his sister.
Charles is brother to his father.
Charles is brother to his grandfather.
Charles is brother to his mother.
Charles is brother to his grandmother.
Charles is grandnephew to his wife.
Charles is grandchild to his aunt.
Charles is married to another aunt.
Charles is the son of his aunt.
Charles is the husband of his sister.

Love's Labor Lost.

Taking pity on a very forlorn looking tramp yesterday, an uptown housekeeper promised to give him something to eat, and, thinking he might want to wash his horridly dirty face and hands before eating, she sent a servant out with a basin of water, a fresh cake of soap and a towel. A few minutes later the lady returned to see if he was in a condition to be invited into the kitchen when the tramp broke out:

"See here, mum, ef ye can't spare me nothing better to drink out of than a tin basin, an' ef you ain't got nothing better to eat than this queer-tastin' cake, why, I ain't got no use for this napkin."

The infant son of Emperor William of Germany was baptized yesterday. He was christened Oscar Karl Gustav Adolph.

THE MARK OF CAIN

Carried by a Man Who Killed His Brother.

A few days ago Terry Shelton was brought from North Carolina to Georgia upon a warrant sworn out in Fannin County.

As he boarded the car, having come several miles through the country, the idlers at the country station stared hard at the strange man and wondered who he was.

The passengers looked once and looked again, and wondered who he was.

"Who is that man?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Did you ever see the like?"

It was that way everywhere. The babies even seemed to understand that something was wrong, and they stared too.

Not once during the ride did the strange man leave his seat—never once lifted his eyes from the floor. His broad-brimmed hat was slouched down to his eyes, his hands thrust into the pockets of his blue jean trousers, and there he sat.

"Who is that man?"

"What's the matter with him?"

The strange man is Terry Shelton and the mark he carries is the mark of Cain. That was nine years ago; the murder was in 1879. Human judges have declared him an innocent man, and human justice has meted him life and health, but the mark is there.

May be, as Shelton himself says, the Judge that branded Cain has branded him, and the mark will go with him to the grave.

The story was told here yesterday to a *Constitution* man, by one familiar with the details, a North Carolinian that has known Shelton for years.

"Terry and Tom Shelton," said he yesterday, "were brothers. Their father was an educated man and a wealthy one, but he died in the war, and the boys have been brought up by their mother.

"She was a horrible woman—a tigress. The property of the old man was squandered and lost, and the boys grew up vicious and uneducated. Tom was the elder. They both married and lived on adjoining farms in Cherokee county. Their mother lived first with one and then with the other.

"The boys were hard workers and shrewd in a trade, so in spite of their dissolute habits they might be considered well-to-do farmers.

"One day in '79 Tom went over to Terry's house, and while he was there they began quarrelling. The mother of the two boys stood in the door and watched. Suddenly both sprang to their feet, Tom with a knife and Terry with a pistol, and an instant later Terry had fired. The ball went through Tom's forehead, killing him instantly.

"Terry told this to the jailer:

"'I had an empty barrel in that cylinder and thought that would be the next one to be struck. I intended to snap that at Tom to stop him, and then if he came further to kill him. I didn't intend to shoot. It was a mistake, and I am not guilty of murder.'

"On the trial, however, the old woman swore in Terry's favor, put all the blame on the dead son, and as she was the only witness Terry was acquitted.

"Three weeks later she came back to town and wanted Terry arrested. She said that Terry had provoked the quarrel and that the murder was cold-blooded.

"It was too late for that.

"Terry Shelton went to Alabama, then came to Georgia, and went back to North Carolina to escape punishment for crimes committed here.

"I saw him when he first came back to North Carolina. When he had left his head was covered with a magnificent growth of curly brown hair. He was very proud of it, and even in jail used to keep it well combed. He had a thick, heavy beard and long moustache.

"When he came back there was not a hair on his body. His hair, beard and moustache were gone. There was no sign of eyelash or eyebrow, and his body was as free from hair as the palm of your hand.

"The effect was startling. It would frighten you to look at him. The skin was natural and healthy in color and condition, but absolutely bare.

"I could hardly recognize him even after he had spoken to me.

"'Where is your hair?' I asked him.

"'I am marked,' he said quietly.

"'How do you mean?'

"'By the Almighty, just as Cain was marked.'

"'Was it all taken out at once?'

"'No, it was pulled out, one hair at a time. It took eighteen months to get it all out.'

"'One hair out at a time,' I repeated after him.

"'Yes, my brother's ghost did it. Whenever I sat down he sat down behind me and began pulling them out. When I went to bed I could feel him plucking them out, one at a time. It lasted that way for eighteen months, and it nearly killed me. No way to stop it. I was absolutely powerless.'

"'Did you do anything for it?'

"'All that could be done. The doctors say there was no blood disease, no skin disease. They tried everything they could think of to save my hair and to restore what was lost, but they did no good.'

"'Do you still do anything for it yet?'

"'No, it is God's own mark and God only can take it away. Everywhere I go now people point me out. Those that know me tell their children that I killed my brother, and their children will tell their children's children. Those that don't know me stare and wonder. Somehow or other it makes people distrust me. It will be so, I suppose, until I die. It is Cain's mark.'"

"It didn't reform him then?"

"No. He tries to reform sometimes, but it does no good. He wanders around and is always in trouble. The people in our country believe as firmly as Shelton does that the mark is a curse that will go with him through life. The man is Cain and that is Cain's mark."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Different Experiences.

Handsome Man—Saved another lady from fracturing her skull. She fainted on the hotel steps, and would have fallen on the stone pavement if I had not caught her. It is remarkable how much ill health there is among the women of the present day. They are always fainting.

Homely Man—I never noticed it.

FRIENDS WHO HAD NOT MET.

Romantic Incident of the Great Michigan Prairie Fire.

One day this week a pleasant-faced young lady arrived at the Clinton House, Kingston, and said she was from Grand Rapids, Mich., and that she desired to be conveyed to the residence of Mrs. Augustus Elmendorf. The proprietor told her that Mrs. Elmendorf lived on the Hurley road, and if she would wait until after dinner he would take her to her destination himself. While in conversation before dinner the young woman said Mrs. Elmendorf was a dear friend of hers and had been since both were little girls, but had never met.

This statement caused astonishment among the young woman's auditors. Questions elicited from her the following romantic story: "In the fall of 1871 a disastrous fire swept over the portion of Michigan where I lived. In a few hours my father's house and many others for miles around were destroyed and we were left destitute. This was at the time of the Chicago fire; and besides doing so much for the sufferers in that city kind eastern people did not forget the sufferers by prairie fires. Ulster county people were generous, sending many boxes of food and clothing. In the town of Olive, at that time, lived Bertha, the little daughter of Ephraim Bishop. She had been told of the sufferings of the little children in the west, and among her offerings was a dress for a little girl. When she had finished the dress she wrote a note telling who had made it and asked that the little girl who received it write to her and let her know 'all about it.' In due time a letter was sent to little Bertha. It gave a history of the fire and its ravages, and how delighted the writer was when a letter was found in the dress pocket telling who had sent the garment.

"For seventeen years the correspondence thus begun was continued. The two little girls passed into womanhood, and owing to circumstances neither could control they never met. Photographs were exchanged, and woman's love sprang up between them. Bertha Bishop some years ago married Augustus Elmendorf, a farmer, whom you tell me you will soon take me in to see. I am the Michigan girl who received the dress. No, I am not married. This summer good fortune has given me the opportunity to visit the east, and I have come to Ulster County to see the friend who is so dear to me."

After this story had been told in a way that went direct to the hearts of her auditors, the young lady seemed no longer a stranger in Kingston. During the afternoon she was taken to the home of Mrs. Elmendorf, where she was given a joyfu welcome.—*Kingston Freeman.*

Muscular Vegetarians.

"I'm not a vegetarian," a well known doctor said to-day, "but there are some interesting points in their favor. I suppose to-day that two-thirds of the exhaustive physical labor done in this country is done by vegetable eaters—that is, by European peasantry that grew up on a vegetable diet. A large part of our athletes are Irishmen and Scotchmen, and in Ireland and Scotland vegetarianism is practically universal among the poorer classes—the classes that furnish the athletes. Even China and Japan, with all their terrible poverty, even to the point of habitual starvation in their lower classes, give us giants and wrestlers; and of the two the better physical conditions prevail in Japan. We get the better athletes from Japan, which is even more given to vegetarianism than China.—*New York Graphic.*

How to Make Colors.

Brown—Made with red and black.
Bright brown—Carmine, yellow and black.
Rose—Lake and white.
Chestnut—White and brown.
Purple—Carmine and blue.
Lead color—White and black.
Pearl—Blue and lead color.
Pink—White and carmine.
Chocolate—Black and Venetian red.
French white—Purple and white.
Green—Blue and yellow.
Pea green—Green and white.
Dark green—Green and black.
Orange—Red and yellow.
Straw color—White and yellow.
Flesh Color—White, lake and vermilion.
Olive—Red, blue, black and yellow.
Buff—Yellow, white and red.
Vermilion—Carmine and yellow.
Lavender—Carmine, ultramarine and white.
Sky blue—White and ultramarine.
Umber—White, yellow, red and black.
Drab—Umber, white and Venetian red.

Consumption Often Cured Spontaneously.

No fact is more remarkable than that there is no disease which is apparently so curable as phthisis. I hardly ever open a body of a person dying from an injury or disease, but traces of the previous existence of tubercle in the lungs are found, and it is apparent that this disease has been arrested and a cure effected. Similar cases are seen in cattle, but more seldom, as the animal is slaughtered for food before the process of cure can be completed. Emaciation sets in, this alarms the farmer, and the animal is hurried to the shambles before its leanness becomes so marked as to render its carcass unmarketable.—*Dr. Henry Littlejohn, Glasgow.*

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratch ing. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Food for Thought.

One of those shoppers known as "tasters," who chew calico to see if the colors are fast, went into a prominent dry goods store on the avenue. Approaching the calico counter she inquired of the clerk;

"Have you any blue striped calico on a red ground?"

The clerk, who knew his customer, answered politely:

"Not a mouthful."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

The Aged Augusta of Germany and Her Grandchildren.

Bellevue Castle, on the outskirts of Berlin, has become the favorite resort of members of the royal family. The aged Dowager Empress takes her daily walks there. There seems little life in the tottering gait, little vitality in the wrinkled, care-worn face. Yet her vanity is still boundless, and no man has taken her portrait for over thirty years, a fact which explains the surprise of foreigners who purchase groups of the imperial family and find the hoary widow looking younger than ex-Empress Victoria. Near the Dowager Empress, on her afternoon walks, is another picture which is in bright contrast to her and often engages Her Majesty's attention—the frolics of her great-grandchildren. A part of the park has been laid out for their use, and here, true to the Hohenzollern blood, they play "soldiers in peace." The eldst, Prince Frederick William, the ruler of Germany in the days of some future Bismarck, now 6 years old, is commander-in-chief, and fully impressed with the importance of his position. A few days ago he asked his mother to have a fort built for his amusement, but he was compelled to content himself with a guard-house instead. Here he orders one of his brothers to stand watch, salute him as he passes with a little wooden gun in regular military fashion, and relieves him after duty by brother No. 2. At other times he drills them and, dressed in his miniature uniform, demands unconditional obedience on the part of the junior Princes. It is amusing to see the perfection with which the commands are executed and hear the sonorous soprano of the commander-in-chief, the high-sounding language when a stomach is too far forward or a foot out of place at "Right dress!" The youngest boy is just out of the cradle; still he toddles about in his own peculiar way, and gives promise of a future leader. The father appears among them often and takes command, degrading the eldest son to the ranks for the time being. But this he accepts with pride, desirous to show his own proficiency. He will be well drilled at 10, when all royal princes receive the rank of first lieutenant. Then his command will be genuine.—*Berlin Letter.*

Dr. Pillbags' Diagnosis.

To Dr. Pillbags, Patrick came
  With a most woful face;
Says he, "Dear Doother, phat's your name,
  Will you plaze trate my case."
The doctor looked him in the eye,
  His tongue he made him show;
Said he, "My man, you're going to die;
  You've got *tic-douloureux.*"
"My faith," says Pat, "phat's that you say?
  I've got 'tick-dollar,' oh!
Yez lyin' thafe, I always pay
  Your bill before I go.
I'll have no more to do wid yez,
  I'll doother my own case."
He took a dose of P. P. P. P.'s,
  And wears a brighter face.

Use Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets for torpid liver, constipation, and all derangements of stomach and bowels. By druggists.

How to Paint a Residence.

Parts of wood to be painted which are soiled by smoke or grease are to be washed with a solution of saltpetre in water, or with very thin lime whitewash. If soapsuds are used to wash off the smoke or grease, they should be thoroughly rinsed with clean water or the paint will not harden.

The best time to paint the outside of a house is early in the winter, or in the spring, when the air is cold and no dust is flying.

The first, second and third coats of paint, on the outsides of buildings, should be prepared by mixing the white lead with boiled linseed oil and allowing each coat to dry hard before applying the next.

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or faceache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggists a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Safe, prompt, and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

Could Not be Tickled.

I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but, of course, they always gave it up at once when they saw his solid look. I tried the plain, and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever. The deduction is simple—a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled. —*Science.*

The "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Kept His Promise.

"Be mine," he cried with voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the heartless girl refused him. Yesterday he died. Girls, beware.

That Deadly Scourge!

Tubercular consumption is simply lung-scrofula—the active and dangerous development of a taint in the blood. The grand blood-cleansing botanic principles contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery specially fit it to purify the blood, and prevent the formation of ulcers in the lungs and bronchial tubes. Liver complaint, skin disease, and sores, are also cured by it. All druggists.

Miss Katie Beach, once the fiancee of Alan Arthur, has become engaged to Mr. Thompson, a wealthy Philadelphian.

PARNELL'S KNIT JACKET.

A Man who Thinks More of his Mind than of his Mantle.

Says a writer in the Chicago *News*: It is a fact not generally known that Mr. Parnell wears every night in the House of Commons the knit jacket that was given to him in Kilmainham jail. It is a brown and rather shabby garment, knit of coarse wool, and over it he usually wears a black coat. It is said that he wears this particular garment as a part of a vow he made when in prison, and that as long as it holds together he will go on using it. No man in Parliament pays less attention to his clothes than does Mr. Parnell. Except at a dinner party or some social function of that sort, when he wears the most irreproachable evening dress, he is the worst-clothed gentleman in public life in Great Britain. This is the more noticeable, as clothes are part of the religion of the upper classes, and the average gentleman in London would sooner be seen talking to a correctly attired pickpocket than to a shabby peer. If ever you go to the House of Commons, pick out the seediest-looking man below the gangway and you will have Parnell; but you must do that before you look at his face or catch his eye, because when you do that you will be wholly unable to remember what he has on.

—It is the poor struggling attorney who is dressed in a little "brief" authority.

"THE STARRY FIRMAMENT ON HIGH,"

Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the underside?

YOU CAN DO IT

by observing the laws of health and resorting to that cheat the grave medicine

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

You are out of sorts; a splendid feeling and appetite one day, while the next day life is a burden. If you drift on in this way you are **liable to become insane.** Why?

Because poisoned blood on the nerve centres **wherein the mental faculties are located** paralyse them and the victim becomes non-responsible.

There are thousands of people to-day **in insane asylums and graves, put there by Kidney Poisoned Blood.**

Insanity, according to statistics, is increasing faster than any other disease. Is your eye-sight failing? Your memory becoming impaired? An allgone feeling on slight exertion upon you? If so, and **YOU know** whether this is so or not, do not neglect your case until reason totters and you are an imbecile, but to-day, **while you have reason,** use your good sense and judgment by purchasing **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** and **WARNER'S SAFE PILLS;** medicines warranted to do as represented, and which will **cure you.**

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The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

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MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

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