The Disappointed.

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the height of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls, with his strength exhausted,
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown,
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the pain would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—*Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.*

THE BARNARD COMET.

It May Become Visible to the Naked Eye in November.

The Albany *Express* says: "Prof. Boss, of the Dudley Observatory, has computed the orbit of the Barnard comet discovered on the 2nd inst. Further calculations will be necessary to determine its true orbit, and present results are merely approximate. As nearly as can be ascertained now, the comet is about 190,000,000 miles from the earth and 170,000,000 miles from the sun. It will probably reach its perihelion about December 10th. The comet and the earth are moving toward each other, and their approach is at the rate of 3,000,000 miles per day. Naturally it will increase greatly in brightness, but as it was extremely faint at discovery, it is yet matter of doubt whether it will become visible to the naked eye. At present it rises about 1 a. m. at a point a little north of east; but later on it will rise before sunset and be visible during the entire night. The present physical appearance of the comet indicates that it is intrinsically bright and that it will probably develop a large tail, but the display it will make as seen from the earth depends entirely upon the distance from the sun when nearest. The present calculations make this 125,000,000 miles, with a very large margin of uncertainty. Should it turn out to be as small as 110,000,000, the comet will be a brilliant object in the November skies. Prof. Boss intends to repeat his calculation near the end of September, when a great number of observations will have been accumulated, which will make it easy to determine the orbit with greater certainty."

Device for Packing Apples.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, who has had experience in gathering and packing apples, describes as follows a device and gives some practical instructions in the matter. Gather the apples as soon as they are ripe, which is as soon as you can pull them easily from the twig. Sort them while picking, leaving all small and imperfect ones on the ground. I would like to impress it upon the mind of all fruit growers that it does not pay to put small or imperfect apples in the barrels. Small apples fill the spaces between larger ones; they do not measure any, and lower the price of the product. Put all sound and perfect fruit in bushel boxes, and take them to some central point to pack in barrels. Make a table, say 6 feet long, 2½ to 3 feet wide with sides 6 to 8 inches high. Have the legs long enough so that a barrel will go under one end. The other end should be four inches higher, so the apples will have a tendency to roll toward the end where the barrel is. Empty the fruit from the boxes into this table, set the head of the barrel with smooth apples. Now, by holding one hand half way down to catch the apples, you can let them drop in from the table. The advantage of a table is that you can see any defective fruit, and, by turning them half over as they go into the barrel, you see all sides of them. Again, your hands being free, it enables you to sort them much better than from baskets, and more, it saves handling. Every time fruit is handled you lose 10 per cent. A man with a true eye and quick hands will fill barrels as fast as another can head them.

Don't Learn to Carve.

Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it. A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibilty which, while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles on the forehead. If you do not perform the work artistically you are criticised. If a tough foul gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap you are laughed at and made an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones if you send the choicest cut to Smith, and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for yourself. The waiters make you the subject of their remarks, and by putting their heads together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulder in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the fiendish leer on their faces that you are set down as a blacksmith. If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your color wilts, necktie gets awry, your appetite leaves you, and when your labors are finished you begin your dinner with the air of one who has been in a pugilistic mill and come out second best. Don't learn to carve.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

A Colossus.

A 9 years old lad named Hamel, belonging to Etchemin, just above Quebec, is attracting a good deal of local attention as a future colossus. Although only 9 years old, as already stated, he has all the appearance and size of a well grown young man of 20. He measures 44 inches around the waist, 26 inches around the thigh and 15½ around the calf of the leg.

DR. DONALD C. HOOD has collected many facts relative to the use of salicylic acid for rheumatism. Of 728 patients treated with salicylates 523 were relieved of their pain within seven days; whereas, of 612 patients treated by other methods, only 140 were relieved within the same time.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE "silent Von Moltke" isn't at all silent at home. He is, on the contrary, a charming, lively and amiable companion. He is very fond of the wife of his nephew, who presides over his household, and of her children. He loves whist and roses, and of these flowers cultivates a great variety.

A BODY of Russo-Polish Jews, who for the past eight months have been exploring Palestine in order to report on the districts most suitable for their scheme of emigration, have returned to Russia. Their report is that the soil of Palestine is unlikely to repay cultivation, and that also they would be subject to attacks from Turks and Arabs. This report, however, will not be taken as final.

GASPADIN ASHINOFF has, at his own expense, conquered twenty miles of territory on the east coast of Africa along the Indian Ocean, and has named it Moscow, and set up there an independant government, of which he is the head. He keeps an army of 1,000 men, 130 of them Russians and the rest Abyssinians, and after a hard fight has secured from the native king from whom he seized the territory a treaty recognizing him as a sovereign.

A FAMOUS French lady, the Countess Pellegrini Boy, has just died in Italy. The Countess was the daughter of Gen. Boy, who fought in the campaigns of the revolution and the empire, and she married Count Pellegrini of Parma, one of her father's aides-de-camp, in 1811. After the fall of Joachim Murat the Count and his wife returned to Parma, where the former died some years ago. The Countess, who was born in October, 1789, lived in the utmost retirement, and to the last remained a grande dame of the eighteenth century.

THE Rev. Alexander Hannay, D. D. Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and his companion, Mr. Henry Lee, of Manchester, left England six weeks ago as a deputation to the Congregational Churches of Australia and New Zealand. A letter from Dr. Hannay describes the tropics and the Southern Cross as delusions. He likens the Southern Cross to a skeleton kite; and as to the tropics, the temperature was suggestive of overcoats, and the sky was as full of clouds as the sky in the West Highlands when a storm is gathering.

THIS is from the New York *Sun*: "Too late to be of much use this year, but in time to be adopted extensively next summer, the girls have learned the beauty of the flannel-shirt idea, and many of them have put it into operation. A flannel shirt exactly like those made for the men, boy's size, worn instead of a dress body, and belted at the waist, is very charming and comfortable beyond imagining. Dealers in men's furnishing goods in fashionable shopping districts are making frequent sales to the girls of shirts made to sell to the girls' small brothers."

THE London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "I remember the poet Browning saying how helpful Carlyle was to him when he was a young man, and he has still a great admiration for the illustrious writer. The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. Browning has entrusted to Mr. Norton, for the purpose of publication, some letters that passed between Carlyle and himself more than fifty years ago. A portion of this correspondence, which is of great interest, will shortly appear in the second series of the 'Letters of Thomas Carlyle,' which cover the period from 1826 to 1835."

C. N. JORDAN estimates that he has signed his name millions and millions of times as bank president and Treasurer of the United States. When he was President of the Third National Bank he signed his name as often as 15,000 times in one day, and he used up from fifteen to thirty pens a day. His coat sleeves suffered greatly in the work, but they could be repaired, while the flesh on his wrist, which suffered the most, could not be repaired, though he rubbed it freely with vaseline and cold cream. Mr. Jordan writes with a light stroke, and he says as Secretary of the Treasury he consumed only one-third as much ink as his predecessors.

A SANITARY Congress for South America has recently been held at Lima. Articles relating to the public health were signed by the delegates from Bolivia, Chili, Equador and Peru. They declare the object of the Congress to be to establish an international system among the States of South America, and to check the development and spread of infectious diseases, especially yellow fever and cholera, as well as the plague. Intelligence offices are to be established, and a system of inter-communication by which the appearance of any infectious disease may be known at once. They also adopted detailed regulations relating to disinfection and quarantine.

M. PRILLEUX, a Frenchman, has just discovered an infallible remedy for the potato disease. This is the recipe—Put thirteen pounds of sulphate of copper and the same quantity of chalk into twenty-two gallons of water, and souse the plants with the mixture. An experiment made from the 5th to the 16th August saved the diseased plants thus treated, while 32 per cent. of those which were left to themselves went to the wall; but the disease must be taken in hand as soon as the first black spots have been perceived on the leaves. The remedy is simple enough, and so is the application, which has been favorably received by the Paris Academy of Sciences.

THE suicides of Paris sometimes do droll things in taking leave of a world that proves too much for them. The *Figaro* of August 23rd supplies an instance. A carpet dealer having by a long run of hard times been brought to that particular state of despair known to our French friends as weariness of pulling the devil by the tail, took a header into the Seine. Somehow or other the water refused to drown him. Recognizing the force of the adage which says that drowning is impossible to one born to be hanged, he returned to his lodgings and quietly hanged himself, having first written this cheerful note: "Friends and neighbors who cut me down, take a bit of my rope and maybe it will bring you good luck."

IN France last year many more women than men applied to the Court for divorce and judicial separation. The figures were as follows, For divorce, 1,848 men, 2,733 women; for judicial separation, 453 men, 2,564 women. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, in a recently published interview, declared as the last word of American free thought that women should be free to demand divorce at discretion, but that men should only be allowed to claim it on certain clearly defined breaches of the nuptial contract by the wife. The proposal is noteworthy as indicating the way in which the pendulum is swinging to-day. The law, long unduly favorable to the husband, will probably in future err if at all in being too favorable to the wife.

AN interesting meeting was held recently in Exeter Hall, London. The occasion was a farewell to Mrs. Booth-Tucker, daughter of the "General," and fifty missionary officers who were about to set sail for India. It was announced that during the last year $35,000 had been spent upon land and buildings in India and some $25,000 for the maintenance of the work. The Governor of Ceylon, it was stated, had granted the army the privilege of working among the prisoners, and had further promised an annual grant of money. The missionaries now going out go voluntarily and without guarantees, and they have promised to wear the dress of the natives and as far as proper to adopt their customs. The "General" handed his daughter her "commission," and ordered her to be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ and a loyal and obedient soldier of the army.

ACCORDING to the *British Medical Journal* half of all who live die before 17. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but one in 100 reaches 60. The married live longer than the single, but out of every 1,000 born only 190 are ever married. Of 1,000 persons who have reached 70 there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, 43; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 32; lawyers, 29; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

A CALIFORNIAN company has been organized to manufacture soap out of a material that is skimmed from a boiling spring in in that state. The substance hardens by exposure to the air, is like soft clay, and is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and lubricating oil.

WORKING FOR FATHERLAND.

The Remarkable Growth of Berlin and the People's Great Patriotism.

Under the heading of "New Berlin" many interesting particulars of the progress of the Prussian capital since 1871 have been gathered by Prof. Paloezy, who contributed them as a feuilleton to the *Neue Freie Press*. There are now, it seems, twenty-five public libraries in Berlin, with more than 100,000 volumes. Vienna's twenty-nine public squares are compared with forty-eight possessed by Berlin. Though Vienna has its Prater and Paris its Bois de Bologne, Berlin surpasses both in Grunewald, with its immense extent, its hills and vales, its woods and lakes, villas and hunting lodges. The northern limit of Berlin now lies close to the houses of Charlottenburg, the largest suburb. That city expends yearly more than 10,000,000 marks on the poor, and mendicants in the streets are unknown. The citizens take pride in serving their city without reward More than 12,000 of them are now working for the town gratis, while the number of paid officers is comparatively insignificant.

More than half of the thirty-one magistrates who carry on the direction of affairs in the "red house" have no salary, though their office is no sinecure. The unselfish devotion to the general well-being is the guaranty for the further development of the city. It is only four years ago that the Prussian Landtag voted 4,000,000 marks for the increase of the royal museums of Berlin. Several millions of marks have been recently voted for deepening the bed of the Spree and for improvements of the Upper Spree Canal, which will greatly facilitate the trade of the city. The city railways cost enormous sums. The Ministerial palaces, though simple in style, have luxurious and commodious interiors. Four monumental post-offices and the magnificent Polytechnic at the west end of the Thiergarten are the boast of the city. The new palace of the Reichstag in the Konigsplatz is rising from its foundations, and in less than three years it will probably be the greatest ornament of the city. A striking illustration of the progress of Berlin is the almost unexampled increase of the students in the university, who numbered in 1887 no less than 6,888. At this moment the university of Berlin is the most frequented in the world; that of Vienna comes next. The number of professors is about 300. The pupils in the new Polytechnic number more than 1,200, and all the other schools are in a flourishing condition.—*London Daily News.*

Origin of the Campaign Rooster.

The campaign rooster of politics which ornaments the columns of partisan journals the day after a successful election has a strange origin as a party emblem, says the New York *Sun*. There was a Democrat editor in one of the towns of Indiana named Chapman. One of the Democratic managers of that date thought things were not going as prosperously for the party as they should go. He wrote to stir the politicians, and among other things he said: "Tell Chapman to crow" and claim victory. This letter, by accident, fell into the hands of the Whigs. They printed it, and in the whole campaign, from one end of the country to the other, the words "Tell Chapman to crow" were ringing in derision. The Boston *Herald*, which is pretty good authority, adds that the year following this episode the late Colonel Charles G. Greene, of the Boston *Post*, when the Democrats began to win victories, turned the laugh upon the opponents of Democracy by getting out the cut of a rooster in earnest. This was the origin of the crowing fowl in American politics.

A Doctor Appreciated.

Jeweller Henry Popper, of New York, called on Dr. Markus Maskiewiez, of that city, yesterday and handed him a $300 gold watch.

"Why, what's this for?" asked the doctor in surprise.

"You saved the lives of my two children, who suffered from diphtheria, and I can never forget you," spoke the man. "Don't decline such a small gift from me."

The doctor accepted it. He it was that recently saved the life of a Brooklyn woman who had previously robbed him of his watch; and it is very likely that Jeweller Popper was prompted to make the gift after reading the recently published item to that effect.

SAVED HER LOVER'S LIFE.

A Would-be Suicide's Bullet Checked by the Appearance of His Sweetheart.

Miss Sylvester did not like to jilt her lover, for they had spent many happy hours together, but he was only a poor clerk on a small salary and she was tired of penury. When Waldo Lynn, a rich old bachelor, proposed to him she accepted him, but she was very sorry afterwards for having been so hasty.

The trouble was that young Christopher would not give her back her letters when she broke off the engagement, and she was very much afraid that he would show them to Mr. Lynn. Get these letters back she must, and this is the way she set about it. She had a friend on the same floor where her former lover boarded, and as luck would have it, his door was not locked on the day she called there, so she slipped stealthily into his room.

She felt rather ashamed of herself, too, for all about the place were arranged little presents she had worked for him during their engagement. Tears came to her eyes when she opened his desk and took out her letters, which had been labeled: "Letters from my darling Lillie," but she put them away in her pocket quickly.

She walked softly to and fro over the carpet and looked at the room. How prettily he had framed her picture! How he had cared for her little presents! Had she driven him away? Where was he going? Oh, there was his own photograph.

"Heigh-oh!" sighed Miss Sylvester. She took it in her hand. "How handsome he is!" she whispered. "How good he looks! I often think that Mr. Lynn really has a cruel expression. After all, what will his money be to me if he is miserly? He has such a close-shut, thin-lipped mouth. People are always mean with mouths like that, they say. Oh, dear; he's been writing a letter."

She picked up the portfolio and saw the words:

"DEAR MOTHER—When I wrote you last I told you how happy I was. To-night I sit down with an aching heart to tell you that it is all over. I believe my heart is broken. She has jilted me for a rich man, and I, fool that I am, cannot even hate her. She asked for her letters back. I could not bear to give them. They are all I have left. I——"

No more had been written.

"Am I crying?" asked Miss vester of herself. She was, and bitterly. "Is that what he wanted the letters for?" she sobbed. "There—I won't take them," and she slipped them from her pocket, unlocked the desk, and replaced them in their box.

"At least I may leave him with that consolation," she said. "How I wish I had never seen Mr. Lynn; and, oh! how I wish I had never come here," she added, wringing her hands, as the horror of her position once more crept over her. It was growing dark; the gong was ringing for dinner. What would happen next?

The next thing that happened was this—Some one came upstairs. The door opened and Mr. Christopher entered.

Miss Sylvester had retreated to a closet, but it was dark enough to allow her to peep through a crevice. Mr. Christopher flung himself into his chair and uttered a groan. Miss Sylvester peeped out a little further. He was, as well as she could see in the darkness, pulling his hair with both hands. Then he groaned again.

There was desperation in the tone, and it terrified Miss Sylvester to such a degree that she did not shut the door after he had lit the gas. Through the aperture between the door and the jamb she watched him closely; saw him stoop over his valise, open it, take forth several white articles and a blue one, and then stand erect, holding a revolver under the gas jet.

Evidently he was about to commit suicide, and forgetting all else save that his life was in danger, Miss Sylvester flew out of the closet and across the room, and clinging wildly to his arm, sobbed forth these words:

"Oh, James, dear! I didn't know you loved me so truly. O, please forgive me! I hate Mr. Lynn; I hate him. I never cared for any one but you."

The pistol fell to the floor, and though Mr. Christopher might now, indeed, have had his revenge on the girl who had used him very badly, he only clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

However, the proprieties must be observed, and in five minutes more Miss Sylvester was outside of the street door.

Somebody must be unhappy in this world. This time it was Waldo Lynn. But bachelors of 40 are tough, and have too much experience to suffer greatly over a broken engagement. Besides, Miss Sylvester and Mr. Christopher were evidently intended for each other.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Home Life.

Wife—What is the matter, John? You are the most impatient man I ever saw.

Husband (struggling to button his shirt)—I can't find the dinged button-hole.

Wife (placidly)—Have you looked under the bureau for it?

The Burdens of Womanhood.

Thousands of women are silently suffering untold misery simply because they shrink from consulting a physician in those numerous complaints arising from functional irregularities and disorders. Many a modest girl and woman prefers to bear her heavy burden in silence rather than to go to the family physician for advice. All sufferers from this class of disorders can, however, find prompt and sure relief in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a specific in such cases, and has brightened the lives of countless women by restoring them to perfect health.

No Fear of That Policeman.

"Now you children, I'll tell you what it is; if you make any more noise in front of my house I'll speak to that policeman!"

Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled)—That policeman! Lor', we ain't afeerd of him! Why, that's father!

An aged widower got married recently for the fourth time, notwithstanding that he had a house full of grown-up children. While the marriage ceremony was being performed audible weeping could be heard in the back room. One of the guests who had heard the sobs asked one of the children who it was. "That's Emily," was the reply; "she always howls when papa gets married again."

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

The Ages at Which They Died—From the Conquest to William IV.

The following table, showing the ages at death of all the English Kings and Queens since the conquest, and the diseases of which they died, will no doubt be interesting to our readers. The statistics were prepared by the late Cornelius Walford:

Name.	Age at death.	Cause of death
William I.	60	Rupture and fever.
William II.	43	Shot by an arrow.
Henry I.	67	Surfeit of lamphreys.
Stephen	49	Piles.
Henry II.	55	Grief.
Richard I.	43	Shot by an arrow.
John	49	Poison or grief.
Henry III.	65	Age.
Edward I.	67	Diarrhœa.
Edward II.	43	Murdered.
Edward III.	65	Course of nature.
Richard II.	33	Consumption.
Henry IV.	46	Apoplexy.
Henry V.	33	Pleurisy.
Henry VI.	49	Murdered.
Edward IV.	41	Ague.
Edward V.	12	Smothered.
Richard III.	42	Killed in battle.
Henry VII.	52	Consumption.
Henry VIII.	55	Ulcerated leg.
Edward VI.	15	Consumption.
Mary	42	Smallpox.
Elizabeth	69	Course of nature.
James I.	58	Ague.
Charles I.	48	Beheaded.
Charles II.	54	Apoplexy.
James II.	67	Course of nature.
Mary II.	32	Smallpox.
William III.	52	Fall from horse.
Anne	49	Apoplexy.
George I.	67	Paralysis.
George II.	77	Died suddenly.
George III.	82	Course of nature.
George IV.	68	Bursting of blood vessel.
William IV.	72	Course of nature.
Victoria	69	Whom God preserve.

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is one of the most common and distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any particular season, for whilst most general in the winter seasons, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of summer. In late years this form of disease has become better known, and consequently the means of relief have become greatly increased in numbers, as well as in efficacy. Among the most powerful and penetrating combinations, placed within the reach of the public for the relief of neuralgia, we can mention no remedy equal to or more certain than Polson's NERVILINE. Its power over pain is something wonderful, and we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any other painful complaints. Nerviline is sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle, also trial bottles at 10 cents.

The Appreciative Lion.

Fat Man—We want to see the animals.

Keeper—You can't come in here. If the lion sees you he will become too excited.

Don't be Humbuged

with that foolish idea that Catarrh cannot be cured! The world moves and medical science is progressive. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists. at only 50 cents.

Poison the fountain, and the stream is impure; poison the blood, and its taint is carried through the entire system—those innumerable veins and arteries carry disease and death instead of life and vitality. As a result, you have Headache, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and General Debility. An inactive Liver means poisoned blood; Constipation means poisoned blood; Kidney disorder means poisoned blood. The great antidote for impure blood is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Acting directly upon the affected organs restores them to their normal condition. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A Good Act.

Ed. Corrigan, the Chicago horseman, appears to have some show of warmth in his heart. A few days ago he presented Mayor Roche with $1,068 out of the profits of the running races there, for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers.

The baby King of Spain has the cholera infantum. Probably this is owing to the negligence of his Minister of the Interior.—*New York World.*

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