Contentment.

Once there lived a little maiden, who was very sweet and fair,
Who had eyes like purple pansies, and long, sunny, flowing hair;
And 'twas said through all the country she was loved beyond compare.

Yet she had no wealth nor dower—just a lovely, smiling face,
Just a kindly, gentle nature, and a maiden's winsome grace;
But at times she longed for jewels, to wear silk and costly lace.

And it chanced she lay a-sleeping in the garden once in June,
And the sunlight kissed her tresses, and the breezes sang a tune,
And the roses were half jealous all the summer afternoon.

And she dreamed of wondrous treasures, of a castle by the sea,
Of a prince who came to claim her, and whose praise seemed melody
Like the music of the waters flowing on delightfully

And she longed for Time to pass her like a sudden spirit flown,
For her youth to vanish quickly, and to be a woman grown,
That the prince might kneel before her, and might claim her for his own.

And in part her wish was answered, for there came to her one day
One who offered wealth and station, and indisputable sway;
Tho' she had no love to give him, yet she did not turn away.

But I've heard a sad-eyed woman stands alone at close of day,
And her heart is grieved and troubled, let men praise her as they may,
For her happiness has left her—taken wings and flown away!

And I think, O friends, 'twere better, in th journey here of ours,
Not to dream of power and riches, nor of stately domes and towers—
But to live in sweet contentment, like the little birds and flowers. —*The Independent*

NOT A FLAT.

The Woman Who Knew What She Had Bought.

A good story is told by the New York *Press* which a firm of prominent furniture dealers in that city succeeded for some time in keeping quiet. The firm alluded to had a very elegant parlor set of solid mahogany of the finest upholstery. It also had duplicates in veneered wood and cheap plush in the store-room. The costly outfit, which was worth about $200, was displayed in the window and marked:

THIS ELEGANT PARLOR SUITE
ONLY
TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS.

One day a mild, meek-looking woman came in, examined the furniture and invested. She took a receipt for her money, left her address, and was bowed out by the smiling salesman, who assured her that "the things would be sent right away." In due time the waggon arrived at the young woman's house and backed up in front of the door.

"Hold on," said the purchaser, "don't unload yet."

Then she climbed on the van and made a very peculiar examination of the load. At last she said to the driver:

"I'll go back with you to the store. These are not the goods I purchased."

And back she did go, despite protests and assurances that everything was all right. When she walked in she was not the mild mannered creature of two hours before.

"You've tried to swindle me," she cried. "I bought one set of furniture and you sent me another. Now, I want what I paid you for. How do I know? Because in every article of that set you sold me I stuck a pin while you were not looking. Now, I'm going to pick out my property and see that you send it over. If you don't there'll be trouble."

There was no trouble, and the little woman is again looking for a sharp merchant with a similar "bargain" on hand.

Ex-President Hayes' Home.

"Nellie Bly" writes very pleasantly in the New York *World* of ex-President Hayes' fine old homestead at Fremont, Ohio, and of the lives of its inmates. The mansion is of the old-fashioned southern type, with a broad hall through the centre and large, pleasant rooms on either hand. The Hayes are very popular among their neighbors. The ex-President has been charged with penuriousness, but all accounts from those who know him will agree that he is, on the contrary, extremely charitable, though very quiet and unostentatious. He and Mrs. Hayes expend on charities about $10,000 a year. The chickens, of which so much has been said by the newspapers with a view of poking fun at the ex-President, are the pets of Mrs. Hayes, who is extremely fond of all kinds of animals. Neither Mr. Hayes, however, nor any other man need be ashamed of raising good poultry. The homestead is filled with rare treasures of a literary and artistic character, the accumulations of years of culture, opportunity and pecuniary independence. The general still cares for his old war horse, Whitey. The Hayes' family life is a happy one.

On the Way to the Caledonian Games.

Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Shtoy, ye divil! Where's yer pants?

Fergus McTavish (in kilts and with bagpipes, with dignity)—Pants, mon! I hae nane!

Officer O'Grady—Then, divil the shtep ye take till ye go into Levi's store and put up th' harmonicon for a pair o' blue flannins to consarve th' dancency av yer legs. D'ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haythen baboon?

A Fond Farewell.

Friend—"I say, old chappie, are you off?"

Sackville-West—"Well, rather! One can't open one's mouth in this blooming country without putting one's foot in it, you know."—*Chicago News.*

At Sea.

Miss St. Clare (from the west)—What is the bell ringing for? Saltonstall (concisely)—Fog. Miss St. Clare—I don't see why they have to ring a bell to tell there's a fog. Look at my bangs.—*Boston Beacon.*

Forty-one years ago a Rhode Island man asked the hand of a young lady and was refused. The pair have just been married and are enjoying their honeymoon, he at the age of 72 and she at 61.

—Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

PRICES A CENTURY AGO.

Some of the Features of Life When the Country was "Rough, Raw and Democratic."

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

Those who enjoy the benefit of a rum market and the "corner grocery" of to-day can have but a faint conception of the difficulty of procuring food in the western country 100 years ago. Around Fort Pitt it was found necessary to issue a military order to keep down prices and keep up a supply, while the courts in Virginia at that day established these prices in the counties over which its court had jurisdiction:

Price of corn, per bushel	$1 65
Oats, per quart	04
Whiskey, for a pint	06
Whiskey, with sugar added, one-half pint	08
Beer, per quart	04

In the posthumous papers of Wm. Clark, of Beaver county, Pennsylvania, the legal fee of that day is fairly indicated by this note:

JULY 4, 1811.

"Three months after date I promise to pay David Hayes, or order, $2 in merchantable wheat, rye or other trade, as will suit said David, for attending to a case of habeas corpus, in which Charles Take, imprisoned, was discharged. JOB MOSE."

In the vestry registry of St. John's Episcopal Church, Hampton, Virginia, three miles from Old Point Comfort, this occurs:

To Mr. Barlow, for seventeen sermons, at 350 pounds tobacco, 5,950 pounds.
To Rev. John Reid, salary, 16,000 pounds.
To Rev. John Reid, board, 1,500 pounds.
To Rev. John Reid, for clerk, 1,000 pounds.
To Mary Clark, sexton, 400 pounds.
To Widow Lawrence, being poor, 500 pounds tobacco.
Agreed with James Briggs to keep Eliza Miket for one year and to find her in clothes, for 1,200 pounds tobacco.

From an entry elsewhere in the book it appears that 16,000 pounds of tobacco sold for £101 11s. 7½d.

In 1776 the Virginia House of Burgesses took the salaries of the clergy, and in 1802 confiscated the glebes, and in that year "Parson Hubbard," the last of the Colonial parsons, laid down the Bible and prayer book and was buried in the poor farm churchyard of Isle of Wight county.

A curious letter has been preserved from Francis Yeardley, son of Sir George Yeardley, one of Virginia's early governors, written to John Ferrar, telling of a notable transaction with "Emperor of Roanoke," who sells North Carolina, at this time called South Virginia, to the King's agent for a house and £200. In conclusion, Yeardley begs to kiss the hand of his correspondent with the fair hands of his "virtuous countrywoman, the worthily to be honored Mrs. Virginia Farrar." Mrs. Virginia Ferrar, or Farrar, was the daughter of John Ferrar, jun., and the granddaughter of John Ferrar, of the Virginia company.

From the old records of Montour's Run Presbyterian Church, of Allegheny county, it appears that in response to the call Dr. John McMillan, the pioneer Presbyterian preacher of western Pennsylvania, and the founder of Jefferson College, was appointed to preach at Montour's Run, "On ye fifth Sabath of July 1, 1785."

There was no church or meeting house at that day, but services were held in what William Cullen Bryant calls:

God's first temples,

the grove in the vicinity where the church now stands. In winter services were held in any member's house to suit convenience. On April 9th, 1789, the united congregations of upper Raccoon and Montour Run issued a call for the pastoral services of Joseph Patterson, on these terms:

Salary, $110, to be paid in corn, wheat, pork or provisions.

The call, which was accepted, was signed by 162 men and one lady, Mrs. Mary Wilson. None of the pioneers survive, but their descendants still meet in the old Montour church.

The Minister Thanked Heaven.

An old sea captain sat in the lobby of the Custom House yesterday afternoon. He was in a talkative mood, and related a number of funny experiences he had had with the ministers. There was one in particular which amused him very much as he recalled it.

"Once, when he left London, he began, to make a trip to Baltimore, among the passengers on board was a preacher. We had hardly got out of the river before the good man became awfully sick, and he felt sure something was wrong with the ship. He related his fear to me, and to allay them I took him to the fore part of the vessel, where a number of sailors were busy working.

"'Do you hear those men swear?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Isn't it shocking. What will become of them?'

"'Well, I don't know,' I answered, 'but it must be plain they are not worried about the condition of the ship.' The reverend gentleman saw the point and felt much easier.

"The next day a terrible storm arose. The vessel plunged in the trough of the waves, and the passengers were greatly frightened.

"I noticed the preacher going to the same part of the ship, and I followed him. Suddenly he stopped and listened attentively. Then he exclaimed: 'Thank heaven, they are still swearing.' I need not add that the boat didn't go down."—*Baltimore News.*

No Extenuating Circumstances.

Judge—"Prisoner, the evidence shows that you brutally assaulted the plaintiff. Have you anything to offer in extenuation?"

Prisoner—"No, sir; my lawyer took all the money I had."—*Puck.*

HER FATE

No longer on the garden gate
Fond lovers swing.
November breezes regulate
That sort of thing.

Within the cosy parlor now,
Before the grate
They sit, and never notice how
It's growing late.

The blazing coals illuminate
With ruddy glow
The cosy room, and, though 'tis late,
He does not go.

Nex day she has a sleepy air,
Her pa's enraged;
But, after all, what does she care?
She's engaged.

—Every dog has his day, my boy; but how much better off is the mule, who has his years. Haw, haw, haw!

FIGHTING A GRIZZLY.

Terrific Encounter of a Western Stockman with Mr. Bruin.

James Ingle, a stockman, residing near the main range of the Rockies, in Colorado, has for some time past been losing large numbers of cattle, often finding their carcases terribly mutilated and half buried in some deep canon or glen far up among the fastnesses of the mountains. So, taking one of his best herders and a full supply of arms and equipments, he started out with the bold determination of hunting up some of these wild and savage beasts. A ride of several miles brought the two men to the foot hills, and they began at once to scout the ravines and patches of brush where they supposed one of the monster animals might lie concealed. For over two hours their efforts proved fruitless, but at length, emerging from a deep and narrow valley, they suddenly espied an immense grizzly less than six rods distant, and leisurely moving in an opposite direction, evidently making for the craigs and peaks further up in the range. On perceiving the hunters the bear started to run for a dense thicket near by, but Ingle, in order to head him off from the hiding place, put spurs to his horse and dashed ahead recklessly. The grizzly, seeing his chance of escape likely to be cut off, became infuriated and rushed toward the men savagely. It being down hill the animal's jumps were enormous, and he rapidly shortened the distance between himself and the hunters. Ingle's horse was frightened so badly that it became unmanageable, and while he was struggling with his equine the bear overtook him, and with a tremendous leap caught the horse by the withers, hurling both it and the rider to the ground. Ingle, being an active man, regained his feet instantly and darted toward cover. A few bites and groans, and the bear killed the horse almost instantly, and then proceeded to overtake Ingle, who was rushing for a place of safety at the top of his speed. Fortunately, the ranchman's herder came to his rescue, and placing himself and horse almost squarely in front of the bear's course, diverted the latter's attention, and caused the bear to give them a hard chase over rough ground that well nigh resulted in their destruction. At length, skilfully avoiding the animal, the herder returned to his partner, and again, with guns in hand, they started after the bear. He was found behind a small clump of bushes, and, when he saw his enemies approaching, rushed out to vanquish them. The men stood their ground and gave him several shots from their Winchester rifles, but even these failed to quell his fury, as he continued to rush upon them, with open jaws, growling frightfully. The bear was almost against Ingle, when, at an opportune moment, and with great dexterity, the latter jammed his rifle barrel down the animal's throat and discharged the weapon. The bear was severely stunned and staggered, but he managed to give Ingle a fearful stroke with his paw that felled the latter to the earth breathless and seriously wounded. Springing upon his victim and with his mouth filled with gore the bear was in the very act of grasping Ingle's head in his enormous jaws when the herder gave the animal a [illegible] shot that dropped him instantly. The fall of the dead bear on the body of the hunter almost crushed the latter completely, and it will be many months before he fully recovers from his injuries. After taking his partner home the herder returned and skinned the bear, which was an enormous silver tip, the hide being considered quite valuable. The desperate encounter, however, has proved rather discouraging to the hunters of this section.

They All Shirk It.

Before one of the Liverpool revising barristers a claim was made on the part of John Pritchard, whose qualification consisted of freehold houses in Howe street, and whose residence was described as "Rhosllanerchrugog, near Ruabon." Mr. France (to the friend who appeared for Mr. Pritchard)—"You say that Mr. Pritchard lives at ——; you know the place." (Laughter.) The Applicant—"Where?" Mr. France—"Oh, I can't pronounce it (loud laughter), and I must leave it to Mr. Leader. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Leader—"Does he live at Rose——; you know where I mean? Applicant—"Yes, he lives there." Mr. Leader—"Well, we must accept that, for I can't for the life of me pronounce the word. It is sufficient to strangle one." (Great laughter.) The vote was allowed.

It is Different When You Win.

Mr. Boggs—I invested a few dollars in a ticket in a lottery a spell ago, Amanda, and ——

Mrs. Boggs (horrified)—Oh, Mr. Boggs! To think that I should ever be a gambler's wife!

Mr. Boggs—And it drew a $15,000 prize.

Mrs. Boggs (hugging him rapturously)—Oh, you dear old Boggsy! Now I can have a sealskin sacque. Can't I?

Ran in the Family.

Bessie (just home from boarding school)—"I'm delighted to see you, mamma." (Kisses her.)

Mamma (regarding her suspiciously—"Bessie, you didn't kiss with a burrowing motion when you went away from home. You've learned that from somebody with a long moustache!"

Religion a la Mode.

The Rector—My dear Mrs. Worldleigh you must miss your church very much; I feel for you.

Mrs. Worldleigh—I don't miss my church as much as you would suppose, for I make Janet sit at the window Sunday morning and tell me just who are going by and how they are dressed.—*Judge.*

A little 4-year-old girl in Macon, Ga., has just got $600 for a father who is dead, and has the assurance of $19.50 a month from now until she is 16 years old. Uncle Sam makes the payment under the arrears of pension law.

—The girl who takes her engagement ring to the jeweller to find out how much it costs, will never make a satisfactory wife, especially if the young man finds it out.

THE Duke of Argyll is very fond of bird and animals. At one time he imported to Inverary some moose deer, Canadian starlings, wild turkeys and musk rats as an experiment. The deer died, the rats and starlings have never been seen since, but the gobblers are doing well.

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD.

A Story Told by George Francis Train in a Lecture for the Yellow Fever Fund.

George Francis Train lectured to 200 persons in Clarendon Hall last night for the benefit of Jacksonville sufferers. Nobody presided, and he introduced himself. He talked of a great many things, of which he himself was the greatest. Touching upon the Jacksonville fever scourge, he reverted to an epidemic in New Orleans fifty-two years ago.

"It was dreadful," he said. "No coffins there, nor any hearse, nor funeral, nor mourning. Only a cart and a boy that stopped before the door and called:

"'Bring out—bring out—your—d-e-a-d!'

"I remember they took out my little sister Josephine. I remember how they tossed the box over among a lot of others. My father and mother and I went after it in a carryall. I remember the rain and the water splashing about the wheels in the cemetery. Again in two days came that cry:

"'Bring out—bring out—your—d-e-a-d!'

"It was my little sister Ruby, then. How different from at Jacksonville, where they do it up in style, with fine coffins, and money and help pouring in from all over the world. Yet again we went to the graveyard, and there was left only my little sister Ellen, a weak, delicate little thing, gentle and mild, the fairest flower that ever bloomed. She had always been my special playmate. A little fellow 4 years old don't remember much, but her face has been with me all through my life, and I shall never forget it, nor how one day there came again that cry:

"'Bring out—bring out—your—d-e-a-d!

"I clung to the box, I remember, and struggled against their taking it away. After that went the servants, I remember, and the doctor, and then the nurse, and at last they showed me my mother, sick, and in a few days she, too, had gone. Then there came a letter from my aunt, far away in New England, and it begged them to send one—little Georgia, at any rate, before all were dead. So my father took me to the ship Waverly, and I remember how we walked from one ship to another to get on it. He tied a card about my neck, and on it wrote:

"'This is George Francis Train, my only child. Consigned to John Clark, jun., Dock square, Boston.

"'Take good care of the little fellow; he is only 4 years old; all dead but one out of a family of eleven.'

"I remember that I floated out into the warm, pleasant gulf, and along and along day after day, floating in the sunshine, floating north, floating at last into the beautiful harbor of Boston. And I seem to have been floating ever since."—*New York Sun.*

Vital Wicks.

"There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood, and breath." Thus writes an eminent American author. The most frequent derangements occur in the blood and in the liver, by which, when in healthy condition, the blood is purified. Look out for the terrible chain of diseases that owe their inception to torpid liver and consequent impure blood. When the symptoms of liver and kidney troubles, consumption (Lung-scrofula), bronchitis, and dropsy, make their appearance, the system is in immediate need of a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Its marvelous effects have been tested and proven in the cure of tens of thousands of cases. It purifies and enriches the blood, restores lost vitality, and effectually eradicates the seeds of the worst maladies that afflict mankind.

In Chicago.

C.—"Have you heard about Jones?"

D.—"No; what is it!"

"Something very mysterious. He has disappeared with upward of $1,000."

"What is there mysterious about that? It happens every day."

"But, man alive, it is his own money that he disappeared with."

"Incredible! Incredible!"

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it behoves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn this far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

Stallions for Canada.

The Edinburgh *Agriculturist* states that during the last nine months there were exported from Scotland 2,954 Clydesdale stallions. Of the number exported 1,671, or more than one-half, went to British North America and 568 to the United States.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. 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.

Worse Than a Failure.

Parson—I am astonished to hear a man with three married daughters say: "Marriage is a failure."

Citizen—Well, sir, when you have three families besides your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.

A Queer Lottery.

"Whata lottery marriage is!" exclaimed Cora. "Why, there's Mary Andrews, she's married De Smythe—rather stupid, but the best catch of the season."

"Yes," assented Miss Snyder. "But it is a queer lottery. She drew a blank that is worth ten thousand a year.'

ROCKING STONE.

Wonderful Rock That Stands on a Pennsylvania Farm.

Imagine a stone, in size containing about five hundred cubic feet, in shape nearly as round as an orange, in weight not less than 80,000 pounds or 40 tons, and so nicely balanced upon a rock that a child 10 years of age by pushing against either the north or south side can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of a hundred men without levers or other appliances would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position. Such is the celebrated rocking stone on the farm of J. McLaury, two miles west of Monticello. This is one of the greatest natural curiosities in our whole country. What sculptor could chisel out a piece of marble of its size and then poise it so nicely that it would vibrate under so light a touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it. Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles of a diamond like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Around and under the rock are of a totally different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone nearly as firm and close grained as the bluestone of our quarries. From whence came this wonder and how?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Ills, Wills, and Pills.

An odd mixture of words, but the sufferer from constipation, indigestion, impure blood, biliousness, and other such *ills*, can be cured if he *wills*, without taking the horrid, old-fashioned *pills*. These are superceded in our day by those wonder-working, yet tiny, little globules, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. No griping, no drastic purging; do not cause costiveness afterwards, as the old-style pills do. One little Granule a dose.

The Modern Cane.

First Dude—Bajove, ole chappie, you've fohgotten yoah walking-stick to-night.

Second Dude—Didn't fohget it; too tired to carry it.

In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But I think I would be performing a greater service to you and your sex by singing, not in measured rythm, but by setting out some strong truths in simple prose. If you or any of your female friends are suffering from ulcerations, displacement, bearing-down sensations, or unnatural discharges, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sure to eradicate these complaints in a short time. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. The guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

—Another good cure for insomnia is to have the nurse sleep up in the attic with the baby.

—When a man ventures an opinion he will find some one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposition is a man without opinions.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

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?

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

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

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detro 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND