THE OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

Well I had a scare once in my life that I hope will never be repeated, and it's a wonder I didn't turn gray right then and there.

I married a western girl, and we came to New York to live. It wasn't such a crowded place as it is to-day, but had nice green lanes in some parts of it, and even meadows. I was followin' the sea in those days, as I am now, and I thought Sally would be more contented in a lively city while I was gone away on long voyages.

It was hard work sayin' good-bye to my wife when I started away on long trips, but she said as soon as I was captain she would travel with me.

Well, I went off on a six months' voyage the year I had the terrible scare. We struck some queer outlandish ports, and I had a great pile of stuff for Sally when we turned about for home, presents that I knew she'd value.

It often used to seem as if the ship wasn't fast enough for me; as if I must jump overboard and swim. I wanted home, and I wanted Sally, as a baby wants its mother. So you may judge if I lost time in getting ashore when once we reached New York. None of us did, for that matter, but I reckon I was first. I had my bundles under my arm and my pay in my pocket. I'd oiled my hair and I wore my shore clothes. My hands were as brown as an Indian's, with sun and wind and I guess my face was about the same color. But if I looked as I felt I looked happy. With the motion of the ship beneath my feet yet, I took my way toward my home, looking out for Sally all the way, for if she knew the ship was in she'd surely come to meet me. Not a sign of her did I see, though, and I came to the corner of my street—Norfolk was its name—with a queer little fear in my heart that made me pause and hardly dare to turn it—and then I took the step and saw a little crowd about the door of my home, and before it—oh, good heaven! a hearse—black and awful, and a carriage before my house. "Yes, yes—but," says I to myself, "yes—it might stand there and not be from there. Courage, Jack! God wouldn't do that to you. Not He. Have faith—have trust! Was ever there a night you didn't pray He'd bring you back safe to Sally, and do you think He won't answer you? 'Courage, Jack!' And then I staggered on and stood among the people, and my door was open; and a man—serious, oldish, kind—took hold of my arm and led me aside.

"Who is dead?" I asked.

"I don't know," said he.

I took courage at that, for if it was my Sally surely he'd know her—surely.

"It's a sailor's wife," he added. "She lived alone there. Last night a woman came and said: 'There's a case of cholera at No. ——.' I went. Folks are apt to get frightened at nothing, but I went in a hurry. It was cholera. I did all I could for her, but she died. The neighbors do not know her name. She hasn't lived here long—did you know her?"

"God grant I do isn't," said I, "but I left my wife living in that house; we own it. I left her there when I sailed."

He looked at me gravely.

"They say her husband is a sailor," he said. "She told them so."

We went into the house. There were all the things I knew so well. I raised from room to room. I mustered and we'd can't be, I cried. "It can't be—but I knew it was.

At last the doctor got me into the carriage. We drove to the graveyard. God knows how. I saw the earth cover the coffin, and then I hoped I was dying, but I came to again in the carriage, and I stood at my own desolate door. The doctor had been kind and he told me all that must be done before the place would be fit to live in; but I did not care for life. I wanted to die, and I turned faint again, and he, good man, was loath to leave me; and so we stood, neighbors peering at us through the shutters, as I knew, when suddenly I saw a vision.

I had just been to her funeral, but there stood Sally looking at me. She was dressed in white, with a little blue bonnet on her head, and spirit though I knew she must be, looked fresh and young and bright. I stared at her. The cry I gave rang through the street and she flew to me. Ghost or no ghost, I held her fast. She was warm and soft in my arms. She kissed me and I kissed her and cried:

"If I've gone crazy, let me stay so, for Sally has come back to me somehow." And for all that had come and gone, it was Sally and not her ghost, either.

If my life depended on it I couldn't tell you just how she made me understand, or just how I made her understand—I guess the doctor did it—but this is what had happened: The cholera breaking out, Sally's old folks wouldn't let her stay in the city, and took her out with them, and just at that time Sally hears of a young woman, mighty poor and mighty downhearted, who was waiting for news of her husband's ship. So she says to her: "There's a house empty; I want no rent; you're welcome until I need to live there again." And it was this poor soul that had died there.

As for her husband, his ship was lost and all hands with it; so mayhap they met in heaven; and it was best.

At all events we're made so that we must think of our own first, and I was glad—the Lord only knows how glad—with Sally in my arms again. We're together yet; old folks now, but happy with our children about us.

Making Them "Look Pleasant."

Caller—How do you manage to get such pleasant expressions on the faces of your male sitters?

Photographer—Easy enough. I have a pretty girl to manage the camera.

Cause for Depression.

Medical Examiner (for insurance company)—You appear to be in a very weak, nervous, depressed physical condition.

Applicant for Insurance—Yes, your agents have been chinning at me for six months.

New York society circles are excited regarding the great number of marriages likely to occur after Lent. Ice cream is to be a high priced luxury this summer and it's a case of marry or bust with many of the 400.

FAINT HEART NEVER, ETC.

A Case that Dims the Record of the Proudest Knights of Old.

The voice of the young man had a tremulous, vibrant quality, and a glow like that of a June sunset spread over his face, as he took the vacant seat by the side of the young woman and greeted her joyfully.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Beans," he said. "I did not know you were on the train. I am not presuming too much, I hope, in rejoicing in the anticipation of a delightful trip instead of the long, irksome journey of half a day that I had resigned myself to suffer when I came aboard."

"Certainly not, Mr. Winterbottom," she replied, and the observant young man noted an increasing quickness in the fluttering movements of the feathers and flummadiddles on the travelling hat of his fair companion not due altogether to the jar of the train.

"Her heart is beating faster," he said to himself, but even in the rapture that thrilled his frame and tingled to the end of his fingers at this discovery he felt he had taken a sneaking advantage of her and learned something he had no right as yet to know.

For months Cyrus Winterbottom had carried in his heart the image of the lovely girl who now sat by his side. For months he had hoped that the time and the opportunity might come when he—but let us not anticipate.

The train thundered along over rocky gorges, around the base of precipitous cliffs, and down into spacious valleys upon which the promise of a glorious spring was already showing itself in a landscape that glowed and smiled beneath the ardent rays of the sun; but the young man heed not the panorama of surpassing loveliness that was unfolding itself on either hand. He had something better to look at.

"Miss Vanilla," he said, with a beating heart, as he braced himself with a super-human effort, "this may seem an inopportune moment for the confession I am about to make, but I am impelled by a feeling I can no longer resist. My heart hungers for—"

"Tickets!"

It was the conductor who spoke.

A shade of annoyance crossed the brow of the young man at the interruption. He produced his ticket, handed it to the official, and in a few moments resumed:

"I was about to say that I have carried in my breast a burden I can bear no longer. It is for you to say whether I must suffer a still heavier one or whether life shall have a new meaning for me henceforth, Vanilla Beans, I love——

"Caramels, peanuts, figs, gum!" inquired the train-boy.

"No," said Cyrus shortly. "Have you ever felt that the time must come sooner or later, Vanilla, when——"

"Life! Jesse James!" suggested the train boy, returning to the attack, "magazines, latest railway guide, Rube Ris——"

"I tell you I don't want anything!" exclaimed the exasperated young man. "May I tell you what is in my heart, Vanilla? I—No, sir, I don't know what this that stands for, and I don't care. I have looked forward to this time, Miss Vanilla, when I could summon the courage to tell you how dearly I love you, and to ask you if you will be my wife. Will——"

Crash! It was a terrible crash. A brakeman had thrown the trash from the train. The car rocked with the entanglement. At the first wild cries of the crash Vanilla Beans had seized the young man about the neck with a convulsive clasp, as though the passengers were cascading and plunging about the car from floor to ceiling, and could find safety in the careless, unstudied freedom of motion and absence of all ceremony that may always be observed in an affair of this kind, she did not lose her self possession.

"Cyrus Winterbottom," she shrieked into his ear, with the resolute fearless, let-no-guilty-man-escape voice of a young woman attending strictly to business, "I——"

Bang!

"Will——"

Thud!

"Be your——"

Crash!

"Little——"

Crunch!

"Wife!"

Boom! Rattle! Bang!

"There, Cyrus, darling! We've got down to the bottom at last. Straighten out my hat, love."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Their Glory Departing.

Recent travellers among the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia say the beauty of the mountains is being greatly impaired by forest fires, that leave only blackened trunks where magnificent timber had spread over large areas. Cinders from locomotives along the Canadian Pacific and the carelessness of mining prospectors kindle the resinous trees, which burn with extraordinary fury, often eating out even the roots, and leaving nothing but ashes. Capt. Wharton says that those who wish to see all the landscape glories of this region must visit it soon, before they are robbed of half their charm by the terrible fires, the smoke of which last summer often shut out the view of the mountains entirely. Mr. Green thinks that the fate of all the timber along the railroad is sealed. Probably no part of this continent has rivalled Washington Territory and British Columbia in the grandeur of their pine forests, and it is not a pleasing spectacle to contemplate the destruction of this towering timber, which not only adorns the landscape, but could be made of the utmost utility.

Playing at Hanging With a Fatal Result.

Albert Cundall, aged 15, met with his death at Leeds, England, the other night while playing at hanging. He had been reading a sensational tale, in which the hero was suspended to a tree, and is saved by a beautiful maiden just as life is about to leave him. It is believed that the deceased thought that if he tried the experiment he would be saved in a similar manner.

The only color which can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. A blind man would know when he is feeling blue.—*Wall Street News.*

There are but two native-born Kansans in the Kansas Legislature.

"EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

The Interesting Views of the Late Dr. J. G. Holland.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in *Scribner's Monthly*. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful, than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them.

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures.

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz., plasters, washes, dosing with morphine and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or amputation, and finally, perhaps, [illegible] necessary, at least [illegible] something to the [illegible] of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds much [illegible] than if it had been cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

Or, if the most perplexed [illegible] of the day is the popularity of certain [illegible] Warner's Safe [illegible] for several years. The physicians of the highest standing is ready to admit its merits and sustain the theories the proprietors have made—that it, that it benefits almost all of the ailments of the human system, because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others with less honesty and experience deride, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

The discoverer comes boldly before the people with its merits and proclaims them from [illegible] and is [illegible] more honorably than the physician who, [illegible] may [illegible] a patient from [illegible] and is permitted to set a broken [illegible] he lives with great dignity, yet very soon after takes to [illegible] back stairs [illegible] have [illegible] that [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] to say wh[illegible] the wise [illegible]

ABSURDE CALCULATION.

How Many Minutes Have Passed Since the Christian Era Began.

[illegible]

[illegible] the year 1889, the 19th of April, at 10 o'clock a.m. Taking consideration that the [illegible] passed from Germany after the year 1870 7 am, [illegible] to dollar [illegible] francs it follows that if this sum were to be paid at the rate of five francs—about $1—for every minute since the beginning of the Christian [illegible] that sum would not have been paid yet at the present time.—*[illegible]*

Some Social Slips.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "Oh, pray excuse me. I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply. In another instance of conjugal amenities, a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered. "On the contrary, I like her very much, but it was rather dark at the time, and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you." "Poor John—he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

Biblical Curiosities.

There is no date from beginning to end in the Bible. It comprises some sixty documents and is supposed to have been written by about forty men; fifty-four miracles are recorded in the Old and fifty-one in the New Testament, total, 105. The shortest verse in the Old Testament is "Remember Lot's wife." There is one in the New Testament as short as John xi. 35, in point of words, but not in letters, viz.: Thessalonians v. 16, "Rejoice evermore." Then there are two chapters in the Bible alike verbatim, and one book, Esther, in which the Deity is not mentioned.

You Can Remain a Cousin.

Canada will not even be a sister to us, but has tossed our letters out in the front yard and set the dog on us. Canada, must we part?—*Chicago Journal.*

"In the accounts of the marriage of the Emperor of China," said Mrs. McCrackle, "I see that his household comprises seven cooks and thirty physicians." "That's about the right proportion," replied McCrackle.

Young Painter—"Well, what do you say to my views of Subiaco?" Critic—"My dear friend, there are certain views one must keep to oneself."

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed, and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

A BAGFUL OF RODENTS.

Strange Tale of Rats, Hazel Nuts and Nautical Law.

Capt. Crosby, of a Nova Scotia barque now unloading at pier No. 13, East River, is a jolly old sea dog, well known as a veteran of the coast trade, says the New York *Evening Sun*. About 50 years of age, broad-shouldered and heavily built, his face thickly covered with a black beard, the captain is easily the ideal skipper of the sea.

"On a recent voyage to New York," said the captain, "I carried a cargo consisting, in part, of some 500 bags of hazel nuts. When we made port the owner of the cargo came on board. I assured him of the safety, and together we went through the ship. Everything was all right until we came to the nuts. Imagine my surprise to see the bags torn and the nuts lying scattered in heaps here and there. A small hole had been gnawed in the end of each nut and the meat extracted as clean as a whistle. The work of rats, of course.

"The next day a sallow-faced chap, wearing his hair down to his shoulders, came on board, said he was a professional rat catcher and offered to clear the ship for $5. I engaged his services on the spot. Descending into the hold with my valuable implements, viz., a large bag and a dark lantern, the hatches were closed and after a lapse of several hours the following happened, as told to friends. I gave the man his money and he left the ship. When [illegible] turned [illegible] at me, and I [illegible] let fall the rats. For rats [illegible] from and every one of them [illegible] the ship [illegible] off. A [illegible] it was [illegible]

"Before [illegible] make a move the fellow told [illegible] that [illegible] the work [illegible] for another [illegible] hum [illegible] the state [illegible] warming my [illegible] the central of the [illegible] writes. [illegible] may [illegible] was the [illegible]

"A result of the loss of the nuts was to develop a fallacy in nautical law. The captain of the cargo sued to recover the value of the nuts, but as Capt. Crosby proved that he kept a cat on board the ship during the voyage the court held that he had taken reasonable precaution and dismissed the suit.

Won His Case.

There used to be in practice in one of the district courts of Massachusetts a man who was known what a joke it was [illegible] at the bar. In spite of [illegible] that he never won a case [illegible] his stuttering speech in behalf [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Half a Pint Sir!

He asked a pint, yes. Now [illegible] sent in half the jury. I want [illegible] tax [illegible] things [illegible] at my [illegible] [illegible]

The jury took a good long look at him. He was a very pleasant sight to see. His nose was a sort of purple [illegible] and not [illegible] exaggerated in its proportions as at that [illegible] were low and shaggy [illegible] bleared.

"Now [illegible] gentlemen of the jury," the lawyer went on, "I want you to tell me if my [illegible] looks like a man that would [illegible] half pint of whiskey if it was all he had in the house."

The jury acquitted the man without leaving their seats.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Mrs. Fangle—Well, this is strange!

Mr. Fangle—What is it, my dear?

"A man in Paris has taught an ape to black his shoes."

"Oh, there's nothing remarkable about that, my dear. I've often heard of monkeyshines."

Wouldn't Forget Him.

"Remember me to your father, like a good boy," said the minister.

"It's not worth while," replied little Johnny. "I heard the old man say he would never forget you after that big dinner you put away at our house."

Reformation Begun.

Mrs. A.—My husband is beginning to reform.

Mrs. B.—Indeed? I saw him going in a barroom to-day.

Mrs. A.—Yes, I know. He went in for a glass of whiskey, but he takes water with it now.

Safe Things to Bet On.

Always in at the death—The undertaker.

Usually down at the heel—The rider's spur.

Fast colors—Those of the jockey.

Sure to be knocked out—The bung in the beer barrel.

The Unexpected.

Winks (rushing in triumphantly)—Mrs. Langtry is married."

Crowd—"Who to?"

Winks—"Mr. Langtry."

M. Geisendorf, son of the Swiss Consul at Cannes, has been found murdered near the railroad track at Monte Carlo. His valise, which was lying near by, had been rifled. He had recently won large sums at the gaming tables.

The railroad man, like the pugilist, does not like to get out of training.

What is the most desirable love-knot? The marriage ceremony.

Joy Doubled.

[illegible]

Truth is Tough.

Does not Mr. Bryant say that "Truth will get well if she is run over by a locomotive, while error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger." The truth about Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will be found hard to suppress. All who take them find them gentle in their action but thorough in their work. Don't be afraid of medicine or anything harmful in them. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. No use of taking the usual repulsive nauseous pills. These little liver pills are scarcely larger than mustard seed. They cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Biliousness and Bilious Attacks, and are by druggists.

The Wicked Finally Brought Low.

[illegible] said Mr. [illegible] "Well, Tom said [illegible] said I [illegible] said [illegible] then he [illegible] me for breaking the window."

"That seems hard," said Rollo's father, "but I think you will find it was greater than pears for the sake which upbraided him."

"I don't think it was any," said Rollo, sadly, "and besides that's the worst of it, [illegible] for I [illegible] after school for [illegible] I know my [illegible] but remember the wicked are excited for a little [illegible] and then [illegible] low.

[illegible] said [illegible] greatly [illegible] as he was climbing [illegible] head [illegible] that he left [illegible] about [illegible] school.

Arrested Six Times.

[illegible]

A Great Scheme.

[illegible]

Catarrh is a common disease [illegible] at every turn. [illegible] nasty [illegible] and [illegible] Catarrh [illegible] for a case of Catarrh [illegible] cure. Remedy [illegible] druggists at 50 cents.

Preparing for an Emergency.

Minister (from the pulpit)—"As the air of the church seems chilly, I would ask the sexton if he will stand by close the front doors and windows if the collection will now be taken up."

—Nine tenths of the telegraphic errors are attributed to poor handwriting.

The bulk of the water of the ocean has a very low temperature, [illegible] at the bottom, even under the equator; but on the surface within the tropics there is a relatively thin [illegible] of warm water with a temperature of from [illegible] to 90° Fahrenheit.

D O N L. 15 89

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a good man in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

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 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 a 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 his 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?

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND