Owed to Halifax.

The haddock's feet are on thy shore, Canada, my Canada;
The halibut is at my door,
Canada, my Canada.
For smelt and gudgeon, chub and cel,
For codfish, bake and mackareel,
Arise and meet the Yankoe steal,
Canada, my Canada.

Thou wilt not cower in the brine, Canada, my Canada; Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line, Canada, my Canada; Defend thy sculpin, save thy skate, Strike for thy shad with soul clate, Don't swear, and spit upon thy bait, Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race,
Canada, my Canada;
Put up your swordfish in its place,
Canada, my Canada;
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn your other check—please do,
And take a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada. -Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MARGARET CROSBY. CHAPTER I.

It was a rainy day in September. trees, in a remote part of New England, four horses dragged a lumbering stage-coach up a steep hill. On the seat beside the driver sat an old man, dressed in a baggy overcoat and a battered felt hat. He had no umbrella, and his indifference to the weather was to be inferred from the fact that he chose an outside seat in preference to the many empty ones inside the stage. He was talking to the driver with the sustained monotony of one who is secure

'Well, as I was sayin," he said, "Deacon Bliss, he says to me, you got to cut Memento mori on them gate-posts, and that's all there is about it. You can cut your own name somewhere, with Builder under it, too, if you want to; but it stands to reason that Memento mori oughter go on the gate of a bury-in'-ground." He paused a moment, and then continued, with a latent twinkle in his faded, kindly eyes: "I did out Memento mori on one of them gate posts, and I cut Hezekiah Sanford in letters tho same size on the other, so there's my monument fur all time, fur that wall ain't ever comin' down, and Deacon Bliss couldn't say a word. The next day as I was goin'

At this juncture the driver's lips parted and emitted a short, sharp laugh. This tribute to his shrewdness was so unexpected that the old man paused and turned to him that the old man paused and wall to goon,

You've got to the stone wall Squire Sanford; we ain't past Three-mile Corner, and you won't have enough to last till you get home," said the driver. old man relapsed into an offended silence. After a moment's pause the driver said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the inside of the stage:
"Who are the folks yer goin' ter have to

yer house, Squire?"
The old man turned over in his mind the feasibility of showing the annoyance that he felt at the interruption of his story; but on the consideration that Sam Hunter was too good a listener to be lost, he aus-

"One of 'em's Colonel Brennan, and the other's his brother. The young one's pretty sick—consumption, or somethin like it, I reckon, and the colonel's brignin' him here fur a change of sir. As I says to the colonel, this air will cure him if any-Why, my brother James's wife -I'll tell you about her, Sam?"

Hunter smiled grimly. "That story'll

Hunter smiled grimly. "That last till you get home," he declared. The two inside passengers were not even occupying themselves by talking to each other, but were equally silent.

One was a man about 40 years old, tall, and strongly built. He sat somewhat stffly forward on the edge of the seat, his atitude and expression statues quely quiet.
There was much that inspired confidence in the direct simplicity of his glance, shaded by a slouched felt hat, and something martial in the unconscious erectnors

Beside him sat, or half-lay, a young man, enveloped to the throat in a heavy, loose ulster of yellowish cloth. The blonde effect of his fair hair and slight mustache was heightened by his excessive palor. His eyes were closed, and his dark lashes alone saved his face from being absolutely followed by her husband. colorless. The clearly cut features were handsome, and the whole face was characterized by extreme sensitiveness. His long, white hands—the hands of an invalid—rested listlessly on the leaves of a sketch book that lay on his knees. Over stantly displaced by the jolting of the stage, slipped to the floor. Each time that it did the rug, rearranged it vith awkward tenderness. A muttered "Thank you!" was the only audible notice that his action received. t the youth's level brows met each time in a quick frown of irritation. At length when this had cocurred several times he opened his eyes.

'That will do, Dick. I'm very much obliged, but I'm quite warm enough out it. How much longer are we to be in this hideous machine?"

'Just beyond the top of the hill, I think,' was the answer, spoken in a strong, undaught modulated voice. Then, as if glad to avail suits. himself of the opportunity to speak, he asked, anxiously: "How do you feel now, asked, anxiously: "How do you feel now, Julian? Any better than when we started? couldn't have breathed in that place another day. No wonder you're sick. I tell you, Julian, a week on the plains would make a different fellow of you! place we're going to will do you good."

"I suppose so."
"I'm sure of it, my boy. You've spent too much time in that studio; you haven't lived an active life. A few weeks here will set you up, and then we'll try camping out.

It'll be just the thing for that cough of yours.

Nothing like sleeping in the open air for curing a cold."

The vone man shivered messily.

The vone man shivered messily.

The young man shivered uneasily. "Can't I do anything to make you more comfortable?" continued the older man. There was only a shake of the head in reply.

"Then I think I'll go on top for awhile, and perhaps you'll get some sleep." He leaned out of the window; the summit of the hill had been reached and the thin-ning of the pine-trees showed the rolling country, with wooded hills, glorious with autumn tints of gold and dun and flaming crimson. The rain had stopped falling, and the dull gray of the sky was broken by patches of deep blue. Before there was time to hail the driver the stage stopped at the gate of a farm-house which stood some ten yards back from the road. It was one of those long, low houses which do not seem to be built on the ground, but to grow out of it, clinging lovingly as close as possible to the earth. Two large elms overshadowed

a large sheet of water. Close to the house on the other side, were straggling barns and outhouses. The two men clambered down from their high seats. Hunter went to the back of the stage and began silently lifting down down the luggage; Sanford walked up the

it, and to the right there was an apple orchard, with a distant view beyond or

meadow ond woodland, and silver gleam of

irregular flag-stones, which lay on the grass in front of the house, forming a path to the door, while Colonel Brennan opened the door of the stage.
"Julian," he said, "here we are, my

boy!" The young man lay with his eyes closed, but when his brother spoke he opened them with a dazed expression. got out, but staggered slightly as he tried to . acked china that pleased and tempted

him, and as they reached the door Sanford came out, followed by an old woman, dressed in a dark calico gown and short white jacket. She led the way to a room on the right of a little hall, talking rapidly all the time.

"Oh-now-jest to think of my not bein ready for you! Why, I didn't s'pose the stage 'ud be along for a half-hour yet! But I know you'll excuse my jacket. Now the young man does look sick, don't he? But you see if this ain't the best place-' Her flow of words was interrupted by exclamation from Colonel Brennan.
"Julian! What's the matter?"

The dazed look in the youth's eyes deep ened, his pallor became deathly, and swaying slightly for an instant he toppled over

on the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Sanford contemplated him for a moment, in silent amazement. "Ob, the awful! the dreadful! what under the canopy!" she gasped; then throw-

ing her apron over her face she rushed from the room, calling: "Winifred Amanda Sanford—do you come down-stairs this minute! The young gentleman's layin' dead on the floor, and

I'm sure I dunno what to do!" Colonel Brennan knelt down by Julian and supporting his head, his eyes fixed on the white face in an agony of apprehen-

"Go and get some water," he said to Sanford; "be quick about it!" There was a sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, the rustle of a dress, and a tall young woman entered the door. She sarried a glass of water in her hand, and crossing the room knelt down by the young man and began to bathe his forehead with a handkerchief which she dipped into the

"Fan him, please!" she said to Colonel Brennan; "there's fan on the mantle

During fifteen years of a rough Western life Colonel Brennan had been almost unconscious of the personality of the few women he had come in contact with; yet at this moment there pierced through his anxiety a sense of the extreme composure

of her manner. He obeyed blindly.

It seemed a long time before Julian's eyes opened. When they did, he scarcely knew where he was. Bending over him he saw a beautiful face -calin -sorene -pitying. No; "goddesses do not pity," he ing. No; "goddesses do not pity," he vaguely thought. "Where am I?" The face hovered a moment before his waver-

ng eyes, and then melted away.
"Julian!" said his brother's voice, pleadingly. "Look here, my dear fellow, how do you feel? Are you better?" The familiar tone broke through the

net-work of dreams in which he seemed to float. With the full tide of returning concrousness came a feeling of impatience at his workness; he raised himself to a sitting

That's very odd, that sensation. I never

rather dizzy yet." He dropped into a it down. The room wore an air of dreary chair that stool near hiro, and looked around, as if more fully to take in his sur-

It was a small room with a low ceilling; two sides were of wood painted dark red, as was the high mantle and open fireplace. Above the mantle were little cupboards with brass knobs on the doors, that reminded one curiously of the lockers in the cabin of a ship. A brilliantly flowered paper covered the two remaining sides of the room. The furniture was of the most sound. antique pattern, and extremely shabby. Fiddle backed chairs, and long, uncomfortable wooden settes were arranged against room were a new, shinning melodeon and a large rocking-chair, covered with black haircloth. Near the door stood Sanford and his wife. The old woman came for ward with an air of mingled fright and importance.

"Well," she said, "that's too bad. the land's sake! I was real scared when you went off like that. Dou't you think he'd best go to his room and rest a bit, and and I'll send his supper up to him? There, now, if I didn't forget about them cakes! now, it I didn't forget about shein cance, she exclaimed. "Where's Winifred, Mr. Sanford? She'il take you up to your rooms, and I know you'll jest excuse me!" She left the room hurriedly, as she spoke,

Julian turned to Colonel Brennan with a slightly puzzled air.

"Wasn't there—was there someone else here a minute ago?" he acked. Before his brother could reply Sanford returned with his daughter. She stood in the shoulder nearest the open window was the doorway speaking to her father a mothrown a heavy travelling rug, which, conment, apparently unconscious of the intent ment, apparently unconscious of the intent scrutiny that Julian was giving her. She slipped to the floor. Each time that it did so the older man leaned across, and lifting ous sweep in the lines of her figure. The setting of her head and throat on her shoulders was fairly majestic, and her soft dark hair wound around the arched head. and growing low on her forehead, contrasted with her gray eyes and the fair bloom of her skin. She might have been, in spite of the flower like freshness of her beauty, twenty-eight or thirty; there was nothing of the young girl about her.

"I guess you'd better go up and rest," said Sanford, kindly. "I'm glad you're all square again. Winifred—this is my daughter Winifred-she'll show ye up-

Winifred led the way, and Colonel It's a poor day, but the air's far more abreast, and the colonel fell behind. At bracing than that close city." He inhaled a long breath of the fragrant piney air. "I couldn't have breathed in the colonel fall behind would have fallen again beautiful. Brennan followed, supporting Julian. The would have fallen again had it not been for the young woman, who turned quickly and threw her strong arm around him. His brother was at his other side in an instant, Even this good."

Brother was at his orner side in an instant, and together they helped him to his room, and settled him in a large arm-chair.

"Thank you!" he said warmly, to Wimfred. "I should have fallen if it had

not been for you.' She did not notice his speech. "I'm

down.' She drew down the blind of a window where the sun shone in on Julian's face, and then turned to go, but at the door she stopped, and with her head raised with stag like erectness, swept a barely imper

ceptible courtesy and left the room. Julian's eyes flashed as he looked after "Go down, Dick," he said; "I'll do very well here. It may be imagination. but I seem to feel better already!"

was a spark of animation in his manner as he said the words. He took his pencil and sketch book from his pocket, and began to draw rapidly.

From the stairs came the sound of stamping and gasping, and the old farmer made his appearance in the doorway, staggering under the weight of a heavy "Where's this to go, Colonel? In your room on t'other side of the passage? What

you with those things, Sanford Julian, I'll be back after awhile." He followed Sanford, and Julian still bent over his sketch in entire absorption, when he was

roused by a voice at his elbow. "Now, sir jest take a bite and see how much better you'll feel."

home-like aspect of the blue-and-white

walk up the path. His brother supported | Julian. "Why, Mrs. Sanford," he said,

Julian. "Why, Mrs. Santord," ne said, "that looks uncommonly good."
"Now you begin and eat that. You better try them pickles. Winifred made 'em, and she's a powerful hand at pickles. I do hope you'll like everything; it's the first time we ever took boarders, but we tried to fix things nice." She set the tray table, and in doing so her eyes fell on the sketch. She snatched it from Julian with the same abruntness that characterized all the same abruptness that characterized all her actions. "Child of grace! if that ain't her actions. "Child of grace! if that ain't Winifred!" Something in the idea seemed to touch her sense of humor. She laughed immoderately, holding it at arm's length at first, and then putting on her spectacles at first, and then putting on her speciacies to examine it more closely. "Now, ain't it nice to draw like that; she is pretty as a pieter, if I do say it." She spoke in a tone of rambling meditativeness. "Folks say it's strange she ain't married : but. lor'. she won't look at the young men 'round here. I dunno why, but it's funny when there ain't one of them but has asked her—and she so pretty!"

Julian held out his hand for the sketch, coloring slightly as he did so. "You don't know what her beauty is," he murmured

The old women did not catch the words but the tone reached her ear. The foolish vacancy of her expression changed to a keen look of curiosity for the space of a

"Well, I know folks do take on about her, wen, I know lokes do take on about her, and her pa sets an awful store by her."
"Mrs. Sanford," said Sanford, from the door, depositing Julian's trunk in the room, "supper's ready, and s'pose you come down." He was in his shirt sleeves, and spoke with some irritation of manner Where did you put my duster?" he con-

where an you put my duster? He continued, with a warning look.

His wife looked deprecatingly at him.

'Oh, Mr. Sanford, I jest hung it up in
the store closet. I thought, perhaps, you'd
be agreeable to tryin' your black coat for

pany."
"No, I won't Mrs. Sanford; what would I have to wear to funerals, I'd like to know? No; you get my duster—lively now! and don't you go for to hang it up in that storecloset of your's again.'

They went down the hall, Sanford expostulating and his wife apologizing, until

their voices died away in the distance.

The sunlight faded in the room where
Julian sat. He had finished his supper, and as the twilight grow he continued to touch up the little sketch of the haunting face he had just seen, adding lines and shadows until the likeness, which had been striking at first, was entirely destroyed. He tore the leaf out of the book, and crushed it impatiently in his hand. "There's no use trying to draw such a face," he thought, "when one has only seen it once. What lines in her head and brow? "Why, yes," he said, "I'm all right. numan. I couldn't tell whether she was sorry for me, or only quietly contemptuous at my weakness." The evening wind blew He attempted to rise, and with Colonel at my weakness." The evening wind blew Brennan's assistance he stood on his in at the window chillingly; with the sun's departure all warmth had gone from the air. Julian went to the window and drew dim, gray light. At the side of the room the opening of the black-painted fire-place vawned like a cavern. Some dead leaves n the hearth executed a fantastic dance as he wind swept up and down the chimney Before the window the branches of the trees waved incessantly. The damp air breast, and his cough echoed with a hollow sound. "Why did I come here?" he thought, half-hopelessly.

On the threshold of this chill and gloom

there appeared a sudden vision. In the doorway stood Winifred Sanford, holding above her head a lighted candle; the downward light illuminated her face and figure. eepening and shadowing her eyes, tinging the bloom of her cheeks, outlining the calm curve of her lips. In her other hand she carried a basket of kindling wood.

"May I come in?" she asked, with a light smile. "Mother thought it was getting colder out of doors, and you might

Brennan started to his feet. "Oh! thank you, you're very good," he tammered, confusedly; "I won't trouble

vou : let me do it ?"

She only looked at him in surprise. "I always make the fires," she answered

quietly, "and as you're sick you'd better keep quiet and rest." nething in her manner Breunan. Half-unconsciously, partly from exhaustion, he sank back in his chair and watched her as she knelt on the hearth, and setting the basket beside her, rapidly laid the kindling under the logs rested on the and irons. She touched the shavings with the candle and the flames leaped up the chimney, flashing into the darkest corners of the room. The warm glow seemed to draw out the rich woman-liness of the kneeling figure, and to human-

ize Brennan's dreary thoughts.
"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly "but will you let me paint your portrait some day?"

For the first time her composure varied. A deeper color came into her face, and she turned her head slowly toward him with an upward glance, in which there was the aintest semblance of coquetry. Yes, if you want.'

"Has anyone ever painted you?" he asked eagerly. "There never has been anyone to do it."

she answered.
"Then I shall be the first." The thought seemed to give the young fellow deep pleasure. "Have you always lived here?" "Yes, always, except when I ran away

to the convent."

"Ran away," he repeated, "why did you do it?"

"I couldn't stay here always, and I never sce anything." "But what did you go for-not to be

nun?" he hazarded "No," she said, smiling a little. "To study; to get away from here. I was tired I had a friend there, and she got me in; but father came and took me away when I'd been there three months. It was a good while ago, and I haven't been away since; " she paused a minute, " we're poor,

she added, simply.

She stood up and leaned against the mantle, looking down at the young man. The fire-light flickered on her face and on her violet print dress, tinging it with pink The folds of the soft material reflections fell with the simplicity of sculpture. As if pleased with the rapt observation of the young man she stood motionless for a few minutes, and then walked toward the door,

eaying—
"I think I'll go now. You'd better go to bed, Mr. Brennen. It's easy to see that you're tired out." There was a note of protecting kindness in the sweet voice. Again the little courtesy, and the vision

had disappeared. Brennan was alone once more, but the room was changed. There was the ruddy fire-light, the snapping, crackling pine logs, the warm, scented air, and whether his eyes were opened or closed the mysterious have you got in here anyhow, that's so beauty they had first beheld floated before mighty hefty?"

"Hold on!" called the colonel, "["] help an hour later, he found him already in bed and asleep, and although he coughed at frequent intervals, he still slept, with a boyish smile on his face.

CHAPTER II. Two weeks later, on an afternoon when there was a midsummer softness in the much better you'll feel."

Mrs. Sanford stood before him, with a large tray, on which was a medley of estables—coffee and boiled fish, a pumpkin-pie and a dish of green pickles. There was something in the scent of the coffee and the bone like aspect of the blue and white grave attention. His heated face and atmosphere, old Sanford sat an the bench grave attention. His heated face and was severe enough to warrant hospital muddy clothes, as well as the gun that treatment.—New York Sun. grave attention. His heated face and

leaned against the seat beside him, showed that he had just come in from a shooting

expedition.

"Yes," said Sanford, "I've wrote some sharp political satires in my day, and them also in poetry. That's something that comes by natur' and birth, and can't be trained into a man. I'll lend 'em to some day, colonel, or—" here his face be-came more animated, "I'll recite 'em to yer if you like. There's the battle of Bunker Hill, one of my historical poems. It was read at the town-hall, at Greenfield, last Independence Day, I do solemnly as aure you, colonel. It begins-

"'A tear stood on the mother's brow, As from the wall young Henry Dow The war-tube lifted down.'

I could say it all, but p'raps you'd as lief read it. You kin judge of it better that way."
"Perhaps I can," the colonel answered

"Then I've wrote also poems of natur". Natur's an inspirin' subject. Jest take a day like this—" He took off his hat and let the air blow his gray locks off his withered forehead. "There's something so pure and holy in the hull look of everythin' to-uay that it's like goin' into a church jest to go out into the fields. Mrs. Sanford now," here his eyes twinkled humorously, "ain't much on natur'. She looked out this mornin', and says she, 'It's a fine mornin' for bakin',' and then she went

in doors and she's b'en bakin' all day!"

The colonel's attention seemed to be wandering. His eyes were fixed on the orchard, where, through the green branches, in the distance, could be seen the gleam of woman's dress and the outline of a man's figure. The occasional sound of voices was orne toward them by the breeze.

Sanford noticed the look. "You needn't fret about that brother o your's, Colonel," he said; "he's all right. Winifred's out there, and he's paintin' her. That's the idea he took into his head She's a sensible girl, a mighty sensible girl, and she'll take as good care of him as if he was her brother. How old is the boy?"

Colonel Brennen made a calculation

"Twenty-two," he said. "I didn't think he was as old," he added, half to himself.

LITTLE NELL.

The Old Man Loved Mis Grandchild Though He was a Drunkard.

An old man and a litile girl walked into a downtown saloon rbout 2 o'clock yester-day afternoon. It was not the first visit. white-aproned bartender regarded them curiously. The half a-dozen lo lowered their voices in respect to the little tot of femininity. Nervously fumbling in his pocket the aged toper called for a drink little gixl left his side and with a fugitive glance at the bartender stole to the lunch table. From noon until 2 o'clock a generous and tempting array of viands is generally provided in this peculiar resort. It had been removed a few minutes before the old man and his little compaion arrived. Raising on tip-toe the little looked over a clear expanse of snow-white tableclote. A pitiful expression of disappointment passed over a face pinched with hunger and privations. The old man was just raising a glas of whiskey to his lips lips when the little girl rushed across the acom and clutched him by the arm: "Grandpa! grandpa!" she exclaimed in a shrill childish treble, "don't drink; the

lunch is all gone!"

The trembling hand withdrew the glass that had almost touched his lips. A look at the table verified the child's statement He had already paid for the drink. tioning the bartender to the end of the long polished bar, the old man said:

"Please give me back the money. must go without the drink if I die for it. It's all we have in the world, and the little girl has had nothing to eat since morning. Please give me back the money." "Here's a quarter; don't come in here

again," replied the bartender.

Hand-in-hand they went out, he with his head down and she with a glad look in her eyes. He started to go into another saloon, but she held him back. The walked half a block and entered a chesp restaurant.—Chicago Tribune.

Fresh From Vanity Fair. Nuns' veilings have a wide selvage and

order and are made up very simply for afternoon costumes.

The novelty in silken fabrics is the bordered armure. There were

woollens for spring wear and bordered cottons for summer. Paisley borders are found on cashmeres for house dresses, and very pretty effects are produced with a sash carrying out the idea of color in the costume.

Tinsel strips are seen on some soft voollens for street costumes. In dark shades of India twill and in light shades for house wear these costumes are equally stylish. Another novelty in bordered fabrics is the hair stripe with a wide border of plain material. This makes up very charmingly

for an autumn walking costume, and needs no trimmings whatsoever.

The selvage in some beautiful new woollen has its width extended to 14 to 2 inches by a silk woven stripe about it. This is the sole trimming on these simple.

costumes, which have a pretty effect not-withstanding their simplicity. Rare and beautiful Eastern stuffs have a background of cloth or gold. This at \$15 or \$20 per yard forms the petticoat in rich costumes. The Eastern gauzes are nearly as expensive and equally fashionable. It takes but little to embellish a dress and

make it quite gorgeous. A Disgusted Humorist. Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, in relating his recent experiences in London, said:—" Sometimes it was dreary work trying to be funny. Once I went to a reception, or assembly, at which none but Greeks were prese t. I have never seen so many magnificent dresses at one time. The women were exceedingly beautiful and richly attired, and all the men were handsome. Well, I went through my programme and tried my best to raise a laugh, but the audience sat and listened without moving a muscle. Just as I was ending the hostess came to me and said sweetly:—'Now, Mr. Wilder, please do something funny!' They carried me out in a hand basket and I reached my rooms

in a collapsed condition. It was simply crushing."—Rochester Democrat. A Double Case of Absent Mindedness. Church choir soprano (who sings during the week in comic opera, to tenor)—I declare, Mr. Highsea, I'm mortified half to death! Do you know that while we were singing that anthem I forgot myself and winked at that old bald-headed Deacon Heavywate in the front pew? Mr. Highsea-Too bad! The deacon

will be indignant. Soprano-No, he won't-that's the worst of it. He forgot himself, too, and made a reach for the pulpit flowers.—Time.

A Post-Mortem Inquiry. Customer-I say, waiter, this venisor hasn't been hung.

Waiter (new to the line)—'Ung, sir? In course not, sir. I believe it was shot, sir.

 $-I^{c}un.$ Some small Boston boys were giving Buffalo Bill entertainment the other afternoon, and young Joe Gammon was an Indian whose business it was to be stabbed by the scout. To prepare for the act he had stuffed the breast of his jacket with newspapers, but the knife of Buffalo Bill found a joint in the armor of the redskin and with a shrick of "Ow" the child of the forest dropped to the ground. The wound

BILL NYE ACCEPTS.

And Prepares a Letter Which May be Used With Profit by Any Candidate.

New York World. Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: I have just learned by the nerest accident that I was nominated some en weeks ago as a candidate for the Presi dency at the regular National Convention. Being out of town at the time, and our local postmaster refusing to forward newspapers without the payment of additional postage, I did not know about it, though 1 emember of telling a man last spring that f no other man in the party seemed really fitted to be its standard bearer I would run. That was the end of it, so far as I was concerned.

When I made the promise I had an idea that possibly a better man would be found somewhere, and in that way I would be enabled to get out of it. Acting upon that supposition, I have made other arrange-ments, which, of course, I will now have to cancel. We had purchased and put in our coals for the winter, and also agreed to board the teacher at our house. name other plans we had made for the outure which will now have to be entirely changed, but the above will show you that a going into this thing I am making sacrifices which are not generally taken into onsideration during the heat and ascerbity of a political campaign.

If elected I will favor a higher price for

the manufacturer and lower prices for the consumer. I believe in submitting the tariff ques

tion to a popular vote of this country and Europe, after which I would reserve the right to do what I thought best about it. I have not yet decided whether I would favor putting the best men into office, or whether I would let them remain where they are, in the newspaper business.

I favor some more things, but out of

respect for the convention which nomiated me I shall not embody them in this etter, but wait till I am elected and then jar the back teeth of those whose votes 1 now desire but whose opinions I My latch string will be out during the

day, and I shall aim to keep open all night. On Sundays visiting statesmen will please enter at the side of the house, and I shall ask one and all to please refrain from loud and boisterous language in the hall as they go away, even though there should go away, even though there should be annoying complications in identifying umberalias left in the hall-rack and quids of tobacco left on the stair rail. Let each take such umbrella and tobacco as shall be altotted to him without epining, and thus elevate and ennoble the ettiquette and tout ensemble of our national

political system - a system of which we are all so justly proud. I trust that one and all will feel free to ome and bring their dinners until November, for after that I shall, if elected, admit only respectable people, and very few of those. Prior to election I shall maintain a general social sink of iniquity, and I hope and trust that the various moral feeters who claim that they knew me when I was poor and when my wife did her own work, and who now claim that they made me what I am, will call early, refrain from tying their team to the cleander and turn off their breaths on retiring instead of rying to blow it out.

The house will be open for visitors im-

mediately after prayers and continue so until breakfast time on the following day. Guests and friends are requested to pass in through the folding doors leading out of the front parlor, view the remains and then continue out through the dining-room citchen and barn.

Memento pickets for making canes may be found in the hay-mow marked as fullows: TAKE ONE. The apples on the large tree near the well

are cooking apples and not good yet, any only in the case of sickness. My wife joins me in the kindest regards to your committee and hopes you will always come to see us when you are in town. We are only a few miles from the station and you can easily find our house if you will follow the crowd. We think some of having a pink tea at our house on Thurslay, and we would both be glad to see the

National Convention and friends here before we take up the carpets. Yours truly, P. S. I accept the nomination with

Odd Items.

A Jeffersonville (N.Y.) bootblack has a card on his back stating that he will not black a drunken man's shoes. Wonders never cease. A peach tree near

Smyrna, Del., for three years past has seemed as dead as Hector, but this year it is loaded with fine fruit. A colored woman in Atlanta, Ga., is the youngest of thirty-seven children, and, although not yet 38 years old, is herself the mother of twenty-seven children.

It is stated upon medical authority that readers should refrain from damping their fingers in turning over the leaves of library books, as this is a sure way to attract any stray bacilli that may be lurking around. Pennsylvania has some girls worth hav ing. In the having season, a gentleman during a short drive counted nine young

women driving two-horse mowers and seventeen managing horse rakes. Mr. Stinyes, of Augusta, Ga., got married one day and eloped the next with an old sweetheart, whom only he swore he could love, and now there is a large and ngry mother-in-law and law suit hovering n the horizon.

In digging a well near Goldsboro', N. C. he diggers came upon traces of an extinct volcano, and at once reported it to the tate geologist, who will the discovery authoritatively in a few days A Georgia man is ready to swear that common soda is the most sovereign thing on earth for the bite of either mad dog or snake—notwithstanding that there is not the remotest possibility that fishing parties and so on will substitute it for the usua

Two farmers near Bowling Green, Ky., weasels in the woods the other day. There were thirty or forty of the little fellows and they seemed to know that there is strength in numbers, for they evinced o fear at the approach of the men, but drew up in a solid mass and showed fight so determinedly that the farmers didn't

A Common Experience.

First youth—By jinks, Harry, what's the matter? Did Clara Vere de Vere refuse Second youth (sadly)-No, she accepted

so blue about?" "I spent so much movey courting her that I haven't enough left to buy an en-Nobody Fooled. What the girl with the parasol and her companion are thinking — "It's awfully mean to lead him on so when I am already

"Then what in creation are you looking

engaged; but it is such fun?" What he thinks-"This is a low sort of business for a man who's to be married in October. They are no end of sport, though, and I could have either of thom for the asking

M. Zola's'new novel, "Le Reve," is to be a work so unexceptionable in its moral tone that it can safely be placed in the hands "of the most modest young girls and the most pure-minded women.'

CURRENT TOPICS.

A snug fortune awaits the man who can nvent a cheaper substitute for India ink. which, by the way, comes from China, not India. Experiments are being made, but so far in vain.

MISS CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG, the novelist

is a devoted member of the church of England. With the proceeds of her novel, The Heir of Redeliffe," she fitted out the missionary schooner, the Southern Cross. for the use of Bishop Selwyn; and \$10,000 from the profits of "The Daisy Chain" are said to have gone to the building of the missionery college in New Zealand. An eccentrict will will be tested in the courts at Pesth in December. A physician, Dr. Goldberger de Bude, leit \$250,000 to ac-

cumulate for the benefit of his posteity until the interest would be sufficient to relieve destitution everywhere. The trustees calculated that they could effect a disdistribution when the capital reached \$1,000,000.000, but they declined to act. The will will now be contested by claimants in America, London and Madrid. THE sergeant who was on guard at the

fortress of Ham at the moment when the late Emperor Napoleon III. effected his escape has just died at Fraize in his 68th year. He and the soldiers about him were offered wine by the then Prince Louis Napoleon, into which a narcotic had been in The prisoner kept them in conver sation until one by one they fell asleep, and, he coast being clear, he slipped away.

On Blizzard Monday young George Cosne, of Hicksville, Lorg Island, found a beautiful girl face downward in the snow the was mosning in great distress. Cosine took the young woman up in his arms and carried her to the nearest phar-macy, where she found stimulants and oxtra wraps. Mr. Cosine's interest went further—he hired a sled and escorted the lovely maiden to her home. Rewarding him, the rescued lady, Miss Mary McEwen, has become his wife. The wedding took place on Sunday evening.

This from the Sydney (N. S. W.) Freeman's Journal, just received by mail, will serve to remind us that ours is still the are having roaring winter down in the antarctic regions. A heavy snowstorm occurred at Armidale on Friday night, and on Saturday the streets were covered with Heavy falls of snow are reported enow. from Orange, Inverti, Tenterfield and other townships, and the weather up country generally is decribed as being bitterly

Ar Trouville, a fashionable resort for the French, a pretty girl wore her hair floating upon her shoulders, with butterflies, brilantly-tinted small birds and dragon-file astened upon it, so as to look as though captured in a golden mesh. Her smal flies, and her light-blue gauze dress was lotted over with others, and several kinds of insects as well. She represented Air Her sister, a dark haired girl, was Water Her sea-green gown was trimmed in eccen ric fashion with seaweed, and her hair loating like her sister's, was similarly lecked. How absurd it is for people to make

show of themselves when they formally enter their life contract! Read this cur rent item about certain unbalanced young people: "Thirty-eight couples have been married at the Iowa fairs and captured more or less valuable prizes for the publicity of their nuptials, and of these thirty seven have been divorced within thirteen months."

A PATENT has been granted for a v proof compound adapted to be applied to the floors and walls of buildings to prevent the access of water and dampness, and which will also withstand extreme and varying temperatures of air, and which will be practically indestructable. The composition consists of the following in The gredients, combined in substantially the roportions stated, viz.:

New Zealand (or Portland) coment, 100 pounds cream of tartar, 3 ounces; pulverized ivory, ource; quicksilver, 1 ounce; isinglass, 4 ounces marble dust, 5 pounds; sand, 200 pounds; rainwater, 1 pail.

In compounding the ingredients a small quantity of cement, for instance, one pound, s mixed with the cream of tartar, quick silver and isinglass and water enough to make a very thin paste, and the composition is let stand about twenty-four hours.
If the weather be coid the composition should stand in a warm place. The remainder of the cement, the pulverized opined that he would be liable to marry a ivory, marble dust and sand are mixed dry and the standing compound is thereupor added, together with enough rain water about half a pail, to produce a plastic mass capable of being readily laid with a trowe or similar implement. After the compound is laid upon a suitable foundation, such as wood, earth, brick or metal, it becomes very hard, equal to steel, and capable of a very high polish.

A Lovely Woman

Overheard one say of her, "By heaven she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she, in she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she, indignantly, "and by heaven only!" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, enthroned on the rose and lily. Yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, with a dry hacking cough, night-sweats, and slight spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery: her improvement was oon marked, and in a few months she wa plump and rosy again, the picture of health

and strength.

How it Works. Rich manufacturer-Well, how did you ucceed at Castle Garden?

Secretary-Finely. Engaged 20 Funrians, 15 Poles, 17 Italians, 18 Bulgarians, 6 Russians, and a miscellaneous collection whose nationalities I didn't stop to ask Rich manufacturer—Glorious That will end the strike in my factory. Now Now High-Tariff League for the Protection of American Labor.—Philadelphia Record.

Knights promise to become as common in Canada as "professors," or as colonels in the United States at the close of the war. Sir Charles Tupper has gone up even a step higher, and is now a full fledged baronet, the "Sir" thus becoming hereditary. If this keeps on Harry Piper, of Toronto, will be made a "Juke."—Rigeown Standard.

A Crisis for a Quaker.

"Is it true, mamma," inquired a little girl, "that a Quaker never takes his hat off?" "It is true, my dear." answered off?" "It is true, my dear," answered the fond mother, "it is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man. "But then tell me, mamma," answered the clever child, "how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut?"

When the Circus Began. "What time did young Sampson leave last night Clara?" asked her papa. "It was after midnight," replied the girl, with a haughty sneer; "we had a quarrel, and I bade him good-by forever." "If you quarreled, I wonder he didn't leave earlier." We didn't begin quarreling until nearly 10

A Transformation. Miss Screechowl sang at the musical last evening," said one musician to another, and she effected a wonderful transformation."

'clock.''

"Indeed | How?"
"Well, she sang' It Was a Dream,' and turned it into an orthodox nightmare."

REAL IRISH STORY.

elling Cupid's truth :

Where Has My Sweetheart Gone ?"

Answered in Time. This from the London Globe sounds omantic, but the writer vows that he is

Just eight years ago a young Dublin engineer and the daughter of a wealthy rmer, who was also engaged in the Dublin provision trade, were married. The bride had managed the provision business for her family and was described as an amiable and lovely girl. After marriage the wed ding party went to Glendalough and a most enjoyable day almost up to the hour of returning was spent, the company being a large one, when some misunderstanding occurred between the newly wedded pair. The bridegroom left the company is ger and walked the eight miles back to the city in time to catch an evening steamer to Liverpool; from that period until Thursday in last week he was never heard of. The bride felt her desertion keenly, but she stuck to her business. He father meantime died and she was left in charge of great responsibilities. The wanderor was forgotten or believed to have died and some time since another aucceeded in obtaining her affections. The wedding was arranged for an early day and invita-tions had been issued when the long missing husband put in an appearance in the city. He had been all these years in New Zealand and he had made money, which he had come home to share with his wife who, "strangely enough" adds the correspondent, "felt all her old love for him revive.
Ile was very nearly being late, but his timely arrival saved a vast amount of after nisery to all concerned."

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 efficacious in curing all Ski s. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proqually Diseases. prietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail

Quite Another Affair Mr. Bachelor (very cordially) -Allow me to congratulate you, dear boy. I hear you've married a widow.

for 50 cents.

Dear Boy (doubtfully)-You're mistaken; "An idler is a watch that lacks both hards; As useless if it goes, as when it stands." Alas I how many women, though house-old and children need their care, are recessarily idle, because suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex. To all such Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a precious boon, speedily ouring internal in-flammation, leucorrhea, displacement, ulceration, tormenting periodical pains, prolapsus, "bearing-down" sensations,

"female complaints" it is the most reliable specific known to medical science.

norning sickness, bloating, weak stomach

nervous prost ation, and tendency to can-cerous disease. In all those ailments called

Misleading. "What in thunder do you mean by ming in here to get your head bandaged? aid an indignant proprietor to a battered tramp. "This is a prumout ain't no hospital, by a jugful." "This is a plumber's shop and

"Why don't yer take in yer sign then?" said the battered tramp, pointing to the legend "Tanks Repaired."

No matter what the school of physic,
They each can cure an ache or physic—
At least 'tis said they can;
But as Keience turns the wheel still faster,
And quacks and begots meet disaster,
'To us there comes a man
Whose merit hath won countless zeslots,
Who use and praise his "Pleasant Pellets."
The "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" of Dr.
Pierce, though gentle in action, are thorough,
and never fail to cure biliousness diseased and never fail to cure biliousness, diseased

or torpid liver, and constipation.

Natural Selection. "Men usually marry their opposites," said Cholly, reflectively. "That is true," said the old man, a little surprised at Cholly's unusual brilliancy. "All the married men I know have married members of the opposite sex." "I mean," said Cholly, "that a tall man is apt to marry a short woman and vice versa; I wonder what kind of a woman I will marry?" And the old man

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms and cramps. Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases f neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and

girl with some sense

sciatica. Nerviline is death to all pain, whether external, internal, or local. Nerviline may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent bottle

of Nerviline, the great pain remedy. Sold by druggists and country dealers. A Scotch mother in Philadelphia was a elighted spectator the other day when her fifteen sons danced the Highland fling ogether at a Scottish picnio.

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or us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S. 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 busines, and after a thorough examination and comparison the Reperter gives limit this endorsement. "We believe that in extent of light-weight randmaterial collected and carried. Mr. Page holds the least of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country."

stock is the largest held by any house in this country."

And the Review says:

"After a most tharough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with ethers 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 superi ority of quality he is confessedly at the head."

QUERY: It 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 be naturally get more Skinsthan any of his competitors in the same line?

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