NUGGET.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE

Miss Hanford's little village shop looked unusually festa just before Christmas, with its strings of cheap, but brightly painted the tovs, its gay cards, and wonderful display of worsted work, to say no hing of the evergreen bush that adorned the window, hung with a variety of tineel grname to that girt tered like silver and gold whenever the sun struck them. To-day, how v r, no flatter ing subbeam dances that way, for old Sol bid in his face beneath a heavy gray voil, and a bick snow is falling quietly but steadily, as though it meant besiness, and Miss Hanford's f ca is almost as gloomy as the sky overhead, while she match s crewels. and sele ts eadles for pretty Mrs Pulsifer, the Doutor's wife. — "It will be a white Christmas after all," says that cheery little woman, while the materials to complete her husband's slipper case, are being tied up, "which, they do say, is bad for the doctors"

"Ye"; 'A green Carletmas makes a fat churchyard;' and no mistake," sighs Miss

"Any sort of Christinus makes a fat pocketbook for you. I suppose," laughs M s. Pul-si'er,— Not this year The new shop with plate glass windows, up the street, has cut into my trade saily; but, thank the Lord. Tom Tucker and I don't med much, and Miss Hanford patted a big black and white cat dozing on one end of the counte. 'It is sort o' lonesome, though, livin' all alone, 'speciall about Christmas Sometimes I git dreadful blue, and down in the mouth." 'No wonder, poor thing!' rejoins Mrs. lsifer, sympathetically. "You ought to Pulsifer, sympathetically. You ought to have my three young logues; you'd never have time to be dull, then. But, good-bye; I mustn't chatter another minuta; all the oddments for the strokings are to be bought

"That's it!" exclaimed Miss Hanford, as the shop-door shut with a slam I m an old maid, and ought to be used to livin alone, dear knows ! but Christ mas' seems to stir unall the sociable feelin's in my nature, and I'd a'most be willin' to give the trade, them plate glass windows hev left me, to hev a leetle critter to cuddle up, and make just such 'a Christmas' for, as Cy and I used to hav, when we were young. sters, it the old red farm-house. Iom Tuck ker, why ain't you a baby?' to which pussy only resconded by a blink of his green eyes,

and pured harder than ever.
"Tinkle-tinkle!" rang the shop-bell, and two eyes appeared on a level with the counter, su mounted by a shock of shaggy hair, and a shrill voice piped, "Please, Mess Hanford, ma sent me over for a three-cent loaf, and wents to know if you will trust her a few days longer." The little country store was very mixed in its contents, and kept br a and cake as well as toys and worsteds. "Hey! is that you Patsey Bett! Tell me, Patrey, my child, how's your poor, sick pe

Very bad! Ma, she's ben up with him all night, and 'most or ed her eyes out

"Then you won't hev much of a Christmas

in your house, to morrow?"

"No: ma says, Santa Claussent word be couldn't come this year;" and a big sob

choked the child's utterance.

"Poor little critters!" mutte ed Miss Hanford, under whose rather stiff exterior beat the kindest heart in the world "There, you take this seed cake over to your ma with my compliments," and as the tiny girl popped in a sugar plum, and laughed heart-ily at the amaged face that opened her mouth to express her thanks, she at the amazed face that nodded good bye, and disappeared across the read.

"It's mighty curious, how queer things are arranged in this world !" solfloquized Miss Hanford : "Not that I want to question the ways of Providence; but there is Mrs. Batt. with four youngsters, and not so much as s peppermint drop to put in their stockings; and here am I, with a lot of knick-knacks gittin' stale on my hands (thanks to them plate glass windows,) and pinin' to make a Christmas' for somebody, and not a kith nor kin belongin' to me, that I know of, for if brother Cy. kad a ben in the flesh, he'd a turned up like a bad pen y, long before this, surely! It's a mystery, and no mistake !"

At that mement her eve fell upon a card lying on the top of a pile of pasteboard sou venirs, and took it up. It represented a la ly and child feeding a flock of robins, and below was printed, "At Christmas, open wide thy heart

"That's purty !" said Miss Hanford. It makes me think of the Christmas sheaf we used to hang out for the birds. They were no kith nor kin, and if to birds, why not to Batts? Yes, I'll do it!" and the happy thought fairly irradiated the rugged face even as the gleam of sunlight that just then shene through a rift in the clouds made the tingel ornaments in the window sparkle an i glitter like a hundred Christmas candles. The new idea was more fully developed that evening over Miss Hanford's solitary cup of tea and plate of hot buttered toast in wee parlor back of the shop, while Tom Tucker sat by, like his namesake, "singing for his supper" and keeping up a duet with the kettle that hummed and spluttered on the stove, and to the good woman their song

Christmas comes but once a year, But when it comes it brings good cheer.

And when the rush of Christmas Eve business was over, the shutters barred, and the quiet of night had descended upon the little snow-bound village, the evergreen was re-moved from the window to the back parlor and made more gorgeous than ever with red, white, and blue tapers, cornucopias, and a veritable St. Nicholas, with reindeer and

"I feel 'most as if I was makin' it for one of my own," said Miss Hanford, as she sur veyed the result of her labors and tied on her nightcap; and there was a happy glow at her heart as she said her prayers and went to bed, that lasted into the Christmas dawn and all throughout the service in the old gray, vine covered church, although few had wished her the season's greetings and no gift graced her lonely morning board.

The overland express from the Pacific Coast, comes steaming and thundering along over a wide, snowy expanse of flat country, and draws up with a snort at a desolate lit tle wooden station, standing almost alone in the middle of a great prairie. Eager passengers crowd to doors and windows, glad of anything to break the monotony of their group of miners in rough attire, with bronz ed fic s and unkempt beards, are clustered about a little girl of some eight or nine years, clad in a costume strange to the petter darlings of fashion, but warm and comfort able for th t bitter winter weather. A gown of coarse soarie flannel, such as men's shirts are formed of, and a rudely fashi ned fur coat and cap, made by loving but unskillful fingers Nothing, however, can mar the winsome beauty of the little maid, whose eves are dewy with tears, as she clings round the neck of one of the men, and holds up her lips, to be kissed by all the others.

You will look fter my little gal, and take her safe," says the tall man who holds her, with a break in his voice, to the con duc'or, as he presses a generous fee into his

"And give her the very best of every-thing," puts in another, while he draws a sleeve acr. as his eyes; "no hin', I reckon, is

too good for our Nugget."
"The luck of the camp will go with her, I'm afraid," groans another; and then the engine blows the signal for departure, and amid sobs and hand-hakes the child is lifted to the platfo m and waves farewell, while the group of men shout, "Give the little 'un a send-off-Hurrah! for the Nugget of Gold Ore Camp!" and loud cheers awaken the echoes as the conductor enters the Pullman car, leading the wee girl by the hand.

The passengers are deeply interested and crowd round, to inquire the history of the new-comer. "She i- not exactly a passenger," says the gentlemanly official, "as she is sent by express; but I can't put her in the express car. There is her label:" and he pointed to a card tacked on the sleeve of the little fur coat, and addressed to

"Miss Hannah Hanford,

Hollywell,

N. Y."

"That's my aunt! And I am her Christ mas present from Pop. Poppy Sam says I can get there in time for Santa Claus to fill

my stocking."

"What is your name, little dear?" asked sweet faced Mrs Farnsworth, drawing the little stranger to a seat beside her.— "Nugget!" — "Nugget! But that is not a name have you no other?"

"Prize Nugget of Gold Ore Camp! That's all. The men gave it to me, 'cause they say, I m worth my weight in gold. Never had any luck at the mines till I came there. Sometimes they call me 'Nug,' for short."

"What is your father called; for I suppose one at these men is your father?"

pose, one of these men is your father? pose one of these men is your father?"

"They are all my poppies: Poppy Sam,
Poppy Jack, Poppy Kir, and Poppy Peter;
but big Pop Cy. is my real true one; and
oh! I den know what they will do without their Nugget!" And the bonny little
face grew very sober at the thought.

"Have you no mather?" asked.

"Have you no mother?" asked Mrs. Farnsworth,
"No. She went to Heaven three years barries were ripe,

ago, when the partridge berries were ripe, and Pop Kit says, it's a nicer place than

even Redskin Canon. "And you have lived with these rough

men ever since ?" "They are not rough?" cried the child. flashing up in an instant; "they are Nug-get's dear, darling Popp es, and I love them, and shall go back to cook for the 'mess,' just as so: n as I learn to read and write, rnd keep house like a lady; and she burst into a wild fit of weeping, and was only pacified by many gentle words and a sight of the little curtained berth in the sleeping car, which she was to occupy during her trip.

The pain of parting over, however, Nugget became as happy as a lark, and the pet and plaything of all on the train Her little red gown fluttered up and down the narrow aisle, like s me bright tropical bird; her golden head peered into every crack and corner, and her quaint speeches were a constant fund of amusement, while her brown eyes opened in surprise at all the new things she was constantly seeing and hearing, for she was as simple and ignorant, as well as fresh and sweet, as a prairie flower trans-planted from Western wilds. The great cities they passed through were a perpetual wonder, and she was never weary of gazing out of the window, until, just as they left Chicago, a heavy snow-storm set in, so thick and dense as to shut out all the scene.

It was very strange, whirling along through this white must, and gradually the train mov d slower and slower, the engine seeming to have to work its way through deep drifts, until on rising one morning, the passengers found themselves at rest, and were informed they had come to a stand-still in the dead country, and could go no further until the snow-plows which had been telegraphed for, should come to dig them out.
"We should be in New York to n'ght,"

said the conductor, "but it looks very much as though we should spend our Christmas on the road. "Oh! oh! oh!" came a chorus of disap-

pointed voices. "To-night is Christmas Eve, sure enough!" said Mr. Grundy, a jolly-faced old bachelor, and then looked down to see a dismayed little fore peering up into his. "Well, Nugget, what is it?"

"Isn't that the night Santa Claus comes?" "I believe it is! It's lucky he didn't travel by this train."

"But he won't know where to find me!" cried Nugget, in alarm; "he will never think of looking for me in a snow bank"-"Sure enough; but I guess Aunt Hannah

will tell him you are coming, and have the stocking filled." "No, she won't; for she don't know it herself I don't b'lieve she knows there's

such a little gal as me in the world. Pop said she didn't." "Well, that's strange; but, never mind, Nugget will be as merry as she can, even if we are snow-bound. I'm going out now, to explore, and may be I'll see a snow-bird, to send a message to Sinta Claus by." And the cheery old fellow tramped off, leaving his

little friend somewhat comforted.

He came back an hour later, with his arms full of pine, laurel, and holly, and the ladies amused themselves in decorating the parlor cars, hanging wreaths in the windows, and festooning garlands along the sides, until it

was transformed into a perfect green bower. But Nugget was unusually quiet all day, although she helped to bunch the "greens," and when she had bidden her friends goodnight, and was tucked away in her berth long journey, and the sight that meets their sobbed herself to sleep, overcome with dis, eyes is novel enough to keep them there. A appointment and homesickness.

"See, isn't that pathetic!" I: was Mrs. Farnsworth who spoke, pointing to a little red stocking pinned to the curtain of the childs bed, which she had hung there in the faint hope that the snow-birds might tell St. Nacholas of her whereabouts

"Can't we fill it with something?" asked Mr. Granly. "Ill drop a bright silver dol-ler in the toe." And he suited the action to

the word.
"They gave me some rosy apples and a few nuts over at yonder farm-house to-day, said Fred Howell, and they rattled in after the silver.

The c'n luc'or, who was a Yankee, and handy with the knife, carved some funny little animals out of wood, and a young lady contributed a pretty blue hair-ripbon, while to crown all, Mrs. Farnsworth made her way to the baggage car, and managed to open her trunk, and bring out a beautiful wax-doll that she was carrying to her own niece. "I can buy Effie another, in New York," she said, and fastened the doll to the

top of the socking.
Christmas dawned in a flood of sunshine, and the occupants of the second sleeper on the eastward-bound train were awakened at an early hour by glad shouts from sectoin 7, where Nugget was sitting up in her bed, in vestigating the treasures hidden in her Santa Claus stocking, and "Morry Christmae!" resounded from behind the curtains on all

"He came; the good Santa Claus came, after all!" cried Nugget in wildest glea "and I am sure, the now birds sent him -good news--the conductor told them that the track had been cleared and that they would be off in ten minutes.

So this railroad C ristmas was not so bad, after all; for the travelers gathered together in the pine decked partor car, where merry games and sweet carols made the hours fly. Nugget was the gay est of Nugget was the gay est of the noors hy. Nugget was one gay out of the gay, the blue snood binding her soft yellow hair; and, hugging her first real doll closely in her arms, never realized that she was an express package, until Hollywell was reached just after dark. More sad good-byes had then to be said, and she was t ned over to the tender care of an express man, with a covered wagon and pair of prancing horses.

The cozy parlor behind Miss Hanford's shop was a vision of comfort and homely cheer on that Christmas night, with the crimson curtains drawn, and a glorious fire crackling merrily on the hearth. As the well-washed faces of the four lttle Batts reflected all the brightness as they gathered around the simple Christmas tre ed around the simple contrasting with tiny lights, and made their mouths into round O s, with delight. Miss Hanford bustled about like a motherly old hen, passing doughnuts, filling mugs of sweet cider, an distributing the little gifts of which she had robbed the store, to gladden the occasion.

How the tongues ran! How Tommy Batt beat his big drum, and Mat tooted his tip trumpet! How Herty hid behind the sofa, to read her new fairy book, and how Patsy carressed a coveted doll, with rosy cheeks, with wild delight! while Christmas cheer and charity reign d over all.

"It is a shame!" exclaimed Mat, as he see'd wn his mug, d-alued of the list drop; "Every one has a present, except Miss Han-ford; it isn't fair!"

"It is enough for me to see you so happy at my little party," the hostess opened her mouth to say, when she was in errupted by a tremendous kn cking at the front door and hurried off in a flurry, to open it.

There stood a very large man and a very small g rl, looking like the big bear and the little bear of the old fairy st ry, wrapped in their fur coats. "Here, Miss Hanford, I've brought you

a jolly Christmas-box this time, and no mis-take," said the big bear; "express charges all paid."
"Bless us, and save us !" cried Miss Hanford, feeling for her spectacles; but the man

had disappeared and the little bear was clinging to her skirts and stammering out, Your Aunt Hannah, I know, and please, I'm Nugget, fr m Gold Ore Camp. says, I'm to live with you, and go to school; and here is a paper to tell you all about it."

Three minutes later, Miss Hanford was

reading a letter from her long-lost brother Cy., in which he begged her to care for his motherless girl, c ying and laughing over Nagget, while she warmed the child's hands at the fire, and feeling that she was no long-

er all alone in the world.

"Now I know why I wanted so to make a Christmas tree," she thought, as the graceful little figure danced around the evergreen, exclaiming with delight, "it is ever so much prettier than the trees in Redskin canon, and must have grown in Heaven, I am sure," while the quartette of Batts sat by in surprised silence

And then the quaint little child drew from beneath her scarlet gown an old blue woolen sook that was fastened about her waist. It was filled with rich gold dust and ore, a gift from "Cy Hanford to his dear sister Hann'sh."

So Miss Hanford had her Christmas present after all, and said it would more than make up for all she had lost by the new store, while visions of plate glass window in her own little shop, danced through her

It was a perfect evening to all, except Tom Tucker, who considered his note out of joint, and sang in vain for his supper, until Hettie took compassion on him

gave him half a doughnut. "Nugget said, she was "so glad she had come in time for a little bit of Christmas, and the lovely tree," and when at midnight Miss Hanford bent over the golden head, nestled in the centre of her big feather pillow, she was sure no one in Hollywell had had so sweet a Christmas box as her precious little Nugget from Gold Ore Camp.

The manufacture of mild steel by the Bessemer process has, it is said, been so greatly reduced in cost in England that steel ips of the same class have come to be offered at precisely the same price as iron. This possibility, it is remarked, arises largely from the fact that a steel ship of a given strength can be made of much lighter weight than one of iron.

There is no occasion for a man with a cold in his head to be idle. He's up to his sneeze in business.

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

Sharp.

Dishonesty often cheats itself. It is the tendency of trickery to stumble over its own telek; and humbug naturally falls victim to its own shallowness. As a man, who prides himself on being "smart," was walking in the suburbs of Boston a short time ago, he chanced to look through the cracks in the wooden sidewalk, and saw the gleam of a silver coin Seeing another man approach ing he got down on his knees and began to peer anxiously through the crack. The tranger came up, and seeing the man in a humble, though not devout, posture, naturally asked "what was up," in a ring what as down.

"Why, you see I was walking along bere, and I happened to take out a handful of loose change, and a silver half collar slip-ped through my fingers, and rolled down through this crack."
"I see. Why don't you get it out?"

"Haven't anything to p'y up the boards with, and I can't reach it with my cane. Tell you what I'll do. If you'll go down to that house over there and borro v an axe, or a hammer, or som thing, I'll sit here and watch the place, and go shares when we get the half-dollar.

All right!" And the second man went for the implement, while the "smart" man sat on the sidewalk, and smiled to himse f.

The stranger soon came back with an axe and under the directions of the "smart man, who seemed willing to let the other de all the work, the boards were taken up. The man with the axe wiped the perapira tion from his brow, and reaching down through the opening saiz d the money and brought up, not a half-dellar, but a dellar, which he coolly put in his pocket, sayi. g:
"You said a half dollar, I believe. This

pan't be yours then, can it?' With perfect nonchalance he nailed the boards back again into place, while the "smart" man pensively saun ered down the street, muttering to himself:
"What a fool I was to guess at the deno-

mination.

The Boot and Shoe Trade of Montreal. During the past ten years the leather

business has been developing as one of our great national industries; and it is probable that in a few more years Canada will have acquired no mean reputation abroad as a manufac urer of leather, and leather goods These industries have developed greatly in the province of Quebec, owing partly to the cheapness of labor and its facilities for tan-ning the raw leather. Out of 60 tanneries for tanning sole leather, about two thirds are in the province of Quebec Montreal alone has 25 canneries, and out of \$10 000,000 worth of leather made annually in Canada Montreal dealers and manufacturers take over 5,000,000. There are some 35 boot and show factories in the city, a leather-board works, five factories for making trunks, valises, satchels, etc., and the total hands employed over 5,000, besides those to whom work is given out to do at their homes. boot and shoe e-tablishments produce 15, 000 pairs every day or \$5,500 000 worth a year; about six per cent. of which are now sent to foreign countries.

A correspondent of this paper, noting there facts, and auxious to see how boots and shoes were turned out in this wholesale fashion, visited one of the large fact ries of the ci y. The establishment in question long known to the trade of Canada as J. & T. Bell-happened to be the oldest in Canada. To give an idea of the vitality of some of these Montreal firms, it may be mentioned that this firm has been in continuous ex istence since IS24. It was founded by the late Alexander Bell, whose brother Joshua had started in the boot and shoe line in 1819. Joshua and Thomas, sons of Alex. Bell, continued in the steps of their father, each on his own account. It is not often that brothers, having embarked on their own account, join hands in business again, but these two separate firms were amalgamated in 1845, and the result is, the firm of J. & T. Bell stands to this day as one of the leading boot and shoe establishments in Canada engaged on the finer class of goods. The factory and warerooms comprise seven flats, the estab lishment turning out several thousand pairs per week. A fine corlies engine occupies the basement, and the first floor is taken up with machines for cutting and shaping the soles of boots. A complete sole is cut out machine presses the sole into the shape of There are other machines for splitting the sole and for making it of uniform thickness; and again another machine cuts s groove in the eige of the sole so that the sewing can afterwards be done. On another flat the uppers are cut and passed in to another department to be sewn together. The sewing is done by manhinery, of course, and this firm were the first to introduce shoe machinery of any kind into Canada, having as early as 1845 imported a Singer machine from New York to sew uppers with. From this time dates the adoption of machinery in the boot and shoe trade of Canada. Den nis Barron, a min who has been in the em ploy of the firm for 43 years, mentioned the introduction of the machine as a great cur-iosity in the shop, adding that the circumstance was emphasized in his memory by re ceiving in the same case a Bible as a present from Mr. Bell. Judging from this incident, and the fact that many of the other employ-ees have been with the firm for periods of 20 and 25 years—several girls having come as children and left only on the occasion of their marriage—there must have been a great deal of good will existing between the firm and its employees. Speaking of machinery, the change that has taken place in this respect in the boot and shoe trade is wonderful. Almost everything that was done by hand thirty years ago is now performed by machines, except the lasting process, and even this is now largely done by machinery on some of the lower grades of boots in the Sates. Although thirty years comprehends the era of machinery in this line the most important improvements have been effected within the last fifteen years. Making the button holes for button boots, for instance. was done by hand till within a few years ago. This once tedious process is done on a peculiar machine, which will button hole 60 pairs of boots, or a total of 1200 button holes a day. Another com-paratively new machine will stitch and trim the edges of uppers at one operation, and does its work in the most exact manner. Still another machine does the "skiv-ing" or beveling of the edge of an upper, and here again the machine work is an improvement on the hand process, being done quick-ly and evenly, whereas by hand it required a certain "knack" which many otherwise excellent workmen could not attain. There

is one curious machine which turns an edge

of leather in upon itself, and with the belg of cement, will make a sort of hem complete in one operation. Another triumph of skill In this class of work is the machine which will sew in the sole of a boot in less than half a minute, and others are the heel trimmers, scourers and burnishers. The last named machine consists of a steel burnisher heated from within by a jet of gas, and moving round the heel, pressing hard to the heel as it moves back and forth and giving a perfect polish to it as it travels by an automatic motion over every part of the heel. One of these sets of burnishers will do 7 cases, r 420 pairs of boots a day. There are also buffing-machines which by means of sandpapered cylin ters impart a finished and velvety feel and appearance to the soles of the boots; and many other contrivances which are an improvement on manual lab r in point of speed and p riection of work, com-prising in all some 30 or 40 different kinds of machines. On being asked as to the effects of the small pox epidemic on the bu iness, Messrs J T Hagar and John Stephens, the managing partners of the firm, said that as far as their own trade was concerned they had had a very satisfactory season; and now had samples prepared for their travelors to start out for the coming season, with every prospect of a good trade. They had a wider range of goods than be-fore, having gone into men's as well as ladies, boots and shoes, which had been their sole specialty for som seas as past. While they worked only on the batter class of goods and employed therefore the better class of workmen, they had taken extra precautions against small-pox, even though it was the opinion of some medical men that contagion could not be carried in boots and shoes owing to the disinfecting nature of the chemicals used in preparing the leather. They had withdrawn all work such as binding, etc., formerly done by work people outside, and had everything done on their own premises, and they had not only had all their employees vaccin ted, but had caused an inspection of their p emises to be made by an independent physician, and have had subsequent weekly visits to the factory made by a doctor who sees that none of the employees or their families are suffering from the disease. Home with all these precautions, of which their customers have been aware, they have not suffered in business. Happ:ly, also the disease has of late greatlly absted, and this, together with the pre-cautions taken by Montreal merchants generally, will restore general confidence in trade. Your correspondent was pleased to learn that it is the intention of two or three of the principal boot and shoe manufacturers here to send samples of their products the Colonial and Indian Exhibition to be held in London next year. They will certainly do Canada credit.

A Wonderful Ship.

In the race between unchecked imagination and sic ntific achievement the former seldom wins by much more than a no e. The submarine boat of Jules Vergne's story, The submarine boat of Jules vergue shorty, direct d by the mysterious Captain Nemo, sinking a ship and sailing backwards and forwards through her rigging "like a needle through a piece of s il-cloth," has not ceasthrough a piece of s'il-cloth,' has not ceased to impress our imagination, and yet here is Mr. Nordenfeldt, with thirty nine officers representing every European Power, anxiously watching the performance of a vessel in which he fairly puts the novelist's ima-gination to shame. From the accounts which are published it seems that every objection has been met and overcome with wonderful ingenuity: if the engines which are sicking the boat break down, she returns at once to the surface; she cannot sink too far, for an automatic arrangement loses the throttlevalve at any given depth; she has been driven sixteen miles at three knots an hour without returning to the surface, and she can run 150 miles without recoaling. Most important of all, a pendulum, working of course automatically, keeps two bow rudders in such respective positions than an "even keel" is absolutely assured. This last is the main point. What every one last is the main point. What every one who steps inside will ask is, Will she turn over? Even the extraordinary moral and physical influence of such a boat in modern warfare will hardly receive due attention until this elementary matter is settled. Other doubts as to her conduct, for instance in a maels rom or if hustled by a whale, are of on importance compared to the possibility of standing on one's head in the stoke-hole in ten fathoms of water.

Longfellow's Birthday Book

is a beautiful present to give any lady. But there is a little book published in pamphlet form, with no pretersions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr R. V. Pierce's treatice on disease. es of women, for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any addres: for ten cent, in stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Never stop at the church door to ask bout the music. In choir within.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little L ver Pills." Of all druggists.

Paradoxical-A man generally refuses to vote the straight ticket when he wants to avoid a crooked one.

An Inventor's Advice.

George S evenson when advising young men how to get on would finish by saying, "Do as I have done—persevere." For fifteen years he plodd d and worked before giving the finishing touches to his locomotive. In as many days those persevering in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical" Discovery," have experienced great relief and found themselves on the high road to Liver complaints, impure blood, chronic lung diseases and many others yield to its healing influences never to return. All druggi ts.

Rutland papers tell the story of a farmer in that neighboreood, a widower and well to do, who not long ago wrote to a woman near by whom he had never seen, describing his circumstances. He told her that if he did not hear from her to the contrary within two weeks he would call with a min ister and marry her. No letter came, and he carried out his threat at the appointed

time. "Plenty of room at the top," remarked a dealer as he opened an apple barrel and found it only half full.