DREAMING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

In his arm chair beside the open door,
Round which the sweet wild roses climb and blow,
Through the long, odorous days of June, and pour
Their faded petals on his locks of snow,
The old man sits, with Bible on his knee,
Although for years his eyes have been so dim
He reads the chapters through by memory,
And there his dead ones come and talk with him.

If you but listen, you will hear him speak
The names of those he loved in other years;
He laughs at little fingers on his cheek;
The past is his—the present disappears.
He has forgotten all life's bitter loss,
To the wee baby, sleeping on her breast;
The sweetest of all songs to him is this;
Her very presence holds a spell of rest
He thinks, and tells her with a lover's kiss.

Yes, lovers yet, though many years have fled
Since in the spring time of the year, and life,
They stood before the man of God, and said
The solemn words that made them man and wife.
Lovers forever! Time can never change
The hearts it sunders by a grave's green sod;
Such love as theirs was nothing can estrange—
Lovers on earth and in the world of God.

He sees the happy children at their play,
And smiles at each and pats each tangled head;
To his little stories, when, half tarnished, they
Come clamoring in for bowls of milk and bread.
Home is a kingdom, and he is a King;
"The happiest King in the whole world, dear wife!"
And as she gives back his kisses, wondering
If ever woman had a happier life.

Oh, gray-haired dreamer, dream the hours away;
Forget the present in the vanished past;
Forget the graves upon the hill to-day
O'er which the ripening leaves are falling fast.
Soon will the golden gates swing wide for you,
And you pass in to find your own once more;
The woman with the heart forever true
Will bid you welcome to the deathless shore.

SHIOCTON, Wis.

SAVED.

BY E. B. W.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials; but I received the letter, and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's dressing-room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the seaside, where I had spent my vacation; made for Mrs. Maltby—to whom I had been "companion" for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying: "Tnuch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them and keep them."

I usually sat with her, in her dressing-room, through the morning. And thither I now repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippered feet on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance toward my companion. Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned toward me. In its regularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deathly. The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked, but silent. I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of 50, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn Hall ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She had never had a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had ever heard of. I could not surmise what had happened. I saw her burn the letter; and then she rose and left the room.

Afterward I guessed whom that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable, but rather monotonous weeks, at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was not unhappy with Mrs. Maltby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine—Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend from town. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements—pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knock or warning, the door was flung open, and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I, myself, was frightened—the intruder looked so bold and reckless. He was very handsome; but he seemed to me to have been traveling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled, his long, clustering hair unbrushed, his eyes bloodshot. Yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her, however.

"Go on, Violet," she said.

"Certainly, let the young lady proceed with her task," he said, quickly. "What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidante, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been quite mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Maltby's face, and seemed to see only her. I went on, pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid; but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refused me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had at first spoken, low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered, composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated, and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his face.

Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pitied him. He got up, and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winifred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it, and to-night, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winifred," he said, pausing before her. "And I promise you it shall be the last time."

She made no reply.

"The last time. I mean it, Winifred."

His voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, with no emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling. But that monosyllable seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and desperate.

"I did not think God could make such a woman as you are," he said, at last.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which he seemed to regard her. But she spoke with unaltered composure.

"I told you, more than a year ago, that I should pay no more debts of yours contracted in gambling, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know that I meant it. I have given you fair warning. I shall not change."

He did not speak; his head was drooped upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

"I have done my duty by you, Guy—you know that I have," she added.

"Yes, you have been just; but you have never been merciful," he replied. "Oh, God!" He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart.

I looked at her. No; she did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and, with his head dropped in his arms folded upon the back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat nearer the fire. Her lips were gray, as if she were cold; but her face was still as inflexible as flint.

He gave a groan and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said. "I——" He met her eye and asked, "Why do you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you will remember."

A slight flush stained her cheek.

"You would have made her happy, I suppose, if she had lived," she said, sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived? Oh, heaven, if she had lived! Winifred, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.

He remained but a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away.

She was ill the next day; but on the following day she appeared much as usual.

Of all that I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. If I had not understood it, Mrs. Maltby would have made me feel it. I understood that the two were brother and sister—that the young man was named Guy Sedley—that he was dissolute and in disgrace—that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on that second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber. It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantle was chiming 12. After a moment, I slipped out of bed, and glided toward the open door. The long, embroidered folds of my night-dress nearly tripped me up; but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see—certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandal-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper burning on the mantel showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something.

He must have come through my room to reach the apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable; that there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor, close at his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched the knife, and leaped back to the door. I was mistress of the situation, for I had come from behind him, done all as in a flash, and, as he rose to his feet, I stood with a calmness that showed it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bank-notes he had been searching for into the pocket of his waistcoat, and, with a glittering eye, regarded me speculatively. I was *petite*, and I had not screamed. I know, now, that he was not much afraid of me.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said; "but if you will put the money back I will let you go."

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

"You child, are you not afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," I answered, truthfully.

"But I watched you in your sleep, a moment ago, debating whether it were necessary to kill you or not."

"You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary," I said.

He looked more astonished than before; but I did not stop to think of that.

"Put the money back," I said.

"No!" he said, firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have your there?" I asked.

"One hundred pounds."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you; I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"*You?*"

"I have it—yes—here in my room. Let me show you."

I flung open the door, next to my writing-desk, and came back to him.

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll of notes. "You said to her that it should be the last time, and I hope——"

He had taken the notes into his hand, looking at them in a kind of unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you have saved me," he said, in a low voice.

We were silent for a moment.

"You know now that I was very sorry for you," I said, with tears in my eyes.

"Yes," he said, gravely; "and I love you for it."

He put Mrs. Maltby's money back and rearranged the chest. I began to listen, nervously, for voices about the house; but all was very still. He locked the chest and gave me the key.

"You know where it is kept?"

"Yes; in a drawer in her dressing-room." I wondered how he had obtained it. "Hasten, and get away!"

"There is no danger; I made my way hither carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!"

He looked at me earnestly, as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features; then he wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash and leaped soundlessly out in the darkness. I extinguished the taper, and crept back to bed. I did not hear a sound about the house until daybreak.

When I arose I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing-desk where I had lain it. Then I shuddered.

A year later I was the mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds were all mine. Mrs. Maltby had died and bequeathed them to me.

On her dying bed she said, "Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; him I disown." She paused, and then went on: "You have seen my brother. I loved him; I was ambitious for him, but his natural bent was evil. We had a cousin, Flora, a child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married. But I forbade it. I revealed to her his dissipation. I told her of his debts and deeds of daring. She loved him, she trusted him—but she was delicate, and died. He says I killed her."

She grew pale, even past her dying pallor. She went on: "When I saw him last, the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter. He had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably lying in jail now; but I will have none of him. I was just to him, and I will never forgive him."

So she died, hard as flint to the last. And I was mistress of Redburn.

I was young. I was fond of gayety. I had now the means at my disposal. Every summer my house was filled with guests. In the winter I was in London or abroad. And yet I lived only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me.

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley, when, one day, the Bromleys of London, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend; I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came. It was a shock, but he gave no token of the past. Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of my guests.

I loved him—but I thought, "He must hate me, the usurper of his rights. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will not keep it. I will give it back to him."

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening. I went and took a seat near him.

"How lovely this view is!" he exclaimed, pointing toward the distant hills.

"Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim to it." He did not speak, and I went on: "Your sister was just. And she would have made you the heir if she had lived to see you what you are to-day."

"But it was your mercy, not her justice, Miss Sedley, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and I will take Redburn with your hand, not else."

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud, very proud, to make him the master of Redburn. Nor have I ever regretted it.

WESTON'S SECRET.

A Pretty Good Story, Whether It Is True or Not.

[From the New York Mercury.]

"It is now generally believed that Weston's extraordinary feat is the result of a long-cherished determination on his part to regain his lost laurels," observed a well-known wealthy gentleman of sporting proclivities to a *Mercury* representative. "In a measure it is. But there is more than that in it. I know to an absolute certainty that it is one of the best laid and carried out plans to scoop a big winning that was ever concocted. I dare not give you names; but I will tell you a story, for the truth of which, in its minutest details, I pledge my honor.

"A friend of mine, a club man and a passionate sportsman, was a heavy backer of O Leary against Rowell in the international match at Gilmore's Garden. Even when things looked darkest and most desperate for his man, he stuck manfully by him. The consequence was that he came out the loser over $80,000. His bets were private ones in most cases, and, except for a few heavy outside ones, his losses remained unknown to the general public.

"My friend went to England on business immediately after the match. He there met Weston, whom he had known before. Weston expressed himself warmly in regard to America's losing the belt, and said: 'If I had a couple of months' training, I believe I could win it back.' My friend became convinced by his enthusiasm that he did not overestimate himself, and suggested to him to try it. After some talk Weston agreed to go into training at once. Then the idea struck my friend to recover his losses. Previous to that he had, as he told me himself, been only actuated by a desire to see the belt returned to America.

"Weston's popularity as a walker was deep in a decline, and the betting in any match he entered for was sure to be against him. If he was known to have been in training it might be more favorable; but if his preparations were kept secret betting men would regulate their investments by his old record. Any one backing him under these circumstances could get long odds, and my friend, firmly convinced that the veteran walker could win, determined to indorse his convictions. His losses on O'Leary had seriously crippled him. He deliberately, and at no little sacrifice, raised $150,000 in cash, mortgaging a quantity of his real estate in this city to do so. Every dollar of his money he applied to one purpose. The victory of his man meant a fortune to him or nearly absolute ruin, and he told Weston so without reserve; 'I am putting nearly every cent I own on you,' he said; 'if you win,' he said—'if you win, half of what I gain is yours. I only ask two things of you—one is to keep quiet with your training, the other to do your best.'

"Weston did so. No soul outside of the plot knew that the ex-champion was laying himself out for a big victory and fortune by rigorous training. When he went on his pedestrian tour through England people spoke of it as a showman's dodge. It was really a part of his preparation for the contest on which he and his backer rested their hopes. My friend meanwhile went quietly to work laying out his $150,000 where it would do the most good. He worked so quietly that scarcely any one knew what he was about. Every one thought that Weston went into the match with no preparatory training. It was not until he began to show up in the match that people began to think that he had been preparing himself for the task, and to find out that some one had quietly been putting up money on him all along and held nine-tenths of the bets laid against Weston in the race. I don't know how much the thing has netted him, but it is safe to say that the scheme has cleared a big profit. There isn't a sporting gentleman in London who is not bit to a greater or less extent, for my friend is hand-in-glove with all of them and had bets booked with all. He has called twice with his brother, each time giving the amounts of his books."

"Half of this money, of course, goes to Weston?"

"My friend has promised it. He is well known as a man who never breaks his word."

How Empress Augusta Snubbed Bismarck.

A profound sensation was caused by the cold, not to say slighting, reception given to Prince Bismarck by the Empress Augusta. The Emperor had greeted him with the greatest frankness, evidently wishing to show to those around him the confidence and regard which he entertained for his chief adviser. But the Empress, on the other hand, seemed as if she wished to show her dislike of the Prince by not only answering his obeisance in a very slighting fashion, but by not even extending her hand to him, as she did immediately afterward with gracious mien to the veteran Von Moltke. The incident is causing much talk in Berlin, where it is known, however, that the Empress has long entertained a most bitter dislike to the Chancellor. But this is the first time that she has evinced her anger toward the Emperor's favorite in such a decided and striking manner.—*Berlin letter.*

FARM NOTES.

THE crow destroys more grasshoppers than any other bird. He must, therefore, be one of the blessings in disguise we hear so much of.

EXPERIENCE with the Colorado beetle should prompt the early planting of potatoes; also, abundant manuring and good preparation of the soil. The latter often doubles the crop.

A FARMER who has tried it, speaks in the highest praise of gas tar for painting wagon wheels, stating that it tightens tires and spokes better than anything else that can be used.

A LITTLE dry sand covered over potatoes when they are first put in the cellar will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry, air-slaked lime will mitigate a tendency to rot.

IT is supposed that eating rich clover pastures wet with dew or recent rains is dangerous to cows as producing bloat. But when dry there is but little danger, if the cows are not too hungry and unused to such food.

CORN-COBS dipped into molasses and suspended from limbs in the plum trees has saved many a crop of plums for a Moreland farmer. He has done this for many years with success. The curculio will lay his brood into the sweetened corn-cob instead of the plums. From six to twelve prepared corn-cobs are sufficient for an ordinary-sized tree.

THERE is a well-known farmer living near Toronto, who, the Toronto *Globe* says, is in a position to make the following proud boast: Last year four cows on his farm had eight calves, eight sheep had seventeen lambs; one mare had two colts; one goose had two broods of goslings, one of nine and the other of eleven; and, lastly, his wife had twins, a boy and a girl.

A MOST valuable remedy for heaves, and said to be a sure cure: Forty sumac buds, one pound of resin, one pint of ginger, half a pound of mustard, one pint of unslacked lime, one pound of epsom salts, four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces of cream of tartar. Mix thoroughly, and divide into thirty powders, and give one every morning in their feed before watering.

CLOVER-FIELDS will be benefited by the application of a bushel or two of plaster, as early this month as possible. There is no better place on the farm to put wood ashes than on clover. Circumstances already referred to are tending to make clover a more important crop than we have regarded it as a preparation for wheat and for green feeding. For this use some of the annual varieties may be sown.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Forest and Stream* says: "A very successful plan has been tried by placing in Mr. Crow's way a number of grains with a horse hair run through them. He is bound to swallow one, and his note of alarm is soon sounded. It is impossible for him to dislodge the grain, and if he can be watched a sufficient length of time he will be seen to cut his own throat in scratching at it. His usual note is changed, and I can assure you that life to him is such a misery he could 'even wish that he were dead.' It has been noticed that after the note of alarm had been sounded, all the crows in the vicinity will leave that field and approach it no more that season. It is a simple thing, yet all who try it will find it a success."

THE Lewiston *Gazette* says every paper in the United States ought occasionally to keep the fact before its readers that burnt corn is a certain and speedy cure for hog cholera. The best way is to make a pile of corn on the cobs, effectually scorch it, and give the affected hogs free access to it. This remedy was discovered by accident by E. E. Locke, Esq., at the time his distillery was burned, together with a large lot of stored corn, which was so much injured as to unfit it for use, and was hauled out and greedily eaten by the hogs, several of which were dying daily. After the second day not a single hog was lost, and the disease entirely disappeared. The remedy has been tried since in a number of cases, and has never failed.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

A NICE WAY TO COOK EGGS.—Butter a saucepan; break into it the eggs; do not crowd them; place in a slow oven until the whites set. Thus treated they are more delicate and much more wholesome than fried eggs.

TO CLEAN RUSTY STOVE-PIPES.—Rusty stove-pipe may be made to look nearly as good as new by simply rubbing it over with a bit of cloth moistened with sweet oil. By coating the entire pipe, joints which are unlike in appearance will be made uniform and display a nice luster.

CLEANING DISHES.—Dinner dishes and plates which have had greasy food upon them may be rubbed off with a little Indian meal before putting into water. They are thus prevented from making the water unfit for continued use, while the meal, saved by itself, is good for the pigs or chickens.

HANGING BASKETS.—Pretty ones can be made of the oak balls which drop about the time of the "sere and yellow leaf." Collect quite a quantity and thread them upon wire and arrange just as though you were working with beads. A very pretty design is to commence by making a circle for the top ten inches in diameter, and then work down in the form of scallops or diamonds, gradually narrowing it in to form a graceful shape.

TO WHITEN OLD FLANNEL.—Make a suds of hard soap and soft water; dissolve a teaspoonful of borax and put in the suds; put the flannel in the suds and let it lie a few minutes, then wash and rinse; have ready some cloths dipped in melted brimstone, and wound on sticks; two will be sufficient; put them in a candlestick, or anything to hold them in an upright position; hang the flannel in a barrel, so that the smoke can come up through the middle and around it; light the brimstone candles and set them in the bottom of the barrel and cover closely. If carefully done, they will come out nearly as nice as new.

A VALUABLE HINT.—The most convenient way to prevent loose window-sashes from rattling unpleasantly when the wind blows is to make four one-sided buttons of wood and screw them to the beading which is nailed to the casings of the window, making each button of proper length to press the side of the sash outward when the end of the button is turned down horizontally. The buttons operate like a cam. By having them of the correct length to crowd the stiles of the sash outward against the outer stop of the window-frame, the sash will not only be held so firmly that it cannot rattle, but the crack which admitted dust and a current of cold air will be closed so tightly that no window-strip will be required. The buttons should be placed about half way between the upper and lower end of each sash.

TO EXTERMINATE BEDBUGS.—1. First make a strong solution of common salt and cayenne pepper, and place in every crevice or crack where the bugs are likely to be found. Then take a pan or kettle half full of ashes, and put a shovelful of hot coals on top of them. Throw into the coals one table-spoonful of sulphur, and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Let this remain in the room you wish to fumigate about an hour, being careful to close all doors and windows, and do not leave any living thing, either plant or animal, in the room that you do not wish killed. Two or three thorough applications of this will rid any house of bedbugs, no matter how badly infested. 2. Take one pint of turpentine, one pint of alcohol and one ounce of gum camphor; dissolve the camphor in the alcohol, and then add the turpentine, shaking well before using; use large-size sewing-machine oiler to put it on with; fill every crack and crevice with it before taking the bedstead apart, and it will remove both the vermin and their eggs. 3. Corrosive sublimate one table-spoonful, alcohol or good whisky one pint. When thoroughly dissolved apply with a feather. Bottle and distinctly label; also cork tightly, for the mixture is a deadly poison to human life as well as to vermin. 4. An ounce of quicksilver beat up with the white of two eggs and put on with a feather is the cleanest and surest bedbug poison. What is left should be thrown away; it is dangerous to have about the house. If the vermin are in your walls, fill up the cracks with verdigris green paint.—*Various Sources.*

SOME SNAKE STORIES.

A CORRESPONDENT tells of the killing of a rattlesnake a few days since in Todd county, Ky. When first discovered a little child was playing with it, the snake meanwhile darting out its tongue.—*Elkton Register.*

A DAUGHTER of Mr. Joseph B. Brown, of Two Runs, Lumpkin county, Ga., sat down on a huge rattlesnake the other day. She got up as soon as she found it out, and the snake was killed.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE death of Mr. Leonard Collins, of Apling county, Ga., who was bitten by a rattlesnake as he was in search of lumber to make a coffin for his mother's remains, is announced. His suffering from the day that he received the bite to the time of his death—a period of about ten days—was intense, and, notwithstanding the best medical skill and attention, nothing could be found to counteract the effects of the venom upon his system.—*Savannah News.*

ON Sunday three boys, sons of Mr. Frederick Elliott, living near Rawlings' station, Md., came upon a rattlesnake. They killed it, with the assistance of their dog, which soon after sickened and died. Shortly afterward one of the boys was taken very ill, and, it is feared, will not recover.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

R. SHARP, who lives at East Los Angeles, appeared in his place of business to-day for the first time in several weeks. About three weeks ago, while he was irrigating his land, he was preceding the water stream, carrying a hoe to loosen the ground, and suddenly felt something sting him in the calf of his right leg. On looking down, he saw an immense tarantula clinging to his bare limb. Before he could brush it off, it gave him another bite. The shock was severe, but he did not lose his presence of mind. He at once proceeded to the house, and applied such antidotes as were at hand, and drank a large goblet of pure alcohol, followed by a bottle and a half of strong brandy. These stimulants produced but very little inebriating effect, and doubtless saved Mr. Sharp's life. The wounds were then blistered, and, up to this morning, Mr. Sharp did not feel strong enough to go to work.—*Los Angeles Star.*

IT was a snake that made trouble in Eden, and snakes have marred the honeymoon of Mr. Junius W. Hight, of Franklinton, N. C. Scarcely had he installed his bride in her new home, when the reptiles made their appearance—at first by twos and threes, then by battalions. The first one he killed was ten feet long, and since then he has seen one twenty feet long, with a body as big as a man's leg They ate his chickens; they kept up an unpleasant hissing around the house all night; a big fellow out in the woods drove slumber from Mrs. Hight's eyelids by his uncanny bellow; another actually chased her over her own doorstep. About a week ago she waked her husband up; there was a queer noise in the house, she said. He struck a light, and found half a dozen snakes of the largest size squirming about on the floor. Mrs. Hight started for the door, declaring that she would stay no longer in a snake den; she was going back to her father's. Hight followed.—*New York Sun.*

By the Sad, Salt Sea.

Pretty little girls wading and paddling in the surf make an attractive spectacle. But when a pretty young lady of 20 summers or thereabouts, and wearing a jaunty Gainesborough hat, undertakes the same pastime, the scene is a novel one. Such a young lady, on a part of Manhattan beach which was secluded for the moment, thought it would be nice to join the little children, and, pulling off her shoes and stockings, ventured in. It was evidently a most difficult task to adjust her dress to the rising and lowering tide, for she gave her whole mind to it, and succeeded very poorly. Everybody passing that way paused, and the young men took seats, determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. In fifteen minutes a crowd of nearly 200 persons, mostly men, had gathered. The smile on the young lady's face changed to a tragic frown, and a mother's sharp cry hastened her withdrawal to the background, where, screened by a close phalanx of female friends, she restored shoes and stockings to their proper place in the economy of civilization.—*Cony Island Cor. New York Tribune.*

The Weed.

A comical story is told of two well-known Southern clergymen, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for using the weed.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any other questions, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it, sir," the old gentleman energetically continued. "It is a very unclerical practice, and a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog won't chew it."

"Father C., do you chew tobacco?" responded the amused listener.

"I? No, sir!" he answered gruffly, with much indignation.

"Then, pray, which is most like the hog, you or I?"

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter as he said:

"Well, I have been fairly caught this time."

One Word Covers the Advice

Which should be given to nervous, slender and debilitated persons—*Invigorate!* Sedatives, opiates, appetizers, are comparatively useless. The system must be built up with a genuine tonic in order to the recovery of vigor and tranquillity by the nerves. A course, systematically pursued, of the leading invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, should be resorted to by those who suffer from weak nerves and general debility. The stomach, always more or less dyspeptic in cases of nervousness and loss of vitality, is toned and regulated by this medicine until the organ acts with a precision akin to that of a steady-going piece of mechanism. Complete digestion and assimilation are, through the influence of the Bitters, followed by a gain of vigor and flesh, and the disappearance of biliousness and irregularity of the bowels, where such exist, as they usually do. Appetite and sleep are then regained.

THE apple crop throughout Western North Carolina was almost wholly destroyed by severe frosts in the month of May.

Indian Depredations.

The fair reader shudders when she thinks of the settler's wife watching, from the door of her rude hut, the retreating form of her husband going out to his daily labor—going out perhaps not to return again, for before nightfall a savage hand may have laid him low among the prairie grasses. Or it may be a child—a bright-eyed daughter—is snatched away in an unguarded moment, to grace the next war-dance. When we read the heartrending details of these savage depredations, we are apt to blame the Government for not taking more strict precautions to insure the settler's protection. But we daily read of the depredations of that arch-fiend, consumption, with scarcely a thought of the terrible inroads it is making in human life. Tens of thousands of homes are annually desolated by consumption to one by Indian outrage. Like the Indian, consumption offences comes stealthily, and no danger is apprehended until the victim suddenly finds himself hopelessly insnared, and death's fatal arrow ends the scene. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a powerful alterative, or blood-purifier, and tonic, has restored thousands of consumptives who had tried every other remedy recommended to them, without obtaining any relief, and are willing to testify to its remedial powers.

Vick's Monthly says that plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any others; next come red, then yellow and blue, and lastly orange and brown. The flowers of spring are white and highly fragrant; those of summer are red and yellow, and less fragrant; those of autumn and winter are darker, and with less perfume.

EVERYBODY knows that so long as there is proud flesh in a sore or wound it will not heal. The obstacle is speedily removed and the flesh reunited by HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, the finest embodiment in existence of that supreme purifier, carbolic acid. Its emollient ingredients modify its pungent acid basis, so that it never cauterizes, stings or scarifies the diseased part. Sores and eruptions of all kinds are cured by it. All Druggists sell it.

WE congratulate Messrs. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., of New Orleans, La., upon their happy idea of giving to the public information of the contents of Dr. F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which of late has gained such well-deserved popularity among the people. As far as we know, this is the only proprietary remedy for the cure of Chills and Fever, the composition of which is not kept a secret. For sale by all Druggists.

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HOGS	3 90	@ 4 20
COTTON	12¼	@ 12½
FLOUR—Superfine	3 35	@ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2	1 12	@ 1 17
CORN—Western Mixed	43	@ 45
OATS—Mixed	37	@ 39
RYE—Western	60	@ 61
PORK—Mess	9 50	@10 25
LARD	6¼	@ 6½

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 65	@ 5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 65	@ 3 75
Medium to Fair	4 10	@ 4 35
HOGS	2 90	@ 3 90
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 00	@ 6 25
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	3 90	@ 4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 00	@ 1 05
No. 3 Spring	81	@ 83
CORN—No. 2	36	@ 37
OATS—No. 2	32	@ 33
RYE—No. 2	51	@ 52
BARLEY—No. 2	69	@ 70
BUTTER Choice Creamery	14	@ 15
EGGS—Fresh	9½	@ 10
PORK—Mess	9 85	@ 9 95
LARD	6	@ 6¼

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No. 2	98	@ 99
CORN—No. 2	35	@ 36
OATS—No. 2	32	@ 33
RYE—No. 1	52	@ 53
BARLEY—No. 2	66	@ 67

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	97	@ 98
CORN—Mixed	33	@ 34
OATS—No. 2	30	@ 31
RYE	50	@ 51
PORK—Mess	10 20	@10 30
LARD	6	@ 6¼

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT	1 05	@ 1 09
CORN	38	@ 39
OATS	34	@ 36
RYE	56	@ 57
PORK—Mess	10 00	@10 25
LARD	6	@ 6¼

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 01	@ 1 02
No. 2 Red	1 01	@ 1 02
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 39
OATS—No. 2	32	@ 33

DETROIT.

FLOUR—Choice	5 25	@ 6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 07	@ 1 08
No. 1 Amber	1 06	@ 1 07
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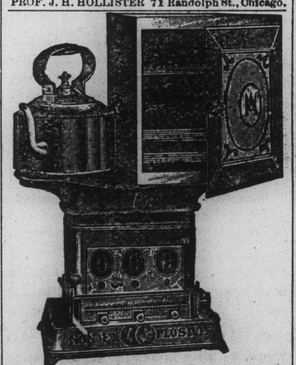

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