A LEGEND OF HARVEST.

So long ago that history pays
No heed nor record of how long,
Back in the lovely, dreamy days,
The days of story and of song,

Before the world had crowded grown,
While wrong on earth was hard to find,
And half the earth had never known
The forms and faces of mankind,

When just as now the years would keep
Their terms of snows and suns and flowers,
It chanced that Summer dropt asleep,
One morning, in a field of flowers.

And while the warm weeks came and fled,
In all their tender wealth of charm,
She slept, with beauteous golden head
Laid softly on her weary arm.

She did not hear the waving trees,
The warbling brook she did not hear,
Nor yet the velvet-coated bees
That boomed about her rosy ear.

In many a yellow breezy mass,
The rich wheat ripened far away,
And glittering on the fragrant grass,
Her silver sickle idly lay.

But then at last, one noontide hour,
A gorgeous moth, while hovering by,
Mistook her sweet mouth for a flower,
And Summer waked, with startled cry.

She rose, in anxious wonder, now,
To gaze upon the heightened wheat,
And saw its plenteous tassels bow
Dead-ripe below the sultry heat.

Half crazed, she wandered east and west
Amid the peaceful spacious clime,
Until at length, with panting breast,
She stood before old Father Time.

With tears of shame she told him all,
While pointing to the wheat unmown,
And said, "What power shall make it fall
Ere Autumn's bitter winds have blown?"

Then Father Time, with laughter gay,
Bowed all his frame, and crooked his knees,
And tossed his white beard like the spray
That crowns the crests of wintry seas.

"Oh, daughter, cheer your heart!" he cried;
"The wheat will fall ere falls the night;
We two shall mow it, side by side,
And reap it in the stars' pale light!"

So Summer cleared her brow of gloom,
And forth with Father Time she went,
And, haggard Age by Youth in bloom,
Above the tawny wheat they bent.

Ere fall of night the harvest fell;
But since that season, fair and blithe,
As ancient annals love to tell,
Old Father Time has borne a scythe!

—*Edgar Fawcett, in St. Nicholas.*

MAGGIE.

A Pleasant Love Story.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said one day, about eighteen months after he gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as, at intervals, they had walked and listened ever since they could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former play-fellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress." There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No inestimable young person, with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China."

"Oh, Alic!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only 16, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was 5, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting, perhaps, that it was nicer—which it was, no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pig-tail and an ivory tooth-pick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes?" she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor Lieutenant; you will have all the squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no! indeed I shan't, Alic," she said, eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find—".

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke, when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so and thrown the pieces away, so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and, if we've got any money, we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alic, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know."

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed away and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said, tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alic's silence. "Two years passed, and never a word. It's too bad," she said, bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he had married with a pig-tail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at length she gave him up altohether.

Maggie was 20 years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother were sold out. Drs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which, being precisely Maggie's own opinion as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. Now, Maggie had a very modest idea of her own merits, and therefore only asked £25 a year and a comfortable home, so no less than five answers came to her announcement that she could teach English, French, music and the rudiments of drawing.

One of these answers came from Woolwich, and stated that Mrs. Marshall required a governess for her three little girls. Mrs. Marshall was a stiff-necked sort of a woman, and stared at poor little Maggie—who looked almost as child-like and twice as pretty as ever—through double gold glasses. Col. Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man with a gray head and an iron-gray mustache, and there was a growing-up daughter, a Miss Patterson—Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband—who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school-room as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night, and been delivered up to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play if we should want you?"

"I fear I cannot play dance music very well; I never keep time," said Maggie.

"Yes, I feared so, and thought I would come and tell you, so that you might practice for an hour or two till after dinner," and she sailed out of the room, evidently considering the matter settled, and Maggie meekly proceeded to practice the "Mabel Waltz" and the "Flick and Flock Galop." Then she put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summous, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a scared, almost hunted expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldierly-looking, was Alic Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face as if to say a hurried good-by, and then left it altogether. She recovered self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity toward the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"—and then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost piteously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see; that is the reason I have not seen you before. I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely that she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed! How interesting!" Then turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop? This was to be our dance, I think;" to Alic, and she glides off with him triumphantly.

He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said, huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in this house?"

He said the last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get even another look at Alic.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed—"

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidence talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson," Maggie said, indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the common, listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all the ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about 12 o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alic Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulder.

"All right, Tim, put it down; that's right; now be off. There, I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie, in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm quite sure you'll like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alic!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking. "What did you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came, so it's only fastened by a lock."

"But, Alic, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There now, what do you think of these for fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you;" and he held up a pair of heathenish-looking clubs and brandished them over his head, and then proceeded to pull out the contents of the box and to decorate the school-room with them. "There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing, only you will get me in dreadful trouble—you will indeed. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here?"

"What for?" she asked, innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?" and he put his arm round her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but, Alic——"

"Oh, but, Maggie—" and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror struck.

"Mr. Granger!" said Mrs. Marshall, in astonishment.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what does all this mean?"

"She must leave the house at once," said the heiress.

"Of course she must," Mrs. Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alic, looking as if he were beginning a speech, "it is all my fault. You told me, and so did the Colonel, to consider your house my home, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop here was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there were a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night; and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the old Colonel, heartily; "you shall be married from here—"

"Oh, please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I think it would be much more satisfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relations," said the heiress, sourly.

So they all agreed, and that very afternoon Maggie packed up her modest belongings and all the curiosities, and went to the well-off and bad-tempered aunt.

The bad-tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she was going to marry well the following week. It is amazing how fond people are of rich relations, even though the riches concern them little personally. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about?" asked Alic, the evening before their wedding day.

"Nothing, Alic, only when you were away I used to think sometimes that, perhaps, you'd marry a Chinese heiress with a pigtail."

"The sort of thing you would think," he said, grandly; "as it is, you see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pig-tail, and I am very happy, my darling—are you?"

"Very, very," she said. And she was.

She Thought So.

When Mrs. Cordelia Lingstone entered the court-room from the corridor, leaning heavily on Bijah's left arm, and holding up her calico train, she slightly resembled the pictures of Lady Jane Grey. She took her situation in front of the desk, bowed very low to his Honor, and led off with:

"I deny the charge and appeal the case."

"Yes—just so—all right," mumbled his Honor, as he looked over the papers. The charge is disturbing the peace. The officer in the case—?"

"I deny that there was any officer in the case, and I appeal to the Supreme Court," she interrupted.

"You were arrested by an officer and brought in here, and he arrested you as you stood at the foot of a flight of stairs on Congress street, waving a hoe-handle and daring some one to come down. That's as plain as poetry and as evident as the motion of a grindstone."

"I deny the grindstone and appeal the case," she calmly answered, feeling in her pocket for gum.

"Four men, seven boys, a dog, and a Chinaman were crowded around you and encouraging you to mash some one," continued the court; "and you were very boisterous when you were asked to step down here and occupy a front bedroom for the night. I shall fine you $5."

"I deny the fine and demand a jury!"

"Will you pay the cash or go to the House of Correction?"

"I demand a lawyer!"

"I ask if you will pay?"

"I demand two lawyers!"

"Mrs. Lingstone, you will eat dinner in the House of Correction, and, if they don't have watermelon for dessert, you can't blame me. Please retire."

"It has turned out just as I thought it would," she remarked, as she took the quid of gum from her mouth for a moment; and, with a most respectful bow, she re-entered the corridor and kicked an empty candle-box skyhigh.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ingratitude to the Doctor.

The doctors who are called up in the middle of the night at the risk of getting the pneumonia are just as liable to go without their pay when the danger is past, as though they were called in the day-time. One of them was one night aroused by a frightful knocking at his door. Sticking his head out of the window, he asked the matter. "Oh, doctor, it is my poor wife!"

"I beg your pardon, but I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, and I am not accustomed——"

"I know it, doctor, but her life is at stake. If you only knew how much I love her. For Heaven's sake, I beg you;" and he went on for a considerable time in this fashion, until the doctor relented, in spite of the cold winter night. He dressed himself, went out, waded far through the snow, prescribed and saved the cherished woman. Several days passed, and, hearing nothing of any pay, he sent in his bill. Nothing. Then he sent a collector. The devoted husband greeted the dun with anger, exclaiming, "Go to the devil! The idea of my paying that bill for a woman who has since run off with another man!"

An eminent surgeon was visited by a rich but stingy merchant, whose injured arm needed treatment, and it was feared he might have to have it taken off. The doctor, examining, declared that he could save it, and he did so. When he sent in his bill, the merchant, who was now well and brassy, cried out: "Thunder and guns, what a bill! There must be some mistake. Old Sawbones never cut off my arm at all!"

THE largest block of granite ever quarried in New England has been taken out at Woodbury, Vt. It was 230 feet long, 13 to 18 feet deep, 15 feet wide, weighed 4,080 tons, and required 673 wedges with 50 pounds of powder to start it.

FARM NOTES.

IN the United Kingdom the average acreage of holdings is fifty-six acres. Of the tenant farmers, 560,000 in number, 70 per cent., occupy farms under fifty acres each; 12 per cent between fifty and 100 acres; 18 per cent. farms of more than 100 acres each.

IT is estimated that at least 80,000 tons of wheat will be shipped from Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory this year through Walla Walla alone. This estimate does not include a vast stretch of territory where farmers must seek another outlet. It is evident that Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory will, in the future, contribute largely to the grain exports of the Pacific coast.

INDUSTRY, enterprise and intelligent observation are what make the good farmer. Such a man uses every means in his power to keep his land fertile, by clean cultivation, rotation of crops, and the application of such manures as may be adapted to the special wants of the crop he cultivates. He does more; he reads the best journals he can buy, having reference to their practicality in agricultural art.

TO PREVENT borers injuring young apple trees, take equal parts of blue clay, green cow-manure and soft soap, and make a wash so as to be put on with a brush or old corn-broom. Make the ground dishing around the tree; then tie birch-bark or paper (such as carpenters use under clapboard); draw dirt around the bottom of the paper, and you need have no trouble so long as the paper lasts. If borers are already in, and you can't get them out, bore in with a small bit slanting near where the destroyer is, fill the hole with kerosene and plug it, and he will die pretty soon. This plan worked well with me and did not injure the trees.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

RYE FOR MANURE.—Until the West has become more thickly populated than it is at present, and land consequently more valuable, there will be but little effort made toward manuring the soil as it is done in the Eastern States. In fact, our soil does not require constant stimulating, if given an occasional rest; but constant cropping does cause a decrease in the value of crops grown. We know of no way in which soil that has been over cropped can be sooner or more cheaply recuperated than by giving it a crop of rye in the fall, and then plowing it under in the spring. In this way, if the spring should be unfavorable or any accident happen whereby the plans for plowing cannot be carried out, the rye will make a crop valuable in itself. This "rye-manuring" is becoming quite popular, and we believe it is a good thing to invest in. During an open winter it will afford a great deal of pasture, and thus return more than its cost, besides making a crop of grain, if desired.—*Chicago Tribune.*

COUGH IN A HORSE.—I have a horse that has had a very bad cough for several months. It is only occasionally that he coughs, but when he does it seems to be very straining. I do not think his condition is as good as it ought to be with the treatment I give him. His hair looks rough. It may be his lungs. He eats heartily, and I think he coughs more when he is eating than at any other time. W. E. B. E. [Your horse is troubled with a chronic cough, and, when such a cough occurs after eating, the seat of the disease is evidently in the substance of the lungs. The stomach, distended with food, presses up the diaphragm upon the lungs. In the violent effort to discharge their function, irritation is produced, and the act of coughing is the consequence. Give a table-spoonful of the following twice a day for three weeks: Barbadoes tar, 12 ounces; digitalis, 1 ounce; sal nitro, 2 ounces; tincture of belladonna, 4 drachms; mix. Stir slightly when using. Rub the throat once a day, unless it is pretty well blistered, with the following: Spirits of turpentine, 4 ounces; raw linseed oil, 3 ounces; aqua ammonia, 2 drachms; powdered cantharides, ½ ounce. Mix.]—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO SAVE CLOVER SEED.—One of our best clover-seed savers is just at our elbow, and he says: "Tell them the second crop is for the seed, and is really fit for no other purpose, as it salivates the stock fed on it; that the best time to cut for seed is a very nice point to determine. It should be cut when a majority of the heads turn brown, and before any begin to shed off the little seed pods, each of which contains a seed. Cut the second crop of clover just as though it were for hay, rake it into windrows, and let it lie and take one or two showers; and put into very small cocks while damp, about one good pitchforkful in a place, and when it is dry put into stacks and cap with something that will turn water; or what is still better, if you have a shed or barn, put it there and let it remain until you get a huller to take it out for you. There are hullers enough now in the State to hull all the seed needed for home use, and the owners of the hullers are willing and anxious to go to any section where work can be had. Let our farmers save all the clover seed they can, and thus help to make thousands of dollars for the State, now sent out each year for clover seed to sow."—*Rural Sun.*

American and English Farm Machinery.

In a paper in *Scribner* for November on "The Agricultural Distress of Great Britain," Mr. P. T. Quinn gives the result of personal comparison of English and American farm tools, as follows: "American manufacturers of farm tools shape them in such a way as to do the work with the least physical labor. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, has a pride in making everything substantial, heavy and solid, without any regard to the weight or strength needed. Why, there is more wood and iron in an English farm-cart than would make two American carts, and yet, with their superb roads, they load theirs no heavier than we do ours. An English manure fork is of the same size and pattern it was half a century ago—a square, rough tine shouldered near the point—calling for the greatest amount of force in loading or unloading. The American fork is a round, polished tine, tapering gradually from the point to the base, and calling for the least power. The weight of an English plow is at least three times that of ours and its length about twice, and yet it takes neither wider nor deeper furrow-slices than our best plows. In fact, one pair of horses attached to one of our best-pattern plows will do from a third to a half more work in the same number of hours than an English farmer with his long, unwieldy pattern that is out of all proportion, both in length and weight, to the work it is intended for. The same is true of the English harrows, cultivators and all of the implements I found in common use for turning or cultivating the soil. The ordinary wooden hand-rake is a clumsy, heavy thing, having from a third to a half more wood than is actually necessary. In many instances, in going through England, I have counted eight and ten hands gathering hay into windrows with these hand-rakes, an operation very seldom, if ever, seen now in the United States. In many of the agricultural districts which I visited, farmers cultivating from forty to a hundred acres of land still continue to cut their grain crops with the reaping hook and cradle. The English cradle has a scythe blade of ordinary size and length, with two short wooden fingers. The man cutting with this cradle throws the cut grain around against the uncut standing grain. Another man follows the cradler, equipped with a piece of stick about three feet in length with an iron hook on the end of it, and gathers the cut grain into sheafs and places them on the stubble before the next swath can be cut. The American, or what is commonly called the "Yankee," cradle has a wide scythe blade similar in size and length to the English, but, instead of two short fingers, it has four long ones, and the operator cuts the grain, which falls on the fingers and which is thrown into a sheaf on the stubble entirely out of the way of the next cradler who follows, leaving the cut grain ready to be bound, one man with us doing the work of two in England. In talking on the subject with an intelligent farmer in Essex county, England, I had difficulty in convincing him that the long fingers of the "Yankee" cradle would not or could not get tangled up in the straw, nor could I induce him to send and get an American cradle, although he was complaining of the high price of farm labor when compared with the low price of farm produce."

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

What to Wear and How to Wear It.

[From the New York Home Journal.]

In the frock coat for receptions or dinners there is little or no change, except that there is a tendency to leave off the silk breast-facings. It is worn with plain gray trousers, or with trousers of a light shade, having a narrow stripe.

For the morning or walking suit the coat is made of a wide-wale black diagonal, buttoning high up, with one or three buttons, at the option of the wearer; the waist a little longer than formerly, and the skirt a little shorter, well rounded off. The sleeves end in a deep cuff, with two button holes, finished with a flat and rather wide braid. When the trousers are of blue-and-black narrow stripe, or of check, the coat and waistcoat are of one material. If the trousers are of a lighter color and more fancy pattern, then the trousers and waistcoat are of one material.

For the lounge suit: A sack-coat, buttoning high up, with four buttons; cut obliquely away from the fourth button, and barely reaching to the end of the fingers when the arm is extended. It is cut in close to the figure. The edges are double-stitched, the lines of stitching wide apart. The sleeves are finished with rather a long vent and one button. Such coats are made of soft tweeds and Scotch homespun, in patterns of very indistinct plaids, of small mixed broken brown, or of gray checks with Knickerbocker spots. The waistcoat is made with a standing collar and the trousers are moderately close-fitting. The homespun is heavier and closer-woven than that of last spring. Than this material none is better suited to our variable climate. Soft-neither too light nor too weighty, it is just the thing to wear between the sea, sons. It is grateful to the touch, pleasing to the eye, and if it "catches the dust," the dust is never seen, and a brush is scarcely ever required, the dust being easily shaken from the surface.

For the evening dress the coat is made rather shorter than formerly, so as to fall a little above the small of the leg. The collar is a little wider, and in front turns over only to the second hole from the bottom of the waist; it is faced with silk, extending to the button-holes. The sleeve-cuff is plain and deep, without buttons. The waistcoat does not open so far down as last year, but the opening is wider, showing more of the shirt-front, which must be plain and ornamented with but one stud; the shirt-collar turned down. The cloth for the coat and waistcoat should be of a black and very fine sandgrain, with a dull finish; the trousers of the same, or of a dull-finished, very fine diagonal.

Overcoats are single-breasted, made fly-front, and are cut to fit the figure closer than the old loose sacque. The favorite materials are English melton in negative or undecided colors; "Venetians" in steel-grays and light and dark browns; soft-finished tweeds; "mixed" goods; Scotch homespuns—almost any medium-weight coat-material, except smooth-faced broadcloth or diagonal goods.

Nordenskjold's Discoveries.

The discoveries of Prof. Nordenskjold in the Arctic regions are full of interest from a geographical and commercial point of view. The explorer, in a recent letter, states that the coast of Siberia, west of the Lena river, is a vast, treeless plain. There are no islands to prevent the wind from driving the ice-flock down upon the shore, and the points where rivers empty into the Polar ocean, and with their warmer currents maintain open spaces, are separated usually by enormous distances. For several hundred miles in the vicinity of Lena, however, there are several great rivers, and a chain of islands acts as a barrier to the ice. Toward Behring strait the frozen floes crowd closer to the shore, and are liable in the autumn and winter to bar the way to shipping. The most important of Prof. Nordenskjold's discoveries, from a scientific standpoint, is that of a group of islands off the Siberian coast. These islands, the New Siberian, open the book of history of the world at a new place. The ground there is strewn with wonderful fossils. Whole hills are covered with the bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, horses, uri, bison, oxen, sheep, etc. The sea washes up ivory upon the shore. In this group is possibly to be found the solution of the Indian elephant, and important facts with regard to the vertebrate which existed at the time of man's first appearance on earth. How came horses and sheep in a region now locked in the fetters of an eternal winter, uninhabited by man, not now supporting animal life in any form, and almost impossible of access? Prof. Nordenskjold was unable to solve the question himself, and he suggests that it is of the utmost importance to science to send a light-draught steel steamer to those islands for a thorough exploration. *Boston Traveller.*

The North Pole and Equator

Are not more widely distinct than the standard tonic, stimulant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and the cheap and fiery local bitters which unscrupulous vendors foist upon the unwary as medicated preparations with remedial properties. The latter are usually composed in the main of half-rectified alcoholic excitants, with some wretched drug combined to disguise their real flavor, and are perfectly ruinous to the coats of the stomach. Hostetter's Bitters, on the contrary, has for its basis choice spirits of absolute purity, and this is modified and combined with medicinal extracts of rare excellence and botanical origin, which both invigorate and regulate the bowels, stomach, and liver. They effect a radical change is the disordered physical economy, which is manifested by a speedy improvement in the general health.

"Familiar as a Household Word."

Throughout the West the name "Tremont House" is a synonym for all that is elegant and comfortable in the hotel line. When in Chicago, register at the Tremont, and thus make sure of first-class fare. Terms are as low as those of any first-class house.

AN ESTABLISHED REMEDY.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an established remedy for *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness,* and other troubles of the *Throat and Lungs.* 25 cts.

"Vaseline."

A new product made from petroleum is a jelly called "Vaseline," which is of the greatest utility in medicine, pharmacy and for toilet use. Physicians all over the world have discovered its great value in the treatment of wounds, burns, skin diseases, rheumatism, catarrh and every ailment where a liniment is needed, and in almost every hospital in America and Europe this substance is now in constant use, and is acknowledged not only to be the best treatment, but also one of the most important recent additions to medicine. Its healing and pain-allaying qualities being superior to those of any known substance, while the speedy relief it affords for piles and chilblains is almost magical. As an emollient, Vaseline is way ahead of anything else, as it renders the skin smooth, soft, and clear, and our lady friends will find it not only the best, but perhaps the sole substance which will really preserve and restore to the complexion the hues of youth, making the cheek like velvet and the skin like satin. There is also made a "Pomade Vaseline," which is said to be of great benefit to the hair, keeping it soft and glossy, preventing and curing dandruff, and keeping the scalp healthful and free from disease, and from those objectionable creatures which sometimes find a dwelling there. Numberless instances are cited of how, by the use of this pomade, thin and falling hair has resumed a vigorous growth. But the pure Vaseline and the pomade are put up in twenty-five cent bottles and are to be found at all first-class druggists, and we advice our readers to make a trial of this wonderful substance, and we think they will find its claims to merit not in the least exaggerated.

An Elegant Watch.

If you want to get an elegant stem-winding Elgin Watch, send for a specimen copy of *The Chicago Ledger.*

The delicate membrane which envelopes the lungs and lines the air passages is exceedingly sensitive, and a slight irritation of it increases and spreads very rapidly. Remembering this, use, if you are attacked by a cough or cold, that incomparable pulmonic and preventive of consumption, DR. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which invariably gives speedy relief and ultimately effects a complete cure in all cases where the breathing organs are affected. Use it in time and prevent serious bronchial trouble. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE immense printing establishment of Messrs. Harper & Bro. is painted with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Liquid Paint.

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THE Ladies are all buying Madam Loraine's Bosom Shapes. See "ad." in another column.

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CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$6 75	@10 50
HOGS	3 85	@ 4 20
COTTON	11¼	@ 11½
FLOUR—Superfine	5 10	@ 5 60
WHEAT—No. 2	1 35	@ 1 48
CORN—Western Mixed	61	@ 63
OATS—Mixed	40	@ 43
RYE—Western	89	@ 90
PORK—Mess	10 50	@10 75
LARD	6¾	@ 7
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 50	@ 5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@ 3 00
Medium to Fair	4 00	@ 4 25
HOGS	3 40	@ 3 85
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 75	@ 7 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 75	@ 6 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 16	@ 1 17
No. 3 Spring	1 07	@ 1 08
CORN—No. 2	45	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	32	@ 34
RYE—No. 2	77	@ 78
BARLEY—No. 2	84	@ 85
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	27	@ 30
EGGS—Fresh	15	@ 16
PORK—Mess	12 00	@12 50
LARD	6¼	@ 6½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 19	@ 1 20½
No. 2	1 16	@ 1 17
CORN—No. 2	45	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	31	@ 32
RYE—No. 1	74	@ 75
BARLEY—No. 2	75	@ 76
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 21	@ 1 23
CORN—Mixed	37	@ 38½
OATS—No. 2	27	@ 28
RYE	73	@ 74
PORK—Mess	11 75	@12 00
LARD	6	@ 6¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 28	@ 1 30
CORN	49	@ 50
OATS	33	@ 35
RYE	85	@ 87
PORK—Mess	10 50	@11 00
LARD	6¼	@ 6½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 31	@ 1 33
No. 2. Red	1 31½	@ 1 33
CORN—No. 2	49	@ 50
OATS—No. 2	34	@ 35
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	7 00	@ 8 00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 31	@ 1 32
No. 1 Amber	1 30	@ 1 31
CORN—No. 1	51	@ 53
OATS—Mixed	32	@ 33
BARLEY (per cental)	1 15	@ 1 45
PORK—Mess	11 50	@11 75
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	4 90	@ 5 10
Fair	4 00	@ 4 60
Common	3 10	@ 3 50
HOGS	3 70	@ 4 00
SHEEP	3 00	@ 4 25

We Believe

That if everyone would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it.—*Rochester Union.*

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If you are subject to the Ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good, free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks. The remedy to use is Kidney-Wort. It is the best preventive of all malarial diseases that you can take. Lose no time.

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