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BY-GONE PICTURES.

BY MRS. NANNIE STEELE MOORE.

I have a secret hall of art,
Hung with pictures set in gold,
And on the leaves of mem'ry's book
Each familiar name's enrolled;
But is it strange? does not the same
Live in every woman's heart?
And do not men, too, often hang
By-gone pictures in their hearts?

'Tis but a farce, a foolish whim,
To say those faces are forgot;
The faithful dog can ne'er forget
A well-known voice, or a home-like cot;
Then tell me not that human minds,
Endowed with wisdom from on high,
Forget the smile, the form, or face,
Or the love-glance of youth's bright eye.

Tell me not that one true woman
Ever threw oblivion's shade
O'er the conquests that her virtue
In her youth and beauty made;
And though his name may be obscure,
Or on fame's tablet brightly shine,
'Tis stamped the same on mem'ry's page,
He once bowed before her shrine.

He offered her the noblest gift
Life and honor could bestow,
The greatest prize that man could bring
From any station, high or low;
He offered her his heart and hand,
Waited to hear her say "I will;"
And, though she dared not breathe the words,
That man lives in her mem'ry still.

I'd spurn to-day the cold, base man
That would before me boldly stand
And swear that he'd forgotten one
When he had fondly clasped her hand
With that fervent sincere pleasure
Which but an ardent lover feels
When round his heart the cord of love,
With magic power, softly steals.

And often in my lonely hours
I roam this hidden hall of art,
And gaze upon each beaming face
That wakes old mem'ries in my heart,
And youth's gay scenes come crowding back,
But with them bring no stinging blight;
Fate hed the jeweled prize I drew—
Thank God, I'm blessed with him to-night.

But there hangs one with curly hair,
So inky black it shades the brow—
The boy-beau of my girlhood days,
The man of far-famed title now.
He tossed me in the grape-vine swing,
Made me bowers, called me his queen,
And carried my shoes upon his arm
When I would wade the rippling stream.

Here hangs another with such eyes—
Great shining, lustrous orbs of brown—
That only gleam from souls like his,
Born for distinction and renown.
He brought me from his life's great work
The sweet effusions of his heart,
And, in each sweet, impassioned song,
He strove love's language to impart.

And here's a noble, manly face,
With soft eyes of heavenly blue—
Eyes that bespeak an inward soul,
High-born, generous, just and true.
And with that fervor of the soul
Which but from truth and candor shine
He brought love's pledges from his heart,
And laid them down before my shrine.

And there is one—I wish the veil
Could never be raised from off that face,
Or that I could tear the picture
Forever from its hiding-place.
Not that I care; but then I know
Sad memories will around it cling;
Not that one love-pang of the past
Can evermore my bosom sting;

But, then, 'twas sad to see a soul
So pure and true as his had been
Firmly grasp wine's flowing bowl
And plunge in darkest, deepest sin.
I've prayed for him in years agone,
And sometimes yet, perhaps, I do;
For, let his faults be what they may,
To me he was faithful, noble, true.

But there's a face—that jolly face—
It makes me laugh to see it now;
So innocent—so full of mirth—
No shadow rested on his brow.
Those sparkling eyes, that laughing beamed
With wildest, highest, brightest joy;
Oh, no, I never shall forget
That happy, gay, brave-hearted boy.

Boy, did I say? Full thirty years
Had dawned and closed o'er him, I ween,
But yet his heart was free and light
As any boy's of just sixteen.
Old time had left no furrowed trace
Upon his noble, manly brow.
God bless him, and I truly hope
He may be just as happy now.

I wore his flowers, sang his songs
The while he lingered at my side,
But when he sought my heart and hand
To'd him I was a promised bride.
No dark frown gathered on his brow;
He nobly clasped the hand of fate,
With that same smile—part of his soul—
Said, "Just my luck; I am to late."

God bless them all—for with each face
Live bright mementos of the past—
I may forget them, but 'twill be
When memory from my brain is cast.
Each one brought love's early flowers,
Around my pathway to entwine,
Each one paid man's greatest homage
While humbly bowing at my shrine.

Perchance fault-finders may condemn
The pictures I have drawn from youth,
But they all do the same sometimes,
If they would frankly tell the truth;
And if they can forget the forms
That worshiped them in youth's gay hours,
I fear their souls will never wake
'Neath high heaven's warning powers.

CORINTH, Miss.

A DECIDED ANSWER.

I had long suspected there was a romance connected with my Cousin Mirabel's cameo ring, for she had a habit of turning it upon her finger and looking at it with tender, shining eyes, but if observed she would instantly desist and cover the jewel with her right hand.

After ten months' teaching, it was like paradise to get down to Stone Cottage, on the shore of Lake Michigan, where my maiden cousin resided. She lived alone with the exception of a single servant. Her father had left her sufficient money to place her above the reach of want, that is above the want that presses and pursues the poor, but not beyond the dire want, the terrible heart hunger that takes possession of the lonely.

Although Mirabel was a first cousin I had not heard from her for years until her letter came to me at the seminary, where I was teaching, inviting me to spend the coming vacation at Stone Cottage. I had been four days at the cottage and felt quite settled and at home. Mirabel had the rare and excellent trait of letting her guests enjoy themselves as they chose. She did not deem it necessary to be always at their side trying to entertain them, and, fine woman though she was, it would not have been always desirable. Yes, I say to myself with emphasis, Cousin Mirabel is a fine woman, despite her 30 years. As I spoke I saw in imagination the tall, elegant figure, the white brow and dark, heavy hair, but, most of all, the reserved and pensive air that characterized this woman.

Ever since our dinner at 2 o'clock I had been sitting out on the piazza, muffled up in a cloak, for the lake breeze was damp and cold. I believe Mirabel could live nowhere else than on the shore of a stormy lake. At 3 o'clock I saw her leave the house by a side door. She was wrapped in her storm cloak and had the hood drawn over her head. At dusk she had not returned. I entered the house, but before striking a light I looked from the window and saw her coming through the gloom. I started the fire and lighted the lamp, striving to make the room comfortable for the home-coming. I heard the outer door open and shut, heard her pause in the hall to hang up her cloak and then her feet coming wearily up stairs. Very wearily it seemed to me. She tapped on the sitting room door then pushed it open. I started up, her hair was damp, her face pale, and her eyes unusually large and brilliant.

I drew her into the room, saying: "Your walk has been too much for you; take this easy chair here by the fire."

"No, it is not the walk," she answered, smiling a little at my anxiety. "It is not the walk; it is excitement. Judge Parkhurst has been asking me to marry him—the gentleman you saw here on the first day of your arrival."

"Oh!" I said, with a long-drawn breath of real pleasure, thinking some happiness was to be granted Mirabel at last. "I hope you accepted him."

"No, not exactly; he is to come for an answer to-morrow."

The tea had been brought in and cleared away, and still I was talking about the Judge. I concluded by saying: "He is a strong, true-hearted, honorable man, and you will say yes, won't you, Mirabel?"

"I don't know, dear," she answered, steadily; but, bending down to kiss her, I saw that the dark eyes were full of tears. My proud, impassive cousin weeping? That was almost beyond belief. She recovered herself without any violent exhibition of emotion. The flame shone on the gold setting of her ring, and she began turning it with a caressing movement.

I drew an ottoman close to her feet, and, laying my head in her lap, I said: "Dear Cousin Mirabel, please tell me about your ring. I'm sure it has a history."

She put her hand upon my head. "It has, indeed, a history, and I will tell it to you. I have been thinking all day of Kenneth Deering, the man who gave me this ring, and it will be a relief to talk of him to-night. It may be wrong, but I cannot help it; indeed, I cannot."

There was a short silence, as if she were striving to overcome some bitter or painful emotion. She began her story in a low voice, and I did not look into her face.

"Five years ago to-night I met Kenneth Deering for the first time. I desired a summer boarding place, and Milly Bently wrote me: 'We are back again where we spent last summer. I can recommend the place. Nice family, splendid library, and pleasant surroundings. I am sure you would be suited if you were to come.'

"I was alone in the world; one place was as good as another to me, for I was indifferent to all. I think it was the mention of the library that decided me. Milly was of the dark, slender, piquant style of beauty, full of fire and vivacity. We were too unlike to be perfectly congenial, yet we were friendly enough as the world goes. I remember the first afternoon of my arrival. Milly met me in the hall and introduced me to the ladies of the household. The weather was warm, and I desired to be shown to my room to bathe my hands and face and change my traveling dress. That done, I determined to see the library before I should be summoned to tea. I had seen the book shelves on my way to my own apartment. I was surprised at the number of books, and the fine taste displayed in the collection. Surely some one here must have most scholarly tastes, I thought. It did not seem to me it could be the bustling housewife to whom I had been introduced, nor did I believe it to be the master of the house, a decrepit old man who shuffled past me in the hall. Having run my eye over the various titles I selected a volume of poems, and seated myself at an open window, but soon forgot my book in the beauty of the landscape. The soft summer twilight was gradually enveloping all objects. While absorbed in a reverie the library door opened, a gentleman advanced a few steps into the room, but on perceiving me would have withdrawn. He bowed, saying, 'I beg your pardon, I intrude.'

"'No!' I exclaimed, 'it is I who am the intruder; pray remain: do not permit my presence to drive you away, or I shall not forgive myself for coming.'

"He thanked me, and, going to a cabinet of minerals, began comparing them with the one he held in his hand. The room was already dusk, so he lighted a lamp. He invited me to look at the minerals, which I did with interest, for the collection was large and rare. 'Perhaps you can help me classify this odd bit of rock,' he said, suddenly. I shook my head. "I am a very poor geologist, indeed," I said. His face clouded a little as he remarked, 'I will have to see more about it to-morrow. I must have my supper now. I suppose you have had tea some hours ago.'

"No; I had not been been to tea.

"A servant, seeing a light in the library, entered. Supper had long been over. Apology was made, but I had not been in my room when the servant went to announce the meal. Kenneth Deering, as the gentleman proved to be, cut short his excuses by saying, 'Never mind, Miss Madison, we will have our supper together; please take my arm.'

"We had a very social time over our tea. Our acquaintance progressed rapidly. We made so many discoveries of mutual likes and dislikes. We found that we had so many tastes that were congeniel; we told each other so many little incidents that were purely personal, and the other listened with such interest that when we arose from the table we seemed to have known each other for a long time, if, indeed, we had ever been strangers. At the parlor door he took my hand. 'I must say good-night, now, Miss Madison. I rarely spend my evenings in there.' He gave my hand a slight, lingering pressure. From that instant we were friends forevermore. He ascended the stair, I stood in a delicious dream. I was scarcely conscious of my surroundings. I only felt sure that I did not wish to meet any one just then. I moved down the hall to what I supposed my own room and opened the door. Milly Bently started from her easy chair laughing. 'Come in, come in,' she said, 'and tell me where you have been. Your unceremonious way of entering rooms shows me you have not left off your habit of haunting houses. Our worthy hostess was afraid you had committed suicide as you did not answer the rap at your door. I calmed her fears by saying you would be best pleased by being left alone, that you were tired and had probably fallen asleep. Was I right or have you been exploring the premises?' I narrated my visit to the library and my meeting with Mr. Deering. She seemed a little annoyed, I thought, and I soon withdrew.

"You know that I am generally considered cold, practical and impassive. I am, but I had met, for the first time in my life, a man who had power to hold my thoughts when he was out of sight. A strange, sweet sense of being no longer desolate possessed my whole being. I opened the window and looked out; the stars were shining tranquilly in the blue heavens. I was happy, the night was beautiful, and God was good to me. I could not pray; my heart could find no words in which to express its gratitude and content. My sleep was filled with dreams half pleasant, half painful, dreams of traveling in foreign countries, and dreams of Milly and my new friend. I had scarcely come back to reality by morning, I think, for I was a long time about dressing. I wore a white muslin wrapper with flowers in my hair and at my throat.

"The whole family was assembled. I was presented to those whom I had not met the evening before. After breakfast those who had work to do went about it, while we who consulted our own inclination lingered in the wide, cool breakfast room. I took a position on a window seat, overlooking the lawn. I had been there but a moment when Kenneth came up. 'If you cannot help me about the minerals, perhaps you can about the flowers,' he said, smiling, and indicating by a slight motion of the hand that the flowers I wore called forth the remark.

"'No, I fear not,' I replied. 'I do not take kindly to technicalities. I only understand their beauty, which is, perhaps, more than most botanists do.'

"I was seated, he standing; he bent toward me as he said. 'Perhaps, and yet, botanist though I am, there is one kind of beauty I do not fail to admire.'

"I could not misunderstand the implied compliment, and blushed a little under his steady gaze.

"Milly came up the next instant, and the conversation drifted away to indifferent topics. I could see that Kenneth's attentions to me were a source of displeasure to Milly. I had a sort of pleasure in seeming to be unaware of her annoyance.

"How uninterruptedly events will go on, as if change would never come; then all at once, one scarcely knows how, everything is changed, and is never quite the same again!

"I had been five months at Deering place, and Kenneth was at my side as often as he could be without attracting attention or comment. I spent much of my time in the library. Mrs. Deering was always busy about her work in the kitchen. Milly spent her forenoons in the parlor, and in the afternoons she usually slept an hour or so, then drove out to make calls and talk over the fashions with the aristocratic young ladies of the neighborhood. On these occasions Kenneth would be sure to find some excuse for coming in from the field before evening. His manner had long been that of a lover.

"One day, as I was seated at a desk in the library writing, he came in quietly, but, seeing I was busy, he pretended to have some errand in the room. He soon came to my side, however, and put his cool, tender palm against my cheek. Some slight, caressing movement on my part—perhaps a pressing of my cheek against his hand—caused him to bend down and say, with deep earnestness:

"'You *do* love me.'

I flashed a smile up into his face and asked:

"'Why?'

"'Because I love you,' he answered.

"To his protestations of love I had always returned an indifferent reply, but that day a spirit of coquetry possessed me. My blushing inquiry had seemed like confession, and Kenneth was radiant. I would not seem to share his mood, neither did I have the heart to check his joy. I kept on with my writing, but I had no thought except of this man, who was all the world to me. He sat by my side and held my hand. I could not deny him nor myself that pleasure. I wrote steadily, with downcast eyes. I was in a delicious, dreamy trance. My interest in my writing was gone. I laid aside my pen, and, passing my hand lightly over his thick masses of hair, I said:

"'You should be at work, Kenneth, instead of hindering me.

"He caught my hand and, drawing me toward him, said:

"'Kiss me, Mirabel; just once, dear; you never have.'

"I shook my head. He arose, bringing me to my feet at the same time; his strong arms were about me, his passionate kisses on my lips. I had no further control of myself, and to his whispered entreaty, 'Kiss me, darling, just once,' my arm crept half way around his neck and my lips met his. No use of denying my love for him after that. For one hour complete, unthinking happiness was ours. We did not trouble ourselves by thoughts of the future. We had the present and each other. We did not talk much. With a provoking pretense of industry, I said, 'Let me go on with my writing.'

"He put his arm about me and held me. 'I can't spare you,' he said. 'You do not love me as I do you or you could not think of work. Oh, Mirabel, I cannot live without you.'

"'Perhaps,' I said, with a side smile up into his face, "you could not live with me.'

"'Myra'—he always called me Myra when very grave—'do not talk so. Do you doubt my love?'

"'No, Kenneth, I would as soon think of doubting my own.'

"The time had come for me to go to my room. I said to him, 'I must go.'

"He arose and stood looking down sorrowfully at my uplifted face. I put my palm against his cheek.

"'Why are you so grave?'

"'Because you leave me,' he replied.

"'I can't stay right here always.'

"'No, that is so; but would to God we might love each other always and no one come between.'

"'And why can't we? I'm sure I shall love you always, Kenneth.'

"He bent down and kissed me gratefully. 'Dear Myra, I am not worthy of your affection. I am Milly Bently's betrothed husband.'

"I started back ashamed and angry. He hastened to entreat, 'Forgive me, Myra; I could not help loving you. I have been in paradise; now I can suffer hell.'

"I shrank further from him. 'Oh, Kenneth, why did you not tell me this?'

"'I could not, Myra. I wanted you to love me, and you would not had you known.'

"I could only say, 'How could you do so wrong?'

"He replied, 'I do not feel that it was wrong, Myra. I did not know how much it was possible to love a woman until you came.'

"I had been seated upon the sofa, overcome with grief and humiliation. I now arose and said, 'If you are engaged to Milly, of course it is impossible to do otherwise than to marry her. I will not make it difficult for you to do your duty. Henceforth you and I will remain apart. I will go home day after to-morrow. This love-making, which is but the mockery of love on your part, must go no further. Keep in mind that you are pledged to another woman; and, if you wish to retain even my respect, leave me to myself.'

"He protested.

"'You are cruel, Myra. As God is my witness, I did not mean to wrong Milly, but I was powerless in your presence. Say that you do not despise me, and I will do whatever you command.'

"'No, I do not despise you, Kenneth; I am sorry for you; I am sorry for myself; but still there is something higher than happiness. You must marry Milly. I command it; I desire it. I could never found my happiness on another woman's misery. And, whether you marry her or not, I shall never marry you. No more need be said. Good-by, Kenneth. We will not meet again if I can prevent it.'

"I had been strong, cruel, if you will; but just at the last my voice quivered. It was very hard to be stern then; very hard to see him standing there in his splendid, manly beauty, yearning to take me to his heart and hold me against the world, and then to turn away to take up again my old desolate life. Some Power higher than myself gave me courage and strength in that hour. One moment my hand was pressed in his, and the next he held the door open as I passed out. I have a confused vision of a sad, stern face that bent toward me as if struggling to speak, and then stood proudly erect as if he accepted the worst that fate might inflict.

"I loved Kenneth more than I knew, until the inseparable barrier arose between us. His word was pledged and should not be violated for me; that I resolved, and yet I cannot picture one-tenth of the agony that resolve cost me, not only on my own account, but on his.

"We met the next day at breakfast, dinner and tea, but were not alone together for an instant. I would always manage to have Milly with us. When I announced my intention of leaving the following day she brightened perceptibly. Kenneth was civil to us both, nothing more.

"There was no congeniality between Milly and myself, and therefore no confidences. The last evening of my stay, however, I said to her: "I wish you happiness, Milly. Kenneth has told me of your engagement." She smiled and answered: 'Dear Kenneth! I am sure I shall be happy with him.'

"Oh, how I hated her at that moment! I soon made a pretext to leave her room. Kenneth was haunting the hall awaiting my appearance. He detained me by gentle force, and said, 'Come into the library, Myra.'

"I quieted my uneasy conscience by saying to myself, 'Surely, I may see him this once; to-morrow I go.' I took my old place by the window, but the air was cold and the room strangely cheerless. Kenneth lowered the window and leaned against it. I sat with downcast eyes. I felt that he was looking at me, and I toyed nervously with the fringe of my shawl. The silence was becoming painful. I lifted my eyes.

"'You had something you wished to say to me.'

"'Yes, Myra! I have become in some degree reconciled to your decision. I can see it is best. With your encouragement and example it will be possible for me to keep my honor safe from further doubt. And yet I believe a strong and pure friendship is still possible between us—a friendship that will wrong no one.'

"'I believe so, too; and yet it must be so strong that it will need no reassurances. We must indulge no hope of meeting.'

"'Still cruel, but right. I understand the purity of your motives, and but love you the more. I have a little token of remembrance for you, Myra,' he said, drawing a small velvet case from his pocket. 'Wear it, dear friend, as a souvenir of our eternal fidelity and the purity of our resolves.'

"He took my hand and placed this cameo on my finger, and it has never been removed. I gave him a slender gold ring of mine in exchange. Our love is unchanged and unchangeable. In three months he and Milly were married, and I have heard that he is a kind husband."

Her voice sunk almost to a whisper. I pressed my face against hers, trying to express my sympathy. We sat thus a few minutes; then she lifted her head, saying, "It was wrong in me to trouble you with my private griefs."

"No, it was not wrong. I shall respect you all my life for knowing of your temptation and your triumph. A weaker woman would have yielded; you were firm, and I honor you, Cousin Mirabel."

"A sense of having done right has a wonderful power to sustain one," she answered, "and I am not unhappy, except at long intervals, when I am overwhelmed by the memory of 'what might have been.' Generally after such a day as this I hear news of Kenneth. Two years ago to-day I wandered up and down the beach, thinking of him, and that very night I heard that his wife was dead and that he had sailed for Europe."

"And have you heard nothing from him since?" I asked, in surprise.

"Not a word, but I know he has not ceased to love me, and he has some good reason for not writing." Her absolute belief in his devotion was something wonderful to behold. The clock struck 12, and we arose and bade each other good-night; the fire had long been out, and a dismal rain was falling.

The next morning was bright and beautiful; all the clouds had cleared away, and Cousin Mirabel was positively radiant. "I had the sweetest dream," she said, in answer to my compliment on her looks. While we were enjoying a cozy and delicious breakfast there came a rap at the door. A messenger from the village hotel had brought a note for my cousin. She did not recognize the writing, but tearing it open hastily she saw at the bottom of the page the name of "Kenneth Deering." She ran her eyes over the note; I saw good news in her face, and was not unprepared for her joyful exclamation: "O, Clara! Kenneth is at the village, and will be here to-day." She caught up the note and read from it:

"Ever since Milly's death, two years ago, I have been a wanderer. I believed you to be married, and, much as I desired to see you, could not trust myself to visit you. Only last night I heard that you were free and living in this neighborhood."

She looked up and said, "He may be here in a little while. My dear Kenneth, I know his impatience."

Sure enough he had followed close after his message, and, before I could collect my scattered wits, a handsome bearded stranger was clasping my Cousin Mirabel in his arms, utterly regardless of my presence. I was presented when the first rapture of meeting was over, but still they had only thoughts for each other. I never saw such perfect affection existing between two persons. When Judge Parkhurst came he got a "decided answer."

I always spend my vacations at Cousin Mirabel Deering's. There is no pleasanter place in the world to visit, and the perfect love and trust with which the master and mistress of the house regard each other leads one to believe that Kenneth was right when he said, "We were intended for each other."—*Chicago Ledger.*

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

PINEAPPLE WATER ICE.—Peel and pound a pineapple and pass through a fine sieve, add the juice of one or two lemons with a gill of water and sugar or sirup to taste; strain into the freezing pot.

AN infallible remedy for a rusting teakettle, says an exchange, is to brown coffee in it. A thorough washing of soap and water will remove all the odor and smoke of the coffee, and leave the kettle smooth and free from rust.

RICE CHICKEN PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; pour in gravy or melted butter to fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill all interstices and to cover the top thick. Bake it for one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

NEW CARROTS WITH CREAM.—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done, drain off the water. Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, add to it a desert-spoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered sugar, and a small quantity of cream. Put in the carrots, simmer gently a few minutes, and serve.

THE following process is recommended for cleaning white Shetland shawls. Put the soiled article into a large bowl; throw over it half a teacupful of flour, "dry," rub thoroughly, as if washing, then thoroughly shake out the flour. If the article is not clean repeat the process in clean flour. Articles cleaned by this process will retain a new look as long as there is a thread left.

RHUBARB TARTLETS.—Make a short paste with one white and three yelks of eggs, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and flour quantity sufficient; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Line some patty-pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice, and fill the tartlets with rhubarb, stewed with plenty of sugar and a dish of lemon-juice, and at the top put a heaped spoonful of whipped cream.

CHERRY PUDDING.—One quart of scalded milk, not quite a pint of Indian meal, a scant half pint of sifted flour, four well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt and a pint of whole, ripe cherries. Let the milk stand after heating until tepid; stir in the meal and flour, removing a table-spoonful to mix the baking-powder with; add the eggs and salt, then the cherries and baking-powder. Turn into a pudding-mold or bag and steam two hours. Eat with sugar and cream or butter sauce.

ON a recent official inspection of the St. Petersburg printing offices it was discovered that an amazing quantity of type was wanting. One of the printing offices could not account for the disappearance of 800 pounds of type, and the other for 134 pounds. It is believed that the type had been carried off by Nihilist printers.

MUSIC.—They had been to the opera and heard the finest music by the leading talent. They went home to hear the baby's wild solo until it was quieted with a dose of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which at once removed the Flatulence.

Be Gentle With Animals.

Some persons govern their children and domestic animals with the whip. Boys thus governed, either run away from their parents, or leave them without much regret as soon as they become of lawful age to do so. Some farmers are kind and gentle with their domestic animals, and the brutes reciprocate their treatment by showing the same acts. And this leads us to say, in the words of a wise man, "tameness and gentleness are qualities to be encouraged in all domestic animals." Their value is discovered when it is necessary to handle the animal at critical periods. When confidence, if not affection, exists, we can do much with a suffering animal, when otherwise interference might make matters worse. It would be well to make friends with cows, and sheep, especially, by petting them, giving them salt and palatable things, and mingling with them in the yards. Every animal should be trained to be handled when loose in the yard.

A Child's Marvelous Escape.

Recently Mrs. Somornberg, an emigrant woman with a number of children, went out on the Fort Scott train. When out some distance she fell asleep with a child about 2 years old in her arms. When she awoke the child was gone, and, although search was made, it could be found nowhere. On arriving at one of the stations the conductor of the train received a dispatch that a child had been picked up about twenty miles from that point, by the construction train, lying at the side of the track unhurt, but crying lustily for help. It turned out to be the child of Mrs. Somornberg, and was forwarded to her by the next train. It is supposed it crawled from its mother's arms and fell out of the window with the train spinning along at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.—*Kansas City Times.*

New York Cities.

The following table shows the population of many of the cities in the State of New York, as returned by the census, with their relative standing and their population in 1875 and 1870:

	1880.	1875.	1870.
New York	1,209,561	1,041,886	942,292
Brooklyn	564,693	482,493	396,099
Buffalo	154,766	134,557	117,714
Albany	90,713	86,541	69,422
Rochester	89,877	81,722	62,386
Troy	56,498	46,531	44,833
Syracuse	51,217	48,255	43,051
Utica	33,927	32,496	28,804
Auburn	21,918	19,649	17,225
Oswego	21,102	22,428	20,910
Elmira	20,578	20,436	15,863
Poughkeepsie	20,203	20,022	20,080
Cohoes	20,122	17,493	15,367
Yonkers	18,924	17,232	.....
Newburg	18,075	17,323	17,014
Kingston	17,489	20,445	.....
Binghamton	17,110	15,518	12,692
Rome	12,045	12,251	11,000
Hudson	8,779	8,784	8,613
Lansingburg	7,760	6,924	6,802

Antiquity of Forks.

Among the recent finds in the explorations among the lake dwellings in Switzerland is a pair of forks, apparently invented for table use, says the *Scientific American.* They were made from the metatarsal bone of a stag. This gives a high antiquity to the fork. But, taking into account the modes of life the dwellers in these dwellings must have led, it must require a strong imagination to suppose they sat down to meals using forks.

CHEAP AT ANY PRICE.

[St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer-Press.]

With this in view, Mr. L. Nippoldt, Woodbury, Minn., writes: If it should cost five dollars a bottle, I would still buy the Hamburg Drops. It cured me and no price is too high.

STRUGGLING authors are confronted by the following rehearsal of familiar facts: Thackeray was not known as an author until nearly 40. Scott was 43 when "Waverly" appeared. Richardson became an author at 51. Defoe was 58 when he wrote his first novel. "Gil Blas" was not finished until the author was 67.

An Incident of the War.

[Portage (Wis.) State Register.]

An incident like the following is always worthy of record: During a cavalry charge under Gen. Kilpatrick, in N. Carolina, in our late civil war, Mr. G. A. Selbach was thrown from his horse and received a severe sprain of the left wrist. He used various liniments for sixteen years, without effect, and was cured by a single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.

A NEW method of suicide was recently chosen by a Russian teacher. He mounted his horse and madly leaped from a high precipice into a river. The man was drowned, but the horse, though much hurt, came out of the water alive.

RICH in muscle-producing material beyond all other foods and medicines are Malt Bitters.

PRINCE DEMIDOFF, whose villa, with its wealth of artistic treasures, was lately sold at Florence, recently lost in a single night at cards the trifle of 1,500,000 francs. Two Russians were the winners.

EQUALLY adapted to the feeble or robust, male or female, are Malt Bitters.

HORSES need good care in these hot days of mid-summer. They should be kept clean by frequent currying and occasional washing of the legs and feet. The flies will cause the most inconvenience, and while working in the field some protection from them in the shape of nets or thin blankets (sheets) is a great comfort to the animals. Keep the stables clean that they may not harbor flies or develope any bad odors. Horses that are at regular farm work need good food—better than grass alone will give. Oats or ground feed of some kind must supplement the pasture at night.

The Best.

William H. Wilson, M. D., Springfield, Effington, Co., Ga., says: "I prescribed Hunt's Remedy in a complicated case of Dropsy which I had been treating for eight years, and I find Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for Dropsy and the Kidneys, I have ever used." Trial size, 75 cents.

Are You Not in Good Health?

If the Liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Bilious diseases. For Book address DR. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

DR. C. E. SHOEMAKER, the well-known aural surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send by mail, free of charge, a valuable little book on deafness and diseases of the ear—especially on running ear and catarrh, and their proper treatment—giving references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

WE confidently refer our readers to the card of Dr. C. R. Sykes, in another column. He is an old resident of Chic