

A Canary Bird.
I was at an inn in England, with rangers, when a poor man came to exhibit a wonderful bird which he had. As it was a day, and we could not go out to consented to the poor man's; and he brought his little bird a parlor of the inn. The name little bird was Jewel. He stood before the master, who said "Now Jewel, I want you to be all and make no mistakes," opened his head toward his master, tending to him, and then nodded. "Well, then," said his master, "see if you will keep your word, a tune." The canary sang, "Slow," said his master; and sang slower. "You do not keep his owner. Hereupon Jewel beat time with one of his feet, the rest of the spectators were that we clapped our hands, not than the gentlemen for applause?" asked his master; and bowed his head most respectfully. Jewel now gave him a straw gun; went through the martial, handling his gun like a true "Now let us have a dance," master; and the canary went a dance with so much glee, and spirit, that we all applauded.

I hast done my bidding brave his master, caressing the bird, then, take a nap, while I show pany some of my own feats," little bird went into a counter, and his owner began balance and performing other tricks. was given to him, when a black cat, who had been lurking corner of the room, sprang upon, seized the poor canary bird mouth, and jumped out of the before any one could stop him, we all rushed to make an at. In vain we pursued the cat, my bird had been killed by him an instant. The poor man his bird, and his grief was sad. "Well may I grieve for thee, little thing!" said he; "well grieve. More than four years fed from my hand and drank lip! I owe thee my support, h, and my happiness. Without at will become of me?"

Public Politeness.

oming up town, and entered the which five elegantly dressed and women were sitting on each. They might be the lady pa of some society. There was another person on each side, one of those women moved to me for, and I rode a mile or these ten women—I do not declined to give me a seat, as I have done any moment with g or crowding. The most of are probably mothers. But a set of good manners—that is, less, which is simply the law less—not in the breast of ten, what is to be expected of them? They cannot teach what not know, and, as they know of politeness, their children will

the omnibus again for a samanners, I opened the door to the other day, when a boy took of my holding it open, and took the only vacant seat, as he got the start of me and seat. This was young America. The great Athenian philosopher that democracy has the found the principle that one man is as another, if not a little better. wise men have insisted that government tends to destroy for superiors and deference to which are essential elements of manners. "In honor preferring er," is the inspired religion of

one of the highest virtues. It here there is no virtue. And say the politest nations are the nor that it is impossible to get power, and all that, withers of a pig. The very trait of which the "gentleman who rint" exhibits when he foot into the trough to keep while he eats, is the trait of succeed in getting much. But there is a better way. And that has few walking in it, of ours.

Boston Girl in Chicago.

that I am very far from Boston, that I am many miles nearer that separates civilization from savages. And into these clitudes I have brought a voler Spencer to refresh and mind. He always fascinates; of his being still unmarried thing to do with it, for you're a halo surrounding the which marriage utterly deas in most philosophical ques- useless to ask why this is so. I observe the working of the, but not its cause. But Spencer I never tire. His ideas her life are so consoling—the out from an "indefinite, inhomogeneity to a definite, heterogeneity." What could be more conclusive? Perhaps the mind might be staggered by a combination of polysyllables, or are cultivated can appreciate a significance of a definite, heterogeneity. His ideas of ever, are not extravagantly th romance. Suppose that tender eyes and raven-hued having seated himself by your tenderly take your hand in ten assure in fervent tones that of a molecular change in ar nerve matter of his system, comitant is love, and that you internal object which has caused

Would an ice bath be more. An hysterical woman would lift up her voice and shriek wonder that Herbert Spencer to the age of sixty without

Jimmy Brown and the Ice Cream Party.

There was pretty nearly a whole week that I kept out of trouble, but it didn't last. Boys are born to fly upward like the sparks that trouble, and yesterday I was "up to mischief again," as Sue said, though I never had the least idea of doing any mischief. How should an innocent boy, who might easily have been an orphan, had things happened in that way, know all about cooking and chemistry and such, I should like to know. It was really Sue's fault. Nothing would do but she must have a party, and of course she must have ice-cream. Now the ice-cream that our cake-shop man makes isn't good enough for her, so she got father to buy an ice-cream freezer, and she said she would make the ice-cream herself. I was to help her, and she sent me to the store to order some salt. I asked her what she wanted of salt, and she said you couldn't freeze ice-cream without plenty of salt, and that it was almost as necessary as ice. I went to the store and ordered the salt, and then had a game or two of ball with the boys, and didn't get home till late in the afternoon. There was Sue freezing the ice-cream, and suffering dreadfully, so she said. She had to go and dress right away, and she told me to keep turning the ice-cream freezer until it froze, "and don't run off and leave me to do everything again, you good-for-nothing boy; I wonder how you can do it." I turned that freezer for ever so long, but nothing would freeze, so I made up my mind that it wanted more salt. I didn't want to disturb anybody, so I quietly went into the kitchen and got the salt-cell and emptied it into the ice-cream. It began to freeze right away; but I tasted it and it was awful salt, so I got the jug of golden syrup and poured about a pint into the ice-cream, and when it was done it was a beautiful straw color. But there was an awful scene when the party tried to eat that ice-cream. Sue handed it round and said to everybody: "This is my ice-cream, and you must be sure to like it." The first one that she gave it to was Dr. Porter. He is dreadfully fond of ice-cream, and he smiled such a big smile, and said he was sure it was delightful, and took a whole spoonful. Then he jumped up as if something had hit him, and went out of the door in two jumps, and we didn't see him again. Then three more men tasted their ice-cream, and jumped up and ran after the doctor, and two girls said, "Oh, my!" and held their handkerchiefs over their faces, and turned just as pale. And then everybody else put their ice-cream down on the table, and said thank you, they guessed they wouldn't take any. The party was regularly spoiled, and when I tasted the ice-cream I didn't wonder. It was worse than the best kind of strong medicine. Sue was in a dreadful state of mind, and when the party had gone home—all but one man, who lay under the apple tree all night and groaned like he was dying, only we thought it was the cats—she made me tell her all about the salt and the golden syrup. She wouldn't believe that I had tried to do my best and didn't mean any harm. Father took her part, and said I ought to eat some of the ice-cream since I made it; but I said I'd rather go upstairs with him. So I went.

Some of these days people will begin to understand that they are just waisting and throwing away a boy who always tries to do his best, and perhaps they'll be sorry when it is too late.—*Harper's Young People.*

Reward of Industry.

A poor friendless lad might have been seen wandering along the streets looking for employment. He presently halted in front of a butcher shop, and, walking boldly up to the proprietor, asked for a job. There was something in the young man's frank, honest countenance, which struck the proprietor favorably.

"Not afraid of hard work?" he asked, "No," responded the lad with a trembling voice. "I have supported my mother and two sisters for five years by hard work."

He was put on trial at \$5 a week mauling leathery beef, and his sturdy frame and healthy constitution came in good play. One day an old lady came in to get some beef, and the proprietor told him to attend to the customer. "A tenderloin steak, if you please," said she.

"Here's cut that nobody but the first families get," responded the boy smilingly as he sliced off four pounds of tough round and cast it with a heavy hand on the scales, jamming it down with a quick, dexterous movement, until the indicator marked six even pounds. Then he snatched it off before the delicate machinery, used to weigh beef, had time to recoil.

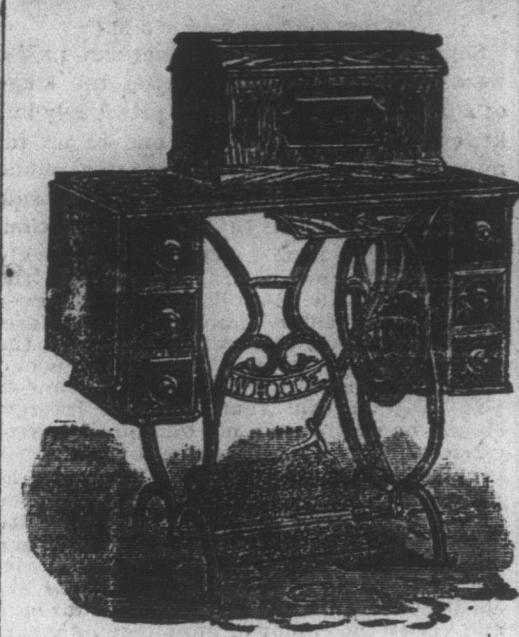
"Six pounds and a half, madam," he said, looking her square in the face with his clear blue eyes.

The proprietor of the stall called him in that night, and remarking that he had watched his course carefully, added that as a reward for his quick, comprehensive grasp of the business he would raise his salary to \$25 per week. This shows the advantage of doing everything well, and when the boy's mother back in New Jersey hears of his success there will be joy in that household. Young men starting out in life should learn to adapt themselves to their surroundings and never let an opportunity pass.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Still Larger.

An enterprising tobacconist in London, whose name was Far, advertised him and his wares: simian oysters writing up in conspicuous letters in his store, "The best tobacco in the world." A rival on the opposite side of the street, not to be outdone, at once put up the superiority of his stock by advertising, "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Far." This reminds the New York *Mail* of the story of the man who, returning from the far West to civilization, saw a sign up outside a show, "The largest bear in the world." After paying his twenty-five cents and enjoying the sight, he noticed another sign across the street, "Lager beer," and as once returned and demanded his money back, on the ground that it had been extorted under false pretences, as there was a larger bear over the way.

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