

Pansy Faces.

Did you ever pass a bed of pansies in full bloom, with their faces all looking westward to the golden glory of the setting sun? If you have, did you stop and watch their sweet faces? No? Ah, you do not know what you have missed! Here is a bed, now, where all the colors, gold, purple, black, vie with each other in their tints and dyes.

Look at that great purple one, rising high above the rest, its head tilted back half scornfully, as if proud of its stately little self. There, a short distance away, a mischievous little golden one laughs at the queenly air of its sister flower, and then gazes slyly into a dew-drop opposite to see if its own little merry face is not winsome enough to attract the notice of a handsome butterfly who is fluttering past. Ah! gay little pansy, nodding so blithely on your green stalk, take care; do you see that pretty gold and purple pansy hiding its head in that corner? Only yesterday it was as merry and happy as you were self, holding up its face for the kisses of that very gay butterfly, who danced around her all day long; now she is deserted, while he, happily fluttering here and there, has quite forgotten her, and her little heart is broken. Take care, little golden flower, lest you, too, fall a victim to the fascinations of so dangerous a denizen of society; better to listen to that honey-bee, with his drowsy hum; he will be good and kind.

There, my friend, look over in that far-away corner; do you see a pale, sweet little pansy bending itself over one which, crushed and trampled, lies on the ground at her feet? She looks like a Sister of Charity.

There, a little apart from the rest, their heads bobbing back and forth, are two sober-looking ones; you would not think they could harm anything, but oh! the scandal they are talking.

What ministrations they are of human lives! They preach their little sermons eloquently, if only we would listen and take heed; they tell us of the love of the Father who placed them here for us.

How often in life we meet characters like the pansies. Sometimes we see a haughty woman, proud of her wealth and station, and holding herself aloof from those whose misfortune, or fortune, it is not to possess much of this world's goods. She is the purple pansy.

Sometimes we meet those who were once careless, happy, merry girls, whose young spirits are forever crushed, and whose lives are spoiled by some butterfly of fashion, who, attracted by their pretty faces, made them the toy of the hour, to be thrust aside as worthless when some newer beauty steps across their path. Sad, alas, is the fate of these, the merry, golden-faced pansies.

Then we so often see in real, yes, very real, life a young girl, poor and alone, jostled by the throng till, bruised and crushed like the pale little flower, she gives up, tired out with buffeting the waves of life, until some calm, gentle sister of charity—perhaps not in the conventional garb, but none the less a sister for all that—comes, and, like the good Samaritan, soothes and comforts, binds up the bruises, cheers the sad heart, renews the failing courage, and sends her, thus comforted, on her way again; it is sad that there are not more true "sisters" in this wide world of ours.

Then there are the gossips, eternally telling tales of their neighbors over their cups of tea, and making more misery by their "social talks" than a half-dozen sisters can remedy in a month.

Well, it takes all kinds of pansies to make a flower-bed, and it takes all kinds of people to make a world. If we would all, like the little sister pansy, do our mite to aid and comfort the desponding ones, how much happier the world would be; it only takes the drops to make the mighty river.

Let us leave the pansies now, still turned to the west, the dew falling like a benediction on their upturned faces; but may we always follow the right as the flowers their sun, and receive the many blessings heaped upon us as gratefully as they do the dew.—*Exchange.*

Would Do His Duty.

"We are going to have a pretty warm campaign," said Col. Morganhead to McFlair, the reporter.

"Yes, I think so. Who do you think will be nominated for Governor?"

"Can't tell; but I know one thing."

"What's that?"

"I'm not a candidate, although I have received several letters from prominent men asking me to run; but, to tell the truth, I wouldn't have the office."

"I am sorry to hear that, for I have heard several men mention your name favorably, and I contemplate publishing their views."

"Don't do it, please, for, as I tell you, I wouldn't be a candidate for anything. Say," calling the reporter, who started across the street.

"Well."

"Go ahead and publish the interview."

"And say that you positively decline?"

"Yes."

"All right."

"Say."

"Well?"

"Needn't say that I positively decline. Just say that I don't want the office."

"All right."

"Say."

"Well?"

"Needn't say that, even. I don't want to put you to any trouble. Hold on a minute. Just say that if elected I would endeavor to discharge my duty."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Jackson's Grief for His Wife.

We have before us the original letter of Andrew Jackson, written on the 30th of November, 1829, to his intimate friend, Col. Robert I. Chester. Jackson was elected president in 1828, and shortly after his election and before his inauguration Mrs. Jackson died. This letter was one of many friendly, let us say, family, letters—for Mrs. Chester was a relative—written to Col. Chester by the old General while he was President. Col. Chester was one of his most

intimate friends; had been under him in the Indian wars, filling an important position as a quartermaster, though a mere boy; had always been his firm friend and admirer; and had his entire confidence. Below we give an extract from the one named. It was not written for the public, but to a long-tried and close friend in relation to private and family matters. It now comes before the public for the first time. It is valuable because it unfolds and opens to the public eye the heart of the great warrior:

"As the meeting of Congress approaches my labors increase. I am engaged in preparing for them, and this, with my other labors, employs me day and night. I can with truth say mine is a situation of dignified slavery. But my hope of happiness fled with the severe bereavement I met with in the loss of my dear wife. The only consolation on this side of the grave is when I look forward to the time when I can again retire to the Hermitage (if God permits me), there to spend my latter days beside the tomb of the only solace of my life, set my house in order, and lay my bones beside her."—*Nashville American.*

How to Water Plants.

Watering plants, says a writer, is one of the most important things in the culture of house plants, and very special care should be devoted to it. Plants ought not to be wet until they need it. It will be evident that they require wetting, if, on taking the earth from the pot, it crumbles to pieces like dust. A sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger knuckle. If it gives forth a hollow ring, the plants need water; if there is a dull sound, there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant.

Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day. On the other hand, the earth must not be allowed to dry out entirely, for that is also very injurious. In wetting them, the water may be poured on in such a way that it will run out again through the hole in the bottom of the pot. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water, so that the water will saturate the dirt very gradually. They may be watered at any hour of the day, except when the sun is shining on the pot, or has just left it, for the earth gets hot when the sun shines on it, and then if the cold water is poured on it, it will cool off too rapidly. The best time for watering flowers in summer is in the evening, and in winter, noon is best. Well water should never be used, but always use either rain water or brook water. It is important that the water should not be lower in temperature than the room in which it is to be used.

Building a Railroad.

One day last fall a number of Virginians got together at Wheeling and organized a railroad company with a capital of \$30,000,000. Directors and officers were elected, a prospectus written, a memorial asking for a charter drawn up, and the meeting adjourned for a week. Two or three days later the President met one of the most enthusiastic of his co-laborers and said:

"Our whole project is dished!"

"No?"

"Sure's you live!"

"How's that?"

"Why yesterday I got a horse and moved over the first five miles of the proposed line. I discovered that we should need ten cattle guards, six culverts, and a \$500 bridge in that distance, making an outlay of at least \$1,000, and we might as well lay down our cards."

"Why, Colonel?"

"Why? Because the whole idiotic gang of us will be dead-broke by the time we pay for the printing of that prospectus and give a reporter \$5 for boozing the project."

"That's so—that's so," mused the other. "Why, Colonel, I never had the remotest idea that we would want to use a dollar except to buy French mirrors for the President's office.—*Wall Street News.*

Household Expressions.

Mind your business. Shut up. Git out. I'll box your ears. Let me alone. Just wait till your father comes home. Hold your tongue. Behave yourself. I won't. You shall. You'll get it. You mean thing. I'll tell ma. I did. I didn't. Twas you. Twasn't either. Get away from me. Do you hear? There, I knew you would do it. Put up those things. I'll box your ears. Stop that noise. You little brat. Go wash your hands. Boo-hoo. Johnny hit me. You'll drive me crazy.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Justifiable Misleading.

"I made no false statements," said Wendell Phillips once to a critic of one of his speeches; "I simply rectified a fact that had to do with business to a fact."

"But," said the other, "your statement was misleading."

"Did it mislead you?" was the retort; "well, it is necessary to mislead some people in order to guide them aright. Remember how Paddy had to drive his pig one way in order to make him go the other."

Convincing Proof.

"Where are you going? You look to me as if you might be a tramp. Speak up man," and once more the stalwart policeman shook up the wretched creature, who made no reply but gesticulated with his hands.

"Will you talk, you vagabond?" howled the policeman.

"Lemme go, you mutton-headed cop. Can't you see that I am a deaf-mute?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Swept and Devastated by the Floods. The land inundated by them, will prove unusually fruitful of malaria, for the retiring waters leave as a posthumous evil miasmatic vapors which, hanging like a pall above the saturated earth, sow fever and ague, bilious remittent, and diseases equally malignant. There is sure protection, however, to be found in Hostetter's Skunk Bitters, the tried remedy and chief preventive of disorders caused by miasma. Since the Bitters is a tonic of perfect purity, and a means of regulating the system as well as renewing strength, it is admirably fitted to the wants of the debilitated, bilious and nervous, who are ill-fitted to encounter climatic influences unfavorable to health. Rheumatism, disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, kidney and bladder ailments are eradicated by this safe, agreeable and benign remedy which specially commends itself for family use.

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Young State has its "favorite son," but only one has its favorite daughter—state of matrimony.—*The Eye.*

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"THE THIRD HOUSE."

Its Good and Bad Members—The Remarkable Experience of a Close Observer of Its Workings During a Long Residence at Washington.

[Correspondence Rochester Democrat.] No city upon the American continent has a larger floating population than Washington. It is estimated that during the sessions of Congress 25,000 people, whose homes are in various parts of the and other countries, make this city their place of residence. Some come here, attracted by the advantages the city offers for making the acquaintance of public men; others have some claims which their to remain while the most important majority gather here, as the crowds flock to the carion, for the sole purpose of getting a morsel at the public orb. The latter class, as a general thing, originate the many schemes which terminate in vicious bills, all of which are either directed at the public treasury or toward that revenue which the black-mailing of corporations or private enterprises may bring.

While walking down Pennsylvania avenue the other day, I met Mr. William A. Ashley, formerly of your city, who, when living residence here has made him unusually well acquainted with the operations of the lobby.

Having made my wants in this particular direction known, in answer to an interrogative, Mr. Ashley said:

"Yes, during my residence here I have become well acquainted with the workings of the 'Third House,' as it is termed, and could tell you of numerous jobs which like the 'Heavenly Chinese' are peculiar.

"You do not regard the lobby, as a body, vicious."

"Not necessarily so; there are good and bad men comprising that body; yet there have been times when it must be admitted that the combined power of the 'Third House' has overridden the will of the people. The bad influence of the lobby can be seen in the numerous blood-bills that are introduced at every session."

"But how can these be discovered?"

"Easily enough, to the person who has made the thing a study. I can detect them in the lobby, to me, to what bills do you refer?"

"Well, take the annual gas bills, for instance. They are introduced for the purpose of bleeding the Washington Gas Light Company. They usually result in an investigating committee which never amounts to anything more than a draft upon the public treasury for the expenses of the investigation. Another squeeze is the 'abattoir bills,' as they are called. These, of course, are fought by the contractors who market meat, the first attempt to force a bill on this description was in 1877, when a prominent Washington politician offered a fabulous sum for the franchise."

"Anything else in this line that you think of, Mr. Ashley?"

"Yes, there's the job to reclaim the Potowmack flats, which, had it become a law, would have resulted in an enormous sum. The work is now being done by the Government itself, and will rid the place of that malaria atmosphere of which we hear so much outside."

"During your residence here have you experienced the bad results of living in this climate?"

"Well, while I have not at all times enjoyed good health, I am certain that the difficulty which laid me up so long was not malaria. It was something that had troubled me for years. A shooting, stinging pain that at times attacked different parts of my body. One day my right arm and leg would torture me with pain, then would be great redness, heat, and swelling of the skin, and perhaps the next day the left arm and leg would be similarly affected. Then again it would locate in some particular part of my body and produce a tenderness which would well nigh drive me frantic. There would be weeks at a time that I would be afflicted with an intermitting kind of pain that would come on every afternoon and leave me comparatively free from pain suffering the balance of the twenty-four hours. Then I would have terrible paroxysms of pain coming on at any time during the day or night, when I would be tortured with pain, and for hours I would keep as motionless as possible. Every time I attempted to move a chilly sensation would pass over my body, or I would faint from hot flashes. I suffered from a spasmodic contraction of the muscles and a soreness of the back and bowels, and even my eyeballs became sore and distressed me greatly whenever I wiped my face. I became ill-tempered, peevish, fretful, irritable, and desperately despondent."

"Did you consult the doctors regarding your difficulty?"

"Consulted them? well I should say I did. Some told me I had rheumatism; others that I had inflammatory rheumatism, for which there was no cure; that I would be afflicted all my life, and that time alone would mitigate my sufferings."

"But didn't they try to relieve your misery?"

"Yes, they vomited and physiced me, blistered and bled me, plastered and oiled me, swabbed and dressed me, everything but froze me, but without avail."

"But how did you finally recover?"

"I had a friend living in Michigan who had been afflicted in a similar way and had been cured. He wrote me regarding his recovery and advised me to try the remedy which cured him. I procured a bottle and commenced its use, taking a tablespoonful after each meal and at bed time. I had used it about a week when I noticed a decrease of the soreness of the joints and a general feeling of relief. I persisted in its use, and finally got so I could move about without limping, when I told my friends that it was 'Warren's Safe Rheumatic Cure' that had put me on my feet."

"And do you regard your cure as permanent?"

"Certainly. I haven't been so well in years as I am now, and although I have been subjected to frequent and severe changes of weather this winter, I have not felt the first intimation of the return of my rheumatic trouble."

"Do you object to the publication of this interview, Mr. Ashley?"

"Not at all, sir. I look upon it as a duty I owe my fellow creatures to alleviate their sufferings so far as I am able, and any communication regarding my symptoms and cure that may be sent to me at 503 Main Avenue will receive prompt and careful attention."

"Judging from your recital, Mr. Ashley, there must be wonderful curative properties about this medicine!"

"I am, sir, six, for no man suffered more longer nor died than I did before this remedy gave me relief."

"To go back to the original subject, Mr. Ashley, I suppose you see the same familiar faces about the lobby session after session."

"No, not so much so as you might think. New faces are constantly seen and old ones disappear. The strain upon lobbyists is necessarily very great, and when you add it to the demoralizing effect of late hours and temperate habits and the fact that they are often out in their steals, their disappearance can easily be accounted for."

"What proportion of these blood-bills are successful?"

"A very small percentage, sir. Notwithstanding the power and influence of the lobby, but few of these vicious measures pass. Were they successful it would be a sad commentary upon our system of government, and would virtually annihilate one branch of it. The great majority of them are affairs out in their steals, their disappearance can easily be accounted for."

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