fled, And found a childless home, a barren bed. The keen-eyed rabbi read in each pale face The wish to save the other from disgrace; Then bared his head, and said in accents mild;
"Bad is the house wherein no voice of child Makes glad the two-fold heart with pride and for:

Yet that malicious tongues may not annoy With whispered evil motive, secret slu, Before you separate, single lives begin, Invite your friends, from greatest to the

And be your supper as a marriage feast, To show you part as friends, and part in sor-Then will I grant your wish upon the mor-

Well pleased, they take his counsel, and pro-A parting feast, and call their friends to share,
Then spake the husband to his childless wife:
"We part not now in anger, hate or strife;
And, as a pledge that this is really so,
Take what you like best with you when you
go." go." She smiled, and promised him a choice to

And ever treasure it for old-times' sake. The guests were gone, save only six at most By the good cheer vanquished, when at last the host
Himself succumbed. The wily wife then bade That he be to her father's house conveyed. The morning came, and from his stupor free, He woke, and gazed around him wonderingly. Then said his wife, who stooped and touched his breast. "Of all your household have I chosen the

Till death divorces never shall we part."

And, rising up, he pressed her to his heart. -Hunter MacCalloch

Dorcas Caledon, THE HEIRESS OF CALEDON HEIGHTS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY FLORENCE E. DIAMOND. CHAPTER V.

I was already up and dressed when Maggie appeared next morning.
"Why, miss, ye'r an early riser," was her why, miss, ye'r an early riser, was her cheerful comment. "Young ones don't generally get up without being called a dozen times or so," she went on; "but your different kind, I see."

I scarcely knew how to reply to this compliment from my friend, so I wisely kept si

"You will come to breakfast now, if yo please," she said, opening the door and stopping out into the hall. I followed her ough the hall and past the room I knew to be the breakfast room of the family.
"You are making a mistake, Maggie," I

said, pausing. Maggie hesitated one in stant before she answered me. "Mrs. Clayton said you were to eat with us," she said, hastily, and, opening a side door, led me into the servants' hall, where,

already seated, were the other domestics of the family. They greeted me in a friendly manner, and Maggie gave me a seat by her side. Grace was said by the housekeeper, a venerable woman, whose hair I afterward learned had grown white in the service of The meat passed pleasantly, and, to tell

the truth, I enjoyed it much more than I had the cold silent breakfast I had taken with the family the morning before. After breakfast, as I was preparing to go

up-stairs to the school-room, Maggie informed me that it had been decided I should attend a day school a short distance away. "Mrs. Clayton thought it best," she said. This then was to be my lot among them-

a place among the servants and not even to e taught by the same teacher. My heart rebelled at this fresh insult. Child though I was, I felt my blood tingle and my cheeks burn with pride and anger. But I remembeen dependent upon the charity of others, and should not complain if things were not quite to my mind. So I dressed myself with tolerable composure, after all. I had been supplied with sufficient clothing since my arrival here, but, though these clothes were not much soiled, I saw at once they were east-off garments of some one, probably Inma Barrett. My pride took fire at this. I would not touch them. I donned the checked gingham I had worn took fire at this. I would not touch the at the home, preferring this to the cast-off silks or cashmeres of this scornful little lady. I was not as handsome as she, nor had I as fine raiment, but my pride, I am sorry to say, quite equaled her own.

I then gathered up the books with which I had been supplied, and repaired to the kitchen, where Maggie kindly volunteered to accompany me to school and get me settled, as she expressed it. On way out I noticed a carriage drawn up before the front entrance, and standing on the balcony was Irma Barrett, dressed for going out. She was attired in some light blue material that suited her fair skin and golden hair to perfection. Her little hands were daintily gloved and she wore kid boots, light and small enough for a fairy. She was evidently waiting for some one; but she did not deign to notice me, even by a look, as I passed in company with Maggie. I sighed. How beautiful she was; "she had every thing; I had nothing at all," I said bitterly,

as I trudged on by Maggie's side. The school building was a low, white, structure standing among the trees and situated on the road leading to the city. There were a good many children gathered around the steps as we came up; but I had been used to children all my life and their presence did not disturb me. We entered the school-room; a pleasant-faced lady arose from her desk to greet us, and I thought her voice the sweetest I had over heard.

In a few words Maggie informed her who I was and of my intention of attending school, all of which the lady listened to with respectful attention. And then, with a kind smile, bade me welcome to her school, hoping I would find it pleasant, after which she looked over my books and designated the leasons I should learn. And then, Maggie having departed, she rang the bell, at which the scholars came trooping in and taking their seats a hush fell upon the school as, with rapt attention, the scholars listened to their teacher who, in the same sweet voice read a chapter from the Bible, after which she repeated a simple prayer. The scholars then proceeded to their desks, but with no bustle or noise, as is common in country schools. It was indeed a pleasant school The teacher was so kind, her instruction so simple and yet instructive and interesting, I could not help contrasting it with the dry

dull and irksome teaching of the day before Our teacher's name was Amy Lester: she lived in a tiny cottage just back of the school-house with her mother, who was an invalid and unable to do work of any kind. Amy supported them both by her teaching and her drawing, for she was quite an artist; and a happier, more contented couple than Amy and her mother, would have been

hard to find. My first day at school passed pleasantly enough, and I returned home in quite a cheerful frame of mind. But alas! my cheerfulness was of short duration. As entered the vard, I found the children en joying themselves under the shade of a great horse-chestnut that grew near the gate. They were engaged in jumping a rope, and as this was a sport in which greatly delighted, I stopped a moment to

watch them. "Why, helloa?" cried Irving, when he saw me, and then assuming an air of great friendliness, he wanted me to join in the game. I hesitated, remembering his jeering remarks of yesterday; but I did so want to be friendly in this house, where it seemed destined I was to dwell, that I was willing

"Here, now, if you want to jump," cried Irving. He gave one end of the rope to his

advanced, and by a quick movement gained the center, but at that instant, with a wicked laugh, Irving threw the rope and tripped me, throwing me to the ground with such force that I lay for an instant completely stunned, but not for long. With a scream of rage I was upon my feet, and, scarce knowing what I did, I flew at Irving like a wild-cat. He was a well-grown boy of twelve; I was rather an undersized girl of ten; but he was taken completely by sur-prise, and before he could defend himself I had marked him for recognition by several rather ugly scratches, and brought away as

a trophy a handful of hair. But his anger was kindled, and he struck me flercely, at the same time calling upon Irma to help him. In fact, the fight was raging fiercely, when I felt myself suddenly caught in a grip of iron, and turned to find a man, a stranger to me, had caught both Irving and myself by a shoulder of each and now held us apart, a smile of amusement on his face at

"Well!" he said, at length. "What ever is the meaning of this? Fighting, chi And with a girl, Irving! I am surprised." "She pitched at me first," cried Irving, his voice trembling with anger.



I HAD MARKED HIM FOR RECOGNITION.

have torn my eyes out if I had not defended myself." "Yes, indeed," chimed in Irma, anxious to defend her brother. "You must not blame him, Mr. Roland; this little beggar

would have hurt him if she could." During this interesting colloquy I had stood quite still, too angry, hurt and bewildered to speak. But at Irma's cruel words my temper blazed again. A torrent of words were on my tongue, but, happening to glance one side, I saw a face peering through the shrubbery. I knew it in an instant, it was my friend on the cars. I knew the laughing eyes and the brown, curling hair. There was a broad smile on his face I could see, also. His appearance decided me. I did not pause to reply or defend myself before the gentleman, but, catching my books from the ground, fled toward the house, never pausing till I reached my own room, where I sank down, panting and ex-

I had never remembered being angry be for and this new feeling of rage and hate fairly overpowered me. When hurt or grieved before I had always wept, but not a tear dimmed my eyes now, whose fiery flashes would have scorched the fountain up. But at length I grew calmer, I removed my bonnet and bathed my face and hands. It was then I became conscious of a stinging pain in my left arm, I pushed up my sleeve and found a livid blue mark across amy arm which was also severelbruised, either by my fall or from a blow in the affray I had just taken part in. I looked at my bruised arm with a terrible feeling of rage and grief, not so much at the injury, that would soon heal, but there are sears on our memory that never heal. This was one. I had never been struck before, and though it must be remembered I struck first, yet in my own eyes, certainly, and in others perhaps, I was quite justified

rage was the same as though I had been miniously beaten without a cause Irving Barrett, no doubt, regarded the whole affair as a joke, yet he hardly guessed that that one cruel act would be weighed in the balance against him when that same scale was balanced for life or death. "Well, Miss, yer uncommon sober to-

in doing so. Therefore my feeling of out-

I started. It was Maggie's cheery voice at my elbow that aroused me from my gloomy thoughts. I did not answer, but folowed her out and into the supper-room without a word.

After supper I inquired who the gentle-

men were I had seen in the garden. "The black whiskered one," said Maggie, is Mr. Roland, an old friend of the family he is here every summer. The other young man, it seems, is a friend of his; I never saw him before to-day; his name is Oliver Dudley, and a handsome, proper-spoken young fellow he is, too," she added.

I went back to my room and moped in stlence until dark, when, seeing the family were all assembled in the grand drawingroom, I crept out, and taking the first path I came to, wandered aimlessly on, scarcel knowing or caring whither it led, till I found myself on the shore of a levely lake, on whose clear surface the moonlight was resting, silvering each wave that rose till is looked like molten silver. Drawn up to the shore was a beautiful

boat with softly cushioned seats, and a pair of oars handsomely carved rested in the oarlocks. I stood watching this moonlight scene with such keen delight that I did not notice the approach of a party coming near until they were close upon me. I had barely time to conceal myself behind one of the rustic seats that lined the shore as they all came up laughing, chatting and seeming in high spirits. There were in the party Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, Irma and Irving, and also the two gentlemen I had seen in the afternoon. I trembled lest they should discover me, for Mrs. Clayton came so near that her silken skirts brushed my hands as I crouched beneath the seat; but, fortunately for me, they passed and entered one of the boats without noticing me. I could hear the dip of the oars as they rowed out on the lake. How I would have liked to accompany them. I had never been in a boat in my life and I fancied it must be a great pleasure to float, as they were doing, over the silver But I could not go, so I remained where I was, listening to the sound of their merry voices, and hating them all the more heartily, I think. I even wished that the boat would upset, and, not drown them, I was not quite so bad as that, but give them

a wetting. But they came to shore at last. The gentlemen assisted the ladies out and the party returned toward the house, all but Mr. Dudley, he lingered behind and lit a cigar. I could see the blue rings of smoke curling up through the clear air.

The rest of the party went on, evic metry not missing him. He waited until teg were out of hearing and I was deve in wishing he would go on when he will ed leisurely up to the seat, behind which I was hiding, and stopped. I could see his face plainly in the moonlight, and there was a mile upon it. Could be be laughing at nee! Had he seen me? I asked myself; and he answered as if instant'y divining m; thoughts:

"Yes I know you are there. Come out! What are you hiding for?" I crawled out and stood before him, a

very tumbled, confused looking object, no doubt, from my hiding among the reeds and rushes that grew on the bank "So you hid, did you?" he inquired, looks

ing at me still with that kind, quizzical look, half laughing, half serious, on his face. "Were you afraid, little one?" putting out his hand and drawing me gently to his side stroking my tumbled hair with his white,

shapely hand.
"No, sir," I answered, sullenly, "but they did not want me and I hid to keep out of

then without any seeming questions he drew from me the whole story of my adoption by Mrs. Clayton, my treatment since my arrival there, and my difficulty with Irving Barrett that afternoon.

The young man seemed puzzled. "You are sure you are no relation to Mrs. Clayton," he said, after a few moments "None that I know of, sir," I replied,

"certainly, if I was she would not treat me

Mr. Dudley smiled. "Perhaps not," he said. "But" he added, starting suddenly, "I am going away to-morrow, Dorcas (I had already told him my name), and shall not be back for years. I am going abroad to finish my education. I may be gone three, four or even five years. I am sorry I am going so soon for your sake. I would see if I could not unravel this mystery, for mystery it surely is. But, as I said before, I am going and have not time now. But now listen to me, Dorrie: Be a good girl; never mind the sneers and gibes of the family, but attend to your books. You have a kind teacher, you say, that is good. Make as many friends as you can and as few enemies. Don't run

away, as I dare say you are thinking of, but stay here. Let me find you here when I return. Will you do as I wish, little one? "I will never do any thing you would not like, Mr. Dudley," I answered, simply, and for years I kept that promise.

"That is right," he answered, gladly. "Now we will go to the house."

He arose and took my hand and I trudged along by his side, feeling, I knew not why, strangely safe and glad. When we reached

the house he paused: "Good-night, Dorrie," he said. "Remem per what I have told you. You were hiding to-night, little one. Don't do it again, Dor-cas. Be open and frank and generous in your actions, 'tis the best way, dear. Romember what I have told you and your promise to me. I shall hold you to that promise, Dorcas," and he smiled. "I am your friend," he continued, "and as a pledge I will give you this," and he pressed into my hand something that glittered brightly

"Keep this," he said; "don't part with it unless you can do no other way. Now good-bye." He raised me in his arms and kissed me; then, letting me go, disappeared

within doors.
I looked at the token he had given me. It was a bright golden dollar that was shining on my palm. I saw and I felt rich indeed, for I had never owned but a single piece of money before, and that was a large copper cent which little Paul at the home had given ne, and which now, wrapped in paper, reposed in a box in my room where I kept my few scanty keepsakes. I laid this away with them when I reached my room, and hen crept into bed, feeling quite cheerful and happy. Some one cared for me-some one was my friend. This thought comforted me more than I can tell, and I fell asleep to dream of Mr. Dudley and his magnificent resent.

The next day, or morning rather, I saw the two gentlemen drive away, and I knew the two gentlemen drive away, and I knew my one friend was going far from me, and could scarcely keep back the tears; but I resolved to try, as Mr. Dudley had told me, to make the best of things, and I succeeded very well, though my life was a hard one, that out as I was from all companionship with children of my own age. Except my schoolmates at school I knew no one, and these I was strictly forbidden to visit or invite inside the gate of "The Heights."

My only company, therefore, was the servwere always kind to me, I often felt in the way, and considered a nuisance At such times I would wander away by myself and sit for hours on the mossy bank of the lake, or under the shade of a tree in some part of the grounds where no one could see me, and there read and re-read the few books I had picked up.

Once a year the family went away for a mouth or so, and then, unseen, I would stea through the grand rooms, feasting my eyes on the beauties of the costly furniture, pietures, carpets and statuary which the house contained. I often wondered if the little ciress of Caledon (the dead one I meant) had ever traversed these rooms, or her childish laughter or chatter ever echoed through the house, or had she died ignorant of all this grandeur that should have been hers. I inquired of Maggie about her, for somehow I felt a strong interest and sympathy for the little girl who had died when she had so much to live for. But Maggie knew nothing about her. She had died long before she came there, she said; and she did not even know her name, though she be-

lieved it was Dolly, or some thing like it. "The housekeeper could tell ye," she said but I disliked to ask questions of this grave onage, and so remained in ignorance of what might have been a great benefit

I seldom went to church, and I missed the sermon we had always been used to hear each Sabbath and our quiet Sabbath-school very much. The family went to church in their grand carriage, and a liveried coachman drove their handsome horses for them. The servants were permitted to attend once in the day at any church they chose; but few availed themselves of this privilege preferring to gather in the kitchen and gos sip. Maggie occasionally went to church, bu the church she attended was a Romanish one and I did not understand a word of what was said; so I begged to remain at home, a request she was only too glad to grant. I often wondered at my strange life, for



"WHAT ARE YOU HIDING PORT" it was a strange life. Here I was living. eating, sleeping, under the same roof with a family who evidently paid for all I enjoyed, and yet I was as distant from them, as far removed, as though I had dwelt at the farthest corner of the globe. I seldom saw the children; I never spoke to Mr. or Mrs. Clayton; they never addressed me in any manner. What explanation they made to their friends for my appearance I know not. I was simply passed over as though they never even dreamed of my existence. But when I had been at the Heights nearly two years, I was one day nearly upset by Maggie bursting into my room in a great

"Ob, miss, the mistress sent me to fetch ye down to the parlor at once. That old witch, Miss Armund, is just come, and nofrock and come down this minute.

Wondering what could have happened to gie commanded, and soon found myself in he parlor, welcomed by Miss Armund, who ooked many years older than when I had last seen her. She welcomed me kindly, however; made me sit by her, and a list me a multitude of questions about my in aith my studies, etc., all of which I answered as well as I could. I was astonished at the riendliness shown me by Mrs. Clayton and Irma, who treated me in every way as a member of the family. I began to think my troubles were ended; but, alas for human expectationst

from the grate. sister and they commenced slowly swinging their sight."

their sight."

their sight."

At the same time urging me to jump.

"Yes, yes," he said, thoughtfully, and At the end of that time Miss Armund took Miss Armund stayed two days, during Because it goes on a head, of course.

her leave, evidently well satisfied with the condition of affairs. She had not been gone an hour when I was ignominiously shoved back to my old place and there to remain until her next visit. But I now saw that it was some secret which concerned Mrs. Clayton's welfare that this woman held, and that accounted for my installment there. What this secret was I determined sooner or later to find out.

A letter head-The postage-stamp.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES. of Interest Gathered from Various Quarters.

TO BE CONTINUED

At Opelousas, La., the ground is covered n inch deep with ice. E. C. Walthall has been re-elected United

States Senator from Mississippi. The Ohio Republicans are organizing Sherman League. At Brownsville, Texas, the mercury has

fallen to 18 degrees, the coldest since 1880. The old business part of Thomson, Ga., was burned yesterday. Loss \$30,000. A new Home Rule paper, the London

day. The issue was 142,600 copies. The trial of the Pickens lynchers has been postponed till the summer term of Court.

Evening Star, made its appearance yester-

A young negro boy four years old was run over on the Georgia Central cailroad yesterday and his body cut in halves. The Turkish Minister of War has been

enjoined to hasten the completion of the defenses of Adrianople. Governor Semple has signed the bill giving the ballot to the women of Washing ton Territory.

A meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati has enthusiastically endorsed John Sherman for President. Mahone has obtained control of the Re

publican League of Virginia—Riddleberger being left out. Eight suicides occurred in Vienna yester day, among them Captain Deschauer, of the Austrian navy, and Paymaster Fuchs,

of the army. At Birmingham, Ala., yesterday, H. H Scarbough, a detective, was dangerously shot by Tom Ellis, editor of the *Hornet*, in

a saloon row. Milton Young's stallion Pizarre, by Ad enturer, dam Milener by Rataplan, valued

at \$15,000, died Wednesday night at Lexington, Ky., of pneumonia. A fire at Fort Mackinway, Wyoming Territory, destroyed \$100,000 worth of provisions, and the garrison has been put or

half rations. The Ashland steel works, about twenty miles north of Baltimore, have stopped work, the Reading strike causing a scarcity of coal.

Fire at St. Puul, Minn., yesterday de stroyed two buildings occupied by a large wholesale grocer. Loss \$300,000. Insured. Fire in Montreal yesterday morning destroyed \$100,000 worth of property. It was so cold that the fire ladders froze to the walls.

The schooner Myra Pratt, Sherman mas ter, of Mobile, was wrecked on Tampico bar on Sunday, and two lives were lost. Part of the cargo of crossties was saved. The Iowa Legislature, voting separately yesterday, re-elected Senator Wilson as his

own successor. The joint convention will ratify this action. The Delaware rolling mill at Phillips ourg, N. J., shut down on Monday, owing to the scarcity of coal and dulness in the

iron trade. Three hundred hands are thus thrown out of employment. At Chippewa Falls, Wis., on Sunday norning, the thermometer stood 50 degrees below zero, and yesterday morning ranged from 55 to 62 degrees below.

The Charleston cotton mill was offered for sale yesterday, but as nobody would bid \$35,000 over the debts of the concern, the property was withdrawn. The long strike of shoemakers in Roches

Y., which has continued since No vember 1, has collapsed, the men returning to work on the manufacturers' terms. Both branches of the Legislature of Washington Territory have re-enacted the woman's suffrage law, but have exempted women from jury duty.

The annual afternoon performance for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, netted \$10,000. Every box sold at \$18. Four thousand people were refused admission.

Reports from different sections of Texas ote the cessation of the blizzard, but the temperature continues very low for that The weather has been unprecedented, both in respect to low thermometer and snow and sleet.

Reports of loss of life in last week's storm in the West continue to come in One list now numbers 153, and another 159. It would seem probable that the final summary, if such can ever be made, will

show quite 200 names. Miss Gudielma Bostic, a distant cousi a patter, was married last nigh John's Church, Washington, to En' Wilkerson, of the vavy. A brillian rec ption took place afterward at the house the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles Sydney

nd Ed. Daly, of Providence, 115 pounds ought in New Jersey yesterday with bar nuckles for \$200. At the end of nine actty lively rounds, Daly was knocked enseless by a right hander under the car Jurray was declared winner. At Butler, Pa Wednesday mornin ohn Mathio, a Frenchman, and a Belgian

John Murray, of New York, 125 pounds

named Alix, foreman at the Standard Plate Glass Works, were almost instantly killed while placing a sheet of glass in position on he grind table. The wheel turned suddenly and they fell on it and were ground

shocking fotal accident occurred at Amick Brothers' saw mill, in Lexington. Charles Quails, a young white man, was moving a slab, which come in contact with he circular saw and was thrown against his body with terrible force, knocking him lown, breaking his neck and killing him instantly. Quails was from Pennsylvania, and was about nineteen years of

A collision between two snow plough agines took place Monday near Hoskings Neb., in which an engineer was instantly killed and several other men injured. The engineer was working his snow plough in a his engine and started down grade at a rapid speed. A drag-out engine was oming around the curve and they came ogether. The other injured men will recover.

Talmage on Newspaper Men.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage wonders that newspaper men believe anything. They see more of the sham and meanness of body looking for her. Put on your best the world than the members of any other profession. They are bored by cranks mock moralists and pestilent humbugs work such wondrous change, I did as Mag- every day in the week, and they see the follies and shams of the world through disguises that are as open as the day to their practiced and disgusted eye. this is true, but Mr. Talmage should remember that newspaper men are fairly bubbling over with charity and good nature. They see the good as well as the evil in the world.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

> A few oyster shells will remove clinkers Why is your hat like an advance agent?

BRIC-A-BRAC

Give me a kiss, my darling, do," He said, as he gazed in her eyes so blue. 'I won't," she said; "you lazy elf, Screw up your lips and help yourself."

No man should be a judge in his ow

There is not much color to gin, yet it can scarcely be called a sober tint. Strange as it may appear, it is usually cold day for a man when he is "fired." "Woman feels where man thinks," say

writer. Yes, that's why man is bald. The Virginia Republicans have organized State League.

A vear of time brings wisdom. The trees are not so green as they were last ummer.

If there is anything more contrary than an obstinate woman it is a right-handed lock on a left-handed door.

Coal is so high in Chattanooga that the coal dealer barely speaks to an ordinary editor or colonel. Looking at it from a feminine point of

view, a bridegroom is always insignificant until he becomes a widower. Many a man "mounts the rostrum" now days who hasn't real ability enough to

warrant his "going on the stump." It is true that the busiest man is the happiest man, but he often doesn't have time to realize it.

A cold is now defined as a state of neryous collapse, and a stimulating plan of treatment is advised. It is not the cloven foot but the cloven

breath that gives a man away after he has been out to see another man. been out to see another man. "Yes," said the landlady, sadly, "ap-

pearances are deceitful, but disappearance are still more so. The days begin to lengthen, and so does he face of the man who looks at his

emptying coal-bin. Economy is the road to wealth, but great many people keep wearing themselves ut upon the road after they get there. This is leap year, and the favorite excla

mation of the waiting maiden is: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" A man cannot always remember a thing by pasting it in his hat. Some method hould be contrived to paste it in his head.

"What is more lovely than a peaceful grandmother?" asks an exchange. Her granddaughter. If this is not the right nswer, we give it up.

The woman who married her husband for money never complains that he doesn't kiss her as much as he did before the wedding took place. He-This must be the place. She-Stop;

ng-house. He-O, yes it is, I smell the For every ten hundred dollars expended

lon't ring; this doesn't look like a board-

Teacher-Correct the sentence: "The iquor which the man bought was drank."

Mexico, a few drys since, that a circus proprietor had to suild a fire around his elephant to keep him from freezing.

"I don't mince matters, I can tell you, observed Mrs. Brown at dinner yesterday. I should say not, judging from this mine pie," Grumbled Brown. Old Man (calling down stairs to daughter)

—Ask that young man in the parlor which he prefers for breakfast, milk rolls or Vienna bread? A Florida paper complains that there are in that State "too many lawyers, doctors, preachers, editors, and tramps, and not

ough men who earn their living by the weat of their brow." Nervous lady passenger (in train, after ness, we are now on terra firma! Pacetions

gentleman-Yes, ma'am; less terror and more firmer. Last year bread and butter cost less than in the previous year, but cheese, pork and canned goods were higher. Coffee, which advanced in price, decreased largely in consumption; while tea, which declined in

price, increased ten per cent. in use. Matter-of-Fact Mother (to fashionable daughter who is going out)—Clara, I think your bustle is altogether too large to look Fashionable Daughter-I know, well. mama; but you have no idea how slippery

the sidewalks are. A Chicago woman, the wife of a police man, rigged up in her husband's uniform, and nobody detected the disguise until she allowed herself to be found when a row was going on. Then they knew she wasn'

The Dendly Blizzard. The terrible storm which has swept over he Northwest, blockading railroads in fiv States, is now over, and the victims of it fury are being counted. The pitiful list i growing almost every hour. It is not in probable when the record is complete i will show a hundred lives sacrified to the awful fury of the blizzard. Next to this the worst blizzard that the Northwest ever experienced occurred January 7, 8 and 9 1873. In that storm seventy people were frozen to death and thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed. The recent storm promises to be even more terrible in its results. It came without warning. The mercury fell rapidly, and by 5 o'clock on Wednesday evening it was fifteen de grees below zero, and the next morning registered thirty degrees below. All the while the wind increased in fury, snow fell thicker, and the large quantity of snow that was already on the ground was blown into powder and hurled along by the wind. The sufferings of the victims were intense and the death-list was appalling. A re vised list of the fatalities shows ninety seven dead in Dakota, twelve in Minnesota six in Iowa, seventeen in Nebraska and hree in Montana-total one hundred and thirty-five, besides fifty-five reported miss Additions are constantly being made to the list. Railroad travel has been blocked for some days.

Will 1888 be a Year of Wart

The present year is the fifth year modern times in which the aggregate of the figures is twenty five, and there will be but five more years in which such a combin out and got stalled. He thereupon backed nation is possible prior to the year 259t Probably few have ever heard of the old prophecy, which runs as follows:

In every future year of our Lord,
When the sum of the figures is twenty-five
Some warike k redom will draw the sworBut peaceful nations in peace shall thrive. Students of modern history will readily ecall how faithfully this prophecy ha

been fulfilled in the four previous years t which it applied. In 1699, Russia, Denmark and Poland ormed the coalition against Sweden which augurated the great war that ended in th isastrous defeat of Charles XII, at Pul The year 1789 will ever be memorable or

count of the breaking out of the French Revolution. The year 1798 witnessed the campaign f Bonaparte in Egypt and the formation f the second European coalition agains

In 1879 war broke out between England and Afghanistan, followed by the invasion of the latter country by British troops. In what manner the prediction is to be verified in 1888 remains yet to be seen, but he present condition of Europe seems t prophecy.

THE BILLS.

After Edgar Allen Poe-About a Mile After See the postman with the bills-

New Year's bills— What a world of tribulation Now their sending out fulfils! How they rankle, rankle, rankle, In the startled dreams of night, As the creditors' procession Of the chamber water, With a brutalized delight; "Time!" "Time!" "Time!" Of the chamber takes possession In a sort of prize-ring rhyme, To the dark and deep demnition That so gradually kills. From the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, From the tailors' and the hatters' little bills,

See the big bills for my wife-Tailor-made in styles now rife. If the present fashion grows We can wear each other's clo'es Dropping frills and furbelows, Dropping furbelows and frills, And reducing tailors' bills-

Bills

See the fearful grocery bills-Eating bills! What exceeding cost to people Is the food that stomach fill Doctors' bitls For their pills

Potions, squills
And subdiving all which kills. How we dread to draw the money

For stopping rills In the pipes beneath the sills. When we tell them for their pay To take the house and all away, They but answer 'twould not meet Their "little" bills

Their extortionate and bank-suspending bills! Bills!

Bills!

Facts About Rainfall.

The subject of the rainfall is an intersting one this winter. The American Meteorological Journal informs us that "the precipitation in the temperate zone is extremely variable from season to season," which inspires hope that other winters may differ a little from this one The discussion of the weather journal is however, chiefly devoted to the rainfall on the Western plains, which is recognized as a most important element in estimating the agricultural future of our country by such competent authorities as General Morrow, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Professor S. R. Thompson and ex-Senator Dorsey. In investigating the for flour in this country, it is said that climatology of the United States, allow-ance handed dollars are spent for to placing rain gauges in exposed localities so as to obtain accurate results. Snow drifts and inequalities of exposure play Smart Boy—The man which bought the liquor was drunk.

The cold was so severe at Monterey.

The cold was so severe at Monterey. in a result in which accuracy is essential. Mr. Mark W. Harrington, in the Meteorological Journal, recommends the maps of Lorin Blodgett as the best standard for comparison as a basis of earlier observation, and those of Dr. Charles Dennison, of Denver, for the later dates. With these as standards, slow but gradual gain in the rainfall in the West, which argues well for the increased fertility of our great developing agricultural regions.

Patronize Home. Yes, patronize home schools and home everything. Patronize home industries, home factories and everything that you consume, that you can possibly get a ome, get it there. Don't send your money off to other places, where you will not have chance to get any of it again, but buy everything at home. By so doing you will not only help to build up the town and make your neighbors more prosperous, but will belp yourself in the same proportion.

I contract d malaria in the swamps of Louisiana while working for the telegraph company, and used every kind of medicine I could hear of without relief. I at last succeeded in breaking the fever, them. nalarial poison and I became almost helpless. I finally came here, my mouth so filled with sores that I could scarcely cat, and my tongue raw and filed with orted to without effect. I bought two bottles of B. B. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed and my tongue entirely clear of knots and soreness, and I feel

ike a new man.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE OF SCROFULA

I have a little boy twelve years old whose knees have been drawn almohe medical board of London county exunited him and pronounced the disease ever derived. I then used a much adertised preparation without benefit Three weeks ago he became perfectly

ised its use. He has used one bottle and all pain has ceased and he can now walk. This has been a most wonderful action, as his complaint had baffled everything. I shall continue to use it on Mrs. Emma Griffiths, Unitia, Tenn., March 2, 1886.

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Webb City, Ark., May 3, 1886.

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to venture any thing almost to gain it. Accordingly, I approached and spoke to Bertie, who greeted me kindly in return. ...

-Clara! Daughter-Yes, papa? Old Man Mr. Harrington concludes that there is a

- Wilson Mirror. A TONGUE IN KNOTS.

but it cost me over \$100.00, and then my system was prostrated and saturated with little knots. Various remedies were re-

Jackson, Tenn., April 20, 1886. A. F. BRITTON. STOFF JOINTS.

AND RHEUMATISM. double and his joints are perfectly stiff, and he has been in this condition three years, unable to walk. During that time scrofula and prescribed, but no benefit

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