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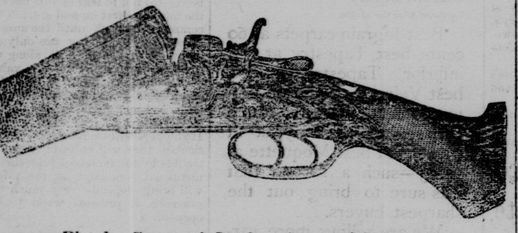

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Cook and Heating Stoves

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Sleigh Bells, Sleighs and Cutters, Skates; Harness etc,

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TUESDAYS,
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Dutch Bulbous Flowering Roots,

For immediate planting in the Garden or House.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, NARCISSUS, CROWN IMPERIAL, ETC.,

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ALSO, FOR SALE:

Hyacinth Glasses, assorted colors, Crocus Pots, Window Boxes, Plain and Fancy Flower pots, all sizes and styles, Terra Cotta Vases and Statuary, Terra Cotta and Rustic Hanging Baskets, Flower Stands, Green House Syringes and Pumps, Pruning and Budding Knives, Pruning and Topping Shears, Etc. Horticultural Tools in Great Variety.

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$200,000 in presents given away Send us 5 cents postage and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America, All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own houses. Fortunes for workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 12 20 tf

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS,

FROM THE SON:

"28 Cedar Street, New York, Oct., 28, 1882. Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he commenced taking your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case. Yours truly,
W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER:

"It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882.
Yours gratefully,
HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula, and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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Two Excellent Sewing Machines for sale cheap. Inquire at
9 27 tf. THIS OFFICE.

HONEST ABE.

Interesting Incidents from the Life of Abraham Lincoln.

A biography of Abraham Lincoln has recently been published. It is from the pen of the late Isaac N. Arnold, and is considered particularly trustworthy. According to Mr. Arnold Lincoln's forefathers had been backwoodsmen and Indian fighters for several generations. His grandfather came to Kentucky soon after Daniel Boone and his father pushed on to Indiana when that territory in turn was the frontier. Faithful to the instinct that had kept his progenitors on the front wave of immigration, Lincoln, himself, at twenty-one, found Indiana too crowded, and went still further westward into the heart of Illinois. At that time he could read, write and cipher, having had in all just twelve months' schooling. He never went to school afterward. But the few volumes to be found in his father's log house and the neighboring cabins he almost knew by heart. It is a significant fact that among the half a dozen books that during his youth gave direction to his sympathies and aspirations, and that endowed him with his surprising mastery of terse, idiomatic English, were the Bible, Bunyon's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weem's "Life of Washington," and the poems of Robert Burns. The "Life of Washington" he borrowed, and having thrust it one night between the logs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light to read by, he awoke to find it soaked through and through by rain. Having no money, he offered to work out the value of the injured volume, and, by pulling corn three days, finally became its owner.

Lincoln's cognomen of "the rail splitter" bore witness to his proficiency in all tasks incumbent on the Western farmer, but it is less generally known that he was a crack shot with the rifle, which before and during the Black Hawk war was seldom out of the Illinois settler's reach, or that his prowess in the hand-to-hand encounters by which the young backwoods men were not seldom called upon to prove their mettle made his name redoubtable throughout the country where he lived. The reputation had its inconveniences, and compelled him on one occasion to measure his strength against the leader of "The Clary Grove Boys," who was believed by his partisans to be able to "lick" any man on the Sangamon River. We are told that this fellow resorted to some foul play, which rousing Lincoln's ire, the latter put forth his full strength, and, seizing the big bully by the throat and holding him out at arm's length, shook him as he would a boy. There used to be a legend current that Washington could outjump any man in Virginia, and there seems be no doubt that in all athletic sports Lincoln had no equal in Illinois. According to the recollections of a surviving comrade, "he could strike the hardest blow with axe or maul, jump higher and further, run faster than any of his fellows, and there was no one, far or near, could lay him on his back."

He acquired very early that nickname of "Honest Abe," which stuck to him all his life. It was while he was acting as clerk of a country store. Several incidents illustrate an integrity to which, it seems, his customers could not have been habituated. One evening he found his cash overrun a little—a discovery which we fear sometimes excites a chuckle—and, after poring over the phenomenon, concluded that in making change for his last customer, an old woman who had come in a little before sundown, he had given her too little. Although the sum involved was only a few cents, he forthwith took it too her house. At another time he found on the scales a weight which he remembered using just before closing the store on the previous night, but which was lighter than the one he meant to use. Evidently he must have given the purchaser a few ounces of tea less than was paid for, and he immediately sent the quantity to make up the deficiency. He carried the same scrupulous probity into his management of a small postoffice of which he had charge for a short period in 1834, and his method of dealing with uncalled-for remnant of the funds on deposit may interest the office-holders of a later time. It seems that when the station was discontinued the small sum of $18 remaining in his hands was overlooked, and not demanded until some years after Lincoln had removed to Springfield to attempt the practice of the law. During those years he had been poor that he had often been compelled to borrow a pittance from friends to pay the bare necessaries of life. When, therefore, an agent of the postoffice called at one Dr. Henry's, in whose office Lincoln had a desk, Henry, believing (so he told the biographer) that Lincoln could have no money on hand, wherewith to meet the draft, was about to call him aside and advance the sum requisite, when Lincoln, asking the agent to be seated a moment, went over to his boarding house and brought back an old stocking with a quantity of copper and silver coin tied up in it, manifestly the identical pieces in which the country people had paid their postage. The agent found in the stocking the exact amount due the department to a cent.

Of his tenderness of heart some touching proofs are cited in this biography. While Lincoln was serving as a Captain in the Black Hawk war an old and half-starving Indian strayed into the camp of his company, all of whose members were exasperated by the barbarities lately perpetrated on the settlers, and some of whom, like Lincoln himself, had lost near relatives at the hands of the savages. In a frenzy of blind rage the soldiers refused to recognize the Indian's "safe conduct," and had cocked their muskets, determined to despatch him, when Lincoln rushed forward, knocked up the pieces, and declared the man should not be killed. But the mob's passions were aflame, and for some moments it seemed likely that Lincoln and his protege would be both shot down. After a pause, the militia lowered their weapons and sullenly turned away. "I never," said an eyewitness, in all my life saw Lincoln so roused before." Mr. Arnold recalls another incident, on its face more trivial, but which the thoughtful reader is not likely to overlook. In the early days of his practice at the Springfield bar Lincoln was coming home from a neighboring county seat, with a party of lawyers, riding two by two along a country lane. "Where is Lincoln?" was the inquiry. "Oh," replied his comrade, "when I saw him last he had caught two young birds, which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting up the nest to put them back in it." In a short time Lincoln rode up, having found the nest and replaced its inmates.

It was while Lincoln lived at New Salem that he managed to buy a second-hand copy of Blackstone's Commentaries and began to study law. Other books, however, he had none, nor would he have had any means of getting any, had not an old friend at Springfield, offered him the use of his collection. In order to exchange one book for another, however, he had to walk from New Salem to Springfield, a distance of fourteen miles, and, it is said, would often master thirty or forty pages of the new volume on his way home. He was often seen seated against the trunk of a tree, or lying on the grass under its shade, poring over his books, and changing his position as the sun advanced so as to keep in the shadow.

There is a tradition, which apparently dates back to 1831, that on the visit which he paid in that year to New Orleans, as a deck hand on a flat boat, Lincoln and his companion visited an old fortune teller, a Voudon prophetess. The legend has it that during the interview the prophetess became intensely excited, and, poring over Lincoln's hand, cried out: "This man here will be President, and tell all us colored folks go free." It seems to be certain that this visit made Lincoln an anti-slavery man. "He saw," we read, "a slave, a beautiful mulatto girl, sold at auction; she was felt over, pinched, trotted around to show the bidders that said article was sound, &c. Lincoln walked away from the sad, inhuman scene with a deep feeling of unsmotherable hate. He said to his companion, 'By God, if ever I get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard.'" That he made this speech there is no doubt, and his demeanor on his journey homeward made a deep impression on his companions. They remember that he was by turns, "mad thoughtful, abstracted, sad and depressed."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

What is Known About its Origin and Subsequent History.

The origin of Valentine's Day is lost in antiquity, and can now be only speculatively fixed. One theory is that it sprang from the ancient Roman Festival of the Lupercalia, celebrated on February 15. When the Christian Church gained power, an effort was made to abolish the heathen feast, which by that time had become a mere expression of gallantry; but this proving vain, the date was changed to the birthday of St. Valentine—February 14. This saint was canonized soon after his execution by order of the Emperor Claudius, about 270. He was a Christian Bishop, and he was made the patron of the day, because of the loving charity of his character. Another theory is that the festival, in its essential if not in its precise date, is as old as the human race, being an expression of the vernal impulse common to all living beings, and which Tennysou sings in the familiar lines:

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

References to the mating of birds in the spring, and to the feelings of love which thrill the breast at the season when nature wakes from her winter sleep are scattered though all literature back to the earliest times. Catullus, in particular, has a charming lyric on the impulse of spring, which is curiously like the opening lines of Chaucer's prologue:

Whaune that Aprille with his showres swote
The droughte of March hath perced to the roote,
* * * * * * *
And smale foules maken melodie,
That sleepen all the night with open eye.

The ceremonies of what is now St. Valentine's day, in this view, becomes the expression of a great human passion, coexistent with the race. Valentine was made its patron, and its date was fixed by his birthday, simply because his name is equivalent to gallatin, French for "gallant." This derivation, is quite reasonable, for a like change is found in "valiant" and "gallant," both from the Latin valens. The theory of the origin from the Lupercalia has in its favor, however, the fact that it became a custom for Roman lads and maidens to write their names upon tablets which were drawn by lot from a box, and the couples thus thrown together were supposed to be devoted to each other for a certain period. A like ceremony, according to Misson, a learned traveler of the early part of the last century, had been an ancient custom among the young folks of England and Scotland, on the eve of St. Valentine's day. He says: "An equal number of maidens and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the young men's billets and the young men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

The custom of sending valentines is as old as the hills. A couple of hundred years ago in England it appears that married and single were alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was invariably and necessarily given to the choosing party. Sam Pepys in his diary about that time wrote: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days later he adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forget, but my wife's was 'most courteous and most fair,' which as it may be made an anagram upon each name might be very pretty." Noticing soon afterward the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became duchess of Richmond, he says: "The duke of York being once her valentine did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300. This evening my wife did, with great pleasure, show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my valentine's gift this year—a Turkey stone set with diamonds."

It is evident that there is a considerable change in the observance of Valentine's day since the playful Pepys lived. In that time presents were undoubtedly given in order to relieve the obligation under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors. Notwithstanding the practice of relieving, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock. At least it may be supposed that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at where the party so drawn was at all eligible from other considerations. There was, it appears, a prevalent notion among the common English people that this was the day (February 14) on which the birds selected their mates. They seemed to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day which rendered in some degree binding the lot or chance by which any youth or maid was now led to fix his attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad was a destined wife or a destined husband.

Thus Gay makes a rural dame say:

Last Valentine, the day when birds were kind,
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
Early rose, just at the break of day
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),
Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENTS.

What They Did and What They Said in Their Last Moments.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died on the same day, and that the 4th of July, 1826. They were friends during their later years, and Adams' last words were, "Thomas Jefferson still lives," but history shows he was mistaken. Jefferson had died an hour before, exclaiming, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," and "I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country." John Quincy Adams gave his last breath in the Capitol at Washington, saying, "This is the end of earth, I am content," and General Harrison, who died in the White House, said, "Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

Garfield's last reported words, as he lay racked by his terrible wound, were, "Oh, that pain!" But Lincoln became unconscious when he was shot and remained so till he died. George Washington was sane during his last hours, and he spent them in calmly arranging his affairs. He told his wife to bring two wills which he had made, and to burn one of them. He then grasped his pulse with one hand and counted the beats until he died. Washington died of a cold. Polk of the Cholera, Andrew Jackson of paralysis, and General Harrison of cold, pleurisy and cholera morbus.

President Jackson was for thirty-one years a diseased man, and the latter part of his life was spent in almost continuous pain. Even on his death-bed he was tortured by officeseekers. "I am dying," said he, "as fast as I can, and they all know it; but they keep swarming about me in crowds, seeking for office—intriguing for office." His death-bed scene was a most affecting one. A half an hour before his death his children and friends were standing around his bed-side, and his adopted son Andrew had taken his hand and whispered in his ear:

"Father, how do you feel? Do you know me?"

"Know you? "Yes, I should know you all if I could see. Bring me my spectacles."

These were brought and put on him, and he said: "Where is my daughter and Marian? God will take care of you for me. I am my God's. I belong to him. I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all, white and black, in heaven."

At this all burst into tears, and the general said: "What is the matter with you, my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, don't cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven."

These were Jackson's last words. A short time after this he passed peacefully away. He died a Christian and a Presbyterian.

Thomas Jefferson was more of a deist than anything else, and when he died he said he would be glad to see a preacher who called "as a good neighbor," thereby intimating that he did care to see him professionally. There was no preacher present at Washington's death-bed and there is doubt as to his belief. The two Adamses believed in Unitarian doctrines, and it is said that John Quincy Adams, during his last years, never went to sleep without repeating that little child's prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

There is considerable doubt as to Lincoln's Christianity, but his best friends believe him to have been a believer. He was certainly a great Bible reader, and understood it thoroughly. Frank Pierce was an Episcopalian and a church member. General Grant and Hayes attended the Methodist Church while in the White House, and Garfield spend his Sundays at the Chapel of the Disciples. John Tyler was, I think, a Presbyterian, though his second wife was a Catholic. Dolly Madison was an Episcopalian, whatever her husband may have been, and the old church which she attended years ago, still stands, and in it President Arthur worships to-day.—*[Cleveland Leader.*

A CUTE PET.

Habits of the Nevada Chipmunk as Developed in Captivity.

The Nevada chipmunk, differs much from the striped ground squirrels of the Eastern States. It is smaller, lacks the side stripes and constantly carries its tail curled over its back. The under side of the tail is white, and when the little animal is running directly from the observer about all that is seen is what appears to be an animated bunch of cotton. For this reason the miners call the little squirrels cotton-tailed chipmunks. The writer has had one as a pet for over five years, and it is as vigorous and playful as at first. When first caught it was full grown, and and may then have been two or three years old.

Its home is in a roomy cage, from which a ladder leads up to a dark box, or nest house, to which is attached a revolving wheel. In a week or two after the squirrel was placed in this cage it was observed that its eyes became dull, its hair turned the wrong way and it became sluggish. Knowing it was a burrowing animal it was thought a cigar box of soil might prove acceptible to it. When this was placed in the lower or basement cage the squirrel bounded into it, rolled over and over, and with its paws sent the dirt flying in showers. Every day it took its dust bath, spinning round and round in chase of its tail and turning somersaults. In a week its coat was as glossy as that of a mole, and its eyes as bright as diamonds. It still has a spell of skylarking whenever it is given a fresh box of dirt, and in a day or two has balanced in its paws and critically examined every pebble and bit of gravel to be found.

About once a week the little fellow lugs down the ladder from his nest house every fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forget, but my wife's was 'most courteous and most fair,' which as it may be made an anagram upon each name might be very pretty." Noticing soon afterward the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became duchess of Richmond, he says: "The duke of York being once her valentine did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300. This evening my wife did, with great pleasure, show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my valentine's gift this year—a Turkey stone set with diamonds."

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In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.

THE WHISKY HABIT.

How an Old Toper Overcame His Love for Liquor.

A novel idea in the use of intoxicating stimulants came to the notice of a *Call* reporter yesterday in the case of an old friend, who some time ago was the living personification of the old, old story of brilliant mind clouded from the effects of intoxicants. He rapidly went down hill, and all efforts to rouse him to a sense of his degradation were futile. The reporter last saw him in this condition over a year ago. One day last week he met a spruce and well-dressed man who bore a remarkable resemblance to this friend, but whom he did not recognize until the individual threw out his hand and called the reporter by name.

"I suppose you hardly know me," he said, a smile wreathing his health blooming face. The reporter admitted that he at first had hardly been able to, and then becoming confidential, as old friends do on meeting, he soon learned the cause of the change. "Yes," said the old friend, "I used to be a very hard drinker, as you know. I tried several times to quit, but could not. The appetite for strong drink was too much for me. If I went without it for awhile I became a nervous wretch. I had to drink or die. A thought was suggested to me one day, and I made up my mind to make one supreme effort to rescue myself. I reasoned this way: A man takes liquor into his stomach, and the stimulant, through the blood, affects the brain. Now I thought if I could satisfy my appetite without the liquor affecting my brain I would be all right. If I could get the taste of the liquor, the aroma, the essence of it, without taking it into the stomach, I know I could drink at pleasure and not get intoxicated, as drunkenness could not ensue if the liquor did not enter the stomach. I say this idea was suggested to me, and it was in this way. I had noticed that men who made a business of buying and selling wines in large quantities sampled them, and ascertained their quality and bouquet by taking two or three mouthfuls in succession, rolling it around their tongues, as one might say, bathing their palate in it—in short, subjecting it to the severest tests by the organs of taste—and then ejecting it from the mouth without swallowing any. The remembrance of this came upon me one day when I was perfectly sober but terribly despondent. I resolved to try it. I did, and met with the most gratifying success. You may laugh, but it is the solemn truth. I took a large drink of liquor, but instead of letting it pass into my stomach I checked it in my throat and gargled it for a minute, and then spat it out. To my joy I found my thirst for it almost as much appeased as though I had swallowed the liquor. I tried it again and again with the same effect. I was not made drunk. I have followed this plan ever since, and have not been drunk since, although I have gargled the liquor, never swallowing a drop, as many as a dozen times a day—the same number of drinks I used to take. The plan is a very simple one, and is, I believe, the only one for a slave to the cup."

"Has your appetite increased?"

"On the contrary, it has decreased. By the means I adopted my brain has become clear and strong again, and my will power is as good as it ever was before I became a hard drinker. In gargling the liquor I got all the benefit of the flavor, and all the satisfaction to my appetite, without losing my senses.—*San Francisco Call.*

HANDY HINTS.

To Clean Black Cloth.—Take your garment, well brush it then wash all the greasy spots, the collar and cuffs also, with soap and warm water and few drops of liquid ammonia. Then prepare as follows, one ounce of ground logwood and a piece of soda the size of a small marble and boil together in one quart of water ten minutes: strain the liquor, lay the garment on the table; and, with a clean brush dipped into the boiling stuff, well brush it until it is saturated; then get some clean hot water, on the surface of which drop a little olive oil, not too much, but when wasted add a few more drops, of oil and brush in the direction of the grain, then hang them up, if a clear day, out of doors, if not in a dry room, and they will turn out a beautiful black. I have made the boy's suits look equal to new in this way, and to last as long as two without it and the girl's jackets, too; in fact any black cloth garment, boys' caps in particular can be renovated by this process.

Among the novelties in infants' clothing are little "double-gowns" made simply of cheese-cloth, both outside and lining; then slightly wadded and tufted with worsted here and there in a diamond pattern, exactly as a "comforter" is tacked. The edges of the neck and sleeves, and the fronts on each side of the good-sized buttons which fasten the gown securely, are finished with an "overhand" shell design, worked with a worsted needle, in scarlet or baby blue zephyr wool, the same that is used in tufting the gown. The work is so simple and easy that any one at all accustomed to it can brighten the garments in one morning's work. Other gowns, still more simple, but not quite so dainty looking, are made of Turkey-red calico, minus the decoration. Either can be bought ready-made at a trifling expense. These little "double gowns" are about the most easy and comfortable articles of wear it is the baby's good fortune to get into, as they are warm and downy as a feathered nest, and loose everywhere. No doubt, if the child could speak its mind, it would "go in" for no other style of dress.

The ignorance of many a mother determines that her children shall go through life with poor and constantly poorer teeth. Not half the mothers of children, who are intelligent in other directions, know that the "six-year molar" come to stay, and that if it is allowed to decay, the child loses a tooth he needs and ought to have. Care should be taken of the first baby teeth even. A dentist of good standing says that a very smooth bit of wool dipped into myrrh will remove discoloration and tartar from the baby's teeth without injury to the gum, and with benefit to the teeth. Nothing is more common than to see little boys and girls whose first teeth have decayed, and of whose use they are deprived before the second teeth are nearly ready to appear. Some people attribute this to the constant munching of candy, particles of sugar and candy being left upon or between the teeth, but it is true also that particles of food will act in much the same way, perfect cleanliness should be observed. The children should be fed with reference to their teeth. The corn bread upon which the negro depends may well be given to our children. The good effects of forming the habit in early childhood of caring for the teeth will be felt at three score and ten.

GRANDFATHER'S BARN.

Grandfather's barn! I shall never forget
The mossy old roof where the gray swallows met
For their councils, at morning, ere labor begun,
And again at the nightfall when day's work was done.
Such a chirpings and chatterings never was heard
As came from the throat of each talkative bird,
Busy all day with their nests and their brood,
Building their dwellings and bringing in food.
They gathered in evening in neighborly way,
To visit awhile and talk over the day.

Under the eaves like a long village street
The homes of the swallows hung, closely and neat;
For hours at a time we would watch them and wonder
How the busy birds built them the sloping eaves under.
We saw the keen eyes of the mother-bird peer
From the door of her dwelling if we climbed anear,
We wished we were swallows when roused from our dreams
By the thunder's deep roar and the lightning's red gleams,
That we might sleep under the eaves in a nest,
With the music of rain-drops blent into our rest.

Then the dusty old mows where we romped on the hay
And hunted for eggs every hour in the day!
What stories we told when we sat down to rest
And reckon our spoils from the raids on the nest.
We heard the mice scamper along the great beams,
And fancied the fairies were driving their teams.
Sometimes from a corner, twe eyes, bright and keen,
Like sparks in the shadowy gloom could be seen,
And we knew that a wary old mouse had crept out
To see what the noise in the mow was about.
If we planned for his capture with suddenest dash,
Lo! a twinkle, and he disappeared like a flash.

Old Dobbin would stretch out his head from the stall,
And we seemed to hear "Oats" in his whinnying call.
Many's the measure-full out of the bin
We gave the old horse that he shouldn't get thin.
And many's the rides that he gave us to pay
For the grain that he got in a contraband way.
The creaking old wagon was carriage and car,
As suited our mood best, and frequent and far
Were the journeys we took in it on the barn floor,
With our fancies for steeds prancing gally before.

What fun it was to ride on the hay
As they gathered it in, and to trample away
The sweet-smelling stuff as 'twas filled in the mow,
Till the play became work, and brought sweat to the brow;
And then, in the winter, to watch the flails fly
As they threshed out the wheat, and the oats and the rye,
With their rat-a-tat-tat on the floor, all day ringing
Making music we counted far sweeter than song,
Then the buzz of the fanning-mill blowing the chaff
From the grain, to the chorus of chatter and laugh.
Oh, Grandfather's barn was the place for the boys
Where no one was scolded for making a noise!
No place half so pleasant, we say with regret,
And a thought of the time we'll never forget.
—[Eben E. Rexford.

An Arizona paper of recent date contains the following personal paragraph: "Larry Chugwhistle, the popular and gentlemanly baker of Sun-Up Corners, departed for the grate majority yesterday. We trust he has gone to the land where baking is unknown."

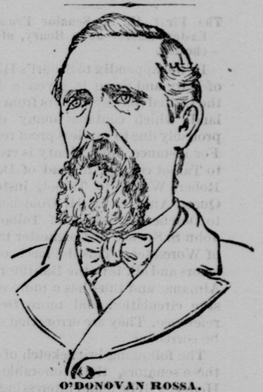
A MODERN CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Yseult Dudley's Attempt to Kill O'Donovan Rossa Because he Is a Dynamiter.

The last New York sensation was the shooting of the notorious O'Donavan Rossa by the English woman, Yseult Dudley. The exciting affair took place Monday, the 2d inst., about five o'clock in the afternoon, in the very heart of the business center. On the Saturday previous the woman sent a note by a district telegraph boy to Rossa's office, 12 Chambers street, asking him to meet her as she was interested in the Irish cause and desired to assist it. Rossa responded and had an interview with the woman in the ladies' parlor of Sweeney's Hotel. Monday he received another summons in the same manner and responded as before, without any suspicion of danger. They met on Chambers street near Broadway, and the greeting was apparently cordial. As they turned to walk towards Broadway Mrs. Dudley dropped back a few feet, suddenly raised her arm and fired a revolver at her companion. Rossa turned and fell, crying for mercy. His assailant, however, fired four more times, emptying the revolver, a self-cocking one. Only one ball took effect owing to her unsteadiness of aim and the wound was not serious. The would-be murderess was promptly arrested. Subsequently she declared that it was her intention to kill Rossa because his cowardly acts under the cloak of patriotism were fatal to innocent men, women and children. She designedly met him and made a personel investigation of the nefarious business in which he was engaged, becoming convinced that he was a wholesale murderer and dynamiter and his object purely mercenary and selfish. Rossa alleges that Yseult Dudley is the tool of the British government and was hired to assassinate him, but has thus far failed to produce any proof. He had a presentiment that he would be attacked. Since the recent London explosions he received several threatening letters.

YSEULT DUDLEY

Is an attractive woman, twenty-four years old, and a native of England. She is about five feet seven inches in height and of slender and graceful figure. Her features are regular, eyes blue and bright, hair light brown, and complexion clear and healthy. Her father was a cavalry officer and her mother of Irish parentage. The latter is living in Scotland. Yseult has a brother who is a sea captain. Little is known about her career in the old country, it is reported that she was the victim of a mock marriage and that she had two children who died young. Her husband died in 1881. The fact is known that she attempted suicide by jumping into the Thames while homeless and friendless in London. She was a nurse in two English hospitals and came to America in August last. She lived in New York and Newark and was employed as nurse in the Roosevelt Hospital, and Dr. Thomas's private hospital. She had attacks like epilepsy and at other times became greatly excited. Ordinarily, however, her manner is quiet and ladylike.



O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

His right name is Jeremiah O'Donovan and he was born in Ross Carberry, County Cork, in 1831. As a boy he attended the national school at Skibbereen. He served an apprenticeship to a grocer and went into business for himself, but all his commercial ventures failed. In 1856 he joined the Irish Revolutionary Society and soon became a leader. In 1858 he and others were arrested as Fenians. He was released and in 1862 came to America. Failing in the liquor business in New York he returned to Ireland and became identified with a Dublin Fenian organ, the *Irish People*. In 1865 the paper was seized and Rossa and the editors jailed. He defended himself and though sentenced to imprisonment for life was liberated in 1870, the result of the amnesty meetings. He came to America in 1871 and received a reception. He ran for Senator and was defeated. He engaged in various business without success until four years ago when, during the inception of the dynamite movement, he started the *United Irishman*. His life as an editor is well known and the apostle of dynamite has achieved wide notoriety. The last important event at his office was the stabbing of Captain Phelan. Rossa has been married three times and has had nine children. He is a much milder looking and acting man than is generally supposed. His home life has been pleasant and he is an agreeable talker.

A Ton of Gold.

One ton (2,000 pounds avoirdupois) of gold or silver contains 29,163 troy ounces and, therefore, the value of a ton of pure gold is $602,799.21, and a ton of silver, $37,104.84.

A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,218,75 pounds avoirdupois; a cubic foot of pure silver weigl s 653.25 pounds avoirdupois.

One million dollars gold coin weighs 3,685.8 pounds avoirdupois; $1,000,000 silver coin weighs 58,929.9 pounds avoirdupois.

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