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Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Six M., One Y. and rows for One Square, Two Squares, Three Squares, Four Squares, Fifth Column, Half Column, Whole Column.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Professional cards for J. M. GRIZZARD, EDWARD T. CLARK, E. T. BRANCH, W. W. HALL, JAMES E. O'HARA, GALVIN L. HYMAN, THOMAS N. HILL, T. W. MASON, DR. E. K. HUNTER, ANDREW J. BURTON, R. H. SMITH, JR.

A Lost Love.

It is not that she's far away That breaks the heart and dims the day; It is that there is something gone Her soul was used to dream upon;

RACHEL'S VOW.

A young man had lost his way among the seemingly interminable solitude of an English moor. Far in the distance some slowly rising smoke spirals told of warmth and shelter.

Shouldering his game-bag he at once turned his steps toward the dusky har-binger of home comfort. Reaching a modest cottage he gave a brisk rap at the door.

It was answered by a young girl. Doffing his cap, the stranger said: "I am alone, and have lost my way among the moors. Can you give me the where-withal to break my fast, and after that a directing hint homeward?"

As Rachel obeyed, Louis Dalton's eyes followed her with a look of wonder looking in their dark but brilliant depths. He was a young man who had but lately fallen heir to large estates, but in England and upon the continent.

Never in his wanderings over land or sea had his eyes rested on one so beautiful, and like some blossom, which remains fresh in its calyx for years, and then bursts at once into gorgeous love-compelling beauty, so did his heart open to receive into it Rachel's image.

For all that unmitigated of the trio attraction, Farmer McAuley responded to the young man's expressed desire to try his hand at the birds upon the surrounding moors for a few days by a cordial invitation to him to remain as his guest.

"That is well. I should like to like to have my girl unhappy. I wish you well, sir, and success in all else you undertake." "The wish, without the gift I seek, will be but little good. You take the spring out of my life, and then hope the machinery will work."

"I care not, so he loves me," murmured Rachel, softly. "Hear my vow, said suddenly, sinking up in her knees, 'I will never marry Louis Dalton without your consent; but I will love him my life long, and die a maid for his sake, if I cannot be his wife!'"

A Missing Vector.

Dr. Harris is out of town. His office, at the end of a long hall, adjoins that of the gorges apartment where the editor sits in lordly seclusion. He leaves his door open this warm weather. Large numbers of persons of all degrees, ages, size and both sexes come daily and gaze for a long time on the plain notice of his whereabouts, which the absent saw-bones carefully tucked up before his departure.

"Dr. Harris 'round here anywhere?" "No," (calmly). "Out of town, eh?" "Yes," (nervously). "When'll he be back?" "Don't know," (gruffly). "How long's he been gone?" "Why?" (with sudden fury). "Oh, I—I—hem! I only wanted to know."

At his journey was not half over, when in some lonely woods through which the road ran, an escaped convict seized his opportunity and struck him senseless from his horse, rilled his pockets, and mounting, rode rapidly away with his plunder.

There was no alternative but to remain, perhaps for weeks. So the good woman sent for Rachel to come to her father, having by judicious questioning learned that she was the light of his old eyes next to the good wife, who, of course, could not be spared from the home duties.

As he entered the room Rachel rose from beside her father's bedside, and after one surprised glance held out her hand, her eyes shining like twin stars. It was Louis Dalton.

His pale face brightened with a sudden light as he went forward. "Take her two tender hands with his own, he turned to the old father. "See," he said, gravely; "it is the will of God that you should give me Rachel for my very own. Her steps have been hallowed by my roof-tree by the hand of fate. She is to me the most precious treasure in the whole world. Will you not give her to me?"

Then, too, Rachel's vow rang through his ears, and he turned his eyes on her face, which was like an April morning, first smiles and then tears. At last he reached out a trembling hand and placed it upon Rachel's bright head.

"Take her," he said, hoarsely. "It is God's will, and the less loves you. I'm not sure if I would give her up, but the poor bairn might soon be without a sheltering roof-tree. The world's not gone well with me of late, young man." "That is because you slight Love, and the little tyrant is angry," said Louis, playing fully, as he turned and looked questioningly into Rachel's blushing face.

"Little one, is it true? Do you love me? Look up and tell me." She tried to raise her blue eyes to meet his, but their radiance was too powerful. Her sweet lips trembled, but before the words came they were drowned in a shower of kisses. "Thus they were betrothed."

How He "Lived" it up.

There was a compositor not only discharged from Sao Jose (Cal) Herald the other day, but also fired down four flights of stairs by the infuriated fore-man of that admirable journal. It seems that the type was requested to "live up" a certain speech delivered at the Workingmen's State Convention, held in that town, with the usual marks in parenthesis. The "four," who was carrying a little more beer than was necessary, just then got hold of the wrong proceedings, causing the eloquent resolution of Mr. Van Arman, referring to the death of a member, to read some thing like this: "Whereas, it pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our beloved comrade, Azariah Mack, (long applause) who has been cut off in the flower of his usefulness (laughter) and promise, it is Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family (cheers) and friends our sincere sympathy in their hours of affliction (cries of 'Put him out' and 'order,') and assure them while we humbly bow to the will of (a voice, 'There cheers for Kearney') Heaven, lament our departed brother (roars of laughter, a fellow-citizen of enlightened mind, stately-like views (cries of 'Oh! shut up! Let's adjourn') and broad and generous sympathy for his kind. (Terrific cheers) He is not lost but gone before (desperate cries of 'Oh! heave it, and continued laughter,') &c. In fact, McMack's window is haunting for that unfortunate printer yet, and cherishes the conviction that he is still hiding in the hills.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow. Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life. We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions. All philosophy lies in two words—"sustain and abstain." Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world. Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones. No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.

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How a Husband was Won. A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know that her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and very much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick, and to lie down at once, and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish-purple, his breathing was heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable looking object. The doctor was sent for post-haste, and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came, he felt his pulse, and examined him, and finding that he was only drunk, he said: "He will be all right in the morning."

An Unsatisfactory Interview. "Did he come after you with a shot gun?" "Yaw; he shoots me, I tink." "Had you given him any cause of offense?" "Nein, I wash not dere." "Wasn't there? Didn't he try to shoot you?" "Mine friend, it wash not him." "N't who?" "Well, dese neshbaders not got him right?" "Didn't the large gentleman from Washington try to set-up him from shooting you?" "He wash pretty mad at dat man, I tells you!" "Mad at the large gentleman?" "Well I tink so."

Health Maxims. Nature is very much like a shillies child who, the more he is helped, the more he looks for it. The more medicine a man takes, the more he will have to take, whether it is anodyne, tonic, or alterative. The thinnest veil or silk handkerchief thrown over the face while riding or walking against a cold wind is a remarkably comfortable protection. Never stand or sit with the wind blowing on you for a single moment, for it speedily produces a chill, to be followed with a fever, and then a bad cold. A hearty meal taken while excessively fatigued has often destroyed a life. A sour look, an impatient gesture, a cross word at the breakfast table, is enough to make the best food indigestible, and spoil the day. A good laugh is still dyspeptic. To spend two or three moments on rising and retiring, in rapid friction of the whole surface of the body with the hand is a more rational treatment of the skin, and a more health-promoting operation for most persons, than a daily cold-water bath. If you can't get good wages, work for your board rather than do nothing, or go in debt, or live on the earnings or charity of another. Acidity always arises either from having eaten too much food, or of a quantity which the stomach could not dissolve. The remedy is, eat less and less each meal until there is no acidity, then you know how much your stomach can manage. To eat the same amount and as regularly take something to correct the acidity, is certain to cause dyspepsia, or some other form of disease.

Be a Good Man, Papa. Leaving home this morning for the office we heard our little four-year-old good boy saying to him, a good boy to day! He somewhat surprised as by saying: "I will be a good man, papa." Now enough we thought. We had the exhortation more than he. And who, who could give it more effectively than this guileless prattler. The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we write letters or editorials, published an irate correspondent whose effusions we could not publish, or printed a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear the sweet child voice saying, "Be a good man, paps."

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A Seed That Purifies Water.

In India, where it is often quite impossible to obtain good water, there is a kind of provision of Providence for the purifying of impure and muddy water, which is well worthy of notice. Were it in America, it might be called an "instituted," so common is its use. It is a seed, which on being rubbed again and again on the side of the common earthen water-pots of the country, has the power of the precipitating the earth and its impurities, leaving the water tolerably clear, and to a degree suitable for use. During our itinerancy of two weeks we have occasion to use the very repulsive looking tank-water of the country thus purified. At only one of our encampments have we had well-water, and then the natives much preferred the common surface or tank water to this. Habit, usage and custom are almost omnipotent in India, and many years must pass before Hindoos will learn that the seed does not remove the poisonous taint that produces fever and cholera, and does nothing to destroy animal life that brings the very common and troublesome Guinea worm, so often making life almost or quite a burden. It is a source of satisfaction to us that this purified water is rendered harmless by boiling, and there is of course, a much more urgent reason for the use of "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, than can be found where one has access to "the old caken hucket" of former times and happy memory.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin. At about half-past eleven the father took down his hat, brushed his coat, and settling himself into a steady Boston merchant shape, said to the book-keeper: "Mr. Doubletury, I am going to the custom-house, from there I shall go to the Medical Bank, then to the Dry-dock Insurance Company, from there to the Merchants' Exchange, and, after that, you may find me in any insurance office on State street."

The young man listened to this in silence, but as the paternal footsteps died away on the stairs, he dropped off his stool and in his turn addressed the book-keeper. "Doubletury, old boy, I am going to Barton's to get a drink and some lunch, from there I shall go to the club and play a game of billiards, then I shall come down to the Tremont and get another drink, from there I shall go to Parker's for something to take and a smoke, after that you can find me in any hotel or restaurant about town."

Gen Hardee, whose manual of infantry tactics was in use in all the Southern arms, visited a rural Georgia town one day during the war, and a commander of a "second-class militia company" sought to do himself and the General honor by parading his command in front of the inn in which Hardee had rooms. The writer upon tactics came out upon the balcony to review the command, and the militia officer put his men through their paces. In one of the manoeuvres the men became confused and got into a hopeless tangle. Hardee, in telling the story, said he could think of no possible way in which they might be extricated, and waited with great curiosity to see what the militia commander would do. The tactician looked at the confused mass for a moment with a scowl of perplexity upon his forehead; then his face cleared, and he shouted the order: "Disentangle to the front; march!" Whereupon the men rushed forward and formed a new line without regard to the order of the old one. Hardee said the command was not in his own or any other book on tactics, but that it ought to be.

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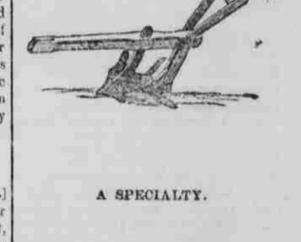
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