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A Baby's Feet.
A baby's feet, like an-shells pink,
Night tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.
Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft lola that part and meet.

It was Mr. Carey's turn to flush and look awkward now.
"Ohi" said he. "Well, it don't matter. I've business at the Welland farm—that's all."
"Isn't it strange that things should happen so?" cried Desire, opening the gate into the dim, shadowy orchard, where scarlet bloss grew in the tall grass, and robins darted in and out of the drooping boughs. "There's the house. You can see it now, Malvina and I have managed the farm ever since father died. Philo—that's our brother—has a home and an estate of his own, and his wife don't want any single relations. But we've done very well, every one says. Here's the place. And here's Malvina."

was that I should take his name in addition to my own. And Carey isn't a bad name."
"Certainly it ain't," said Philo, with watering eyes. "I only wish we had a few of that sort of old gentlemen out this way. I'd change my name half a dozen times a day if it would be any accommodation to 'em. So you're rich, eh? Betsey," to his wife, "if this gentleman would be so kind as to come and take dinner with us to-day."

A MIND OBSCURED.
A Man Once Insane Describes His Sensations—Reason Regained After Twelve Years.
I was once insane and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course, many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before, I sat on the porch facing myself. "This ain't that is, now in no way," I mused, "and one of these days he'll be dead. I wonder how long will the time be." Then I closed my eyes and I had no recollection of the time that followed. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea of strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe it my duty to make the most of life, to make money, and enjoy myself and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND TITLES.
Faintest Alliances Which are Made With Alleged Noblemen of Foreign Lands.
Writing from London to the Detroit Post, W. A. Croft says: If I felt free to mention names I could tell tales to wring the heart, about American girls who have married English noblemen. In almost every instance it proves fatal to the bride's happiness. It isn't long since Lord Plymmer married the heiress of an American Circus. There was a tremendous time about it, she was envied by all her marriageable contemporaries. The marriage was celebrated on the true alliance. He graced with self-complacency and handed over \$1,000,000 to His Lordship. Plymmer on the spot. Plymmer took the wife and the money and brought them to England, where he introduced her to a few acquaintances and then left her to shift for herself, while he traveled with relays of fast horses, racing, hunting, gambling and lives a wild life on the million and a half of money for which he sold the shelter of his title to a bright, helpful, ambitious American girl.

THE MANNER IN WHICH DEAF AND DUMB PEOPLE TALK.
No one seeing the sign language can help admiring its beauty and gracefulness. This language is very simple, and any one taking the trouble to study it with care of the deaf and dumb, could soon be proficient. It is universal among nations, and is founded upon the most natural and convenient way of imitating the forms of objects spoken of, or making remarks which suggest some quality or trait of it. Whenever this is possible. Here are a few examples of the way different things are expressed.

The Removal.
A crowd of people gathered to-day,
The early bird catches the worm,
speaking of the avocations of the
beach and bath, there is no doubt that
the sun is shining.

COUSIN ROLE.

"Get out, you old scamp!"
It was a brilliant July day, with skies of cloudless blue, the air scented with clover blossoms, and the brook wending its melodious way under green masses of peppermint; and Mr. Carey, who had walked a long distance, and had just fallen into a box, under the refreshing shadow of a gnarled old apple-tree, started galvanically up at this ungentle address.
"Ma'am," said he, "I assure you I am not trespassing; I—"

Miss Malvina Welland was diligent in being sweet on a man's hat and boots. She was a tall, Amazonian sort of female, with high cheekbones, hair cut short, and a nose-line way of leaning on her nose. She looked sharply around at the sound of foot-steps.
"Is it the new hired man?" said he. "Then, Desire, you may tell him that we don't want help that comes at this time of day. I'll have no eight-hour men on my place."

And before the day was over, he had helped Miss Malvina finish her patch of sweet-corn, and mended the defective fence-fence where the offending cow had broken through, besides making up the sweet-williams, and making the big rose-tree in the frame from whence a overripe-sweeting weight had dragged it.

There was no sort of doubt about that. Rolf Welland Carey was very well contented. He had always been a good deal of a ditherer for the details of a home life—here it was perfection.

A City of the Dead.
Two weeks from Memphis the Union, near the line of the Heart, and Mississippi rivers, a small community of fully one hundred persons in a valley, rich with fields of grain, corn, etc., and out of the dead has just cast out the first of the dead. We have just spent a half-day in exploring this charnel-house of the dead nation.

Wanted the Boys.
A travelling man who makes yearly visits to a country store in Kentucky, drove up to the establishment the other day and asked to see the boss.

Desire Welland blushed very prettily, as she pushed back the sunbonnet, and endeavored to adjust her luxuriant red-brown hair, which had broken loose from its pins.

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"Ohi, I'm so sorry," said she, "it wasn't you I meant at all, sir; it was the cow who had got into the cabbage-patch. Did I hit you with the stick? But I never dreamed of any one but Bossy being there. Oh, do let me run home and get the caprice bottle!"

Philo Welland screwed up his face into an expression of the utmost caution.
"Traps you're his lawyer, sir?" said he.
"Law for him?" said he.
"Then tell him," said Philo, unobtrusively, "that if he expects we're going to support him, he's considerably mistaken. We've always took care of ourselves; he can do the same! Come, Betsey, we'd better begin."

Bird-Eating Frog.
The following curious narrative is taken from the Cape Town, (South Africa) A lady living in the George district supplies the following particulars of the habits of this creature:
"I have much pleasure in furnishing all the information we have regarding the large frogs which have proved so destructive to our young chickens. A water shut-runs round our terrace, and passes through the ground where the poultry range, and in this the frogs harbor. The first time our attention was drawn to their bird-eating propensity was by the cries of a small bird in a bush near the stream. Thinking it had been seized by a snake, several hastened to the spot, and saw a beautiful red and green giant frog only the mouth of a large green frog; only the bird's head was visible; and its cries becoming fainter, the frog was killed and the bird released. Its feathers were all wet and slimy, and for some days we could distinguish it in the garden by its rattled plumpage.

Gloves remain very long wristed.
I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything more about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I came known as the radish king. The old man approached me, with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. He was old and sadly worried, and I promised him that I would not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed to me that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me a mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself, but could not. There were half a dozen my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will, I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to jail. My wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the whole community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came after a long time, and took me away. I thought, to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained there, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to be the first time that I had seen the great chimney for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Thank God!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face toward home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train with a gentleman, and went home. My wife greeted me when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.—The Outlook Weekly, in Arkansas Traveler.

How are you? Who did you want?
"I wanted to see the boss."
"Ah, right, I'll call."
"Why, don't you the boss?"
"See, not any more," and he looked over his shoulder in a frightful way.
"Who were when I was here a year ago?"
"See, I know it, but you see I've got married since then."

There is no benefit so small that a good man will not magnify it.

"How are you, my dear?" "Where you each meant to mine?"
I hope to some place where his trade will improve."
"Why, no," replied one, with a grimace on his face.
"Then you move to my shop, and I'll move to yours."