

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

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For larger advertisements liberal com-
potes will be made.

Cloud and Sun-line.

Waiting in gloom and pain,
Worry, sad and weary!
Steadily falls the rain,
Dark the sky and dreary.
The bitter winds are wailing loud,
And the funeral sky is clothed in cloud,
Will the sun ever shine again?
Course in heart and brain,
Though the day be overlong;
Waning is not in vain,
If for aught thou'rt looking.
The dearest weather will change some-
times,
And every cloud that will pass away,
And the sun must shine again.
Be still, sad heart, nor mind,
The heart of the country,
The mystery contained
With sorrow and with crying,
The earthly gold, to a method show,
Must be in the light of the best glow,
That is much for a mind.
—(Caption B. H. Carter, in New York Observer.)

AN EDGED TOOL.

By Amy Randolph.

"Miss Morel wanted, immediately, in the show-room?"

Sharp and clear and clear the message came through the speaking-tube into the great room where all Mrs. Cavendish's young women were at work—the great, bare-floored echoing room, which was lighted only from a skylight of frosted glass above.

Valencia Morel rose at once, her pale olive cheeks suddenly suffused with scarlet, to obey the summons. She felt sure she was to be scolded for slighting the platings on the skirt of old Mrs. Mickle's blue satin dress. But Mrs. Cavendish, sitting at her desk, received her graciously.

"Don't mind me," said Miss Morel, "I am not here to be scolded."

"My dear, you may trim Miss Yvonne's new antique with lace instead of velvet, Miss Gay, the forewoman, will give you all necessary instructions."

After a moment she added:

"My dear, you know that I seldom interfere in the private and personal affairs of my young women. But I am informed that you are escorted home every night by a gentleman who must certainly be above your station. Miss Morel, I am not your guardian, neither do I possess any authority over you. But I do know something of the world, and I did you beware?"

Valencia Morel was quite silent. If Mrs. Cavendish had for an instant supposed that her favorite "trimmer" was going to confide in her, she was mistaken.

Half an hour later, when the girls all swarmed out of Mrs. Cavendish's work-room at the sound of the 6 o'clock bell, Valencia Morel contrived to be a little behind the rest, so that it was quite dark when she reached the corner of the street, and a quick, silent shadow, with the dry end of a cigar burning in front of it, moved up to her side quite as a matter of course.

"Valencia?" softly spoke the phantom.

"Yes, it's I," said Valencia Morel, eagerly pulling the long veil a little farther over her face. "And Mrs. Cavendish has some-thing found out that you walk home with me every night?"

"Well, what then?" demanded the owner of the freckled eyes, in a delectable and delectable sort of way. "Is it a scandal?"

"No, I suppose not," said Valencia, dubiously. "But, Hector?"

"Well?"

"I do wish I knew what the end of all this was to be."

Captain Hector Maurice lifted his primrose-budded hands deprecatingly.

"So I am a woman," said he. "Bless their dear little hearts, they never can be contented to let well enough alone."

"Well, if you must know," interrupted the gallant captain, "two are nearer the end of all this than you are any day."

"What do you mean?" Valencia stood still, with a face as white as marble.

"I mean simply that I'm to be married in three months."

"Married?"

"Yes, married. Why not? She is not as pretty as you are, Valencia," with a sigh and a shrug; "in fact, she's as old and ugly as Medusa, if you know who that classical character was; but she's rich, and I never was one of the kind that could live on love and poetry. Now don't turn crusty, Valencia," as she involuntarily drew back. "You know I'm desperately fond of you and all that sort of thing, but I must marry money or it is all up with me! And you must have known that we couldn't go on phantoming like this forever!"

Valencia looked at him with eyes that shone dangerously.

"Hector Maurice," said she, "you have been playing with me all this time. Beware I do not turn out an edged tool!"

"My darling, only listen to me!" He took both her hands by main force and renewed his wailing protestations while he walked along at her side. Presently she turned, with a short, harsh laugh.

"Don't mind me, Hector," said she; "I was a little out of temper. It came so suddenly, you know. And perhaps I was unreasonable. But I'm all over it now. Tell me about her—the bride."

Hector made a little grimace.

"Excuse me," said he; "I shall have quite enough of her in the future without thapsodizing on the subject now."

"Is she pretty?"

"Was Medusa pretty?"

"Is she rich?"

"If she wasn't do you suppose I'd marry her?"

"Is she young?"

"Well, she's about the age of my mother."

"Oh, Hector! And what is her name?"

"Aurora, my dear. Fair goddess of the dawn."

"But her last name, I mean?" urged Valencia.

"That I shall not tell you," half in earnest. "Let, to use your own words, you should turn out an edged tool."

Valencia made him no answer; the only compressed her lips until they were more scarlet than red. And when she came back to Mrs. Cavendish's workroom the next day, she was a little paler than usual.

"I don't understand it," said Mrs. Cavendish, one day.

"Don't mind me," said Miss Morel, the forewoman.

That Miss Morel is so feverishly anxious to attend personally to all the wedding orders. I used to send Mademoiselle Florine, but Miss Morel has asked it, as a favor, to be allowed to go; and she really has an excellent idea of styles and trimmings, and gives great satisfaction. But what her fancy is I can't tell."

"Some girls have an absolute mania on the subject of weddings," said Miss Gay, elevating her brow.

But Valencia Morel's motive was deeper than any of which Mrs. Cavendish and her forewoman could dream. And one day her quest met with its reward.

Mrs. Dorrance was a widow, fat, fair and forty; and Mrs. Dorrance contemplated a second matrimonial alliance. And while she was giving Mrs. Cavendish's young woman her opinion about the wedding dress, Valencia's eyes fell upon a photograph on the mantel—Hector Maurice's fair, false face. Her heart gave a great throb—the deep crimson flamed into her cheeks.

"So you are going to be married again?" said she, drawing a long breath. "But I beg your pardon for the remark—but it raining a great risk?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Dorrance, laughing. "Life is full of risks."

"A friend of mine is going to be married to a widow, too," said Valencia. "And you should hear him talk about her! But, then, to be sure, widows differ."

"Very much in love, oh?" said the widow, smirking.

"Well, not exactly that," said Valencia. "His widow must be dreadfully old. He says she's about the age of his mother."

"Oh, dear me!" said Mrs. Dorrance; "that is dreadful!"

But she was evidently interested, and sat with the samples of white reps and dove-colored satin in her hand, looking at Mrs. Morel.

"And plain, too," added Valencia. "He calls her the Medusa?"

"Hector! old thing!" said Mrs. Dorrance, briskly. "What business has she to be angling for a husband at her time of life?"

"But she's rich," added Valencia.

"That accounts for it," said Mrs. Dorrance.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Morel, "that accounts for it."

"You—you never heard him mention her name, did you?" said Mrs. Dorrance, a little anxiously.

"Oh, dear, no, I am," said Valencia. "Did you say you would prefer the stone-gray tails, or—"

"I really don't know why I should feel any curiosity upon the subject," interrupted the widow, laughing artificially; "but if your friend's name isn't a secret—"

"Oh, no secret at all," said Valencia. "It is Maurice—Captain Hector Maurice."

"Good gracious!" said the widow, dropping all her samples in a glistening shower.

"You don't mean to say that you know him, ma'am?" said Miss Morel, in well-feigned astonishment.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

He doesn't like study, it "wakens his eyes,"
But the "right sort" of look will insure a purpose.
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mountain affairs.
By sunlight or postlight his vision is clear,
Now, but that quest?

At thought of an errand, he's "stuck as a bound,"
Very wary of life, and of "tramping around."
But if there's a lead or a clue in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him, some day, I fear,
For he is a cooper.

If there's work in the ground, his head "aches to split,"
And his back is so lame that he couldn't dig a bit.
But in no case has he left and how cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a week-end the whole afternoon.
Do you think he "plays possum"? He seems quite sincere,
But—don't be queer!

THE GREAT DOUBTLESS.

The great hornbill is a large bird, of a mottled gray and brown color, whose central tail feathers are nearly four feet in length, so that the bird when in flight forms a perfect cross against the sky. The bill is a formidable weapon, being sharpened like a miner's pick, of solid bone, hard as ivory, and weighted with a solid helmet of the same material. These birds inhabit Africa and Asia.—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE MERRY OUTLAW, BOB OF LINCOLN.

The merry bobolink is one of the prettiest song-birds in the country. In Eastern Pennsylvania, along the Delaware, the bobolink is known as the "reed-bird," and is eagerly hunted by sportsmen.

You must likewise know that the bobolink has a third name—"rice-bird." That is what it is called in the Southern States. It is so named because it attacks the rice-fields and devours the grain. We of the North know little of the trouble it causes by this special appetite. The magnitude of the depredations of the little bobolink can hardly be appreciated outside of the narrow belt of rice-fields along the coast of a few of the Southern States. Innumerable hosts the birds visit the fields at the time of planting in spring, eating the seed-grain before the fields are "planted," and then fly back north into Pennsylvania, New York and New England, where they spend the summer. About the middle of August they commence to migrate south again, and swoop down upon the rice-fields once more, just at the time of harvesting the crop. What rice escaped in the spring now has little hope of surviving, for as the grain matures the birds pick it off in the face of the most desperate opposition.

To prevent total destruction of the crop during these invasions, thousands of men and boys, called "bird-minders," are employed by the rice-planters; hundreds of thousands of pounds of gunpowder are burned, and millions of birds killed. Still the number of bobolinks invading the rice-fields each year seems in no way diminished, and the aggregate annual loss they cause is estimated by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, at \$2,000,000.

Between spring and late summer when the bobolink is at the North, he displays none of these ruinous ways of his. He is all beauty and music. Sometimes he may plunder a cornfield slightly, but in Pennsylvania he is not guilty even of that slight offense. He is known on the farms of the North only as a bird most showy in his dress of black, white and yellow feathers. The song of the bobolink is a peculiar, rapid, jingling, indescribable melody of sounds, started first by one bird, quickly followed by another and another, until the whole flock are engaged in a grand concert. Then, suddenly, without any apparent reason, they all, at the same instant, stop. These delightful choral concerts endear them to the farmer boys and girls of Pennsylvania. The "mellow, metallic clink" the birds utter has given them a name to imitate their song—"bobolink." When the birds mate, the male appears to lose his vocal powers, and is heard to utter only a sharp, clinking note, like that of the female. And when they settle down to plundering a rice-field, they seem to have lost all their melody, for then they can only chirp.

Another strange thing about the bobolink is that he loves the darkness of night. They only migrate, or travel, at night. They winter in the West Indies, where they get so fat that the natives have given them a fourth name—"the butterbirds."—[St. Nicholas.]

"CHUB HEAPS."

Peculiar Mounds Built by Fish in the St. Lawrence River.

Nests That are Composed of Huge Heaps of Pebbles.

It has been our custom each afternoon to row on among some of the islands of the thousand or more that crowd and jostle each other in the St. Lawrence River, and then allow the boat to drift with the west wind.

One day we drifted along in water ten or twelve feet deep, watching the fishes upon the bottom, the waving weed that formed the carpet of the lake bed, when the prow of the boat almost grazed a miniature mountain that, apparently without reason, rose precipitously from the bottom. It presented so singular an appearance that we stopped the boat. Rowing over I touched the summit and picked from it a stone as large as a pea. A small steamer ran dodging in and out among the islands on certain days in the week, passing through very narrow passages where the wild roses almost touch either side, and I first assumed that this singular heap was of stones or clinkers that had been thrown over from the little vessel, but the stone which I brought up disproved this.

It was a piece of granite, smooth by the water, and a slight investigation showed that the entire pile was made up of stones, the whole amounting to almost a carload and weighing, we estimated, over a ton—probably two or more.

For many years I have been unable to find a pebble to be seen upon the bottom of the narrowest passage, and I have been told that the stones must have been brought and dropped one by one. There were thousands of them, and the more we looked and investigated the more extraordinary it appeared. Certainly it could not have been the work of boys, as to have accumulated such a heap would have exhausted the patience of the most energetic lover of outdoor life. We were puzzled, and after measuring the heap and finding that it was nearly five feet high and seven or eight feet across we drifted once to try across several others—one in deeper water and apparently larger, while another was smaller and rounder but half completed.

Finally an old guide on the river said it was a "chub-heap"—and the mystery was solved. The piles that must have been a tremendous piece of work, were the result of the labors of a fish known as the chub—some commonly as the "stone holer"—while those familiar with the fish will remember it as *sculpin lethicus*.

The stone later is an attractive fish, attaining a length of a foot and a half, has silvery scales and bright eyes. The pile of stones is their work—in a nest, or home, or castle, where their eggs are deposited and where the little stone holer first see the light of day. Instinctively the parent fish collects stones and drops them in the place selected. Probably, in the first year, the castle does not rise above a first story, and is but the foundation for the vast aggregation that is to follow.

Among these foundation stones, the eggs are deposited, there finding protection from the current and others that prey upon such delicacies. As each successive season comes around it is doubtless added to several generations of fishes in all probability working at the nest, collecting stones often of astonishing weight when the size of the fish is remembered, and dropping them upon the growing pile that finally almost reaches the surface, as we have seen. The labor and patience involved in this work can only be realized when the stone nest is examined, and the fish seen swimming by it.

How many journeys to distant points are required to accumulate all these pebbles can be imagined, and that the stone castle is only erected after arduous labor can readily be understood. In the localities where the chub is common, several nests or towers are often found in a comparatively restricted area, so that in "digging" the stones the little builders have to cross each other's nests, and it is not impossible that sometimes stones are stily taken from each other's nests, though it is fair to say that such sharp practices have not been observed.

Among the sand-bars, that are also nest builders, invaders are challenged and promptly driven from the neighborhood.—[New York Herald.]

Man—I wonder why they call it the angry sea. Webb—Perhaps because so many people persist in crossing it.

The Travels of a Diamond.

Twenty-three years ago last February as a Newark (N. J.) jeweler was about to close his store one stormy night, a shabby young man entered and offered to sell him a gold ring containing a diamond stone, surrounded by a circle of smaller gems. He asked \$10 for the ring, saying it was all he had in the world. The man declared he must dispose of it that night, but his anxiety made the jeweler more fearful, and at last he firmly refused to have anything further to do with the matter until the next day.

On the morning the visitor came again, saying he had pawned the ring for a trifling sum, as he was forced to do so to get accommodations for the night, but desired the jeweler to go with him to the pawnbroker's shop and examine the stone more closely. The merchant did so and made a bargain for the ring, paying the difference between his price and the pawn debt. The jeweler asked no questions although the fellow could probably have told an interesting story about the same. He reset the stone in a lady's ring and a month later it was carried away by an exultant lover, and it sparkled on the hand of a blushing bride in high life soon after.

Ten years later the same jeweler paid a half-arrived, silvering woman exactly what her lover had paid for the ring a week before her marriage, and as she lay away her golden-encased girl she felt that she was rich with what she would have thrown aside a decade before. The next purchaser was a party old gentleman, who gave the stone to his young wife, whom he had taken from her school books to assume the management of a grand old mansion.

It was not two years ago that the old gentleman, still hale and hearty, entered the jeweler's store, leading by the hand a bright-eyed little fellow, whom he introduced as his son and heir. Then he stated the object of his visit. He said the ring remained him too much and too positively of the fair young mother who never saw the face of her baby boy.—[Jeweler's Weekly.]

Results from an Invention.

Dr. Lachner, writing of the steam engine, said: "To enumerate its present effects would be to count almost every comfort and every luxury of human happiness, not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments as to render them attainable by those who before could never have hoped to share them. The surface of the land and the face of the waters are traversed with equal facility by its power; and by thus annihilating and facilitating the intercourse of nation with nation, and the commerce of people with people, it has knit together remote countries by bonds of unity not likely to be broken."

"Streams of knowledge and information are kept flowing between distant centers of population, those more advanced diffusing civilization and improvement among those that are more backward. The press itself, to which mankind owes, in so large a degree, the rapidity of its improvement in modern times, has had its power and influence increased in a manifold ratio by its union with the steam engine. It is thus that literature is cheapened, and by being cheapened, diffused; it is thus that even the lowest classes of people are enabled to take the place of force; and the pen has succeeded the sword; it is thus that war has almost ceased upon the earth, and that the differences which inevitably arise between people and people are for the most part adjusted by peaceful negotiations."—[See Atlantic American.]

The Color of Water.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once, "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are probably many teachers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable difference in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places it is green or even yellowish.—[Nature.]

A Tough Time.

"I'll trouble you for the time," said the footpad to the gentleman with a gold watch in a dark street.

"It's just striking one," said the gentleman, hitting the highwayman between the eyes.

"Don't hit with you—second hand," said the footpad, skipping off.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Questioning.

If there is a doubt in your heart today
That stretches in shadow across to me,
If you cannot look in my eyes and say,
"My trust is perfect and full and free,"
For the sake of a day that would work its
wage,
I pray you pity and tell me so.
When you look into my eyes and kiss my
face,
And hold me close to your throbbing
heart,
Is there ever in it a hint or a glow
That tells you we could in the future part?
Does a doubt as faint as an unknown breath,
Suggest a parting that was not death?
Dear love, search so deep in your heart I
pray,
That its dimmest corner shall come to
light,
Then look me straight in the eyes and say,
"The truth as the truth seems just and
right."
If your love can change—oh, love does, I
know—
I pray you pity and tell me so.
—(A. M. Mayville, in New York Press.)

HUMOROUS.

There is one crop that is pretty short this season—the hair crop.

The tramp is always too ill to saw wood after dinner, but he is up and about.

People who are really missed when away never appreciate their importance when present.

Miss De Plain—Doctor, what is the secret of beauty? Family Physician (confidentially)—Be born pretty.

Miss Folly Girl—The whole affair was so absurd that, I assure you, I could hardly keep my countenance. Miss Fip—Why did you want to?

Bachelor—Fool, how do you define a love letter? Bachelor—A love letter is a thing that ten years afterward you generally wish you hadn't written.

Aunt (ending last story)—And three gentlemen fell in the attack. College Girl—And is it possible there are people in the world heartless enough to kill a gentleman?

He—Yes, darling, and it shall be the purpose of my life to surround you with every comfort and to anticipate and gratify your every wish. She—How good of you, Harry! And all on \$12 a week, too!

A soldier wrote home for a supply of cash. Appended to the letter was the following postscript: "I felt so ashamed at having asked you to send me money that I ran to the post-office to get my letter back. Unfortunately it had gone."

Charlemagne's Tablecloths.

Several Starbuck-bellies are anxious to learn how Charlemagne's tablecloths were washed by throwing them in the fire. One faction argues that each cloth was burned as soon as it became soiled, this rendering washing unnecessary.

It is a fact that the tablecloths from which the great ruler ate his royal meals were washed by throwing them into the fire. They were made of asbestos. This substance is found in the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Ural mountains, in many parts of Asia and Africa, in the Alleghenies and Blue Ridge, in several Western states, in the Andes of South America and in the mountains of Australia.

The best samples come from Sardinia and Corsica, whence was probably obtained that for the manufacture of the celebrated tablecloth mentioned. Asbestos may be woven into textile fabrics, though no great proficiency has been obtained in this art, its principal use being for fire-proof flooring and as packing in safes, in journal boxes and around steam pipes.

It is indigestible by heat, and for the entertainment of his guests Charlemagne would at the conclusion of a feast order the tablecloth to be thrown into the fire, whence, to the mystification of all, it would come forth cleaned but unconsumed.—[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

He Wears Well.

John Durling presents a fresh illustration of how much the human frame can endure. He is ninety years old, has outlived every one on whom he had any claim, and was recently found on the pavement in New York city, where he had lain all night literally dying of hunger. It takes so little to keep him alive that, according to the testimony produced, he had lived for years on something less than the daily equivalent of an average schoolboy's lunch. Yet he had lived, and at last accounts had fair to live many years longer.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Inspecting the Portrait.

Mamie—Well, mamma, how do you like it? Does it look like me?
Mamma—Humph! The face is good enough, but no one would ever think that dress cost your dear papa \$3000.—[Puck.]