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**As We Go Through the Land.**  
Sing, and the carols that vex you  
Take wing and fly away;  
Smile, and the shadows vanish  
That often mar the day.  
Laugh, and forget the trouble  
You've brooded over long.  
O, there's magic in a smile, dear—  
There's power in a song.  
Life has its sunny side, dear,  
As those who look may find,  
But those who brood or trouble  
Are often strangely blind.  
They will not see life's sunshine,  
They smile not when they may.  
And thus they miss the joys, dear,  
God scatters through each day.  
Look always for life's bright side  
Enjoy as best you can  
The sunshine of the present;  
Keep faith in God's hand,  
To those who've need of help, dear,  
Reach out a willing hand,  
And make men happier, better,  
As we go through the land.  
—[Eliot L. Bradford, in Yankee Blade.]

### At the Grove Cottage Barn.

It was really quite an ordinary night. Clara Morgan said to herself, with a determined little smile and a flash of anger at the dull unhappiness which had strangely taken possession of her.

She hummed and flipped the leaves with her fingers when she was safe beyond sight and hearing, and all but persuaded herself that she was thinking sadly of the dance in the Grove Cottage barn that night, and that West Peak was the dearest and most sociable little settlement.

But a certain picture haunted her sharply—that of the slender girl, whose face she had not seen, and the young man in the white-tan suit with a fine red stripe, and the red cap, whose arm had been closely around the waist of the slender girl, back among the shamberry into which she had unsuspectingly stepped, and from which she had hastily and noiselessly withdrawn.

The picture was disagreeably before her still, as she mounted the steps of her own pleasant boarding place—the Vista—and faced the groups of idle people on the roomy veranda.

A boy of laughing girls seized upon her.

"Oh, Clara! Oh, you lucky girl! How did you manage it, you wretch? He wants to meet you—he does, it's true. Kit Keon knows all about it!" came from half a dozen, vociferously.

"It's him—it's the one we've all been so struck on," said Kit Keon, candidly and breathlessly. "It's the tall, handsome one at the Milford House, the one with the red-striped suit and red cap, that we've all been just about dying to know. Well, he saw you yesterday for the first time—you know we've all kept together, so that he hasn't noticed us individually together, and he asked Mr. Milford himself to bring him over some evening to call on you. Mr. Milford told Mrs. Derring about it, and she told us. Mr. Milford told him he'd meet you at the barn-dance tonight. All the Milford House people are going. Think of it! Clara—that distinguished-looking fellow! Not but that you're just as distinguished-looking, dear. And he's got a lot of money, and he's awfully nice." Mrs. Derring said so, and Mr. Milford told her. And we're all so fond, but we wish you all kinds of good luck!" Kit Keon wound up, in shameless fashion, laughing.

Clara smiled. With all her graceful beauty and dignity, Clara had the charming quality of good nature.

"Of course I'm delighted at the compliment, Kit," she said, lightly. "But I don't care to meet him; I do not, indeed."

And amid the girls' amazed and unbelieving and bantering protestations, she said to herself, passionately:

"The business of men!"

The Grove Cottage barn was really lovely that evening—so everybody said. The great wide open doorway was framed in gay paper lanterns, the walls were evergreen-wreathed, the rafters were gorged with flags and bunting, and the fiddlers had a flower-trimmed platform.

It was a rustic affair, and West Peak's summer boarders acted accordingly.

At nine o'clock the barn was full, dancing and a way, and the lights were at high pitch.

Clara had danced a quadrille with—she could not afterward have told with whom. She stood fanning herself and refasting her great bunch of daisies, when Mr. Milford, portly and beaming, came bearing down upon her arm to arm with a man infinitely taller, younger, slenderer, handsomer than himself.

"This is Miss Morgan?" he demanded, in business-like tones.

"Then let me present to you Mr. Ware. Be acquainted!"

Mr. Milford withdrew with a chuckle.

"I am most happy," said the young man.

He did not smile nor bow with too great effusion. He looked down upon her with a pleasantly calm air, and the light above them brought on golden tints in his light hair, and made his eyes look deep and dark and rather serious.

"All West Peak seems to be here," Clara stammered, hardly knowing what she said.

"Oh, the entire place," he assented. "I don't think I ever struck a more sociable little settlement."

"I have thought it so," said Clara. She was talking with him—she was smiling a little.

Was she out of her senses? She had meant to show him nothing but cold displeasure. How could she be so weak?

"Let us walk till the fiddlers begin again," said Mr. Ware, and offered his arm. "Do you know, Miss Morgan, I think I have Boston relatives who know your family in New York? Is your father Horace Morgan?"

"And is it Maurice Ware?" Clara cried. "Oh, yes, they're the closest old business friends!"

"He's my uncle; the jolliest fellow in the world is Maurice Ware. How is your father?"

"Very well."

After all, his interest in her had been on that account about. She felt oddly displeased at the discovery.

And all the while she said to herself: "For shame! for shame!"

Which was the girl with whom she had surprised him that morning? She gazed vaguely about in search of a like slender figure.

Why did he keep his serene, compelling gaze upon her? Were it not for that, she felt that her stern good judgment might return to her.

He was by no means over-collected; he kept silence when he chose, and merely looked at her, smiling.

"They have trimmed the barn very prettily," Clara found herself saying, almost timidly.

"It is jolly," he replied. "That arrangement of beech boughs with the nuts on is simply artistic."

"Yes; and the red-berried humpers," she answered. "You notice such things? So do I."

"I draw and paint in a small way when my business lets me," he responded.

"And I work in water-colors," Clara murmured.

It seemed to strengthen the bond which, in defiance of her inward rebellion, was fast forming between them.

They were walking now. He had not formally asked her, but they were walking, and it seemed so strangely natural and desirable and pleasant that she should be!

She had heard of sentimental people who, newly acquainted, had felt as though they had known each other long, and laughed at it. But she knew the feeling now.

Sometimes their eyes met, but she suffered no embarrassment, no boldness was in his look: only brightness and a frank contentment.

Was she charmed—hypnotized? she wondered, dispassionately. She could feel respect for him and interest and liking, but might else?

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### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**A READER.**  
"Dear me!" wailed all the house hold,  
A Monday morning chorus,  
"How can we ever finish  
The work that is before us?"

But midway in the wailing  
Our groans to laughter shifted,  
For little was in the corner,  
His hands devoutly lifted.

"Why, Babe! this isn't bedtime!"  
We cry when we discover,  
"I fought 'd they my prayers,  
And do just that much over."  
—Housewife.

**SYMPATHETIC SLEEP.**  
Among the many birthday presents that little Nellie received was a pretty embroidered handkerchief, which was carefully put away to be brought out only on important occasions. Shortly after, while calling with her mother at a neighbor's, some bad news was brought to the latter which caused several of the family to weep.

"Oh! dear," said Nellie, "it's 'd-d-d unhappy, and if I had my 'brother's handkerchief here I'd cry, too!" — [Detroit Free Press.]

**A WHALE ON AN ANCHOR.**  
The crew of the whaler Junco are in great grief over an unexpected catch recently made by them in a harbor, says Harper's Young People. Their vessel was riding at anchor when the storm came up and so terrific was the wind that the anchor dragged. A whale, seeing it, supposed it to be a great submarine monster and proceeded to fight against its supposed enemy. At the first attack the whale's tail was severely injured, and the great fish, whirling about, opened its jaws and snapped at the tremendous bit of iron just as a trout snaps at a baited hook and with the same result.

The sharp flukes arm of the anchor caught the whale firmly and held him fast. The next morning when the anchor was hauled in the whale was found still struggling to get away, but without avail. The great creature was quickly killed, towed to the side of the vessel, the captain, run by steam, greatly assisting in the operation, cut up and the oil secured. Altogether, this is said to have been the most marvellous catch of recent years.

**STORY OF A BLACKBIRD.**  
Once upon a time there was a very clever blackbird. It lived in a wood and was a great favorite with all the other birds, because it could sing, not only its own lively little songs, but it had also learned another, which a goldfinch had composed, and which hitherto had only been sung by members of the goldfinch family. Everybody admired the clever blackbird and praised it for making the wood so gay with the goldfinch's beautiful warblings. Then came May and brought the spring, and the moonlight such marvelous songs as no one had ever heard. All the birds sat in their nests till the red dawn drove the stars and the moon away, and listened to the heavenly music, and in the morning everybody—that is to say, every bird—talked about the nightingale and said its songs was more beautiful than anything they had ever heard; only the blackbird said nothing, but it looked cross and felt angry because anybody could sing better than it.

At last it thought, "Well, since I'm such a clever bird I had better learn to sing the nightingale's song, too, and then they'll praise me again." But somehow it couldn't do it. It squeaked like pigs and mewed like kittens and croaked like ravens and made such a fearful noise that all the other birds flew away as soon as it opened its beak, and instead of being the favorite of all the rest nobody could hear it any more, just because it was jealous and selfish. — [Brooklyn Citizen.]

**Hobbies of Royalty.**  
The Emperor William is a book binder by trade.  
King Humbert waxes his hair a pompoum.  
Belgium's queen is a clever sleight of hand performer.  
The Prince Regent of Bavaria has a large collection of beetles.  
King Oscar of Sweden is a collector of books and poems, with autographs.  
The ex-Empress of Brazil possesses a remarkably complete collection of butterflies.

**A New Kl of Alchemist.**  
Gibouley—I say, Gus, what is an alchemist?  
Gus De Smith—He is a man who changes an inferior metal into a more precious metal.  
Gibouley—Then I'm an alchemist. Yesterday I changed my nickel-plated watch into two silver dollars at the pawnbroker's establishment. — [Texas Siftings.]

### QUEER BIRDS.

**The Funny Feathered Creatures Peculiar to New Zealand.**

**Bloodthirsty Parrots with a Fondness for Mutton.**

"New Zealand is a country of queer birds," said Mr. F. A. Lucas of the Smithsonian Institution. For ages the islands have been so completely isolated from the rest of the world that their fauna has become peculiar. The latter did not include any mammals whatever save two small species of bats until the advent of the Dutch.

Of the feathered creatures no less than ten families are incapable of flight. Presumably the reason for this is that, in the absence of predatory four-footed foes, there had no occasion to make use of their wings for the purpose of escaping, and so those organs became atrophied.

"Perhaps the most peculiar of these birds which cannot fly is the apteryx, a relative of the moose-goose, weighing 1600 pounds apiece when full-grown, which became extinct in New Zealand not much more than a century ago, chiefly owing to a season of unusual cold. The apteryx itself is deemed, named not only as it is by man, but also by the natives, an attention to its being, with him, 'dug and dug.' This bird lives in a burrow, and owing to its flightlessness, is an easy prey to the hunter.

"The only known bird whose bill is bent sideways belongs in New Zealand. It is the crooked-billed plover, and although such a structure seems at first sight to be a malformation, yet the owner of the bent bill is very useful. The curved bill enables it to readily turn over pebbles and to poke around them in search of food. It is also believed to have something to do with a corresponding peculiarity of pinnings. In feeding, the birds turn naturally to the right, thus exposing the left side, which is marked less conspicuously and is not so likely to attract the attention of enemies.

"In New Zealand also is found a big species of rail called the waka. It cannot fly, not for lack of wings, but because the feathers are too soft and yielding. However, it is an excellent runner and trusts to its legs for getting away. Like the jackdaw, the waka is a bird of thievish propensities, stealing everything it can lay hands on, even to such articles as pipes and watch. Apparently it steals for the mere love of the thing, neither hiding its booty, like the jackdaw, nor using the objects stolen, like the bowie bird, to decorate its nest.

A peculiar group of birds belonging to New Zealand are the honey eaters, and the most striking of them is the 'parson,' so called from its black cap and white tail of curly feathers. It has surprising powers of memory and is most amusing when kept in a cage. From time immemorial a con- sideration of the parson's known as the bell bird, has been favored by the natives, certain of its favorite resorts being looked upon as the exclusive property of the tribe residing near by. Recently, in investigating the validity of the title of the aborigines to land claimed by them, the nesting of the bell birds by their ancestors has been brought forward in their behalf as evidence.

"Many curious parrots are found in New Zealand. One of them, called the kea, is a very bloodthirsty bird. Having acquired a taste for mutton during a cold and hungry season, it has taken to killing sheep for the purpose of decouraging their kidneys. It is only in winter, however, that it follows this carnivorous habit, during the warm months of the year it subsists on fruits and flowers. Under the circumstances the farmers have considered themselves well waded in doing their best to destroy the keas, and the species has been pretty nearly wiped out.

"There are plenty more queer birds in New Zealand. One of the sparrow kind is the only known species in which the sexes are distinguished by bills of entirely different shapes. The beak of the male is stout, like a woodpecker's while that of the female is slender and curved. This difference in the shape of the bills leads to a difference in their use. The male employs his beak like a woodpecker, while the female carefully probes all holes where the surrounding wood is so hard as to defy the efforts of her mate.

"Man and the animals he has introduced are rapidly destroying the avian fauna peculiar to New Zealand. The flightless birds will naturally be the first to vanish, because they are the most easily caught. Dogs, cats, and rats imported from Europe are doing their best to wipe out these curious

feathered creatures, and it will not be long before the islands lose forever the characteristic forms which render the ornithology of that region so interesting." — [Washington Star.]

**Tasting Tea for a Livelihood.**  
There is a class of men who find constant and remunerative employment among the large wholesale dealers in tea and coffee of this city that the average reader has never known to exist. These gentlemen are known to the narrow confines of their profession as tasters. They sample all of the finer brands and qualities of tea and coffee. The moment a bean or leaf is placed upon their tongues they can almost give a complete history of its quality, age and even the country from which it had been shipped.

The least defect in proper preparation, the faintest taint of adulteration is palpable to them in a degree astonishing to a layman.

Of these gentlemen there are about five hundred in New York and vicinity, and all of them earn salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. The large importing tea houses have one and sometimes two of these experts constantly employed testing and passing upon the quality of their consignments prior to their payments.

"I know that my profession is a peculiar one," said one of the prominent experts the other day, "and that the old city of tea drinkers believe that the quality of their favorite beverage is ascertained by a chemical process. In that, however, they are mistaken."

"They may also be led to believe that this profession is easy to acquire, and that no specialties are made to it by those who follow it for a livelihood. That is another mistake, even greater than the former. It takes years to acquire that delicacy of taste so necessary to determine the different qualities, and once acquired the specialties one has to make to retain it are even greater than the demands made upon the followers of the medical profession.

"If you smoke the palate immediately loses the delicacy, and even a glass of liquor would do an injury which would require months of cure to overcome."

"We cannot partake of rich food or spiced desert of any kind for the same reason, and are compelled to take extra care in all our food."

"The most prominent opera singers do not take better care of their throats than the tea and coffee experts." — [New York Herald.]

**How a Chinaman Got His Discharge.**  
Servant troubles extend, it seems, even to Uncle Sam's navy, and the ingenuity of the class, loudly alleged on shore, and usually with cause, penetrates aboard ship. The servants of the cabin on a man-of-war are enlisted for three years, subject, however, to discharge on certain conditions. A Chinaman, anxious to leave his place on a certain vessel, vainly importuned the steward for his release. They were in a foreign port and the steward did not want to give him up. Finally Ah Won came to him and said to him resolutely: "Mr. Caterer, after 4 o'clock I no understand English."

Four o'clock came and went, and with it Ah Won's comprehension. Deaf, stupid, not to be moved, he was transformed from a bright, capable servant into a useless piece of baggage. He was threatened and sworn at, was put in the brig, and finally in tears, but all to no purpose. After a week of heroic treatment the weary stevedore let him go, and it is related that the smile with which Ah Won departed was indignantly scolded like and bland. — [New York Times.]

**The Cham and the Wizard.**  
A Cham who had become very much disgusted with his station in life paid a visit to a well-known Wizard who dwelt near the seashore and said:

"O Wizard, I am come to ask a great favor of you. As a Cham I am an object of ridicule, and the funny man is always cracking jokes on me. I want to be transformed into a bird."

The Wizard who had disposed of his Santa Fe stock before the slump, and therefore felt in good humor, waxed his hand and the Cham flew away. He returned in about an hour, however, to loudly complain.

"O Wizard, as a Cham I had to put up with only ridicule, but as a buzzard I am the object of everybody's contempt."

"Well, then," replied the Wizard, "being as you are neither satisfied to be a clam nor a bird, I'll make a soul of you, and be forthwith gave you a shell and curled him up in a coil bill."

"Moral: In trying to be somebody we may come to nothing." — [New York World.]

**Winter Trees.**  
Who find the trees of winter bleak  
Has not the poet's sight.  
They bear gold sunlike fruit at dawn,  
And silver stars at night.  
All day they prop the lowering clouds,  
No respite do they ask,  
And they sing in voices deep and wild,  
Like giants at a task.  
— [Mrs. M. F. Butts, in St. Nicholas.]

**HUMOROUS.**  
**Over hard—The shepherd.**  
The clock tells the time by its own dialect.

A man's declining years begin at fifty; a woman's begin from fifteen to eighteen.

Nothing is so certain as that lying does not pay, but there is a great deal of it done, all the same.

At the Cutler's—Will these razors cut? The Dealer (stripping down his shirt collar and exhibiting a splendid gash)—There, see for yourself!

When a man is looking for a wife he wants an angel, but when he goes to housekeeping he sometimes says ugly things because he didn't get a cook.

He (blatantly)—Pshaw! All women are alike. She—Then why in the world do you spend so much time trying to find the one you want to marry?

Goodling Woman (blatantly)—I don't know. One that the world doesn't know how the other half lives, Neighbor (sotto)—Will that isn't your fault?

Visitor—Ah, Johnnie! I am pleased to see that you give your sister the large share of the apple. Johnnie—I had her. If I hadn't she'd a told on me for hooking the apple.

She—Harry, tell me why do you think you have me to distraction? He—Oh, I know I do, because I feel toward you just as I always do when I get acquainted with a new girl!

"I tell you, things in this country cost more than they do in England." "That's all right. It costs five hundred dollars to be presented at court in England. Here even vagrants get a show."

"Define the word antidote," said the learned professor, addressing the class in pharmacy. "If you doat on a girl and she does on some other fellow her date is an antidote to your date," answered one of the young men, solemnly.

**Most Terrible Spiders.**  
West Africa possesses the most terrible of spiders, adhering so foul and malignant that no reputable compares with it for heinous. It dwells in the woods, but by one chance or another it too often finds its way into dwellings. This is called the tarantula; with legs spread, it covers a dinner plate, clothed in pretty for very like a tabby cat's. Its beak is the shape of a parrot's, and the size of a sparrow's; the reason of it fatal to women and children—often to strong men, as the natives say. Its jaws end in suckers, clinging so tight that they must be picked off when the legs have been cut away. They say that the beak springs a great distance, and alights with its suckers together in a bunch, the frightful beak is inserted quick as thought, and no human strength can move that hideous excrescence.

It seems unlikely that a creature which has no claws, but holds on by expelling the air under its feet, could jump; but, after studying the tarantula one inclines to believe any thing which is attributed to it. A magnificent but comparatively harmless spider of the West Coast, about as big, spins a web twelve feet or more in diameter, so strong as to inconvenience the traveler who walks into it. — [Saturday Review.]

**Curious Plants.**  
Mr. L. Gillen has a genuine curiosity in the form of a banana tree ten feet tall, bearing one bunch of bananas. It is the first and only banana tree we ever heard of, either in this city or county, bearing fruit. He has a number of other banana trees, but none bearing fruit save this one. The leaves are long and slender, and the motion of the winds causes the leaf to cut in two like ribbons. Until the sun's rays cause the bud to open it much resembles a red waterily bud tightly closed. This covering dries off in time, leaving the fruit lying side by side to ripen.

Mr. Gillen has many fine calladiums, one a magnificent specimen, the leaves of which were measured by Messrs. Robert Davis and James Wentworth, who found them to be 30x45 inches. Mr. Gillen has wonderful success in cultivating new and rare plants. Any one desiring to see these plants can have that pleasure by calling at Mr. Gillen's residence on Third street. — [Lexington (Mo.) News.]