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### The Brighter Day.

When dreary weather, cold and wet,  
Produces "blues" and melancholy,  
Look back o'er life and don't forget  
That most of it was bright and jolly.  
There never was a day of rain  
But sunshine followed soon thereafter,  
And gloomy mood or aching pain  
Gave way to health and merry laughter.  
The bells of Time  
Will ring their chime  
Of mingled joy and sorrow  
Yet the refrain  
In hopeful strain,  
Speaks sweetly for tomorrow.  
When clouds of darkness hang their pall  
Before the future you're exploring,  
With patience wait for them to fall,  
To faith their threatening looks ignoring;  
Their "silver lining" soon will show  
As Fortune's breezes blow them over,  
And not beyond the rosy glow  
Will light your pathway through the clover.  
The ringing bells  
Have tolled their knells,  
And now proclaim with pleasure  
A sunny day  
That's come to stay,  
Filled high with precious treasure.  
—George E. Bowen.

### The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter.

Hypollite, the insurgent General of Hayti, was making headway against Legitime, the oppressor.  
The patriot forces, or rebels as they were then termed, had gradually hemmed the national army within the precincts of Port-au-Prince, the capital, but the army was yet free to cruise along the coast and harass the towns and villages of the enemy.  
Seven well-armed vessels comprised the fleet. This squadron, however, failed to have everything its own way on the high seas, being held greatly in check by Hypollite's two men-of-war, the Mercedes and Jacque-Mal, under command of a brave American who had volunteered his services to assist an outraged people.  
The mode of fighting adopted by the admiral of the Patriot General was exceedingly annoying, not to say destructive, to Legitime's fleet. It could not meet force with force, and therefore was obliged to resort to strategy and artifice to accomplish his purpose.  
In the quiet hours of night while the Nationalist vessels were lying in port with the greater part of their seamen sleeping in their hammocks, the cautious American on board the Mercedes would dash in among the fleet, deliver a rapid fire from the only two guns which he had, and be away again before the eyes of the drowsy Haytians were thoroughly opened, and long ere the steam in the boilers was powerful enough to move their engines, the patriots would be legions, seeking a safe retreat in some of the numerous bays along the coast.  
Time and again Legitime's admiral endeavored to crush the alien commander, but the latter always received timely warning from the people whom he was befriending at such risk to himself, and invariably succeeded in making good his escape.  
One night, with his two small vessels the American was at anchor in the harbor of Aux-Cayes. His fire was brightly burning in the funnels, and with "springs" on the cables, he was ready to slip and run at the first indication of danger.  
Throughout the day the wind had been blowing a gale, one of those fierce "Norther" so common in the West Indies, but as evening approached the tempest lulled, and when the bright light on the outer reef streamed forth over the waters, a warning to approaching mariners, the weather had begun to resume its wonted tranquillity.  
Pierre Chapelle, the keeper, was away from his post of duty. Some said he was supporting Legitime, but those who knew the man best were aware that he was filling the position of petty officer on board the Mercedes. Yet the lantern within the old tower upon the shore was never neglected, for the delicate hands of his beautiful daughter Estelle trimmed the wicks.  
Several hours had elapsed since the sun went down, but the lovely Creole still remained in the turret, gazing out through the window at the sea which was still beating heavily upon the coral boundaries. Suddenly she was startled by some object striking against the pane with such force as to shiver the glass.  
An instant only the young girl felt alarmed, then she smiled, for she knew what had caused her momentary fright. Some bird, in its nocturnal wanderings, attracted by the glare of the beacon, had flown headlong to its death.  
"Poor thing!" murmured Estelle

compassionately, "perhaps it is only stunned. I will descend and see."  
Hurrying down the short flight of stone steps the maiden issued forth into the night and went in search of the wounded bird. She found it where it had fallen; and, picking it up carefully, returned to the lantern-room.  
A glance convinced Estelle that the victim of its own rashness was of no ordinary species. She examined its plumage more closely, and was astonished to find a piece of thin paper firmly secured to one of the tail feathers by a fine, hair-like wire.  
Relieving the feathered messenger of its burden, Estelle opened the mislaid read, —  
"Legitime has learned that you are in or near Aux-Cayes, and has sent the Men-of-War, Belize and Tausant, to attempt your capture. They sailed this morning from Port-au-Prince, July 10th.  
A few moments, Estelle contemplated the important despatch, while the unfortunate bearer lay dead in her hand. Then it dawned upon her that the warning must reach its destination and she must speed it on, for was not her own father on board the Mercedes? And another, a young sailor, and the girl's heart gave a quick bound as she thought of the brave mariner who had asked her to be his wife when the cruel war should draw to a close.  
Quickly thrusting the paper into the bosom of her dress, and drawing the light lace mantle, which was suspended to her shoulders, over her dark, luxuriant hair, Estelle again descended the stairs and hastened to a sheltered cove, where a small skiff lay moored to the drooping branch of a mango tree.  
She loosened the painter, grasped the oars, and pushed out into the bay. As the courageous girl rounded the low point of land the outlines of the patriots' vessels, the Mercedes and Jacque-Mal, became visible.  
Estelle pulled straight towards the former, but when within a few feet of the craft which she sought, her way was checked by the challenge—  
"Qui va la?"  
But only for an instant did our heroine hesitate, then she recognized the voice of her betrothed.  
"Francis Maniquat! It is I, Estelle!" she exclaimed joyfully.  
"Where is your American commander? I have a message for him. He is in danger."  
"Danger, mademoiselle?" was asked, in a voice that to Estelle bore a strong foreign accent. "What new danger threatens us?"  
"Ere the girl could answer, her boat touched the side-steps, and assisted by Francis Maniquat she climbed to the deck, where she was confronted by a tall, fine-looking man, wearing a long, broad-bladed sword, and with two glittering revolvers thrust into his belt, while his attire was a combination of naval and civil costume.  
"This, monsieur," returned the maiden, placing the paper in the American's hand, "was brought to the lighthouse tower to-night by a poor pigeon which beat out its frail life against the glass of the lantern. You will know whether it is of importance or not."  
The commander took the message and hurried with it to his cabin, where he remained but a moment, then reappeared and issued several orders to his men in quick succession.  
Turning to Estelle he grasped her hand and said with much earnestness:  
"Mademoiselle, you have this night performed a deed of heroism for which every patriot of Hayti should feel grateful to you. The warning sent by a friend has come to our hand just in time. Now let the Tausant and Belize of the whole of Legitime's fleet appear, we shall be ready to receive them. But you, my dear young lady, must hasten again on shore, for perchance ere long this deck will present a scene unfit for your eyes to witness. Francis, you will see that Mademoiselle is safely escorted to her home."  
"Pardon, Monsieur Commandant, can you at this time afford to spare any of your force?" asked the young seaman.  
"Monsieur," interposed Estelle, "Francis Maniquat's duty is here with you. I came alone, and fear not so to return. Adieu!" and without further parley the daughter of the lighthouse keeper descended to her boat and pulled away in the darkness, thankful that she had not been too late to accomplish her mission.  
Ere Estelle reached the cove a rock-landed from the deck of the Mercedes. It was the signal for her consort to get under weigh and put to sea, where there would be plenty of room to manoeuvre.  
When the girl reached her station in the lantern-tower she saw the two

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

#### THE STORY OF A SHOWER.

Little maidens One and Two,  
Sewing fast, as well they may,  
Little hooded cloaks of blue,  
Ready to put on to-day.  
Enter little maidens Three,  
"Ough! your toting all the fuel  
Time enough for cloaks, for me,  
When the rain has well begun!"  
Little maidens, One, Two, Three,  
Gayly playing, till at last  
Just a drop or two they see—  
Then the shower comes hard and fast.  
One and Two laugh at the rain,  
As for little maiden Three,  
When she swamper home again,  
No drows'd rat looks worse than she!  
—New York Advertiser.

#### INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

The happy owner of a magic lantern and several dozen interesting slides may be supposed to regard with disfavor any substitute for his precious possession, the more so when to the same is attached the further condition of being altogether useless. Those not so favored, however, will be interested to know that almost the same results can be obtained with materials readily accessible in any household. They consist of the white cloth—or paper will answer—upon which the pictures are thrown, of a mirror, a candle and some paper figures.  
Equally simple is the performance—Having stretched the cloth against the wall in a darkened room, set a lighted candle opposite to it on a table, with a book or a similar object intervening so that the light will not directly strike the cloth, but keep it in comparative darkness. Then hold the mirror sideways before the candle at such an angle that the reflection of it will be thrown on the cloth. You have thus secured the slide itself, square or round, as the form of the mirror may be. It yet remains to introduce the picture. This is easily done. You must only hold a paper figure between the candle and the glass, and its shadow on the mirror, reflected on the cloth, gives in silhouette the form of the picture.  
Moving it forward between the candle and the glass, the figure will appear to walk more or less leisurely, or a regular promenade can be arranged, with two or more figures walking in opposite directions. Other notions will readily suggest themselves to the imaginative mind.  
It is, however, necessary to remember that the pictures show in silhouette only, so that the outlines of the paper alone can be depended upon to give shape and form.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

#### THREE LITTLE PRINCES.

Three very winsome children are the little princelings, Gustavus Adolphus, Wilhelm and Erik, sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway. Their father, Duke of Gotland, is the oldest son of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.  
Although the young princes live much of their time at Tuylara, a castle by the seaside, they, like other children, are fond of visiting their grandfather. When they come to see him the king takes great pleasure in giving them military drill, and they go through their exercises on the lawn, where the people of the neighborhood can stand outside and watch them.  
Prince Erik tries to do like his elder brothers, and his going through the military drill is very amusing. The king tells them to present arms to the people, which they do amid loud cheers.  
There have been some famous kings named Gustavus, so the Swedish people love the name. Should this little Prince ever become King, he will be known as Gustavus Adolphus VI. When he grows to be a man he is to be a soldier, and if he is as brave and good as his grandfather and father, he will be a great man. Before him are heavy responsibilities, and although his military drill is now play, his future work will be very hard.  
His brother, Prince Wilhelm, is to be a sailor. The boys go boating, fishing, and are fair swimmers. They can read, write and have taken up many other studies. They have many things to learn and must be at their work early.  
Their mother was Princess Victoria of Baden, granddaughter of the late Kaiser Wilhelm I. She is a sweet, lovely woman, and she devotes herself with fond pride to her little princelings. Their grandfather is not only a king, but a poet, a soldier and a renowned writer. His family were raised from simple, obscure burglers, to the rulers of the finest kingdom in Europe.—[New York Mail and Express.]

### BIRDS OF THE SEA.

#### A Storm's Approach Throws Them Into a Panic.

#### In Prolonged Gales Thousands Are Sometimes Killed.

The heavy storms of the sea trouble not the ships which sail upon its waters, but the many sea birds that live and float upon the stormy Atlantic are greatly disheartened and frightened by the furious anger of old Neptune. Along the rocky coasts of New England, or the sandy reefs of the southern states, the flocks of sea fowl denote the approaching storm by wild and uncathartically cries, which later mingle with the roar of the surf, and the wash of the rain and spray. Far out at sea the birds utter wild cries of alarm when the ocean begins to darken and the wind to moan across the expansive waste of waters, and with all the speed possible they fly toward some point of land to escape the danger.  
The few which are caught in the storm, far from the land, make the wild screaming of the storm more horrible by their piteous cries and excited calls. Washed hither and thither by the relentless storm, they fly around in hopeless search for some harbor of retreat. Should the light of some passing vessel, or the flash light of a warning lighthouse, attract their attention, they are hurled on to a danger far greater than that experienced from the waves and winds.  
Storms do not always warn the birds in time to permit them to reach the shore. The terns, petrels, gulls, ducks and other sea fowl may be far from the shore, skimming over the water in graceful swoops, when a coast storm suddenly comes out of the northwest.  
At the first sign of such a change in the weather the birds invariably seek some harbor of refuge, but if the storm shuts them out from the coast they are forced to fly around in flocks until accident leads them to a retreat.  
Sea fowl at such times flock together, and a lost company may number thousands of birds, representing a heterogeneous collection of all the species of sea fowl. Such motley collections frequently dash against the lighthouse of some exposed point, where hundreds of their number are killed by the collision. Ocean steamers serve as an alternative for them, and they follow the light of the vessel as a moth does the candle light. If not attracted by any light the birds fly around until exhausted by their exertions, or until the storm abates.  
During prolonged storms thousands of sea fowl are destroyed upon the ocean through their inability to reach land, or to evade the furious gales. Within a large proportion of the flock would eventually succumb to the fury of the wind and waves, there are many others that would show their marvelous powers in outriding the storm.  
To fly against a gale that is blowing at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour would require bones of iron and muscles of steel, and the best birds very rarely succeed in halting their own in such a storm. They huff a with a gale bravely, circling around and around to make headway against it, but in time they are swept far out to sea. The waves offer no resting place for them, and they are forced to trust entirely to their wings for safety.  
After heavy storms of several days the terns and petrels have been found a thousand miles from the shore, weak and almost dead from their exertions. Others have been discovered floating on the water dead, the black-and-white patches on their bodies telling the terrible story of strain and hopeless exertion. They fought bravely against the adverse elements and only succumbed after a long battle. Incoming vessels have brought solitary sea fowl that would light upon the masts of the ships when completely exhausted after fighting against the storms. This welcome piece of rest is secured despite all presence of danger from the passengers.  
Floating spars and wrecks have been the means of saving the lives of such lost birds. They would float on them for hours or days until they became thoroughly rested from their labors, and then they would begin their long journey toward some shore at the first favorable opportunity. Their instinct at such times is unerring, and they generally make for the nearest point of land, although it may be hundreds of miles away and they are completely turned around. It may be, however, that they take their bearings from the sun while they are

### THE CZAR'S YACHT.

Emperor Alexander's yacht, Polaris, is the largest pleasure boat that has ever been built. We might say that it is a marine palace. It is 300 feet long, draws nineteen feet, and is 4900 tons burden. The crew numbers 300 picked men, commanded by Prince Chaklovsky. The service is innumerable. An idea of it may be formed by one single item—an orchestra of fifty musicians, always ready to charm, and shorten the lengths of the journeys. But it must be said that these are singularly abridged by the extraordinary speed of the splendid vessel. The Polar Star travels ordinarily at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. On her trial trip she made nineteen and a half. She made the recent trip from Cronstadt to Copenhagen in thirty-eight hours.  
The apartments of the Czar and the Empress are of course on the starboard side, the place of honor. The two bedrooms are en suite. The first things that attract attention are the height of the ceilings and the immense size of the windows, and then the incomparable brilliancy of the woodwork. In the Czar's study there is a writing desk that one might take for a beautiful casing of tortoise shells. It is of maple and marvelously polished. A few family photographs, a copper image of Saint Alexander, and an image of Christ from the only decorations of the bed chamber. The same simplicity in the rooms of the Empress. The walls and furniture are of mahogany; empire design on a clear ground, parallel bands supporting crowns.  
But the favorite yacht of the imperial family is the Tsarevna, which may be translated either as the daughter or the fiancée of the Czar. This yacht is commanded by Captain Friedrichs. If the Polar Star is a magnificent palace, the Tsarevna is a retreat. It is made small purposely for the admission of intimate friends only. There is no room in it for sails. It is on board this vessel that the Czar, the Empress, and children take refuge in the summer months from the annoyances of imperial grandeur. The dining-room is divided into two pieces. Consequently, it is the parlor. As all the family are fond of music, the little piano is always open. The old music scores, ranged upon a little shelf, are well worn and thumbed. Sometimes the Czar, when in a pleasant mood, takes a part in the concert. He plays the flute, not as a virtuoso, but without pretension.—[Figaro.]

### Love's Silence.

A flash of azure; a folded wing,  
A waltz of song on the wings of spring;  
Listen! I hear the bluebird sing.  
A feathered arrow; a bolt far thrown;  
The silent flight of a form swift down;  
A pause—and I hear the wood-dove's moan.  
Blushed, had I but the plains above;  
Summer's messenger, feet winged dove;  
Hath autumn never a song of love?  
And the one replies from a bloom breeze—  
"Sweet, oh, sweet, are the songs unnumbered."  
—Charles Henry Luder.

### HUMOROUS.

Our article that no jeweller carries in stock—the dog watch.  
It is the sub-entomous monstache which receives the most fondling.  
The man who drives a cart is very frequently interested in real estate movements.  
"All I want is my bone," as the barber remarked, when he grabbed it from his shopmate.  
The violinist is not necessarily profuse in his manner; but he does a great deal of howling and scraping.  
Persistence is the road to success. The only known exception to this rule is the case of a hen sitting on a china egg.  
"No," said Miss Ferula, "I am not much of a speller, I must admit; but then, you know, I've been a teacher nearly all my life, and I've never had any time to teach myself."  
"Can you do this piece of work?" asked Mr. Trotter of an applicant for the job. "I guess so, sir." "Well, I don't want a man who guesses, I want one who knows he can do it."  
Now that the busy little month of August is drawing to a close, by hunting up your woeen-stuff and laying eggs to it.  
He had struck a match on his boot heel, and his wife remarked: "You are as sly as a cat, aren't you?" "Do you think so?" he returned, in a pleased tone. "Yes, you light on your feet, you know."  
"I'd like a job, sir, as waiter," said the applicant. "You have had experience in waiting, I suppose?" queried the restaurant proprietor. "Indeed I have." "For how long?" "Why, sir, I've taken meals in a restaurant for 12 years."  
Daughter—You know, father, they are going to have a fair at the church next week, and I thought I would like to get something for it. Father (handing her a check)—Certainly, my daughter. In the name of charity I am always liberal. What were you going to get? Daughter—Something in the way of a new gown.  
Modes of Burial in All Countries.  
The Mohammedans always, whether in their own country or in one of adoption, bury without coffin or basket of any kind.  
During the time of the old Roman empire the dead bodies of all except soldiers were buried.  
The Greeks sometimes bury their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them in imitation of the Romans.  
In India, up till within the last few years, the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes.  
When a child dies in Greenland, the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned in regard to this peculiar superstition, they will only answer: "A dog can find his way anywhere."  
The natives of Australia tie the hands of their dead together and pull out their nails; this is for fear that the corpse may scratch its way out of the grave and become a vampire.  
The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the dead person's hands, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

### A Slight Misunderstanding.

A Texas sheriff, with papers in a civil suit, entered the house of an attractive widow and said:  
"Madam, I have an attachment for you."  
The widow blushed, but said something about non-prosecution.  
"You must proceed to court."  
"I prefer that you do that."  
"Come, hurry, please, the justice is waiting."  
"Oh, well, then you have the license, I suppose?"  
The sheriff cleared himself in time.  
—Texas Siftings.

### A Linguistic Enterprise.

Senior Dr. Linnelund of Mexico is fitting out at his proper expense an expedition into Central America for the purpose of collecting data for the study of the Maya language. The work is to be done under the direction of an international advisory committee, and Dr. Hilborne T. Cresson, the well-known ethnologist, has charge of the expedition. The Mayas comprise sixteen distinct tribes in Central America and Yucatan, possessing an abundant literature, chiefly in colored tablets. It is proposed now to photograph these so that students may ponder over them at their leisure. There are some Maya books, long sheets of paper "folded like a screen."  
—[New Orleans Picayune.]