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If Mother Would Listen. If mother would listen to me, dears, she would freshen that faded gown, she would sometimes take an hour's rest, and sometimes a trip to town. And it shouldn't be all for the children. The fun and the cheer and the play; with the patient droop on the tired mouth, and the "Mother has had her day."

THE GRAY COUPLE.

My friend Kummel is a handsome fellow—barring the nose—and carries his forty odd years gracefully. He is a bachelor, but kind hearted on the whole, a good story teller and good company when you have the blues or get into a sentimental snarl with your wife. Kummel owns a hotel on Long Island, one of those quiet, quiet North Shore places overlooking the Sound. He does not aspire to manage it, but he spends some of the hottest days of the year out there and occupies himself pleasantly with doing nothing and doing it prettily.

fully pale. She had nothing to say and she wouldn't eat a mouthful of breakfast. Gray spent all the forenoon fussing about his banged-tail horse and after luncheon went off for a drive alone. I suspected a first quarrel, but I didn't wish to intrude. However, I must say it made me feel bad to see the poor little woman walk up and down the porch with such a broken-hearted look in her eyes. "Finally she went up to her room. But Gray didn't return. He stayed away until I began to think there must be something rather serious about it. "Mrs. Gray did not come down again, either. So I found one of the chambermaids who seemed to have good sense and put her up to go and see if anything had happened. She came back and reported that Mrs. Gray was lying face downward on her bed, not moving or seeming to breathe. Of course I sent her up again at once to see if Mrs. Gray was dead. She went up and roused her and the lady said she was only resting; she would come down in the porch. But before she had had time to do so Gray drove up, sprang out and sent his horse and cart to the stable. He looked around, saw that his wife was not in sight and hurried up stairs. I had an idea he was a little frightened. And I felt sorry, for I had taken a sort of liking to him—he was one of those good-natured fellows, always ready with a harmless jest, even though he wasn't especially brilliant. "After a good while he came down again, looking simply woe-begone. "I say," I said, moved by a sudden impulse, you'll pardon me if I'm making myself officious. But is there anything the matter? Anything that I could do to help you to set things right? He looked almost relieved. "Why," he said, "I'm in a deuce of a fix. I hardly know what to do. It's an absurd thing, too, and yet it's growing serious. My wife is the dearest little thing on earth, and yet she has some high-falootin' ideas that well, I don't know but they are going to part us. She wants to leave me and go home. Not to her mother, for she hasn't any, but to an old maid cousin of hers who has filled her up with ridiculous notions of honor."

"You—you were in the war?" she asked. "Yes; but I wasn't lucky enough to be wounded—much less do anything heroic. But then, after all, Mrs. Gray, a great deal of heroism goes unknown and unappreciated. "Yes," I went on, "sometimes those who are nearest and dearest are ignorant of deeds of their loved ones in the past, which, if they but knew, would fill and thrill them with pride. How many people, Mrs. Gray, do you suppose know of your husband's wounds and the noble way he received them? Few enough. "I looked around to see if Gray was returning, but he was nowhere in sight. "And even if they did know of the bare circumstances," I went on, "how little idea they could form unless they had seen him as I had seen him that day, in the thick of the hideous struggle, the bullets whizzing by him, the powder clouds blinding and choking him, the shells bursting at his horse's feet, and he, child that he was—barely fourteen—dashing forward with the colors. When I remember it, I always think of the poem 'Boy Britton.' Perhaps you know that poem. An exquisite thing. Yes, Gray was as eager, as daring a young hero—I heard the wheels of the cart coming up from the stable and made a big jump to end it. 'No retreat for him—no retreat!' A shot shattered the flagstaff in his hand. He stood in the stirrups and held his right arm up with the precious rag. Another terrific explosion, and the horse went down under him. He freed himself and turned to catch a comrade who had fallen and was being trampled, and a shot struck him in the side and ripped through his back! Think of it—a boy of fourteen—a tender child! "Mrs. Gray's face had changed strikingly as she listened. She sat leaning forward and fairly hanging on my words. Her lips had almost begun to quiver, when up drove Gray, good natured and impressive with the banged-tail horse. As he sprang out, she rushed toward him. "Oh, Nattie, Nattie! We won't go—we won't go! I want to stay—I've changed my mind, Nattie!" "I disappeared into the house and he took her upstairs sobbing. But I knew it was all fixed and I felt quite happy. "Kummel paused and drew a self-satisfied breath. "Altho, my wife, had come up and stood leaning against the porch railing with her eyes intent upon him. "And was it all true and just as you said, Mr. Kummel?" she asked, smiling very sweetly. My wife is considered a great beauty by good judges. "Hm! Supposing it weren't," he laughed, "what would you say?" "I should say 'Oh, what an awful liar!'" said Althea with beauty's own audacity. "My dear," I corrected, "you wouldn't at all. You'd merely murmur 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'" [New York Mercury.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. TO A BUTTERFLY. Thou trifling thing, Bright of color, Light of wing, Hast thou, then, no other care Than to ornament the air? Hither, thither, High and low, Why and whither, Dost thou go? "From the garden to the hedge, From the field-flower to the cedar, I flutter, flutter everywhere— Save to be fair! I have no more, An iller aim?" "Oh! O'ho! Hence, fly! no less than, away! Say, thou needed beauty—stay!" —[Elizabeth Hall, in St. Nicholas.

MADAGASCAR. Birdseye View of the World's Third Largest Island. Its Situation, People, Government and Industries. Madagascar is the third island in the world in size, being larger than Great Britain, and ranking next to Borneo and New Guinea. Following are some of its statistics: Madagascar lies in the Indian Ocean and is separated from the southeast coast of Africa by the Mozambique Channel, 250 miles wide as its narrowest point. It is 975 miles long from Cape Amber in the north to Cape St. Mary in the south, and its average breadth is 358 miles. Its area, including the islands adjacent to it, is estimated at 228,500 square miles, a space larger than all New England and the Middle States, with Virginia thrown in. Its population is about 3,500,000. The people are divided into many tribes or clans, of whom the Hovas, numbering about 1,000,000, are the most powerful and intelligent. Others are the Sakalavas, Betsileons, Bavaas, Betsimis, Sakaras and Antsiravas. The government is an absolute monarchy, affairs being conducted by a prime minister, who is assisted by a cabinet. The present sovereign, Queen Ranavalona, was born in 1861, and succeeded to the throne in 1883. Foreign relations are regulated by France, which has established a colony around the Bay of Diego-Suarez, and exercises a protectorate over the island. The capital is Antananarivo, situated in the interior. The principal ports are Tamatave on the east coast, and Mojanga on the northwest. Christianity is acknowledged and protected by the government, and many natives are converts. The missionary societies support the schools, which number 1800, and have about one hundred and seventy thousand children under instruction. There is a standing army of twenty thousand. The existence of Madagascar was first made known to Europeans by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century, nearly three hundred years before it was discovered by the Portuguese. France first sent colonists there as early as 1649, since when she has periodically striven for control of the island. Agriculture and cattle breeding are the chief employments of the natives. Trade is principally carried on with Mauritius, Reunion, Comor Islands and France, but recently there has been a growing commerce with this country, the exports to the United States during 1888 being \$896,555, imports \$223,836. The chief articles exported are cattle, sugar, rubber, hides, horns, coffee, cardamom, vanilla, wax, gumcopal, rice and seeds. The imports are cotton goods, rum, crockery and metal goods. Absence of proper roadways and other means of communication necessitates the carrying of all passengers and goods by native bearers, and retards the development of the interior. There are, however, large forests of valuable woods, which are now being felled by European companies, and gold, copper, iron, lead, sulphur and graphite are among the mineral products. France has had several times during the present century to maintain her authority in Madagascar by force of arms, the last occasion being 1885, when a treaty was signed by which the French protectorate was formally recognized by the Malagasy Government. It was afterward recognized by England in the Anglo-French agreement of 1890, but the practical exercise of the French authority has been somewhat retarded by the resistance of the natives, encouraged by the English residents, who have increased their power of obstruction by becoming admitted to the native council of the Hovas.—[Mail and Express.

was blown to fragments—so completely wiped off the face of the earth that not a finger of him was to be found. The shell probably exploded just as it hit him. The man on his right had a leg and an arm blown off and was flung ten feet away, yet he was lying and trying to speak half a minute later. The one on his left was cut in two above the hips and one of his arms blown over the heads of the second line just forming. This man's eyes did not close for 20 seconds. At Spotsylvania a sergeant on my right was shot through the heart as the lines were advancing. The body was afterwards examined by the surgeon, and he said the bullet had passed through the heart. The man advanced at least four steps after being hit, and then clutched at a sapling and said, "Keep right on; I've been hit!" He must have lived fully 30 seconds after receiving the shot. In the cemetery at Gettysburg three of us were lying down behind a monument which had toppled over, and were using it as a breastwork. The man on the left was struck by some missile, probably a fragment of shell, which uncovered the whole top of his head. He had his gun aside, stood up at full height, and then shrieked out and fell backward. As we turned to him he raised his right arm, and his lips moved as if he were trying to give us some message.—[M. Quad, in St. Louis Republic.

The Parting. What shall I say to you, love, for farewell? What can I give you for magical spell? Is there a language that holds in his heart Anything sweeter for lovers apart? Than the dear words of the old German strain, "Till we shall meet again—Auf wiedersehen!" Sweet it may be, yet it cannot express All my deep longing to help and to bless. Yet, in the language of France I may find Greater more tender, less carefully kind, Will not this phrase bear my message to thee? "Good-by, my friend—Adieu, mon ami!" Copied and unfeeling it seemeth to me, So I would fain that my farewell should be In the one language that truly can prove All that the heart feels of passion or love; Soft as the musical rivulet's flow Rippling the parting "Good-by—Addio!" Ah, there is nothing, my own, that can reach Deep to the soul like our plain English speech. Sweeter and truer and clearer than all Foreign love phrases of cottage or hall Ring the old song that we breathe, you and I, Which might would never us—Sweetheart, good-by!" "Sweetheart, good-by—God be with you, sweetheart!" Is the farewell that I say from my heart, Smoothing my fears in their fluttering pain, With the old words of the tender refrain Said as a prayer, through a tremulous sigh, "Good-by, sweetheart; dearest sweetheart, good-by!" —[Helen Gannex, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOROUS.

Mercury had wings on his heels. He did must have had some feet. Tom De Witt—No; how the deuce can a man kiss the wrong girl, anyhow? "If I want you I'll wire you," is what the florist said to the short-stemmed rose. A picture of a pair of gloves recently took first prize in Paris. An off-hand drawing, too. It doesn't follow that a man approves of a cyclone even if he is completely carried away with it. Jack Ford—Do you believe that a fellow ever did make a mistake and kiss the wrong girl in the dark, you know? "Does the chicken?" Oh, yes, of course, and see that it is well dressed. So much depends upon appetencies nowadays. For any style of property, To take you need not wait, It's a sorry proposition, Who could not prosecute. "Why does Miss S. address all her verses to the moon?" "Well, I suppose it is because the moon up there is the only one who can't run away." "Will you love me when I'm old?" "I'm sorry to say Miss Odgill is too youthful to intend." "Why, my darling, I do," responded he in mild surprise. Strange that lying, like other things, should not become commonplace and vulgar through constant use. I would, probably, were it not that there are so many things in the world to lie about. Cholly Weakless—Marian, if you do not love me I shall blow me walloo out. Miss Moneybags (freelying)—I hope, Mr. Weakless, you will not be so inconsiderate as to commit suicide over our new parlor carpet. There are other things far more appropriate. A Very Old Rose Bush. As long ago as the year 822, Hilde-sheim, France, is mentioned in history. In that year, we are told, Lewis the Pious, Charlemagne's son and successor, made it the seat of the Bishopric intended by his father to be established at the neighboring town of Eza. Less than a century before, Charlemagne had brought the heathen Saxons into subjection, and Christianity was yet new in the land. Gunther, the first Bishop, had been Canon of the cathedral at Rheims. Three years after his elevation to the new Episcopal See, he consecrated the first chapel, naming it in honor of the Virgin Mary. This chapel is supposed to have occupied the site under the present cathedral, where the crypt of the new church is built. A pretty rose bush that now clings to the outer wall of the cathedral choir is said by tradition to have grown there since the days of Lewis the Pious himself. In the twelfth century, when the choir and crypt were being enlarged, a protecting, hollow wall was built around the rose bush, in order that the vine might continue to grow about the building when the new wall had been completed. A bit of the old arching may be seen behind the altar in the crypt. This is the present voucher for the great age of the rose bush, and it must be admitted that many traditions repose upon a less solid foundation.—[Architectural Record.