

H. A. LONDON, Jr., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, three months, - - - - -

### The Sorrow of the Nations. There's darkness over overy land. The hearts of men are failing Man takes his fellow by the hand, In nearer brootherhood they stand, For all the earth is walling.

There's sorrow in the hut and hall The bells of death are tolling The sun is hidden by a pall ; In whelming billows, over all The tide of grief is rolling.

Loved Britian's queen of grace and worth The proudest thrones of power ... The millions high or low in birth Yes, all the peoples of the earth Are one in sorrow's hour.

'Tis not that bloody-handed war A nation's strength has broken

No postilence has swept the shore, Nor famine left in any Its grim and deathly token.

A cruel, vile, accuracel blow The world's great scul has smitten , It laid the man heroic low, And lines of deep and bitter mos

On countless hearts are written Up to the Majority on high

Unceasing prayer ascended ; And kneeling millions wonder why A righteous God should let him the For whom their prayers contended.

The true a serpent strikes the post-

And man sinks down to perish ; And swift discusses from us steal The loved and loving, till we feel

This life has maright to cherrely.

Yet, world of wrening f question not Whatever God ordamost ; He cannot err, no matter what

The seeming strangeness of the lot The Long Janes van reignest :

# HIS NEXT ENGAGEMENT.

Philadelphia Line

The glories of the entertainment have faded, down goes gas, out scramble audience. It is the last night of the season, and the band, sorrowfully, gloomily every one, from the big dram down to the piecolo, are playing the National Anthem over said scason's grave to give it decent burial. Even the first fiddle feels out of sorts. The bassoon has a tear drop trembling on his left eyelash, and lets it hang there, unsupicious of the fact that all the while it glistens visibly in a tiny ray from the foot light. As for the violoncello next him, that cliff browed set faced, hoary-beaded veteran of a score or two of pantomines, surely this particular pantomine's death grieves him but little. Why should it whilst he can twine his bony left arm around that old violoncello's neck as if it lived and loved him ; when he can bend his gray head to its strings and hear the sweet pathos of their tones; when he can pass his long, skinny musician's fingers fondly over them to draw forth rich, soothing, swelling, falling, beautiful melody? Why should there be a quavering lip and trembling eyelash when the last chord comes ?

The chord is scruck and over. Out of the orchestra, and already on his way home, is the first violin, the cornet has brought up in the rear with a cadenza morando; the big drum has closed his last roll; the second violin has packed up his fiddle-case ; bassoon and violoncello remain alone with the dying light in the hall.

Dick !" said the bassoon, quitely.

mine ain't much to give anybody," he thetically the music rose and fell in continued, "but such as it is, Tom, take gentle ripples around the room, so it to your kindness; and may you hushed and low that it awakened never have such a black world before schoes in the silent house. Only in you as I've got now." They shook hands; the baseoon that poor chamber would it wander ;

only around that poor old couple, instepped through the little narrow door strument and player, would its sweet beneath the stage, and his companion, melody float. As he played, the old bearing his unwieldy violoncello, extinman's eyes gently closed, and from his guishing the last gas-jet as he followed face the lines of settled despair gradually cleared away, till only a happy

thoughts were far away.

the window panes, till the candle

1011 ( 1888 1011)

When the morning came and bright

Grandpa.

promiskious temperament, and is a

mmon occurrence in all well regu-

"Good night, Dick; and don't be smile was left beaming around wrinkles. down-hearted, old man. Your next en-The player's thoughts were far away ; gagement 'll make amends." to him the cold room and the snow "Gool night, Tom Hornby ; God bless you.'

VOL. IV.

Again they shook hands; then bassoon whistled off into the hurrying crowd at the stage door, and violoncello turned to face the wind the other way. Out into the bleak street, where tiny yellow rush-lights of lamps cast a melancholy glimmer or two upon crowds of hurrying faces, some fat and round, some red and well favored, all hurrying along through the little snowdots which the wind blew about.

Old violoncello buttoned his rusty coat close, and turned up the collar as if the wind might find that an obstacle in its attacks upon his scraggy old throat, whilst he hugged that dingy big fiddle of his tight against his body, and settling his eyes straight before him, dragged his trembling knees in the direction they pointed. Up one street and down another; along a wide white road, lined with tall white mansions ; down a narrow, wriggling, dark alley, lined with rickety lodging-houses. On he trudged through the gray, pulpy

"We're old now," he murmured ; they mud of trampled snow. ion't want us any longer." On and on to the dreary blank of His eyes were still shut, but the tane future which lay before him, the old lack-lastre eyes fixed in that straightraxed slower and slower, till it died altogether. The bow slipped from the forward look of despair, the cold loneliness steadily settling down upon his aged heart to brood there. For the oundless against the breast of the rusty season was over, and old violoncello had black coat. struck his last chord at the hall. 6110

"You see, Dobbs," the leader of the orchester had said, "now the full season's over it's unreasonable to exsun-rays struggled through the snow blocked window panes, they shone upon pect the management to keep up such a tiny table, a square white bed, a firea band, so, much as it goes against me to say it, we must part." less grate, a patched and dingy old vio-"Quite right," had chimed in the

loncello. But the bow had fallen upon manager with the ferocious moustache. the floor, and the player's nerveless fin-"Establishment expenses must be cut gers hung white and stiffened upon the down, my man ; everybody can't stop strings Old violoncello had gone to his last on ; so there you are ! Might as well ask me to keep extra bandsmen out of engagement. my own eatery !"

So old violoncello struck his last chord, and went with a leaden heart. Good hearted Tom Hornby comforted him with hopes of that next engagement. But who would have him poor, old, worn-out, deaf as he was, Nobody, he said. And his heart sank lated familys. Next to a helthy motherin-law, they have more aktive bizziness like a lump of cold lead as he thought on hand than enuy other party in the of that answer.

iousehold. They are the standard The pulpy slush changed to white, authority on all leading topicks, and untrodden snow upon the path; the what they don't kno about things that streets were quieter and darker. Old took place sixty-five years ago, or will violoncello reached his humble lodging, take place for the next sixty-five years admitted himself by his latch key, to cum, is a damage for enney one to climbed the three flights of ricketty kno. Grandpas are not entirely useless, stairs. In the tiny garret at the top they are handy to hold babys, and feed of them was a fireless grate, a square, the pigs, and are very smart at mendwhite bed, a table, a chair, and a win- ing a broken broom handle, and sifting dow-one broken pane of which was coal ashes, and are good at putting up Poor cld white-faced violoncello stopped with brown paper. As he the clothes line on washing days. I have never heeded. The leftarm in its rusty lighted his two inches of lean candle scen grandpas that could churn good, sleevestill clasped the instrument's neck and showed these, the old man sat down but i konsider it a mighty mean trick to in that loving way; the old gray head upon the chair and bent his gray head set an old fellow or 50 years to churn bent down over the strings, with the upon the table. No tear was in his ing butter. I am a grandpa miself, but eyes when he lifted them. He drew i won't churn butter for no concern, "Poor old chap !" observed the bas- his violencello closer to him ; he hugged not if i understand miself. I am az soon, pityingly, as he turned up his it as he might a favorite child ; then he solid on this konklusion as a graven bent his head once more upon the little image. I am willing to rok baby all case under his arm. "Blowed if he table, and his bow slipped to the floor the time while the wimmin folks are from the numbed fingers which chasped bileing sope, i am willing to ent rags,

GRAVES OF PRESIDENTS. Where the Stattern Dend Men Who Have Governed the United States Were Laid Bin-t.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1881.

oved from the old vault where they had hithertolain to a roomy brick vault, imple and substantial. His body and that of his wife are inclosed in coffins of Pennsylvania marble, one bearing an American shield, the other the words, "Martha Washington." These are proper, which is closed against the pubwindow were become as nought. Back in the little garden of fifty years ago, in by side beneath the Unitarian Church the Minot inclosure, adjoining the old the compressed cotton-these are delithe arbor scented by the pinks and of Quincy, Mass., their wives with them. cemetery at Concord, N. H. Above it is The tomb is an apartment in the front a monument of pure Italian marble, a of the fibre, the cost of getting it ready roses, with the dark velvet pansies clustering the little plot at his feet; he was listening again to that same old part of the cellar, walled in with large tune as he heard it first, when his wife, ong dead, sang the words and he feet by three, with massive hinges and played the air upon that well remembered violin. He could hear her voice look of wrought iron. In the church tion on the panel of the die. His wife above, on either side of the pulpit, are he could smell the roses' perfume. Surely it was that same violin he was tablets of clouded marble, cach surplaying now! From his closed eyes, ounted by a bust and inscribed with cemetery, at Lancaster, Pa. It is indown the white cheeks, tears dropped the familiar epitaphs of the only father warm and fast upon the strings of the and son that ever held the highest office violoncello. He heeded them not; his in the gift of the American people.

Jefferson and his wife and daughter So the tune rose and fell, and the were buried in a thick growth of woods now gathered thicker and thicker on few hundred vards to the right of the road leading from Charlottesville, Va., the little table flickered out. Yet the to Monticello, in a small private ceme arm in the rusty sleeve did not weary tery about one hundred feet square. It in its slow, regular motion; the cold was time that its care should be under- gle fingers still pressed the strings; the taken by the public, for when the New player did not awake to the darkness of York World's correspondent visited the spot two years ago he found the inclosure matted with weeds, the walls breached, the graves trodden level with the ground, and the coarse granite obelisk over Jefferson's resting place chipped and battered by relic-hunters old man's ingers, the gray head sank till only two lines of the inscription upon the table; the violoncello rested were decipherable. Madison reposes in were deciphetable. Madison reposes in

such a scene and amid such surroundings as the montion of his name would lead one to loook tor. Montpelier, near Orange, Va., in the cenetr of a softly picturesque region, is a fair and trim estate, and the cemetery-lot in the center of a lovel field, well kept and neatly turied. From a pedestal of four piece rises a graceful and slender obclisk, inscribed with Madison's name and birth date, while by its side a less lofty shaft marks the resting-place of the fairest of Republican queens, Dolly Madison. Monroe's body reposes in eminence near its extreme southwestern limit, commanding a beautiful view of The grandpa iz an individual, aged Richmond and the James. Above the uniwhare between 50 and 100 years, of body is a huge block of polished Virginia n arble supporting a coffin-chaped block of granite, on which are brass plates suitably inscribed. The whole is surrounded by a sort of gothic temple -four pillars supporting a peaked roof, to which something of the appearance of a hird-cage is imported by filling in

the interstices with iron gratings. Jackson and his beloved wife Bachel are buried in a corner of the garden of the Hermitage, eleven miles from Nashville, on the Lebanon pike. The tomb is a circular area of Tennesseee limestone, eighteen feet in diameter, ap proached by three steps; eight flated columns support an entablature and dome, surmounted by an urn. In the center of the area is a square support-Jackson lies on the ing a pyramid. under a plain stone slab; his wife on the right. Magnolia trees encircle the grave, on which a small clump of hickories cast their shade. Van Burens body rests in the center of the Van Buren lot in the northeastern corner of the cemetery at Kinderhook. Above it is a plain granite shaft 15 feet high, bearing a simple inscription about half way up one face. Inscriptions on two other faces are in memory of his wife and their son, Martin. The lot is unfenced, unbordered, unmarked by shrub in a plain brick vault on the summit of a hillock at North Bend, O., fifteen miles from Cincinnati. A thick undergrowth then covered the hillock, and the tomb was not marked by a single letter. It was understood that the body was to be removed to Spring Grove Cemetery, at Cincinnati. Tyler's grave is a turfed mound in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, ten vards from that of Monroe, No stone marks it, though the State is ultimately to creet a monument above the spot but a deodar and a magnolia stand sentinel over it, and it is surrounded with flowers, Polk's burial-place is in the garden and the old man wiped it carefully off fashion for the bridegroom and bride to of his death. The site is the corner of Vine and Union streets in the city of Nashville, and the tomb is near the gate -in the center of a smooth grass-plot round which "uns a shell path of dazthe usual architrave, frieze, cornice and recognize his greatness and his glory. attic. The monument proper is a stone rising some five feet from the floor and bearing the long record of Polk's public him, but one of us, with a character and services. In 1879 Taylor's body was at Services. The is to Laytor's body was at mannood such as we all love and admire. The is recognized everywhere as the hob mg removal to Frankfort, where a suit, able monument was to be erected over it, close to that which marks the resting place of Richard Menter Johnson, Fill-

more's grave is in the peacoful and Imperfect Handling of Cotton. pretty Forest Lawn cemetery, three miles north of Baffalo, almost upon the crest of its central hill. A lofty shaft Washington's remains were in1877 re- of polished Scotch granite rests on a pedestal of the same material, super- spinning and weaving. Yet there is imposed on a base of Lockport stone ; its only ornament, a slight moulding mitted after it is thrown from the nerunning round the pedestal. It is in-scribed with "Fillmore" in large raised letters, and on the faces of the shaft are inscriptions in memory of the President placed in the vestibule of the vault and the different members of his family. is made. The separation of the fibre The monument rises at the head of his from the seed, the disposition made of with an iron gate. John Adams and grave ; a great Norway spruce casts its fluffy lint before it is compressed, the his son, John Quincy Adams, sheep side shadow on the foot. Pierce's grave is in compression itself, and the baling of

spire with cap, die and plinth resting on for the spindle, and the case with which blocks of roughly-faced granite, and a base of granite and surrounded by a it may be spun. Indeed Mr. Hammond, having for a door a granite stab seven draped cross. "Pierce" is carved on of South Carolina, a most accomplished draped cross. "Pierce" is carved on of South Carolina, a most accomplished the plinth, and there is a brief inscrip-tion on the panel of the die. His wife the pivotal point around which the and their two sons are buried near him. whole manufacture of cotton revolves. There is no question that with one-Buchanan's tomb is in Woodward Hill tenth of the money invested in improved gins, cleaners, and presses that closed by a fence of black iron with

posts of mottled granite, the iron bars would be required for factories, and being interlaced by a fragrant hedge of with incomparably less risk, the South could make one-half the profit, pound The grass within is velvety and dotted with rosebushes. The body rests for pound, that is made in the mills of New England. Mr. F. C. Morchead, already alluded to in this article, says in a vault of heavy masonry covered with large limestone flags. A base of New Hampshire granite supports a "A farmer who produces 500 bales of cotton-200,000 pounds-can, by the monument in the Roman style a sinblock of Italian marble, wrought expenditure of \$1500 on improved gins and cleaners, add one cent per pound to with heavy moulded cap and base, to the value of his crop, or \$2000. If he carved with an oak-branch studded with added only one-half of one cent, he leaves and acorns, and simply inscribed. would get in the first year over fifty per Lincoln's monument is a great pile of cent, return of his outlay," Mr. Edmarble, granite and bronze, in Oak ward Atkinson - to close this list of au-Ridge cemetery at Springfield, Ill., with the description of which all Amerthorities-says that the cotton crop is deteriorated ten per cent. at least by ican readers have been made familiar being improperly handled from the from time to time. The body of the field to the factory. It is, of course,

President lies in the catacomb in a equally true that a reform in this deleaden coffin, inclosed in a cedar case partment of the manufacture of cotion within a sarcophagus of rich white mar ble, baving carved on one end the word "Lincoln." Johnson's grave is on the summit of a lofty cone-shaped Much of the work now done in the eminence half a mile southwest mills of New England is occasioned by Greenville, Tenn. The monument is of the errors committed in gluning and marble on a base of granite. From packing. Not only would the great Liers on each side of the graves of Johnpart of the dust, sand, and grit that get on and his wife springs a granite arch into the cotton from careless handling about the gin house be kept out, if it of thirteen stones; on this rests the monument proper, a plinth suitably inscribed, a die carved with the Constitu tion (minus the Fourteenth and Fif-Hollywood Cemetery, Virginia, on an teenth amendments) and an open Bible on which rests a hand as if in the act of taking an cath, and a tapering shaft of maable festconed at the top with the American flag and surmounted by an after the sand has been packed in with outstretched wings, Gareagle field's remains, as all our readers know, lie in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio

TONOS.

### Beecher's Eulogy on Garfield.

Dilato

Memorial services in honor of Pres dept Garfield were held at Peekskill, the following story : "Six years ago The number assembled was so large the younger member of one of the leading lusiness firms of this city, a scion that the overflow crowded into the Presbyterian church and listened to ad- of one of the wealthiest families, was dresses from various speakers. The united in marriage to a shop girl, and Key. Henry Ward Beecher pronounced 'society' was horrified over the alleged a most impressive enlogy. He said : mesalliance. True, the bride was hand "This is a funeral service, and we are some, well educated and of pure characgathered as a household whose father ter. Last week the bride of six years has been struck down by the hand of ago resumed her old position as a cierk. violence. Not even when Lincoln was The history is in a untshell. The young slain was there such an exhibition of merchant, wearied of 'society,' wanted universal sympathy. The pulses of the a home and a wife. The bride, wearied foreign governments are quickened by with her daily toil, wanted 'society.' by the common sorrow. Crowned heads, 'Society' welcomed her after her fash- takes care of itself. Its thousands of legislators and nobles, and chief of all, ion ; the husband, who knew its hollowthe noble Queen of England, our moth er country, all have taken this sorrow surroundings, and dissensions grew uninto their own bosoms. I look with til ending in separation. The death of profound admiration on the man who their only child is thought to have has gone, with profound sympathy for hastened the estrangement, and the those nearest to him, but with still lady, with a will of her own, has volgreater admiration do I regard the na- untarily returned to the duties which tion of which President Garfield was she apparently relinquished for life six the illustrious head. He was stricken years ago. The business interests of the down, but nothing fell with him. The husband meanwhile have been transor flower. Harrison's body in 1879 lay vast machine did not stop; every fune-forced to Chicago, and it is understood tion went on because the government that formal divorce proceedings will be is the people. No blow struck at a sin- instituted at once. gle man can remove that power which

NO. 6. Until the last consus, ginning, pressing, and baling have been classed with the "production" of cotton, and its manufacture held to consist solely of not a process to which the lint is sub- \$5,000,000 over last year. gro's "pocket" that does not act directly on the quality of the cloth that is finally produced, and on the cheapness and efficiency with which the cloth

ject.

emblems of mourning for President Garfield must differ somewhat from the same class in our own great and glorious republic.

the street calling everything he saw by its right name he would hardly get half a block without being mobbed and ar-

at the Nebraska State Fair by riding ten miles in twenty minutes and thirtyfour seconds. She used four horses and made six changes.

#### Reason in Birds.

Several years ago a pair of my canaries built; while the hen was setting the weather became intensely hot. She drooped, and I began to fear that she would not be strong enough to hatch the ergs. I watched the birds closely and soon found that the cock was a de voted nurse. He bathed in the fresh cold water 1 supplied every morning, then went to the edge of the nest, and the hen buried her head in his breast and was refreshed. Without hands and without a sponge what more could we have done? The following spring the same bird was hanging in a window with three other canaries, each in a separate would add ten per cent, to the value of cage. I was sitting in the room and the crop-say \$30,000,000-and that, heard my little favorite give a peculiar too, without cost to the consumer. cry. I looked up and saw all the birds crouching on their perches, paralyzed with fright. On going to the window to ascertain the cause of their terror, I saw a large balloon passing over the end of the street. The birds did not move till it was out of sight, when all gave a chirp of relief. The balloon was were properly protected, but, that which only in sight of the bird who gave the is in the fibre naturally could be cleanalarm, and I have no doubt he mistook ed out more efficiently and with onetflor a bird of prey. I, have a green third the labor and cost, if it were taken before it has been compressed and baled. and a vellow canary hanging side by side. They are treated exactly alike Beyond this the excessive beating and tearing of the fibre necessary to clean it and are warm friends. One has often refused to pariake of some delicacy till the other was supplied with it. One weaken and impair  $\vartheta$ , and the sand injures the costly and delicate machin-ery of the mills. Harper's Magarane for O(x,t). day I had five blossoms of dandelion ; I gave three to the green bird, two to the vellow one. The latter flew about his cage singing in a shrill voice, and showing unmistakable signs of anger. Guess- $\Delta$  letter from Indiana polis, Ind., tells ing the cause, I took away one of the

How to be Beautiful.

Most people would like to be handsome. All cannot have good featuresthey are as God made them ; but almost anyone can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in

Keep clean wash freely.

The Chatham Record. RATES OF ADVERTISING. For larger advertisements literal contracts will

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Chatham Becord.

The President is a widower, but that's not saying he will always remain one. The railroa is of Kentucky are assessed

at \$31,000,000, an increase of more than There are 163,293 more Baptisst in

this country than there were last year. The present total is set down as 2,296,

The Baptist Home Missionary Society wants to raise \$500,000 as a jubilee of fering to mark its semi-centennial year. Some of the rich Baptists favor the pro-

The backmen of London who put or

If a man should attempt to go down rested.

Mrs. Burke, of Omaha, made \$1,000

three flowers, when both birds settled down quielly to enjoy their feast.-Spectators.

a very short space, but in brief these will do

eyes closed.

cost-collar and tucked his instrumentain't a playing now !"

"Dick-Dick !" he repeated, tapping the old violoncello good naturedly on the shoulder. The old man opened his eves and awoke to the silence.

"Hallo, Tom Hornby! What-all gone? 1 thought "-he looked around him in disappointed inquiry, and he spoke in a tone of sadness-" I thought he repeated that second strain. Well, well! How deaf I'm getting, to be sure !" The rusty black coat heaved with a sigh as its wearer rose and shut his music.

"All gone but you, Tom ?" he said, sorrowfully. "Well, I won't deny I thought they might ha' wished me 'Good-night,' or 'Good by,' or something of the sort, for the last night; but I won't grumble. An old fellow who's as deaf as a post and has nobody to mind him ain't no place in an orchestra. He'd better get out of the road as quick as he can, and make no fuss about it. Friends ain't in his line.

"Now come, Dick, old man," expostulated the bassoon, "dou't go for to speak like that. You knows there's one chap as is sorry for you-dash my hide if he sin't ! Yos, says I, Dick ; count me as your friend whenever you like. There's a bed for you, and the same fare as I has myself, whenever you like to claim 'em; and if we can't find you another 'sit' somewheres directly, it's a pity. Blow me, it's a pity !"

Tom Hornby, you're a good-bearted

Lower and lower burned the candle, keep me hunting hens' eggs wet days, whilst outside, upon the bars of the or picking green currants, or I will window-panes, white snow gathered even dip kandles, or kore apples for higher and higher as the flakes kept sass, or turn a grind stun, but, bi thunfalling.

apturned the eyes were moistened. "So we've come to it at last, have we, right mind, Josh Billings won't churn. old fiddle ?" the old man moaned in apostrophe of his loved violoncello, as or konsuited old phools who don't seem e stopped to pick up the bow. "We're to realize that what they kno themselfs You're patched and cracked, and your master's deaf; they don't want a pair knolledge in the same way. Grandpas like us now a days. We're ready all are poor help at bringing up children, most for our last engagement. Yes, old but they have got precept and katekism fiddle; you've been a good servant to enuff, but the young ones all seem to your old master, and you could do understand that grandpa minds them a something, too, in your day; but not heap more than they mind grandpa -much longer-not very much longer. Josh millings. We're old now; they can do without

130. A tear dropped upon the finger-board,

with his coat-sleeve. "Yes, old friend," he continued, The custom is an old one. A man who gazing affectionately on his battered married a rich young woman last spring companion of wood and strings, "we've received a big check about an hour been friends for long, but we're coming after the ceremony was performed. It to our last engagement."

Whilst the snow flakes fell thicker ten hours he would have taken passage against the window, softly and noise with his bride for Europe, if he had not lessly, the old man drew his now across been checked by the officers. He had the strings of the violoncello in a half- led a checkored career with false checks unconscious way, bending down his and such. The bride could not check head to the instrument just as he always her tears, and her father could hardly fellow," returned the violoncello, grate-fully, as his stolid face relaxed a little before the basecon's genial smile. "A useless, old, worn-cut blessing like vibrating chords. Slowly, weirdly, pa-

to work up into rag karpets, they can

der, I won't churn. I have examined When the blanched face was again miself on this subject, and i will bet a liak knife, so long az he remains in hiz

Az a general thing grandpas are a set

"Checks."

A "society" item says it is now the receive checks for wedding presents. came from a police officer. In less than

lies in universal citizenship. Fon

names of American presidents stand out conspicuously in history-Washington, darn your stockings ; attend to this Jefferson, Lincoln and Garfield, who, simple duty reurselves. Fine darning though it was not his good fortune to complete his task, had arleady develop- care of your entire wardrobe as far as ed such noble traits which promised a possible. Don't let a button be off rich harvest in later days. He was a your shoes a minute longer than is noble man, made illustrious to the end of time as a military man, as a legisla- ute to sew one on, and oh, how much tor, as President, as a Christian gentle- neater a foot looks in a trimly buttoned

we have passed from boyhood to man- with half the buttons off. Every girl of the mansion he purchased on the eve hood in this village, we have met in should learn to make the simple articles services joyful and sad, when political of clothing. Make the work a study, discussions ran high, when patriotic Once get in the habit of looking over memories were recalled, and when the your things, and you will like it wondergraves of our heroes were strowed with flowers, but never on such an occasion as feeling that you need not wait for any sling whiteness. The monument is of this, when we share a 'sorrow which one's convenience in repairing and limestone - Dorie columns supporting overcomes the whole world. All classes making, but that you can be before hand joyous spirits of boyhood and the robust He was no cold figure on the page of weary mother will be more than you history with all the human taken out of can estimate. When you become as manhood such as we all love and admire. how much, "every little helps."

ness, was ill-content with his domestic

Into Society and Back Again.

Learn to Work.

Now, girls, don't allow mother to is really an accomplishment. Take the necessary. It takes just about a min

man, and as a canonized martyr. As boot than it does in a lop-sided affair, in all such matters. The relief to your old and worn as she is, you will know

All the skin wants is leave to act free, and it air holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly, and sleep enough- not too much. The stomach can no more work all the time, day and night, than a herse. It must have regular work and

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brash them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with cleansed teeth. Of course to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. All women know that. Washes for the teeth should be very simple. Acid may whiten the teeth, but it takes off th enamel and injures them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a cleanly skin who breather bal air. But more than all, in order to look well, wake up mind and soul, When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes

#### A Just Tribute.

S-nator Voorhees delivered an elo anent address at a Garfield memorial meeting at Terre Haute, Ind., last week. He said he had known the late Presi dent 18 years, had served seven years in Congress with him, and that the kindness of his nature and his mental activity were his leading traits. "There was," said Mr. Voorhees, "a light in fully. You will have the independent his face, a chord in his voice, and a pressure in his hand which were full of love for his fellow-beings ; he had the intellectuality of manhood more perfeetly combined than any man I ever knew. Nature was bountiful to him, and his acquirements were extensive and solid. If I might make a comparison I would say that with the exception of Jefferson and John Quincy Adams charming, witty and active, feels his he was the most learned President in what is written in books in the whole range of American history.