

One copy, one year, \$2.00
One copy, six months, \$1.00
One copy, three months, .50

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
One square, two insertions, 1.50
One square, one month, 5.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Endurance.
The bitter to endure the wrong.
Which evil hands and tongues commit.
The bold encroachments of the strong.
The shafts of calumny and wit.
The scornful bearing of the proud.
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.
And harder still it is to bear
The censure of the good and wise.
Who, ignorant of what you are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.
But when the friends in whom you trust.
As steadfast as the mountain rock.
Fly, and are scattered like the dust.
Before misfortune's whirlwind stroke.
Nor lose remains to cheer your fall.
This is more terrible than all.
But even this, and these—aye! more—
Can be endured, and hope survive.
The noble spirit still may soar.
Although the body fail to thrive.
Disease and want may wear the frame.
Thank God! the soul is still the same.
Hold on your head, then, man of grief.
Nor longer to the tempter bend;
Or soon or late must come relief—
The coldest, darkest night will end.
Hope in the true heart never dies.
Trust on! the day star yet shall rise.
Conscious of purity and worth.
You may, with calm assurance, wait
The tardy recompense of earth:
And 'on should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight.
Still Heaven, at last, the wrong shall right.

BIBBS.

There was no doubt about it; John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He quarreled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care if she was pretty; that was no reason why she should let a half dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time, and leaning on her elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter; cadets and officers, too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to a ball that was coming off next month. To be sure, he was only a common cavalry soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character, and a good trade at his back, his father had died not long since, and there was a cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible. Jennie acted as show-woman for her sister, Mrs. Evans. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs. Evans had only managed to get a few pounds' worth of things with what had been subscribed for her at the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, for many of the officers' wives, knowing what an industrious woman Mrs. Evans was, made a point of buying their tapes, and cotton, and sticks of swaling-wax of her. Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning until night with officers and frisky young cadets, and the original customers took flight—though Mrs. Evans did not know it, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jennie, and she worked hard at dressmaking (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it.)

They meant her no good, and beside, it was doing real injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind and told the esquire's Jennie what he thought, and was snubbed for his pains. "If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are very much mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or wrong. I know for myself." "Well, Miss Jennie, I didn't mean to give offense. I only told you what I thought." "Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself," she said with a little toss of her pretty head, "unless they had been nice ones," she added. He heard the aside and picked up his courage. "It's awfully hard, too, when one that cares really can't get near you," he replied. Just then Jennie caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man, with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop, with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She had heard John Weare's last words, but she was secretly of the opinion that "he ought to have come to the scratch before," so she thought that a little jealousy might do him good. "Oh, here comes Capt. McGee," she said, in a delighted tone. "Well, he's just the biggest blackleg in the service, Jennie, and if you take my advice you'll send him off sharp." "I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare; and telling stories about the Captain; he is always very polite to me," and she smoothed her pretty hair and arranged the tresses on the counter. "Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt," "And he's bringing me some flowers." "Now look here, Jennie, are you going to take them?" "Of course I am." "Well, then, good-by." "Good-by," she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go. "Jennie, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off, but you must choose between him and me. If you are going to keep on talking to him, I shall never be in the place again, so which is it to be?" "The Captain." "But I am not joking; I shall never see you again." "No more am I joking, so good-by." "Good-by," and he went. He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him she might send for him, or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low. "If she cared about me she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman," he thought. The idea of not being cared for was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye, however, turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jennie. He went back to the barracks in a dejected frame of mind. "It's an awful pity—such a nice girl, and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service, and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, all along of that Captain McGee, too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe, and no one to pick it." The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans. "Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare," she said, but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister. That night John Weare was miserable. "She can't care a rush for me," he thought, and marched all over the town and nearly to Greenwich and back in his excitement. The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evans' eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else. "Bibbs," said John Weare, "come and have some fruit," and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage and stuffed him with gooseberries until he couldn't move, and black currents until his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside and stood him on the table, and sat down before him. "How old are you, Bibbs?" He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question. "Five and a half. Is that your word up there?"

"Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibbs?" Now he knew Jennie had given them to him, but he wanted to hear her name. "Auntie. She's going away soon," he added. "Let me look at your sword now?" "Where is she going to?" he asked in consternation. "Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword!" "Where is she going?" he asked, with a sick feeling in his heart. "She's ill, I think, and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over her silver thing you gave her, and kissed it like anything." The "silver thing" was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charleston fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept. John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back over the place, and entreated him to have more black currents in his delight. But Bibbs declined. "Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night," he said. So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she. John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed. "Crying over her silver thing!" said John Weare. "I'll go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her and beg her pardon." And he went, and Jennie met him, and pouted and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute; and then Jennie contradicted him and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dunlop, the colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her, in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare left away because of Jennie's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers who were always in the way, and how she had been so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she had intended to go back to Devonshire. "But you won't now?" he said, as they leaned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. "You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?" It took her a long time to talk her into it (about three-quarters of an hour), but then she was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown all of his flowers out of the window. "And it was really through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?" she asked. "Certainly." "Why, but for him I might never have seen you again!" "Perhaps not." "I'll give Bibbs a regular bug when I get home," she thought. And she did, and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking-horse, which he delights in to this day.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.
Some Superstitions Concerning Fair Weathers Influence on Crops, &c.
No belief is more general than that the moon exercises an influence over the weather. People who declare that they are not superstitious in the smallest degree, believe that a change in the weather is almost certain to occur with every change in the moon. Perhaps they inherit the belief, but if not they acquired it very early in life and strengthened it through years of observation. Their observations were not very accurate, and their methods of recording them far from methodical. They believe that the weather changes with the moon, and when a sudden change did occur at the appearance of a new quarter, half or full moon they remembered it and sometimes noted it down. If the weather did not change at or about the same time the moon did they did not charge their memory with the failure. By means like these they became more strongly convinced of the influence of the moon on the weather. Scientific men in different times and in various countries have attempted to overturn the popular and almost universal belief that the moon influenced the weather. They have been at the trouble of keeping an accurate account of the prevalence of winds, the fall of water, the degree of temperature and other phenomena, with a view of showing whether changes are more likely to occur at one time in the lunar month than at another. They have all come to the conclusion that no coincidence exists between the changes of the moon and those of the weather. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, this year, Sir William Thomas stated that "careful observation with the barometer, thermometer and anemometer, at the time of new moon, full moon and half moon, has failed to establish any relation whatever between the phases of the moon and the weather," and that "if there is any dependence of the weather on the phases of the moon, it is only to a degree quite imperceptible to ordinary observation." Still, it is questionable if this announcement will in the least shake the faith of farmers and sailors who, more than other classes of persons, are directly interested in the weather, in their old ideas about the influence of the moon upon it. They will go through life not expecting to see a "drought broken" or the cessation of a continuous rain till the moon changes. Neither will their faith be changed in the favorable or unfavorable influence of the moon on certain crops planted at different times in the lunar month. They will continue to plant potatoes and other root crops "in the dark on the moon," and to sow small grains "in the light of the moon." They will slaughter their hogs and their bullocks, if they are intended for home consumption, when the moon is on the increase, so that "the meat will not waste away in the frying-pan." They will, however, lay up rail fence while the moon is decreasing in size so as to prevent the rails from warping and from rotting out before their time. It may be said that no evil results from believing in a harmless superstition. Such, however, is not always the case. Dr. Harper has shown that superstitious people are very likely to be conquered in war. They will not set out on a march or engage in any hazardous undertaking unless all the signs and omens are favorable. If they place reliance in lucky and unlucky days they will accomplish less in a given time than people who regard all days as of equal value. If they rely on supernatural aid they will not use their best exertions. They will attribute victory or defeat to other than human and natural causes. If such are the effects in a belief in superstitions on a people engaged in war, similar unfavorable effects would be observed among people engaged in a peaceful pursuit like that of farming. The delay of two weeks in planting a crop would often result in failure. It is likely that the general belief in certain agricultural superstitions has had much to do with rendering farming unprofitable. It is generally very difficult to discover the origin of a superstition, on account of its great antiquity. Superstitious beliefs are the oldest we enunciate. They are also among the first we receive in childhood. They are taught in the nursery long before we learn to read, and many years before we begin to study science. Such beliefs are very difficult to disprove. Our judgment may condemn them as follies, but they remain a influence our actions. Few persons are willing to acknowledge that they are superstitious, although they hold to beliefs having no foundation in carefully considered observations made by themselves or others. The hold to the doctrine that relations exist between certain things that cannot be explained with our present knowledge of science. —Chicago Times.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
Fashion Notes.
Cloth turbans are worn.
Black stockings are still in favor.
Red is very fashionable for small children.
Little girls still wear "Mother Hubbard" frocks and cloaks.
The round, plain-finished muff is varied by the tasseled muff, trimmed with tasseled silk cords.
Stockings are now more fashionable finished with clogging of self-color than with clogging of contrasting color.
Tough-surfaced chamois materials in woolen mixtures of many colors are fancy of the Parisians at the present moment.
Many Fanehon and capote bonnets are trimmed with ruffles of lace and tiny flowers or loops of ribbon inside the brim.
Black stockings are varied by stockings of high and strong colors, and by stockings selected to match the colors of costumes.
The leather straps with which some cloth and flannel suits are fastened and trimmed are either of red Russia or yellow leather.
The latest caprice is to fasten up the front of flannel and cloth suits with straps of leather passing through buckles of the same.
Dainty silk stockings, to be worn in the dinner toilet, are covered over the instep with an embroidered cashmere design, in cashmere colors.
Each leading dressmaker of Paris makes dresses according to his or her own fancy, and, if possible, different to all others. Hence the variety in styles.
Stockings in plain colors are preferred to those in stripes, though Bayadere striping, in several colors, is seen in both imported and American hosiery.
Portieres are now declared as necessary in tasteful house-furnishing as curtains, and, indeed, to a great extent, in both imported and American hosiery.
Elegant mantle and cloaks lined with quilted silk are made of broadened silk or velvet. The handsomest of these wraps are trimmed with rich black lace, while others are bordered with fur.
Lace and embroidery are as popular for trimming winter dresses as they were for summer suits for children. Dark colored velvet or plush dresses for little girls are ornamented in this way.
Cashmere grows in favor for simple dresses, and is worn in all the subdued colors, as well as in black. New suits or cashmere are prettily trimmed with embroidery in silk or chenille, or with bands of plush or velvet.
Sealskin is as fashionable as in past seasons. The redingote of sealskin is long and nearly tight-fitting, with plain coat sleeves. Sealskin sacques are even longer than they were, some of them reaching almost to the hem of the dress.
Fur-lined garments are losing favor, as the fur is apt to rub off on the "other, and dealers say that many dies are having the fur lining taken out on this account. The preference for linings this season will be either for plush or quilted silk.
Dr. Talmage Describes a Good Woman.
You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul he makes his fortune; if he marry a fool, the Lord help him. The wife may be a silent partner in the firm. There may be only masculine voices down on the exchange, but there often comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. The woman of Shunien, at whose house the prophet Elisha stopped, was a great woman and the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often find in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brains, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot; if you say yes responding yes; if you say no responding no; in his eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. His wife belonged to that class of people who need no name to distinguish them, no title of princess or queen. She was great in her hospitality. Jupiter has the surname of "The Hospitable," and he was said to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled hospitality in his verse. The Arabians were punctilious about it.
To save a dollar is the easiest thing in the world. Don't spend it.

The Whale Hunters of Japan.
The whale fishery of Japan is carried on as a regular business on both coasts of the country; but more men are employed, and the catch of whales is larger off the eastern coast, especially off Kii province.
The fishermen of the little town of Kozu have a lookout-tower perched upon the rocks, far up on the hill-side. A sentinel is kept constantly watching for the spouting kajiki ("number-one-whale"), as the natives call the whale. Long boats, holding from four to ten men, are kept ready launched. These hardly fellows row with tremendous energy, as if in a prize race. If the whales are numerous, the men wait in their boats, with sculls on their pins and straps ready to slip on at a moment's notice, all in order to put out to sea. A gay flag, with a curious device, floats at each stern. The whalemen are divided into scullers, netters, and harpooners, or grappling-iron men. Japanese never row, but scull with curiously bent, long sweeps, which swing on a half-round knob set into a pivot, the handle end being usually strapped at the proper height. The device on each flag is different, and spears, nets and grappling-irons are marked, so that the most skillful get proper credit for their courage, sure aim and celerity.
The boatmen are lightly clad in short, sleeveless, cotton jackets, with leggings, like greaves, reaching from knee to ankle. Around their waists are kilts made of coarse rice-straw. The nets, which are about twenty feet square, with meshes three feet wide, are made of tough, sea-grass rope, two inches thick.
Twenty or thirty of these nets are provided, and then tightly tied together, so as to make one large net, from four hundred to six hundred feet long. As soon as the signal from the tower is given, the boats put out, two by two, each pair of the larger boats having the net tacked, and all armed with darts and spears. Rowing in front of the whale, the net is dropped in his path. If skillfully done, the huge fish runs his nose or jaw into a mesh. He at once dives, and tries to shake off the net. This he cannot do, for the square in which he is entangled immediately breaks off from the rest, which is hauled on board, ready for another drop. Should this also be successful, the game is soon up with the whale. Usually, the more he bouders, the more tightly his terrible collars hold him, entangling his fins and quickly exhausting his strength. No sooner does he rise for breath than the rowers dash close to him, giving the harpooners an opportunity to hurl their darts at his big body, until he looks like an exaggerated pin-cushion. As his struggles become weaker, the grappling-irons are thrown on and the boats tow the carcass near shore.
To land their prize, the successful hunters lash about it stout straw ropes, and attach to them a cable, winding the other end around a windlass set up on the beach. Then, with gay and lively songs, they haul the enormous mass ashore.
The whale is now cut up into chunks, its tidbits go on the fisherman's grill-iron, or are pickled, boiled, roasted or fried. —St. Nicholas.
Where Smoking Is Always Allowed.
It is strange that a people so scrupulously polite and so thoroughly controlled in all their movements by the iron band of etiquette should not only tolerate but encourage some of the very things which the laws of English and American society positively prohibit, says a Saxony correspondent of the Chicago News. But it is custom which determines what etiquette is and is not. In Saxony it is not impolite to smoke in the society of ladies, not any more than it is to carry a cane or wear a watch. Smoking is allowed in many of the first-class theatres; smoking is allowed usually after the first part of the fashionable concert. Smoking is allowed at the dinner table in the fashionable cafes and clubs. The Saxon ladies are accustomed to tobacco smoke and pay no attention to it. It is not polite to smoke in a private house until you are invited to do so, but the invitation comes along as naturally as the request that you be seated on a chair or sofa. At the evening receptions and parties no smoking is allowed—that is, not in the company rooms, but there is a smoking chamber or a veranda or balcony close by, where the gentlemen can go out and puff to their heart's content.
A petroleum pipe line constructed from the Caucasus territory over the Caucasus mountains, to Novorossisk harbor, on the Black sea coast, has been opened. This line of pipe, which is 105 miles long, can deliver every day 1,000,000 picauds of petroleum.

We Scatter Seeds.
We scatter seeds with careless hand.
And dream we never shall see them more
But for a thousand years.
Their fruit appears.
In woods that rear the lark,
Or healthful dove.
The seeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float;
We count them not,
But they shall last—
In the great judgment they
And we shall meet.
I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love of brethren dear,
Keep, then, the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in the world their cry
Of woe thou bear.
PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
How to live long—Never be short.
Anything but a pleasant trip—Fall in love, a sidewalk obstruction.
Girls are more courageous than men. They are ready to make a match with a fellow twice their size.
The False Prophet, who is disturbing Egypt, is the old man who knew how the election would go.
There is an East Indian lady in Paris who can talk in twelve languages. Fortunately she is not married.
Herbert Spencer's version of the popular phrase, "Give us a rest," is "It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation."
"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America!"
An exchange says, "There will be no pronounced lord styles this winter. Don't you believe it. The style of snoring will be just as loud as ever."
A Western wit tells what he would do if he were a jockass. A rival remarks that what people desire to know is, what he would do if he wasn't one.
"May I hope?" was on the tongue that he handed to her, and when she crossed on the "if" and "no" and wrote "Yes, you" behind the "May," he used both legs.
"Hey, I'll teach you to tear your pants," said an irate Austin parent swinging a strap. "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa. I know how already. Just look at 'em!"
"Miss Fortune, I've been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a black fortune-teller. "Just let me have your hand, if you please." "A. Mr. White, how seldom you are! Well, go and ask papa!"
Concerning the insane Rochester girl, who gets out of bed at midnight and goes to work sawing wood in the back yard, it is said that her father deeply deplores her insanity, but always leaves the wood-pile handy for her to get at.
A reporter interviewed a prize fat woman, whose weight is 720 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she frigidly replied, "Excuse me, sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest lady on exhibition."
A bright little girl, noticing among the company at her father's residence on a certain occasion, a gentleman whose face was considerably pock-marked, seemed much struck with his appearance, and after the company retired inquired who the "pock-eaten gentleman" was.
"There is a young man in the parlor wishes to see you, miss," remarked the maid door attendant. "Did he bring anything with him; any box or parcel?" "Only a cane, miss." "Did his coat tails rattle when he walked as if there was a package of candy in his pocket?" "Nothing of the sort, miss." "Then tell him I've gone to visit a sick friend and won't be home for a week," returned the fair girl, falling back into a horizontal position and resuming her perusal of "Truth Stranger than Fiction," or, "The Liar Unmasked."
A Doctor's Substitute.
He was a young man with a wild, disordered look. He rushed into the office of a prominent city physician yesterday, placed a small cup on the desk, took off his coat, bared his right arm, and whispered:
"Send me!"
"Do you want to be healed?"
"I do." Open a vein, and let me catch the blood in this cup."
"Too full in the hand?"
"Alas! too full in the heart. My affianced will not believe me when I tell her that I love her better than my life. I will write my love—I will write it in my own life-blood! Proceed!"
"Is that all you want?"
"Ah! Is not that sufficient?"
"Young man you are a dodo! Put on your coat. I keep a red ink here for the very purpose you desire, and I will sell you a whole gill for a quarter."
And the young man was not stuck.—Detroit Free Press.