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PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A tale of the sea. A sea-serpent's tail. The latest thing in cradles—The new baby. Years are like tigers. They always come with a spring. Definition of a soldier of fortune—A soldier who has none. When a man wants to step on the scales he gets awfully heavy. We admire spirited animals, but deliver us from a wildly enthusiastic mule. The rising young man of the future is one who will be willing to jump up and fall down tomorrow.

There are a good many desolate and uncomfortable things in this world, but a plug hat in a snow storm strikes us as about the climax. The operators in mythical mines are always willing to let you in; but there is quite a difference between letting you in and letting you win. What is the difference between a glass half full of water and a broken engagement? One is not filled full, and the other is not fulfilled. With exceptional truthfulness a quack doctor begins his advertisement: "I offer my valuable services to all who are so unfortunate as to require them."

Life must be a perfect desert to the woman of Salt Lake. What can they talk about? There's absolutely nothing in a mine that city can do that is so-called. Said a farmer, who was given to long drinks, to a brother agriculturist: "What kind of cattle could you advise me to keep?" "Cows, horses," was the significant reply. Four daughters of a Kentucky farmer, eldest in one night, each concluding a different road, and it drove the old man about crazy to decide which party to persecute. Ding Tong is the name of a very successful Chinese artist at Chicago. He has painted the picture of a man and a dog, and you can tell which is the man and which is the dog almost at a glance.

John, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return? "I don't know," said the boy, "she says anything before she goes away." "So, and if you come to see her, shall I get it all done?" One giant implacability attending a man's getting married is his utter indifference on the occasion. The bride is the object of attention as the star performer of the show, and he is regarded merely as a necessary prop. An exchange asks in bold head lines: "Why do women work?" Well, some women work because they enjoy it, and some because their husbands are busy in politics and the woman of the house is obliged to hustle around and earn their daily bread. One day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of prehistoric plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite unmarketable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy reminded the buyer calmly and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."

They had only been married a short time. The next day she slung her arm around him, and warbled, in a low, tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus, that now we are married, we are only one?" "No," replied the bride, "I can't realize it. I have just paid a \$75 mortgage bill, and a lot more of your bills, with several other promises to bear from, so I am beginning to realize that, as far as expense goes, instead of being one, we are about half a dozen. I can't take in that idea of our being one just yet, not by a large majority." "I tell you what it is, fellows," yawned Adolphus. "I'm making an awful examination among the girls. Only wanted a little fun, yer know, but danged if they ain't all falling in love with me. You honor, I believe I'm getting into hot water, yer know." "Do you?" said one of the girls who chimed to overhear; "well, perhaps it will have the same effect upon you as it does upon the lobster." "I say, Martha," exclaimed Adolphus, turning about, "you're devilishly sharp, yer know; but blamed if I know what you're driving at now." "Oh, nothing," replied Martha; "only lobsters, yer know, are green till they get into hot water."

Since Wesley, 1831, the following British and Irish cardinals have been created: Fisher, 1854; Bentinck, 1856; Hulse, 1857; Alton, 1861; Howard, 1864; Saurin, 1871; Wood, 1875; Erskine, 1811; Wood, 1807; Acton, 1847; Wiseman, 1855.

The Harvest Mouse.

The well-known Harvest Mouse (*Microtus minutus*) is the smallest example of the mammalia in England, and nearly in the world. This elegant little creature is so tiny that, when full-grown, it weighs scarcely more than the sixth of an ounce, whereas the ordinary mouse weighs almost an entire ounce. Its color is a very warm brown above, almost amounting to chestnut, and below it is pure white, the line of demarcation being strongly defined. The color is slightly variable in different lights, because each hair is red at the tip and brown at the base, and every movement of the animal naturally causes the two tints to be alternately visible and concealed. It is called the Harvest mouse, because it is usually found at harvest time, and in some parts of the country it is captured by hundreds in barns and ricks. To the ricks it could never gain admission, provided they are built on proper stables, were it not that it gets into the sheaves as they stand in the field, and is carried within them by the laborers. Other mice, however, are sometimes called by this name, although they have no fair title to it; but the genuine Harvest mouse can always be distinguished by its very small size, and the bright rusty hue of the back and the white of the abdomen. Moreover, the ears of the Harvest mouse are shorter in proportion than those of the ordinary mouse, the head is larger and more slender, and the eyes are not so projecting, so that a very brief inspection will suffice to tell the observer whether he is looking at an adult Harvest mouse, or a young specimen of any other species. Mice always make very comfortable nests for their young, gathering together great quantities of wool, rags, paper, hair, moss, feathers, and similar substances. As the food of the Harvest mouse consists greatly of insects, flies being especial favorites, it is evident that great agility is needed. Its leap is remarkably swift, and its aim is as accurate as that of the swallow. Even in captivity it has been known to take flies from the hand of its owner, and to leap along the wires of its cage as smartly as if it were trying to capture an insect that could escape. In the airy riddle may sometimes be seen as many as eight young mice, all packed together like herrings in a barrel.—Rev. J. D. Wood.

The Earth Stiff as Steel.

G. H. Darwin has just published an important paper upon the rigidity of the earth. The data upon which his work is based are the tidal observations made under the direction of the Indian government during the past few years, combined with others in England and France—in all, thirty-three years' observation at fourteen different ports. The whole tide at any place may be regarded as made up of a great number of smaller tides, of varying period. Among these subordinate tides two were selected for the discussion—one with a period of two weeks, depending upon the distance of the moon north or south of the celestial equator, the other with a period of a month, depending upon the varying distance of the moon from the earth. These are free from all systematic meteorological or seasonal influence. Now, if the earth is not rigid, but yields at all to the tide-raising force, the time and height of high water will be affected. It appears from the investigation that each of these tides is only a little more than two-thirds what it should be if the earth were absolutely rigid, and from this Mr. Darwin shows that the amount of yielding is about that of steel, a conclusion agreeing very well with that deduced by Sir William Thomson, some fifteen years ago, from rather scanty data. Evidently this result does not favor the idea that the earth's interior is a molten mass.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach may be quickly stopped by small doses of salt. Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse, is the advice given by Dr. Felt's Health Monthly. There are times in the lives of children when colds are taken, no one knows how, and when to-dayache is almost unbearable, and yet it is not advisable to have the teeth extracted; one means of relief at such a time is to cut a large raisin open, roast it or heat it, and apply it around the tooth while it is as hot as can be borne; it will operate like a little poultice, and will draw out the inflammation. To wet a flannel cloth with strong vinegar, and then put a hot iron under it, and so to steam the face, will aid in reducing the inflammation.

Pacific Coast Nabobs.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat thus gives instances of Pacific coast wealth: The biggest fortunes on the Pacific coast are those of the Central Pacific railroad magnates, and ex-Governor Stanford is the richest of the group. His wealth is estimated at \$75,000,000; that is, his yearly income is equal to the interest on such a capital, and his property is constantly increasing in value. He owns more than \$5,000,000 alone in San Francisco in real estate, to say nothing of his farms, vineyards, breeding ranches, etc. The ex-Governor has but one child, Leland Jr., a lad of about fifteen. The richest widow on the Pacific coast, or in the country for that matter, with the possible exception of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to \$23,000,000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bond as executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, two of her husband's business associates. They were compelled to justify in twice the amount of the estate, and each swore that he was worth \$10,000,000. Mrs. Hopkins is an elderly woman. They had no children, but had adopted a son, whom Mrs. Hopkins has just married to Miss Crittenden, a protegee of hers, providing her with the dot of a princess. Their other heirs to the estate, but the adopted son, "Tim," will get the bulk of it. The richest young and unmarried woman on the Pacific coast is Miss Jennie Flood, only daughter of the bonanza king. When her father's income from the big silver bonanza was at its highest he bought \$2,500,000 of United States four per cents, and gave them to his daughter outright, having them registered in her name. He also gave his son \$1,000,000 in the same securities, but the latter does not promise well, and the bonds have gone back to the father's bank vault for safe-keeping. Miss Jennie is a charming young woman, rather plain, it is true, and away out of her teens, but she is a good sensible girl, wholly free from display or affectation. She is deeply pious, and there has been some talk of her taking the veil. There was also some talk at one time of her marrying "Buck" Grant. Miss Flood only laughed at the idea, as, indeed, did young Grant himself. The only one anxious to bring about that match was papa Flood, but the young folks couldn't see it.

A Young Man's Peril.

They were to see a lawyer yesterday—Mary Ann and her mother. Mary Ann was a little embarrassed, but the old woman was calm. When they spoke about a breach-of-promise case the lawyer asked: "What evidence have you got?" "Mary Ann, produce the letters," commanded the mother, and the girl took the cover of a willow basket and remarked that she thought 127 letters would do to begin on. The other girl would be produced as soon as the case was fairly before the court. "And outside of these letters?" queried the lawyer. "Mary Ann, produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of 'Promises,' and tell how many times this marriage business was talked over." "The footing is 214 times," answered the girl. "Now turn to the heading of 'Darling,' and gives us the number of times he has applied the term to you." "If I have figured right, the total is 9,254 times." "I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good in arithmetic. Now, turn to the heading of 'Woodbine Cottage,' and tell how many times he has talked of such a home for you after marriage." "The footing is 1,395 times." "Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. How many times has Charles Henry said he would die for you?" "Three hundred and fifty," answered the girl, as she turned over a leaf. "How many times has he called you an angel?" "Over 11,000, manner." "How about squeezing hands?" "Over 384,000 squeezes." "And kisses?" "Nearly 417,000." "There's our case," said the mother, as she deposited the basket and diary on the lawyer's table. "Look over the documents, and if you want anything further I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to facts. We sue for \$10,000 damages, and we won't settle for less than an eighty-acre farm, with buildings in good repair. We'll call again next week. Good day, sir, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Colonel Willoughby Williams of Nashville, Tenn., owed about \$300,000 at the end of the war. Though then nearly seventy years old, he went to work, and before his death, which occurred recently, he had paid every cent of his debts.

Vegetarianism is rapidly making progress in England. The temperance people are aiding it, and vegetarian dining-rooms are being opened in large towns.

The Dying Drummer Boy.

Mrs. Judge Fisher, of York, Pa., who went to Gettysburg immediately after the news of the battle had arrived, for the purpose of securing the wounded, gives an interesting account in the Philadelphia Times of some of the harrowing scenes she witnessed on the battlefield. Among others she relates the following pathetic incident: One beautiful evening, after a long day's hard work, one of my boys came to me and said: "There is a 'little chap' out there who heard there was a woman from his home and he wants to see you." "I found him at the farthest extremity of the hospital, with a half dozen other hopeless cases. He was a lovely boy, scarcely more than a child, who had run away from his home in Providence, R. I., to join the "drum corps." He was a brave boy and a great pet among the soldiers, who nursed him as tenderly as possible, but could poorly supply a mother's loving care. How he longed for one more look of her dear face and once again to hear her sweet words of love! He was so frail and slight it was a marvel how he could have endured the fatigue and privation so long. He was not distinguished by wounds, but constant marches, insufficient food and often sleepless nights had exhausted his strength and he had not the vitality to resist the sharp attack of fever. He was perfectly conscious, but too weak to say much. I asked the poor child what I could do for him. "Oh! I want my mother!" I sat down on the ground, and taking him in my arms tried to comfort him. He turned his face to me, saying, "I am so tired," laid his head against me and appeared to sleep. The last rays of the sun touched the lovely features of the dying boy. The long-drawn shadows vanished in the gathering darkness. Silence, unbroken save by the plaintive moan of some poor victim, succeeded the hum of the busy day. The pitying dew shed a halo upon his brow. Fainter and fainter grew the breath and more feeble the clasp of the little hand, when suddenly rousing he opened his eyes, glazed in death, and looking long and earnestly in my face, said: "Kiss me, lady, before I die!" Clinging still closer to the stranger who could faintly represent the fond mother's tenderness, he so eagerly craved, he dropped his heavy lids and slept away his brief life as peacefully as a child goes to sleep in its mother's arms. I gently laid the lifeless form down on the hard earth and left him to a soldier's burial and a nameless grave. Poor fellow, what an atom he seemed to be in all that mass of wretched, suffering, dying humanity! Yet he was all the world to the heart of that mother, who wept and prayed for her darling's safe return to the distant home, that never again would echo his boyish step or ringing laugh.

Sharp Practice.

A certain Michigander who had long succeeded in dodging a certain creditor, was a few weeks ago cornered in the office of a mutual friend, and the creditor began: "Sir! you have owed me \$25 for a year past, and now I want to know what you are going to do about it?" "Well, I'll think it over." "There will be no thinking it over, my friend. If you don't pay me I'll sue you." "You will?" "I will, sir!" "Then you'll be certain to get a judgment. The party which brings the suit always gets the verdict before a justice. Knowing this, you will take advantage of me?" "I will." "Very well. Now, then, I deny that I owe you a dollar." "You do?" "I do, sir, but in case you want to borrow \$25 of me for a week here it is." "I don't care whether you call it paying or lending, so long as I get my money," replied the creditor, and he made out a receipt in full and took the money. At the end of the week he was asked to return the loan, but laughed at the absurdity of the request. Suit was begun to recover it, the mutual friend used as a witness, and the plaintiff received judgment in his favor and had a clean receipt to show for the debt.—Detroit Free Press.

What the Brain Does.

It is a well-known fact that people whose limbs have been amputated tell you that they can feel their fingers and toes for a long time afterward—for years, sometimes—and will even describe pains and definite sensations, affecting certain joints of individual digits. This is readily understood when we remember that the brain is the only part of the body that feels, all sensations and impulses being conveyed to it from different parts by nerve fibres. Feelings of pain, heat, cold, touch, and the functions of the special senses are telegraphed to it; and when the connecting nerve is divided it may be some time before it learns to localize truly the seat of the sensation it appreciates. When we knock our "funny bones" we experience a thrill in the little finger and inner border of the hand; the fact being that we have stimulated the bundle of telegraph wires—known as the ulnar nerve—which transmits sensations from that finger and part of the next, in the middle of its course, as it winds round the joint of the elbow.—Washington Star.

"I—I don't know." "Of course; it's another engagement. No matter, I return to the city in the morning," interrupted Harry. "You are wrong, Mr. Sloane; I have no other engagement. To prove it, I will go to the river with you." She put on her pretty, wide-brimmed Gainsborough and walked by his side to the river. "It is pretty," she said, gazing out upon the lake which reflected each shining star and floe, floating cloud upon its mirror-like surface. "Pretty! yes, beyond all others I have ever looked upon." Something in his tones caused Carrie to look up quickly, and she blushed as she found his eyes gazing straight into hers. "Carrie—I love you."

A Mormon Romance.

When the overland train reaches Ogden, the agitation of the female mind about visiting Salt Lake City becomes evident. There are always some ladies going there for the benefit of their health, and many more to gratify their curiosity; for, strange as it may seem, the Mormon stronghold is the great business, social and educational centre between Omaha and San Francisco. The conductor told us that there were always ladies bound for Salt Lake, particularly during the winter, when the climate is salubrious; yet even in a large party the members of the fair sex felt a half-amused trepidation in preparing to inspect a society so entirely at variance with their principles and notions of propriety. What, then, was our surprise to meet on the very day of our arrival a Philadelphia lady, a niece of an eminent Presbyterian divine, who had been residing in the capital of Mormonism for five years! She was a widow, whose extensive landed interests lay in Idaho, and who had found fine educational advantages for her children, and a pleasant social circle for herself beneath the peerless blue sky and within the circling snow-capped mountains that bound Zion. She lived in a double house with long French windows, surrounded by a blooming garden. The furniture was elegant and convenient. Church privileges were ample, and she had some friends among the Mormons. Her *belles-soeurs* was her landlord, whose particular offense was his too great desire to make improvements and repairs upon her residence. His manners were very mild and pleasant; but he at last justified her antipathy by sending his first wife to ask her to be his fourth spouse. To free herself from association with him after this, she bought the house, when he coolly told her that what she regarded as ancestry had been prospected by the Lord, and enabled him to sell at a profit.

The romance of Salt Lake City is the story of Libbie Young, and visitors are sure to hear it as an illustration of how love rules the world. Libbie Young resided in Philadelphia. One of her relatives was the second wife of Brigham Young, Jr., and while visiting her husband fell in love with Libbie, and Libbie became infatuated with him. She refused to marry him, however, unless he desisted his wives—an agreement which, strange to say, was agreed to by Brigham, Jr., then made a settlement on each of them, and he and Libbie were married. They lived happily until the death of old Brigham induced his son to look to the succession to the presidency, when, to strengthen his influence with the church, he took to himself two new wives. On this Libbie left him, and ever since both of them have broken hearts. She still maintains intimate relations with his former wives, and frequently visits them; and when she goes to Salt Lake, Brigham hovers around her residence to get a glimpse of her, but she will not see him. And yet everybody says she loves him and he still loves her, though ambition proves the stronger passion.—Lippincott's Magazine.

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Dreamland. Only in visions does the future wait To tell us of the mysteries to be; Yet even thus we linger at the gate That opens eternity. Except in dreams, the Past comes not again With all its vanished weight of joy and fears; But blindly we retrace, in grief and pain, The saddened bygone years! The present lives; to love us or to bless Within its guidance does the Future hide; The Past holds over it with tenderness— All good is at its side. To live within the Present—yet to take From out the Future and the darkened Past All hopes and lessons that for goodness make— May this be ours at last! —WALTER L. SANBORN in Youth's Companion.

LOVE AND A DUCKING.

"This is my daughter, Caroline Carrie, Mr. Sloane." Harry Sloane bowed, and pretty, winsome Carrie Hervey bowed in return. Harry had picked out the farm as a residing place during a business trip. After Carrie's father had introduced the young people he went to the barn, leaving the pair seated upon the porch. "A pleasant spot this," said Harry, after he had finished admiring the pretty, dimpled hands which the girl had carelessly laid upon the light blue serge dress. "You like it?" she asked. "Like does but half express my admiration. It seems as though I should be perfectly satisfied to linger here forever," responded Harry. "But surely, Mr. Sloane, the attractions of city life must surpass those of such a humdrum locality as this." "On the contrary, I prefer what you call the humdrum locality."

"And why, may I ask?" "Because, because—well, I cannot fully explain my reason. I suppose it is because I am heartily sick of city ways."

"And so you come here for a change?" "Yes, I believe that is the reason." The pair sat there upon the porch, talking upon one subject and the other, until the evening shadows fast deepened into darkness.

Finally Harry arose, and said,—"As I am somewhat tired with my journey I will retire." The girl called her father, and the latter taking a lamp led the way to the front chamber on the upper floor. Harry took up his travelling-bag, and after a good-night to Carrie, he followed the old gentleman up the stairs, and shortly afterwards was soundly sleeping.

"He is handsome, and so is Jack. He is gentlemanly and Jack is not quite so easy. He talks and acts like a real gentleman, and Jack can hardly ever find the right word to say when it is needed. Jack loves me, and I—I wonder do I really and truly love Jack?" Thus Carrie mused after she had disrobed herself for the night, and sat by the window.

Strange, she had never questioned the fact as to whether or not she loved Jack. She had always taken it for granted that she did love the handsome, brown-faced farmer-boy, who had accompanied her home from singing in the parish room on practising nights in the winter, and taken her to picnics and on excursions in summer. There had been on affection without any question, any doubt or mistrust to mar the serenity of its flow. Two, three weeks pass rapidly, and Harry Sloane finds himself musing over the possibility of his being able to provide for a wife, Carrie's lovely face, her pretty figure and her grace have been the whole cause of his perplexity. Before he met her he never had a thought of ever marrying. He had espied a fine young farmer on several occasions talking with Carrie at the gate, but she had told him that it was Jack, a schoolmate, and a lifelong friend. One evening Harry was seated in the parlor talking with Carrie, when a trap halted at the door, and Jack asked her to take a ride. Again, when Harry requested her to take a row on the lake, she said she was very sorry, but she had an engagement with—Jack. "Miss Hervey, that Jack seems to take up all of your spare time," exclaimed Harry. "Excuse me, Mr. Sloane, not quite all. I believe I am at your service when not otherwise engaged most of the time."