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In the Spring. In the spring above the meadow chirping swallows joyous flit. In the spring all nature's gilded with the brightest colors, to wit: In the spring the little bluebird sings within the maple trees. In the spring the swallows peeping from the grasses dot the sea. In the spring on twilight's cloudships coral draperies repose. In the spring a warmer lustre on Melissa's bonnet glows. In the spring within the woodland all the warblers gaily flit. In the spring the solemn Shanghai sits serenely on her feet. In the spring a tint of azure on the honey-suckle lies. In the spring the willow droops its aquatic pendulous tresses. In the spring the oleander, as per custom, tips and tilts. In the spring the happy school-boy walks around upon his stilts. In the spring the fragrant zephyr shakes the dew-drops from the rose. In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of summer clothes.

'ONLY A MINER.'

THE STORY OF A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Tregoeze is a pleasant little Cornish village overlooking the "Western Sea." Everything there is rough and stony, and even the inhabitants are to all appearance as rough and stony as their native rocks. But underneath those stony fields lies the rich vein of metal, and in those rough Cornish hearts is a vein of human feeling and Christian charity, far, far purer than much that passes as such in the fashionable world, where tinkling bells daily summon rich dowagers to church in their gorgeous chariots.

The children of Tregoeze were tripping lightly to school after the holidays, along the hard slaty paths. It was, indeed, with no "creeping like small unwillingly to school" kind of motion on this occasion, as all were full of expectation, almost of joy, for they were to have that day a new mistress, one whom they all knew, and who had, in fact, been one of them, herself.

Margaret Powhale had been born in Tregoeze, where she had attended the school, first as pupil, and then as pupil-teacher. Thence she had gone to the college in London, and a vacancy having occurred, she had been appointed mistress down there in her own native village. Her father had worked there, man and boy, in the Tregoeze mines for upward of forty years, and he still continued to follow this same occupation.

The children, therefore, all knew Margaret. Their memories of her were pleasant, and hence they tripped joyously to school, where they admired their new mistress, who, in their eyes, was certainly as learned as the curate, and almost as wise as the vicar, besides being as pretty as a princess. When they, therefore, returned home at mid-day, many were the exclamations of "Isn't she pretty?" "Isn't she nice?" and so on, among the youngsters; which exclamations generally called forth from the old people the remark, "I hope they would get vorrand if they barning, 'cause times be very hard for us poor folks."

Many others beside the school children were in love with Margaret, for she had bidden into womanhood since she had left Tregoeze, and now her beauty had taken the young men by surprise. For some time Margaret found it far from agreeable to have so many admirers, but by dint of good management, by the falling off of those who felt they had "no chance," and through other circumstances, her circle of avowed admirers became reduced to two—Joseph Tregoeze and Tom Polglaze.

Both of these young men were receiving good wages in the mines, and had opportunities of rising to higher positions as inspectors, &c.; both, too, were steady, and had saved a little money. It was long, however, before Margaret herself made it known which of them she preferred; so far as that goes, neither could for a long time boast of the smallest favor. Other girls called Margaret a flirt, but in this they were wrong. The simple fact was that Margaret, not yet tired of being her own mistress, endeavored so to order her ways that neither Joseph Tregoeze, Tom Polglaze nor any other suitor might have the slightest reason to be jealous of a rival.

Tregoeze, however, had the good sense to see that neither he nor Polglaze was nearly so well educated as Margaret, and he well understood that it is a bad omen when the husband has to look up to the wife in the matter of learning. He accordingly bought books, and became an earnest midnight student. In fact, he tried in every way to render himself Margaret Powhale's equal.

Tom Polglaze, however, loved the fair teacher not a whit less than his rival, but he was formed in a rougher

mold. He scarcely noticed the change in Tregoeze; but, if he did not, Margaret Powhale did, and she was highly gratified by it.

"Joseph," said she to him one evening when he came to ask her to take a walk, "you seem much changed lately; you are as little like a native of Tregoeze as myself."

"In what way, Margaret?" "You have lost that twang, and you seem to know something about the great world. Do you study?"

"Yes; I sit up every night to read, or to work mathematics."

"Why? What do you want to be? A clerk?"

"Margaret, I study only to be more like you; I love you—will you—"

"There! Joseph Tregoeze! you study to be like me? I am sure I never set you the example of talking such rubbish! Ah, ah! Good by!"

So saying, off she tripped into the house, to his intense discomfiture. But was Margaret any the more happy than the lover she had left so desolate in the street? That evening her parents noticed a great change in her, but could not discover the cause. She did not talk nor take any food, but soon retired to her own little room, complaining of a headache.

"Do I love him?" she muttered when alone. "Poor fellow! he studies hard for my sake! To be more worthy of me, I suppose he calls it. Ah, Joseph! why did I leave you so abruptly? What a giddy worthless thing I am!" That night she could not sleep until she had decided upon a future course of action.

The next day being Saturday, Margaret spent at home in household cares which she shared with her mother, but she scarcely spoke a word all day. In the evening she went to the draper's and bought a few ribbons and other little articles, for there was some objection in now being pretty.

On Sunday she appeared in church dressed with more than her usual care, and she may be forgiven if she was not quite so attentive to the sermon as she should have been, for there at a distance sat Joseph Tregoeze, looking at her with his great blue eyes, making her blush, and inspiring her with the desire of sinking through the floor.

On leaving the porch, after dismissing her flock, Margaret found Joseph Tregoeze and Tom Polglaze pretending to read the inscriptions on the tombs. At the sound of her step Tom raised his head and advanced with a friendly nod, while Joseph remained still, but fixed those great blue eyes on her.

"Good morning, Tom," said she indifferently; "how are you?" Polglaze was replying as they neared Tregoeze, when Margaret stopped. Tregoeze still held kibble, trembling in his heart, and apprehensive of his rival, Margaret, however, was so apparently calm that he was beginning to think her heart as hard as her native rocks, when, nodding an adieu to Polglaze, she very naturally and very quietly put her hand on Tregoeze's arm and said:

"I am very sorry I kept you waiting; I can only spare you half an hour for a walk."

It was the first time she had ever shown a preference, and Polglaze now knew that he, too, was "out of the race." His face changed to an ashen hue, and he tottered off with dejected looks, but with clenched fists.

Tregoeze squeezed the small hand that had been so unexpectedly put on his arm, and led Margaret away for the promised walk, which, it need scarcely be said, was unconsciously lengthened into an hour. When Margaret once more arrived under her parents' roof it was not alone that she came. Henceforth another had also a right to join her there.

Tregoeze knew the price that must be paid for Margaret's love. He knew that Polglaze would not give her up without a contest. Nor was it long before the battle was commenced, for that very evening, as Tregoeze was leaving the house of the Powhales, he was attacked by his rival. With him it was but a word and a blow.

"Joe Tregoeze, you've crossed my steps and now I'll be revenged on you!"

So saying, Polglaze struck a blow which would have felled an ordinary man. But Tregoeze was quite a match for him, and the two fought long and desparately, until separated by the rural policeman, who threatened them with legal proceedings.

"Leave me alone a minute. Let me overcome this. "Yes, dear heart!" said Mrs. Tregoeze, don't you take on in this way. These tinnies are regular vighters; but this Tom Polglaze is the mortacious fighter that ever I see."

"Yes, Margaret, that's true. I know the day I gained your love I should find an enemy. But cheer up, cheer up! I fancy he will not attack me again in a hurry, for I know he does not at this moment look a bit handsomer than I do."

And so saying, he laughed the matter lightly away, until Margaret too began to smile through her tears.

On the following day, when the two rivals went to the mine, their appearance caused many jeering and contemptuous remarks, for the tinnies were in a hurry, for I know he does not at this moment look a bit handsomer than I do."

Months passed away, however, Tregoeze recovered from his unwonted excitement, and matters took their usual course. The mines were worked, old seams were opened up, and new veins opened out; but though the battle had not been renewed, Joseph Tregoeze and Tom Polglaze had not shaken hands.

This caused Margaret no small anxiety, for down there in the bowels of the earth an unseen blow with a pick might destroy the happiness of her life. She often begged Tregoeze to leave the mines, but he said he had good prospects of being appointed engineer's assistant, and as for Tom Polglaze's threat—why, he had not the slightest anxiety on account of that.

At length a new shaft was to be opened, and the two young men, being the steadiest hands in the mine, were selected for the operation. There they toiled together for a few weeks without exchanging a word, and they were alone, far from any other workman.

Margaret was wretched, but to all her supplications Tregoeze still said that he had no fear. In her distress she spoke to Polglaze and asked him to shake hands with Tregoeze. He refused, but he pressed his rough hands to his temples and said, "I loved you then, I love you now, as much or more than Joe Tregoeze."

A day or two after that both men were again at work together, and silent as death in the solitary shaft. They were suddenly startled by a falling stone. A few lumps of earth came tumbling down, and the whole shaft seemed to tremble.

The works were giving way. The two men looked at one another, for a moment, with blanched faces. It was the first time they had looked into one another's eyes since that fatal day, except to dart glances of scorn and hate. They ran to the kibble and gave the signal to be drawn up. They were touching one another now, their hands almost clasped together on the rope. Their very breath seemed to intermingle. It was terrible after such a course of hate to be brought together under these circumstances. As they were both shouting to be drawn up, the rope tightened and strained, but the kibble would not move. More earth now fell, but still the kibble remained at the bottom of the shaft. Whilst shouting louder and louder for help, the terrible truth flashed through their minds that there was only one man at the windlass, and that he alone was unable to raise them both, and all this time the shaft was trembling and earth and stones falling.

As they stood there in the kibble their bodies and hands touching, and glancing into one another's eyes, the awful thought came to them both in an instant that one of them must die—must die to save the other—his enemy!

One of them must die—but who should it be? They again looked at one another, and there was an eternity in the glance. Then one of them let go the rope and dropped out of the kibble, which immediately began to rise. Who was it? The falling martyr was Tom Polglaze.

"Tell Marg'et," he shouted, as the kibble rose above his head, "tell Marg'et I did it to save her pain—to save you whom she loves! I forgive you! but be sure and be good to—"

The shaft gave way, and nothing presented itself to Tregoeze's gaze but a mass of slate and rubbish. Tom Polglaze was in eternity, as noble a soul as ever died for any cause that is dear to man; as devoted as any martyr, as generous-souled as any patriot—though only a poor miner.

It was long before Joseph Tregoeze and Margaret Powhale recovered from that shock. They mourned the brave dead as a brother, and a neat little stone, overlooking the village church-yard, long afterward reminded the tinnies of Tregoeze of the noble deed of self-sacrifice of a hero who was one of themselves.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes. The coiffure remains close and low. Small jet buckles fasten many corsets.

Heavy repped ottoman velvet ribbons are much in use.

Walking suits of velvet are rivaling plush costumes in popular favor.

Black velvet bonnets garnished with white are unpretending and pleasing.

Angora cloth, trimmed in applique velvet, makes a rich and admirable suit.

The large bonnets are worn higher than ever, but remain reasonable in width.

Black velvet is the favorite walking suit of the drowsy New York woman.

The newest linen collars are standing clerical bands with a finely embroidered edge.

It takes an artist to place a bird or bird's crest effectively on a lady's hat or bonnet.

Shirts, when made of velvet or cloth, plush or velveteen, need not be trimmed at the bottom.

Mahogany continues a good shade, and the color of blush roses combines prettily with it.

For rustic dresses the skirt must be plain, kilt-pleated, and reach only to the ankles.

Leather straps passing through buckles of the same, are fastening many wooden walking suits.

Gold, silver, and chenille cords are braided in with the combs of hair bands of the new bonnets from Paris.

Fawn-colored silk stockings, worn with slippers of dark red kid or velvet, are the affectation of the moment in New York.

Prim ruffs are much worn. They are very high and are fastened behind. The upper ones high enough for the dimpled chin to rest upon.

In all styles for the neck and wrist, of dresses are three narrow rows of white crepe lace in sharpened scalloped overcast on the edges in button-hole stitches.

Handsome rollogotes are left open from the waist all the way down the front and back. The sleeves of these garments are perfectly plain, and are tight-fitting without cuffs.

Light silks of pale sea-green, delicate pink and lilac are combined, for evening wear, with dark garnet, dark blue, brown and royal purple velvets, with admirable effect.

The elegant simplicity of street costumes becomes more noticeable each day, elaborations in dress garritures being left for home wear and full-dress occasions.

There is, unfortunately, no happy medium in the fashionable fan. It is either extremely large or extremely small. In the latter case, it is usually of tortoise-shell, point lace or amber.

Buttons are quite an important feature of cheap and effective home decorations. Ordinary pearl buttons are those employed, and when sewn upon rich-colored velvets or plush, in fancy or geometrical designs, the result is very good.

Push is now very much used with everything to combine with other materials for costumes, and even for pelisses and demi-pelisses, as well as for Watteau garments, fringed with chenille.

News and Notes for Women. Women physicians have been refused permission to practice in Austria.

A girl employed as a spinner in a Lowell mill has taken the first prize offered by the Boston Musical Society for the best criticism of vocal and instrumental music.

Miss M. C. Thomas, of Baltimore, Md., has won at the University of Zurich the degree of doctor of philosophy, "summa cum laude," the highest honor ever granted there.

A woman's mutual insurance and accident company is one of the latest institutions in New York. It is designed to benefit sewing women and servant girls.

The flower mania took an acute form with a Philadelphia belle, who appeared at a ball with eight bouquets. She carried two, and the rest were held by a maid, who stood in an alcove and changed poses from time to time with her mistress.

In Cono district, Nevada, there is a mining claim which was located several months ago by the Ely sisters, aged sixteen and fourteen, and named the Woodbine and Daffodil. These young ladies, who are personally very attractive, are at work developing their claim, in the value of which they have great confidence.

The total amount annually received or expended on Queen Victoria and the other members of the royal family is \$993,382. In this is included maintenance of palaces, expenditure in connection with royal yachts (\$35,382); households of deceased sovereigns

(\$5,475), and many other such items. It is estimated that about \$50,000 per annum would have to be expended were there no royal family to provide for.

She Accepted. He had a new silk umbrella over his head as he walked up Woodward avenue. It was snowing, and all at once his heart gave a bound as he discovered a female ahead of him without any protection from the storm.

"Ah—ah—excuse me, ah!" he stammered as he reached her side, "but would you accept my umbrella and save your hat?"

"You bet!" she replied as she reached out and took it. "This hat cost \$5.50, and as I am out of a place I don't know when I can afford another. Thank ye! I'll consider it a birthday present."

Rehearsed by His Future Bride. More than one woman has worked in the mines for her living in this country as in the English pits. The Philadelphia Process recently mentioned Mrs. Rigninary, of Louist Gap, who hauls coal with a two-horse team to customers. She formerly worked at Excelsior colliery with her husband, and it is related that she could haul wagons as quickly and well as her husband. Another notable example of this kind is current among the miners of the Reliance colliery. Thomas East, now deceased, used for awhile to bring his fourteen-year-old daughter to the mines to help him. She did the best she could until the boss put a stop to it by sending her home. East had a family of girls and proposed to make them useful in the most convenient way to himself.

One morning, before the foreman's interference, a miner saw the lass at work. He had not heard of her before, and thinking himself bewitched or the beholder of a vision, he fainted from fright. He lived to regard her presence with less terror, for within a year she walked to the altar with him and became his bride.

Success in Life. Without unremitting labor, success in life, whatever our occupation, is impossible. A fortune is not made without toil, and money unearned comes to few. The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young men whom you see lounging about waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they begin—get stuck before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electrical machine in a vacuum, but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful statue may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brains and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long, in order to produce any practical result. Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness to take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call "luck" is nothing more nor less than this: It is the man who keeps his eyes open, and his hands out of his pockets, that succeeds. "I missed my chance," exclaims the disappointed man, when he sees another catch eagerly at the opportunity. But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to ensure success. Many a great orator has made a terrible break-down in his maiden speech. Many a merchant loses one fortune only to build up another and a larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is at last rewarded with a splendid triumph. Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade, and could not expect to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship is over. One great secret of success is not to become discouraged, but always be ready to try again.

A young man found himself seated at a city hotel table, probably for the first time, and the table girl, desirous of ascertaining the extent to which he, as is often asked, preferred his steak done, propounded the usual question of how do you like it. Of course there wasn't any smiling around that board when the answer was returned with all the simplicity imaginable, "Oh, I like it first rate."

Forty-nine electric light companies, with \$81,300,000 capital, were set agoing in Great Britain last year.

A correspondent of the Nashville American says the South needs 2,000 cooks, and cries out for cooking schools.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

Something about the Use of Refuse Matter in Manufactures. Parts not generally known.

It is astonishing to what an extent refuse matter from one industry is eagerly sought after in some other manufactory, so that Lord Palmerston's famous motto, "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place," seems to have been prophetic as to many of our modern trades. The tanneries, for instance, throw away as refuse, tanbark, etc., which are the basis of many fertilizers, the manufacture of which is an industry annually increasing. These tanbark and leather scraps, hair, etc., are also of great value to the manufacturers of glue, as they contain gelatine. The grease from this refuse is handed in to still another manufactory, from whence it emerges as shoemakers' wax and printers' ink. Old boots and shoes are also resolved into their original elements in this latter manufactory, and used in the manufacture of various dyes and the preparation of the salt called hydriodic acid. Bones are extensively used in making fertilizers and glue, and also in refining sugar after having been calcined, or changed to bone charcoal. The fat from the bones is used in soap-factories. We are all familiar with the fact that old linen and cotton rags are used again in the manufacture of paper; while the wooden scraps and pieces form the basis of our new overcoats, etc., as the wooden rags are carefully cleaned, and the threads picked apart, then mixed with some new wool and woven into handsome cloth and dress goods. The woolen dust from these operations is saved and pressed into felt hats and shirts. The employment of rags in the manufacture of paper is shoddy is nothing new, but it is certainly wonderful to read of the extension of this industry into all parts of the Old and New Worlds, so that nothing is lost or wasted on this numberless sphere.

Imperial Cesar, dead, and turned to dust. Might—and probably does stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Heavy carpets, sofas' cloths, all the coarse woollen articles now put on the market contain percentage of old rags, which very often comes within a fraction of being 100 per cent. of the whole. The grease obtained in cleaning these rags and in washing new wool is sent to the soap and candle factories, to which gratefully all the fatty refuse of manufacturers and cities generally.

Glycerine is one of the refuse products of the soap and stearine industry, which is too well known to need comment. The refuse matter in the manufacture of brandy and whisky contains fusel oil, one of the worst smelling substances yet known, but at the same time one of the principal agents in the manufacture of perfume and fruit essences. The refuse matter of the breweries, sugar-presses, and distilleries is largely used for fodder, although it is not considered very good for cattle, but is used "fants de mout," The refuse of the wine-press yields the famous cognac oil, a few drops of which added to brandy gives it a peculiarly rich flavor and perfume.

A certain kind of brandy is obtained from the waste products of the beet-root sugar industry, while rum is distilled from cane-sugar molasses. The refuse of the fish drying and canning establishments produces fish-guano, the best fertilizer yet known. A certain sea-weed is extensively used in upholstering nowadays, and a coarse paper is made from it. There is actually no limit to the articles now made from paper, the paper-car-wheels being the most surprising as yet. Even broken glass and crockery are used again in the glass factories. Cigarettes are known to contain in a large percentage the cigar-stumps collected on the streets, and even the "straight Havanas" are not always free for them. But the most interesting of all these uses is which refuse matter has been put in the manufacture of the indine dye from coal-tar; the waste product of gas-manufacture; red, yellow, green, blue and black in very great variety, and beauty of shade are obtained from this coal-tar, by the action of various chemical agents on aniline, an oily liquid product of the coal-tar, which was contemptuously thrown away as of no possible value until the last few years. Chicago Tribune.

Goldmark, the composer, introduced himself one day to a good-looking young lady sitting opposite to him in a railroad car. "My name is Goldmark. I'm the composer of the Queen of Sheba." "Ah," replied the young lady, "what a remunerative position that must be."

Chicago, with sixty square miles of territory and 600,000 people, has only 444 policemen, about 250 being available for night service.

Two.

Far up the pure white heights of womanhood She stood in stately light serene and calm; A lily on her breast, and in her eyes A deep, sweet, pensive smile and bloom and halo.

Her pathway stretched across the cloudless ether: "O Love!" she called, "you led my feet this way!"

Low down in latter dusk, in starless night, A woman with a red passion for hair, Told the man nearest off in bitterness, Doodled with the digits of her own dim disposal.

Along her pathway striven to lighten my "O Love!" she called, "you led my feet this way!"

M. B. T. E. White.

PUNYENT PARAGRAPHS.

"As old as the hills?" The valleys. "Household words?" "Shut the door." Slippery sidewalks are signs of fall.

A light sentence. To be burned at the stake. When the check strikes one there is no legal redress.

The Navy Yard. Three feet (same as any other yard). A vote. When two people agree to get married.

Miss should always be written upon note paper. For giving a striking hint nothing compares with a clock. Digging a ten-foot well one fair day's work for a good soil.

The boy always goes right to the case when he gets hold of an apple. Surrogate's court? Well, if not married and not too old, of course they do. An English nobleman invests largely in porcelain eggs. He says they encourage his industry.

Life's contradictions are many. Hot words produce coldness, and full water fills no tin dishes. A Methodist man who can't spell being his never the death of twenty-eight years for this season.

Sabbath is so much in demand this year that old ladies now have no reasonable doubt as to what became of their cats.

The motto for adaptation is a great that you don't buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.

A retired shipmaster visited a country school the other day, and said it reminded him of old times. It was a literal school of walls.

The crippled beggar receives no sympathy from Mr. J., of this place, who always replies to an appeal, "A lane expense, sir, a lane expense."

A recent brides slowly included a \$1000.00 act of substance. Another husband when he speaks of his precious mouth knows what he is talking about.

A Colorado man was recently killed while gathering a southerly or a in his back yard. After a few hearty-sounding omelettes like this, wives will begin to learn their household duties.

Instead of having written on his tombstone, "He never told a lie," the greatest man of modern times will probably prefer the words, "He never stealed an umbrella."

In selecting timber for a backyard fence it is well to avoid the choice of cedar with knots in them. Charity, truth and domestic happiness flourish best in those communities where this rule is most strictly observed.

"Your husband is a stand man now, is he not?" asked a former schoolmate of her friend who had married a man rather noted for his fast habits. "I think so," was the reply, "he staid out all last night."

Kansas has in the last five years planted about 400,000 cottonwood trees, and there need be no fear that vigilance committees will have to tote a prisoner over two or three counties before finding a place to hang him.

The great need of the present age is regular employment for women. Because a girl has nothing to do she wears up till 12 o'clock at night wearing her fingers in some young man's hair like a family of snakes crawling through the grass. The girl does not seem to mind it much, but it's awfully demoralizing to the young man.

A Reasoning Toad. An exchange relates an interesting instance of a toad's cunning. A brood of chickens were fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little it attracted large numbers of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day, along toward evening, he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed around the scheming intruder, and whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared; this plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.