NO. 5.

For larger adverthements liberal con-tracts will be made.

One copy, three months . . . 50. A Name in he Surt.

Above I walked the occur stand, A nearly shell was in my hand, I storquet and we now, on the sand My name, the year, the day - a convert from the sport I possed, one longering look behind I cost; wave mean tailing high and fast, *sil scatted may have away.

As I in, method the 'twill rowkly ho, With every mark on earth hora ma, A while of dark oblivious sea Will wavely record the place. Where I have trud the sandy shows Of time, and been, to be no more

Of me, my day, the name I have, To I styr to thank of those And yet, with Him who counts the sands I know a letting record stands Exercised again at my name att att my to inding soul has thought.

And from these fleeting moments ranght, - Groupe D. Por stor.

ROSA'S EXPERIMENT.

Dear me," said Mr. Pitcher, "what are our gals so dressed up for? Aint like a draught of air; neither could it washing day?"

"Hush, tather," said his thrifty wife. So she sat there and troubled. They're expecting company. The Widow Rollins is coming to wash to-

Mr. Pitcher whistled softly.

"Poew-w!" said he. "In my young days we didn't hire a woman at seven ty five cents a day when we had good stout arms of our own."

"Things change, father," said his wife, hurriedly.

"Not always for the better, though," remarked the good farmer as he got ery New England girl is that" into his one-herse wagon and drove

"Dear nie," said Rosa, "what a start that gave me."

"Just like pa?" said Fanny. "Ai a little. ways coming in when we least expect

'He's out of the way now," said Mrs. Pitcher, peeping over the top of the big geranium in the window. "And he wont be back until dinner time."

"Do you suppose he'll be along soon," said Rosa,

"How is a body to tell," retorted t'anny, rather impatiently. "Ob, Eanny, I'm afraid!" faftered

"You take my place, wont you? He'll never know that it wasn't you who wrote the letter,"

"Ross, what a child you are!" said Fanny, with the calm superiority that belonged to her two years of sentority. "Don't you see that it will never do for you to change your mind now?"

"I wonder if he's handsome?" observed Ross, with a little-excited gig "Ma, there's the apple sance beiling over on the stove. It will be herrid to have the house filled with the smell of cooking."

Burnt apple-rance never yet hurt that any body," said Mrs. Pitcher, as she made haste into the kitchen, where the rushing to the door, -1-I am not Widow Rollins was just getting the clothes into the blueing water,

"Oh, dear," said Rosa, "Lam in such that we holn't answered that adver-

aid Fanny. "There he comes this here," said he to

"Where?" cried Resa, divided be- into a private lunatic asylum," "He is handsome!" whispered she.

"Isn't be dressed gented?" said But when you answered it --Rosa, all in a glow with excitement. couldn't stir a step."

The Misses Pitcher had, in a way. taken the thread of fate into their own grasp, but in vain. hands. In a neighborhood like Fair-

monial advertisement.

The girls were morally certain that don't know what a deal of store I "pa" would disapprove of their new shall set by you, Rosa dear." the contrary, rather liked the romance Rosa, of the thing.

"If the young man is in earnest," Jotham. aid she-"and I don't see any reason The book agent went on his way why he shouldn't be-it may be an ex- making tolerably good sales that sulcellent settlement for Rosa."

doorstone, Fanny fied precipitately, Wislow Rollins hong out the flapping Ross sank, panting, on the haircoth sheets and towels on the lines, and by less civilized nations and tribes it fraid of it. And then and then nal ambition for a swim at the pier. sofa, and Mrs. Pitcher hastened to sighed to think of the days when she

tail young man, with sandy hair, a learned of his daughter's engagement. moustache to much, and pale-line
eyes veiled 2chiod spectacles.

"Jot Ellet is a good fellow," said he.
"Rosa couldn't do better."

"He does," falteringly answered

VOL. VIII.

"No explanations are necessary," said M s. Pitcher, growing more and more flurried. "She quite understands. Please to walk right into the parlor. You'll find her there.

Rosa, sitting exactly in the centre of the hair-loth sofa. Jooked not unlike a mouse in a trap, who would fain escape if it could.

The young man set down his value

"I hope I see you well, miss?" said

"Pretty well," stammered Rosa,

An I then followed an awful stience. Bosa could have jumped out of the window, if it hadn't been for the big geranium. She would have taken ref-

uge through the door, if she had not been inwardly certain that Fanny was in hiding back or the hinges. She could not go up the chimney

she van shinto a crack of the floor. The young man, after portentiously

clearing his throat, began to unfasten the buckles of his value. "I have something here which I

should I ke to show you." said he. "He has got some credentials as to character," thought Rosa, "or perhaps It is an engagement ring. Oh, I hope it's a nice one

"Are you fond of cooking?" said the young man. "But I needn't ask. Ev-

"I like it pretty well," said liosa, much marveling at the question.

"You read a good deal I suppose?" "Oh, yes!" said Rosa, brightening up

"Exactle," said the young man. -"Well, I have here the very thing that will suit you. Your next neighbor below, Mrs. Slatterly, has taken two copies of it, and it was she who recamended me to call here. A comat only one dellar a volume. A sonvenir althor worthy of a parlor table or the kitchen gresser, or even of a place in a young hely's bondoir. And

as for literary excellence..." His tongue was unboosed at last; he was sufficiently voluble now,

"Are are you a book count," she

Resa started to her feet.

"That's my bu mess, miss," acknowledged the young man, unwrapping ing powers they have the most implicit several differency bound volumes of faith. Yuma (Arizma) Soutinel. the Complete Cool cry Book, in verse, "Will you do me the favor to look at this book?"

"Let me go" cried Rosa, blindly

well' I think I am going to faint." The book agent picked up his spec- expelled breath of the turtles is soon ame before, exactly as they stand on this, in all probability, due to the tacles, looked blankly at the blue, red heard as they touch bottom, and caua twitteration! I almost wish, Fanny, and green volumes of his stock in tionsly peer out to see that all is quiet. trade, and began slowly to replace. The huge creatures now come forth, grin. "It's true there's a pretty good by to the unhallowed surroundings. them in his value.

ple are queer. I hope I haven't got

your who had advertised for a wife in walked out of the house, just as flosa have, while scated on the back of one well." the columns of the Fairtiest County ran solbing d wn the grape vine path of the huge loggerhead turtles, taken "Well," exclaimed the old woman through with decay and corruption. Journal, and the instinct that hade her in the back garden, directly into the its eggs, seriatim, until the whole complete to the nearest convenient closet, arms of a tall young giant, who was plement were deposited. At this june ing to pay, then, to get ground over," which the temperature in July and coming up from the river, with an

"Jotham Ellet" cried Rosa, nearly "Ma, you go to the door. I feel as if I choking with wrath, "I'll never forgive you in this world-never."

"Now, Rosa, don't be vexed," said view Centre, where there were at least | he. "You will forgive me-you must! five girls to every eligible young man, And you shall marry me, too. There! they felt that it was necessary to be: I always said I couldn't piuck up a stir themselves in order to get married. spirit to ask any girl to marry me; but younger, had boldly answered a matri- itself. No. you shall not go till you have said yes. You're the very girl Mr. Pitcher was kept in ignorance. I have always wanted. And you

departure-perhaps even go so far as Don't tell pa about the advertise to forbid it, up and down. "Ma," on ment, then," said the fast relenting

"I wont tell a living soul!" declared

try day, while Jotham and Rosa sat

Mr. Pitcher. "Please to walk in. My thought it was going to be when Rosa daughter is in the parlor." "Perhaps," said the young man, hes Laid Fanny, sorrowfully, in the secluitatingly, "it might be well for me to aton of the back kitchen — $Helen\ For\ explain$ to you that 1—" r of Graves.

A Desert Tribe. This tribe of Indians, which con tains, according to Chief Cabezon's own statement about one thousand souls, bas its rancheria near Walters' Station, about 125 miles from this place, on the line of the Southern Pacitie railroad, west, in California, This tribe is sometimes called the "Cabuillas." They were Christianized in the early days by Cathelle padres. and maintain to this day a courch organization and schools to colucate their young. Their dialect is peculiar to the tribe and is not understood by other Indians. They are governed by a single chief, who rules the tribe with name from the title of the line of chiefs, which is "Cahezon," 'The father of the present chief was called Gervaelo Cabezon X., and died about two years ago, according to all authentic reports, at the advanced age of 140 years. These Indians own considerable stock of all kinds, and do more or less farming, and are, therefore, selfsustaining

Chief Gervacio Cabezon XI., accompanied by some fifteen of his men and their wives, visited Yuma last week. The present chief is an intelligent man, about 50 years of age, and is quite up in our system of government and laws. As his name (Caliezon) indicates, he possesses a large head, which, from his manner and versatility, must be well stored with Indian knowledge and traditions. In conversation with him, he informed us that all his tribe were very friendly to Don Diego (L. J. F. laeger), who resides across the Colorado river on the California side. They have great faith in him, and regard him as a seer and a man of most extraordinary ability and knowledge. Mrs. larger is regarded brought out a long piece of paper among them a dectress of most won with something written on it. plete cookery book, with all the recipes slerful healing powers, and their jourin poetry and illustrated throughout, now here is mostly for the purpose of securing medical aid from her. After visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Jaeger for a few days, and receiving what medical aid they needed, they returned home by last Thursday's freight train. Cabezon and a number of his tribe will visit Yuma again soon for the purpose of consulting Don Diego as to e of their children doctored by Don Diego's wife, in whose great heal-

Catching Huge Turtles.

With the summer the green turtle "No, I wont" excitedly cried Resa. and the great loggerhead show their "I only ask a trial to convince you heads near the Keys, says a Florida letter to the New York Econius Post. The first mocalight night they furtively inspect the shores. Lie concealed a little after nightfall, and the

two n her extreme cariosity to see the And he opened the front door and plishing this purpose. Indeed, we big ones Later, things go tolerably Twenty sixth street, undertained by ture the creature quickly rushes for "True, true," said the man. "For August rarely sinks below 90%, the him," said Fanny.

"Rosa," said he, "I've come here to ask you to pardon me. It was I that der if he expects to be asked to stay?"

"I with the dressed genteed?" said he, "I've come here to ask you to pardon me. It was I that she has done her duty, even if her in a week and the mill stands that if you sixty in the row. The hospital stands the mill She has done her duty, even if her in a week and the mill stands there nest is robbed of every egg, and she troubles herself no more. Now is the In old times business used to be The stench is fearful; the sights with time to "turn" the great reptile, if you brisker." terest and excitement in this "turtle-persuasively; "only just three, dear, 1 swollen corpse is jammed down in a turning." Usually two or three men will promise all the rest—if I must." pine box as nearly as may be its size, were required. Once on their backs And thus considering, Rosa, the somehow this matter seems to settle ples weigh 500 pounds. The hawks nothing," bill, from which the beautiful shells Poor old Mother Klappred thought a hospital and was known, the simple If the boy who exclaims "just my doubt, then, that a cruel fraud is perare taken, is common in these waters, it all over. At first she had half a word "unknown," if the streets or the linek" was truthful, be would say just at each taken, is common in these waters. market are from this region.

Tea Consumption.

tea, it is now estimated, is 3,000,000,-000 pounds; of coffee, 1,000,000,000 away' isn't it true about the mill's" At the sound of footsteps on the happily under the grape-vines, and the pounds; cocoa and chocolate, 1,000,000 pounds; while similar drinks are used too was young. And Mr. Pitcher was land and England, the last country "Does Mr. Pitcher live here?" said a well pleased when he came home and annually importing 100,000,000 bit of a scrap of a life." -Christian sionally a dredging-machine brings up Ledger.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Old Woman Mill.

In Apolda, Thuringen, there is coffee mill, only it is not turned from the top, but from the bottom. From beneath it project two great beams These are grasped by two men, who old women are dropped in at the top, wrinkled, bent, without hair or teeth, and come out at the bottom fresh as a

of the mill. alsolute sway. This tribe takes its the leaves rustling. You turn once

the mill. She thought she would give anything in the world to be young again, so she one day suddenly made up her mind to go to the mill. But it was pretty slow work for her, She was lame, and had often to stop for racking cough, but she got on by degrees, and at last reached the mid all they are lost, unmourned and un-

right. hands in his pants peckets, putting rings of smoke from his pipe into the blue above him. to Apolda!"

man, with a vawn.

"That's my bill, I s'pose," said the old woman. " "Oh, no," answered the man, "at

doesn't cost anything to be ground over, but before you are put in you must sign this paper."

"Sign exclaimed the astonished woman, "Are you going to make me sign away my poor soul to the devil? their future movements and to have I am a God fearing woman and hope No, sir, you don't make use do that, loget to heaven at last."

and reaching the topmost portion of lot of them a pretty good 1-t of which inspire the visitor with irresist "It's too late to think of that now," | "I don't believe I shall make a trade the beach, proceed at once to dig with Diem. From sixteen to twenty six, ible disgust. New York's morgan is hind flinners a place for their eggs. one every day two Sandows After Once fairly at work nothing but ab that it's a little better. But when smeling old but in the Bellevue Hos solute force will prevent their accomyou get up to forty, bless me, what pital grounds, down at the foot of East
point and out straight for a mount. Indeed, we become the control of th

care to use her flesh for food, and in | "isn't there any way possible to ening. Work-house help is employed She struggled to escape from his the days of the garrison turtle meat cross off just two or or three things in dragging in the corpses from the was a welcome item in the subsistence from that list?" and the old woman dead-wagon, and in packing them for department. Parties found much in imploringly, stroking the man's cheek burial, a simple matter enough.

the reptiles are helpless. Some examinand out impossible. The whole or nails, name and date of death put on

as the green turtle, so highly prozed, mind to sign and pump in, but all at river spewed him out, and the ghastly Key West is the grand station for the once she turned suddenly to the man freight is ready for shipment to the tention." Mr. Cobien wrote proverles latter, which are caught in the creeks and said, "Here, take your paper, I Potter's Field when the steamer among the mangroves, and kept for don't want to have anything more to comes on burial days, twice a week. the market in pens called "crawls." do with your old mill:" and off she Less than a score, probably, of the Most of the turiles of the New York hobbled toward home. When she are whole number of drowned persons turn up. rived all her neighbors came about her that are found in our rivers in the "Why, Mother Klappred, you have out a doubt they are all suicides.

> coughing and clearing her throat; "yes, mer comes a limited crop of boys, Lor! what's the use, just for this little when no policemen is in sight. Occa-

old woman nill. It looks like a big by means of them turn the mill. The pippin. This is all done in one turn

It is true, there is such a crush and erack that it goes to one's marrow to It's lovely. It is something as which henceforth the cemetery of the down at the heel. Ever in York?" when you wake in the morning after faknown dead only holds the key. the window, the birls are singing and fifty and two hundred human besies more in your bed and stretch yourself,

"I want to get ground over and be young again," said she to the man "But, bless me, what a journey it is from my town

"What is your name?" asked the

"Old Mother Klappred," "Sit down on the benck, Mother Klappred," said the grinder, and went into the mill, opened a great book and

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as that," nothing on this paper but a normer or that iron in the otherwise empty random of all the foolish things you pocket, tell the story more plainly than have ever done in your life. They are any coroner's verdict. Of the drunk all put down in exact order, just accen wanderer, the thieves who prowless mitted them. Before you are ground take care. Cases of mistaken identiover you must promise that when you fication by parents of children, or by come out young you will do them all children of father or mother, occur can over the list with a malicious ened and distorted features, and part

A Chastly Harvest Gleaned from New York Rivers.

Many Human Bodies Cast Up Every Year Scenes in the Morgue.

A New York letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, says .- All the year through dead bodies are found in the rivers, but in the spring the season opens at the morgne and at the potter's field. Jack Frost puts an end to it in No veinber. In the brief six months how many an anxious query is answered by comes out fresh and new if it did not hurt tearfully, she says: "Dear me, which is buried unfathomed, unsolved, to complexion rained, and I was all run which tearfully and the says: "Dear me, which have a says of the says the waters, how many a dreaded secret

Somewhere between a bundred and are east up by the rivers every year; the number varies. In hard times, and your joints crack a little, but it when business, higher than in more the record runs higher than in more when business is had and work scarce, A long way off from Apolda there prosperous years, and the excess is lived an old woman who had heard of credited to suicide. But, had seasons or good, quite one half of the "found drowned," are buried unclaimed and unrecognized. Who they were and how they met their fate is never found out. Sucked under in the mad whirl pool of metropolitan life, in which only the sum, not the individual, counts searchers who daily troop through the dead-house, hunting for some sign of who sat before the mill, with his missing friends, no one has a glance of interest or recognition for these outeasts. It happens, indeed, that some stranger's corpse floats ashore before I quit."

dressed in such rich clothing, with sewelry and gewgaws, that public interest is strongly excited by the newspaper account, which, in the end, brings the friends from a distance. But this is rare. The dock rats, who recken the rivers' dead as among their torn or turned inside out, perhaps, tell too often of their victims. For every rich "find" that escapes them and is chances of those who come after are vastly dimished. It may, too, be set down as a generally safe principle, that for than snow. people with money in their pockets rarely get drowned. Suicide, or the drunken groping about the piers at night account for the great mass of floaters, without a doubt. In either case the victim is not likely to have much money. Poverty is, of all, the mest frightful cause of suicide and said the grinder, laughing. "There is the occasional pawn ticket, the brick conling to the day and hour you coin about the piers at night know how to

over again, just in the order they every week at the morgue. Partly is its meanest disgrace age and rats, and scaked through and nessed in that shed unutterably sick "No," said the grinder, "that is out the lid spiked down with ten-penny with a pencil, if the tenant came from

with wondering eyes, exclaiming, course of the year are women. With come back just as old as you went. Men have a hundred chances to a woman's one of tumbling into the river "Y e.e.s, it's true enough," said she, by accident. In the spring and sumpounds, or several pounds to each man, woman and child.—Philocolephia

To labor is noble, let our tasks be has secrets which it does not divulge;

BROUGHT IN BY THE TIDE, that there are dead who never rise to the light of day. O hers are carried out to sea and thrown ashore on Staten Island or Bay R dge, where the tide sets in strongly, or pass beyond Sandy Hook to the great ocean, to be heard of no more.

A Tramp in a Powder-House.

"They tried the gum game on me down in Pennsylvaria." said the old there are ensures within us, tramp, as he got a fresh brace on the layer exercise the first tramp, as he got a fresh brace on the fence for his back, "but I came out ahead, considerably ahead."

"Well, I struck the town of York via the earth is filled with gladness, one day, and I didn't look a bit like a gentleman. My duels were old, my It we see no see lef some

"Well, the people in York neither send money to the beathen in Africa nor waste sympathy on the tramps in America. I struck thirtion houses in succession and dishit get a bite, and I was looking around for scrap-iron to tridge. stay my stomach when along comes an officer and gives me the collar. He the rain. was taking me to the conter when a - A polite way of dunning a definwagon drives up and the chap on the front seat calls out that he will give

a steady job for \$1 a day." "What at?" "You wait a minute. I didn't hank er for work, mind you, but I disin't care for the jug, and so, as the other was willing. I climbed into the wagon and away went. That job was in the powder houses which blew up the other day. The manager thought he had a big toke on me, and though I didn't like the idea of working over a videano. I turned to and put in three days

carrying powder to the storehouse, the taken. manager came into the building. There was a booted keg on the short, and I was smoking my pipe. He accordent. You can draw her out, just perquisites, are on the lookout for didn't notice this until be get just me but she "makes music" if you attempt such "douters," and empty pockets, and I had him cut off. Then I sits to shut her up. down by the busted keg, pulls away at my pipe, and says I: 'Mr Minager,' if we get there

"Well, on the third day, as I was

"Why did you quit?"

written up in the newspapers, the at the same moments you must give wer weather would prevent her from me a fair show." "W where " says he, his face whit-

" "At heaven gates," I answers." "With that he wanted to know if I hadn't rather take \$10 in cash all the money he had with him go west and run for office and become a great man; and bridget know but I would. He tossed me his wallet, renerling that the train would leave in about five minutes, and I picked it up and walked off. I reckoned being persued, but he didn't even well after me. The last I saw of him his legs were giving out at the knee, and a snew landscape was no comparison to his goer, is the accomplished. But quiet complexion. He may have picked up performer of a pratio selo was leaving another tramp since, but I guess not the stage, "that fellow can't play,

Perhaps the strongest man in Accorgia is Mr. Benssee, the blacksmith at Birchinore's shop, Maxey's. He is stands erect, and his musclesthrow it from here to that wagen (a get a dainty dish which does not ordidistance of flity yards; I use the marriy come into the market. hammer with my right hand, but I believe I am stronger in my left. Here, feel of this arm and the mincles; measure it if you want to. When tered one that I combin't manage. I could hold them, even if they were

"just my laxiness" or "just my mat about Luck and Labor. It would be well for boys to memorice them:

Luck is waiting for something to Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the

postman would come and bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays

Luck relies on chambes Labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence,

Labor strides up to independence.

The Royal Road. doe and ear the range for pain?

And a red to find a rest Built om ligger on sands of pleasures. Waves of mont must wash owny.

Suck no field to prove your proverse Be a here every day

Certific maniparts of whoese

All the horer flowers bloom

We can rear no weeds of week

And whose well known naught save. Inner RUMOROUS.

A bang up attair A dynamite car-

The bigger the pienic the heavier

quent is to send him a bouquet of for get-me-nota

A declaration of war. Throwing old tin cans and other retuse into the neighbors' varily. "No, sir," he said to the captain, "I

am not sensick, but I'm disgusted with the motion of the vessel." · A contemporary remark - with strict veracity that it is a cold day when ice cream is left in the hands of the con-

feetlemer.

Joshua could successfully command the sun to stand still, but he could never have kept a six-year-old son still while his photograph was being A cynical bachelor of another city says woman is a good deal like the

A young halv who read that hope were being seriously injured by wet weather, declared that no amount of

going to a good hop. A Berlin physician clames to have invented a machine for looking into the brain. It is probably a new fangled corkserew, although the old kind

A Baptist minister was once asset bow it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Preslaterian, "Well, my dear friend," he rediscover, Cupol mover studied the

"thouh" remarked the wase convert-I general not." Detect First Proc. Why, he don't wriggle his body, nor throw back his head, nor stock out his

tongue a far." Roast Horse in England.

There are many people, who profes about sex feet, for inches high, forse to beet, but as it is a point in disjuite a practical step for are prominent. He stands and the doubt is being taken in Manches with one hand raises a 12st ter. V humbred here stare stangilitered and takes a large part wheel in one hand and sold as "butcher's meat." The by one spoke and holds it out horizon. I trade is carried on in the poer distally at arm's length. On bearing of trees, where the steaks and really of his wonderful muscular power we purchase s at prices ranging from five went over last Monday to without before to eight pourse per pointd. There some of this modern Sampon's can be nepretense for saying that the strength, and when we asket him al-shot a healthy horse is not fit for about it, "Yee," and he, "I think I human food. There are epicures who country. I can take this anvil and has been their rare good fortune to

their is lit to be eaten, but whether a a holesome animal is killed for sale, It will not pay a butcher to buy a healthy horse to slaughter and retail at prices lower than is pani for beef, and it may therefore he safely assumed that the wild. I have never found a man that animals which and their way to the shambles are either diseased or so used up as to render them quite unsuitable by the butcher who deals in it and the unly way to check it is by regulating the same under specific conditions and this is what they are trying to bring about in Manchester. When the restrictions are enforced it will be interesting to note whether herselesh at eight pence per pound can compete with American best. Libergood Cou-

They Would Buth Feel Bad. Little boy Would Mr. Washington have felt bad if his little boy George,

had told a lie about the cherry tree? Father -Yes, my son. Little boy-Would you feel bad if

I should till a lie, father ? Father Vos. my Loy, we would both feel had. New York Times.