.E IRON HERALD.

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C. C. GRIFFEY, Editor.

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The Negaunee Iron Herald.

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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & WINDOW SHADES.
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NEELY & GREY,
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GENERAL HARDWARE,
TINWARE, GLASS,
COORSE, WOODENWARE, ETC.
NEGAUNEE, MICH. 10

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BARBERS AND HAIR DRESSERS
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
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DEALER IN
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Furnishes first-class accommodations to travelers at reasonable rates.

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
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Shop in the rear of Jackson's Store, Jackson-st.
This established Manufacturing Firm, with a reputation for manufacturing a superior article of Cigars, is now another half-year in the country, and intends to continue to make the best article of Cigars in the market, and sell at the lowest price.

GODFREY HOUSE,
Fronting the First End of Ground.
LUMM & PECK, Prop's.
A Private Institution for Treatment of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

DRS. CRUCIAL & SWAIN,
Gilmore and Hoagan who respectfully announce to the public that they have permanently located in Chicago for the purpose of devoting their entire attention to the public with results to the private diseases of the sexual organs.
Gentlemen who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, or any similar habit which has rendered the system nervous, debilitated, and the mind dull and forgetful, should immediately consult the Doctors.
Dr. Crucial's Specific Pills, Dr. Swain's Specific Pills, Dr. Crucial's Specific Lotion, Dr. Swain's Specific Lotion, Dr. Crucial's Specific Injection, Dr. Swain's Specific Injection, Dr. Crucial's Specific Bandages, Dr. Swain's Specific Bandages, Dr. Crucial's Specific Suspensories, Dr. Swain's Specific Suspensories, Dr. Crucial's Specific Bathing Tubes, Dr. Swain's Specific Bathing Tubes, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medicine, Dr. Swain's Specific Medicine, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Advice, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Advice, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Treatment, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Treatment, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Cure, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Cure, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Science, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Science, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Skill, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Skill, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Knowledge, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Knowledge, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Experience, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Experience, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Practice, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Practice, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included, Dr. Crucial's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office, Dr. Swain's Specific Medical Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included Office Hours Morning Noon Evening Night Sundays Included

IRON HERALD

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

C. C. GRIFFEY, Editor.

Thursday, May 30, 1872.

According to reports in the metropolitan papers, there was not a period of greater distress among the working girls of New York than the present. The lady superintendents of a single benevolent institution announce as among its twenty thousand applicants for work, cases their hearts bleed for. Surely a blind, and Christmas that have proved with a class that, in the best of times, fare no better than could be desired.

A note was dled recently in Religious Ideas, which we commend to all. It is his own choice language: "It is my desire that the foregoing project may be fully tested, and that I have a decided opinion of the best effects of law, I therefore hope none of my heirs will set the forged deed aside, so as to resort to the law for all legal strings in the distribution of the small amount of property I may leave or, if they so far forget themselves, I charge respite my executors to the price such portion of their share of the property that may be due them.

A description of the new lunatic asylum at Jackson which has been in use now for long building, will, time many time Eastern it, which have been accepted of her sides—nothing, we suppose. There were enough to sell in Tuscan market for—another ten years hence perhaps. The season, at first, what our knowledge may be good for.

Congressman Kasson appears to have a very serious and laudable idea of the financial situation of the country. He says that the scheme for a further issue of paper obligations is a suicide-idea to every encouragement of other directions. He observed that when were the encouragement of mechanic's domestic establishments was overpowering him, bringing in, estimates of his paper instead of enabling his paper—a task which he was entirely justified in the process proposition. Herald that the popular demand for referendal not include a demand for the repudiation of our public debts, or any portion thereof, as the provision for a sinking fund of the security created when the debt was contracted, the withdrawal of the security for our paper, or anything on the terms, without the consent of our creditors, would be a violation of our faith. Therefore the re-issue of the currency or the issuance of greenbacks is in degree as not of repudiation. We have not seen this discussion and by any friend of repudiation.

We know how it will end. Times will be let out in time to go on a Returning tour, issuing a new and new book of revelations, "We may be happy yet."

M. Van Benschot, in a paper read to the Academy of Science, Boston, expressed a doubt as to whether a human body swallowed by a whale would be in good condition three days afterwards—with, presumably the Biblical incident of Jonah's preservation. This, he raised a theological question, theologians again making the mistake of claiming infallibility for the historical and phenomenal portions of Scripture instead of its moral teachings, the only part about which there is any necessity to consider. Professor of the Catholic University at Lungan demanded in a letter that the Academy should treat the city cemetery at West Brighton, and the Academy having, with due caution, refused to do so, the two professors of Lungan have sent in their resignations. We have been where we drinking examples of cosmoling (for the pronunciation of both with neglecting the weighing matter of the law).

A colonel man, recently discharged, from Colorado, used the city nearly and pressure to back taxes. He lived in a miserable old house, rented for a year, and allowed himself none of the comforts of life. He owned real estate worth from $20,000 at least, and a large amount of bonds and cash. There were extravagant hints that, in returning back a dozen years, which he avoided paying by paying the city ten per cent, on the gross amount, which he for prudential, and thus he lost the money on mortgages for from eighteen to twenty-five per cent.

The hunt that the moment a dozen tribe has been on British soil he dies, also succeeded to the British Isands was on the gold coast of Africa. Slaves are finally bought and sold free.

A New Orleans jeuiter has decided that where two families occupy a house, one family can't say "Cupid," Jinks' over thirty times in succession without being liable to a fine for disturbing the peace.

An intelligent correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says that he went into the Cherokee Nation six months ago with his mind filled with unjust and horrible outrages committed there, but has learned that a large part of the Nation's territory without encountering any one of the blood-thirsty individuals whom writers in the interest of railroads describe as without number. He has learned that the Indians by all classes, and believes that the Cherokees have lately made great improvement. As proof of their progress he cites one of their laws, enacted by the National Council, providing acts for the erection of a code, appropriating $40,000 for public schools, Lancaster for the Orphan House Asylum, $50,000 for male and female seminaries, prohibiting the carrying of fire arms, and appropriating $50,000 to build a jail. He also pitches and monkey the Cherokees congress favorably with the people of the Western States.

ISHPEMING

Arrivals and Departures at Teacon.

ARRIVE.

Sixth and Third ..... 8 15 a m
Second Mail ..... 7 45 a. m.
Express to Marquette ..... 3 00 p. m.

DEPARTURE.

Sixth and Third ..... 8 15 a. m.
Express to Marquette ..... 3 00 p. m.
Second Mail ..... 7 45 a. m.

Mails close half an hour before time of departure of trains.

Money Order and Express Department open from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Office Hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 10 a. m. to 12 m.

J. DOUD, P. M.

NOTICE.—Hereafter the postoffice will be open on Sundays from 10 to 12 m.

Things are looking better with us, and the new jail, which we hope may now be completed, is a good sign. Our mining interests are looking up, and we are in a good way to have a good year of prosperity. We have no fears of the future, but feel quite confident that we will get in another big boom before the end of the year.

At an election of the Ishpeming Gas Company, held on Tuesday night, January 5th, the following were elected to serve the ensuing year:—

President—C. H. Gross.
Vice President—E. P. Bradley.
Secretary and Treasurer—Frank Butler.
Superintendent—Jno. Mann.
Trustees—Jno. Mann.

This being the first annual meeting, no reports were made. The company are still satisfied with themselves and the people are satisfied with the company.

Don't fook with those spectacles that are in your pocket unless you are sure they are yours. Either use either one yourself.

F. Austin tried to secure his horse and sleigh last night, but failed. Somebody made horse-flesh up.

Ishpeming boasts some geological wonders. The bottom mining and exclusive. Prize for an answer, Boston.

Ishpeming's service will be held at Negaunee next Sabbath, and Sunday, Oct. 18 & 19, at 2 o'clock.

It is very nearly settled to have some of the boys "rehearse off" each month in order to keep up with the Times and Bulletin.

The Catholic church of this city is active in the very cause of Relic is to be a comfy, and during Lent it will be open and open monthly.

A dog fight is worth chronicling, but it seems to end that one snapped on the tail of Mr. and Mrs. Grace's Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Wood held services on Sunday last at the Barber school, and the children will be pleased to have him with them on Sunday afternoon.

Readers of the Marquette Journal of Sunday last will see a saying "Throw any jail at Silver Lake and Pinnacle, Good Lord indeed."

Little don't be deceived, but know that Jones and wife there is a wide-awake tobacco shelf, on that young man's other side, and he will be found in "Grace's."

The Baptist minister from Marquette delivered an excellent sermon Sunday evening in the Baptist church in the city. A much swelling audience attended.

Just remember to thank the Lord that you are not going around on a cow, or you may have to, then, the next time you feel like a disease, which, young man.

The Infirmary Negaunee and, "the Sabbath-breaking Ishpeming." Sunday Times New York. "Do as Jones, Smith and wife, Grace and Jones."

The Pat Hindle, or Jig Handle, railroad, stops half a dozen miles of our place and Negaunee, on a month.

If Lake Angeline were a large lake and Pinnacle a large pinnacle, and the whole company upon which our city is built a chain of green grass, it would not suffice to hold a candle to the sun up west. Hurrah! please R. S. V. P.

"Not Yours" contraband to the contrary notwithstanding. Pay now with, and this is intended to title logs for the week ending yesterday per year. Ishpeming is the best general town, the most orderly and, we feel, the best local of any in the whole Upper Peninsula.

Hatch of the 273 single barrels lately of Kendall's. Hatch of the dozen tailor "Chewy" and "Chewy" to pick the weight, and the number

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1874.

Sa ganaw, Hemlock & Saginaw Railroad.

Going East.		Going West.
Mail at 1 P. M.		Mail at 1 P. M.
Night		Night .....

Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.
Mail		Mail .....
Night		Night .....

Pay Office Time Table.

Mails Close.	
For the North	9.30 A. M.
For the South	9.30 A. M.
For Saginaw and East	1.00 P. M.
For the West	1.00 P. M.
From the North	10.00 A. M.
From Saginaw and East	10.00 A. M.

A Lodge-room pounds actual weight of our type since placed in the office of the Tuscola Times. It looks like a little bales of old clothes, and for mechanics of desire to get up the weight of the book we have seen.

A Small quantity of hemlock still was received at the Grove last week, and some hoisting the stuff on to the scales. The lot was discharged in time to produce much dodgers.

A paragraph in the "Mining Journal" of Saturday mentions that "the annual review of the mineral trade of Lake Superior," will be out, filled with the news of the year for the present week.

It is a fact that, although the tariff upon hemlock shingles has stuck, there has been no fall in the retail price of these articles. It speculators only have benefited by the change they have not let the cat out, in small, as the sale of shingles has been very light for some time. The duty has not yet reached the consumer, and the source it is contained the better it will be.

Strange what a difference it makes when a man's circumstances change! He is to be taken as Sunday or not.

"We were good friends," says an Iowa paper of a deceased acquaintance, "but when he became rich he was a stuck-up, and we quarreled."

A MISTAKE.—The statement that the Jackson Star Company are to make their December prospects in greenbacks, is incorrect. The entire profit of the office will be applied with last month's paper and the balance will be paid in gold.

The Chicago and Northwestern says, for late as 7.30 P. M. was it light or was there heavy fog enough to make it proper to light the lamps?

The proprietors of Doctor Hostetter's Bitters will, on receipt of a card or letter, send a book on the Bitters, containing through the street, with an overcoat lasting equal to one.

It has almost become a proverb that writers are poor patrons, but what a 'a news is bailed for money always poor patrons are to other.

A country school teacher of many years experience has arrived at the conclusion that the easy way to teach a young idea is to pinch it to supply a sufficiency for asking questions of some one else.

If you ever heard of a man who kept a good New Year's resolution he is entitled to be spoken of as a saint, especially if people know you are anxious about his good years. We never have met a man who didn't broken some resolution before the year was out. He didn't the first month.

An Lowville, of the course of "Facts" or something like it, said he was worried at talk about having the self of Parsley growing by a prominent colored man of his place. The said was he is a good citizen and a good man, and if you having said were you than being brought in paper based on strong indictment that, this he didn't know anything.

The return of cold weather has made the brickmakers and dealers in blind hay.

The warm weather of last week left the snow down in a new fort level. Street crossings disappeared, and the ice on the ponds disappeared, but made it better than ever.

During the cold of Saturday, the coal was spread on the floors or placed at the foot-boxes remaining and a "great-to-find" occurred. Every house in the office of the Northern part of the city had to be visited, and the boxes in a day made with coal, to the spot of with a bag, and the boxes in the office of the Times, etc., and so have been used with a well, or bread, and, spitting the hats of the paper.

Information wanted in regard to the whereabouts of James White who left Saginaw on or about the 20th of December about which time orders for him were received from his father in Ireland. Any letter to be addressed to the office of the Tuscola Times will be duly received by Mrs. Mary Smith, Saginaw City, Mich.

The business of the city Spine is nearly lively. Civil business principally.

The "chills" of last week seem to have left Saginaw and seem to be pleased. The will be steady cold weather is generally expressed.

It is currently reported that the people of Saginaw are soon to enjoy the luxury of a Turkish bath establishment. Application has been made to the proper authorities. If we correctly interpret the signs, it will be a good, and well-attended and well-patronized establishment.

NEW BOOK.—Mr. J. Caffee is now out some title and adjudging pictures for a valuable book entitled "Home Life in the Holies." The book very nicely gotten up in beautiful cloth and interesting, and, as we have seen it, we should say it will be the Christmas acceptance.

Mr. Carter is also canvassing for "The People's Illustrated Edition of the Bible Dictionary," which he is offering to furnish at prices exceedingly low, and which is accompanied from this elegant edition of the Bible with this much of a recommendation. As he calls upon you, give the subject a kind reception.

A Lady who offers to furnish "some story" to a Michigan paper, is in a quandary. S. S. I can meet you man poem to, and not young reason I can from the tariff repeal, for I was such poem as well as one. They of for to mean enough to confine on the ground of poverty reported dated to my grain.

"Where are your goings?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a place where people are supposed to be good. Little Bob, "I'm going to church to hear my ma." I have had on the very eighteen years, and I have never yet told fellows, if you have been "Strolling in church-time, and, and, and

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild, touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home,
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon the mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep
O'er the earth like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; and empires rise,
Gathering the strong of hoary centuries,
And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and glorious blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.

WHEN THE WOOD WAS OUT.

A New Year's Story.

Six o'clock of a Sunday evening in a New England village. Outside, the snow falling silently and heavily; indoors, a stove, keeping all warm in a tidy little parlor. A stove, with its black funnel stuck through the fire board that covered the broad, deep, old-fashioned fire-place, where our grandfathers could afford to burn great, cheerful logs, was not a very enlivening object; but Bessie Paige, sitting by it and looking in through the open door of it at the little bright-eyed coals, couldn't have looked happier if her eyes had rested on mounting flames and crackling wood.

She sat with her head a little on one side, and a dreamy, faint smile on her lips, and in her eyes a wondrous depth of joy.

Her brother, a boy of ten years, who was conning a lesson-book at her side, looked up into her face for a moment, and remembered a verse the clergyman had read that morning: "And they saw his face like the face of an angel."

Bessie went to the window and watched the snow. The boy came quietly to her and stole his hand into hers.

"How thick it lies, Jim; and how mysteriously it comes, like our blessings from heaven; and how it drifts, fast, fast! It blows to the west, Jim. Sometimes I would like to follow it there, but not to-night. I can stay here to-night, and wait so gladly. The pretty, soft-fingered snow!"

She seemed to be talking to herself, not to the boy. He looked up a little wonderingly.

"You didn't use to like the snow, Bessie."

She smiled and put her hand on the boy's head, looking into his face. "I don't mind it to-night, dear. I have such a dear, good brother to clear the path for me in the morning. I don't know what I should do without you, Jim. You're such a comfort."

"I shall be able to do more and more for you, as I grow bigger, Bessie. I could take such good care of you."

"I shan't ask you to do that always, Jim," she answered, with another little smile.

A sharp gust of wind blowing in through the crack of the not very tight window made the boy draw her away from it to the stove again.

"I can keep you from taking cold now, Bessie."

Bessie stood on tiptoe to look at herself in the mirror that hung above the high, old-fashioned mantel-piece. The late Mrs. Paige was a tall woman, and the house had been refurnished for her convenience when Dr. Paige brought her home—his second wife.

Dr. Paige was one of those unpractical men of unsalable talents, and by some queer turn of fortune's wheel he found himself and his books settled in this little New England village, to preach, for a very small salary, sermons far beyond the appreciation of his hearers, who, indeed, thought him rather a stupid preacher, but loved him and bore his sermons for the sake of his social qualities and charitable heart. His first wife, Bessie's mother, was a city woman; pretty, delicate and cultivated, loving her husband so devotedly as to make it a small sacrifice to her to give up all society of her equals but his; and with a broad humanity and simplicity that made her not hold herself aloof, but find many warm friends among the excellent village people. And when, in a few years, she passed away from among them, leaving her little girl, only two years old then, there was not one in the village who did not count him or herself chief mourner.

Dr. Paige's second wife was a village beauty. It was said that she married him, and that he had little to do with it except to refurnish his house for her. Be that as it may, she was a good wife to him, and taught Bessie many a household economy and housewifery accomplishment, and gave her the little brother she loved so dearly. She was one of those restless, strong, energetic women, who do more than any one human being can do and live, and suddenly she broke down and died; and, last of all, her husband died also. So Bessie and Jim lived on the little money Bessie's mother had left her, and found it enough for her simple wants.

Let us return from our little digression to Bessie, standing on tip-toe, looking at herself in the mirror hung over the high mantel-piece. The mirror was decorated with greens, for it was the day after Christmas. Two holidays together! Two whole days in which Bessie had neither darned stockings nor mended Jim's trowsers, and so had had time to dream.

It was a dear little face she saw in the mirror, with calm, brown eyes, and soft brown hair, and long brown lashes; a little face, with dimpled, pink cheeks, very young, very sweet, but very womanly.

"Twenty-two! Twenty-two! Twenty-two!" said Bessie.

"What!" said Jim.

"I said I was twenty-two, dear," she answered, returning to the stove.

"What a little grandmother! More than twice as old as I," said the boy, making her sit down and jumping on her knee. He had a way of returning to babyhood sometimes when they were quite alone. She pressed him in her arms and kissed his forehead. He threw his arms round her neck, and tried to kiss her lips; but she turned her cheek to him, laughing.

"Bessie, why will you never let me kiss your lips?"

"They're not mine to give you, dear," with a bright blush mantling up to the roots of her hair.

"What do you mean?"

"No matter, Jim. Do you know your lesson for to-morrow?"

"Guess not;" and he resumed his seat by her side and his book, and she her contemplation of the red coals and her sweet far-away smile.

Presently she got up and put more coal on the fire; took up a stick of wood as if she would add that to the flame, and then laid it down again by the side of the stove.

"Bessie, do you know the wood is almost out?"

"Yes, Jim," with a happy sound in her voice, as if, in some mysterious manner the fact was a pleasant one.

"We'll have to buy some more, and hire somebody to cut and put it in."

"Perhaps so. Do you know your lesson now?"

"Yes. Will you hear me?"

She took the book, and asked the questions printed there in a mechanical way, as if she was not thinking of them, and the sound of the boy's voice in answering seemed not his, but the outspeaking of her thoughts. So that to her the lesson was something in this fashion:

Question. "How many States are there in the United States?"

Answer. "I have cut and piled wood enough to last you until I come back again, dear Heart."

Q. "Into how many sections are they divided?"

A. "And you'll know when I'm coming, dear, by the wood's being out."

Q. What States form the Eastern or New England section?"

A. "O, dear John! Two whole years! How can I let you go? I shall be twenty-two years old when you come back!"

"You'll be my little wife, dear, when I come back."

"That's our secret, John. You haven't told anybody?"

"No, not even my mother."

Here Bessie saw a tall figure in the doorway of the wood-house, against a gray winter sky and bare branches of the elm trees. His arm held her closely, and he looked into her eyes.

"It will be a pleasant thought to me, Bessie, that my work is helping you here while I am working for our future so far away—"

Bessie was dragged back into the present out of her dream by Jim's voice:

"Why, Bessie, I've answered long ago. Why don't you ask me another?"

And Bessie blushed, and gave herself a little shake, and began with much apparent interest:

Q. "Which are the Northern or Middle States?"

A. "New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania."

Q. "What States comprise the Southern section of the Union?"

A. "Maryland—"

And here Bessie drifted back into her retrospective dream. She and the tall man were walking away from the wood-house, up the little garden walk into the back door, into the little parlor; there they sat building air-castles, and confidently planning the life two whole years off, until they had almost forgotten the pain of parting and absence that lay between.

Presently a boy shouting in the village street made them start; made Bessie say: "Now, you must go, darling!" And with a hurried embrace, and a "God bless you, little girl!" the tall man walked away, and Bessie went into her kitchen, where the shouting boy soon found her cooking his dinner, but not too busy to kiss his rosy cheeks and bring him to the fire to warm his fingers and ask him interested questions about his school.

A sudden consciousness of a pause in Jim's voice made Bessie again become school-mistress, and, earnestly hoping she hadn't missed any questions, she guessed at her place, and went on:

Q. "Which have a seacoast on the Atlantic?"

And then she was lost again in her dream. Some one knocked at the door in the evening when the lamp was lighted, and Bessie was at the piano singing, while Jim studied and listened in the intervals, again, in her dream, the tall man entered the little parlor, and Bessie had two for audience apparently, though in truth she remembered but one, and sang to him. The tall man picked up a music-book of her mother's, and turned the pages until he found one song he liked best, and then asked Bessie to sing it. It was a week day, but the song he had selected was sacred music:

"Trust in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give the thy heart's desires."

Bessie remembered how she had sung it with the tears rising in her eyes, and then had closed the piano; how the tall man talked to Jim the rest of the evening, or at least until Jim went to bed and left them there alone.

"Well, Bessie!" this from Jim, waiting patiently for the next question.

Q. "What States comprise the Western section of the Union?"

And Bessie was dreaming again. She and the tall man sat in silence when Jim had closed the door behind him—sat, in utter silence, side by side, sometimes seeking courage in each other's eyes, or strength from the touch of each other's hands. the village clock tolled out ten—it was their usual hour for good-night.

"I can't go now, Bessie, my last night!"

And then she wept, and he tried to comfort her. Eleven o'clock tolled through the silent village. It was no easier to go then.

"If you are ill, John, you'll let me know at once?"

"Yes, darling."

"You promise?"

"I promise, sweetheart."

Twelve o'clock! Bessie put her hands over her ears that she might not hear it, and then, very inconsistently, went and unbolted the door, and seemed impatient to have the parting over. In silence the tall man pressed her in his arms, and went out into the night. He came back again before he had gone many steps, took her face between his hands, and looked into it. He closed his eyes, as if he would shut the dear face in and keep it there, and again he hurried away; and she stood in the doorway gazing intently after him through the darkness. At the sound of the latch of the gate she called him, and he came back again.

"Don't go, John!"

"No, darling!"

And he stayed until the relentless clock—cried out *one*. And Bessie tore herself away from him and bolted him out. Now she was in the little parlor alone, with a sore pain at her heart.

A tap at the window pane. She opened the window with haste and joy. It was John again, to say good bye once more, to reach up to her and draw her down to him for one blissful moment, and she had shut out the cold night air, and stood alone, weeping. Two years was so long. It was so far away—California.

Some one really said California. Bessie started and waked. Jim had said it, and was going on:

"California, Oregon and Nevada."

Bessie had very vague ideas of what her lover was doing in California—how he was making the money that was to make their marriage possible. She wrote to him once a fortnight, and he wasn't much of a scribe, and wrote once in a while little, short, loving letters, the main part of which was:

"I love you, darling. I long to see you. I am getting on splendidly. Look for me by the time the wood is out."

Monday morning the village was astir again. Just as if Christmas, and the quiet Sunday following had never been, except for the greens which still decorated the shop-windows. The village blacksmith appeared at his forge, as smutty as if he had not been seen, washed and clean, sitting in his pew on Sunday morning. The village grocer drove his hard bargains, the village barber retailed the news and curtailed the beards of the village, and the village "Charitable Soup Society" held its meeting in the Sunday School rooms, under the management of Miss Pobjoy, who indeed managed everything and owned everybody in the village, and knew more about people than they did themselves. She was a lady of a plain visage, some fifty years of age, with a very soft, insinuating voice, and a slight lisp. To Miss Pobjoy, sorting and tying up bundles of soup tickets, entered Mrs. Crowell, the doctor's wife.

"Is that you, dear?" said Miss Pobjoy. "I've been into the kitchen to look at the soup, and it's excellent. I am sure the poor creatures should be thankful that the Lord sends them such good things. So I said to my little German cobbler this morning. His wife is sick; and I said to him that he had only to come here to get the soup, and I gave him some tickets, but he made some excuse about having to take care of the babies. You know they've got twins, and their place is so dirty I really couldn't sit down in it. Just pure laziness, I think. But I said to him, 'Don't despair. The Lord will provide.' How is your baby, dear—and the doctor? Charming as ever, I suppose?"

"Baby's well, thank you; and the doctor has just gone to see your German cobbler's wife, and I sent my girl there to clean the place a little, and take them a few things."

"Dear me! I'm afraid you'll spoil them, you dear, charitable creature! Don't make them dependent. Here comes poor Mrs. Hotchkiss. How she mourns that husband of hers: just as much as the day he died, ten years ago! Good morning, dear; I'm so glad you felt able to come!"

Mrs. Hotchkiss, a widow in conspicuous weeds, sighed out a "Thank you!" and threw herself into a chair.

"Well, Christmas is over," she exclaimed, "I'm grateful to say. Anniversaries are so painful to people who have known sorrow."

"Yes, dear, so painful!" said Miss Pobjoy, sympathetically. "But the music was good at church, and the sermon so nice and spiritual."

"Yes," said the widow, doubtfully, "but I couldn't get over seeing Bessie Paige. I do like to see people show some feeling."

Mrs. Crowell ventured to suggest that some people didn't *show* all they had; but her remark passed unnoticed.

"Why, how, dear?" said Miss Pobjoy to the widow.

"Why, don't you remember that it was two years ago on Christmas that Bessie Paige buried her father. And there she was with a red bow in her bonnet, as smiling and chipper as if the day had no associations for her. And when they sang the hymn, really the joy expressed in her voice was enough to make any one of my sensitiveness sick with heartache for such hardness."

Mrs. Crowell was seen to smile, but said nothing.

"Is Miss Pobjoy saying something amusing?" said a lady just entering.

"I have never seen Miss Pobjoy when she was not entertaining, Miss Flint," answered the doctor's wife. "In fact, she's a host in herself."

"You're too good, dear," said Miss Pobjoy, well pleased. "Sarah Flint, I'm glad to see you. Come right here and tell me the news."

Miss Flint and Miss Pobjoy felt themselves in their element when they were together. It was an element dangerous to the rest of the world, however delightful to the two ladies who made it.

"There's no special news, dear," answered Miss Flint to the other's question, "except about John Washburn and Silas Bangs. I just met Bangs at the postoffice. 'Got a letter from my Silas,' says she. 'He's coming home. Be here most as soon as the letter, he says—next Friday perhaps, or Saturday.' And then she told me ever so much about him and John Washburn. John's coming home with him. They've been getting on splendidly in California. Silas Bangs says John's a great favorite with his principal, and every one thinks John might have his daughter for the asking. It would be a thing good for him, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed! She'd have all her father's money, I suppose?"

"Every cent."

"Well, I'm sure I wish them every happiness,"

"Of course you do, you dear, charitable thing."

"I thought," said the widow, "he used to be very attentive to that hard-hearted little Bessie Paige. But I'm glad to hear that there was nothing in it. He deserves a better wife. How little she is like her dear, lamented father!"

During this conversation Mrs. Crowell had gone into the kitchen, from which she now emerged, saying that the soup was quite ready and the ticket-holders waiting down stairs, and hadn't they better come up at once?

"To be sure, to be sure," said Miss Pobjoy; "let the poor creatures come up," and Mrs. Crowell went down to see that they did come up, while Miss Pobjoy proceeded to ladle out soup with the air of its being all her own beneficent giving.

The next morning Bessie Paige, with a bright, happy face, stepped into the village grocery, where Miss Pobjoy was doing a great deal of bargaining over a small keg of fish.

"Good morning, Bessie. How well you look, my dear!"

"Thank you, Miss Pobjoy. You are well, too, I hope?"

"As well as can be expected, dear. Attend to your business first; I like to take my time. Yes, really I insist. Have you heard the news?"

"No! What news?"

"Why, that Silas Bangs and John Washburn are coming home this week."

"Yes'm," said Bessie, diving into a barrel of apples to hide her blushing face.

"They've been getting on splendidly in California. Silas says John's going to marry his principal's daughter."

Bessie popped her head out of the barrel with nervous haste, but, meeting Miss Pobjoy's eye, plunged in again. "Oh!" she says from the depths of the barrel. "Is she pretty? I mean who told you? Where did you hear it?"

"From Silas Bangs' mother. Oh! there's no mistake. It will be a good thing for him, won't it?"

"Excellent!" says Bessie, emerging from the barrel with a scared, white face. "These are very good apples, Mr. Ketchum. Send me five pounds of them and a peck of butter, and a—a barrel of *salt*." And leaving Miss Pobjoy smiling and the grocer dumb with amazement, Bessie went out into the street, and in a blind sort of way found the road toward home, and stalked like a ghost into her little parlor. There Jim found her, standing with her bonnet and shawl still on, when he came in from school for his dinner.

"Dinner ready, Bess?"

Bessie started like one from sleep, and said no, she hadn't cooked it, and proceeded to set before the wondrous boy a lunch of brown bread and milk and apples. "You shall have your dinner at supper time," she said.

But at supper time Jim found that she had put salt in the pudding and sugar in the mutton-hash. She ate nothing herself, and didn't notice that he ate neither meat nor pudding.

Jim studied his lessons sitting by the stove as usual, while Bessie sat idle and silent, with a pale face and strangely bright eyes, not remarking the boy's troubled gaze as he paused often in his lesson to try to read the mystery. She kissed him when he bade her good night, but as if unconsciously and merely from habit.

Jim waked from a troubled dream just at daybreak, and heard some one creeping up stairs, and then the door of Bessie's room shut. He wondered if she had not been to bed all night.

At breakfast her cheeks had a hectic glow, and her eyes were supernaturally bright. She talked fast and excitedly, and loaded Jim's plate with good things, telling him that he must be starved, as he had eaten no dinner the day before, seeming to forget that she had made supper a dinner.

Jim ventured to remonstrate at her eating nothing, but she pleaded a headache. It was the same at dinner and at supper, and in the evening she played gay tunes on the piano, and sang for the boy her loveliest songs. But it was a merriment that was strange to him, and he slept uneasily for thinking of it, and waked again when it was nearly light, to hear footsteps creeping up the stairs.

He stole out of bed and opened the door of his room, and saw Bessie with a wan face and bowed head, just going into her room, and he crept back to his bed, weeping for the unknown sorrow that had fallen upon his sister.

A few hours later, when he went down to breakfast, he found Bessie watching for the kettle to boil. As soon as this happened she took hold of it to lift it, but it seemed too heavy for her. She tried again, and gave it up, sinking into a chair.

"I believe I'm not well, Jim. I can't lift the kettle. You must make your own tea."

"Dear Bessie," said the boy, "let me go for the doctor."

With unexpected warmth she turned upon him, saying, "No! I forbid you to go. If you do, I shall be displeased. I only want rest and quiet. I'm tired. I've a headache."

He dared not ask her what was the matter. He quietly put away his school-books and prepared to spend the day at home; made the tea, and made Bessie drink a cup and lie down on the parlor sofa afterward, covered up with shawls, while he was housemaid, chambermaid, cook, nurse, and everything else that day. At nine o'clock he put her to bed, and he could not help it if she lay with wide-open eyes until the sun shone over the snow-covered village. It was the day before the new year. She was as quiet and patient as a little sick child all day. She drank the tea and broth Jim made for her quite obediently, and sat with her hands listlessly in her lap watching him go in and out.

It began to snow again toward evening, and Bessie shivered, and said she felt it all through the marrow of her bones. Jim piled on the coal and made a warm fire.

"Put on some wood, Jim, to make a blaze."

"There's no more, Bess; it's all out."

"You needn't tell me so," said his sister, fiercely, and burst into a fit of weeping, while the boy stood frightened, and wondering what he had done.

She pushed him away when he would have comforted her, but called him to her again when he would have gone away, and kissed him with intense affection, saying that he was all she had in the world, and it was a shame to speak so to him. Would he forgive her? God bless him! God bless him!

At eight o'clock the fire began to burn low. Jim put on the last scuttleful of coal.

"We've been so lavish of coal these last days," he said, "that I find we're out of that, too. Won't you come to bed, Bess? I'll be up early in the morning, and get both wood and coal, and have a nice bright fire for you before you're up. It will be New Year's morning, Bess. Do come to bed before the fire's out."

But she shook her head and said: "Go yourself, Jim. I'll come presently. I'd rather be alone. Go, dear."

He went out of the room, at least, but not to bed; out into the falling snow, hoping to find the shop still open where he could get a little more coal for the night at least, and scolding himself that in his anxiety about his sister he had allowed his store to come to this inconvenient end.

He came in at nine o'clock with a scuttle of coal in his hand. Bessie was sitting with her face in her hands, but started and looked up as he entered the door.

"Why, Jim, I thought you were in bed?"

"No, I went out to get some coal; the shop was closed, but it will be open for an hour very early in the morning. I got this of our neighbor."

"Who?"

"Miss Porter. And she told me that Mrs. Bangs had been there in a great state of mind about the trains being delayed by the snow. She's expecting Silas by it."

But Bessie was not listening, nor did she know when Jim poured his scuttle of coal on the fire and left the room.

She heard the village clock striking the hours, and remembered bitterly how she had heard it before late at night, when she sat there not alone. She remembered that the next day began the new year, and wondered what she could do with a new year. New or old was all the same to her now. She remembered how young she was, and drearily remembered how many long years must lie before her, desolate and barren. Was she really young? She felt so very old now. Why would the clock keep striking so! Every stroke seemed a death-knell. So she must live, and pretend to be like other people, and take care of the house, and mend Jim's stockings. What a pile of them lay unmended in her room! She would mend them to-morrow. Poor Jim! Oh, how the wind whistled and the windows rattled! She didn't know that she was very cold. Cold to the heart's core.

It seemed a lump of ice she carried there in her breast, not a heart. Perhaps she shouldn't care much. Nothing would make any matter to her now.

She wondered if dead people didn't feel just as she felt now, and saw all that went on about them, and heard the clocks strike so, and saw the ghastly early light come in at the windows, and creep over the floor to their feet so, with no warmth in it; if they heard people knock at the door so, and push it open without waiting, and heard the heavy tramp of feet in the hall so, of the people who came to carry them out to bury them under the cold earth where the snow lay.

Suddenly she cried out with a wild cry, for the parlor door had been thrown open, and the tramp of feet in the hall were but the feet of one man. A tall man, half covered with snow, who stood in the door-way, with the dawn shining on his face.

She looked in his eyes and knew the truth.

In a moment he held her in his strong arms, and kissed her pale cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and said:

"A happy New Year to my little girl!"

And it was a happy New Year.

DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS.—Business men, worn by care and sedentary habits, often suffer from constipation of the bowels, until the evil consequences of such a condition are realized in extreme debility, nervousness and prostration of the vital energies of the system. And it may be safely asserted that a majority of the female sex are little better than invalids, from the same cause; but by using DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, this natural aperient and tonic brings back the vigor and buoyancy of health, happiness and beauty. Pure blood is essential to sound health and long life. No chronic disease, sores, ulcers, skin eruptions, glandulous swellings, discharges from the ear, sore eyes, sores or cankers in the mouth, will ever appear if the blood is pure. To secure this take DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS. It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-Giving Principle, increasing the power of digestion, and exciting the absorbents into healthy action, whereby all impurities of the system are carried off. 23

THE King of Ashantee not only asserts his sovereignty over Cape Coast Castle and the other British settlements, but tells his tributary chiefs of the interior that the Queen of England is one of his wives, and manages his cotton and tobacco plantations. A short time before the war he sent word to the English that he had heard that the forts at Cape Coast Castle and Elmina were in a very dirty condition, and wanted them cleansed and whitewashed, as he intended to inspect them.

IN the neighborhood of Hammery Park, Penn., eleven bears have made their appearance in three days' time. Four of these were killed, and the farmers and boys were, at last accounts, on the mountains looking for the others. One of the bears was killed by a man who waded into a stream, and dispatched it with a club, after a long struggle, amid the shouts of men and boys, and the cries of frightened women and young girls.

ALL those that did not reply to our advertisement last week are requested to do so at once, and buy the Elmwood and Warwick collars.—[Com.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Grandmother's Diplomacy.

Eva, the fair, with soft flaxen hair,
And clear azure eyes, like her fatherland's skies,
Said, shyly and low, with dimples aglow,
"Mamma, will you bring
A little gold ring
From the town, when to-morrow you go?"

But the grave mamma's eyes were solemn and wise;
"Why, Eva, my dear, you are only a child,
And should think of your books
Instead of your looks;"
So, sagely, the grave mamma smiled.
"Of vain, foolish things,
Like jewels and rings,
Don't think till you're older, my child."

Grandma, the fair, with soft silver hair,
In her eyes a "long-ago" look,
With a half-musing sigh her glasses laid by,
And dreamily turned from her book:
"Rings, did you say?
My thoughts were away;
I remember so well the first that you wore!
You often had coaxed me for trinkets before;
And once, in the town of Hamburgh, I bought
A tiny gold ring, so quaintly wrought—
How you danced and sang for joy that day—
Do you remember it, daughter May?
Ah, me! ah, me!
So long ago!
You scarcely were old as Eva, I know."
Eva shook down the ringlets bright,
To hide in her eyes the mischievous light;
Mamma, carefully guided her seams;
Grandma went back to her "long-ago" dreams.
O! rare diplomacy,
Quietly wrought,
In the town on the morrow the ring was bought!

Claud and the Little Birds.

"Claud," said his mamma, one day, "would you like to see a bird's nest?"

"Oh, yes!" said Claud, jumping up and down with delight; "where is it?"

"I will take you to see it," said his mamma; "but I shall blindfold you."

"What for, mamma?" asked Claud, anxiously.

"Because if you should go there often you would disturb the pretty little mother-bird, and she would go away and leave the eggs."

"Then I could have 'em!" said Claud, eagerly.

"But she would feel bad to lose them; so I shall not let you see where it is. If you want to go you must be blindfolded."

"Will it hurt?" Claud asked, hesitating.

"No, of course not," laughed mamma, taking out a clean white handkerchief and folding it up cornerwise. "Now let me tie this on."

Claud came up, had the bandage tied on, took mamma's hand, and they started out.

"Now I'm a blind man, like poor old Roger in my book, and you're my dog to lead me. Ain't you a pretty big dog, mamma?"

"I should think I was," said mamma, laughing.

When they were on the walk there began a curious and mysterious performance. First mamma led him a little way toward the barn; then she turned and walked toward the chicken-house; then she went back past the house, down by the fountain to the front gate; and then she led him over all the winding paths of the yard. After that she turned him around several times, so he would not know which way he was going, and at last she led him across the grass and up to a little rose-bush, not twenty feet from the front gate. Holding her dress around him, so that he couldn't look out, she slipped up the bandage and let him look.

There on the ground, away under the bush, was a cunning little nest, and in it were four pretty speckled eggs. Claud could hardly believe his eyes. Such tiny bits of eggs, and such a cunning little nest.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, eagerly, "oh, do let me take it home and put it on the piazza!"

"No," said mamma; "you wouldn't want to take away the poor little bird's house, would you? By and by four tiny bits of birds will come out of them, and then I'll bring you again to see them."

"It's ever 'n' ever so far from our house, ain't it?" asked Claud, innocently.

"So far that I think you'll never find it," said mamma. Then she blindfolded him again, and by the same winding way led him back to the house.

Every day after that Claud might be seen wandering away off at the end of the lawn, looking eagerly at the foot of every bush, trying to find that bird's nest.

Mamma kept her word, and in a few days she took him, in the same mysterious way, to see four little wide-mouthed birds. A day or two after this Claud was playing on the grass near the fence, and he saw a bird fly down into the grass at the foot of that very rose-bush. Then he heard a loud peeping, and he ran up to see what it was. The old bird flew up as he came near, and there was the nest full of birdies. He stood looking at them, never suspecting that it was the same family that he had seen, when a big boy, who lived near, noticed him through the fence.

"What you looking at?" he asked.

"Little birds," answered Claud, not looking up, "with big mouts, and not any f athers."

"Give me one," said the boy.

"T ain't mine," said Claud; "b'long to their mamma."

"Well, just bring one here for me to look at," said the big boy; "I want to see what kind it is. Come, I'll give you some candy if you will," he added, coaxingly.

Candy was a great temptation to Claud; so, after a moment's hesitation, he carefully took up one of the droll-looking things, and carried it down to the fence. The boy snatched it and ran off.

"Here!" cried Claud, "where's the candy? an' you must n't take it away!"

"Wait there till I bring it," said the boy with a laugh, as he turned around the corner.

Claud waited a long time, till his mother came out and called him. He went up to the big tree where she was sitting, and told her the whole story.

"Why, Claud," said she, "that is a bad boy, and he just promised you the candy to get you to bring him a bird. He did n't mean to give it back; and now the poor little mamma will feel bad."

Claud began to cry.

"I told you not to talk to that boy," said mamma.

"I didn't," sobbed Claud; "he talked to me."

"I think," said mamma, "that I'd better tie up these little hands, so that they can't do any more mischief; don't you?"

"Y-e-s," said Claud, hesitatingly.

So mamma laid his arms across each other and tied them with his handkerchief. And then she told him the whole story of the birds—how the mamma and papa birds came there in the spring, and found that cozy little place under the rose-bush, and how they went off and brought horse hairs and other things, and made a nice little house, and then the mamma bird laid four eggs, and sat on them all the time, and hardly left them a minute till the little birds broke open the shells and came out. And then when she was gone out to hunt up something for them to eat, a naughty boy came and carried off one of her dear little babies.

Claud hung his head and felt very much ashamed, and very sorry, and promised that if his naughty hands wanted to touch any more birds he would come right to mamma and have them tied up.—*Little Corporal.*

A Story of a Grizzly Bear.

"Now, uncle, we are all ready for a story," said Benny Reede, as he and his brother Josey drew their chairs to his side, before a nice blazing wood fire, on a cold evening in November.

Uncle was a great favorite, and a very important person in the eyes of all the children in the family, for they had but recently made his acquaintance, as he had spent a number of years in California and Oregon, living the wild, rude life of a hunter and trapper; and his endless budget of stories was an unfailing source of pleasure to them all.

"Now, you may tell us just as awful a story as you know, and you won't frighten me a bit," said Benny.

"Well, let me see," said uncle; "shall it be a grizzly bear story, or an Indian story, or what?"

"O, a grizzly! a grizzly!" they both shouted.

"Well, a grizzly let it be then. 'Tis a true story, remember; but you may not think it is as awful as the made-up ones."

"When I first went to California, I knew a man there by the name of Johnny Astor. He lived alone in a tent, among the mountains, and the boys all said that Johnny was piling up the 'dust' very fast. He went shares with no one. He occasionally gave us a call, on his way to town for provisions; but he said very little about his business.

"We often told him it was unsafe for him to live alone, for some of the Indians at that time were very hostile; and the bears were even more to be dreaded than the Indians, particularly the grizzly, which had often been seen in that vicinity. They are the most powerful and ferocious of all the bear tribe, and when hungry or enraged, will attack a man or an animal; they have very large feet, and very long claws; their hair is coarse; and they have a mane between their shoulders which stands erect; they are very difficult to kill, and, when wounded, are very dangerous to the hunter.

"One morning, the whole camp was surprised by the arrival of Johnny, with all his earthly possessions on his back—tent, frying-pan, pick and shovel.

"'What's the matter?' 'Where are you bound?' 'What's happened?' were the exclamations heard on every side.

"'I'm bound not to live alone any longer; that's what's the matter. A grizzly came near making mince-meat of me, last night, and I thought it was time for me to pull up stakes and leave that place.'

"'Good for you, Johnny; I have been telling you to do so all along,' said one of the boys.

"'Well, what about the grizzy?'" I asked.

"'I'll tell you: Last night, after I had finished my day's work and eaten my supper, I sat down before the fire to smoke; everything was as still as a mouse, and I was thinking over old times, when all at once I heard a terrible scratching and snuffing behind me, and turning around, as true as you live, there was a grizzly poking his nose under my tent!

"'I knew what that meant, boys; and I can tell you, my heart thumped as it never did before. I had neither gun nor revolver, for I am not a fighting man; and if I had had any fire-arms it would have been useless for me to have attempted to kill him; for unless you are a sure shot, 'tis plaguey risky business to pull the trigger on a grizzly. But my wit served me well that time, for it suddenly popped into my head that it was tobacco smoke that made him snuff and sneeze so; for he would tuck his nose under the canvas, and then draw it back, with a terrible snort; so, what did I do but just stir up my fire to a brisk blaze, and taking out my tobacco, whittle it away lively on the coals. It was pretty tough for me, I can tell you; but it was for life, boys; and I kept whittling and whittling till the old tent was blue with smoke. He walked clear around it, putting in his nose here and there, but it was too much for him; my tobacco held out longer than he did; and finally he marched off and left me; but I watched for him till daylight, and then I packed up my traps—and here I am.'"

"What a good thing it was that he knew how to smoke," said Benny, who had been listening with open eyes and ears; "mother thinks 'tis such a bad habit, and is always talking against it; but now I mean to learn, for it may save my life sometime."

"It certainly did a good turn for Johnny once; but let me tell you, Benny, that the use of it destroys more lives than it saves; and your mother is quite right about it. I remember her good advice to me, when I left her years ago; and the remembrance of her gentle face and encouraging tones saved me from many a temptation. Be true to your mother's counsel, and I am quite sure that you will come out all right. Johnny's fright cured him of living alone; and he was never seen afterward without a revolver in his belt; but we were all doubtful about his knowing how to use it."

"O, that was a first-rate story, uncle—the best one you have told yet—please tell us another."

"Not to-night, boys; not to-night; but if you are very polite to me, I will take you to the menagerie some day, and show you a bear, though he may not be a grizzly."

"O, that will be splendid," they both cried; and bidding him good-night, they went to their bed, on the best of terms with their uncle and all the world beside.

THE *Courier-Journal* says that the Milwaukee regiment tendered for the Cuban war numbered 999 officers and 1 private. When the regiment reached Cuba, the officers were to be sent home on recruiting service.

The Chicago Illustrated Magazine.

Hitherto the *Aldine Magazine*, of New York, has enjoyed the distinction of being the handsomest periodical in the country, if not in the world; but it has encountered a rival in the *Chicago Illustrated Magazine*. The latter publication is, beyond all question, the most elegantly printed illustrated magazine that has ever been issued in the West, or anywhere else, with the exception, perhaps, of the publication above referred to, and we pronounce it equal in every respect to that splendid work of art. Higher praise than this it is impossible to bestow; for every one who has ever seen the *Aldine* has seen the perfection of typographic art. The same is true of the *Chicago Illustrated Magazine*. If there is any superiority it belongs to the latter; and, being a Western enterprise, it commends itself directly to Western readers. It is published by the American Publishing Company, of Chicago, at the extremely low price of $2.50 a year. A volume of this splendid magazine will make a book of greater literary and artistic excellence than can be bought for many times the subscription price. Address THOMAS J. NEWMAN, Room 27, Tribune Building, Chicago.

Wood's Household Magazine.

Wood's Household Magazine for January contains a lavish supply of first-rate articles. It is now in its fourteenth volume, and every year has increased its popularity and added new friends to its large list of admirers. Though retaining its old name, it has not the slightest connection with its former proprietor, but has for many months been the exclusive property of Mr. S. E. Shutes, its present publisher. H. V. Osborne (Tenoreon) still continues as its editor, and is the *only* person employed in that capacity—giving to the magazine not a careless supervision, but direct personal attention in every department. The magazine is improving constantly, and is splendidly adapted to the members of the household. The present number contains three engravings and other good things in proportion.

Price of magazine, one dollar per year; with chromo YO SEMITE, one dollar and a half. Address WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, Newburgh, N. Y.

THE SECRET.—Those who prize a beautiful head of hair (and we know our lady friends all do), will thank us for a few words on the invaluable qualities of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR as a dressing. In our own case it heals a humor, keeps the head free from dandruff and scurf, stops the tendency of our hair to fall, and heightens its beauty. A slight touching with it removes the coarse and dry appearance which neglected hair puts on, imparts a rich gloss, and makes us presentable in the most fashionable company. Such rare qualifications, presented in a single preparation, create for it an enduring value; but add to these the faculty of restoring to gray locks their youthful color, and maintaining our good looks with so small an expenditure of time and attention, and you stamp it prime favorite with the public, and insure its permanent and enduring popularity.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Republican.*

FOR Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients, recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers.—[Com.

THERE is, probably, no way in which we can benefit our readers more than by recommending to them for general use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is adapted to almost all the purposes of a Family Medicine; and as a specific for coughs, colds, whooping cough, soreness of the chest, lame stomach, rheumatism, spitting of blood, and all lung difficulties, it has no equal that ever we saw or heard of.—[Com.

THE propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep, was discussed and admitted by many of the Agricultural Societies throughout the State last fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. Good judgment.—[Com.

FOR an Irritated Throat, Cough or Cold, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired.—[Com.

SAMPLES FREE.—*The Saturday Evening Post*, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, gives a beautiful CHROMO to every yearly subscriber.—[Com.

A BAD egg is not a choice egg, but is hard to beat.

WANTED TO BE HEARD FROM.—If anybody has ever used the thorough and scientific course of treatment recommended by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for the cure of Catarrh, and has not been perfectly cured, the proprietor, Dr. R. V. Pierce, would like to hear from that person, and by addressing him at the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., such person, if there be one, will hear of something to his or her advantage, as the Doctor is in *earnest* when he offers $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure, and is perfectly able to pay it if he fails in a single case, as any one may ascertain upon inquiry. The thorough course of treatment referred to and recommended by Dr. Pierce consists in the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which is the only means by which the fluid can be carried high up and applied to all parts of the nasal passages and the chambers connected therewith in which ulcers exist, and from which the discharge proceeds. In addition to this thorough application of the Remedy, which should always be used warm, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be taken earnestly as constitutional treatment, without which few cases can be cured, as the disease is always constitutional and must be treated accordingly. This treatment has no unpleasant features about it, and has the advantage of never driving the disease to the lungs, as there is danger of doing by the use of strong, irritating snuffs of poisonous solutions.

PLAIN FACTS.

FRANKFORT, Mich., Sept. 13, 1873.

A year ago I had a bad cough from the Catarrh which had got in my throat. I tried a good many things, but got nothing to do me any good until I used your Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They cured me in three months, for which I am very thankful. AMOS FISHER.

"RIVERSIDE WATER CURE," Hamilton, Ill., treats all diseases. Get Photo, 10 cts.

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is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Billous Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Flesh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever. For Internal and External use.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely removes the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

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A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT

Requires immediate attention, and should be Checked. If allowed to continue, IRRITATION OF THE LUNGS, A PERMANENT THROAT AFFECTION, OR AN INCURABLE LUNG DISEASE is often the result.

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will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

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Beeves—Natives	9½ @	12½
Texans	7½ @	9½
Hogs—Dressed	6½ @	7½
Flour—Supe-fine Western	5 60 @	6 00
Wheat—No. 2 Milwaukee	1 50 @	1 60
Corn—Mixed Western	80 @	82
Oats	55 @	59
Barley—Western	1 44 @	1 45
Pork—Mess	16 25 @	
Lard	8¼ @	8½
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Choice Natives	5 50 @	5 65
Good to Prime Steers	5 25 @	5 40
Cows and Heifers	2 00 @	3 10
Medium to Fair	3 50 @	4 50
Inferior to Common	2 00 @	2 50
Stock steers	2 50 @	3 75
Hogs—Live	4 60 @	5 20
Dressed	5 65 @	5 90
Flour—Choice White Winter	8 00 @	9 25
Red Winter	5 75 @	7 00
Wheat—No. 1 Spring	1 15½ @	1 16½
No. 2 Spring	1 13½ @	1 14½
No. 3 Spring	1 08½ @	1 10
Corn—No. 2	50 @	53
Oats—No. 2	38 @	39
Rye—No. 2	77 @	78
Barley—No. 2	1 38½ @	1 39
Butter—Good to Choice	26 @	36
Eggs—Fresh	23 @	24
Pork—Mess	13 75 @	13 87½
Lard	8⅛ @	8¼
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 3 Red Fall	1 35 @	1 37
Corn—New Mixed	52 @	56
Oats—No. 2	39 @	40½
Rye—No. 2	81½ @	82½
Pork—Mess	14 50 @	14 75
Lard	7¾ @	7⅞
Hogs	4 50 @	5 00
Cattle	3 75 @	5 00
CINCINNATI.		
Flour	7 00 @	7 30
Wheat	1 46 @	1 48
Corn	54 @	60
Oats	48 @	52
Rye	94 @	96
Pork—Mess	15 00 @	
Lard	8 @	8½
Hogs	4 70 @	5 25
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 1	1 16 @	1 17
No. 2	1 14 @	1 15
Corn—No. 2	55½ @	56½
Oats—No. 2	37 @	38
Rye—No. 1	74 @	76
Barley—No. 2	1 39 @	1 41
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—Amber Michigan	1 48 @	1 49
No. 2 Red	1 45 @	1 47
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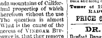

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PRICES.

For Single Door (width two feet six inches to three feet), $1.50 each. For Double Door (width four feet six inches to five feet), $2.50 each.

They will save their cost in one season, in the consumption of fuel.

Ask for them at the Hardware stores; or we will send free of expense, anywhere, on receipt of the price,

WILSON, PEIRCE & CO., Sole Manufacturers, 182 Clark St., Chicago.