

AS USUAL.

Now lovers fond, in leafy lanes, Together walk.

Though poor, the youth protests he loves Her as his life.

But Phillis has a richer bean, In lover's ways deft.

Next day he comes his fate to know, She's going to scoop him in, and so—

Poor Corry dear Gets left.

—New York Mercury.

A DOMESTIC EXPERIMENT.

"I don't think," said Mr. White

"that hay crop ever promised so finely."

"Indeed!" said his wife, absently.

"And if there isn't any fall in the price of fruit," he said, "our peach orchard is going to net us a cool hundred dollars."

As he spoke he flung the homespun towel, with which he had been wiping his hands over the back of the chair.

"Oh, George, do hang up the towel," said Mrs. White, "the nail is just as near the chair-back, and I have enough steps to take in the course of the day, without waiting on you."

"You are always grumbling about something," said the young farmer, as he jerked the towel to its nail.

"There! Does that suit you?"

"Here is a letter from Cousin Dora, George," said Mrs. White, wisely avoiding the mooted question.

"She wants to come here and board for a few weeks."

"Well let her come," said White. "It won't cost us a great deal, and a little extra money always counts up at the year's end."

"But George, I was thinking—"

"About what?"

"Why, I am so hurried with the work, and there is so much to do—"

"That is the perpetual burden of your song," said Mr. White, irritably.

"Women do beat all for complaining."

"Won't you hear me out?" said Mrs. White. "So I thought it a good plan to give Dora her board if she would help me with the house-work a little. It would accommodate her, and it will accommodate me."

"But it won't accommodate me!" said Mr. White, cavalierly. "Really, Letty, you are getting absolutely lazy."

Mrs. White crimsoned.

"No one ever said that of me before," said she.

"But just look at it," said the farmer. "Tell me of any other woman in the neighborhood who keeps a girl, why, they make a boast of doing their own work."

"They all have sisters, or mothers, or grown up daughters; I have none."

"Pshaw!" said White. "Ridiculous! Of course you have to work. We all do, don't we? But your work don't amount to a row of pins. I don't know of any woman who has it easier than you do."

"That is all you know about it!" said Letty, in a choked voice.

"Write to Dora that we'll board her for five dollars a week," said White, authoritatively. "We must earn all the money we can while there is a chance. Make the hay while the sun shines, eh? And I guess you'll do as well as other women do. Letty. Now run up stairs to the garret, dear, and get me my blue jean overalls, that's a good girl!"

Letty obeyed, but the tears were in her eyes, and a big round ball was rising up in her throat, and she could hardly see the jean overalls, as they hung up high on end of the beams.

As she reached up a loose board in the garret floor tripped her; her foot slipped through on the laths and plaster below, and, with a groan, she sank to the floor.

The time passed on, and George White grew tired of waiting.

He shouted up the stairway:

"Look alive there, Letty! Do you mean to be all day?"

But no answer came. He ran up stairs, to find Letty lying on the floor, with one leg broken, just above the ankle.

"Now you'll have to get someone to do the work," said Letty, not without a spice of malice, as she lay on the calico-covered settee, with her poor ankle duly set and bandaged.

"Not if I know it," said George White. "Hire a lazy woman who'll want a dollar and a half a week, and her board into the bargain, to do the work of this house? I guess not!"

"But what are you going to do?" asked Letty.

"To do it myself, to be sure. Half an hour every morning, and half an hour every evening ought to be enough to square up accounts."

"Well," said Mrs. White, "I shall just like to see you do it."

"Then you'll have your wish," said her husband.

He rose early the next morning and lighted the kitchen fire.

"Phaw," said he, as he piled on the sticks of wood, "what does a woman amount to anyhow? What's the next lesson, Letty?"

"I always skim the cream and

strain the milk," said Letty, who, bolstered up on the lounge, and was combing her hair with more deliberation than she had practiced for a year.

"Well, here goes then," said George. And a period of silence ensued.

Presently he shouted:

"I haven't got milk-pans enough!"

"Of course you haven't," said Letty. "You must scald your yesterday's. You know you said you couldn't set up a tin-shop when I asked for a dozen more last month."

"They smell like a fat-boiling factory," said George disdainfully. "What ails 'em!"

"You should have scalded them last night," sighed Letty, wishing that she had wings like a dove that she might soar into the milk-room, and restore order out of the chaos.

"Here's a go!" said George. "There isn't hot water."

"Oh, George, you've forgotten to put the kettle on!"

"So I did," said her husband. "And the sticks, hang 'em, are all burnt out!"

"You know I wanted you to get a ton of coal," said Letty, "but you said as long as wood cost nothing but the chopping and hauling, wood it would be."

"Have I got to wait for that confounded water to heat?" growled George.

"I don't know anything else for you to do," remarked Letty, drily.

"Humph!" observed that lord and master.

"What's for the breakfast?"

"Ham and eggs, I suppose."

"Well, I'm up to that part of the program, at least," said he, cheerfully.

"Oh, the dickens! What is the use of keeping your knives so sharp? I've nearly cut my thumb off! Where do you keep the oat meal? I can be attending to your old milk pans while the breakfast is cooking, I suppose. There is nothing like economy in work!"

But it was a mortal hour before the milk was strained and the pigs fed, and by that time the house was blue with a sort of a smudgy smoke.

"Hullo!" shouted George, coming in.

"What's all this—is the house on fire?"

"No," said Letty calmly, "only the breakfast has burned up."

George uttered a long sigh.

"Who'd have thought the fire was so hot?" said he. "What am I to do now?"

"Cook another, I suppose," said Letty.

"And what next?" demanded George, fiercely.

"Why set the table, and then clear it away and wash the dishes."

"With this cut finger?" complained the husband.

"I was obliged to do it all the weeks I had a felon on my little finger," remarked Letty. "The young geese and turkeys ought to have been let out and fed long before this; and the three calves in the barnyard to be attended to. And then there are the kitchen and sitting-room to be swept and dusted and the beds to make, and the string beans to be picked, and the bread to bake and the huckleberry pies to make, and your white vest to be ironed, and the potatoes to be peeled, and the preserves to be scalded over, and the cheese to be turned, and the table to be cleared and the dishes to be washed—"

"Hold on!" cried George, "you've said that once."

"Very likely, but it has to be done three times a day—and the chickens to be looked after, and the linen pillow-cases to be put to bleaching, and the windows to be washed and your trousers to be patched, and the stockings to be darned, and the fire to be made up again, and tea to be prepared—you know you always want something hot for supper. And there's the night's milk to be brought in and strained, and the pans scalded and, and the geese and turkeys to be fed and put into their coops; and, oh, dear! I forgot the churning! That will take an hour at least. But, dear George, I am getting hungry!—and I don't see the least signs of breakfast! Where are you going? I want—my—breakfast."

For George had disappeared in the midst of her exordium.

In twenty minutes or so, he returned and by his side trudged Mary Ann Pult, the nearest neighbor's twenty-year old daughter.

"I take it all back," said Mr. White. "I flower my colors, Letty. Your work is harder than mine. I'll be everlastingly blest if it ain't. Why, I couldn't take care of the milk and cream for the wages a girl would ask. I never realized before how much a woman had to do."

"Are you quite sure that you realize it now?" asked Letty, mischievously.

"Well, I've got a pretty fair idea on the subject," nodded George.

"But you should be here on washing day," said Letty, "or on ironing day, or on the day when we chop sausage-meat or make soft soap, or—"

"Stop, stop!" shouted George. "If you say another word I'll go for Mahala Binks, too. Haven't I said that I'll take it all back? What more would you have?"

"Wal, squire," said Mary Ann, who by this time had removed her hat and shawl, "what'll I do first?"

"Do!" echoed Mr. White. "Do everything and let me get off to the hay-field as fast as I can."

"Jes' as your orders is," said Mary Ann.

"And I say, Letty!" he added.

"Yes! George."

"Write to your Cousin Dora. Tell her

we'll be glad to board her, if she will assist you about the house."

"But you've hired Mary Ann!"

"There's work for 'em both," said Mr. White.

And he sat down and took refuge in last week's paper, while Mary Ann wrestled with the charred remains of the breakfast and cut fresh slices of home-cured ham.

In this world there are bloodless battles and victories won without a clash of steel; and in this category may be classed Mrs. White's victory over her husband, in respect to the question of "hired help."—Helen Forest Graves.

FAMOUS FUNERALS.

Magnificent Pageants in Honor of Departed Heroes.

To the philosopher, of course, the disposition of the lifeless human body seems a matter of small moment; but to the great body of the people the funeral rites and last resting-place of one of its great heroes are matters of keenest interest.

Two long years were consumed in the formidable preparations of the funeral of Alexander the Great. Dying at Babylon, he directed that his body, which was immediately embalmed with elaborate care by Egyptian and Chaldean adepts, should be deposited in the Temple of Jupiter on an Egyptian oasis. Undeterred by the enormous distance, the procession set forth, an army of workmen having been sent forward to repair the roads and bridges. The funeral car was drawn by sixty-four mules, chosen for their strength and size, splendidly caparisoned. The car was itself of surprising magnificence, the spokes and naves of the wheels and ends of the axles being covered with gold, the platform upholding a royal pavilion incrusting with gems, supporting a throne and coffin, the latter of solid gold and filled with costly spices. But the body never reached its destination. Ptolemy arrested its progress and buried it at Alexandria, which city may be said to have itself proved the enduring monument of the conqueror.

Very different was the funeral of Julius Caesar. The circumstances of his death were so tragic, and such enormous crowds gathered to the ceremony, that they could not be formed into a procession, and the different classes of people were accordingly asked to come together under their appropriate insignia in the field of Mars. The body of the great Roman was exposed lying upon a gilded bed, covered with scarlet and cloth of gold, and placed under a magnificent canopy in the form of a temple.

After the funeral ceremonies were over a question arose where they should burn the body. Some suggested a temple on Capitoline hill, others suggested the Senate house, where he had fallen. The Senate, less willing to pay him extraordinary honors, proposed a more retired spot. The discussion was fast becoming a dispute when two soldiers, with drawn swords and blazing torches in their hands, forced their way through the crowd and set fire to the bed. In a moment there was the wildest excitement. The multitude fell to work directly, building the funeral pyre upon the spot. First they brought fagots and then benches from the neighboring porticos, and next any combustible material they could find, and at length, as the excitement grew, the soldiers threw in their arms, and the musicians their instruments, while others stripped down the trappings of the funeral procession. So fierce was the fire that it spread to the neighboring houses, and was with the greatest difficulty extinguished. As a fitting monument the people erected to the "Mighty Julius" a lofty column surmounted by a star.

Coming down to modern times, the accounts of the obsequies of the "Iron Duke," perhaps the greatest ever known in England, and the second funeral of Napoleon must still be borne freshly in mind by many of the veterans of to-day. The Duke of Wellington, after lying in state five days at Chelsea Hospital, was borne to his last resting place in St. Paul's on a car drawn by twelve horses, accompanied by a vast military and civic concourse, the latter including Prince Albert, both Houses of Parliament, judges, nobles, public bodies, the mourning coaches of the Queen and royal family and an innumerable throng of the people.

Napoleon's funeral, as a parade, remains unparalleled in our times. The cherished remains of their hero, having been received by the French from the English nineteen years after his death, it was not so much a funeral as a vast triumphal procession that followed, during which all France resounded with booming cannon, tolling bells and strains of martial music, while the excited people lined the banks of the Seine and filled the air with frenzied shout and cries and sobs of joy and gratulation. The resources of funeral art were exhausted upon the pageant, and the imagination is unable to distinguish the details of a procession in which the catafalco, the central object of interest, was borne on a moving mound of gold and velvet drawn by sixteen black horses and guarded and escorted, it is said, by an army of 150,000 soldiers.

Compare with these splendors the quiet and simple funeral rites of our own Washington, so befitting republican simplicity and the character of

him who was, nevertheless, "first in the hearts of his countrymen." A gathering of the dignitaries of the neighboring town of Alexandria, with the militia and Free Masons, his friends and neighbors, his own war horse, duly caparisoned, led in the midst, one vessel in the river hard by firing minute-guns and the whole procession confined to his own private grounds, where the tomb was made and still is.—Boston Advertiser.

An Alarmed Fisherman.

One morning, after eight days of steaming up the Kiva, Stanley, the African explorer, discovered that the river was the outlet of a large lake, which, subsequently, he named Lake Leopold II., after the king of Belgium. Acting upon the rule, never to abandon a good thing until you have seen it through, lest you never have the opportunity again, he resolved to circumnavigate it. Seeing half-a-dozen fishermen's canoes out on the lake, he bore down upon them, hoping to gain information and fresh food. All save one canoe, as soon as the fishermen heard and saw the noisy steamer, fled. The occupant of the remaining canoe was hauling in his seine, when, he, too, heard the noise of the paddle-wheels. He fell sideways into his canoe, as if paralyzed. Then leaping to his feet, and bending to his paddles, he sent the tiny canoe swiftly over the water. Says Stanley, describing the capture:

He observes the monster rapidly gaining on him. He hears the whirl of the wheels, and the throbbing of the engine, and putting of the steam. Another glance, and he springs overboard, and we sweep past the empty canoe.

As we came up he dived, and our two sailors flashed into the depths after him. They brought him up, each holding an arm, and swam with him to the boat.

"Now, Ankoli, speak softly to the poor man."

In soothing whispers the native guide asked what his name was.

"What did you pick me out for?" the fisherman asked. "There are many better than I in our village."

"What does he mean, Ankoli?"

"He means," answered the guide, "that there are finer slaves than he is in the village."

"Ah! There have been slave-catchers here, then?"

Having evidently obtained all the information the poor fellow could give, we filled his two hands with bright beads, and laid a dozen handkerchiefs by his side. Then bringing the canoe alongside, we asked him to step in, and placed his cloth in the stern of it, with a small parcel of cowries.

After he had stepped in, he did not seem to realize that he was a free and rich man until there was such a distance between us that he thought it impossible for us to catch him again. When he seemed a speck in the lake, we saw the figure rise to its height, and then we knew that he was conscious that he was free.

The Princess of Wales Snubs Mrs. Langtry.

A London dispatch to the Boston Herald says: The society journals denounce the Lonsdale-Chetwynd fight in the most unequivocal terms, and Lord Lonsdale, who is a brother of the dissipated character who was the first husband of Mrs. Langtry's friend, Lady de Grey (Gladys Lady Lonsdale), is generally condemned.

As for Mrs. Langtry, she was subjected three days later to the greatest slight that could be inflicted upon a woman in her position, a deliberate cut from the Princess of Wales, who is not the plastic doll in the Prince's hands that some people imagine. This episode occurred at the Coombe House, where Lady Archibald Campbell and her pastoral players were giving their last performance of "The Faithful Shepherdess." The Princess of Wales entered into conversation with Mrs. Langtry, who dropped the usual quaint courtesy with which royalty is received; the Princess of Wales had turned her back and was talking to some one else.

A hundred eyes watched the group. It has often been said, and not unjustly, that the Princess of Wales is remarkable for his tact, but even the most distinguished social warriors sometimes lose their heads where a pretty woman's interests are concerned, and at this moment if any Mrs. Langtry needed the consolation of royal favor, The Prince plucked the Princess by the sleeve, after saying to Mrs. Langtry in quite a loud voice, "Oh, the Princess would like to tell you—" The Princess turned around, surveyed Mrs. Langtry quite as though she did not see her, gave so light a bow that the inclination of the head was almost imperceptible, and then deliberately turned her back and resumed her conversation with her friend. It was the hottest day of the season, but the thermometer seemed to drop a hundred degrees; the Prince looked exquisitely foolish. Mrs. Langtry's confusion was painful to behold, and the social axe had fallen! But this new scandal may help the Lily's theatrical interests, which have of late begun to languish.

Boston's famous lawyer, Sidney Bartlett, is eighty-six years old and estimated to be worth \$12,000,000, chiefly derived from excellent railroad speculations.

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