

### NOTHIN' TO SAY.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—  
 Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way  
 Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—  
 'Tis here I am, and here you air! and your mother—where is she!

You look lots like your mother: Purty much same in size;  
 And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes.  
 Like her, too, about livin' here, because she couldn't stave;  
 It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left her little Bible—write yer name across the page—  
 And left her ear-bobs for you, ef ever you come of age.  
 I've allus kep' 'em and gyaured 'em, but if yer goin' away—  
 Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rickoll her I reckon! No; you wasn't a year old then!  
 And now yer—how old air you! Why, child, not 'twenty!' When!  
 And yer nex' birthday's in April! and you want to git married that day!  
 \* \* \* I want yer mother was livin'!—but—I ain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!  
 There's straw ketchd on to yer dress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.  
 (Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say.  
*James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.*

### FOUND HIS MATCH.

"Daniel," said Mrs. Greene to her husband one evening as she sat darning in the old homestead, "our neighbor's son, Peter Spaulding, has just returned from the East, where he has been attending school for these two years past. You ought to see him! Such a change; why, it has been the makin' of him; and sich language I've never heard afore. He speaks all the big words jest as nat'ral as if he had allers been used to it."

"Uncle Daniel," as he was called, blew a cloud of smoke out of the corner of his mouth, and replied: "Well mother, what's he goin' to do with them out here on the farm? Neighbor Spaulding's oxen won't understand 'em when Peter's ahind 'em."

"Oh! he ain't a-goin' to farm any more. Mr. Spaulding is a-goin' to send him back to study to be a lawyer."

"Oh! I see," said Uncle Daniel; "goin' to give up farmin', eh? Too common, I s'pose. Well, well, I hope he'll make out, I'm sure."

"But, Daniel, I've been a-thinkin' it would be a good thing if we were to send Jim East to school to git a little extra learnin'. We're comfortable here now that crops have been good, and things are easy. Now, there is brother James in New York. Jim could make it his home while goin' to school, and I know they would like him to come, as he has never seen his cousin Robert; besides, Jim is 18 years old now and will soon be a man. What do you think of it, Daniel?"

"Well, mother, a farmer's son don't need a great deal of larnin'. Jim can plow a field as good as the next one, and can mow more hay than any of our neighbors' boys; besides, when my rheumatics are on me I have only Jim to rely on."

"But, Daniel, let him try it for a year; I know it would be of great benefit to him."

"Well, well, if he's anxious, let him go in the Fall; in the meantime you had better write to your brother in New York in reference to it."

Jim, who had just at this moment entered the room, was asked by his mother how he would like the trip East.

"Why, mother, I would be the happiest boy in Kansas if you and father would let me go!"

"Well, my son," said Uncle Daniel, "your mother and me have been talking the matter over, and have come to the conclusion that if you think it would be of any benefit to you in the future we will not stand in your way, but will send you to your uncle's in New York after harvest, and thus you will become acquainted with your mother's folks. But, my son, New York is a great city. I have been there, for I enlisted from there when I went to defend the flag of our country, and it requires a young man with great force of character to be able to shun all the evil temptations that beset young men who are unacquainted with the wicked ways of this world. I advise you before you make your decision to think well over the step you are taking. You have been a dutiful son, and I have no fault to find with you; but don't turn a deaf ear to your mother's wishes or your father's warnings."

"Oh, don't worry about me, father. I will be careful, and when I return I will surprise you all."

Time flew by the crops had been harvested, and the time had arrived for Jim to leave the home of his birth.

The boy had been warned of the temptations that would beset him, and had promised his mother to read the little bible she had placed in his trunk, and on retiring of a-night not to close his eyes without asking the Lord's protection. The trunks were lifted in the farm wagon, and as old Uncle Daniel took up the reins Jim said, with tears in his eyes, "Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, my son; prove yourself to be a man."

"All right, mother; but don't fear for me," and in a minute they were out of sight nearing the station.

On the way Uncle Daniel again warned him to be careful of what company he chose, saying, "Remember, my boy, the man is judged by the company he keeps. Attend to your books and get all the knowledge you can in the time you are away; don't waste an hour in idleness. If you pay as much attention to your study as you have to your work on the farm you will be successful in the end."

Jim promised, and as the wagon drew up at the station he alighted and bade adieu to a great many of his friends who had come down to see him off. After the farewells had all been said he boarded the train and in a few minutes was bound for the great metropolis of the East, where so many have come with high hopes and grand resolutions, but by not heeding the warnings of those they had left behind, returned in disgrace, and in some cases ruined.

One year had elapsed since James Greene left his Kansas home to come East to school. He had been welcomed by his uncle, and at once made himself at home. Two young men were walking down the Bowery, and one said to the other:

"I say, Bob, what do you say to going up and seeing the mill between Jerry Short and The Unknown at Grubb's. It will be a good one; hey, old boy?"

"All right; let her rip."

The first was no other than the farmer boy James Greene, of Kansas, and the other was his cousin Robert, both "sports," as they were called.

"I say, Bob, I haven't written but once since I left. I must write to the Governor before vacation and make myself solid; hey, old boy? Are you going to the races at Sheepshead Bay tomorrow? I've got a straight tip on Barnum for first choice. Was up to the walking match last night; got on the sawdust myself and took a spin around for a couple of miles."

The reader can judge for himself what the young men were proficient in. Vacation time had arrived, and with it a letter for the old folks from New York. Mother Greene arranged her specks, while Uncle Daniel waited breathless for her to begin.

"Come, mother; hurry up."

Don't be in a hurry, Daniel; I can't make this out. It says, 'Dear mother, com e v u p a l e v u.' Daniel! I tell you New York is the place for larnin'. I suppose that means something belonging to you, Daniel."

"Yes; go on."

"Vacation time is at hand. I'll be home in two weeks; can't come before, as I've got a tip on Buekeye for first place.' Why, Daniel, I don't understand what he means."

"Go on," dryly responded Daniel.

"I suppose the Governor is anxious about me. I wish he could tip me a fifty by mail or money order before the 20th. The course of studies I have gone through have been very beneficial to my health. There is not one in the class that can put up his dukes with me.' Why, Daniel, what does he mean by 'dukes with me.' Do the crowned heads of Europe send over the young dukes to get larnin' in New York?"

"Yes," drawled Daniel.

"Now, mother, I have no time to write any more at present. Remember me to all the neighbors. I am coming fixed to take a fall out of some of the duffers on the farm. Tell Gov. not to forget the sugar. Your affectionate Jim.' He wants 'sugar,' Daniel. Did you ever hear the like? Why, the boy never liked sugar before he went East; but I suppose it's the rule of the school."

"Yes," drawled Daniel.

After she had finished the letter the old gentleman lit his pipe and said, "Mother, let me have that letter; and now where are those cow-hide boots of mine? I mean the old ones."

"Why, Daniel, they are back of the wood-pile; do you want them?"

"Yes."

That night Uncle Daniel might have been seen sitting in the kitchen of the old farmhouse, cutting in strips the legs of the old boots. After he had cut about a dozen pieces he put knots in the end of each, and then tied the whole on a piece of broom-handle.

"There, that will do, I think."

"What's that for Daniel," inquired his wife.

"Oh, I have got a young colt to break in; but I think this will do it."

Tuesday morning there was all bustle and excitement in the old farmhouse as Jim was expected home. Some of the farm hands had even assembled to greet him. A rumbling of wheels was heard down the road, and in a minute the farm-wagon bearing the young student stopped in front of the door. The first to alight was young Jim.

"Hello, mother! Shake old woman; glad to see you! and you too, Dad, how are you? Come, you duffer," he said, turning to one of the men, "and

get that trunk off. Scratch gravel, now, or I will give you an upper. Oh! I'm spoiling for a set-to. Well, Governor, how are things on the farm?"

"All right, I guess," drawled Daniel, as he viewed the young scapegrace out of the corner of his eye.

As the trunks were brought in Jim pointed to one of them and remarked, "Say, Gov. this one contains my kit."

"Why, Jim," said his mother, you didn't bring a kitten from New York shut up in that trunk!"

"Ha! ha! old gent, she don't tumble for a cent, does she? No, no; these are my togs."

"Togs," said his mother. "Jim, it is queer language you have learned in New York. I hope you have been a dutiful son while away, for you was when you left."

"Now old lady, don't be giving me taffy—that's a chestnut."

"Jim I don't understand you at all."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the young rascal, and he commenced to unlock the trunk, "There Gov. ain't those darlings," taking out two pair of boxing-gloves, a pair of Indian clubs, two sets of dumb-bells, a sand-bag, knee-breeches, gauze shirts, spiked shoes, bats, balls, quoits, corncoobs, etc. What do you think of them?"

"They will do," Uncle Daniel replied, with a wicked light in his eye.

"You can bet your sweet life you can go your pile on that pair," putting on a pair of the gloves and forthwith, to the amazement of all, commenced to clear the room of the farm hands. Daniel said not a word.

"Say, Gov. did you notice that last one I let fly? That was a regular John L. Sullivan, and don't you forget it."

"I won't, replied Uncle Daniel.

"Shake, Governor."

"But I think I can match you here on this farm, with a party you have not yet met."

"Bring him in, bring him in; just what I am looking for. I will clean the floor with him in 10 minutes."

"Not to-day, Jim, but to-morrow I will make arrangements for you to meet him in the lot back of the orchard."

"Glorious!" cried Jim. "What time?"

"Six o'clock."

"All right; I'll be up at five, take a spin of a couple of miles, put in 15 minutes on the sand-bag—and then look out!"

That night Uncle Daniel had a long talk with his wife, and there were tears in the mother's eyes as she said: "Don't be too severe, Daniel."

Next morning Jim was up bright and early, arrayed in his gauze shirt, knee-breeches, spiked shoes, and skull cap. "How do I look; don't I look tart?" asked Jim of his father.

"Oh, very," dryly replied Uncle Daniel. Upon which Jim arranged the sand bag under an apple tree and commenced to put on his gloves.

"You ain't going to use those with my man," said Uncle Daniel; "he never wears gloves."

"Glorious; better yet; that is my style generally," and he commenced to pound the sand-bag.

"Don't exert yourself too much, as you will need all your strength."

Oh, don't you be alarmed about me; I'll keep the family reputation up to G, and don't you forget it!"

"Well, are you ready?"

"Yes, lead on. What's that for?" noticing the strings of knotted leather he carried in his hand.

"Oh! I have a young colt I'm going to break in the morning over in the lot."

They arrived at the spot, young Jim vaulting the fence and placing himself in John L. Sullivan style. "Show me the duffer now."

"Here he is," said Uncle Daniel, pointing to a scythe which lay on the ground. Young man, put your dukes, as you call them, to him; then tackle those weeds from here till I tell you to halt."

"Governor—"

"Father, you young rascal," and down came the knotted whip on the gauze shirt, dyeing it crimson. With a yell equalled only by an Indian war-whoop Jim fell on his knees.

"Put your dukes up, you young scoundrel, to that scythe."

Jim was beginning to realize that his father meant business, and grasping the scythe he began his task.

"I will take a seat on this stump and act as referee in this fight," said Uncle Daniel.

Suffice it to say, that before night it was evident that young Jim had found his match. One month after Jim was himself again, and to-day he speaks with pride of his antagonist.

**BOY'S IDEA OF A THUNDER STORM**

A little boy about four years old living in a New Jersey town, ran to the window one evening lately during a heavy thunder-storm. As he looked out, long, glittering lines of forked, zigzag lightning ran across the black sky, then came a broad flash, lighting up all the west and northwest. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" sobbed the little fellow, "God's house is all on fire! Will He be burned up in it?"

A few moments after, hearing the rain pouring in torrents, he ran to her, crying, exultantly: "Mamma! mamma! God has turned on his hose. Now His house won't burn up."—EDITOR'S DRAWING in Harper's Magazine for July.

**How to Train a Canary.**

Set the cage on a table near where you wish to sit; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he picks to ascertain its quality, maybe he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food, put him away. Next day try him again. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting thus familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the programme by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it, next time fasten it open, blockading egress with the rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little, next time tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly for it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch.

Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two to four weeks about it.

**King Otto.**

King Otto of Bavaria's vagaries are of a less romantic turn than those of his predecessor, King Louis. In his retreat of Nymphenburg, which he never leaves, his latest mania is the uncontrollable desire to shoot every peasant passing his gates. In order to gratify this crazy longing and not excite the king with opposition, every day at noon he is presented with a loaded gun and placed by an open window. Shortly after a young peasant is seen darting from behind a bush. The king fires and the peasant falls. This process is sufficient for the day. The monarch retires and the victim rises to his feet and walks off to receive a small gratuity, which is the price of the above little comedy. Needless to say that the gun is loaded with blank cartridge.

When the boisterous youth of the Orange Mountain region in New Jersey serenaded John Crane and his bride the other night they scorned the proffer of five gallons of root-beer as a peace-offering, alleging that a groom of 75 and a bride of 60 ought to furnish better cheer.

About the worst examples a boy meets with are in the arithmetic.

**Catarrh Cured**

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, as it purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

"I suffered with catarrh 15 years. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Chicago, Ill.

"I suffered with catarrh six or eight years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and was greatly improved." M. A. ABERT, Worcester, Mass.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**CASTORIA**

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CHAMBERLAIN COMPANY, 138 Fulton Street, N. Y.

**TOWER'S SLICKER** The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FINE BRAND SLICKER is guaranteed waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new FINE BRAND SLICKER is a perfect water coat, and covers the entire outfit. Beware of imitations. Some persons witness the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

**Why did the Women**

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

ANY WOMAN Suffering from Kidney Disease or from troubles peculiar to her sex.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It has stood the test of twenty years in relieving periodical pain, promoting regularity of seasons, and banishing weakness, backache and consequent nervous distress.

Probably no other woman in the world receives so many "letters of thanks" as Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. B.—of Enfield, N. H., states "I will simply say that your Vegetable Compound is all you recommended it to be. It has done me Worlds of good." Another lady writes from Ottawa as follows: "I have just to-day bought the seventh bottle of your Vegetable Compound, have used two boxes of Pills and several packages of your Sensitive Wash, and think it but right to tell you how much good I derived from your medicines. They are a regular God-send. All the pains and aches have almost disappeared, my stomach is much stronger too and I feel myself improved every way." Price \$1. Sold by all Druggists.

**A Planter's Experience.**

"My plantation is in a malarial district, where fever and ague prevailed. I employ 150 hands; frequently half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of

**Tutt's Pills**

The result was marvellous. My men became strong and hearty, and I have had no further trouble with these pills. I would not fear to live in any swamp." E. RIVAL, Bayou Sara, La.

**Sold Everywhere.**  
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

\$5 TO \$20 A DAY. Samples worth \$1.00 FREE. License not under the hood's feet. With SENSITIVE SAFETY BELL HOLDER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Wanted Gentlemen and Ladies to Learn Telegraphing. Tuition not paid until position obtained. Address Dr. Valentine's College, Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**PENSIONS** Officers' pay, bounty and gratuity. Tuition not paid until position obtained. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. Macomber & Son, Washington, D. C. & Cincinnati, Ohio.

**PRICES** chopped wide open at the big Boston, Minneapolis, all their Suits, Summer Coats and Vests, Thin Underwear, Light Colored and Straw Hats, marked clear down to cost and less. Send in your address for Best Gains, men's all wool Suits in Blue Flannel and Grey mixed Cassimeres, only \$6.00.

**FITS STOPPED FREE**

Wanted Gentlemen and Ladies to Learn Telegraphing. Tuition not paid until position obtained. Address Dr. Valentine's College, Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for **TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c**

Everybody wants "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar now; they were always good but of late they have improved. I heartily approve of your way of doing business, you are sure to hold and increase your trade. A. ALBEND, Druggist, Chicago, Ill. Address E. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

**ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS**

The most Elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer ever known. The Best Bitters containing Iron ever advertised in America. Unprincipled persons are imitating the name; look out for frauds. See that the following signature is on every bottle and take none other.

*J. C. Allen*  
Druggist & Chemist  
ST. PAUL, MINN.