

Griggs' Poetry.

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COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

ANGELS.

I was passing along through the woodland,
And down through the meadow, where
The grass and leaves were rustling
In the cool October air—

Where the wood was lone with echoes
And all was somber and gray—
Where the grave old alchemist, Autumn,
Blew smoke aloft like spray,

And with his incantations,
And his horoscope and art,
Changed the leaves to gold and purple,
Transforming every part—

And I saw, all alone by the roadside,
Where the grass was crisp and dead,
Mid broken lanes of frost-sprites,
Where the grand onslaught had led,

Flowers, wounded and dying,
The sweet ones and the bright;
And I marveled at the mystery
Wrought in the night.

I thought of a dear one, wounded
As the flower, gone and forgot;
In the eve he bloomed in manhood,
In the morning he was not.

Stricken, and weary, and troubled,
He had borne the burden long;
His joys, like leaves, had faded,
And clogged the channel of song.

He passed away as the garland,
At the close of a weary night,
Into the mystic morning
Dawning beyond the height.

And I wondered if an angel
Had not taken his soul in flight;
For he passed as music was falling
And faded away with the night.

I wonder if God does not pity
The soul that is burdened with grief,
And at death send angels from Heaven
To the weary one with relief!

The angels are ever around us,
They speak in the passing breeze,
They look with the eye of flowers,
They rush through the swaying trees.

There is nothing mean or common;
Each life has its romance fair;
And the souls of the dead are around us
And with us everywhere.

—C. L. Phifer in Current.

SYLVIA'S INVESTMENT.

How She Came to Make It, and What Came of It.

"Did Sylvia Bentley come to see you to-day?" asked young Mrs. Manning as she entered the cosy parlor in which her aunt was seated, and took off her bonnet preparatory to making a long call. "I met her near here this morning on my way to market, and thought perhaps she had been in to consult you about that husband of hers."

"No," answered Mrs. Barton, "she was not here; and I would be, probably, the last person she would ask for advice or assistance, for I was the most strenuous opposer of her marriage. I had known Ernest Bentley from his childhood, and knew he was not calculated to make Sylvia happy. He is handsome, and has no particular vices; but he never succeeded in anything. He has no stability whatever, and lacks energy and purpose. I told Sylvia just what she might expect, and begged her to give him up, but, of course, it was of no use. A girl in love never will listen to reason."

"How she has gone off in her looks," said Mrs. Manning, whose husband was a prosperous hardware merchant. "She was such a pretty girl ten years ago."

"I haven't seen her for a long time," and Mrs. Barton sighed.

"Then you would hardly recognize her now. She is pale, thin and weary-looking. She passed me this morning with merely a bow—and we were once so intimate! I suppose this last failure has crushed the life almost out of her. And what are they to do, Aunt Julia? They have five children, you know."

"I am sure I can't tell. It is not likely Ernest will find another friend to start him in business. Mr. Stratton has suffered so heavily that no one else will want to try the experiment. I pity Sylvia from the bottom of my heart."

"Perhaps Aunt Andrews has left her something in her will."

"It is not probable. Cousin Penelope opposed the marriage almost as earnestly as I did. She often remarked that one might as well put water in a sieve as money in the hands of Ernest Bentley. It is likely, however, that sister Mary has been left something. She was sent for, and is at the Andrews' house now to hear the will read. Cousin Penelope could not have left much to any one, for she was obliged to live very economically, and never had a cent to spare."

"There comes Aunt Mary now," said Mrs. Manning, as she glanced from the window by which she sat. "Now we will know all about the will."

A moment later Mrs. Jessup—who was a widow, and had made her home with her sister-in-law for many years—entered the room.

"You here, Fannie!" she exclaimed, as she kissed Mrs. Manning affectionately. "That is fortunate, for I know you want to hear about my legacy. Well, it don't amount to much. I have the house, furniture, and person-

al effects. The money, amounting to about sixteen hundred dollars, was left to Sylvia Bentley."

"To Sylvia!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton. "It don't seem possible! Was she there?"

"Yes, and almost fainted with joy. It must have been a great relief to her to find Penelope had remembered her so generously, for I know she has had hard work to get along since Ernest failed. There was one condition made—she is to invest the money in something with which her husband is to have nothing to do. Not a dollar is to be controlled by him."

"How humiliating to Sylvia to accept it with such a proviso," said Fannie.

"Yes, but she has sense enough to know that Cousin Penelope intended it for the best. Though she doesn't choose to talk about them, Sylvia knows perfectly well her husband's faults and failings. She took him for better or worse, and she makes the best of her bargain. If she has repented it she thinks it well to keep the fact to herself. She has never uttered a word of complaint, even to me."

"But one can tell from her face that she has suffered a great deal, Aunt Mary," said Fannie, "and I only hope she will invest her sixteen hundred dollars advantageously."

"The interest on it won't go very far, no matter how she invests it," said Mrs. Barton. "Ernest Bentley will have to go to work at something. He ought not to be particular. With such a family dependent on him he can't afford to consult his tastes."

"I will call on Sylvia to-morrow, and find out what her plans are," said Mrs. Jessup. "I may be able to help her in some way."

But Mrs. Jessup was sick with a cold the next day, and it was a week before she was able to go out again. Then, when she called to see Sylvia she found her busy packing up her household goods.

"Are you giving up the house, Sylvia?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, I am going into the country, Aunt Mary," answered Mrs. Bentley, who always called Mrs. Jessup by the title of aunt, though they were connected only by marriage. "I want to tell you all about it, so come into the parlor, and I will find you a seat."

She looked so bright and animated that Mrs. Jessup felt sure Ernest had found lucrative employment, and breathed a sigh of relief, for she was very fond of Sylvia.

"Your face shows that you have good news to tell me," she said, as she followed Sylvia into the dismantled parlor.

"Perhaps you may not consider it good, Aunt Mary. You may think I have invested my money foolishly."

"You have invested it, then?"

"Yes, and I am going into business. That startles you, I see. But you don't know how many hours I lay awake at night wondering in what way I could invest my money so it would yield a sufficient income to support us all. I made up my mind that the first principle of money-making in business is to provide some thing people must have, at no matter what cost, and that would be on the market all the year round. The only thing I could think of was eggs. People will have puddings, cakes, custards and omelets whether eggs are fifteen or forty cents a dozen. So I have bought a little farm, and am going into the poultry business with all possible speed."

"Sylvia! what a venture!"

"Nothing venture, nothing have, you know, Aunt Mary. I had to do something. It is a very small farm—only seven acres—and the house is not at all pretentious," with a faint smile, "but there is a good deal of fruit on the place, and we can raise all our own vegetables. Ernest and the children can attend to the garden while I devote myself to my poultry. It will cost us only half as much to live in the country as to live here. In fact, I am lighter of heart than for a long, long time. I gave one thousand dollars cash for the place, so I have enough left to take care of us until my business begins to pay. You mustn't discourage me by a single word, Aunt Mary, for I am full of hope."

"Discourage you!" reiterated Mrs. Jessup, as she rose impulsively, and threw her arms about Sylvia's slender figure. "I would not do so for the world. I think you are a brave, noble woman, my dear, and something tells me you will succeed in your undertaking."

There were many who did not share Mrs. Jessup's opinion, and who thought Sylvia's investment foolish to the last degree; but Aunt Mary proved a true prophet. Sylvia's whole heart was in her work, and she was not easily discouraged nor cast down. She did not attempt any fancy breeds of poultry, but bought common fowls, fed them well, watched over them religiously, and studied faithfully a standard work on poultry-raising. The result was that her business began to pay almost immediately. It was in the beginning of February that she bought the farm, and she

started with two hundred fowls, for which she paid fifty dollars. In March and April she sold a large number of eggs. After that time she used all she collected for setting purposes, and raised nearly four hundred chickens during the summer and early fall. There were losses of course, and occasionally she made mistakes; but experience is an excellent teacher, and in a year's time she understood her business thoroughly. At the end of two years she had no more fears of the future. She was enjoying an income ample for the support of her family, and had invested in a horse and wagon, several hogs, and two cows. Her health had improved wonderfully, too. She was no longer pale and weary-looking. And she had a great source of comfort in the fact that her husband, ashamed of his many failures, and anxious to show that he possessed at least the willingness to support his family, devoted himself to the garden and orchard so zealously that they soon began to repay his care, and added much to the family income.

"In fact, Aunt Mary," said Sylvia, one day, when Mrs. Jessup drove out to see her, and they were talking over some improvements to be made to the house, "I have much to be thankful for, and am very happy. There never was an investment that turned out better for all concerned than mine."

"Because there never was a truer, better woman at the helm of any domestic ship than Sylvia Bentley," said Aunt Mary, as she kissed her. "That's the secret of your success, my dear." —*Florence K. Hallowell, in Chicago Standard.*

I VALUABLE LANDS.

Where Cuckle-Burrs, Sand-Burrs and Tumble-Weeds Grow in Profusion.

He was sitting in front of a so-called house in Nebraska, near the Niobrara river, smoking a cob pipe and occasionally pausing to whistle a few bars of "Dixie" as he gazed lazily but admiringly at a semi-circle of dogs stretched on the ground around him. We drove up and inquired how far it was to Valentine.

"Dunno, stranger," he replied.

"Haven't you ever been there?"

"Yes, I 'low I've been there."

"How far do you think it is, then?"

"It might be 'bout seven mile, then she might be nearer ten—makes a heap o' difference what you do down where the road forks. Say, don't want 'o buy a good farm, I reckon?"

"Don't believe we do."

"No, I 'lowed not. Seems's if I can't never sell out."

"Where you going when you sell out here?"

"Gen'l'men, I shal pull back to Mis-scory!"

"Can't you raise good crops here?"

"Can't raise nothin' on this farm 'cept cuckleburrs. That's what I call it, gen'l'men, Cuckle-Burr Home! I got 'nother farm out on the flat fudder."

"That must be poorer soil than this."

"Doggoned sight was. Can't raise nothin' but sand-burrs there. I call it Sand-Burrs Place. I got one other farm down nearder the river."

"That seems like a better location."

"O, yes, some—you can raise red tumble-weeds on that land—it's Tumble-Weed Retreat; that's the name of it."

"All for sale, are they?"

"Every one of 'em. Buyers can take their choice between Tumble-Weed Retreat, Sand-Burr Place or Cuckle-Burr Home—they all got their good p'ints. Tumble-Weed Retreat commands a good view of the river an' more muskeeters; Sand-burr Place is level and nice, but is exposed to the wind; Cuckle-Burr Home is sheltered from the wind, an' there's fourteen badger holes on the back forty, an' a feller can take a dog an' have piles of sport with 'em. I'll take the Home for mine every time—I'm powerful on sport. Goin' to shack along, air you? Well, if you see any body that wants to buy some land of 'bout this d'scription jes' send 'em out. I'm gettin' mighty anxious to be moseyin' down round old P. ke ag'n." —*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

Lack of Punctuality.

Lack of punctuality in keeping all one's engagements is immoral, because it is selfish. We are too lazy and intent on pleasing ourselves to care for the convenience of others. It is immoral, because to be tardy in keeping a social or business appointment is an insult to the person whose rights are thus ignored. It is more than immoral, it is ill-bred. It shows a contempt for those courtesies that make social life possible. This is especially the case when lack of punctuality is shown in public gatherings. —*N. Y. Examiner.*

—In the year 1770 a colonist bought two square miles of land of an Indian chief for a quart of whisky and a hunting knife, and for half a decade the white man wanted somebody to kick him for an idiot for not watering the whisky. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Marrying for Money.

Woman's Home Journal: Girls, don't marry a man for money, position, or anything but love. Don't do it, if you want to live to a good old age and be happy. You may think that money can bring you all you desire, but it can't. That is where you are mistaken. It can buy a good many things, but it can never purchase contentment for your heart or happiness for your soul. It may bring temporary smiles to your face, but it will leave great shadows in your heart. Don't think I would advise you to marry a worthless fellow, just because you imagine you love him. A refined, good, intelligent woman should never marry a vulgar, ill-bred man. No, no, never unite yourself to any one who is not a man in the truest meaning of the word. Neither could I advise a woman to marry a man who had no visible means of supporting her, but for heaven's sake don't marry a millionaire or a King if you don't love him. It will not do. People have tried it time and again, only to find it a miserable failure. It may do for a while. You may revel in gilded halls and be lost in the giddy rounds of pleasure, but a time will come when these things will be a hollow, mockery to you. There will be an "aching void" the world can never fill. Sometimes mothers are to blame for the unhappiness of their daughters. They teach them that respect for their husband and lots of "boodle" are infinitely to be preferred to that foolishness called love. That would do very well if life had no waves of trouble, but it takes something more than simple respect to make two hearts cling together in the hour of adversity. A woman that turns her back on wealth and takes the man of her choice may miss some of the luxuries of life, but she will be happy. Don't marry a dude. Better get you a monkey. It is cheaper and a great deal nicer. Don't fool with that class of animals. They generally wear a \$10 hat on a ten-cent brain, and the woman who takes one of these chaps will get left about as badly as the Southern Confederacy did at Appomattox.

Not Quite Drunk Enough For That.

The 250 guests entertained at Spit-head Saturday on the new mail steamer Victoria included upwards of a dozen Ministers and ex-Ministers, impartially selected from both, or, rather, we should say from the three parties—Liberals, Conservatives, and Dis-sentients. While the Queen was receiving the naval captains a little steamboat crammed with "cheap trippers" passed across the bows of the Victoria, and the passengers gave three cheers for Lord Hartington and Lord Randolph Churchill, who were known to be on board the P. and O. vessel. The two noble Lords being aft missed

this demonstration, and were apparently unacquainted with what had happened until some time afterward, when they ran against Mr. Chamberlain. "You two men, said the right honorable gentleman, "have just been cheered by some people in a steamboat, but they were all drunk!" "O, were they?" drily replied the Marquis of Hartington, "but it seems that they were not drunk enough to cheer you!"

The Power of Imagination.

The following is the substance of what a leading dentist said the other day: He was engaged with some gentlemen in discussing the virtue of remedies used to avoid the pain caused by the extraction of teeth when a lady who wanted one of her molars pulled entered the office. The dentist in order to prove what he had been saying told her he had some of the new remedy and would use it so that she would not feel any pain. She was well pleased, and after being seated in the chair, he rubbed a little water on her gums, and pulling her tooth tossed it up to the ceiling, exclaiming: "There! That didn't hurt any, did it?" The lady was positive she felt no pain, and went away praising the new remedy. —*Oshkosh Northwestern.*

"What would did ever heal but by degrees?" That's an easy conundrum! Why the thousand aches and pains, and bruises daily cured by Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain.

Whisky and Beer.

Government statistics find that since 1840 the use of whisky has fallen off one-half in the United States, while the use of wines has increased about 40 per cent. The consumption of beer has increased from 1.36 gallons per capita in 1840 to 11.01 gallons per capita in 1886. This may be considered a favorable showing, as there is choice even of evils. Were those addicted to the drinking habit to abstain entirely from the use of whisky and confine their libations to the wine cup or the beer mug drunkenness would be less frequent than it now is. It is asserted that the police records of large cities show that the number of arrest for drunkenness has decreased quite steadily since 1840. —*New York Commercial News.*

Scrofula

Probably no form of disease is so generally distributed among our whole population as scrofula. Almost every individual has this latent poison coursing his veins. The terrible sufferings endured by those afflicted with scrofulous sores cannot be understood by others, and their gratitude on finding a remedy that cures them, astonishes a well person. The wonderful power of

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