In a cradle warm and cosy, Just a baby, soft and rosy— Jest a baby, quiet lying, Sleeping, smiling, waking, crying, Dimpling, kissing, cooing, crowing, All a baby's sweetness showing.

Grewn to boyhood, laughing, playing, In the fields and woods a-straying; In the school-room, joking, turning All things into fun, yet learning; Rowing, boating, skating, racing, Every kind of frolic chasing.

TOUTH. Boyhood grown to youth he measures Life by very different treasures; Fond of firting, dancing, singing, Lover-like in joy upspringing; Still for some coy beauty dying, Wooing, dressing, rhyming, sighing.

Till at length, his playt'me over, Thought and labor please the rover; Bring him manhood's grave ambition, Disappointment and fruition; Wife and children, earnest striving, Till he sees old age arriving.

And sits well contented waiting, Better life anticipating; Still by earthly love surrounded, Full of Hope in true Faith founded; Then some morn, "the secret token," And the silver cord is broken;

And his loved ones, softly weeping. Whisper: "He is safely sleeping, Give him to the Father's keeping!"

PLUNKETT AND THE SPY.

"Just two day 'fore old Sherman swung erround here to Jonesboro." continued old man Plunkett, "folks seemed to know there was trouble er brewing, and the big road was full of people 'refugeeing', and lots of 'em had been 'refeageeing' from way up in Tennessee, moving on as old Sherman advanced, and these were in a bad fix as sure as you er born. Me and my old 'oman never would turn em off when they'd just ax for shelter to keep outen the rain, and that haint all, we fed 'em as long as we had anything to feed on; but things got mighty scarce with us and we had to hear the poor little 'refugeeing' children cry for bread many a time towards the last without being able to give em any. War's a bad thing, stranger; war's a bad thing!

"Night come on and it was raining and so dark you couldn't see your hand before you, and we took the wimin and children in as long as we had a bed that would hold one, and piled 'em down on the floor as long as we had a quilt and me and the old 'oman was going to bed ourselves, when the dogs went erround the house same as they'd er been arter some wild varmint, and I went out to see what was the matter, what should 1 him, and he jumped back the same as find but one er the likeliest young he'd er been shot, and 'lowed its a woman—and it was a woman."—Atlanwimin's as you ever laid your eyes on, woman—and it tic Constitution. and when we got her in the house she told the most pitifulest tale you ever heerd, sayin' she'd started down the road to keep outen the way of old Sher-

what she had parched and made some coffee, and I got out my bottle of spirits what was made outen sorghum, and we warmed her up and made her feel at home the best we could and she 'lowed she'd just set there in a chair till morin'. and the old 'oman 'lowed that would never do, and she said, says she:

"'I'd rather for you and the old man to-' and then she scratched her head and said that won't do either. So I says that the young stranger should sleep in my bed with the old 'oman and I would sleep in the loft on some broom straw what was up thar. After I seed the old oman and young stranger all snug in bed I went up the laddere into the loft and I lay down on thr broom straw and I had as good er night's sleep as I ever had in my life for my head was right ergainst the roof and the rain pattered on the boards, and the man what haint slept to the sound of rain on a house top don't know nethin' erbout sleep.

"The young stranger was up and gone by the time it was light, and

"Long up in the day following the night the young 'oman slept with my old lady, I was out on the piazza, and I looked up the road and I seed a long line er blue coated soldiers er comin and I called up the old 'oman, and I says we're goners—them's yanks. Brown's gals was over at my house, and they 'lowd it was no use to run, so we stood thar in the piazza, and pretty soon the soldiers were all out in the road in front er the house, and they stopped, and no sooner than stopped road, and pretty soon here come some

that holler, and don't like it yet. Pretty soon I seed them men that was on horses was officers, and in a minute two of them started toward the house, and rid right into the yard, and then I says we'r goners shore. The two rid up to the well, one of them was as pretty er Yankee as you ever laid your eyes on, and the other was an old sharp-looking'

cuss, and they said that's Gen. Sherman. I was gazin' at' em, for I spected every minit to see the one they said was Sherman run his hand in his jacket for a match, but he didn't, and pretty soon the young officer looked over at us and raised his cap as purlitely as any Southern fellow would er done, and the old fellow smiled like and they rid off, then thinks I to myself what in thunders the matter with these here Yankees, but I seed the old fellow call a fellow what had er sword er hanging by his side to him, and he pointed towards the house and pretty soon twelve soldiers started right up towards us, and then I says now I know we're goners. They come right up to us and one er them 'lowed: "We are sent here as guards to

you and your property. You can rest easy, nothin' you've got will be dis-

"Pretty soon up rides a fellow with a several things what we'd not seed any called one of Brown's gals and told her to read it, and she read it, and here is what it said:

These things are sent to you by the young officer that drank at your well a bit ago. Please accept them as coming from one whom you kindly entertained last night. I am a Federal scout. F. H. C.

"The old 'oman 'lowed well, well, well! and I 'lowed hell, hell hell! War's a bad thing, stranger; war's a bad thing.

"It warn't long 'fore the battle of Jonesboro set in, and the big guns on the "breaking" machine, and are roared and the little guns rattled, and then "hand-staked" with a blunt tool the Yankees hollered huzza, huzza, to render them pliable. Then they go huzza! and Hardee's men hollered same on to the "buck-tail," or emery wheel, as ten thousand men after a fox just fore the dogs picks him up, and by jinks I got erround like I never had er touch er rheumatics in my life, and if the conscript officers could er seed me they'd er let onto me like a hungry duck on er June bug, but thar warn't no conscript officers round thar then.

"When the fight was over," said the old man Plunket, with a long sigh, "I went over yonder by them three big them, put buttons on them, fit them trees which you see standing off to themselves, and right there was where they had what they called a field hospital, and all of the sights I ever seed it was there. There was a pile of scraps there as big as your corn crib-arms, lady's kid to the cowboys's gauntlet legs, skulls, hands, feet, everything, and layin' off to one side was dead men and horses, and me and Brown stepped ermong 'em and what should we see but the young officer what I've told you erbout layin' with his face turned up to the sun, and we said right erway we'd bury him as well as we could, so Brown, he went to loosen the collar of the blue coat what looked like it was chokin'

How Gloves Are Made.

man, and lost her way in the dark and sition that one-half of the world does couldn't go no further.

sition that one-half of the world does pain in his right side and extending to the small of his hear. In speaking The old 'oman ground some wheat we have little fear of contradiction when we make bold to declare that such as ladies wear, and gloves of a certain form which fashion prescribes for men, are brought from abroad, but whence comes the great supply of all the other gloves? The answer would not be very far wrong if one were to say from Fulton County, New York. Four-fifths of the gloves made in America, it is estimated, are manufac ured in the county named, and the manufactories which make gloves elsewhere are in great part the children of Fulton County, indebted to her for their nurture and their establishment in life.

The headquarters of the glove-making industry in Fulton County are fortyfive miles northwest of Albany, in Johnston Township. The villages of Gloversville and Johnston in that townnothin' strange was thought of it, for in war time folks don't think strange of many things.

(Noversyllic and Collision in this ship contain a population of about 20,-000, seven-eighths of whom are glove-makers. There are upward of the makers. glove manufactories in the section. Glove-making in what is now Fulton County was begun early in the present century. Upon the passing away of Sir William Johnston, the famous Indian agent of colonial times, and of his son Sir John, a zealous Tory who fought fiercely for King George, the Dutch farmers of the neighborhood looked about for some better means of support than were offered to them by the soil, which was not fitted for husstopped, and no sooner than stopped bandry, although there was good grazthan down they sat on each side er the ing land upon the stony hillsides. A shrewd family from Connecticut are

convenient North Woods in those days a supply of material for this manufacture so great that nobody would have thought it could ever be exhausted, but the demand of the American people for gloves proved to be still greater, and the North Woods deer ceased to be depended upon by the Fulton County

glove-makers years ago. Today the gloves manufactured in Gloversville and Johnstown are made of skins brought from the most distant parts of the globe. The great bulk are buck-skins and sheep-skins, but there are many others which the glovemakers use-among them seal-skin, dog-skin, East India cowhide, and the skin of the South American water-hog. The bulk of the buckskin comes from Mexico and Central and South America. The deer of the tropics is covered with a heavier skin than covers the deer of these latitudes, and the finest sheep-skin comes from South Africa, and is that of the Cape hair-sheep. "The coarser the wool, the finer the skin," is a glovemaker's saying. All manner of furs, too, go to Fulton County, to be used in finishing the gloves.

The business of glove-making in Fulton County amounts to about \$8,000,-Pretty soon up rides a fellow with a lot er bundles in his arms, and he gave skilful workers—the table cutters, as the old 'oman a package of coffee and they are called-run from \$60 to \$80 a month; block cutters get from \$55 to of since the war began, and then he turned and handed me a note, and I according to their skill, from \$6 to \$12

> The skins of which gloves are made go through a very exhaustive variety of processes. Some of them are soaked in vats variously from three days to four weeks, after which they get a They are then dried into parchment, then soaked in water, then "milled" in oil, then put upon the beam again and scoured of oil and natural grease with alkali, being repeatedly dried in the course of this various treatment. After the alkali scouring they are put upand from there into the identical oil and natural grease of which they were scoured with such pains. Then they are wrung out and colored, then again "broke-staked" and "finished," then smoked, and then turned over to the glove-makers, who promptly "stake" them again, cut them either on the block or by hand ("table" cutting), "silk" them, sew them, do much else to over metal hands heated by steam, sort them, and put them up in paste-board boxes in which they are sent to market. The gloves made in Fulton County are all sorts, and range from a

Death Caused by an Orange-Seed.

splendid with tassels and gold cord.

Mr. Chatfield of No. 115 Henry street, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose death took place at his home the other day, was injured in a very remarkable way. He ate an orange some time ago and one of the seeds lodged in the appendix valve of his bowels, producing abscess and finally death. This valve is located between the upper and lower intestines. and is about the sixteenth of an inch Harper's Bazar: Nobody, so far as tottom of the valve, producing inflamin diameter. The seed lodged at the we know has ever disputed the propothe small of his back. In speaking about it to his friends he would say, "I guess I have a little kidney trouble." probably one-half of the people of the This was his own supposition. On May United States do not know where their gloves come from. Of course it is generally known that gloves of fine kid, such as ladies were and places of the state of the was advised by a friend to see a physician, and he called upon Dr. Everson of Duffield street. The doctor ordered him to bed. Last week the pain became intense and Dr. Everson called in Dr. Colton and Dr. George K. Smith for consultation. Friday they were called in again, with the addition of Dr. Gilfillan. Dr. Everson, assisted by the other surgeons, performed the operation of drawing off the pus from the abscess, which they found deepseated. Saturday afternoon they performed another operation, cutting into the abscess. The patient died fifteen hours afterwards from exhaustion. The surgeons performed an autopsy and found the orange-seed imbedded in the appendix valve. Mr. Chatfield was connected with a drygoods firm on Fulton street, Brooklyn, and was a relative of Lionel Brough, the comedian who was in Ameaica with the Violet Cameron troupe.

Prevalence of Apoplexy.

The London Medical Record says that there are more deaths from apoplexy in Bordeaux than in any other city in the world, and it attributes that fact to the bibulous habits of the Bordelais. It seems that Bordeaux is given to wine-bibbing to an extent which produces an abnormal amount of disease of various kinds. It might have been supposed that Bordeaux drank pure wine. but such is not the fact. There is quite as much adulteration of wines intended for home consumption as of those sent abroad.

Mme. Antoinette, the oratorio singer, men on horses down the road, and all popularly credited with introducing is a descendant of prebendary John the men they rise to their feet and holler huzar, huzar, huzar, louding like by the men they rise to their feet and holler huzar, huzar, huzar, louding like by the men they rise to their feet and holler huzar, huzar, huzar, huzar, louding like by the men they rise to their feet and holler huzar, huz A Useful Book.

An exchange relates that a young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a forma declaration the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible (open) with a pin stuck in the following text, Second Epistle of St. John, verse 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse 20: "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him: 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a labor. You have not the far-seeing stranger?" He returned the book, genius that grasps great combinations pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John: "I had many things to write. I will not with pen and ink write unto thee, but I trust I cate and bored a hole through the botshall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face." From the above inter- lished a corner in corn, and are makview a marriage took place the ensuing ing more in a day than you can in your

Mr. W. H. McAlister, Manager following the laws of gravitation, must fall into our pockets." 206 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal., Jacobs Oil for rheumatism in muscles of arm and shoulder. It gave immediate and permanent relief. A member of my family was cured in the same living.

She Seut him Skipping.

Buffalo Courier: They were old friends, though she suspected there was whispered "Kitty" very softly she realized that the blissful moment had come. "Kitty." he said in tremulous tones, going to ask, er-Jennie Grampus to be mine. Do you, er—think, do you believe she would consent to wed me?" Kitty deliberately rose up with her cheeks on fire, and pulled his golden mustache until he howled. "If I were Jennie Grampus," she cried, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. Why, I never heard of such presumption in my life. Goodness gracious. Mr. Mumbley, what could you have been thinking of?"
But Mr. Mumbley didn't stop to reply.
He seized his hat and tore out of the house, and ever since has devoted himself strictly to business, averring that women are all fickle and false and that he will have none of

A Pleasant Way to Begin.

Some little time ago a young lady who had been teaching a class of halfgrown girls in the Sunday-school of Dr B-'s church, Brooklyn, was called away from the city, rendering it necessary to fill her place. The superintendent decided to request one of the young gentlemen of the congregation to take the class. It so happened that the young man upon whom fell the superintendent's choice was exceedingly bashful. The two gentlemen appeared upon the little platform, and superintendent began: " ladies, I wish to introduce to you Mr. , who will in future be your teacher. I would like to have you tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go right on in the same way." Immediately a demure miss of 14 years arose and said: "The first thing our teacher always did was to kiss us all around."

The world occasionally makes a useful discovery, which is almost always the result of a blunder. No one has ever expected that the Moxie Nerve Food plant was worth anything except for cattle to est. Now it is found to be able to remove the liquor appatite remove aprevene expensive. liquor appetite, remove nervous exhaustion, the effects of overwork and dissipation, at once, without harm, and make everybody capable of double endurance, and the discoverer will make millions on it. The druggists say the size of its sale to women is marvellous. Buy XX. Ready for use.

Bret Harte was a very active book agen in 1849 and 1850.

A Sure Thing.

There are very few things in this life of which we may be absolutely certain, but this is one of them: that Dr Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" have no equal as a cathartic in derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels. They are very small and their action is pleasant. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. 25 cents a vial. All druggists.

A Booming Western Town.

One man knocked down, two others kicked in the stomach. Deputy-Sheriff McPhee laid up by a kick in the groin, several big faro games running, also several poker games, at one of which there was over \$500 in the pot, a good house at the theatre; all this last Saturday evening in this city would seem to indicate that times are getting livelier. -Halley (Idaho) Times.

A Sympathetic Horse

A number of horses are kept together at Independence. A few days ago a load of alfalfa hay was brought and put in the yard near the stable; one horse Fr. PAUL, MINK.

was loose in the yard, the other two being tied up in the stable, the door being left open. After eating a few bites of the alfalfa, of which he is very fond, the loose horse appeared to remember that his companions were debarred from the feast. He took large mouthfuls of alfalfa, carried it into the stable, are placed it before the other horses. Inyo (Cal) Independent.

A Fable For Economists.

An ant, which was painfully toiling across the road with a grain of corn, observed a mouse scamper out of a hole under the door of the grain elevator near by.

"At your old tricks, I suppose," said the ant scornfully; "why don't you work for your living as I do, instead of stealing what you eat."

"Poor drudge, said the mouse in pitying tone, "you are only fit for life of labor. You have not the far-seeing and insures enormous profits. But know this—that myself and two or three other mice have formed a synditom of the grain bin. We have estabnatural life. Do not complain of this, because it is perfectly legal—the corn,

The mouse stalked away with the air writes: "I used one bottle of St. of one owning the earth, and the poor ant wondered why the laws of gravitation were so arranged that he never could find an easy way of making his

Wedded at Short Notice.

Marion (O.) Mirror: Some of Tiffin's sweetest girls were taking a tour through the new court-house with Celia a rival in his affections. But when he Forbing, a Kenton belle, in tow. Just snuggled up to her on the sofa in the like one of those daring Kenton girls, little parlor on Mariner street and Celia stepped up to the marriage record and bluffed any young man present to take out the papers to make her his'n. Ed Homan walked up and ac-"I'm about to propose, er—that is, I'm | cepted the challenge. Notice of it was published in the papers, and it was said the young couple drove over to Fostoria to get spliced in the evening. Tiffiin hasn't had so much to talk about since natural gas came in.

> Martial law has been proclaimed at Valencia. Twenty-one persons have been arrested for complicity in rioting against the collectors of the octroi tex.

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 acrofulous cannot be understood by others, and their gratitude on finding a remedy that cures them, ishes a well person. The wonderful power of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

in eradicating every form of Scrofula has been so clearly and fully demonstrated that it leaves no doubt that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. It is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists.

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A Noted Divine Says:

"I have been using Tust's Liver Pills for Dyspepsia, Weah Stomach and Costiveness, with which I have long been afflicted.

ARE A SPECIAL BLESSING I never had anything to do messe much good. I reccommend them to all a the best medicine in existance." Bev. F. E. OSGOOD, New York SOLD EVERYWHERE. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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