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Poetry. NO-OR-A-KISS. A wee bit, winsome, bonnie girl's My Sadie like...

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had come into his eyes as he "hoped they should meet together again." Meanwhile Marcus Moreland had been thinking about her more than she guessed, and that evening there was another introduction. Marcus did not make big eyes at her nor try to show his superiority to his neighbors, neither had he any gold watch to consult. He was younger than the doctor by ten years, and very much of a boy still, and the rising moon found May and her little cousin Tom and Marcus all sitting together on the lower step of the porch, talking of blubbering as three children might.

The heiresse wore a linen dress and a knob of blue ribbon in her hair. Marcus forgot she was an heiress. It was only a dear little girl, just the nicest little creature he ever met, who looked at him frankly with her blue eyes—real blue eyes, not blue gray. He went home in the first stages of love, and sat at the window looking at the moon, and thinking of her nearly all the night.

May had never had anything like a bean in her life. Shut up with an invalid uncle in a great city home that was like a prison—seeing no one but the doctor and nurse, and now and then some old gentleman, whom her uncle was persuaded to admit on the score of old friendship—she had no idea that she might be a belle. Little was all new to her. Even her cousin was a new found relative, who had taken her when the friends gathered at the old man's funeral.

People who had never remembered little May until the news of her heiress-ship brought her to notice, had been so very kind since. Marcus did not make love—he did not dare—but looked it. The doctor made scientifically; he had pumped the farmer, who believed that the young lady's fortune was "something more than common." He had even extracted from the married cousin a statement that "Uncle had left everything to May."

He had three months to work in before the heiress knew her own powers, and learned from one gray winter that lovers follow money thick and fast, and he was a determined sort of fellow where there was anything to gain. Marcus had no plans. His boy's heart ran away with him—that was all. He could not keep away from May's side, nor forget her when they were apart; and so summer passed and autumn approached, and the city folks were going home, and the district school was to be opened, and cousin Helen's husband, a hard-driven Wall street man, came down to spend a week before he took his family home, and all this delightful time was at an end.

Marcus was to be examined for his position as teacher of the school—a menial form with his fine education. The doctor, a learned gentleman, was one of the committee to examine the coming school ma'am for the girls' department. May heard a good deal of the school, especially as farmer Parsons was another of the committee, and she felt an interest in it, too, as Marcus was that the doctor, who had done nothing but run after rich women since he "came to the place," was said to be "after it."

"A regular fortune hunter, my dear," said the husband. "You must use your influence with poor May." May, meanwhile, had been in her favorite grove, and there had Marcus Moreland bethaken himself to say good-bye. Poor boy, he had some bitter hours of late. The truth of May's love was the one thing worth having upon earth, and dawned upon him, and with it the knowledge that he had no right to offer himself to an heiress. How he hated her money. It stood between them like an awful wall. If she had been the poorest girl living he could have said all that was in his heart to her—no more.

"The poor boy uttered a few faltering words and went his way. "It was folly for me to think he liked me much," said May, as he left her. "How formal and cold he is after all our sociability," and a little pang nipped her heart and she smiled more brightly on the doctor when he also entered the grove than she had ever smiled before. He made true love to her that afternoon after true story-book fashion. On the stage at—she would have caused tender-hearted ladies to say "how sweet." It was a pretty little scene rehearsal in private. Had May not known it the night before; and no girl could have failed to understand his parting words.

"To-morrow before you leave I must see you. You will grant me a private interview, will you not? I have something of intense importance to myself, at least, to say to you. You will let me see you in the garden?—I—after a walk, a snatch at her hand, the touch of his lips upon it. Then the curtain should have dropped, he rode away in his rig and dropped to himself. "It was a lucky fellow to think that Providence should have sent an heiress to such a place as this, a pretty one, too?"

love me for myself?" she asked, in a sudden fit of indignation. Then common sense came to her aid. She sat quiet for awhile, and the dew near her cousin and whispered something in her ear. It was a long whisper. "I will prove him," she said aloud; "and you will help me?" Cousin Helen promised, and May retired to her own room, there to shed a few not unnatural tears.

Night passed—the morning came. The school house doors were set open for the first time for months. The committee was to meet at eleven, to examine the candidates for the teachers' positions. Old Farmer Parsons walked over, also Farmer Brown. The doctor was there, and the lawyer, Mr. Triphammer. Miss Cynthia Alderyn was seen walking toward the door with a dejected face. Miss Baker followed with a scared one. Marcus Moreland took his way in, and just as all were settled into their seats, a little figure in buff linen, with a blue-ribboned hat on its head, slipped into one of the doors and stood among them.

"Miss Dimple," said the Doctor, advancing with a gallant air. "I understand you examine candidates to-day. I am fond of teaching, and when one must do something, one seizes every chance, you know. May I be examined?" "I suppose you are jesting, Miss Dimple," said the doctor. "Not I," said May. "I suppose you have heard that foolish story about me. Two or three hundred dollars may be a very pleasant little sum to spend on a summer vacation, but it doesn't make one a great heiress, you know."

"Folks will talk," said Farmer Parsons, with a twinkle in his eyes. "A poor girl is as respectable as a rich one, long as she conducts proper. Set you down, Miss Dimple." The doctor retired to his seat, his face pale and rigid. Marcus Moreland, on the contrary, had flushed with delight. "My dear Miss Dimple," said he, as he advanced gallily, but not quite naturally, "I feared I should scarcely get here in time to bid you good-bye. I'm sorry the committee think you too young for the place. They've given it to Miss Cynthia. Really, it would be very dull for you, very. I told you I had something very particular to say to you—didn't I? You remember, I see; I didn't think you would. I wanted to say that I have really enjoyed your little visit to this place so much. Ladies' society is a treat to a poor old bachelor doctor who expects to be a bachelor all his life, by the way. You know what the society is here, Miss Dimple, and you've quite brightened the summer for me. I've had a treat. So that's what I wanted to tell you, and bid you a last good-bye."

"Good-bye, Dr. Purl," said May, with a smile. A man who had made such desperate love to her the other day, who had defined his intentions towards her in a manner that no girl could misunderstand, had slipped calmly and smoothly out of the affair, and she could match him in coolness, girl as she was. "After school," said the doctor with the true partisan accent, and jumped into his gig, thanking heaven that he had escaped making an offer to a poor girl. The heiress stood by the gate where he had left her, thanking heaven more devoutly for her escape. Yet I shall not say she was happy. It was not in nature, for she had thought this man her true, earnest lover. The first bitter thought that had ever troubled her young heart filled it now; her first glimpse of real life was taken. As she stood there she began to doubt that there was such a thing as true love.

A tear or two fell; she wiped them away, and through the mist that veiled her eyes, she saw a bright, ardent young face, strangely in contrast with the cool, formal, unmoved countenance, with its handsome features and broad, open smile that had just passed from before her. It was the face of Marcus Moreland, and before she was aware of his intention he had passed his arm around her waist and kissed her. "If I never may again I must now," said he. "I have never dared to tell you while I thought you so rich, but I have loved you since the first day I met you. We are both poor. Let me fight the battle of life for you. I can do it—I will do it. God always prospers love like mine."

The twilight shadows were creeping over the scene. The faint mountains were losing the distant rose tints that they had worn. A soft, sweet breeze swept up from the meadows, full of the fragrance of grass and clover. Did these things bring the doctor back to his senses? No, he was not. He stood still, making Marcus no answer, but she did repulse him. "Talk me that you like me a little," pleaded the boy. "I do like you, Marcus," said May; "but don't say any more just now. I can't tell you why, but this is not the time. I—I just say good-bye now, Marcus. I must go away to-morrow, but I will write to you." (Remember, my love is life or death to me," said Marcus, and they parted. One day when May felt that she

had nothing but scorn for her fortune-hunting doctor, she did write to Marcus Moreland, and what she said may be inferred from the fact that they are to be married when the next spring comes, and that the people at the store, and doubtless the doctor also, know that Farmer Parsons' pretty young boarder was really and actually an heiress, and that Farmer Parsons, a shrewd old man, with plenty of good sense, knew and approved of the ruse that "tested the heiress' lovers all along."

PARADISE. PARAPHRASE OF A HINDOO LEGEND. A Hindoo died; a happy thing to do When fifty years united to a shroud. Released, he hopefully for entrance cries Before the gates of Rama's Paradise. "I have been through Purgatory," Rama said; "I have been married"—and he brings his head down in shame, and welcomes me, my son; Marriage and Purgatory are as one. In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door, And knew the peace he had not known before.

A Troublesome Fortune. No large sum of money, perhaps, ever was brought under more peculiar circumstances from the Old World to the New, than the \$800,000 with which Peter Demson, of California, arrived in New York the other day by the steamship Cimbric. A native of Prussia, Demson long ago lived in a ranche near Placerville. Last summer he received an official letter from Berlin, informing him that a relative of his had died and left him his whole fortune, amounting to nearly 700,000 thalers in gold, which he could receive by calling in person at the Berlin Probate Court. Peter had been dreaming all along of becoming a rich stock farmer, and so he set out joyfully for the German metropolis. But when he was asked by the Probate Judge in what kind of funds he wanted to draw his inheritance, poor Peter was disagreeably perplexed. Of a very distrustful character, he became apprehensive that if people should find out what a treasure he had with him he would surely be robbed. To take the sum in gold would be too onerous; in currency he had no faith, and still less in drafts on San Francisco. In his perturbation he went to the great British himself, who advised him to purchase for the 700,000 thalers 70 Prussian 100,000 State bonds. These he could easily take with him, and could sell them slightly above par in San Francisco. The Minister of Finance furnished Peter with the bonds, and the California caused them to be inclosed in a heavy steel box. Peter set out for the New World in the shabbiest clothes imaginable. He took a steamer passage to New York, and always had his precious steel box fastened to his body by means of a chain. When he appeared on deck he always carried it with him. Meanwhile his fear of being robbed of his money had remained no secret in Berlin, and a passenger on the Cambria recognized Peter despite his shabby clothes. So Peter's story soon became known among the other passengers, and when he made his appearance on deck and the box became the cynosure of all eyes. When he arrived in New York he left the box for three days under the protection of the German Consul General, and then started with it, still shabbily dressed, for California. It was noticed on the steamer that his face became thinner and thinner, and that he took but very little food, and at the slightest noise in the steerage would put his head out of his bunk with a frightened expression.

The Anamites are the natives of Anam, or Cochinchina. It is well known that some of the Chinese are accustomed to allow their finger nails to grow without trimming. It is thought to be an indication of opulent ease. According to Mr. Harney, a French traveler, the Anamites of the wealthier classes carry this custom to an extreme. In one case nails were about seven inches long, but in the extreme case he found them over one and one-half feet in length. It is well known that when a man is allowed to grow they become thickened and curved like claws. In many cases observed by this gentleman they were not thickened, but undulating and describing remarkable curves. Sometimes they present quite fantastic arrangements. As they are quite fragile, a great variety of sheaths and other protections have been invented. Every movement of the hand must endanger these singular ornaments. The man who wishes to raise them must give up the use of his hands.

If you are surrounded by a large family of children, don't forget that you were once a child. It is annoying, perhaps, to be interrupted when reading the evening paper, by a little voice pleading for a story, or a tearful face "trusting in between the sheet and your eyes," the little hands holding a "dirty plate, on which are a row of obstinate figures which refuse to be added up." But if you say one hard word, your good heart will ache for the children; they will cry, and some grow so sweet, with such tenderness, when you can spare the time, join in the games, you boys and girls, and play with them. You will find that the trust in your looks, and when there are touched with the snows of age, your name will be reverently and lovingly mentioned to those who will live so long after you have passed away.

It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of what he has never been reasoned into.

A Dictionary Wanted. A recent number of The Chicago Evening Journal tells of a Chicago woman who had been reading about the whisky frauds in the paper, turning to her husband inquiring: "My dear, what do the papers mean by saying that a man has 'squaled'?" "Why," replied the man, loftily, "they mean some member of the ring has 'preached' on the rest." "Preached on the rest!" exclaimed the wife; "now what does that mean?" "Why, it means that he's—he's 'blowed' on 'em'." "Blowed on 'em?" "Yes; you see, he's 'given 'em away'." "Given them away?" "Why, of course—dummit! Can't you understand anything? Do you think I'm an unbridged dictionary?" continued the husband impatiently. "It means he's—he's 'let out on 'em'—gone back on his pals"—squaled, you know."

The woman did not seem quite satisfied with the man's lucid explanation; but, not wishing to appear ignorant in her husband's eyes, she remarked: "Ah, yes; I see!" and forebore further questioning.

Buy a Home. Every laboring poor man should buy himself a town lot, get that paid for, and then work to make the necessary improvements. A little here and a little there will in due time produce you a home of your own, and place you out of the landlord's grasp; remember, that fifty dollars a year saved in rent, will in a few years pay for your home and the money is yours to shift about, without any loss of furniture and time, pay the interest on a five hundred dollar judgment against your property, until you can gradually reduce it to nothing. You can all buy that way—why do you not risk it? If you fail you are no worse off if you succeed, as any careful man is sure to do, you have made a home and established a basis equal to many others, which will start you in business.

Orchard Work in Winter. In a large number of cases where the orchard is of some age, sprouts will come up from the trunk just under the ground, and form a complete bundle all around it. This is the more likely to be the case with trees that have overborne, and have a large number of half-stunted branches; and also in cases where the borer has been working near the ground. Whatever obstructs the passage of the sap up the trunk induces shoots to break out from below in this way. By encouraging vigor in the new growth, so as to turn the sap back to the old wood, and by discarding sprouts that are likely to be the case with trees that have overborne, many a tree will rest with cutting them back to the ground, which merely makes them push stronger the next year. The ground should be opened a little with the grubbing hoe, and with the same implement the sprout-rooted clean out. Throughout the tree these sprouts are often common and should be cut away, unless the main branches show signs of being worn out by disease or over-bearing, in which case it is best to use the large arms away down to the young, vigorous sprouts, which should thus have a chance to grow up and replace them. Sometimes cutting away these large branches leaves large scars on the trunk which will not heal, and the wood, weakened by discarding sprouts, will and leaves a hollow place for water to collect in, and then the hole soon gets worse. But this is remedied by painting the place over. It makes no difference what kind of paint is used. Anything that will keep the water from the wood will do. It is because these precautions are neglected that people have a chance to say that cutting off large branches injures trees. Nature herself often seems to ask for the pruning knife, and branches often seem to be struggling with death and life, as if the trees were begging of some one to cut them off. The trees are always benefited when they are.

PREPARATION OF RAW MEATS FOR INVALIDS.—In spite of its general introduction, as food for invalids, raw meat, in any of its forms, is rather repulsive. By the following method, suggested by Lyon, it is said that a very palatable product, of an attractive appearance, not suggestive of its original nature, can be obtained. Pound in a stone mortar a mixture of 100 lbs. of sweet, blancher—almonds, 500 grains of white sugar. To improve its appearance, as well as to free it from adhering fibres, it may be converted into a pulp, and if it is preferred in a liquid form, a certain amount of this can be triturated to an emulsion with water.

THE BENEFICIAL EFFECT OF SALT AS MANURE FOR VEGETABLES depends on the kind of plants to which it is applied, some requiring a large portion of salt and others needing scarcely any of it. Celery, lettuce and cabbage contain a large portion of the constituents of common salt. Asparagus and sea-kale are marine which require salt in the soil or manure. Turnips have scarcely a trace of it in their composition. You can apply salt more evenly by spreading it over the ground, than by mixing it with the manure; but it will add to the fertilizing powers of the manure if mixed with it. A peck of salt will be sufficient in ten bushels of manure.

HORSE RADISH.—Mr. Bradley of Preston, Hall, England, states that a good plan to grow horse radish is to place a common round drain-tile in the earth and fill it with fine earth, on the top plant a set of horse radish which stands about two inches above the surface of the ground. The horse radish grows clean with a fine stem and its digging is easy.

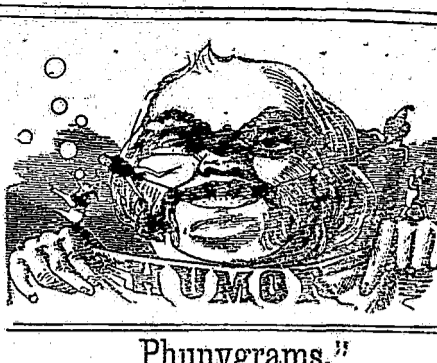
THE TONGUE IS THE WORST PART OF A BAD SERVANT.—Jewel.

SWETNESS OF LITTLE SACRIFICES.—Lovers abstain from caresses, and hatters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life—we might learn to love every day what we call our good manners, the made of petty sacrifices.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out.

It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of what he has never been reasoned into.

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Phungrams.

German Theology.

A neighbor found a slip of paper the other day, which from the following memorandum penciled on the sheet, would seem to indicate a laudable desire on the part of some German Bible reader to become familiar with leading biblical personages and by noting an abstract for the purpose of memorizing.

We find it out by der book dot Adam (I forgot his oder name) vos de first man.

Eve vos der nexed. You day dey got trubbled erout eading some grinoes, and vos kicked out of der garden.

Gain and Able vos der firstest children. Cain got mad and put a head on his brudder, and den lit out.

Yonah vos a fisherman. Yon day he gone to der goosport to catch shrimp, and vos looking for bait he walked right avey or a vale's mount in. But der vale make him poody gwalk out der fish's stummik.

Solomon knew more as everybody. He den vood out a little poy in bices to settle a disturbance mit two gals. He said it vos petter to gone der whole hog or none.

Sau's son (I don't hear de mudder's name) vos de strongest. He vos a bruiser. He got fighting mit a dozen fellows, and he clean 'em out ajackass bone.

Yobe vos der pashentest man. You could stick pins in him all tay, and he wouldn't boller.

Mardeselem vos der oldest grand-fadder vos der dease time. He could toll you all about it.

Lasarus vos der poor man. Dey don't give no free lunch dose days, and he vos always skrimshin' about for grubs.

Joseph's pig brudder got yellow of him because he wore a striped coat, and sold him for twenty dollars. Und after avile give um some roading ears and make it all right.

Pa are you in favor of the Bible in public schools? asked a West Side youngster at the breakfast table the other morning.

"Why, of course I am," responded the father, pleased that such an important subject should engage the attention of his youthful offspring.

"What makes you ask the question, my son?" "Oh, nothing," rejoined young hopeful; "only I thought maybe you wasn't, as you never have had one at home."

The urchin dodged, but he wasn't quick enough.

BIGGER GAINS AHEAD.—"You will be mine?" urged a faithful and substantial lover to a Philadelphia girl, last week. "Oh, no, I won't any such thing," she answered, archly.

"But why this change?" pleaded he, "you once felt differently toward me." "Oh, yes, I know I did," she replied, "but I didn't think of the centennial then, and the chances there'll be to pick up a foreign duke, or prince, or something!" And, as the disappointed youth turned sadly away, you could see by his face that there was at least one Philadelphia soul which had lost the enthusiasm for the coming big show.

A scholar in a country school was asked, "How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for 'Mary.' 'Stands for 'Mary! How do you make that out?'"

"Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for 'Mary, how could she milk her?'"

Judge Brady, of New York, tells this good story: He was one day on the wharf while an emigrant ship was coming in. An Irish laborer, who knew him, edged alongside, and after a look at the crowded ship, turned to the Judge and said, "Oh, you what, Misher Brady, them furiners is goin' to play the devil with us entirely. What'll we do at all, at all!"

A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead; like half money."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next, Master Biggs, can you tell me what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented." "Go to your seats."

The dirtiest man in Montana is now worth \$100,000. Ten years ago, when he was poor, a candid stranger said to him: "Well, to look at you, I shouldn't think you ever washed." "No," replied the miser; "I save up my real estate."—Brooklyn Argus.

A countryman went to his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed: "The thermometer is twenty degrees above zero this morning." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said: "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now you see where I am through my own exertions." "Well, where are you?" "Why, a thousand dollars in debt."

Mr. Speaker: "Good morning. You look a trifle dull. Bad luck at the polls? Did I Kerr, no?" "Was you, Kerr, that did I?"—Providence Journal.

MICHIGAN'S FAVORITE PAPER. The Detroit Tribune. Prospectus for 1876.

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WOMEN. Disease peculiar to women treated as a specialty. DR. WILFORD, Toledo, O.

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B. T. MORLEY. Expels to run the Foundry all winter, and sell Sleigh Shoes as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best.

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