FLOW ON, SWIFT STREAM.

Flow on swift stream, amid the flowers,
Flow on and dance with joy;
Ye are not of the happy hours
When I was yet a boy.
I wandered thee with the band more than
You of amour I never sought;
To wander by thy stream
And lean and lay upon green
Ye are unchanged in aught
Are young and bright as ever.

But changed is mine, yet who can stay
The future's ceaseless waters?
The little moss of yesterday
Lies hoary beneath the waves;
Therefore, O stream, thy ever dr.
Unchanged, unchanged, we too, must die,
Yet more the mighty river,
Where youth and joy and love and birds,
And all the various modes of life,
Flow on unchanged forever.
—C. J. B. Lucky in London Spectator.

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It isn't no use in again your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round too continued for mor'n thirty years, an you'll jes' have to give in. Mr. Bryan talks at home. 'I only make him wuse."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "just give in," and her only chance of years was in yielding to her middle-determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his compact wife.

He had been away from home for only three years—this pretty brown mind girl with the determined face and proud carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her.

A number of small children stood in the air and brought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter clung to the farm with as far as her recollection of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request.

It was better, far better for her, for, even after her departure there were plenty of children to keep the minority difference to a perpetual grumble about many matters.

It was May and the country were one gold mass, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two amusement seters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

The morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate, while the slip, slip, slip of a fork sounded merrily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer mebee bed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman; "an you'll have to lots of you don't mind be careful Jennie, or you'd jes' better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "fine chile." She had expressed her opinion of him in no doubtful way as to show Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make yer mind," he would say. "Keep yer mind bent to yer feets, go wen yer wil, an they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so startled him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth, but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she plotted with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jessie Meggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she dug the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for make baking which were before her. Jennie was thinking as she began softly, "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here too."

"He needn't bother 'round mine," said Father Olcott grimly, as he quietly stepped into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning look, and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the smoking curves of his half lined mouth.

Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the footpatch toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always presaged a burst of passion.

"Hiram," said the little cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch nous o' yer city fellers comin to see you. If they do I'll talk to 'em; mek a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she contrived to speak.

"I'm master in my own house and I'll not talk till mun time an I'm done. Yo'n been away an kinder forgot how things is run here, but you nighten well get broke in now. I tell you I won't jes any city fellers a-follerin you, and if I hetch your Aunt Kate makin matches for you I'll just fetch you home from hoin a fine lady down there and set you workin."

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and her words hoped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the upturned face of the little woman beside her the flame soon changed. She bent to kiss the pain drawn lips, murmuring, "Never mind, mother dear; I'll be patient for your sake."

"Yan's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott with a sigh of relief, "try and go along peaceable like, an yer give to for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin wen and wuse."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and her son was the answer of that clever woman:

"MY DEAR NIECE—Your father needs managing and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of your of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a very little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whose house was refused to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not imagined by the shrewd little matchmaker. Mr. Calding, however, he had opened his heart, and she knew him well a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and she had concluded that he might yet serious difficulty in the way of the young people.

After satisfying herself that the cause of Jennie's fever was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl would be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trained to his unequaled obliviency to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you, about Jennie," said the lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed dining room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, said I'm willin. She ought to be married," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and"—

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a snort.

"There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I know something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution she made this statement.

"I've wanted mun introduced. "Rich," he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on:

"Of course, it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him and"—

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly amused old man, as he stood his chair nearer her and emphasized his words with hearty gesture, "if I like that young man I'll just take him on home with me, an I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go if I'm Pete."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "just run out and take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father seemed very pleased at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often spoke now of his match-making. "There's Jennie," he will say, "I'd a her picked up with some empty soldiers' clap o' I hadn't jes' took her in hand. I bring Bryan an so told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make yer mind and they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple—but when he insists they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—Drake's Magazine.

A Man of Adventure.

John Bartsler, who now lives within one mile of Pendleton, thirty-six years ago saved the lives of thirty persons at the Cascades, on the north side of the Columbia river, at a place at that time called the Upper Cascades. John is now old and well seasoned with years. But then he was a young man and after making three trips to the place he ran the gauntlet by a mile with other parties, some of whom were wounded, while others were killed by the Yakima and Klickitat Indians. Yet he arrived at the fort safe and sound and in time to care for the wounded in the fort, where twelve soldiers were imprisoned three days and nights.—East Oregonian.

An Elephantine Nurse.

Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, in her book on Ceylon, gives a few lines to a pet elephant, who seems to have been a creature of much sensibility and intelligence. He had been captured young, and was known as Kurunegalla Jack. He used to go the hospital rounds with his master, a medical officer, who had taught him to be generally useful, and even to administer pills. A Malay soldier one day dropped his pill, whereupon Jack picked it up and dropped it into the man's open mouth, with a puff that blew it safely down.

A Lonnie's Advice.

Mr. Lionel Brough once played a game of billiards in an asylum with one of the patients. He conceded his adversary twenty-five points, with the result that he was hopelessly beaten. Then the patient took him quietly on one side and said:

"Look here, if you go on giving points so reckless as that, you'll be in this asylum instead of me!"—London Tit-Bits.

Cromwell's Nicknames.

Cromwell, of all men, has perhaps had most nicknames applied to him. He was known as "Old Copperface," "The Brewer," "His Noseship," "Old Noll," "Noll" and a score of others.—St. Louis Republic.

Electrifying Seeds.

Dr. Leicester, of Bristol, England, has been studying the growth of seeds in earth artificially electrified. A box three feet long by nearly three wide was filled with choice soil. At one end a zinc plate and at the other end a copper one were placed, and were united outside by a copper wire. They were about one foot square. By the chemical action on the zinc plate a current passed through the earth toward the copper plate, and returning by the copper wire made a circuit. The box was then a very simple cell or battery.

Seeds were sown in the soil between the plates, and their growth was much more rapid than that of similar seeds planted in a similar box, but one without the metal plates.

Similar experiments made with glass tanks filled with soil show similar results. Recognized, sown in an electrified glass tank was fully an inch high before any sprouts could be seen in unelectrified earth. It was found, too, that if the doctor watered the soil with a little very dilute acetic acid the growth was much quicker in the electrified soil.—New York Ledger.

A Pathetic Appeal for Mercy.

Ex-Governor Taylor tells a story of how he saw a man come before the governor of a state with a rude fiddle a poor convict had fashioned out of a piece of pitchfork and sent to the custodian of the pardoning power as his only appeal for mercy. Christmas eve was approaching, and away up in the mountains stood a little cabin. The fire on the hearth was almost gone. The little children, ragged and naked, lay about a weeping and disconsolate mother, and the day which should bring peace and joy to all promised only sorrow and wretchedness.

The governor received the simple, rough fiddle, which was a more eloquent plea in its mother's behalf than any human tongue could have made. The records were looked up, and on Christmas day there was rejoicing in a little house over a husband and father restored to his family.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Refinement.

Cellulose, the composition of which was long kept secret, has for some years been largely employed for making articles made of horn, shell, ivory and even marble. It has the immense advantage that it can be molded, molded, molded and shaped without difficulty, and it is for this reason now largely employed for the manufacture of walking sticks, handles, umbrella handles, piano keys, etc. It has also been used for making rulers, set squares and other similar instruments of precision, for it was found that the expansion of this substance is much more regular and uniform than that of wood, and that errors previously unavoidable can be eliminated by its use. This industrial product, now indispensable for a number of articles of everyday use, is simply made up of nitrocellulose, camphor and water.—Montreal Star.

Why Dennis Emigrated.

A recent in the medical ranks had been sent forth with instructions to initiate the occupants of a couple of shabby dockets in the delights of recently applied vaccine virus.

Things ran smoothly until he encountered a suspicious Irishwoman, who dwelt with her shockheaded children in the lofty heights of the seventh floor.

The doctor pounced upon the oldest boy and was preparing to make the initial scratch, when his mother stopped him.

"Is it vaccination that ha' she queried.

"Yes, madam," answered the doctor.

"Well, it's divil a bit av it ye'll do to my bye Dennis."

"Why, it preserves life and health."—

"Go long wid ye. That's what they told Dooney McCann when his bye Willie got it two weeks ago."

"Well?"

"They deserved him. Vaccinatin and all, Willie is dead. Lord rest his soul!"

"What killed him?"

"He fell down the back stairs av Brogan's tuftumin an broke his neck, an be th' shamrocks of Holy Mullagan, if vaccinatin can't stop things like that phwat sort av a bile preserves it ?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Wise Umbrella.

It was told of one distant corner of Scotland that umbrellas were sported only by the laird and the minister, and were looked upon by the common class of people as perfect phenomena. To see the minister or the laird go by with an umbrella over his head was as good as a circus to the small boys of the village.

One day Daniel McPhorson called upon the laird to pay his rent. As he was about to leave a hard shower came on, and Daniel, being a well to do man and much respected, the laird politely offered him the use of an umbrella. Daniel proudly accepted the loan, and much elated walked off with his head held several inches higher than usual.

He had not been gone many minutes, however, when, to the laird's surprise, he saw Daniel pattering back with all possible haste, the umbrella still held firmly over his head.

"Hae, hae, lorrud," he called out, "this'll never do! There's nae a deil in a' my house that'll tak' it in! My verra barn dow winna tak' it in!"

Poor Daniel's head had not yet grasped the idea that the umbrella must be shut up before he tried to take it in the door.—Harper's Young People.

Although the ordinary systems of duplex telegraphy are generally said to double the capacity of a line, it is now quite clearly understood that up to the present they have been incapable of doing it.

Music beckons the human race on, and is followed by the two great columns, the joyous, light hearted and happy, and the sorrowful, wrecked and despairing.

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"August Flower"

What is It For? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, bald-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask, "What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

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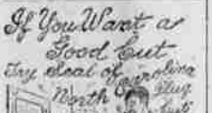

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