HORA FUGIT.

The Pendulum Swings with rapid break,
And a day and a week, like a heavy wave,
Rounded in the past, stands at the grave
Of the Sabbath-day, to be its dirge.
Two months, to be its funeral pall,
Cover the dead with their dark and sad
Time is past, time not forgotten yet,
Still, never look and lament!
—Eleanor Murray Fulton in The Contributor.

THE LOST SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, stands to be reckoned among the most quiet of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert the Bruce took out in his eldest daughter, Marjory, when she married Walter, the sixth steward of Scotland, and thus founded the prerogative of the royal and princely house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, it has real quiet of the east and west, but out of the common track of traffic and travel it has been for years a place of rest, peace and rather backwater.

Of late years coal has been found there, and steam and trade, which laid fair to have the quiet of the little village upset, have rapidly turning it into a mining district, which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace when Richard Dodd on his own land and labor, was in sole holding of the land, but two years of interest—the corn growth and the hay season. Among its peasantry and labouring people there was one family, one house, one family of Dodds, one family of Nancy Dodds, for he never was for and they consisted of half an distant cousins; not on his grandfather Robin, though he was reckoned a lively and sociable lad, not on her own thrifty housewife mother, though it was known to be on the "right side" principle had on the possession of a dozen silver teaspoons.

The account of them was that they had belonged to the young shoulder, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for concealing that element to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which the wee one exhibited to prove not a half sixpence, but a whole one, with the coin which they were searched. The widow's neighbors, however, held a different view regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, with Jock a medium some Wee Willie Stuart, had taken a dozen of dirks laid for three gallons of Highland whisky, and bestowed them on his grandsonship at the case of his family and thrifty to hold fast to such as he possessed in spoons.

In the family resided by the majority of "Sup" one Nancy Campbell, a girl about twenty, who was supposed of looking upon a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the attachment. Nothing however, would reflect the heart of the widow in regards a match, until at last the following event occurred and caused her to give way. About the harvesting time a distant and comparatively rich relation was accosted in call and bidden to come evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this proper relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, bought out the trap, and spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy lest on the case she should take to brightening them up.

While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those unusually dull days which vary the uniform tenor of the tenor of the widow's house, a cousin, the family of the city admitted the spoons—a heavy case. The day was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering in, but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of true generosity, Ruth turned the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons full scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The wind was the idle were the only occupants, shown about the scoured lace—but while they were all occupied in the hay field, who should come that way but Greedy Willie.

"Well, the kitchen door was open, and Greedy stepped in. He heard the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he shifted the cat, which appeared on the window seat, and all hoofs discovered there was nobody within. Neither need any power was to be expected that day; the hay was growing in wire, some of the hay wood to wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects presently totally arrested Greedy's attention; one was the heavy bag of silver on the table, the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Heading over the former Greedy took a considerable stiff, gave the turnstile a cur with the pot-stick, and muttered "Very fine!" He proceeding with regard to the latter but remain unmentioned; but half an hour after, when he was safely consumed to a farmhouse a mile off and the family had been driven within doors by the first sprinkle of rain, they found everything as it had been, save the bottle on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whisking and failed on the table, but not a spoon was there.

"Where's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, as we stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. Nurse had been in the house; they were certain, but neither saw the thieves. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking confirmed. Every stick, every corner, was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared not the grade of the Fortunatus. They be, Dorothy. The widow ran through it for one distracted, questioning, wailing and searching. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different directions, as soon as the rain cleared, to inform the neighbors, under the supposition that some stealing beggar or gypsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Greedy Willie. He had not been spied from the hay field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent, and if he attended Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed Greedy Willie had neither her temper nor her liberality would be circumstance.

And the spoons were lost and a doubt, and the widow made for to lose her senses. The non-relation came at his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the worst was still yet to come. Robin was looked into for the missing silver and sacred men were hired to turn out the people's souls. Walls and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The sides of the farm cottage gardens were searched to question the hoe. It was reported with attention at cockpits and such places, and Mr. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggars and gypsies. Beggars was shipped through the country, and the gypsies were sent and nothing could be found of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, Robin and beggars to light on poor Nancy. She had been observed to be in great low for a little time. After strong fears of increasing trouble to Robin, she could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, and she was the prime mover in the story of intemperance and misery of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been almost only to her own. Thoughts of suicide crossed Nancy's mind, but she was yet young, and the hope of her parents, and the tenderness of Mrs. Simpson's presence not can with them in her eyes to fall the accident.

As soon this outburst in the country had subsided, a little after, and the place which might have engulfed the widow and pushed the neighborhood were relieved to her estimation, and turn her with a mental government. The solution was found in the person of Robinson, but of Mr. Simpson's "Jock." Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange that Nancy Campbell was one of the most active and sympathetic girls in his congregation, and he could not help thinking that she performed more than her share. To the proclamation of the case demanded investigation.

With some difficulty the minister prevailed Nancy to return to her mistress, trusting to assist in the effort that he would be aware of his errand who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening, lest what could be said on both sides, and if possible clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased with the bargain, and the sisters were to inquire after Nancy's spoons. The girl on her last mistress—or to say—proposed for her last remember and entered some of the most intimate and confidential neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was warm for hot and the hill sides were covered over all scoured in the clean sweet air—the widow, the minister, elder and neighbors, sitting Edinburgh to Mrs. Simpson's necessary reaching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm men sitting by until their turn came, when the family had to retire and left Jock alone to admit the house—for the evening was calmy—was quietly parked aside, and in old Gossip Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's no more for you here, Gossip," said the widow, "we're in weighty business."

"Well, mem," said Gossip, turning to depart, "this of one consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Has ye heard of them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, lowering from her seat.

"I wadna' ha' been blamed wi' the precious gift of tongue, and, what's better, I keep them," said Gossip.

"Sae do I, Gossip! Where are they? and leave a whole shilling for ye," said Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather as she gave such for that purpose, was hunted by pockmoot.

"Well," said Gossip, "I slipped in an day, and seein the silver spoons I thought some ill guided lady might seen it, and yet kill it by, I may say, among the hoes o' that Bible. Mebbes you would be sure to see the spoons where you put them to rest."

Before Gossip had finished his revelation Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible, and interposed between its leaves by the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while administering Gossip on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had stretched to the early part of his discourse, assured Gossip "all that he knowed Mrs. Simpson would be sure to see the spoons would be certain to turn up, inasmuch as many a basin of broth and many a bushelsen of bread and cheese on account of that transaction with which he caused all the freedom of the parish." Mrs. Simpson was quite dazed, even from smiling. The discovery put an end to her celebration performance, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amend for her unjust humiliation, Mrs. Simpson, Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year, and it is said there was no more ever after in the farmhouse but a well pleased Bathgate, when discussing a character of more precious performance, will refer to Widow Simpson's spoons—Belgravia.

The Army and the Church.

The Austrian war minister has issued an order to encourage religious feeling in the army. He finds that Austrian soldiers are not asked if they believe anything in the regulations. Inasmuch as the encouragement of religious feeling is regarded as of great service to the military, the order most heartedly go to church as good soldiers in contempt of other's more constant transgressions in a more exceptional spirit than has been observed lately.—Boston Letter.

A Woman's Will.

One hundred thousand dollars was recently left by an eccentric Frenchman to a noted Cabaret to any companion who will marry a man with the condition further that the wife of Africa then any one has ever yet gone. A condition of the will is that half of the estate must return safely.—Exchange.

Eccentric Gossipers.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions the fact that many of the live and rated community of 1890 are now among the most honored and revered citizens of the capital of France. The Paris merchant of Lamartine, M. Camille Rousset, is one of them. In 1872 he was sentenced to death at Paris, but succeeded in escape to England, where he became a journalist. Another commander who escaped the death sentence passed on him is M. Rane, now a rich man, a member of France and proprietor of an influential newspaper.

There, again, is Paschal Grousset, known to the history world as "Philippe Daryl." He was secretary of foreign affairs for the brief government of the commune, and was condemned to penal servitude for life. Now he is chief editorial writer for Le Temps, the organ of the moderate interests of Paris. Rochefort escaped. A little prosperity is the infallible antidote to the sense of injustice.

A group of the most influential newspapers of the Paris commune around were communists, for were the Pelletan, Arthur and Ernest Mehl, and the famous author Arthur Dubus, and a rich and fashionable Paris doctor named Gospel. All are most conservative citizens now.

Charlie Dickens Discovered Still.

The American source of Old America will never drink one of the antiquarian fancies of the gentleman in high life who wrote talks about for at least a month. He discovered and introduced Mr. Micawber have failed. Dot Boxer, the Bo Andie, and "Sairdick." They literally emerged for have sailed under false names. You ought to be ashamed to have and thus discovered." Mr. Micawber found this the most disgusting country he had ever visited; he did not like it. Instead of such the action of this gentleman who had lifted an indefinable number of blackguards, brothers and fellows to date, the people of this heartily republic only begged to join and his "banner." They sent him presents as letters making fun of him. Tell an American who will be here with him not one. He will never visit the cold, enhancing shores again." Tis sad.

The Robin Hoodd calls attention to a periodic change in the administration of our colleges and universities. All the older institutions of learning were founded and controlled by some people. The religious sects founded all the best of such was in all cases placed a president chosen by one of their denomination. The change is in the direction now of electing laymen instead of preachers for presidents of these institutions. Michigan university, Cornell, Harvard and Columbia, as well as Johns Hopkins, are marked instances of an innovation of learning attaining distinguished success with a layman at the head. The duties of the president of a college are becoming more strictly administrative and such as require a keen knowledge of business.

In a few years more the United States will have cable connection with all the islands belonging to the West Indies islands. Such bonds are a powerful argument against war.

A Caution Regarding Blue Grass.

Usually when blue grass is spoken of, the species Poa pratensis, commonly known as Kentucky blue grass, is meant. It is important, therefore, to note that a very allied species, Poa compressa, is also called blue grass. This species is not worthless for lawns and has little or no value as fodder, being so hard that animals do not relish it, before the other common species, wire grass. When once it is widely looked upon it is not hard to eradicate when once established. When ordering blue grass seed for the lawn, insist on getting Poa pratensis, advises The American Gardening.

Hence to Cabbage Culture.

It has been reported, as a result of an experiment in one of the United States stations, that if cabbages are slightly lifted over with the plow in the fall it produces a tendency to make them have larger heads. "If the cabbages are planted shallow," says Dr. H. L. Bolley, of Cornell, "and turned up, the percentage of large and heavy heads is much greater."

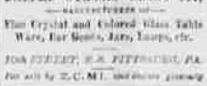
The Star in the Schools.

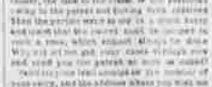
If a baby has a will of his own he will be no lesson of neglect, and whatever he wants he will want at once and there will be some sad, bitter, lonely hours spent waiting. Time, as nothing, is now the possible, impatient and determined man.

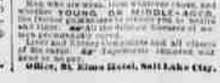
When you ask your grocer for Java, he does not offer you Maracaibo and say it is "just as good."

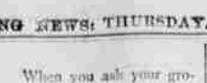
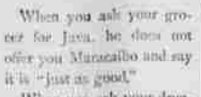
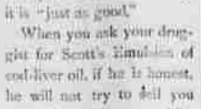
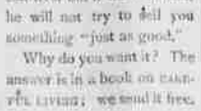
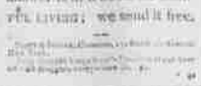
When you ask your druggist for Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, if he is honest, he will not try to sell you something "just as good."

Why do you want it? The answer is in a book on CORPULENCY; we send it free.







"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Pennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sometimes, when food seems to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey U. S. A.