

WEEKLY. With the same view as before... For the flower, which will be... Will you send another day... And the present chosen is just...

amentment as well as climbing to the top of the huge log-stacks near the barn, and rolling down to the ground. One day in fall, my favorite uncle told me that I must not roll on those stacks till spring, when they would be dry.

Thomas went to Saint Louis to make a station there; the country, bounded by the cross, was arranged in five lines, each drawing a herring after him with a cord; and each one was intent upon saving his own fish, and stopping upon the cross in the center in front of him (L'Amour, the Honorable Reims). At Paris, the procession of the fox was as much enjoyed as the festival of the ass. The animal, dressed in a kind of serpillon, wearing the mitre, had his place in the midst of the clergy; a fool was put within his reach; he often forgot his pious functions to spring upon the bird and devour it in the presence of the faithful. Philip the Fair was very fond of the procession (Gervais, "Aristotele de Paris"). Only a few years ago, the procession of the fat ox remained, a survival from the pagan feasts, a real piece of wreath from vanished civilizations... A. LA-CARONNE, in Popular Science Monthly.

himself and children. And the wretch did not seem to care the brand which his poor wife earned while he spent his time in idleness. One night he came home with a drunken fury. He abused his wife with horrid oaths and at last, with his face purple with ungodly rage, struck her a terrible blow which fell her bleeding and unconscious to the floor. The little girl screamed, "O father you have killed my mother!" The little boy, affrighted, ran to the barn and hid himself. The man, fearing that he would be punished for his crime, left the country never to return.

THE CONTINUANCE IN pain and discomfort with constant flashes of a dimmed light from the eyes, the patient (Miss) is a case somewhat rare, and one which has not been reported before; and one which has a variety of the upper lip; occasional headache, with burning of the throat; the patient is in a state of extreme nervousness, with a general tremor of the system; at certain intervals, especially at night, she has violent pain throughout the body, which is accompanied by a general sense of weakness, and is relieved only by the use of opium. The patient is a young woman, and is in the prime of life. The above symptoms are found in cases of this kind. The patient is a young woman, and is in the prime of life. The above symptoms are found in cases of this kind.

THE ACTS OF THE APOTHECARY. BY GEORGE B. BAKER, D.D. Professor of Medical Literature in Western Theological Institution. A new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. Edited by H. G. B. Baker, D.D., of Western Theological Institution, with the cooperation of Mrs. Abbot, L.L.D. Price, \$2.00. By mail, to ministers, \$1.75; Sunday-school teachers, \$1.50.

Some Highly-colored Pictures; OR, SOME NEW CHARACTERS. Old Man Nannie is tall and well-built, with a commanding presence and regular features; she wears the most improbably dignified air and—the loftiest of bright-brown turbans. She is given to Satire, freely lavished on all she sees; all but Pinkney, her husband, about whom, poor, heart-broken, usually rooded wretch, her speeches, usually scathing as the upper part of Robert Hall's phrasing, are, like his lower face, satanic. A perfect society in herself is this old auntie; for she often says, in her own way, such things as these: she thinks crooked shoulders always look so pretty and individual; she finds cross-eyed persons so interesting; and red hair, freckles, and tan are indelibly ornamental in her view.

Evenings of Home. The long evenings which follow the short days, are made, in some families, the happenings of all happy times. The course of the day is ended, the mother's resting time has come; the father has dropped all sorts of business worries and perplexities, and the whole family turn themselves with zest into the innocent pleasures of the home circle. Solomon tells us that there is a time for all things; a time to weep, and a time to laugh, to play, and to dance. Surely the time to laugh and to play comes most appropriately in the evening of domestic life.

Our Little Girls. TIME ENOUGH. Two little squires, out in the snow. One sat on the ice, the other had none. "I'm sure you're not," said the first. "I'm sure I'm not," said the second. "I'm sure I'm not," said the third. "I'm sure I'm not," said the fourth. "I'm sure I'm not," said the fifth. "I'm sure I'm not," said the sixth. "I'm sure I'm not," said the seventh. "I'm sure I'm not," said the eighth. "I'm sure I'm not," said the ninth. "I'm sure I'm not," said the tenth.

When morning came the poor woman still lay helpless on the floor. When her boy came she made him promise never to taste a drop of liquor, and sealed the promise with a kiss. And the boy kept the pledge and became a temperance man. Kind assistance was given the mother, and she at length recovered from her wounds. By hard labor she managed to support herself and children. She raised a flock of turkeys, hoping to sell them and with the money buy the necessary clothing for winter. In the autumn the landlord of the village tavern came out and offered her a good price for the turkeys, which she gladly accepted. He put them in his wagon, and then refused to give her the money for them; but handed her instead an old account for drinks sold by her husband, he drove rapidly away.

SCROFULA. Scrofula is a disease of the blood, and is characterized by a general debility of the system, and a disposition to form abscesses in various parts of the body. It is a disease of the blood, and is characterized by a general debility of the system, and a disposition to form abscesses in various parts of the body. It is a disease of the blood, and is characterized by a general debility of the system, and a disposition to form abscesses in various parts of the body. It is a disease of the blood, and is characterized by a general debility of the system, and a disposition to form abscesses in various parts of the body.

THE NEW ROUTE EAST, VIA WASHINGTON, CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY. THE ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS, WITH PULLMAN SLEEPING COACHES. LOUISVILLE WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA & NEW YORK. THE ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS, WITH PULLMAN SLEEPING COACHES. LOUISVILLE WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA & NEW YORK.

But my most vivid recollection with reference to the colored race is the cruel, grating sound my mother's musical voice seemed to have when she used to call me "nothing but a Ziply." If that word occurs in the back of Webster's Unabridged, where the meanings of proper names are given, see: Helen, Light: Victoria, She who conquers, it will be found to signify "Utidy." Nannab had only to exclaim, "Oh-h-h!" my little Ziply" to make me as silent as a pin for the rest of the day. I will remember Ziply's foot ensemble. Tall, unconsciously lank and homely, she had skinny yellow arms that never did anything but sway aimlessly up and down, to and fro.

Report of the Antislavery for Animals. In ancient Egypt, when a cat died in the house, the inhabitants shaved their eyebrows; if a dog died, they shaved their whole body. In Athens, one of the laws of Triptolemus declared that no one had a right to inflict a wrong upon a living creature. The Greeks were aware of the tender and affectionate care which the young of the stork exhibited for their old parents, and recorded that, when the latter lost their feathers from age, the young stripped themselves of their down for them and fed them with the food they collected. This was the origin of the Greek law called "the law of the stork," by which children were obliged to take care of their aged parents, and who refused to do so were declared infamous. How different is it in our modern societies! Pirgicus remarks with reason, that as man rises, he treats animals as if they were correspondingly degraded. For a long time they had the same rights. During the middle ages they were allowed a part in religious ceremonies. As illians they figured in the festivals of the Kings; and processions of animals appeared in the middle of the cathedral of Strasburg, Mainz, and Vienna (Lucas). On Holy Wednesday all the clergy of the church of

"Surrey is not 'Nuff." "Allan? Where is Allan?" A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the corral-batch. I can not tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan was gone, there is his cart. "Allan! Allan!" "I'm here, all as said a small voice from the back parlor. "What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in. Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face. "Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "it is waiting for another run." "I'm not here long 'nuff," said the little boy. "What are you here for at all?" asked his mother. "I'm punishing myself. I picked some green currants and they went into my mouth," said Allan. "O, when mother told you not to! Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone. "You needn't punish me," said Allan. "I punish my ownself!" His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and you see, he took the same way himself. "Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan. "I'm sorry, but I'm not 'nuff," said Allan. "I'm sorry, but I'm not 'nuff," said Allan. "I'm sorry, but I'm not 'nuff," said Allan.

As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart. The cart was standing full of apples before the orchard. The man was trying to pull it up the hill to his own house. "The boy did not wait to be invited, but ran to help him with a good will." "Push, push!" "The man brightened up, the cart moved along as fast as the rheumatism would let it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill. "Obliged to you all," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-approved children peeped out of the door. "Now, boy," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing, but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push' it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is full of trouble like this. 'If anybody has any trouble, and you see it, don't stand back, push. If there's anything good going in any place where you happen to be, push. If there's work going on in the Sunday-school, push. If there's a sick man, I beg you, You'll do one or the other.' At this moment, the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's doughnuts and a dish of his apples; and they nibbled the sordom.—N. Y. Observer.

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Another little negro was "Black Mary," as she was usually called as my grandmother. Virginia form—the scottiest, most diabolical-looking little girl that ever existed. Opposite her name would be found "Dooch." She was a nurse and playfellow to my little sister at the tender age when the latter's curls, nor brows, were golden. The two used to run about the farm together, presenting a singular contrast of fair and "brunette" complexion, tangled yellow hair with black wool, their great eyes fixed on each other, and before any one knew it, the little one had fallen into my trustful ways which it took a year or two to cure her. Mary and I, with my little cousin, used to love no

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Then all the happiness of my family was spoiled. The father went from home. He had been a good man to his wife and tyrannical to his children. The mother had to work very hard to make a living for

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