The National Democrat.
RAHWAY, N. J., JULY 1, 1880.

PRUNNY-GRAPHS.

WEEK ALL HONEST.

We are all honest — all of us
Of this remark Boggs shows the force
When he escapes a mule or horse
You bugs him

Old Deacon, on the other hoop
Boggs sale town has upon copy
The biggest apple apiece on the top
That's proper

The parson, feeling rather low,
Pulled in the prize himself ago
And makes an early office do

Which goes to
The layout he didn't shack
Those saying how you can what I think
I prize to such a large meal wink

For one of
The doctor having hole sick,
Bolts up a very Damiana pill
Tickled more N makes pill

That's Prunny
The minister is in patent, extra,
Bolts up a Sunday-school cracker
and pale, I bought a box of Mishing

The prunny dry-goods
I only drop to order
Prunny-graphs

I never more work
The dancer says he prunes stress
Without an hour of pleasure
Bolts THE KNEE'S Rheumatic

The author has just issue
Bolts THE HEAD'S headache
And bolts him when he is drunk

As a sinner
We all know how to
Prunny-graphs, as French say
I take hold, to John I say
Dull second-hand prunny
I am a million

Cannot Mrs.

Sunday-school teacher.
July 4, 1880.

Gen. 2:2-3; 2:4-8.

Genesis. Text — Gen. 2:3. "Because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

Class of all things.

Sabbath is a time we are tired from work, and we need to rest for a long time. Because the universe broke.

Things commencement are engaged in New York. Wednesday.

Now we are free to "free our country." Well, I guess we are free enough. Whoahah Times.

It is first such a sign what Chemical government Scudder Davis would make.—Washington Ever.

The Rochester Herald says that overworking, eating and tobacco hurt bachers are not new and the same the Bung.

Because a man's wife is ailing that he should be a bachelor. Rochester Herald.

Mosby says Hancock is a sitting duck. Mosby is a Republican word of that war when the elements of things in an appropriate title. The word "Democrat" is trash, and means nigh nothing at all, and the book is only an account of the origin of things. Its subjects are the origin of the heavens and the earth, the beginnings of the natural creation, the origin of the human race which now constitutes its population, the beginning of sin, and its consequences, death, the origin of manifest the beginning of covenant promises, the origin of the Hebrew race, and of other races and nations, and lastly, the biographical history of the Hebrew Patriarchs.

The author of this book is generally supposed to have been Moses, and he is the idea of the whole Jewish people and of the Christian Church. In an Imperial sheet or the entire book, but as it is given to Aviz the Hebrew Hebrew, to the work of Moses, or when he compiled it from different Dogs, monitory sentence, sealing himself of documents and traditions of antiquity ages than his own. But, in either case, the authorship of the book and its claim to its place in the Sacred Canon, is not invalidated. It is not at all necessary to prove or to claim that every word in the book was first written by Moses or Moses, or even that the whole of the Pentateuch and we merely mean that the whole is substantially Moses, compiling and arranging and adapting the Old world in Hebrew and official record of the "New things."

Moses was a man of letters, a geographer and popular. Written by a man who lived and reigned thus short and years ago, the very fact that it is written in a language which is spoken, written, and study Israels and tradition in the form of the Israelites. Personal appearance are represented in the Lord, and the recapitulation of the general writing Word. It is a value and authority are held and whose colors are contrasted, and the title was the circumstances, or which, and by the Israelitish nation.

The Bible is a unique production of unique authorship, and unique in its purpose.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

The Great Creator of the age is New Jersey and necessary to the Bible. Its Author is God, and God is to God is essential and dedicated to his universal Broker.

Is selected for gin God only is to be Bible. "Whatever" is the Bible matter is not recognized in secular concerns. Nothing is found here, because God is represented as the Creator. Distinct from the Universe, and the Universe is the product of God. Pressure of the Universe is the Creation of God Almighty.

The Bible was the begun of the mind. Bible is Creation — Nature — Nature — Bible. Nature is answered in intelligent, authentic, authoritative terms, the beginning God created the heavens and the earth

The National Democrat.
RAHWAY, N. J., JULY 1, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

The Kinderhook Record says—the Oregon and Washington Territory bills have passed in the Senate. The gentlemen most prominently concerned for the creation of Oregon, Messrs. Mitchell, Slater, Pat. Ainsworth, Sam Dondee, Winston B. Blazer and W. H. H. Nelson.

Gen. A. L. Pennington, noted Republican Postmaster leader, has sided for success in the approaching fall and a few Hard-money. The General has written a letter expressive of his determination. The Republican party is becoming small by degrees and beautifully less.

As we go to press by the proceedings of the meeting of Congress, some of the bonds bullion, and greenbacks are advanced in price. A pleasant improvement, beside and we don't believe the property owners will have much to complain of.

Tuesday morning of the 4th of July, gave us a strong no more indulgence to indulge in patriotic sentiments. Nature herself seemed to feel that a premature blown was about to sweep in upon the country, and so she put her proceedings out and made a quiet, peaceful, holiday morning. We hope it may be so in our political affairs.

The Republican papers are now "jeering" at Gen. Garfield. The Government Printing Office, the Senate and Congressional Record contain no honor that Garfield will receive, and yet we hear no complaint from the Republican party, we hear it all we can from the Democratic party, and we hear it from the mouth of every Republican who is the owner of Garfield's president being Stalwart. Let the Republican party continue to jeer Garfield. That we prove a Garfield Campaign Document.

Gen. Hancock has written a letter in favor of the Democratic ticket. Gen. Garfield has not yet written a letter in favor of the Republican ticket. We think that the people will prefer a living live man to a dead one.

Gen. Hancock's letter bring in the Republican Congressmen in a sad plight. Democrats, Independents, and Greenbacks have carried the Congressional elections, and the Democrats will carry the Presidential election. Hancock and English will be President and Vice President.

Ex-President Grant is in Washington. The Cincinnati Gazette says he is simply a private citizen, and the Democrats will carry Ohio.

Gen. Hancock's letter has caused a change in the Republican programme. Instead of the Republicans carrying the Democratic States, the Democrats will carry the Republican States.

Gen. Garfield

The National Democrat.
RAHWAY, N. J., JULY 1, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

The Elizabeth *Herald* says the Congressional convention is being actively canvassed in this county. The gentlemen said prominently named for the position are Joseph N. Yates, Mayor Bennett, Otto Fay, Assemblyman Dixon, Wilson H. Mason and Dr. F. P. Silvers.

Gen. A. L. Thomson, a noted Republican Pennsylvania leader, has cited his name in the political ring and as for Hancock all over The Chronicle has written a letter expressive of his determination. The Republican party is brooking small by degrees and beautifully less.

As will be seen by the proceedings of the special meeting of Council, some of the local bodies are after us. We understand that those in question are unpermanent bonds and we also believe that our property owners who have already paid all their assessments will vously refuse to paying off such bonds by a general tax.

Sunday being the 4th of July, there will be no issue tomorrow to subscribers who attend strong opposition. It is safe rule to go to bed a patriotic citizen on Saturday night after reading a political article in which preceding issue will make a fizzle at it. It may not be a success from stick to his calling "as one of the people." Hancock and English are political.

The Republican papers are now going for "dirt, tissue." The Chicago *Reporter* has the following: "Some General Grant really believes his belief that Hancock will be elected, and is sanguine endeavors to engage the Republicans of Congress, so hope it will not be consummated. It is the party to say that in the event of Grant's election being fulfilled that the country will have a better administration than he ever gave it during his eight years in office."

The Presidential ballot fever in the Left attention is now being turned to the gubernatorial contest in Pennsylvania. It is generally conceded that the Democracy will carry the State, and numerous are those who are in connection with the nomination for Governor, among them we may mention John C. Bell of Hunterdon, George C. Ludlow of Middlesex, Leon Abbett and Augustus A. Hardenbergh of Hudson, and Benjamin F. Lee, so probable to come before the Convention. The first mentioned will no doubt be the choice on the second ballot, when "Ben" is well known as an honorable, upright and able gentleman and statesman.

A Republican contemporary observes that many things can be said of Garfield that cannot be said of Hancock. This is, unless we mistake, a Garfield and his party, a serious blunder. If, on the ballot, Garfield and Hancock will be considered by a Republican opinion as the two most prominent men in the country, and Garfield's record will be a record of a Republican President and Hancock's record will be a record of a Democrat, the Democrat will be the choice of the people. The Republicans have to contend against the record of Grant, and that will be a record of a Democrat. Hancock's record is that of a Democrat, and that is a record of a Democrat. Hancock's record is that of a Democrat, and that is a record of a Democrat. Hancock's record is that of a Democrat, and that is

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., JULY 15, 1880.

PHUNNY-GRAPHS.

Miss Kate's a member of the choir,
Not often comes in late,
And at the chorus sings so loud
That she's called [illegible].
Not true: Kate's voice is small and low,
Enchanting as a lyre,
And if at is the truth you'd know
To church go and in choir.
[illegible]
To true where to her and
Mrs Kates singing every night
I hear, about me head."

A Turk who won't pay his government is not a patriot.

Many a prosperous merchant is poor in purse but rich in deed.

Our first parents got their sail, it they were evicted from their homes.

Judge Church has a large income. Generally we had a church a debt.

The good, may say: "As things are the best [illegible] "I am the best."

Why should a thoroughbred baker never marry? Because he ought never to spoil a batch.

In the course of time promising young men [illegible] a position where they should be paying something.

Anybody can play the violin, but it takes years of practice to so play that [illegible] secret Christians.

A western minister had to fight a crowd of [illegible] on a recent Sunday by sending the deacons out with contribution box.

Scientists claim that smoking injures the eye-sight. But this is not true. The boy with a cigar in his mouth can see his father ten squares away.

"Tobe, how many times have I told you always to eat bread with your meat?" "Papa, how many times have you told me never to do two things at a time?"

"Is that a funeral?" "Sure, sir, I'm thinking it is." "Anybody of distinction?" "I reckon it is, sir." "Who is it that died?" "The gentleman in the coffin, sir."

Physician (to government clerk)—"Well, what do you complain of?" G. C.—"Sleeplessness, doctor." Physician—"At what time do you go to bed?" G. C.—"Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

He was informed that a lady had called to see him in his absence. "A lady," he mused aloud, "a lady!" Up on an accurate description he suddenly brightened up and added, "Oh, dot vas no lady; dot vas my vife."

"Hello, Bill, which way?" "Going into the forwarding business down at the Moral House—forwarding dirt with a wheelbarrow at a dollar a day and board, in order to forward my own interests and those of my creditors."

What surprised Noah more than aught else was that he received no application for free passes. And what astonished the public after the flood was that the veteran navigator never tried to get up a complimentary benefit for himself.

Farmer—"I say, when are you going to pay that seventy I lent you? Mind, I shan't ask you for it again." Impecunious—"You won't? Now that is what I call real friendship. I say, you haven't such a thing as—" (Creditor rushes off.)

"Will you please pass the milk, Miss Brown?" asked a young man of a fidgety maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well," he added, "as no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."

A boy can imagine almost anything. He can lug an old shot-gun about all day without firing at a living thing, and be under the impression that he is having a howling good time; but all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he is killing Indians when he is sawing wood have proved futile.

The latest rage among young ladies is to possess an old-fashioned spinning wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned washboard and tub as a kitchen ornament doesn't rage much among young ladies. They are about as handsome as the spinning wheel, but they are not fashionable.

"Goods at half price," said the sign. "How much is that teapot?" asked the old lady who had been attracted by the announcement. "Fifty cents, mum." "I guess I'll take it then," she said, throwing down a quarter. The dealer let her have the teapot, but took in his sign before another customer could come in.

Les Premiers Beaux Jours.—She (newly married, and doing wonders in the housekeeping department): "And do you know why the tea is so good? Because I put a tiny pinch of soda in the pot. Pray, sir, before you were married, did you ever put anything in your tea?" He: "Yes; I used to put a little brandy." (Violence.)

Talk about young men desiring to see the young ladies following the industrious habits of their mothers. There is many a young man that wouldn't ask for even the girl's photograph if he should see her twist her face in the endeavor to thread a needle. Not that the wrinkles would particularly alarm him, but the paint would crack off so.

He stood with his back against the front door of the street car. Every one else had seats, and he anxiously watched each face for symptoms of getting out for over three miles. It grew wearisome, and he finally shifted his weight from one foot to the other and exclaimed: "For the love of the Lord, have none o' yer ever any homes to go to?" Then they all smiled, and the conductor tendered him the ridge pole of the rear platform.—New York Express.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

(Compiled from the New York Observer.)

July 11, 1880.

THE FALL AND THE PROMISE.

Gen. 3: 1—16.

Golden Text:—"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin."—Rom. 5: 12.

Central Truth:—Ruin by man's sin; salvation by God's grace.

In this lesson we are confronted by the stern fact of man's sin and fall. How long before this awful catastrophe occurred after his creation in the image of God, we do not know, but it is the first thing which we learn from the history. First, creation, then sin.

The question has been often asked, "Why was sin permitted to enter the world at all?" We humbly suggest that we have nothing to do with that question. It is outside of the legitimate sphere of human inquiry. Sin is here. We are told how it entered, but not why. The Bible satisfies no curiosity about that. Nor does it encourage further question. When we are asked why sin was permitted to enter this fair world and bring such [illegible] misery in its train, we [illegible] answer, "We do not know." [illegible] Though sin has entered into the world and death by sin, and death has passed upon all men, because all have sinned, yet we believe that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish," but have everlasting life. [illegible] are both believed.

The scene of the temptation and the fall is called "the Garden of Eden," and is supposed to have been that part of Asia situated between the Persian Gulf and the Caspian and Black Seas, near the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers. Here was the primeval home of man, in a beautiful and fruitful garden filled with every provision for the abundant supply of his natural and innocent wants, with everything calculated to make him happy, and all at his command. Only one restriction was [illegible] upon him. Every tree in the garden was free to him but one, "the tree of knowledge of good and evil;" of that he was forbidden to taste, on penalty of death. Through an artful and malicious suggestion conveyed to the mind of Eve by the serpent as the instrument of Satan, this restriction was made to appear unreasonable and arbitrary, the penalty of violating it was depreciated, and the woman was induced to make the rash experiment of disobedience to a positive command of God, in which Adam shared, and so the unhappy pair involved themselves in the guilt and the condemnation of voluntary, deliberate, inexcusable sin, and committed "that rash act which brought death into the world, and all our woe."

This is the simple story of the temptation and sin of our first parents. Stripped of all rhetorical, or romantic, or poetical embellishments, we are just told that Adam and Eve, under the influence of a temptation to which they weakly yielded, first distrusted, then disbelieved, then disobeyed God. Into the details and particulars of the narrative we do not care to enter. We receive it as a statement of facts, and simply believe it on the testimony of God. The sum of all is, that man was created holy and free; that he was placed in the midst of beautiful surroundings; that his moral integrity was tested; that he used his freedom to sin against God; and that the fearful consequences of sin came upon him as the inexorable result of his transgression.

Discovery, remorse, condemnation, and punishment, were the logical and inevitable sequel to this sad history.

Yet, even amid the darkness of the fall, we discover some bright beams of the sun of redemption. The dark cloud which overshadowed ancient Eden was lighted by the bow of promise. The serpent who showed himself the arch-enemy of man was to be crushed by the seed of the woman, and the master-key which unlocks the direful mystery of the temptation, the fall, and the curse, ere the story of the lesson closes, is placed in the hand of the promised and triumphant Redeemer.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Safety does not always lie in pleasant surroundings. The Garden of Eden was a lovely place, and Adam might well have congratulated himself on such a beautiful abode. But there was a serpent there, as he soon found to his cost. It is true of the world at large: "The trail of the serpent is over it all." No scene is free from the wiles of the tempter.

"We should suspect some danger nigh
When we possess delight."

2. Freedom to good implies equally freedom to evil. Had it been impossible for man to sin, his holiness would have been worthless. The action of a soulless machine can have in it no element of moral value.

3. Moral victories cannot be won by physical forces. "Why did not God prevent sin?" has been often asked by would-be philosophers. Just like the ignorant savage who asked of the missionary, who was telling him about the devil as a great spirit of evil and the mischief he was working, "Why not God kill debbil?"

4. All sin begins with distrust of God's declarations. "Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" said the tempter, meaning to insinuate into the mind of Eve that a God who could so restrict his creatures could not be worthy of reverence and obedience. A bad seed, and it led to a baneful crop.

5. Sin is progressive. The woman looked at the fruit. She admired its beauty. She desired to know its taste and to experience its effect. She touched it, plucked it, fondled it, tasted it, ate it, and was ruined. First, distrust; then, disbelief; then, sinful desire; then, deadly disobedience, and the work is done!

6. A little thing may be a test as well as a great thing. It was a little thing to eat an apple, but it defied a great God, and ruined a whole race.

7. There is a great difference between cunning and wisdom. The serpent was cunning, but his was the cunning of the destroyer. Christ is "wisdom," and he makes us "wise unto salvation."

8. This lesson gives us an account of the first sermon that was ever preached. The place was the Garden of Eden; the preacher was the devil; the text was, "Ye shall not surely die;" and the doctrine was, "Universal salvation."

9. The most momentous events in the world's history have occurred in gardens. The fall of man occurred in the Garden of Eden. Christ's struggle and triumph for his redemption occurred in the Garden of Gethsemane. And his magnificent victory over the grave, which makes him our living Redeemer, occurred in the Garden of the Sepulchre!

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[illegible]

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PATENTS. [illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, May 10th, 1880, trains will leave Rahway as follows: For Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and Points West, [illegible]. For Baltimore, Washington and points south, [illegible]. For Philadelphia, [illegible]. For Trenton, [illegible]. For New Brunswick, [illegible]. For Plainfield, [illegible]. For Metuchen, [illegible]. For Elizabeth, [illegible]. For Newark, [illegible]. For New York, [illegible]. For Brooklyn all through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of "Brooklyn Annex," affording direct transfer to and from Fulton Street, avoiding double ferriage and journey across New York city. For Perth Amboy Branch, [illegible]. For Boston, without change, [illegible]. Trains leave New York for Rahway, [illegible]. Passengers wishing to take Northern or Western express trains not stopping at Rahway, will be obliged to take a preceding train to some point where the express train makes regular stop. For further information apply to the Ticket Agent, who will furnish time tables and give information. FRANK THOMSON, General Manager. L. P. FARMER, General Passenger Agent. F. W. JACKSON, General Supt. [illegible]

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY. FOR LONG BRANCH, OCEAN GROVE, TOMS RIVER, BARNEGAT, &c. TIME TABLE OF JUNE 21st, 1880. [illegible] H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

RAHWAY POST OFFICE. TO TAKE EFFECT MAY 21st, 1879. [illegible] Mails are received from New Brunswick, Metuchen, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, South and West Jersey, and Belvidere, Delaware Railroads, at [illegible]. Mails are received from Elizabeth, Newark, North Jersey, Delaware & Lackawanna and New Jersey Central Railroads, [illegible]. Mails are despatched for Elizabeth, Newark, [illegible]. Mails are despatched for Philadelphia, Trenton, Princeton, New Brunswick, Metuchen, South and West Jersey and Belvidere, Delaware Railroads. Office open from 7 A. M. [illegible]. Sunday Mails arrive [illegible]. Office open on Sundays from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M. MONEY ORDERS. [illegible] G. A. OLIVER, Postmaster.

THE PARSON'S SABBATH BREAKING.

On the grave of Parson Williams
The grass is brown and bleached,
It is more than fifty winters
Since he lived and laughed and preached.

But his memory in New England
No winter snows can kill,
Of his goodness and his drollness
Countless legends linger still.

And among these treasured legends
I hold this one a boon,
How he got in Deacon Crosby's hay
On a Sunday afternoon.

He was midway in a sermon,
Most orthodox on grace,
When a sound of distant thunder
Broke the quiet of the place.

Now the meadow of the Crosbys
Lay full within his sight,
And he glanced from out his window
With his hand upon his right.

And the green and fragrant haycocks
By acres there did stand,
Not a meadow like the deacon's
Far or near in all the land.

Quick and loud the claps of thunder
Went rolling through the skies,
And the parson saw his deacon
Looking out with anxious eyes.

"Now, my brethren," called the parson,
[illegible]
"We must get in Brother Crosby's hay,
The one duty now most plain."

And he shut the great red Bible,
And tossed his sermon down,
Not a man could run more swiftly
Than the parson in all the town.

And he ran down to the meadow,
With all his strength and speed,
And the congregation followed
All bewildered in his lead.

Ne'er had often on a Sunday
Such a sight as this, I ween,
Of a parson and his people,
A New England town had seen.

With a will they worked and shouted,
And cleared the fields apace,
And the parson led the singing,
While the sweat rolled down his face.

And it thundered fiercer, louder,
And dark grew east and west,
But the hay was under cover,
And the parson had worked best.

Not a moment had been wasted,
The rain was falling fast,
As the parson and his people
Through the village breathless passed.

And again in pew and pulpit
Their places took composed,
And the parson preached his sermon
To "fifteenthly," where it closed.

When the services were ended
The people talking stood,
And among the sternly pious
[illegible]

And the good old Deacon Crosby,
A meek and godly man,
Hardly dare rejoice his haycocks
Had been saved on such a plan.

But the parson came down, striding
In haste the narrow isle,
And the deacon's bent old shoulders
He patted with a smile.

And he said: "No fear, my brother,
Lest God think it a sin;
For he sent the sun to make your hay,
And your friends to get it in."

—New York Independent.

MOLLIE.

She was called sweet little Mollie once, and her curls were praised and kissed by a tender mother, but that mother had long since been laid in the churchyard, and now her child was only known as Mollie, and her curls had all been cut off; for Mrs. Small did not believe in "fostering vanity in a charity child."

She had taken Mollie from the bedside of the dead mother, brought her home, and set her to work nursing the twins. The shock of her mother's death and the immediate introduction into a strange family and strange scenes, seemed to stupify the poor timid child, and made Mrs. Small and the neighbors think she was naturally dull, almost idiotic, they said. A little tender motherly care, a few kind words even, would have opened the girl's heart and made her bright enough. But instead she was neglected and scolded from the first! made to work hard, and heard herself called stupid so often that she began to think she was so really, and settled down to a dull, listless way of doing everything, which certainly gave some foundation for the opinions expressed of her.

Poor Mollie Benjamin! all day long she carried about the twins, or tried to amuse them, and keep them out of mischief, but though she did her best she was sure to be found fault with, and her only comfort was that the babies loved her.

People said it was only too kind in Mrs. Small to give the orphan a home, thus saving her from going to the workhouse. But no one knew how she shivered under her scanty clothing, and wrapped the ragged rug around her at night to keep her warm on her wretched bed. Seldom did she have a kind word, but very frequent were the cross ones. Mrs. Small took much credit to herself for giving the outcast a home, for she was not a rich woman by any means, and of course could not be expected to treat her as her own. But had there been no twins, poor Mollie would hardly have found a home at Mrs. Small's, though if the truth had been told, she amply earned her board and insufficient clothing.

Sometimes there were errands to be done, and then Mollie received a kind word from Mr. Blossom, as he weighed the articles; or he would give her a few figs or a handful of raisins, watching her pityingly as she hid them up in a corner of her ragged apron to keep them for the babies she loved so well. She never smiled or looked pleased at receiving the gifts, and spoke no word of thanks, though Mr. Blossom felt sure he had seen her eyes fill with tears.

One day, a few months after Mrs. Small had taken her home, she was sent to the grocer's. Company was expected, and for once something extra must be bought. Mollie was trusted with the straw-colored jug instead of the stone one she usually carried, and told to hurry back, for a cake must be made, and the twins were troublesome.

But she did not hurry; no matter what the emergency. She got the articles and kind Mr. Blossom gave her a stick of candy, telling her to eat it on her way home. But Mollie put the treat in her apron, thinking of the twins, and that it would help to keep them quiet.

Just as she reached the door of her home Mrs. Small met her, and, impatient at her delay, seized her by the arm and shook her violently. The poor child made a step backwards, and, tripping, fell headlong. The jug [illegible] forced from her grasp, and striking a stone smashed to pieces.

At sight of the broken jug Mrs. Small's anger knew no bounds.

Mollie had picked herself up, and stood staring blankly at her work, as if trying to realize the extent of the misfortune.

Seizing her again by the arm, but holding her firmly this time, Mrs. Small shook her vigorously, scolding with violence for what she had done. But as her words fell apparently on deaf ears, she finally sprang forward and struck the poor orphan half a dozen blows on the face and head.

"There," she cried, "you careless, wicked, stupid creature! You cost more than you are worth! I wish I had never given you a home. I wish I might never see your ugly, stupid face again!"

Never before had Mollie been struck by any one. She had been scolded and pushed, and frequently sent to bed supperless, but a blow had never fallen upon her before. She turned away from her mistress, and, without a word, fled through the little gate again and went out into the road.

At dusk Mr. Blossom was walking home quickly. He was tired, and longed for his tea and cozy fireside; but he stopped on the way, and listened, for surely he heard moans as of some one in distress. Close by was a huge pile of bricks, old barrels, and rubbish of every description. Going up to it, what was his surprise to see the figure of a girl crouching on one side of the heap, sobbing and moaning in a dreary, heart-broken way. She wore no hat and shawl, and seemed unconscious of the severity of the cold March wind sweeping over her.

"Why, it is Mollie!" exclaimed Mr. Blossom; then stooping down he asked gently, "Why, are you lying here, Mollie? It is almost dark. Get up, my dear, and go home."

She looked up, and seeing who addressed her, broke forth into louder sobs.

"Now, really, this won't do," said the kind hearted grocer. "Get up, Mollie, and try to tell me what ails you, child."

The girl rose slowly to her feet—her hair hung over her swollen eyes in little, matted, tangled curls, her cheeks were stained with tears, her shoes were in holes, her dress torn and soiled, and in one hand she held the candy given her that morning.—Truly she was a sad sight.

"Poor Mollie," said Mr. Blossom, the tears standing in his eyes, "you look cold and wretched. Why are you here?"

"I broke the jug," answered the girl, in a despairing tone, raising to the grocer's face her great sad eyes.—"I can never mend it, and she don't want me back."

"Did you break the jug? Well, I think Mrs. Small will forgive you."

"She don't want to see my stupid face again," said poor Mollie, as if she were repeating the words by rote.—"I cannot go to her. I will sleep here."

"No, no, not here!" said Mr. Blossom, "come with me, and we will see what is best to be done."

Mollie said no more; she wiped away her tears with her apron, and followed the grocer to his comfortable home.

"Mercy on me," cried Mrs. Blossom, as she met her husband at the door, "who have you brought that girl here?"

Mr. Blossom drew his wife aside and whispered to her for a few minutes. At first she looked very doubtful; then she turned to Mollie with a smile—

"Come with me, Molly," she said in her kindest tones. "You shall have a warm bath, and then a good supper."

"But I broke the jug," said Mollie.

"Never mind that, it was not my jug," answered Mrs. Blossom.

Mrs. Blossom led her gently from the room, and after washing and dressing her, and brushing out the tangled little curls, led her back to the room, where Mr. Blossom was patiently waiting.

"Why! I declare! she is positively pretty!" he said, looking in surprise at Mollie.

He took good care at the table to heap the little girl's plate with all manner of good things, and when she had eaten enough gave her a brightly colored picture-book to look at.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Blossom, when she was alone with her husband, Mollie having been put to bed, "I believe Mrs. Small must have beaten that poor child. I saw a bruise on her cheek, and she said her head felt sore."

"Did you ask her about it?"

"Yes, but she only repeated that she broke the jug, and said that the twins needed her."

"Not much information about the bruises certainly," said Mr. Blossom, laughing. "But we will give her house room. Ellen, I am sure you will not find [illegible] here."

"No, indeed; it will give me something to do. And who knows what a little kindness may do for her? She seems dull and spiritless enough now; but we can soon see if that is natural, or only the effect of harsh treatment."

Good times had come to poor little Mollie. Her curls were allowed to grow, and Mrs. Blossom twined them about her fingers every morning, just as Mollie remembered her mother had done. The prettiest frocks, the daintiest aprons were made for her, and she never heard a cross word or even an impatient one now. Yet much to Mrs. Blossom's regret, the indifferent, dull way remained with her, and almost discouraged her kind friends.

One night when Mollie had been about three months with Mrs. Blossom, there arose a cry of fire, and Mrs. Small's house was in flames before the neighbors were well aroused from their beds. There was no engine nearer than ten miles, and all that could be done to extinguish the fire was done with buckets of water drawn from the well. Mrs. Small had escaped from the house and then fainted, and it was only on her regaining consciousness that it became known that the little ones were in their cradle upstairs. The confusion had been so great that none of the neighbors had thought of the poor little ones.

The frantic mother ran backward and forward, wringing her hands in agony, and shrieking for some one to save her children. She would have rushed into the burning building had she not been restrained by force. All agreed that it was madness to attempt the rescue of the twins. To be sure, the stairway had not yet caught, neither the room in which the poor little children were, but all else was blazing. No one dared venture in, and the cries of the poor mother rose louder and shriller.

Two or three men ran to find a ladder, but all knew that before it could be brought the infants would be beyond help.

"The stairs would not bear a man's weight. It would be certain death to attempt to go up them," said Mrs. Blossom.

No one noticed in the smoke and confusion and darkness the slender figure of a girl rush madly into the burning house. But a great shout rose on the air as down the rickety stairs about which the flames were already rolling, came the slender figure clasping to her breast the two babies.

"It's little Mollie!" cried the multitude hoarsely.

Staggering, reeling, gasping, the girl came out, laid the babies in the arms of the frenzied mother, and then fell heavily to the ground.

Noble Mollie! there were a dozen hands outstretched to raise her, a hundred voices praising her bravery, but it was Mr. Blossom who was first to clasp his arms about her, and she was borne tenderly to her home.

The place rang with the wonderful tale. Those who had not been present would hardly credit it.

"Mollie hasn't sense enough, let alone the pluck, to do such a thing," said one.

"It wasn't either sense or pluck," said Mr. Blossom, who overheard the speech. "It was her love for the children she had nursed which made her risk her own life to save them."

A long illness followed Mollie's daring act, and for many, many days it was not thought she could ever recover. But the devoted nursing, not only of Mrs. Blossom, but of half the mothers in the town, including Mrs. Small, at last triumphed, and Mollie grew well and strong again; and, strange to relate, her mind was now quite unclouded, and she was never again found either listless or stupid. Nothing would satisfy Mrs. Small but Mollie's immediate return to her own home, and the love the little girl had for the twins whose lives she had saved induced her to consent. But she was not treated as of old. Mrs. Small had learnt a lesson, and her gratitude to Mollie was unbounded—She acted towards her in every respect as she did towards her own children, and the life of Mollie was as happy as the day was long.

WAITING FOR FUNDS.

"Hinda!" The paternal voice was unusually choleric, and Hinda Elvinstein trembled at the storm of wrath which she felt was about to descend upon her defenceless head.

"Hinda," repeated her father, with increasing wrath as he arose from the table at which his daughter had just taken her seat, "who was that shabby looking fellow I saw you with in the park last evening?"

Hinda looked at her father, the tears rising to her torquoise-blue eyes, and a bright glow flamed over her fair cheek as she replied:

"It was Stacy—Stacy Thornburg, father."

"Stacy Thornburg! Does that answer my question? I asked you who the fellow is—not his name."

"He—he—is a—an artist."

"An artist!"

A dozen exclamation points could not denote the scorn with which the two words were spoken.

Hinda buried her face in her hands, fairly shivering before her father's anger. The enraged man was storming madly about the room, muttering maledictions on that "beggarly fortune-hunter," as he styled the unconscious object of his wrath.

"Artist, indeed!" he fumed. "Don't you dare let me catch you in his company again, or I'll—"

What the threat was Hinda never knew, for she had fled sobbing from the room, leaving her father still unappeased by her unaffected grief and dismay.

* * * * *

"It cannot last long, Hinda. My uncle must have received my last letter by this time, and if so, the expected funds will soon be forthcoming."

"What a happy day that will be!" sighed Hinda, blushing beneath her lover's admiring gaze, as they sat on a rustic bench in a remote part of the park. "But is your uncle so very wealthy, Stacy?"

Stacy Thornburg smiled at the unconscious simplicity of the question.

"Wealthy? Why, Hinda, the lawn at Edge Moor is twice—yes, three times the size of this park."

Hinda's wide-open, blue eyes expressed astonishment but no incredulity.

"The park of Edge Moor—but there, if I tell you its dimensions, Hinda, you would scarcely credit my assertion. The manor house, my summer residence, was once a castle. That was in the old feudal times, you understand. It has been modified to some extent, but the old baronial hall still remains in all the old barbaric state. During the London season—"

The speaker paused abruptly.

"Shall I take you home? In another hour your father will be on his homeward way," he continued, as they walked slowly down the avenue beneath rows of stately trees.

In justice to Mr. Elvinstein, we must admit that our hero's coat was somewhat seedy, his battered hat and dusty boots not adding greatly to his appearance.

"Only wait, Hinda, until I can honorably claim you from your father," he continued, as they paused before the entrance to Mr. Elvinstein's residence. "As soon as I have the funds."

A stifled shriek burst from Hinda's lips, as the door was suddenly flung open, and her father, bursting with wrath, rushed upon the scene.

"Hinda," he stormed, purple with rage and excitement, "what do you mean by disobeying my orders, and walking with that tramp—that beggar?"

Hinda screamed, threw her arms around her lover's neck, as if to screen him from injury.

"Oh, don't—don't, he is not a beggar! He's—he's rich!" she cried, hysterically.

"Rich!" The enraged man seemed struggling with apoplexy. "He looks rich! Look at his coat—his boots!"

Thornburg seized the first opportunity to speak.

"I am not a beggar, nor a tramp," he said, looking calmly at his antagonist. "I am waiting for some funds."

A scornful laugh interrupted the explanation.

"Waiting for funds! Yes, no doubt! Waiting for my funds and my daughter! Oh, yes, certainly, waiting for funds!"

Thornburg still kept his temper, endeavoring to appease the father's wrath.

"Excuse me, sir; the funds I am waiting for are my own property. My uncle Sir Leonard Thornbury—"

"What—what name did you say?" cried the indignant parent, suddenly changing from the wildest rage to astonishing placidity.

"Sir Leonard Thornburg," repeated Stacy, calmly, wondering internally whether his opponent had really gone crazy, and resolved to watch him carefully.

"Walk into the house, Mr. Thornburg," said his late antagonist, politely waving his hand towards the door. "I have received a letter from Sir Leonard Thornburg, stating that the funds had already been forwarded, but owing to some mistake, were sent to the wrong address. The mistake will be rectified, and the money transferred to you as soon as possible. In the meantime you must not hesitate to call upon me for whatever you may require, and also do us the honor to dine with us to-night."

"But I am not fit to appear at dinner," protested the young man, glancing at his dusty coat and boots.

"Nonsense! No one here but ourselves, my dear boy! Besides, there is a dressing-room and my wardrobe, completely at your service."

Thornburg looked at Hinda, and, satisfied with the eloquent invitation proclaimed by her blushes and downcast glances, made no further excuses.

Of course Sir Leonard Thornburg was present at the wedding which took place between the Banker's pretty daughter and Sir Leonard's nephew, the heir of Edge Moor.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Flounder with White Wine.—Cut off fins and place the fish in a tin pan. Slice an onion thin and lay it on fish; add to this a bouquet of herbs, three cloves, half a dozen whole peppers and a tablespoon of salt. Take one-quarter of a pound of butter, slice it, lay it on the fish and add enough white wine to cover it; let it simmer very slowly for twenty-five minutes; when cooked take out the fish and keep hot; strain the liquor and add the yolks of three eggs, chop some parsley very fine; beat up sauce well, adding just as much cayenne pepper as will go on the end of a penknife blade; put sauce on fish, heat thoroughly and dish it.

Bed Bugs—How to Destroy Them.—These troublesome pests may be effectually destroyed with kerosene or coal oil applied by means of a feather to the bedstead or crevices in the wall and upon other places as they may inhabit. But a more effectual remedy is made of two ounces of corrosive sublimate, one pint alcohol, half ounce spirits turpentine, half ounce tincture red sanders, mixed; but as this is one of the most deadly poisons much care should be used to keep it out of reach of the children. It should be applied in the same manner as directed for the coal oil. Two or three applications will effectually eradicate them.

"Pocket-books."—To one quart of warm milk add a cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and two well-beaten eggs, then stir in flour enough to make a moderate stiff sponge; add a small cupful of yeast, and let the dough rise; afterward, mix in flour enough to make a soft dough, and let rise again; then dissolve a lump of soda the size of a bean in a spoonful of milk, work it in the dough, and roll into sheets half an inch thick; spread with a thin layer of butter, cut into squares, and fold over pocket-book shape; let them stand in the pans to rise a little while before baking.

"I don't seem like myself at all," said a Vallejo husband. "Never mind, dear," replied his wife, "you'll make by the change."—Vallejo Chronicle.