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JOB PRINTING.

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THE room in which Lincoln died is the play-room of the children of Mr. Schade, editor of the Washington *Sentinel.*

WITH Gen. McClellan's retirement, New Jersey has seven living ex-Governors. Only four Governors have died since 1842.

A FARMER's dog at West Lincoln, Ill., set his teeth into the fellow who was taking a girl out through a window, for the purpose of elopement, and held on until the father came.

AN exhilarating new thing in toys is a miniature hearse, drawn by four prancing horses, and a little coffin with a doll inside, surrounded by a group of mourning dolls. Next we shall have a gallows and a guillotine.

DR. CAMPBELL MORFIT, the inventor of "granular wheat," says that five ounces served thrice a day, without other addition than water, were sufficient to nourish him. Jails and other institutions should make contracts with the doctor.

GREAT satisfaction has been occasioned in the watch-making districts of Switzerland by the receipt of some extensive orders from Australia as a consequence of the Swiss exhibits at Melbourne. Swiss watches are being pretty well run out of this country by those of American manufacture, notably those made at Elgin and at Waltham.

MISS SUSIE BLOW, daughter of the late Hon. Henry T. Blow, Minister to Brazil, while in Europe made herself familiar with the kindergarten system, and upon her return to St. Louis induced the School Board to allow her to establish kindergartens at the expense of the public-school fund. These schools have since flourished and multiplied so as to become quite a distinct feature of public education in St. Louis.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, the new Governor of the Cape, will thoroughly satisfy the horsey element in that part of the world. No keener racing man exists. Ansley, the well-known trainer, has gone out to take charge of his stud. Sir Hercules never, if he could help it, missed any race of importance in Australia. His father was an Irish clergyman, and his mother a sister of Sir Hercules Langrishe, a well-known Irish Baronet.

MISS VIOLET BROWN, the 13 year-old daughter of ex-Gov. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, was in the upper story of a public school at St. Louis, the other day, when the building took fire. While the teachers were subduing the panic and trying to take the children out in safety, the girl stepped to the window, opened it, and jumped down upon the roof of an extension building, a distance of eight feet, caught hold of the lightning-rod, and slid down to the ground.

THE recent earthquakes at Agram, and subsequent minor tremblings of a part of Scotland, suggest to a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* the possibility of a serious shock in London, which would entail a frightful calamity on hundreds of thousands of persons now residing in "desirable residences" of the very flimsiest character, only one brick thick. He estimates that a single shock would kill half a million people, and shows that, according to high geological authority, England must in time past have been fearfully shaken.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says he rode down from the Capitol the other day in a 5 cent omnibus in which the only other passenger was the Vice President of the United States. Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, whose salary, beside his income, is over $25,000 a year, walks every day from his home away beyond the White House to the Capitol, a distance of nearly three miles. He is a trim, modest-looking man with a business air and a quick, nervous step. Mr. Hill, of Colorado, who is worth a million or two, walks, while all around him dash the coaches of men who live on their Congressional salary.

THE sword of Washington, the logic of Madison and the writings of Franklin are not the only historic treasures offered for sale to the Government. It is intimated that, if Congress is much bent on having it, the house to which President Lincoln was taken after he was shot and where he died can be bought on reasonable terms of its present owner. In addition, Mr. Edward Bruce, of Virginia, says that he has a very nice oil portrait of Washington, taken from life, which has been in the Bruce family for about a hundred years, but which he would be willing to sell to the Joint Committee on the Library. Altogether, the committee must be a little puzzled to know where to begin.

JOSEPH BURGER, member of the Minnesota Legislature, is a curiosity. He enlisted in the Second Minnesota regiment of volunteers when only 14 years old. He was shot seven times, losing his left arm and most of his right hand, and is one of the seventeen in the United States who holds a gold medal for bravery, and was discharged as a Captain at the age of 18 years. When 22 years of age he was elected to the Missouri Legislature, and served five years in the House and Senate of that State, beside one term as Sergeant-at-Arms of the Missouri House. He was Postmaster at Burger, Mo., a town named after him, and now at the age of 32 is sent, after a ripe experience, to the Minnesota House. No man in the living world has such an experience. He was born in Austria, and draws a pension of $600 a year.

HOW HE came by the name Sitting Bull is thus explained by Chief Gall. In his early youth, Sitting Bull, then yclepted Lame Deer, went out unnoted among brother buffalo-hunters, and came in at night carrying on his shoulders the carcass of a young buffalo, with a mystic white cross on its forehead, shot by him and borne for so many weary miles that he sunk exhausted at the lodge gate in a sitting posture. He thus became Sitting Bull, for the carcass remained on his shoulders and seemed a part and parcel of himself. The carcass of the animal was left there, the camp abandoned and ever since has been avoided as cursed by the spirit of evil, or at least as not good medicine. The scene of this occurrence Gall places indefinitely somewhere in the Black Hills, and thence Sitting Bull went out a chief whose power has aggregated ever since.

A FATAL case of poisoning from wearing colored stockings is reported from Port Jervis, N. Y. The victim was a 6-year-old girl, and the stockings were brown and gold. The day being warm, she perspired freely. Soon afterward unmistakable symptoms of poisoning appeared, and the doctor was called. He said the illness was undoubtedly caused by poison absorbed from the coloring matter in the stockings. She suffered the most intense pain, and at times her screams could be heard some distance from the house. She died after an illness of thirty-nine days.

IN 1817 President Monroe was anxious to bring some Western man into his Cabinet as Attorney General. Finally, however, he gave the place to Mr. Wirt, of Virginia. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, attended the Cabinet meeting at which Mr. Monroe announced the decision he had reached, and has left this explanation in his diary:

The President said that he should have been very desirous of having a Western gentleman in the Cabinet, but he could not see his way clear. He had taken great pains to inform himself, but he could not learn that there was any one lawyer in the Western country suitably qualified for the office. He had particularly inquired of Judge Todd, who had assured him that there was no such suitably-qualified person. This, he said, was perfectly confidential. Graham said that he had inquired this morning of Mr. Clay, who had told him, also confidentially, the same thing—that there was no lawyer in that country fit for the office of Attorney General.

THE success which has attended the union of the telegraph with the post-office in Great Britain has been as great as gratifying. The Committee of the National Board of Trade reported at the close of the year in favor of Government absorption, and predicted the very consolidation which has since taken place. In this report the results in Great Britain were dwelt upon. The English telegraphs were taken by the Government in 1869, and since the growth of the business of this department of the British postoffice has been as follows:

Number of offices in 1869	2,488
Number of offices in 1880	5,331
Number of messages sent in 1869	6,500,000
Number of messages sent in 1880	26,5[illegible]

The increase in plant has been as follows:

Miles of line in 1869	5,607
Miles of line in 1880	24,156
Miles of wire in 1869	48,998
Miles of wire in 1880	101,8[illegible]
Miles of submarine cables in 1869	139
Miles of submarine cables in 1880	767
Instruments in use in 1869	2,3[illegible]
Instruments in use in 1880	8,15[illegible]
Yards of pneumatic tubes in 1869	4,84[illegible]
Yards of pneumatic tubes in 1880	48,0[illegible]

MR. C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has adopted an ingenious mode of advertising. It is a volume known as the "Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Red Book," which is handsomely printed and contains a vast amount of information of value to travelers and to those interested in political statistics. That its compilation and preparation has cost time and labor of no mean order is proven by the completeness of the work. While it is an advertisement in one sense of the word, its great value as a reference book renders the fact that it is an advertisement a matter of secondary consideration. The aim has been to present the returns of the late election in such form as will most clearly show its results, and to this end the returns of previous elections are shown, and from them the gains and losses are compiled. The returns for 1880 are given as revised from official reports received from Secretaries of State. The "New Red Book," as far as it goes, is a complete political text-book. The present edition is confined to Congressional returns. A second edition will be issued within a few weeks giving the Presidential returns by counties in each State, and showing comparisons with the vote of 1876, with majorities, gains and losses.

THE result of the first systematic attempt to ascertain the strength of Judaism on this continent has just been made public. For many years past there has been a growing demand for some statistical information concerning the Israelites in the United States, not alone as an exhibit of their material prosperity or status as a religious sect, but also as a means to enable the different churches to act in concert in all that concerned them as children of the Abrahamic faith. In 1875 the Board of Delegations of American Israelites, with the co-operation of the Union of the American Hebrew Congregations, undertook the task of securing the desired information, the chief charge of the matter being placed in the hands of Mr. William B. Hackenburg, of Philadelphia. Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining reliable figures. Altogether returns received from 1,000 places show that there are in the United States 278 congregations with a membership of 12,546. Making allowance for the places not heard from, the total Jewish population is placed at 250,000 souls. Of these about 12,000 are located in Pennsylvania. The oldest congregation in the country is the Shaary Showaym, of Lancaster, organized in 1776, while the Rodef Shalom, of Philadelphia, is the next oldest, having been organized in 1780. The richest congregation is the Temple Emmanuel, of New York, which, although only established in 1843, and having but 462 members, owns real estate and other property to the value of $700,000. The public institutions established by the sect in the United States include five hospitals, eleven orphan asylums and homes and six free schools. Its doctrines are enunciated by seventeen newspapers and magazines. The 278 congregations in America own between them property valued at $6,750,000, and over 13,000 children attend the religious schools.

MY HUSBAND.

Who took me from my childhood's home,
To love me for myself alone,
And for my sacrifice atone?
My husband.

Who grumbled at the poor beef-steak,
And bid me better coffee make,
And told me greater care to take?
My husband.

Who swore because the baby cried,
And to the spare-room quickly hied,
While I to quiet, vainly tried?
My husband.

Who tore the buttons off his shirt,
And said I could those ills avert,
If I was more on the alert?
My husband.

Who bade me arise, the fire to make,
While he another nap should take,
Although I'd been all night awake?
My husband.

Who, when I ask for half a crown,
Knits up his brows into a frown,
And asks me where the other's gone?
My husband.

And when I see my mother dear,
Who tries my lonely lot to cheer,
Who says she's dreadfully, dreadfully queer?
My husband.

Who stays out till late at night,
And then comes home so very tight
That I nearly die of fright?
My husband.

Who breaks the china, slams the door,
Leaves all his clothes upon the floor,
And swears it's all a dreadful bore?
My husband.

And who do I, for his dear sake,
Of every sacrifice partake,
Lest I, his confidence should stake?
My husband.

—*Anne Elis, in the Toledo Blade.*

JEAN GLENDOWER.

"Dear Lady Elizabeth, will you not redeem your promise now, and tell me why that grand old castle we visited yesterday is left to be the abode of owls and bats, while its master wanders in foreign lands? Look—from your east window here the setting sun is just kissing the old tower and tall chimneys 'good-night.' It is just the hour for a story; please, Lady Morton, tell me about it."

A shadow crossed the face of my beautiful old friend, and her dark eyes looked sadly across the beautiful English landscape, the fertile valleys and grand old trees, to far in the distance, where the silver river marked the bounds of De Clifton Manor.

"I will tell you the story, Leda, but it will bring a flush to your Spanish cheek, for one of your countrywomen, dear, was the cause of that beautiful home's becoming desolate, and its master a broken-hearted wanderer. Come, sit here by me, little one, and do not interrupt me, while I turn back the leaves of my life and read to you from the brighest and saddest among them.

"Thirty years ago, Clifton Grange was the finest place in Somersetshire, and though not, strictly speaking, the handsomest, preserved its preminence on the score of antiquity; plebeian feet had seldom trod its wide halls and grand old rooms. You saw yesterday what the house is—a massive pile of Byzantine architecture, with deep, pointed porches, where pillars, once crowned with statues, stand close around the outside, and where fragments of a stately figure are here and there remaining. The high old mouldering walls of rugged sculpture are gray and grisly now, with exposure to wind and rain, but the old tower so high above them was then, as now, covered with the deep or ange-russet lichen which gleams so lovely in the sunset. Behind the castle were the garden and fruit walls, where the bloomy peach and purple grape ripened in rich profusion, and where may be seen here and there among the nectarine the vestiges of an old cloister arch or wall remaining. A wide terrace runs around the west front of the house, which was a favorite walk of the inmates at all seasons, for of all the views around the old home this commanded the finest. Ah! my dear," continued Lady Elizabeth, laying her little, soft, withered hand, with the frill of rich old lace around it, on my head, "we were a merry party at the old Grange that month! It was early winter, and Lord de Clifton, just returned from his travels, was the pleasantest host in England. There were two beautiful women with us—women whose delicate feature portrayed the fairest types of their nationality. Lalla Darst, with her wonderful dower of Moorish beauty—the full, voluptuous form and rich, red coloring of her Spanish face—and Jean Glendower, with eyes like the blue-bells of her own bonnie Scotland, and hair tinged the sunlight that gilded its mountains. There were various guests beside; guests assembled in honor of the young Scotch beauty who was soon to wear the diadem of a viscountess; for Jean and Norman de Clifton had been betbrothed some months, and were to be married in a few short weeks.

"Never did I see two people more completely fettered by the 'silver chains of love,' he seemed to live only in her presence, while she—my beautiful, gentle Jean!—returned it with a passion as pure as the Dowerdale blood in her veins; her blue eyes grew almost black when he addressed her, and the lovely face was touching in its sensitiveness when he entered her presence.

"We had been at the castle three weeks; and our visit was drawing to a close; three weeks spent in every species of pleasure and amusement that the grand old place afforded. How happy we were then—how happy we were!" repeated the old lady. "All full of hope: I first saw Sir Howard that month."

She always called the now white-haired husband of her youth "Sir Howard"—never anything more familiar or affectionate—and yet I never saw warmer, or more devoted, wifely love than she showered on Sir Howard Morton.

"But I am telling of Jean—Jean, whom I loved as a sister, and whose happiness was as dear to me as my own. One evening—it was the 14th day of December—I shall never forget it—I entered the drawing-room somewhat later than usual, and found them all assembled; every one seemed gay and careless as usual, but when I looked at Jean—so fair and lovely in her blue velvet dress and Scottish agates—how she loved everything belonging to her country!—I felt that something was wrong. I could not tell what it was, but soon found there was a cloud between her and Norman. Miss Darst was at the piano, and the beautiful strains of her music floated through the room. She sat in the full glow of the fire-light, her rich olive dress, strewn over with golden leaves, falling in heavy folds around her; her purplish black hair was wound like a caronel around the shapely head, while the blood-red rubies on her throat and arms, and the smouldering fire in her dark eyes, reminded me of Tintoret's beautiful picture, 'the Temptation,' this hidden fire and the reflected light of the ruby armlet being the only hint given of the character of the real temptress, who is otherwise represented as an angel of light.

"Lord de Clifton, his handsome Saxon face aglow with pleasure, was bending over Miss Darst, apparently absorbed in her music; it was his passion, and heretofore he and Jean, night after night, had listened to it standing in the deep embrasure of the Doric window, almost screened from view by the heavy crimson curtains. Now, Capt. Dalton sat by Jean's side; and, though the blue eyes had lost much of their luminous light, and the mobile mouth was a trifle prouder, still no one who loved her less than I did would notice any change; pride spoke in every quiet glance, and her sovereignty was exercised not only over other hearts, but over her own emotions. Only once I feared she would betray herself to the careless admirers around her—as Miss Darst finished the last stanza of her song:

"'In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers.'

"Jean and I, in answer to a summons from old Lady de Clifton, crossed near the piano to see a new book of engravings; Lalla Darst's eyes shone like stars as she finished and glanced up at Lord de Clifton, whose blonde head almost touched hers.

"'Does it remind you of the Alhambra?' she whispered in her broken, musical English.

"Jean heard the words, and I saw a look of anguish on her face such as few women ever know. It was gone in a moment, though, and no one noticed. Not once during that—to me—long evening did Norman de Clifton approach his affianced bride; though Capt. Dalton, whom we all believed to be engaged to Lalla Darst, hovered around her most of the evening—his dark, intelligent eyes wearing a look of trouble almost as great as Jean's.

"It was over at last; the good-nights were spoken, and all had gone off to their rooms save Jean and myself; we lingered in the drawing-room, beside the bed of glowing coals, for our usual talk—promising, as the domestics had all retired, to extinguish the centre wax-lights before we left, and not to trust them to the drowsy old porter, who slumbered in his chair by the hall door.

"My darling knelt on the warm velvet rug as soon as we were alone; and threw her arms around me in her unhappiness.

"'Oh, Elizabeth, she knew him in Castile—and he never told me! They loved each other before I ever saw him—she told me this evening of the happy hours spent in the Alhambra, and how they learned to love each other. Her father took her away, and they never met until Norman and I were betrothed.' She shivered as she spoke. 'Shall I keep them apart? Oh, Bess, help me in my trouble!' wringing her little white hands piteously.

"I took her in my arms and held her close.

"'Hush, Jean!' I said, in harsher tones than I ever before heard addressed to her. 'I do not believe one word of it; Lord de Clifton is a man of honor, and loves you—you only. The story this woman has told you is the coinage of her own brain. It is the diadem she covets—not Norman de Clifton's heart.'

"'Elizabeth, haven't you seen how he has treated me? He has not been near me this evening.'

"'I know it, love; I have seen it all. She had poisoned his mind, too. It will all be right to-morrow, little one.'

"'Bess,' looking at me with startled, eager eyes, 'if I thought he loved her, I would die! Do you understand? I would die!'

"'Come, Jean, let us go to our rooms. I will not talk to you any more to-night. You are not reasonable. To-morrow you will be happy again.'

"I threw my arms around her and we walked slowly through the wide, dimly-lighted hall, past the sleeping porter—not yet retired—and on to the second hall; as we approached the library door we heard the subdued sound of a voice, and as we passed it heard Lalla Darst distinctly say, in low, gentle tones—

"'No, Senor de Clifton, no! I cannot give you the love you ask! The fair-haired Scotch senora loves you well, and you must be true to your vows to her.'

"With a smothered, gasping cry Jean started from my side and ran swiftly and noislessly up the stairs and down the long corridor to her room. Before I reached it she had locked the door, and a low moan was my only answer when I pleaded for admittance. At last I left her to herself—but no sleep came to my eyes that night.

"Leda, my child, I never saw my sweet friend afterward! When morning came her door was open, and she had disappeared as entirely and as noiselessly as though wafted away to the heaven she was pure enough to enter. Lord de Clifton was almost frenzied. The castle was searched, the park, and even the silent river: but if it knew the secret, it has kept it well.

"'Oh, Lady Elizabeth, what could have made her leave me?' said the unhappy man. 'I loved her better than life itself!'

"'You should know that, Norman de Clifton, better than any other,' I answered tartly. 'Jean heard your words—at least the answer you received to them—in the library last night as well as I.'

"'In the library—I do not understand; I was not in the library at all, yesterday.'

"I told him what we had heard—and with a stony, mystified look in his eyes, Lord de Clifton sank at my feet in a swoon.

"The next day he left his home, and began his fruitless search for his lost love.

"'I will find her if she is on the earth!' were his parting words. 'Great heavens! To think a woman can be such a fiend, and wear a shape so fair! She was in that room alone last night; and she told me my darling loved Capt. Dalton—had confessed the truth to her, and for a few hours I believed her. Farewell, Lady Elizabeth! I will bring Jean back, if she is on the earth!' and he was gone.

"He first went to her highland home, but she had not been there, and he has never heard of her since. His mother died soon after, and the domestics deserting the old home, it has become almost a ruin."

"And Lalla Darst?" I asked. "What of her?"

"She married a wealthy man and lives in London. I met her once after I was married. Capt. Dalton shot himself when she deserted him."

"See, dear lady! The last beam of the setting sun is lighting up the western facade of the old building; how lovely it is!"

"Yes, my child; and its master is a broken-hearted wanderer—old before his prime because of a woman's treachery and crime."

We were both unusually quiet, that evening, and during my stay at Morton Manor I never saw the old castle across the fields and woods, and gently flowing river, without thinking of beautiful Jean Glendower.

Killed by the Knout.

John Howard entered St. Petersburg alone and on foot. The police discovered him, and he was invited to visit the Empress Catharine at court. He respectfully informed her Majesty that he had come to Russia to visit the dungeons of the captives and the abodes of the wretched, not the palaces and courts of Kings and Queens.

Armed with power, he went to see the infliction of the knout. A man and woman were brought out. The man received sixty strokes and the woman twenty-five. "I saw the woman," says Howard, "in a very weak condition some days after, but could not find the man any more." Determined to ascertain what had become of him, Howard visited the executioner. "Can you," he said, "inflict the knout so as to occasion death in a very short time?" "Yes! the last man who was punished by my hand with the knout died of the punishment." "In what manner do you thus render it mortal?" "By one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh." "Do you receive orders thus to inflict punishment?" "I do!" Thus the boast of Russia, that capital punishments had been abolished throughout the empire, was effectually exposed.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

CRANBERRIES, with malic and citric acids, are good food for those living in malarious places.

TAKE REST.—No man should do more work of muscle or of brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point exercise is good; beyond are the waste of life, exhaustion and decay. When hunger calls for food, and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order, and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves or excite an appetite, we are wasting life.

SALVE FOR FROST BITES.—Six ounces of mutton tallow, six ounces of lard, one ounce of peroxyd of iron—red iron rust—one ounce Venice turpentine, one-half ounce of oil of bergamot, one-half ounce of bole Armenian rubbed to a paste with good sweet oil. Heat the mutton tallow and iron rust in an iron vessel, stirring constantly with an iron spoon, until the mass becomes perfectly black, then add the other ingredients, stirring until well mixed. Apply upon linen daily.

CHILBLAINS.—It is not necessary that the feet should be actually frozen to produce chilblains. Children often suffer intensely from this cause; after playing out doors in the snow and getting their feet very cold they come into the house and warm their feet by the fire. These sudden changes produce an unhealthy condition of the skin of the feet, the proper circulation is interfered with, and there is intense itching and burning. The following was a popular chilblain lotion some years ago: "Sal ammoniac half an ounce, water one gill, alcohol half a gill, and muriatic acid one dram."

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom. That is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth. It is thought by some that the pain of a burn is caused by the hardening of the albumen of the flesh which presses on the nerves, and that the soda dissolves the albumen and relieves the pressure. Others think that the burn generates an acrid acid, which the soda neutralizes.

NEURALGIA AS A "WARNING."—The great prevalence of "neuralgia," says the London *Lancet*—or what commonly goes by that name—should be regarded as a warning, indicative of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render those who are affected with this painful malady especially susceptible to the invasion of diseases of an aggressive type. This is the season at which it is particularly desirable to be strong and well furnished with the sort of strength that affords a natural protection against disease. There will presently be need of all the internal heat which the organism can command, and a good store of fat for use, as fuel is not to be despised. It is no less essential that the vital forces should be vigorous, and the nerve-power especially in full development. Neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality, and nothing so rapidly exhausts the system as pain that prevents sleep and agonizes both body and mind. It is, therefore, of the first moment that attacks of this affection, incidental to and indicative of a poor and weak state, should be promptly placed under treatment, and, as rapidly as may be, controlled. It is worth while to note this fact, because, while the spirit of manliness incites the "strong-minded" to patient endurance of suffering, it is not wise to suffer the distress caused by this malady, as many are now suffering it, without seeking relief, forgetful of the condition it bespeaks, and the constitutional danger of which it is a warning sign.

A Missing Finger.

Judge Lyter is as good a name as any other to call him by. He is one of the best-known lawyers in the State, and not long ago spent several days in Nevada City trying an important case before the Superior Court. One of his hands, as most people observed, is minus a finger, or rather the best part of one. There is quite a history connected with that unnaturally short piece of flesh. As the story goes, the Judge did not always center all of his talents on solving knotty legal problems. Ever so many years ago he lived in one of the northern counties of the State. He was an infant in the profession then, and the denizens of the mining camp had a way of settling their little misunderstandings with pistols and knives. Consequently grass got pretty short with the young lawyer, and the first thing he knew he became one of the "b'hoys."

One night he got into a game of poker with "Black Bob," an eminent card sharp. There was a mint of money on the cloth, and both players became oblivious of the crowd of interested spectators, who had seldom witnessed such stiff playing, even in the mines. Bob had the first deal, and he dealt well, for he and the Judge continued to shove coin to the center till their respective treasures were exhausted. They then showed up.

The Judge tossed two aces and three kings down, and reached out to rake in the spoils. As his hand slid across the table it came in contact with a bowie-knife that Bob had fished out from somewhere, and one of his finger joints was whacked off clean as a whistle.

The astonished lawyer looked up in amazement to learn the cause of his opponent's eccentric action. The latter laid three aces and two kings alongside the other "full."

The Judge gazed at the two batches of cards a minute, then raised his eyes to the stained knife that the other was holding in readiness for any emergency.

"Ah, yes, I see," he stuttered nervously; "queer kind of lay-out, ain't it, Bob? But your apology is accepted."

Bob appropriated the spoils without any demurrer being filed, and it is said that for a long time after the two men had great respect for each other, and hunted in pairs.—*Nevada City Transcript.*

The Care of the Ear.

Only the softest materials and the gentlest pressure should be used in cleaning the ear. Dr. Wilson gives, in popular form, some very useful and practical information touching the removal of ear-wax. If the ticking of a watch can be heard at the distance of twenty-eight inches the hearing is good. Each ear should be tested separately. Noises in the head, sometimes ringing, frequently are due to hardened wax in the ear. Sudden deafness is sometimes caused as follows: A small mass of wax, from ill-health or uncleanliness, becomes hard. A continued secretion of wax then blocks up the ear tube still more. An injudicious attempt is then made to remove the wax by introducing, perhaps, a match-end, a pinhead, or penholder, which, instead of removing, pushes down the wax and packs it against the tympanum; or by sudden draught or the act of swallowing the wax is suddenly pressed upon the membrane, and loss of hearing immediately ensues because the membrane can no longer vibrate. The removal of the wax is in some cases, especially those of longer standing, somewhat difficult; but with gentle treatment and patience may be finally accomplished and the hearing fully restored. The best means for removing wax, when not badly compacted, are half a drachm of sodium carbonate dissolved in an ounce of water, applied lightly, by means of a bit of absorbent cotton or sponge attached to a suitable handle. When the wax is much compacted it may be softened by means of water, quite warm, and a syringe.—*Scientific American.*

Dueling of the Last Century.

A man of the present age, not thoroughly conversant with the state of society in Europe during the eighteenth century, would hardly be willing to believe the truth of the matter. We speak particularly of the duel. Really, much of the adventure on the so-called field of honor, of that time, is entirely unfit for publication, and, if published, would be believed by but few. When reading of the duel in Ireland, the impression rests in our mind that the Emerald Isle must take the palm in the way of horrors and abominations of personal combat. But anon we visit England; then France; then Germany; Italy, Austria, Spain—in short, wherever fashion had introduced the sword and pistol as social arbiters; go where you please, and read of the doings there, and you will feel that each in turn was the most bloody of the lot. In those times men fought just for the fun of the thing.

These thoughts have been suggested by the following curious passage, which comes to me from a source not to be questioned: During the reign of George I. two military officers of London—Maj. Walsh and Capt. Hudon—having heard repeated accounts of the success of two Irish gentlemen in affairs of honor, determined to go over and test the much boasted skill. To Dublin they came, where Mr. Fitz Allan and Col. Callahan were pointed out to them as the heroes whom they sought. Walsh embraced the first opportunity, at a public ball, and brushed rudely against Mr. Fitz Allan. The latter turned, and saw a stranger; and, thinking the affair must have been only an accident, he went his way without further notice.

On the following day, Maj. Walsh, in a tap-room where many gentlemen were assembled, told of the circumstance—declared that he had purposely insulted Fitz Allan, who had not dared to respond.

Col. Callahan chanced to be present. He advanced to the Englishman, and politely informed him that he was Fitz Allan's friend; that he would take it upon himself to declare that his friend had slighted the insult, believing it to have been an unavoidable accident; and, further, in behalf of his friend, he would extend a challenge, the fight to take place at once.

The Major accepted, and the other went in search of his friend, who was quickly found, and brought upon the scene.

Fitz Allan came in smiling. No words were wasted. The company repaired to an adjacent riding-yard, where the preliminaries were arranged, and the combatants placed in position, sword in hand.

"Upon my soul," said Callahan, addressing Capt. Hudon—the two acting seconds to their friends, respectively—"I think we may as well take a hand in the pastime. It is a pity to lose such an opportunity."

Nothing, at that moment, could have pleased the English Captain better. He consented immediately, and the twain drew their swords.

And then commenced the double duel—a duel brought about on the merest whim—to test the truth of flying rumor. Callahan and Hudon being seconds, and feeling that they ought to be ready to attend to their principals, went at it with the quickest and most energetic movements. Very soon the Englishman was surprised. He had fancied himself an expert at sword-play, but here was a man who bewildered him. The Irishman's blade flashed through the air like a line of light, leaving behind it a network of flame that seemed to create a dazzling veil of blinding rays. So for a little time, till the Englishman had been wounded in three places, and then Callahan gave the *coup de grace,* passing his point through between the ribs and out at the back. As he recovered his sword he turned to his principal and said:

"I'll attend to you now, Fitz. My man is laid away!"

"Oho! Then, egad! I'll finish mine!" And gathering himself for a feint—a twirl—and a pass, that had never yet failed him, he spitted his opponent through, from side to side.

The two Englishmen were taken in hand by the best surgeons and faithfully nursed. For a time their lives were despaired of, both; but they finally recovered, and lived to become warm and ardent friends of the men who had given them so severe a lesson in dueling.

Sayings of George Eliot.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—*Adam Bede.*

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.—*Silas Marner.*

Trouble's easy borne when everybody gives it a lift for you.—*Felix Holt.*

As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality of the liquor.—*Adam Bede.*

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—*Daniel Deronda.*

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest.—*Felix Holt.*

There is no sorrow greater than to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.—*Middlemarch.*

There's a sort of human paste that, when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm, is only baked into harder shape.—*Daniel Deronda.*

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.—*Adam Bede.*

Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends to become an end in itself; and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.—*Silas Marner.*

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.—*Adam Bede.*

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may to do more harm.—*Felix Holt.*

It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are the only folks as aren't wanted i' the other world.—*Adam Bede.*

It's allays the way wi' them meek-faced people; you may as well pelt a bag of feathers as talk to them.—*Adam Bede.*

College mostly makes people like bladders, just good for nothing but t' hold the stuff as is poured into them.—*Adam Bede.*

It's an uncommon fine thing when you can let a man know what you think of him without paying for it.—*The Mill on the Floss.*

Life is so complicated a game that the devices of skill are liable to be defeated at every turn by air-blown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistledown.—*Romola.*

The devil tempts us not—'tis we tempt him,
Beckoning his skill with opportunity.
—*Felix Holt.*

No man puts rotten apples in his pouch
Because their upper side looks fair to him—
Constancy in mistake is constant folly.
—*Felix Holt.*

ALTHOUGH painting is a difficult art to learn, most artists paint easel-y.

TOILET RECIPES.

HAIR INVIGORATOR.—A wash to stimulate the growth of hair in case of baldness is made from equal parts of the tincture of sulphate of quinine—five grains in an ounce of alcohol. For those who will use hair oil, pure sperm oil of the very finest quality, is the best. This must be procured in proper freshness and cannot fail being a powerful hair invigorator.

TO REMOVE WRINKLES.—Put pieces of court-plaster on the face where the wrinkles are inclined to come, just before going to bed, and remove in the morning. The plaster contracts the skin and prevents its sinking into creases and lines. It also protects and softens the skin. Warm water should always be used to wash the face in, as it keeps off wrinkles.

HARMLESS FACE POWDERS.—Rice powder, though expensive, is warranted perfectly harmless. Refined chalk is the safest thing to use, and costs far less than if put up under some other name and sold in boxes. Cascarilla powder is much used by Cuban ladies, and is considered harmless. Wash the face with thick suds from glycerine soap, and, when dry, dust on the powder with a puff or piece of chamois skin.

TO STRENGTHEN THE HAIR.—A solution of burdock tea will strengthen the hair as will also sage tea. The following is also highly recommended: One pound of yellow dock root, boiled in five pints of water till reduced to one pint; strain and add an ounce of pulverized borax, half an ounce of coarse salt, three ounces of sweet oil and a pint of New England rum; a quarter of an ounce of oil of lavender and ten grains of ambergris will perfume this nicely. Use the burdock tea two or three times a day at first; after a while once a day will be sufficient. Shampooing the head once a day with cold water will also have a beneficial effect.

HAIR RESTORATIVE.—A powerful restorative for the hair is half an ounce of oil of mace in a pint of deodorized alcohol. Pour a spoonful or two into a saucer; dip a small stiff brush into it, and brush the hair smartly, rubbing the tincture well into the roots. On bald spots, if hair will start at all, it may be stimulated by friction with a piece of flannel till the skin looks red and rubbing the tincture into the scalp. This process must be repeated three times a day for weeks. When the hair begins to grow apply the tincture once a day till the growth is well established, bathing the head in cold water every morning and briskly brushing it to bring the blood to the surface.

Cold-Weather Yarns.

"I never knew until the next spring how low the mercury did get that year," said Sheriff Ridgway. "We had a thermometer big enough to keep account of the weather for the whole State. It was three feet long, and had a bulb at the bottom as big as a turnip. We didn't bother with degrees on that thermometer. We always said it was so many inches below or so many inches above zero. The thermometer hung on an apple tree in the garden at our old place on the Lackawack. In the spring of '59 I was spading up the garden. Under this apple tree I struck a vein of quicksilver. I thought I had discovered a mine of the stuff, and says to myself, 'This ends the lumber business.' I calls the old gentleman out and told him I'd struck a quicksilver mine, and that when the company was formed to work it I would take nothing less than treasurer of it. He didn't say anything, but he looked at the quicksilver I had in my hand, then at me, and then at the thermometer that hung on the tree. I looked at that, too. The bulb was busted. Then I understood the situation. The mercury had settled a foot and a half below zero on the thermometer. That wasn't as low as the weather called for, so it pushed the bottom out of the bulb, went down three feet to the ground, and dropped six inches under the surface before it reached the level of the temperature. Don't go up along the Lackawack and talk about the thermometer being 20 deg. below zero, for there are people up there yet who remember our big thermometer and the winter the mercury went five feet below zero, and they'll laugh at you."

"I've always said that these little thermometers we have nowadays ain't no account," said Billy Watson. "What chance has weather on a thermometer six or eight inches long, anyhow?"

"It don't have no chance at all," said Peacock Brink. "Down t'my house, where there air no th'mometer to bother with the weather, I bets it's fifteen degree colder'n 'tis up here."

"Do you remember the winter that Red Drake was chased by a deer in the valley woods, and had a narrow escape from death, all owing to the weather," asked Pete Quick. "Cold as it was, Red was hunting. He shot at the deer, and the deer got mad and took after him. Red dropped his gun, and made for a tree. It was so cold that the breath from the deer's nostrils froze as it shot out in streams of fog, and before the deer reached Red two pieces of ice, fifteen inches long and two inches and a quarter thick, stuck from the animal's snout like the tines of a pitchfork. Just as Red reached the foot of the tree the deer caught him. One of the pieces of ice went on one side of Drake, and one on the other. The tree was just big enough to fit in between the ends of the two prongs of ice and hold the deer fast. There they were. Red couldn't move, nor the deer couldn't move. The deer's breath kept on freezing, and Red looked back over his shoulder and saw ice forming all around him. He expected to be frozen to death. By-and-by when the circle of ice had grown so tight around him that it was hard for him to breathe, he saw that the deer's nose was being rapidly closed by the forming ice. Here was his only hope. If he could hold out until the breathing of the deer was shut off he might escape, for then the deer would die, and in falling break the icy bonds. When the ice had closed around Red so tight that he could only get a breath about a sixteenth of an inch in length, kerplunk dropped the deer to the ground, dead from suffocation, and Red was free. On any other day the wound that Red gave the deer would have killed it at once. The ball went clean through the animal; but the holes froze up instantly on each side, and the deer was as sound as ever."

Big Trees.

Referring to big trees, the *American Register* tells us that a grove of trees in California, consisting of 1,680, contains not one which measures less than six feet in diameter. A rare and magnificent white oak is to be seen in the Quaker burying ground in Salem, N. Y. It is more than 200 years old, and is remarkable for its enormous branches, which have a spread of 112 feet. A remarkable chestnut tree is growing on a farm in Berks, Pa. It is nearly forty feet in circumference at the base, and the top of the tree can be reached by steps fastened between the limbs. Most remarkable of trees with a history is a russet apple tree in Skowhegan, Me., which was planted in 1762. In its branches a playroom for children has been built for half a century. The tree is seven feet from the ground to the branches, five in number, all of which are very large and average thirty feet in length, covering a space of ground sixty-three feet in diameter. It is more than four and a half feet in diameter, and has yielded an average of thirty bushels of apples each year. A sprout from this apple tree stands thirty-two feet from the parent stem, but is forty-eight years younger.

Terrible Smell on the Cars.

Mr. Eppenetus Hoyt, of Fond du Lac, went to Chicago on a visit. Mr. Hoyt knew a young man named Johnny Darling, who was attending Rush Medical College, and through him was permitted to visit the dissecting-room. Mr. Hoyt was introduced to a number of the wicked young men who were carving the late lamented, and, after he got accustomed to the climate, he rather enjoyed the performance. Whether young Mr. Darling told the boys that Mr. Hoyt was "fresh" or not will, perhaps never be known, but, as Mr. Hoyt passed around among the slabs where they were at work, each made a contribution from the corpse he was at work on to Mr. Hoyt's coat pockets, unbeknown to him. While one was calling his attention to a limb that he was dissecting, another would cut off an ear, or a finger, or a nose, or dig out an eye, and drop the same into Mr. Hoyt's overcoat pockets. Finally he bid the boys good-by, thanked them for their courtesies in showing him around, skipped for the train and got on board. The seats were all occupied, and a middle-aged lady, with a slim face and spectacles, and evidently an old maid, allowed him to sit beside her. The car was warm, and it was not long before the "remains" began to be heard from. He was talking with the lady when he smelled something. The lady had been smelling it for some miles back, and she had got her eye on Mr. Hoyt, and had put her handkerchief to her nose. He took a long breath and said to the lady:

"The air seems sort of fixed here in the car, does it not?" and he looked up at the transom.

"Yes," said the lady, as she turned pale, and asked him to let her out of the seat, "it is very much fixed, and I believe *you are the man that fixed it!*" and she took her sachel and went to the rear of the car, where she glared at him as though he was a fat-rendering establishment. Mr. Hoyt devoted a few moments to silent prayer and then his attention was called to a new-married couple in the seat ahead of him. They had been having their heads close together, when suddenly the bride said "Hennery, have you been drinking?" He vowed by all that was great and glorious that he had not, when she told him that there was something about his breath that reminded her of strong drunk or a packing-house. He allowed that it was not him, but admitted that he had noticed there was something wrong, though he didn't know but it was some of her teeth that needed filling. They were both mad at the insinuations of the other, and the bride leaned on the window and cried, while the groom looked the other way and acted cross. Mr. Hoyt was very much annoyed at the smell, and made up his mind it was his duty to speak to the groom about it. So he introduced himself and told the groom he ought to do something to cure those feet of his. The groom looked at him indignantly, but Mr. Hoyt continued:

"You may think it will wear off, but it won't. I knew a man in Fond du Lac whose feet perspired as bad as yours, and it was almost impossible to stay in a room with him. He had to sleep with his feet out the window, and the neighbors complained to the health officers One day he—"

At this point the bridegroom called his wife, and they indignantly left the car. Mr. Hoyt was annoyed. The smell remained, and people all around him got up and went to the forward end of the car, or to the rear, and there were a dozen empty seats when the conductor came in, and lots of people standing up. The conductor got one sniff and said:

"Whoever has got that piece of Limberg cheese in his pocket will have to go in the emigrant car." They all looked at Hoyt, and the conductor went up to him and asked him if he didn't know any better than to be carrying around such cheese as that. Hoyt said he hadn't got no cheese. The conductor insisted that he had, and told him to turn his pockets wrong side out. Hoyt jabbed his hands into his pockets, and felt something cold and clammy. He drew his hands out empty, turned pale, and said he didn't have any cheese. The conductor insisted on his feeling again, and he brought to the surface a couple of human ears, a finger and a thumb.

"What in the name of the apostles have you got there?" says the conductor. "Do you belong to any canning establishment that sends canned missionary to the heathen cannibals?" Hoyt told the conductor to come in the baggage car and he would explain all; and as he passed by the passengers, with both hands full of the remains, the passengers were ready to lynch Hoyt. He told the conductor where he had been, and the boys had played it on him, and the fingers and things were thrown beside the track. Afterward Hoyt went in the car and tried to apologize to the old maid, but she said if he didn't go away from her she would scream. Hoyt would always rather go away than have a woman scream. He is trying to think of some way to get even with the boys at Rush Medical College.—*Peck's Sun.*

Washington Malaria.

Congressmen, says a Washington letter writer, have a perfect right to drink as much whisky as they please, providing they attend to their duties and do not offend the proprieties. It must be confessed that some of them devote a good deal of time to the importunities of John Barleycorn. There are some very heavy drinkers in both Houses—men who are as straight as a dart at home. Sometimes they neglect their constituents and the public business, sometimes they are seen with pretty bad characters. I have known Congressmen who were unable to leave their beds for weeks because of delirium tremens. I have known others so drunk in the Capitol that they could not stand or even sit in a chair. You may properly say that this is none of my business. Well, as I do not assume to inform the world, it probably is no affair of mine. But this is what I am coming to: After some members and Senators drink until their stomachs are all gone and they are unable to eat or drink anything, and have to lie by for a week or two, they account for their condition with the general explanation—"malaria."

Malaria fiddlesticks! It is more like rum-alia! These people are a little fond of using the words "Washington malaria." The physicians here understand the business. When they find an honorable Senator or member suffering from too much rum, they tell him he has the malaria. They charge him an extra $10, but he is willing to pay it to deceive his constituents, his family, and his friends. He may really think he is fooling the doctor, too, but he isn't.

Water of the Ocean.

From a comparison of the results of recent deep-sea soundings, it appears that the following are just generalizations: 1. The water of the North Pacific is in its whole mass cooler than that of the Atlantic. 2. The water of the South Pacific is, down to 4,225 feet, somewhat warmer than that of the Atlantic, but below that depth cooler. 3. The bottom temperatures are generally lower in the Pacific than in the Atlantic at the same depth, and in the same degree of latitude; but nowhere in the Pacific are found such low bottom temperatures as in the Antarctic portion of the South Atlantic, where temperatures of —0.3 centigrade to —0.6 degrees have been measured. 4. In the western part of the Pacific and the adjoining parts of the East India archipelago the temperature of the water reaches its minimum at depths between 1,787 and 8,997 feet, remaining the same from this depth to the bottom. In the whole of the Atlantic the temperature from 8,937 feet to the bottom gradually though slowly increases.

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

TUESDAY, Feb. 15.—SENATE.—The Michigan Legislature reassembled this evening, after a ten days' recess. In the Senate thirty-five remonstrances, covering 5,000 pages, were presented against the proposed prohibition measure. This measure comes up in committee of the whole in the Senate to-morrow. The Women's Christian Temperance Union has arranged for excursion trains from various cities. A bill was introduced, appropriating $130,000 for the Reform School for Girls. Sen tor Greusel gave notice of a bill to wind up the affairs of the old volunteer Fire Department of Detroit, and to divide the funds which that organization has acquired during its existence of many years. The value of its property is something over $50,000.

HOUSE.—Notice of a bill was given by Mr. Resnuck, requiring railroad companies to receive and deliver grain to the elevators of private parties, to permit the same to be connected with the railroad tracks, and to charge like rates as to the railroad companies' own elevators. A resolution offered by J. H. White was adopted, instructing the State Treasurer to report the amount of tax paid by the street-rail way companies to the State since their organization.

The Phantom Denouncer.

A settler in New South Wales was missing from his farm. His convict overseer gave out that he had gone off privately to England, and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man; but the affair was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the road near the farm of his absent neighbor, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence; immediately the farmer pulled up and hailed his friend, and receiving no answer, got out of the cart, and went toward the fence. His neighbor (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field toward a pond in the direction of his home, which it was supposed he had deserted. The farmer remounted his cart and proceeded home.

The next morning he went to his neighbor's cottage, expecting to see him, but he saw only the overseer, who laughed at the story, and said that his master was at that time near the shores of England. The circumstances was so inexplicable that the farmer went to the nearest justice of the peace, related the circumstances and added that he feared foul play had taken place. A native black, who was attached to the station as a constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he had seen his friend. The spot was pointed out to the black, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took after quitting the fence.

On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discolored; it was scraped with a knife by the black, who next smelled at it, and tasted it. Immediately after he crossed the fence, and walked straight to the pond near the cottage. On its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf, and, after tasting and smelling, he declared it to be "white man's fat."

Several times, somewhat after the manner of a blood-hound, he coursed round the lake; at last he darted into the neighboring thicket, and halted at a place containing some loose and decayed brushwood. On moving this, he thrust down the ram-rod of his musket into the earth, smelled it, and then desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were brought from the cottage, and the body of the settler was found, with his skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been for some time immersed in water.

The overseer was arrested and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main proofs. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and proceeded to the scaffold protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardihood forsook him. He acknowledged the murder of his late master. He had come behind him when he was crossing the identical rail on which the farmer fancied he saw the deceased, and, with one blow on the head, killed him. He then dragged the body to the pond, and threw it in; but, after some days, took it out again, and buried it where it was found. The sagacity of the native black was remarkable; the more so as he averred that he didn't know how he came by it; he "just felt that what he said and did was right," was the only explanation he could give.

The Wolf and the Hare—A Fable.

One day as a Hare was pursuing her way through the forest she was overtaken by a Wolf, who had no sooner come in sight than he called out:

"By what right do you walk in this path?"

"I thought it was a public highway," humbly replied the Hare.

"Suppose it is? You are nothing but a Hare, while I am a Wolf. It is your business to follow on behind me if you want to go my way. How it looks to see a big, strong Wolf following a weak and cowardly Hare like you."

"Very well," answered the Hare, who dared not dispute for fear of being still worse used.

The Wolf was in no hurry. Indeed, he did not care to travel that way at all, except to humiliate his weaker neighbor. As he passed along at a slow gait he looked over his shoulder and observed:

"Don't keep so near me. If we meet anybody I don't care to have them think we are traveling in company. It is only an act of condescension that I allow you to travel this path at all."

The Hare fell back a few feet further, feeling that any dispute would result to to the advantage of the Wolf. They had not proceeded far when the Wolf suddenly uttered a howl of surprise and pain, and as the Hare came up he was rolling over the ground with his fore feet fast in a trap.

"Help! help!" shouted the Wolf.

"But I am nothing but a Hare," replied the other. How it would look to see a weak and cowardly Hare rushing to the assistance of a big, strong Wolf!"

"I shall be held here until the hunter comes to knock me on the head!" moaned the Wolf.

"If you had permitted me to go on my way in peace I should have been first at the trap," answered the Hare.

"Yes, but please do something for me!"

"I'd be glad to, small and weak as I am; but if anybody should come along I don't care to have them think we are traveling in company! Tra-la, Mr. Wolf!"

Moral: There is never a safe time to put on airs. The man you kick to-day may drive a grocer's delivery wagon to-morrow.—*M. Quod.*

A LECTURER was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one; "we let out the tucks."

IRON HERALD.

Thursday, Feb. 24, 1881.

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

General Hancock has conducted a return the inaugurations of General Garfield.

A company of Philadelphia has undertaken to relieve the Footpaths of Paris by constructing a canal.

And now the Dinkey patriots have got it down to a nicety that Robert T. Lincoln is to be secretary of the treasury.

The Flint and Pere Marquette railway company, in consideration of the payment of $50,000 cash, agree to pay between Saginaw and Lexington, Mich.

The Democrats elected to the British House of commons, in place of those who whose seats were declared void, are all left which he passed without civilities.

Joseph Jefferson, and Rosecrans chart and Gear National body, are mentioned for cover ago, and remarked that the Ex-tement and Mardy-and-Sunday's wages into the gorge of the tribe.

Mr. Tweedell advises the Democratic party to remember, amid the clatter of free-trade. The party in Illinois didn't repeal that second Mr. Tweedell at the polls last Fall worth a cent.

The financial side of the convention at Lima, Ohio, was left to Senator John B. Hoge, one for strange street Jewelers, and Dorsey Pioneer and Charles F. Wilson for organizing a strong ticket to remove Senator Pratt Foulk from the state central committee, and he did not succeed.

Senator Bayard and the other day, in a speech on reforms, that Secretary Sherman and abolitionist of the treasury department and an overall pulse from existing business the difficulties, and he smoke over and it was necessary to be stiff and sore were with which the secretary had conducted the affairs of refunding.

A remarkable fact answer is among, despite the present state of the Democratic, is furnished by the recent announcement from Rome that "accounts a much better surround the late Rome, and that the whole path crept of southern New Jersey Rome destroyed." Dissatisfy no one long the the whole in cop but also have left the fences.

The Chicago Industry Association has undertaken to endorse the Shirley Institute charity. "The association is satisfied that people such as Sunday," says the report, "are needed; but the Chicago. It is against solid exercises that we are contrary." It is impossible to open the Chicago Chamber to the city exclusive, though Sunday has been opened.

Great Britain sent 60,000 tons of rails in 1875, nearly 200,000 tons in 1879, and 300,000 in 1880. The latter quantity is about one fifth of the production of all the iron and steel rail mills last year. Nearly all the rails made in Great Britain are used in the United States, as well as pig iron, an equally big item, mostly manufactured, and the bituminous coal.

Shirley and publication for some time to was the needs of Society, it brought to our attention the fact that the Shirley Institute people claim that the Lord is home here. This remark reminds the minister name Jesus Christ of which we were expect early the present year, which is likely to suppose the year to be homogeneous, but had surpassed all preceding.

The Chicago Inter Ocean says "Thirty-three months of 30 and the first three of 31, will bring to commencement a new and great between. The first step gathered was the Democratic platform. Its actual, total, year of treasurer, the third step, equally promising, was the Republican nominations. In view of the treasurer the month of the year, Republicans, 31 and 32 the number of the Democratic."

John W. Young, of the Mine Mine, has seen product Brighton Twsp, has been sold to Detroit, Oil., and plated under $1,000 for 10, or nearly $50 Lyman in the Lake Superior Mining Company, Mr. Young has for sale. The Lyman Twsp, some years ago, acted his first wife, a Pilkinsh; this fact, added to pledge that he would never practice polygamy, but there years ago he married his second, and has left with a Miss Lucia Cole, a handsome girl of 16.

Gold and Silver Quote are with the Republicans, and just as convenient as he is when dealing with the Democrats. It was indeed usually to the newspapers the Director Davis remarked just after the poll, Institute of the Democratic Money letter and the complicity of the Democratic congress with bad men and bad, that Democrats could so many patriotic and honorable men, and so many patriots and honorable men affect. The Republicans will claim Davis; but has been opposing to inside plots whose knowing his legion.

Twenty dollars a month and board being little remarked in the Lake Superior, and in Pacific coast, and Dakota, and Montana, and Arizona, and Nevada, and Colorado, and Utah, and Wyoming, and Idaho, and New Mexico, and Texas

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, Feb. 24, 1881.

THE VITAL.

Weak and nervous	168 o.
Paralysis	168 o.
Fits (epilepsy)	168 o.
Total	1,000 o.

Fever	168 o.
Consumption	168 o.
Total	1,000 o.

Mind	168 o.
Body	168 o.
Total	1,000 o.

Health	168 o.
Wealth	168 o.
Total	1,000 o.

Spring politics are stirring.

Pears of a cool Jumbo are ashed.

Pickled pigs feet need tripe at the Red Front.

Memory thirty before zero 29 yesterday.

All kinds of sandwich and drinks at the Red Front.

The city continues to be free of epidemics of any sort.

Tuesday, Tuesday, was Washington's birthday—a legal holiday.

Cards to incbriety at the Red Front in the old price—20 cents per quart.

The city council have ordered 40 more street-lamps for the five dollars each.

The Sterling house is dated Sterling business and growing in popularity.

Spring begins on Sunday, March 20—just three weeks from the date of to-day. Therefore.

Representative Mallory introduced a bill into the legislature on the 17th amending the charter of this city.

A single petition sent from the Pocatello mining district of the present legislature was signed by over 100 men.

"Don't fail to attend the masquerade to-morrow night at the Sterling. Turn Verity into a-tel-tic. Therefore. Preparations are complete for a big time.

A. W. Gibbs has recently refitted the kitchen and room in the back building billiard hall. It is without doubt one of the best billiard halls in Idaho.

Among the stores proposed by the legislature for modification for Bingham or the University at their coming session is that of Peter White, of Rocky Bar.

An exchange tactfully says "Taking your pictures out of town is a sure way of enabling the people to buy their goods out of town—at which you have no cause to grumble."

Saxon—N. J. B. Curtis, the business partner of W. H. Hagerman, deceased, was announced in these columns week before last, written in Saxon fashion of course. Mr. Hagerman is alive and well. Mr. Hagerman is alive and well.

A member of our parent fold, who the special train to Hampton on Tuesday evening to attend the Knight of Pythias Dictation No. 3 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. They entered about three o'clock, Wednesday, received and put between the sheets at the Sterling House. The following current Board, of the city, accompanied them.

The grand lodge I. O. O. F. of Michigan, in session at Grand Rapids on Wednesday and Thursday, installed the following officers: Grand master, Jacob Jackson, Detroit; deputy grand master, George W. Wonnacott, Adrian; grand secretary, E. B. Fairfield, Detroit; grand treasurer, Benjamin Vowse, Detroit; grand warden, Harrison Boyle, Jackson.

It is reported in various parts of the State that potatoes and cabbies are selling at a ridiculously low figure in some of the states. It is feared that tubers will be entirely exterminated unless something is done to arrest the disastrous ravages. Winds Bodies have been found that probably within the past few weeks. In some counties means that appearance have offered one dollar per bushel for the tuck delivered to them alive, the tuber, has being lost there and spring and then liberate them.

Personal

Joseph Chlopicki, of the Boise News left by Friday's train for New York city. He will remain there a month.

Jess E. Hines returned from Cleveland on Thursday, having remained several weeks for an omission of the members' lodge of Pythians.

H. Rose, of Boise, one of the "wheel men" of the Oxford Bicycle Club, was in town Tuesday.

H. H. Stafford went to Grand Rapids on Wednesday, and left for New York and Philadelphia and will not return until next week.

M. A. Gibbs and F. M. Wells, returned from Grand Island Tuesday.

Dr. Wallace was in town Friday night, and left for his home in Boise Saturday morning. He is a member of the legislature.

Capt. Jas. D. Hoskins of Lewiston, arrived last week, having closed out most of his business in Lewiston.

W. S. Calhoun was a passenger to Cleveland Sunday.

It is rumored in town that our newspaper friends are going to be born about the first of April. He has been a member of Congress, and has been a member of Congress.

John McKinney paid a lonely visit to town last week. John is still residing successfully in Bannock Range on time.

Capt. Peter Pierson returned from his trip to Grand Rapids Sunday, and went to the Republic Sunday.

Geo. A. Wilson, who has been partial clerk between here and Fort Howard since the introduction of the service on the road, has accepted a similar position on the Oregon Short Line, and left for Pocatello last week.

Mr. John Anderson, of Oakland.

J. Q. Pierce, an extensive landowner of Chicago, was in town Saturday.

P. H. Sayer and family of Hampton, were passengers each by Sunday's train, en route to Green Cove Florida, where they are to spend a few weeks.

Hon. Wm. P. Hardy and wife left Sunday for Lansing, where Mr. H. goes to take his seat in the legislature.

The office of the Boise Herald's owner is now located in the Sterling Hotel City. Pa., and from there communicates with the Boise Unions.

Arthur Dell, whom mentioned in our item entitled in last weeks paper, arrived by Sunday's train, and has been stuffed on a chair in the C. & N. W. railroad office in this city.

J. Freeman, formerly of the Deer Lodge Co. News, is about to become a resident of this city.

Mr. Jones, of Marquette, has gone to Philadelphia, and before his return will visit his old home in Baltimore.

C. Sandmann, of Chicago, Wm. Hurford is the county by Sunday's train.

The woodmen are again busy.

The snow is more than four days much beneath.

Lecture at the Red Front. First great stuff of the season.

The wood and county roads are said to be in a passable condition.

Instructions are out for a social hop at Walter's hall, Wednesday, evening.

Monsieur Jacques has superseded Cornelius and will explore Cornelius.

Mrs. Dr. L. D. Cry gave a pleasant party at her residence Friday evening, at which a large number of the elite participated and spent a pleasant time.

The university at Ann Arbor was has over 1,500 students, 600 are in the regular classes of the college of science and literature, 100 in the medical, 100 in the department.

Our transcript, etc., from Carey is engaged in making preparations for the transcript of tracks the coming season, and to that end has secured a number of assistants thereon, who is expected to arrive on or about the 1st of March.

The large snow drifts in the mountains are melting very rapidly, and some more of the snow fence towering individuals on opposite sides of the road are recognized as old friends last year as they may now be a slight elevation on the line of the road.

Data—Jesse C. Gorse, an inefficient person who has long supported himself for years, for several years past by walking and gathering up the scraps of the Indian sick some more or less weeks ago, was becoming so attached to a public social attention, and was sent to the county hospital yesterday, and left the road the following day. Very little information could be obtained from the boy, however, which is supposed to be owing to his being a very low him but to be a very low boy.

Or Carney—The following which appeared in a recent issue of the Boise Statesman is a sample dispatch, dated at Carney, Idaho, Feb. 10, addressed to the same epach (Clay) who spent a week in the mountains last fall and now keeps quiet by an extensive system of advertising. Dear Sir—Expect to have been in a great hurry to return to his excessive business in Boise, and was pained at this place by a woman when he claimed to be a bachelor, and wanted to know if he and cousins were on hand to dance and wave.

Sunday morning the Boise council the minutes at the announcement that the Boise Rifles had left for Caldwell the 22d ultimo for gun and cartridge, and to the charge of an attempt to commit a crime on the Boise Rifles, which occurred on the 22d of ago. The crime was committed by a man named Jas. Brown. Attempt was made by the committed in the court room. Mr. Brown was arrested and taken to the Boise Rifles, and was taken to Caldwell for safe keeping. Mr. Brown was a prisoner in the jail, and the Boise Rifles were called upon to protect the prisoner from the Caldwell people. The prisoner, at about noon on Saturday, was taken from the Boise Rifles, and was placed in the Caldwell jail, and was placed in the Caldwell jail, and was placed in the Caldwell jail

THE NEWS.

Foreign.

—Another fight has taken place between the South African Boers and the British, under Sir George P. Colley, in which the English troops were successful, both sides losing heavily.

—A fire at the Victoria Docks, London, destroyed eighteen railway trucks and eighteen grain-laden barges and damaged two. The total loss is estimated at $2,200,000.

—A forced loan of 13,000,000 has been ordered by the Sultan of Turkey.

—King Alfonso, of Spain, has formed a new Cabinet, with Senor Sagasta as Prime Minister.

—The distress among the inhabitants of the Ural provinces of Russia is so intolerable that many of them exchange their male children for bread, and allow the female children, who do not seem to have a market value, to perish of hunger.

—The Greek National Guard has been called out, and the Greek Government and people seem to be as intent on war as they have been at any time for the last three months.

—The latest plot the Fenians are credited with concocting is one to blow up Windsor Castle. Fearing that the plot may be carried into operation, the Queen has left there for the present.

—The so-called victory of the British over the Boers of South Africa turns out to have been a rather costly affair. A later dispatch says the so-called rebels behaved admirably: their aim was almost perfect, and their coolness and bravery were beyond all praise. They literally annihilated the British force, while there was little or no loss on their side.

—A leading French journal agrees with Secretary Sherman that the present proportion of 15½ to 1 between gold and silver should be abandoned. Bismarck has declared in favor of a double standard.

—Parnell and six of his associates in the Land League held a council in Paris in regard to the funds of the organization.

—Universal suffrage has been demanded by a convention held in Rome. Garibaldi is in full sympathy with the movement, and was chosen President.

—Thirteen Socialists have undergone trial at Vienna during the past week. One was convicted of high treason and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, another to six months' confinement, and eleven were acquitted.

—For declaring that he owed no allegiance to the British crown, a Land-Leaguer named Habron was sentenced at the Loughrea assizes to three months' imprisonment and bound over to keep the peace for one year.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Ashmead Bartlett were married last week in London, the groom assuming the name of Burdett-Coutts before his own cognomen. The bride is 67, and the groom 38 years of age.

—Lima was captured by the Chilians Jan. 15, after two desperate battles, in which the losses are said to have been 16,000 men. The Chinese quarter of the city was burned by the Peruvians before the surrender.

—The Parliamentary Committee of the Home-Rule party has decided that twelve members shall proceed to Ireland and hold meetings after the passage of the Coercion bill, thus inviting arrest.

—Hanlan, the Canadian oarsman, won easily in his contest with Laycock, the Australian oarsman, on the Thames. There was little betting, it being a foregone conclusion that Hanlan would win.

—Gen. Colley and his force at Mount Prospect is surrounded by a strong force of Boers. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood has arrived at the Cape from England, and assumed command of the British forces.

—A company with a capital of $500,000 has been organized to run a line of steamers between Brazil and Halifax, N. S. The Brazilian and Dominion Governments will each give the company a subsidy of $50,000.

—A plot to blow up the arsenal at Kieff, Russia, was discovered recently. Numerous arrests have been made.

—The British Home Secretary is authority for the statement that James Stephens, the Fenian Head Center, has arrived in Paris.

—The cotton mill of Taylor & Brothers, in Bolton, England, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $250,000.

Personal.

—Prof. Franklin Carter, of Yale College, has been elected President of Williams College, vice President Chadbourne, resigned.

—Charles E. Forbes, who was Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1848, has just died at Northampton.

—William Adams, the owner of a stock farm of over 3,000 acres in Iroquois county, Ill., died last week, near Muncie, Ind.

—Peter Cooper's 90th birthday was celebrated last week. He sent a check for $10,000 to the trustees of the Cooper Institute, and was congratulated by a great number of people.

—Hon. Fernando Wood, of New York, who has served ten terms in the lower house of Congress, died at Hot Springs, Ark., a few days ago.

—Representative Tucker, of Virginia, becomes Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, vice the Hon. Fernando Wood, deceased.

—Harry Hunter, an actor best known in the character of Lone Fisherman, died in the hospital at Cincinnati, of typhoid fever.

General.

—The National Stovemakers' Association, which met at Detroit, elected R. R. Myers, of Cleveland, President for the ensuing year.

—The official figures give Pennsylvania a population of 4,282,786, of which 85,680 are colored. The native population numbers 3,695,253, and the foreign-born population 587,533.

—During the year 1880, 512,991,224 letters, 163,648,912 postal-cards, 495,706,142 newspapers, making in all 1,665,592,892 pieces, were passed through the United States mails.

—It is said that Jay Gould has purchased the stock of James Wilton Brooks in the New York *Daily Express*, in order to be able to control the New York Associated Press in his own interest.

—The greater portion of New Orleans was submerged last week, and people navigated some of the streets in boats.

—A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature to authorize a company of New York capitalists representing $15,600,000 to construct water-works, lay pipes, etc., to supply the people of New York city with pure water at a moderate price. It is thought the company intends to draw its supply from Lake George.

—The floods consequent on the recent thaw and rains have played havoc with bridges, embankments, barges and vessels in a great many places throughout the country. Property of all kinds along the river bottoms has suffered considerably. The greatest damage has resulted in the Southern States and Pennsylvania.

—Of the 83,855 emigrants who arrived in Canada last year more than half came to the United States.

—The Arkansas Legislature has passed a bill appropriating $10,000 for the establishment of a normal school for the education of colored teachers at Pine Bluffs.

—The Senate Committee on Territories has authorized Senator Saunders to report a bill for the creation of the Territory of Pembina, embracing the northern half of Dakota.

—A volcano has been discovered in the Allegheny mountains, in Fayette county, Virginia.

—The United States National Bank of New York has been organized. Gen. Grant is one of the Directors.

—Judge Gardner, of the Cook county (Ill.) Superior Court, has rendered an important decision in a very interesting case. Mrs. Rapleye, an legitimate daughter of the late John Seeley Wallace, who left two legitimate heirs, claimed one-third of her father's estate on the ground that by verbal contract with her mother before her birth he agreed to make her his heir. The court held her claim to be valid, and decreed a partition which would give her the portion she demanded.

—The Maine Senate unanimously concurred in an adverse report upon the woman-suffrage question.

—The cushion-carom game of billiards between Jacob Schaefer and William Sexton, at Cooper Institute, New York, was one of the finest ever played. It was extremely close throughout, and was finally won by Schaefer, who made 400 points to Sexton's 396.

Political.

—Henry W. Oliver, the Republican caucus nominee for ... withdrew from the contest for the Pennsylvania Senatorship on the 9th inst.

—A Washington dispatch says that Speaker Randall is unalterably opposed to a rate of refunding higher than 3 per cent., and any conference committee of his appointment will enforce his views to an extent fatal to the measure.

... ple's party. He says the Greenback party is good enough for him, and thinks it is good enough for the country.

—Gen. Weaver denies the story that the Greenback party is about to disband and to be succeeded by a new one to be called the People's party.

—Samuel W. King, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia, was elected over Mayor Stokeley, Republican. Mr. King was indorsed by the Citizens Committee. The Citizens' candidate for Mayor was elected in Pittsburgh.

Financial and Industrial.

—The value of the petroleum exported from this country last year was $34,505,645, against $37,231,467 the year before.

—The Detroit and Bay City railroad was sold under foreclosure for $3,645,750, the purchasers representing the Vanderbilt interest.

—The Canal-Boat Owners' Association of New York has adopted a resolution urging upon the Legislature the abolition of all tolls upon west-bound freight.

—Omaha is to have a grain elevator with a capacity of 600,000 bushels.

—An Electric Light Company has been organized at Detroit, with a capital of $500,000, for the purpose of manufacturing electricity for lighting, heating, and for driving machinery.

Fires and Casualties.

—The steamer Josephine, plying between New Orleans and Havana, was wrecked a few days ago. All hands were saved. The loss is placed at $20,000.

—A terrific explosion was caused in a coal mine a few miles south of Salem, Ohio, by the stupidity of a man named Smith, who, contrary to the orders of the Superintendent, went into a mine room with a lighted lamp. No sooner had Smith entered than the explosion took place. About twenty men were at work in the mine. Six were immediately killed, and a number of others were dangerously wounded. Smith was burned to a crisp.

—A dry-goods house, a grocery, and a newspaper office were destroyed by fire at Denison, Tex. Loss, $58,000; insurance, $34,000.

—Nearly $100,000 worth of property was destroyed by the break and the ice-flow in the Monongahela river at Pittsburgh.

—The Southern Oil Works at Memphis have been destroyed by fire. Loss about $200,000.

—Six laborers were burned to death by an explosion in the Belmont mine, near Helena, Montana.

—The Michigan Avenue Baptist Church, at Chicago, has been totally destroyed by fire. When the front walls fell, eleven firemen barely escaped being crushed to death. The estimated loss is $50,000.

—The storms and floods of the past week will stamp that period as the most disastrous for twenty years. In Washington, water covered Pennsylvania avenue to the depth of three feet, and three spans of Long bridge were washed away. Four schooners were swept down the Maumee at Toledo, the steamer Emerald was sunk, and vast damage was done to the railroads. The Schuylkill rose sixteen feet above low-water mark, and some portions of Philadelphia were submerged. Similar reports come from along the Lehigh, Delaware, Shenandoah, Rappahannock, James, Mohawk and Hudson rivers, and other smaller streams. In the Northwest all the railroads were blockaded with snow.

—The button-shop of the Scoville Manufacturing Company, at Waterbury, Ct., burned down recently. The estimated loss is $250,000, and 200 men are thrown out of employment.

—A horrible story is reported from the vicinity of Jackson, Moore county, Va. Ten men slept in a temporary shed in the woods, which was roofed with earth, and had on the roof some rocks to keep it from being blown down. The beams supporting the roof gave way and came down with a crash on the sleepers. A barrel of turpentine caught fire and eight of the victims were absolutely roasted. Only two escaped with their lives, and they are suffering from many wounds and blisters.

—Eight Indians lost their lives by the recent floods in the neighborhood of Iiges' camp at Poplar river.

—A bag factory in Charleston, S. C., was destroyed by fire a few days ago. Loss, $59,000; fully covered by insurance.

—Twenty frame shops, saloons and other buildings were destroyed by fire at Denison, Tex.

—By an explosion at Logan & Sons' oil works at Hunter's Point, N. Y., Thomas Oterton, John O'Hara and Edward Cole were fatally injured.

Crimes and Criminals.

—Marshal Abington, of Colbersville, Tenn., went to arrest an unknown rough in a saloon at that point. The rough resisted and fired two shots, wounding Abington and a young man named Payne. The latter then blew off the rough's head with a shot-gun.

—Green Jackson, a colored man, was hanged at Marion, Crittenden county, Tenn., a few days ago, for murder.

—Julian Vigil, a Mexican, killed his wife and daughter at Canada Delos, about thirteen miles from Santa Fe, N. M., and then hung himself. He was rendered insane by too freely indulging in stimulants.

—A terrible tragedy occurred near Fort Colville from disappointed affection. Samuel Buchanan killed a man, wounded a lady, and shot himself through the heart.

—Two negro burglars at Terre Haute, not content with robbing the house of Mrs. Scott, clipped her hair close to the scalp.

—The Northampton bank robbers—Draper, Red Leary and Billy Connors—are constantly guarded by armed men. The bank will give the thieves $100,000 for the return of the other securities.

—Two companies of militia have been ordered to protect five negro murderers threatened by a lynching party at Springfield, Tenn.

—John W. Young, son of the late Brigham Young, has been arrested in Denver, Col., for bigamy.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

In accordance with the constitution, the electoral votes were opened on Wednesday, Feb. 9, in the Hall of the House, in the manner prescribed by the concurrent resolution adopted a few days ago. Vice President Wheeler and the Senate filed into the Hall of Representatives shortly after 12 o'clock, the former taking a seat beside the Speaker, and the latter being given chairs in the front row of desks. The tellers having taken their places, the Vice President opened the packages containing the certificates of election and handed them to the tellers, who announced the vote. When the Georgia certificate was read, the Vice President said that, as the vote was cast on a day other than that fixed by act of Congress, the result would not be recorded until it should appear whether the counting or omitting would affect the general result. All the certificates having been opened and read, Senator Thurman announced in the language of the resolution that if the vote of Georgia be counted the result would be, James A. Garfield 214 votes, and Winfield S. Hancock 155 votes; but if the vote of Georgia be not counted the result would be, James A. Garfield 214 votes, and Winfield S. Hancock 144 votes. In either case James A. Garfield had received a majority of all the electoral votes. He made a similar statement regarding the vote for Vice President. The Vice President then declared Garfield and Arthur elected for the four years beginning on the 4th of March, and the Senate retired to its chamber. The House and Senate passed a resolution setting forth that no further declaration of the result of the election was necessary. In the Senate, Mr. Wallace submitted a resolution calling on the President for information in regard to the naturalization by the United States of natives of Spain. Mr. Windom introduced a bill authorizing the Mexican National Railway Company to construct a bridge to the center of the Rio Grande. The Pension Appropriation bill was passed. On motion of Mr. Voorhees, the joint resolution granting condemned cannon to the Morton Monumental Association passed. The House passed the Legislative Appropriation bill.

A bill was passed by the United States Senate on Thursday, Feb. 10, appropriating $200,000 to purchase ground and erect thereon a depository of Government records. Messrs. Pendleton, Anthony and Bayard were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the inauguration. Mr. Blair introduced a bill containing most of the provisions of the "Sixty-Surgeons" bill, which was excluded from the Pension appropriation bill on a point of order. Some minor matters having been disposed of, the Postal bill was taken up. An attempt was made to amend it by inserting an item of $1,000,000 to aid in the establishment of American lines of iron steamers. Mr. Voorhees presented a concurrent resolution of the Indiana Legislature for an appropriation of $100,000 for the improvement of the Kankakee river. Some private pension bills passed. In the House, Mr. Reagan entered a bill to improve the River and Harbor bill taken up, and appealed for its passage without amendment. A long debate upon the provisions of the bill took place, during the whole session, which was enlivened by a "flare up" between Messrs. Reagan and Cox, in which some hard things were said by both. Mr. Cox finally expressed regret at his show of temper, and the cloud blew over. Mr. Mitch offered a resolution, which was adopted, ordering investigation into the "influence" reported to have been used upon members of Congress by the Washington Gaslight Company in regard to their contract for lighting the city and public buildings.

The House bill granting public lands in Dakota, Arizona, Montana and Wyoming Territories for university purposes was passed by the Senate on Friday, Feb. 11. Mr. Hoar introduced a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to take into consideration the danger arising from the presence of large bodies of armed State militia at Presidential inaugurations. In a personal statement Mr. Dawes declared that Secretary Schurz had stood in the way of all redress to the Poncas. Mr. Conkling submitted a resolution of inquiry as to the collection of tolls on the Kanawha river. Senator Wallace urged a return to the district system of voting for President. A test vote on the Post-office Appropriation bill shows that the steamship subsidy of $1,000,000 will pass. The session of the House was devoted to private bills, among them being one to make Indianapolis a port of delivery. An ineffectual attempt was made to put through the Chicago lake-front measure. The ... on Appropriations reported in favor of the appropriation for the Jeannette search expedition.

The credentials of Senators-elect Platt, of New York, and Bayard, of Delaware, were presented to the Senate, on Saturday, Feb. 12. Mr. Morgan, on behalf of the committee having charge of the matter, stated that no proposition relative to the election of Presidents and Vice Presidents would be reported this session. Mr. Kernan reported favorably the joint resolution inviting foreign nations to take part in the international exhibition. A bill was passed for the protection of officers of the United States in the performance of their official duties. Resolutions fixing the hour of meeting hereafter at 11, and limiting debate on motion to take up a bill or resolution to fifteen minutes, and two minutes to each speaker, were adopted. The postal bill was taken up, and Mr. Hamlin's amendment appropriating $1,000,000 for ocean mail service, was voted out. The bill was discussed until the discovery was made that no quorum was present. The House of Representatives, by an almost unanimous vote, tabled the bill to aid of the Tehuantepec Ship railway. The bill regulating the imports of materials used in the construction or repair of vessels engaged in the foreign trade was slightly amended and passed. The Senate bill amending the charter of the Freedmen's Savings Bank passed. The River and Harbor bill was taken up, and the rest of its forty pages were disposed of.

Numbers of petitions from temperance organizations in various States praying for a constitutional amendment to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors were presented to the Senate, on Monday, the 14th inst. Mr. Saunders reported back the bill establishing the Territory of Pembina, and it was placed on the calendar. Mr. Booth reported with a favorable recommendation the resolution authorizing the payment of prize money to the officers of the Farragut fleet. That was adopted. The postal bill was then taken up, and the steamship subsidy amendment further discussed, and finally laid on the table by a vote of 34 to 14. The bill was then reported to the Senate and passed. The remaining bill was then adopted informally laid over. The cattle disease bill was under consideration when the death of the Hon. Fernando Wood was announced, and the Senate adjourned. In the House of Representatives, Mr. Stephenson presented the resolutions of the Illinois Legislature relative to railroad discrimination and commerce between States. The Senate amendments to the joint resolution inviting France to join with the United States in celebrating the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown were concurred in. Mr. Hill reported back the resolutions declaring the policy of the United States in regard to the inter-oceanic canals. The House went into committee of the whole on the Senate bill to provide for funding the 5 per cent. certificates of the District of Columbia, but took no action on the matter. Bills were introduced fixing the first Monday in November as the time for the assembling of Congress, and to admit free articles intended for the International Exhibition of 1883. Resolutions respecting the death of the Hon. Fernando Wood were passed, and the House adjourned.

On the opening of the Senate on the morning of Tuesday, Feb. 15, the Military Committee reported favorably the bill to place Thomas C. Crittenden upon the retired list of the army with the rank and pay of a Brigadier General. Mr. Hereford presented a resolution of the Legislature of West Virginia favoring a law for the regulation of inter-State railway traffic. Mr. McDonald introduced a resolution relative to the equalization of taxation, which was laid over. The Cattle Disease bill, which was the regular order, was laid aside, and the Funding bill taken up. Mr. Bayard spoke in explanation of the amendments made by the Finance Committee. He advocated a 5-20 bond at 3½ per cent. interest, and opposed the clause making only the new bonds receivable as security for national-bank circulation. The principal debate was in reference to the rate of interest, and it continued without result until the adjournment. The Committee on Elections reported to the House upon the contested-election case of McCabe versus Orth, from the Ninth Indiana district, confirming Orth's title to the seat. It was concurred in. The morning hour was occupied principally by a discussion on a point of order, which was left unsettled. Brief addresses were made on the acceptance of the statue of Jacob Collamer, of Vermont. The House then went into committee of the whole on the Indian and Harbor bill. Several amendments were proposed and rejected, and finally, without action on the bill, the committee rose. As less than a quorum had voted on the last amendment, the Sergeant-at-Arms was dispatched in search of absent members. Two or three hours passed in a vain attempt to secure a quorum or reach an agreement by which the session might be closed. Finally a recess was taken until morning.

EVERY TIME.

[From the Keokuk Constitution.]

A man, or even a piece of machinery that does its work right every time, is we think very correctly judged "valuable." And certainly none the less valuable is any article designed to relieve the ills of mankind, and which does so every time. Messrs. Jones, Cook & Co., Bay State Brewery, Boston, Mass., write: We have used St. Jacobs Oil among our men and find that it helps them "every time." We therefore heartily recommend it as a pain healing liniment.

Wanted a Change.

A New York firm dealing in pictures, mottoes, etc., was visited by a small dealer from a village over in Jersey, and the man was greatly struck with the motto: "God Bless Our Home."

"Now, that's something original and unique," he said, as he held one at arm's length. "Down in our town we just hanker after original designs, and unique literature, and I believe I can sell a hundred of these. You may make my order an even hundred."

He went away well pleased, and his goods were duly shipped, and nothing more was heard from him until the other day. Then he entered the store to make some new purchases, and he was asked to look at a new style of mottoes just out.

"I hain't no more interest in mottoes," he sighed, as he glanced at "What is home without a mother?"

"You remember I bought a hundred of you last fall?"

"Yes; and how did they sell?"

"Well, everybody seemed to hanker after 'em, and they went off like hot-cakes. I sold the whole lot out in two weeks, and in less than a month there were three slander suits, two applications for divorce, and a dozen assault and battery cases in the courts."

"But you don't lay it to the mottoes, do you?"

"Well, I dunno. I've lived in Jersey 27 years, and been in this business over 20, and I think a dollar chromo, showing a pretty fair hill, a glorious sunset, and a decent sort of pond with a duck in it, hits our case a little better than anything else. I've got to get something for a change, and if you haven't anything good in refine scenery I guess I'll try 'em on Washington crossing the Delaware and a few Daniels in the Lion's Den."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

What We Know About It.

[From the Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.]

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question, and we answer that we are reliably informed that a gentleman of this city who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for rheumatism he ever heard of.

French Polish.

To one pint of spirits of wine add half an ounce of gum shellac, half an ounce of gum lac and half an ounce of gum sandrach. Place the whole over a gentle heat, frequently agitating it till the gums are dissolved. Then make a roller of list, put a little of the mixture on it, and cover that with a soft linen rag, which must be slightly touched with cold drawn linseed oil. Rub them into the wood in a circular direction, covering only a small space at a time, till the pores of the wood are filled up. After this rub in the same manner spirits of wine with a small portion of the polish added to it, and then the effect will be complete. If the furniture had been previously polished, it must first be cleaned off with glass paper.

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human system; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tupoid fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicines.—*Boston Globe.*

Winter Sports.

"Ah, that's what I like! that's what I like!" chirped old Mr. Whistleblossom, as he came carefully down the hill where the boys were exercising their sleds. "If there's anything I really love, it's to see the boys, full of animal spirits, enjoying these wintry sports." And just at that instant 150 pounds of animal spirits came dashing down the hill on a double-runner, and caught the unsuspecting Mr. Whistleblossom between the heels. There was a sound of revelry by night, and when they picked up the unfortunate gentleman, and had pinned together the ruptured back of his coat, he remarked, in a tone so gentle that it made him quite black in the face, that the City Government who would refuse to pass a law making it a reform school crime to slide on the streets were a set of pusillanimous yahoos.—*Rockland Courier.*

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that too many sensible people regard Coughs and Colds so indifferently. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures Coughs and Colds and is only 25 cents a bottle.

CAMEO CUTTING.

Microscopic Dexterity of the Workmen.

Cameo cutting is one of the most profitable arts to engage in. There are but a few cutters, and there is a steady demand for all they can produce. The cutters are very secretive, and greatly dislike to talk about their work. Most of the cameos are produced from sea-shells. A visit to a cameo cutter's work-shop found him seated at a table covered with tools, varying from a triangular-pointed steel instrument to the most delicate pointed bits of steel wire fastened in handles. Very fine files and knitting needles, set in wooden grips and ground to infinitesimal points, figured in the lot. On a pad of leather, before the cameo cutter, was a block of wood just big enough to be grasped with his hand, and cemented to the middle of it was an oval object that looked like a piece of alabaster, just big enough to make a seal for the finger of a man who did not object to wearing large rings. Upon this the artist was just finishing a copy, with a pencil pointed to needle fineness, of a photograph in profile of a gentleman, which was leaned against a little photograph easel before him. Having finished the outline, he laid his pencil by, and taking up a fine wire tool he scratched the pencil-mark around with it. Then he took a darning-needle with a sharp point and scratched the line deeper. He worked with a magnifying-glass at his eye, and stopped continually to inspect the progress of his work with critical minuteness. Then he went at it again working slowly, scratching over the same line again and again, and always examining after each scratch. He changed his tools as he went on, and from the darning-needle descended to a trifling little fragment of steel wire, not as thick as an ordinary sewing-needle, set in a slender handle. With this he scratched and re-scratched, until the lines he had drawn with his pencil had quite vanished, and a thin, fine streak of a dark color had marked the outline of the head he had been tracing his way around. Next he took one of his burin-like tools and commenced again. This time he worked on the outside of the outline, cutting and scraping at the surface until the white turned gray, then brown, and finally vanished, leaving the face in relief, surrounded by a black ground—that is, the portrait remained intact in the white substance which formed the outer layer of the cameo, while it had been cut away around it to the lower or dark layer. The portrait or figure is then modulated upon its surface until it assumes the roundness of nature. The edges are left square to the dark ground. This is necessary, as, if they are gradually rounded down, the outline becomes undefined toward its juncture with the relieving surface, owing to the white of the raised portion being partially transparent, and permitting the dark to show through it when it is thinned down. Care is taken to finish this dark surface as much as possible with the cutting tools, and so separate the white from it as to leave it smooth and unscratched. A final polish is given it, however, with putty powder, applied dry with a stiff brush, but the utmost care is necessary in this operation, as the slightest slip will ruin the work. This is the cameo-cutter's work, the mountings being the jeweller's work. The cameos sell, unmounted, for about $25. Italy is the home of cameo-cutting, and the finest works of art in that line are still turned out there. Genoa and Rome are the centers of production. There is a colony of cameo-cutters in Paris who produce some very good work. The cameos made abroad, are, as a rule, fanciful works, copies of statues, mythological figures and the like. The shells used in cameo cutting are of several sorts, but all are ordinary sea-shells or conchs. Some come from the East and some from the West Indies. Many are imported as there is commonly only enough material available in each one for a single cameo. These shells all have a white surface, but the inner layer is red, black and dark claret in color, according to the species. The pieces to be used by the artist are sawed from the shells and shaped into the square or oval form required on a grindstone. Then they are ready for the artist.

Human Trees in India.

There are various tribes of savages who successfully imitate stumps and stones by remaining immovable in crouching positions so as to baffle their pursuers.

This mimicry is carried to a wonderful degree of perfection in India. That strange country, as Dr. Latham says, "of a teeming, ingenious and industrious but rarely independent population. It is a country of an ancient literature and ancient architecture," and he might have added, of a modern degradation. A country where such a society as the murderous thugs is possible; a country where robbers are educated from childhood for the profession in which they take great pride, openly boasting of their skill. One of our most skillful and adroit bank robbers would be considered by these India experts but a bungling amateur.

The scientific manner in which these robbers prepare for their raids shows a thorough knowledge of the dangers of their calling and the best guards against the same, choosing darkness for their forays. When their dusky bodies are least observable they remove their clothes, anoint themselves with oil, and with a single weapon, a keen-edged knife suspended from their neck, creep and steal like shadows noiselessly through the darkness. If detected, their greasy and slippery bodies assist them in eluding capture, while their razor-bladed knife dexterously severs the wrist of any detaining hand. But the most ingenious device to escape capture is that shown by the Bheel robbers. It often happens that a band of these robbers are pursued by mounted Englishman, and, unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the blackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. For men so skilled in posturing this is shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their scanty clothing, they scatter it with their plunder in small piles over the plain, covering them with their round shields so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accomplished, they snatch up a few sticks, throw their body into a contorted position, and stand or crouch immovable until their unsuspicious enemies have galloped by. When all is safe they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way.

The Rev. J. D. Woods gives an interesting account of these marvelous mimics. I quote the following:

"Before the English had become used to these maneuvers, a very ludicrous incident occurred. An officer, with a party of horse, was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers, and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees; and, the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter, and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became metamorphosed into men, and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy."—*D. C. Beard, in Scientic American.*

What Ailed the Girl.

A prominent and eminent physician of New York was consulted respecting a young lady, aged 16, whose parents were greatly alarmed at a supposed spinal affection, under which they believed their daughter to be suffering. After an ordinary walk, but more especially after ascending the hills in the locality, she expressed a decided feeling of nausea, and an amount of pain and heat over the dorsal and lumbar regions, extending more or less through the whole lower extremities, and followed by an amount of painful weariness that wholly disabled her for days after, the muscular parts being painful on pressure. The doctor tells the result of his investigation as follows:

"My professional knowledge of both parents and child guided my diagnosis and prognosis of the case. That the spine was all right, and the means of cure simple, I felt no doubt. I ordered the boots she generally wore to be brought to me, and found the heels raised *two* inches, tapering to the size of a shilling, and, to make matters worse, instead of corresponding to the situation of the natural heel, they were situated immediately under the arch of the foot. I recommended rest in the horizontal position for two or three days, and *shoes* with half-inch soles, of the breadth of the natural heel, and the toes broad in proportion, to be substituted for those previously worn. The cure was complete. No nausea, no weariness, no pain or discomfort, after a four-mile walk, have been experienced since."

Nature's Big Gas Tanks.

Bradford, Pa., and neighboring places are lighted and heated by natural gas. In 1875 an oil company was sinking a well in a high hill west of Bradford. At the depth of several hundred feet they struck a vein of gas. No oil was found. The force of the gas was such that when it was ignited a pillar of fire more than fifty feet high was formed. The roar of the gas could be heard for a mile and more. This burned for months. The heat was such that grass and foliage *grew in the depth of winter* as luxuriantly for hundreds of feet around as it did in the summer. Strawberries ripened near this well in February. The well had been burning for a long time before the feasibility of utilizing it was thought of. A belt of dry territory, but yielding vast volumes of gas, was subsequently found to exist in the vicinity of the original gas well. A company was formed to carry the gas into the city. It is now distributed all over the place by pipes. A gas-pipe, with jets attached, is run into the parlor and kitchen stoves. The supply of gas is controlled by a stopcock on the pipe. When a fire is wanted a lighted match is thrown into the stove and the gas turned on. The fire is started at once. The gas possesses great heating qualities, and apartments are warmed as quickly and as well by it as by coal. Gas for illuminating purposes is conducted into the house the same as artificial gas is taken in. At first the light was not brilliant and steady, owing to impurities. Processes for refining it were invented, and now the natural illuminator is unsurpassed by the finest manufactured gas. It is so cheap that people seldom turn out their lights. It burns day and night in stores, hotels, private houses and streets. Consumers pay by the month instead of by the thousand. Gas-wells have come to be more valuable than oil wells, and the sudden phenomenal appearance of oil in some of the principal wells in the gas belt has created consternation among owners and consumers. For years the gas has flowed from wells in unremitting volume. That oil was not to be found there it was thought had been conclusively settled.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

The Cat in History.

A good deal of attention has been given of late years, by students of natural history, to the question of historical distribution of plants and animals, and many points of popular interest have been elucidated by their researches. It has been shown, for example, that while the dog has been a companion of man from the very earliest times, the cat is a comparatively recent addition to the complications of life. Cats were tamed, indeed, by the Egyptian priests and accorded religious honors and even worship. But the ancient Greeks knew nothing of the domestic cat, although mice were known to them from the highest antiquity. Indeed, mice were at times very troublesome to the Greeks, whole districts being sometimes devastated by them and the people driven away, as they are by grasshoppers from some places nowadays.

In order to cope in some measure with mice, the older Greeks kept weasels or martens, which were tamed for the purpose. The weasel, in particular, occupied somewhat the same place in the world that the cat does now, and numerous fables and proverbs relating to the weasel, which are still current, originated at that period. The old Romans knew no more about cats than the Greeks, and it is only in the fourth century after Christ that mention begins to be made about the cat as a domestic animal. Evidently it was at this time, or perhaps a little ealier, that the domestic cat was distributed throughout Europe and Asia.

It is not a little remarkable, though perfectly natural, that the introduction of the cat gave a new impulse to tales and fears of ghosts and enchantments. The sly, creeping, nocturnal grimalkin took rank at once with owls and bats, and soon surpassed them both as an exponent of all that is weird and supernatural. Entirely new conceptions of witchcraft were gained for the world when the black cat appeared upon the scene with her swollen tail, glistening eyes, and unearthly yell.

A Matrimonial Shylock.

A clerk in a leading business house of this city became so involved that he needed $500 to extricate himself from the difficulty. By some means he discovered that a table girl at one of the hotels had by hard work saved up a considerable sum of money and to her he applied for a loan. This was readily granted, and a note with interest and a day of payment, only some months in the future, was executed in acknowledgement of the same. The time came and with it the same chronic inability on the part of the maker to pay it. He pleaded for an extension of time, but this the waiter maiden refused utterly to grant, and informed him that he must either pay the sum at once or marry her. The woman was about forty years old, and much more than correspondingly ugly, so that the debtor demurred against the imposition of such hard terms. The woman, however, was non-relenting. With her it was either the money or a husband, and, on the whole, she seemed quite anxious to choose the latter. When the hero saw the gravity of the situation he perceived no way to escape it, and finally capitulated, and the marriage was performed. The man belongs to a good family, and is said to be greatly humiliated by the condition in which he so unwillingly finds himself, in being allied by force to a woman so inferior to himself in social position and intellect. The woman, however, was so well pleased that she rented and furnished a house and was ready for business before the wedding day.—*Indianapolis News.*

What Was the Dialect?

If you don't know how to say in a foreign tongue what you want to say, don't say you don't know what. Not a few Americans have been mortified, while airing their bad French in a Parisian store, to hear the polite clerk say:

"Monsieur will pardon me, but I understand English."

A story told of Representative Orth, of Indiana, illustrates the expediency of observing the above advice. He is of German descent, and is proud of his ability to speak the German language.

Some years ago he was appointed United States Minister at Vienna. When he was presented at court, thinking to pay a delicate compliment to the Emperor of Austria, he delivered his official address in German. The Minister credited himself with having done his part well. But there are always two impressions made by an address—that made on the speaker himself, and that on the hearer.

A few days after Mr. Orth's linguistic success, an American gentleman of high position was presented to the Emperor. His Majesty alluded to Mr. Orth in complimentary terms, he asked:

"In what dialect did Mr. Orth deliver his address? I know, of course, that it was not English, and I thought that I detected faint traces of the Teutonic tongue in some of the words."—*Youth's Companion.*

"You don't know how glad I am to see you, Clara, dear." "Oh, yes I do," replied Clara dear; "Johnny told me that he heard you say you would rather die than see me."

A Funny Flambeau.

A party of men assembled at Tommy Gent's bar-room, and after comparing notes and telling some big stories, the conversation gradually drifted to the comparative sizes of the chests of the parties present. Finally some one proposed that they measure chests. A tape line was accordingly procured and the measuring commenced. Each party swelled his chest to its greatest capacity, and the measuring continued with an abundance of mirth and good humor. At last Gent took the line, and passed it around the chest of M. Quinn, and was apparently greatly pleased with the result. To express his satisfaction, he placed his hands on either side of Quinn's head and commenced rubbing his ears. He had drawn his hands across the ears only twice, when he was frightened nearly out of his wits by seeing a bright flame shoot quickly upward, reaching nearly to the ceiling. The friction caused by rubbing the ears seemed to have caused the spark, which ignited the hair and the blaze sprang up almost instantly.

To say that Gent was horrified is putting it mild. He thought he had been the involuntary tool used to bring about Quinn's destruction by fire. The reader can imagine what his feelings would be were he to simply place his hand on a friend's ear and instantly he should find the friend's head in flames. Gent sprang back, threw up his hands, and ejaculated:

"My God! what is it?"

And still the flames rolled on.

Gent's face turned pale and the other gentlemen in the party hastily made room for the human flambeau, who, as he hastily paced the room, reminded one forcibly of the Circassian beauty with the red porcupine hair, only he had fire instead of hair. Some of the inmates of the room yelled "fire, fire," and others of a more religious turn of mind commenced praying. Gent's knees were beating the devil's tattoo on each other, as he nervously clung to the counter. He subsequently said he thought the master mechanic from Hades had surely come to see him.

Finally, after some lively work, the man whose head was being cremated succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration without calling out the fire department. As soon as he had the fire under control his companions regained their senses and gradually approached him.

"Sure an' I didn't know you was loaded," said Gent.

"Do you have such spells often?" asked another.

"I knew you were gassing fearfully," chimed in a third; "but I didn't think you would go off in that way."

And so they continued, while the man who was indulging in the torchlight procession proceeded to explain.

It seems that Quinn is a baker of bread, and while at work frequently has occasion to look in the ovens, which are dark. When doing so he merely strikes a match. In order to have the matches handy, he has acquired a habit of carrying a handful back of his ears.

Using ears for a match-safe is a new idea, and should be patented.

However the matches being stored away in the suburbs of Quinn's ears, they were ignited by coming in contact with Gent's hands, which are made rough by honest toil. The hair was oily, and what followed was nothing more nor less than an oil fire.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Missing Railroad.

When Cheyenne was at the zenith of its glory, a sign of "General offices of the Cheyenne, Pacific Slope and Sandwich Islands railroad" was hung out without creating the least surprise. If one person had asked another where the depot of said railroad was, there might have been some hesitation about answering, but it was some time after the sign was out before any special inquiries began to be made. Then an Eastern man walked in one day, carpet-bag in hand, and said:

"I suppose you connect at San Francisco with the regular steamers?"

"Well, yes; I suppose we shall," was the hesitating reply.

"Shall? Isn't your road through yet?"

"Well, not quite."

"Do you take in Salt Lake?"

"Salt Lake? Yes; I think we do."

"How much for a ticket?"

"Well, I can't say exactly, as we have none on sale just yet."

"Can I get one at the depot?"

"Well, I think not; we haven't any depot yet."

"Can I pay on the train?"

"Well, you see, we have no trains yet."

"I suppose I can walk on the track?" persisted the stranger.

"Well, I should have no objection if we had a track."

"No depot, no tickets, no trains, no tracks! What sort of a railroad have you got anyhow?"

"Well, you see it's only on paper thus far, but as soon as we can sell $8,600,000 worth of stock we shall begin grading and rush business right along. If you happen to be along when we get to going we will put you through as low as any other responsible route."

The stranger stuck his hands in his pockets, stared hard, whistled softly, and then walked out on tip-toe without another word.—*Wall Street Daily News.*

Old Hickory's Force of Character.

Says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*: There is an old story that when the fact of his death was communicated to Mr. Clay, his great rival in politics, the question jocosely arose as to the probabilities of his final salvation. Mr. Clay listened for a moment and remarked: "Oh, yes; all h— couldn't prevent it!" Hon. Thos. L. Jones relates an anecdote of a similar nature. In a letter of the late Gov. Call, of Florida, who was once on the military staff of Gen. Jackson, and was present at his obsequies, I find this: "Shortly after the funeral, one of the old negro women at the Hermitage was visiting Nashville, and met with an acquaintance, a negro woman also—who probably belonged to a Whig family, and had imbibed its political prejudices. 'Do you think your old master's gone to heaven?' was asked of her, doubtingly. 'Gone to heaven!' answered the other, with an air of sanctified disdain; 'why, of course he has;' and added: 'If he wanted to go dar, I'd like to know who's gwine to stop him!'" She evidently believed that even so doughty a saint as Peter could not resist the imperious will of her dead master.

Eilert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry has been used for twenty years, and during that time has saved many very valuable lives. Do not neglect a cough or cold until it is too late. Try this excellent remedy, and we are sure you will be convinced of its merits. Chronic Coughs, and even Consumptives, are cured by following the directions. Every bottle is warranted to give satisfaction. Prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago. Sold by all good druggists.

Indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

Uncle Sam's Condition Powders are recommended by stock-owners who have used them as the best Horse and Cattle Medicine to be had. If the animal is Scraggy, Spiritless, or has no appetite, these Powders are an excellent remedy, and every owner of stock will do well to try them. They are prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill., a very reliable firm, and sold by all good druggists.

The best stock and the best work in the diamond boots and shoes. Rosenthal Br's., Chicago.

Novel and Interesting News.

The Boston *Globe* has made a happy deal. In an extraordinary special edition dated Jan. 1, "1981," it presents the news of 100 years from now, in a highly interesting and elating manner. The Phonograph in Divorce Suits—Sunday-School Excursion in Air Cars—Terrible Accidents in Mid-Air—Invention of a Burglar Bouncer, are respectively treated from the standpoint of the advanced journalism of that day. News by the Talkogram and Photophone from all parts of the world is fully presented. To show the progress of those times, it is only necessary to state that "Hiram Grant's bay mare Broad S. trots a mile in 1.37½." Every one should secure from his newsdealer or from Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., by whom this edition *is exclusively controlled and owned*, a copy of the Boston *Globe* for "1981." Mailed on receipt of price—five cents. To read it is to have grace and flexibility imparted to the intellect, and a strong desire to live on—as the poet would express it.

The finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used, as in consequence of their sticky character they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floors in Russia are of extraordinary beauty.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

Two country follows stop before the window of a hat store, and view with admiration a hat having a little mirror at the bottom. "Why do they put a looking-glass at the bottom of the hat?" asked one. "So the man who buys it can see whether it fits him," replied the other.

The Best Life Preserver: Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

At a restaurant: 'Waiter, what have I done to this mutton that it resists me so?" asked a gentleman who is vainly endeavoring to cut a piece of meat.

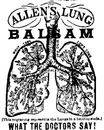
Waiter—"It is a Marengo sheep."

"Ah! I see; a sheep of war. It is not surprising that I can't conquer it."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.	
Beeves	$8 75 @ 11 75
Hogs	6 70 @ 7 75
Cotton	11⅜ @ 12
Flour—Superfine	3 50 @ 4 00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1 15 @ 1 16
No. 2 Winter	1 18 @ 1 19
Corn—Ungraded	53 @ 59
Oats Mixed Western	44 @ 45
Pork—Mess	15 50 @ 16 25
Lard	10¼ @ 10¾
CHICAGO.	
Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	5 50 @ 6 00
Cows and Heifers	3 00 @ 4 25
Medium to Fair	4 60 @ 5 00
Hogs	4 75 @ 6 50
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 75 @ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00 @ 5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	98 @ 99
No. 3 Spring	89 @ 90
Corn—No. 2	37 @ 38
Oats—No. 2	30 @ 33
Rye—No. 2	87 @ 88
Barley—No. 2	1 01 @ 1 02
Butter—Choice Creamery	31 @ 32
Eggs—Fresh	32 @ 33
Pork—Mess	14 00 @ 15 50
Lard	10 @ 10¼
MILWAUKEE.	
Wheat—No. 1	1 01 @ 1 02
No. 2	97 @ 99
Corn—No. 2	37 @ 38
Oats—No. 2	31 @ 32
Rye—No. 1	87 @ 88
Barley—No. 2	82 @ 83
Pork—Mess	15 00 @ 15 25
Lard	9¾ @ 10
ST. LOUIS.	
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 01 @ 1 02
Corn—Mixed	37 @ 38
Oats—No. 2	33 @ 34
Rye	87 @ 88
Pork—Mess	15 25 @ 15 50
Lard	9½ @ 9¾
CINCINNATI.	
Wheat	1 05 @ 1 07
Corn	42 @ 43
Oats	35 @ 37
Rye	98 @ 1 00
Pork—Mess	15 00 @ 15 25
Lard	10 @ 10¼
TOLEDO.	
Wheat—No. 1 White	1 00 @ 1 01
No. 2 Red	1 04 @ 1 05
Corn—No. 2	41 @ 42
Oats—No. 2	33 @ 34
DETROIT.	
Flour—Choice	4 90 @ 6 25
Wheat—No. 1 White	1 00 @ 1 01
Corn—No. 1	43 @ 44
Oats—Mixed	37 @ 38
Barley (per cental)	1 45 @ 2 50
Pork—Mess	15 00 @ 15 25
Seed—Clover	4 60 @ 4 90
EAST LIBERTY, PA.	
Cattle—Best	5 25 @ 5 65
Fair	4 50 @ 5 00
Common	3 75 @ 4 50
Hogs	5 90 @ 6 50
Sheep	3 50 @ 5 25

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY. STRICTLY PURE.



[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY!

DR FLETCHER, of Lexington, Missouri, says: "I recommend your 'Balsam' in preference to any other medicine for coughs and colds."

DR A C JOHNSON, of Mt Vernon, Ill, writes of some wonderful cures of Consumption in his place by the use of "Allen's Lung Balsam."

DR J B TURNER, Blountsville, Ala, a practicing physician of twenty-five years, writes: "It is the best preparation for Consumption in the world."

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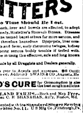

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