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THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL GIRL.

With heavy and aching head
With weary but sleepless brain,
A school girl sat in her room at night,
And thus gave voice to her pain:

It's study by day and by night,
And it's study by night and by day,
Till a blur comes over my sight,
And my brain seems oozing away.

The studies are piled so high
That the weight is breaking me down;
I wish I had wings, and could fly
Away from the school and the town.

It's study and study at school—
And it's study and study up here,
And I shudder beneath the rule
That awaits the failure I fear.

All day and all night is my head
With figures and facts oppressed,
And at last when I crawl into bed
They haunt me and rob me of rest.

It's oh, for a romp and a run,
A game with a hoop or a ball!
And it's oh, to be out in the sun,
Away from percentage and all!

Perhaps I may marry some day,
If I ever get through with my life,
And what will my husband say
To a nervous and fidgety wife?

It's study by day and by night,
And it's study by night and by day;
Oh, so ely it cannot be right
To study and never to play.

—*New York Sun.*

MRS. WARDEN'S CLUB.

Young and beautiful Mrs. Warden was back on her visit to her far Eastern home. For eighteen long months she lived or existed, as she phrased it, in the small Western town to which as a bride she had gone. Her friends all pitied her and she pitied herself that so much youth, beauty and accomplishments were wasted on the unappreciative air of Jonesville, on the line of the A. Z. railroad. Yet it could not well be helped. Her husband was a prominent railroad official, and, as the superintendent of a new branch of a great railroad, he was obliged to be stationed at one of the termini of his division, and Jonesville was the place.

When Mrs. Warden opened her trunks and shook out her almost untouched wedding dresses, she discovered that they were somewhat out of fashion.

"It's utter folly for any one going to live in the far West to take such a wardrobe as this there," she said. "Fancy my going calling in Jonesville with these dresses on! Imagine how I caught these laces and ruffles and fringes on the jimson weeds and snaggy sidewalks of the place."

"How do you ever manage to exist?" was the sympathetic inquiry of one of her friends. "Is there any society there at all?"

"There are some really nice and intelligent people there, I believe, but I know very little of them. They generally live in a very small way; many of the women do their own work, and, beyond returning the calls made when I first went there, I know very little about them. We have our suite of rooms at the hotel, and are very comfortable ourselves, but I spend my time mostly in reading and drawing or with my music, and I can assure you it gets very monotonous and lonesome."

"Mary, I think you, perhaps, make a great mistake, both for your own happiness and that of others, by living in that way." It was kind-hearted and philanthropic Aunt Mary, for whom Mrs. Warden was named and to whose extensive property Mrs. Warden was heir, that spoke.

Mrs. Warden and her one or two girl companions turned with surprise toward the speaker.

"Why, Aunt Mary, what would you have me do? You know I am not the least bit in the world inclined to be pious or a missionary. What suggestion have you to make as to my mode of life?"

"You ought to mingle with and take an interest in the people of the town. You have means and leisure. Doubtless there are many young people, many busy and careworn women, in that little town to whom you could be a constant messenger of good if you tried."

"How? In what way?"

"Well, you sing and play beautifully. Do you give any of those people the opportunity of hearing you?"

"No, never."

"You read beautifully; your mind is cultivated and stored with knowledge. Do you ever try to share these acquirements with your young neighbors, perhaps less favored than you?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"Would your husband object?"

"No; he would only be too delighted to have me take an interest in anything in Jonesville. It is a constant grief to him that I am so isolated and have no amusements."

"Well, now, my dear, when you go back, take my advice and associate yourself more with the people; try to do them good; try to interest yourself and them in some kind of social enjoyment and life. My word for it, you will soon learn to enjoy it."

Aunt Mary's words made an impression on Mrs. Warden's mind, although her ideas were very vague as to how she could carry out her aunt's suggestions. Nevertheless, in all the social pleasures which she so richly enjoyed during her visit, she kept asking herself whether any of these could be introduced in Jonesville. She felt sure that "kettle drums" and *soirees musicales* and other entertainments would be impracticable on account of small houses and lack of sufficient musical cultivation among the people. But when one afternoon she went with one of her friends to the meeting of a woman's literary club, and the next week attended an evening reception given by the club to which gentlemen were invited; when she saw a social institution which had for a basis intellectual companionship only, in which neither fashionable dress nor costly and elaborate refreshments were essential—she began to wonder whether or no such a social institution could be introduced in Jonesville, thereby breaking the monotony of life and giving people something to think about.

The idea grew upon her as she thought over it, and she was surprised to find when the time came for her to return that her plan of organizing a club so filled her fancy that she was even eager to start. On the way she told her husband of her plan, and, as is not unusual with husbands when wives present projects, he saw a good many difficulties in the way which, without meaning particularly to discourage her, he laughingly enumerated.

"So you mean to enlist the bright women and leave out the stupid ones. You'll have the whole town about your ears, for that would require you to include Miss Phelps, the milliner, and exclude Mrs. Haller, the banker's wife."

"I shan't exclude Mrs. Haller but I shall include Miss Phelps. She is one of the most intelligent and best-mannered ladies in Jonesville. I am going to put in practice the theory I have always held that those who work for a living are just as good as those who do nothing. I rather fancy my position is such that I can do as I please socially, and Mrs. Warden straightened herself up a little and looked proudly at her husband.

At one point in their journey a connecting train brought quite an accession of passengers, among them a gentleman with whom Mr. Warden seemed to be well acquainted and on most friendly terms. He was accompanied by his newly-made wife, a pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed lady, and they were returning from their wedding trip. Mr. Warden introduced Mr. and Mrs. Harmon to his wife and then he and his friend betook themselves to the smoking-car.

Observing that the lady had in her hand a volume of Schiller's poems in the original, Mrs. Warden asked her if she read German, and learned that the lady was a German by birth, although she spoke without the slightest accent. Their conversation turned upon German literature and poetry, and when at the end of an hour Mr. Warden returned his wife told him what a pleasant acquaintance she had formed, and what a valuable member of the club Mrs. Harmon would make.

"I am glad to hear you are pleased with Mrs Harmon," said Mr. Warden. "I understand there was a great deal of talk in Jonesville about Mr. Harmon marrying her. It has all become public since you went East. Mr. Harmon is very wealthy, you know, and one of the most influential men in Jonesville, but has been considered a most confirmed bachelor. This lady came to Jonesville about a year ago with the family of Mr. Harmon's brother, as a sort of nursery governess for their children. The brother's wife died, and for some time afterward the whole care of the family was given over to Marie Bergelman, now Mrs. Harmon. Nobody, it seems, had ever noticed her much and she had no associates in the town, when it suddenly became known that Mr. James Harmon was going to marry his brother's housekeeper. Since then it has been the town's talk, and great indignation is expressed, as I learn, by the good matrons and young women of the place over the fact. How do you think you'll manage that matter in your club?"

Mrs. Warden did not at once reply. In fact, she was a little taken aback herself. However, she determined to take further opportunity to judge Mrs. Harmon from personal observation, and during the long western ride she had several conversations with the lady, held with a special view to discovering the real qualities of her mind and heart. Her decision, as announced to Mr. Warden, was that Mrs. Harmon was extremely sensible, very intelligent and well-read, and that, let folks talk as they would, Mrs. Harmon should be invited to join the club.

Great was the surprise of a good many of the ladies of Jonesville that Mrs. Warden, on her return from her long visit in the East did not wait for any formal calls, but ran in sociably of an evening to see them. She seemed quite changed, quite full of pleasant interest in people and things in general, and since she had been of all the ladies in the place the most looked up to, and considered the most exclusive, much self-congratulation was indulged in on account of her friendly calls.

By the time the fall season had fairly set in Mrs. Warden had her list made up of those whom she intended to invite to join with her in forming a literary and social club for the purpose of mutual improvement and pleasure. Engaging the use of the hotel parlor for the afternoon and arranging with the proprietor for handing light refreshments to the guests before they separated, she issued notes of invitation to some thirty ladies of the place, requesting them to meet her at the place designated, for the purpose of taking into consideration the organization of a woman's literary and social club.

There was no small flutter of excitement among the recipients of the invitations, and much comparison of notes and many wondering surmises as to who all were invited, what Mrs. Warden meant to propose when she got them together, whether they would be expected to go in their best clothes, and similar questions.

Two days before the time named in the invitations, Mrs. Warden received a joint call from Mrs. Haller, the banker's wife, and the wife of one of the principal building contractors of the town. Mrs. Haller was a large, overdressed woman, who never, for one instant, forgot that her husband was a banker, and Mrs. Jones, the contractor's wife, was a little, thin, fidgety woman, whose one sole anxiety was to get her family into the best society, and conceal the fact that her husband had once been a carpenter. Both of these ladies had been included by Mrs. Warden in her invitations inasmuch as they represented families and interests which she would not wish to ignore. Both ladies, however, seemed somewhat embarrassed, as they stated that they had called on a particular errand, and that they hoped Mrs. Warden would excuse them if they seemed to meddle, but really they thought she ought to know some things which, perhaps, she did not.

Mrs. Warden was all attention.

"We heard that you had invited Mrs. Harmon to the meeting to-morrow. Perhaps it isn't true."

"It is true. I have invited Mrs. Harmon. Why should I not?"

"Did you know that none of the ladies of the town have ever called on her?"

"I have called on her. Pray why do they not call?"

"Why, didn't you know? She was nothing but a hired housekeeper at Mr. Harmon's brother's. We all consider it perfectly outrageous the way she inveigled him into marrying her. We are sure that if it was really known that Mrs. Harmon was invited, many of the ladies would not come."

Mrs. Warden's color was crimson in a moment. "Ladies," she said, "I formed Mrs. Harmon's acquaintance on my way back from the East. I knew nothing of her before, but I found her to be an intelligent, well-bred lady. It makes no difference to me what her occupation has been, so long as it was an honest one. I shall certainly show her the courtesy and kindness due to intelligence and good sense everywhere, and always accorded by honorable people. In my plans for a social and literary club, I have included intelligence wherever I have been able to find it. If any ladies whom I have invited see fit to object, that is their privilege."

It was observed that Mrs. Haller and Mrs. Jones made several calls after leaving the parlors of Mrs. Warden that afternoon. The intended errand of the ladies had been known to a good many who were very anxious to know the result. By evening it was generally known through the town that Mrs. Warden was going to stand by Mrs. Harmon. It was also known that Miss Phelps, the milliner, and Miss May, the telegraph operator, and Miss Wood, the saleswoman in the principal store of the town, had been invited.

"Such an outrageous and high-handed attempt to force the acquaintance of those people on us I never heard," was Mrs. Jones' comment to her husband that evening: "but I suppose Mrs. Warden thinks she can do anything because her husband is rich and holds such a high position on the railroad. If I had my way we would all combine and put her down. I'd show her if she could force the society of such people on me."

The next day a strange thing happened. Mrs Harmon had more than a dozen calls. The ladies who called generally came singly and seemed surprised and confused at meeting other callers. All were profuse in their apologies for not having called before. Mrs. Harmon had the good sense not to appear at all surprised nor could she surmise what had started this sudden stream of social attention. The ladies all spoke of expecting to meet her at Mrs. Warden's parlors the next afternoon and hoped to know her better.

But the surprise of the ladies of Jonesville was only complete when, after the meeting had been called to order and its objects explained, Mrs. Warden said that as a part of the entertainment of the afternoon a paper on the life of Schiller would be read by Mrs. Harmon. Before the paper was concluded the majority of the listeners were wondering who in the company could write another paper as good. They seemed to realize that a new standard had been set up among them, and when in the organization of the club Mrs. Harmon was chosen Vice President and Miss Phelps was made Secretary, all joined with a hearty good will in accepting the fact that brains, intelligence, and good sense were to be the basis of distinction in Mrs. Warden's club.

It is more than three years now since Mrs. Warden organized her club and it has been, ever since, the great social institution and educator of the people of Jonesville. By the terms of admission any lady whose intelligence would enable her to add something to the intellectual resources of the club was eligible to election as a member. Many a young girl was stimulated to intellectual culture or to the study of music or to extensive and careful reading in order that she might be able to present some claims for admission. The members of the club were divided into special committees on music, literature, reading, amusements, etc., and each committee vied with the rest in providing for the interest and progress of the club.

Mrs. Warden's splendid musical gifts were brought into requisition and her committee, which was the one on music, was the means of elevating the musical taste of the whole town. The evening receptions given by the club once a month brought together the rich and poor, the employers and the employed, on the one common basis of intelligence and good manners. To these evening receptions gentlemen, both married and single, were invited, the club being made up of both married women and young girls. The only line drawn in regard to invitations to young gentlemen was that no one who was known to be fast or profane or intemperate could come within the charmed circle, while honesty and intelligence were ever welcome. Music, the reading of essays, discussions, readings and recitations were among the entertainments provided. And now as Mrs. Warden once more contemplates making a long visit to her far Eastern home, one of the pleasures she anticipates is that of telling Aunt Mary of all the delightful times they have and all the pleasant things they have accomplished in her literary and social club at Jonesville.—*Western Magazine.*

He Left.

A solicitor employed by a well-known railway publication stopped at a leading hotel in a New England city, and asked the proprietor for an advertisement for his periodical.

The landlord, who was not troubled with an excess of modesty, turned upon his interlocutor, and with a look that was meant to be annihilating, and in a tone intended to be crushing, said:

"Young man, my goods advertise me better than any other known method could do. They are sufficient."

"Well," said the apparently somewhat abashed solicitor, "if that is the case I will invest seventy-five cents in studying your plan of advertising. I will take breakfast here."

"Do so and be convinced," said Boniface, grandly.

The young man paid his money and entered the dining-room. When he emerged some time later he seemed intent on making an immediate departure, but mine host was on the watch for him. He had, in the interim, informed those who were standing about how easily he had silenced the man of the press, and he now wished to make his triumph more complete by having the advertising man confess himself worsted in the presence of the assembled company.

"Hello," he cried, as his guest seemed about to depart. "What do you think of my advertising scheme now, ay?"

"Capital; capital," replied the other.

"Well, guess you'll remember that meal longer'n you would a card in a paper, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly should and will."

"Ah! well now, you can tell your friends where to get a meal when they come to——, can't you?"

"Oh! I don't know about that."

"No! Why don't you?"

"I didn't suppose you meant that breakfast to advertise your table. I thought it was intended to impress the guests with the fact that you ran a curled-hair factory; and had invented the most perfect cockroach trap ever known, and you couldn't have hit on a better scheme."

The guest left then. It cannot be said that he carried the door away with him, for, fortunately, the door happened to be open when he wanted to pass out; but—*he left.—Elevated Railway Journal.*

A Salt Mine Two Thousand Years Old.

A mine has been found in the mountain near Salzburg, Austria, which gives indications of having been occupied and abandoned at least two thousand years ago. It contains a large and confused mass of timbers, which were used for support, and a number of miners's implements. The timbers were notched and sharpened, but were subject to an inundation, and left in confused heaps. The implements were mainly wooden shovels, ax-handles, etc. Among the relics, also, was a basket made of untanned rawhide, a piece of cloth woven of coarse wool, the fiber of which is very even, and still in good preservation, and a torch bound together with flax fibre. The probabilities are that the ancient salt-miners were overtaken by the flooding of the mine, as mummified bodies have been discovered, also. The find seems to have belonged to the pre-Roman times as the ax-handles were evidently used for bronze axes, specimens of which have been found upon the surface of the mountain. The relics are of a high order, the basket being superior even to some that were used in the early historic times.

A CUSTOMER takes back to a tailor a pair of trousers which are a perfect misfit. The knight of the shears is overwhelmed with grief and surprise. "O, never mind," says the customer; "you'll be able to work 'em off on some one else." "It is not the loss of the pantaloons that affects me," says the tailor haughtily; "It is an artist's sorrow at his failure of which you are the uncomprehending spectator!"—*Paris Paper.*

THE convicts in the prison at Dartmoor, England, were found to have made keys of bones taken from their food. They were to have revolted under the leadership of one of their number, who had a bone key that would unlock any door in the tier of cells.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

SELF-CARE WHILE NURSING THE SICK.

To those who are called upon to nurse the sick through a long and severe illness it is of the utmost importance, not only to themselves but to their patients, that their own health should be preserved and their strength maintained not only throughout the critical stage, but during the period of convalescence, oftentimes so tediously prolonged. To all such we submit the following simple precautions to aid them in preserving their own health while nursing the sick:

"If the malady of the patient be such as to cause any marked odor of the breath or noticeable exhalations from the skin, take care always to sit on that side of the bed or sick person which is opposite to or away from the direction which the effluvia takes toward the windows or draught of a fire-place. Sit so that their breath, etc., is carried away from you. Do not sit too close to them, or take their breath if you can avoid it."

To keep one's own strength in a case of prolonged care, and particularly if obliged to sit up all night for many nights in succession, great benefit will be derived from taking a warm bath early in the morning, and putting on fresh undergarments every second morning; or, if the disease be particularly infectious in its nature, it is best to change the underclothing every morning. It will be found that the warm bath, followed by brisk rubbing of the whole body with a coarse Turkish towel or flesh brush, will refresh the wearied body almost as much as sleep. At the same time keep up the appetite and strength by small doses of quinine, two to five grains three times a day, and nourishing diet, with perhaps a little wine and water occasionally.

DRINK FOR THE SICK.

An agreeable draught is made by adding to a tumbler of water a teaspoonful of good vinegar and the same of orange water.

For those who are weak and have a cough, beat a fresh-laid egg and mix with it one gill of new milk and a teaspoonfull each of rose water and orange water and a little nutmeg.

Water added to tamarinds, currants or cranberries, fresh or in jelley, makes excellent beverages, with a little sugar or not, as may be agreeable.

Barley water is a nutritious drink, and is one of the best known for invalids. Take one ounce of Barley, half an ounce of sugar, the rinds of a lemon, and pour on one quart of water. After it has stood eight hours pour off the liquor and add the juice of one lemon.

To make apple water cut the apple in small pieces and pour on boiling water. Strain in three hours and sweeten.

For those troubled with the gout—Beat two ounces of almonds with a teaspoonful of rose water and then pour on one quart of milk and water and sweeten to taste.

Beef tea—Cut raw beef into small pieces; to a half pound of meat pour on a pint of cold water, set on the stove and let it simmer until all the juice is extracted from the meat. When wanted for use, skim and let it boil just two minutes.

To make panada, soak stale bread in cold water for an hour; mash and place on the fire, with a little salt, butter and sugar; cook slowly an hour, and when ready to serve add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of milk.

For a cough make flax-seed tea as follows: One-half pound each of flax seed and rock candy, three lemons pared and sliced; pour over this two quarts of boiling water; when cold, strain.

Toast water—Toast stale bread until very brown, pour over it boiling water; let it stand for an hour, then strain and put in a piece of ice before drinking.

Milk porridge—Make a thin batter of flour and milk, or corn starch and milk; stir into boiling milk, with a little salt; let it boil a few minutes, stirring constantly.

A Georgia Corn-Shucking.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn-shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near the crib, rakes away all trash, and sweeps the place clean with a brush broom. The corn is then pulled of the stalk, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot, and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "norated" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is auspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long the place will be alive with them,—men, women, and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'r'ls" are chosen from among the most famous corn-shuckers on the ground, and those proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comers reporting alternately to one side or the other, so as to keep the force equally divided. The next step which is one of great importance, is to divide the corn-pile. This is done by laying a fence-rail across the top of the corn-pile, so that the vertical plane, passing through the rail, will divide the pile into two equal portions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division; not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined, the two generals mount the corn-pile, and the work begins. The necessity for the "gin'r'ls" to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible, from which to cheer their followers, is one reason why they get up on the top of the corn; but there is another, equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail, and thus throw an undue portion of the work upon their adversaries. The position of "gen'r'l" in a corn shucker differs from that of the soldier, in that the former is in greater danger than any of his followers; for the chances are that, should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponents will knock the leader off the corn-pile, and thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not unfrequently leads to a general row. If it is possible, imagine a negro man standing up on a pile of corn, holding in his hand an ear of corn, and shouting the words of a song below, and you will have pictured the corn "gin'r'l." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or to use the language of a corn-shuckers, the "gin'r'ls give out," and the shuckers "drone." The songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet, when sung by fifty pair of lusty lungs, there are few things more stirring.—*The Century.*

No Assumptions in Germany.

They do not in Germany allow the names of distinguished families to be assumed at will by persons not entitled to their use by birth. An actress in the Wilhelm Theater, Berlin, called herself Von Roon when she went upon the stage, and was given out to be a near relative of the great Von Roon family, of which the head was formerly Minister of War. As she began to acquire reputation and get talked about, this pretended relationship to the Von Roons became unpleasant to the aristocratic house, and the manager of the theater received a summary official notification that the aspiring actress would have to discontinue the use of their name. This is the explanation of the fact that shortly thereafter the announcement was made that "Miss Von Roon had been obliged to withdraw from the company in consequence of a death in her family." Since this announcement was made, Miss Von Roon has not returned. Her place, however, has been filled by another young lady very much resembling her in appearance, though known by another name.

Freight Elevators.

Steam hoists of one kind or another for the lifting of freight have been in use for about a century. In America the first man to manufacture platform freight elevators seems to have been Henry Waterman, of New York city. As early as 1850 one of his machines was in use by Hecker, of New York. The Tathams had them in 1853, and at about the same time either Waterman's machines or some very like them were in use in the establishment of Harper and Brothers. The elevator was operated by means of a lever within the car (or rather within the frame-work of the platform; the first *closed car* was designed by Otis Tufts, of Boston). The lever took the place of the modern hand rope (or shipper-rope), and served to throw the driving machinery into or out of gear. Waterman's shop was in Duane street, near Center. About the same time he was making elevators in New York, George H. Fox & Co., of Boston were also building them and sending them to various parts of the country. The worm gear was used by this latter firm in 1850; wire ropes in 1852, as well as the rack on the guide beams.

In 1857 the firm of William Adams & Co., Boston, put sixteen freight elevators into the then just built granite warehouse called the State Street Block. These elevators were at first worked by hempen ropes, and the shafting that conveyed the power extended continuously through all the stores of the block. Other early inventors and patentees of portions of elevator machinery were E. G. Otis, of Yonkers, New York, and Mr. Cyrus W. Baldwin, of Brooklyn, New York. The experiments and inventions of the latter gentleman have brought hydraulic elevators to a state of great perfection.

Accidents were continually happening to the early elevators, owing to the breaking of ropes. It was an accident to an elevator of his own make that led Mr. Albert Betteley (of the firm of William Adams & Co., Boston) to the invention of the air-cushion safety-device, considered by many as the best of such devices. The accident alluded to happened at the store of Emmons, Danforth and Scudder, in the State Street block. The elevator platform, loaded with seven boxes of sugar, had fallen from a great height into the cellar beneath the hoistway, and the pulleys and gearing at the top had been flung clear over on to the neighboring stores. Mr. Betteley was summoned to the scene. He, of course, expected to see a complete wreck in the cellar; but what was his surprise to find the boxes of sugar scarcely injured! He set his wits to work, and soon reached the conclusion that, as the cellar was nearly air-tight, the rapidity of the descent of the platform had compressed the air so as to form an *air-cushion*, which had broken the violence of the fall. After experimenting with a model, and satisfying himself of the truth of his surmise, Mr. Betteley took out a patent for an air-cushion. Otis Tufts used to jocularly call this "patenting a hole in the ground," in allusion to the air reservoir formed beneath the elevator. The object of the invention was to gradually check the momentum of a falling car by making the hoistway nearly air-tight, excavating an air reservoir at the bottom, and, if desired, building the bottom of the car in a parachute form. This air-cushion-device is now universally used in connection with dumbwaiters, and also somewhat extensively in connection with passenger elevators.—*W. S. Kennedy, in Harper's Magazine.*

Old Scottish Servants.

A century ago in many of the Scotch families of the better class, it was customary for servants to spend a life-time in the service of one family. As might be expected, such long associations often made the old servant pert, and, at times, insolent. Dean Ramsay gives some amusing incidents of this effect:

At a dinner-party, a Mrs. Murray, a neighbor, and a woman of large estate, was among the guests. She was not, however, a favorite with Thomas, the old and spoiled servant of the family. During the dinner the hostess noticed that her guest was looking for a salt-spoon. Thomas was told to pass her a spoon. He paid no attention to the order, which was repeated in a preemptory manner. "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here, we lost a salt-spoon," replied the old man, coolly.

An old coachman in a noble family became so troublesome that the lady gave him notice of dismissal. It was useless, for he promptly replied, "Na, na, my lady. I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial."

Yet spoilt though they were, these old servants would have died rather than any member of the family should suffer injury. They were like the man whom Gen. Cameron once robuked for abusing Senator Tom Benton.

"He is my brother, sir," retorted the man, "and I'll abuse him as much as I please. But I want you to understand, sir, that I don't allow any other man to do it."

Not That Kind of a Blow.

As a young man carrying an immense pair of blacksmith's bellows on his shoulder passed along the street he was accosted by a dilapidated-looking stranger, who said:

"Excuse me, sir, but will you kindly do me a great favor! Will you let me take one pull at your bellows? They—they—remind me of the long ago, when I lived at home in the dear old place, and every morning when I came down to breakfast found my good old mother on her knees before a greenwood fire, blowing, blowing with her precious bellows! Just one blow, my dear fellow—just one blow!"

"You shall have it," said the other, "with the greatest of pleasure in the world. Stand back so I can get a good whack at you! Next to kicking a thieving dog I should admire to get in one blow or a dozen, on a fellow than would let his mother get up and"—

But the stranger was gone.—*Detroit Post.*

M. PASTEUR has found that in cases of hydrophobia even the fluid of the brain itself is permeated with the virus. By taking some of the fluid portion of the brain of an affected animal and introducing it into the brain of a healthy one, the latter will invariably be affected in a week or two, and death ensues in less than three weeks.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

MATS.—A pretty way to make mats for vases is to take a piece of white wadding, cut it round and thirteen inches in diameter, work around the edge with some pretty yarn, button-hole stitch. Take seven pieces, six inches in diameter, worked the same way, then double them through the center, then across through the center again; tack them on the large wheel near the center of the small one. They will come in shell-work all around the outside.

WISP-BROOM HOLDER.—Cut two pasteboard hearts, ten inches long, eight across the top; cut two wedge-shaped pieces three inches long, one inch at top, for the sides; cover with black ladies' cloth, and line with blue flannel; join together and work around the edges with gold-color silk in button-hole stitch; on the front work with gold-color silk some pretty pattern in chain stitch; in the center work your monogram. Hang with cord and tassel.

THE COMPLEXION.—A good complexion never goes with a bad diet. Strong coffee, hot bread and butter, heated grease, highly spiced soups, meats or game, hot drinks, alcoholic liquors, fat meats, are all damaging to its beauty. Strong tea used daily will after a time give the skin the color and appearance of leather. Coffee affects the skin less, but the nerves more, and a healthy nervous system is neccessary to beauty. Late suppers, over-eating at meals, eating between meals, candies, sweetmeats, pastry preserves, etc., produce pimples and blotches.

CRETONNE TIDY.—Take a pretty strip of striped cretonne; cut two pieces about eighteen inches long; take a piece of brown, blue, crimson or buff velvet (or any color that will contrast prettily with the cretonne), and cut a strip of it the same length and width as the cretonne; sew the three together, the velvet in the center, and embroider a small vine up and down either edge of the velvet, or feather stitch a vine if you cannot embroider or find this too much work. Cut each of the three strips at one end (or at both ends, according to the way you fasten the tidy on the chair,) to a point; hem, and finish the point with pretty silk or worsted tassels.

WHAT MAKES A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.—It is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house and a beautifully-appointed table; but, after all, the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold and this ungracious, all the wealth of India will not make the home pleasant and inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. A simpler style of living and house furnishing would set many a bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comforts of all the house. There are bare cabin homes that have been remembered with pleasure, because of the beautiful loving presence there; and stately palaces which have the impression of an ice berg on the mind.

PIN-CUSHION.—A pretty little pin-cushion in the shape of a bellows can be made as follows: First cut out four pieces of cardboard (visiting or invitation cards are best), to the size required and the shape of a small bellows. Cover these four pieces singly with pretty silk or satin, by turning over the edge and lacing them from side to side with a needle and thread to make them fit. Then join two pieces together and sew over the edges neatly; sew a little piece of white flannel or merino, filled with needles, to one joined side-piece at the point; then put the two sides together, and sew them well together at the point; leaving space enough for a gilt bodkin to pass through, and make the real point. Put pins in all around the edge, add a narrow ribbon band, fastened by a pin at the handle end to keep the sides together. The inside of the bellows looks best with satin or plain silk; and the outside with brocade. If a small design is painted or embroidered on the outside, it has a very good effect. The length of the bellows that is usually made is three inches from the end of the handle to the point, the width at the widest part two inches, the width across the point half an inch, across the handle three-quarters of an inch. The bodkin projects about an inch beyond the point.

Burdett's Advice to Travelers.

Railway conversation is always tiresome; the listener has to strain his ears to hear; the talker must strain his voice to speak. If you speak in low tones, you and your companion cannot hear each other. If you speak up loud and clear, everybody in the car can hear you, and that isn't always just what you want. Many a rattling mile over the rail has been filled with amusement for me, listening to the shrieking conversation of two people sitting half a car length away from me, talking over their private affairs to a listening world that couldn't help hearing unless it was stone deaf. Never talk to people on a train, unless you really have something to say; then say it and close your shell. Don't, don't, don't talk in the mere effort to pass away the time. You will only make the hours indefinitely heavier and more wearisome. And now that the winter season is coming on, and the lectures will soon begin again, and lecturers will soon travel up and down the land, let me beg of you one personal favor for myself. If you meet me at the station or see me on the train, don't, for the love of heaven, don't rush up and introduce a friend "who is going that way and will be company for me." From that moment I hate your friend and will endeavor to freeze him out. I don't want any company on the train. I hate people in the cars. I don't want to be entertained. All I want is a single seat all to myself, just so much as I pay for, and if I could select a traveling companion I would choose a deaf and dumb man with his hands tried. Or an Indian cigar sign. I think I would like to travel with an Indian cigar sign. If I can't talk enough every night to last me all the next day, without wearing out my lungs shrieking on a clattering railway car, I will let the fact be known. Ah, my boy, if some people who have "entertained" me on railway trains only knew how my glad heart bounded in greatful joy when they had to get off the train and leave me alone, they would never speak to me again anywhere. Of course, my boy, circumstances and the people you meet, and their ability to entertain and their varying dispositions, will teach you when and where to make liberal exceptions to these rules. And if you can't tell when a man or woman is tired of you, and doesn't want to talk to you, if you can't see when your conversation is a bore and your chatter is irksome, then you had better apply for a position as teacher in some asylum for deaf mutes, and learn to forget how to talk and lose your voice as fast as you can.

Wonderful Juggling.

A Hindoo lecturing in Brooklyn said of the famous Indian jugglers: "They can swallow a chain and make it clink in their stomach, and also can swallow a sword. The magic trick is one of their best feats. They procure a small piece of wood, and, having plant ed it in the ground, they ask the bystander what fruit he would prefer. The juggler, wrapped in a sheet, will crouch to the earth, and through a rent in the garment one can see him cut himself with a razor under his arms and rub a piece of wood in his blood. The tree then comes forth, first as a sprout, then full of leaves, and finally bearing fruit."

The Train Robber.

On the train the other day the train boy laid a copy of the "Life of Frank and Jesse James" in my lap. I asked him if it was a sort of dime novel.

"Oh, no," said he. "It costs sixty cents."

"Then it is a sort of six dime novel?" I suggested, with rising inflection.

"Well, yes," he replied, apparently not knowing what I was driving at. After a moment's silence, he said:

"Some folks think Jesse James ought not to have been shot in the back. I think he ought to have been hung up and skinned."

"Yes," I interposed; "you train boys are always in for skinning somebody."

Again he seemed to fail to see the point.

Pretty soon he came along with some villainous cigars, such as dealers blush to charge five cents apiece for. I bought one for fifteen cents and lighted it. The train-boy sat on the arm of my seat and said:

"No, sir, I don't like Jesse James."

"Sort of a competitor of your's, eh?" I asked.

"What?"

"He was a competitor of your's in business, wasn't he?"

"Why, don't you know who Jesse James was? He was the great train robber," he said innocently.

I puffed a volume of stifling smoke in his face and said, "Was he?"

Presently my new acquaintance came along with some little boxes of figs—five figs for fifteen cents.

"Jesse James was a train robber, was he?" I asked.

"Yes, I thought everybody knew that," he replied and passed on, laughing at my ignorance.

Then he brought some apples—little hard apples that grocers sell at eight cents a peck.

"How much?"

"Three for ten cents."

"How did Jesse use to rob trains?"

"Why, he put a pistol against a passenger's head and made him shell out."

"Ah! carried a pistol, did he?"

"You bet he did," said the train boy, and on he went, announcing choice eating apples.

The next trip through the car was for the purpose of disposing of some oranges.

"Sweet Florida oranges!"

"How much?"

"Three for a quarter."

"What train did Jesse run on?"

"Any one that happened along. He most always picked his train when there were a good many passengers."

I looked around and saw there were few persons in our coach and I felt easier.

Soon the train boy came in with some prize packages.

"Are you sure Jesse James is dead?" I asked.

"Of course he's dead. Bob Ford fixed him. By the way, a life of the Ford brothers would sell by the million right now."

"And do you think the revolver will be discarded altogether in train robberies now?"

"Eh?"

"Do you think your business will henceforth be conducted without the revolver?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the perplexed train-boy.

"Well, I mean to ask if the good old days when a man like Jesse James used to come in, place a revolver against a passenger's head, take his money and valuables and go away leaving him to ride in peace the rest of his journey—I say I mean to ask if those good old days are gone?"

"I reckon they're about played out," said the triumphant rival. I wept.—*Aurora News.*

Why They Stared at Him.

Mr. Jones went home in a very complacent frame of mind, and as he opened the hall door and let himself in his face was wreathed in smiles at the thoughts that had taken possession of him.

When Mrs. Jones saw him he was still smiling. She looked at him, gave a sudden scream and then began to laugh.

"What's the matter, Maria?" he asked sharply.

"N-o-o-thing," answered his wife in a convulsive tone of voice; "dinner is ready, Jeptha."

They sat down to the table alone, the children not being in. Mr. Jones took advantage of their absence to become quite sociable.

"How do I look, Maria?" he asked confidentially, with that smirk of complacency still on his face.

"S-s-plendid!" answered Maria, with her mouth full of mashed potatoes.

"The reason I asked is that as I came home I walked up the avenue and met everybody I knew, and they stared at me so I didn't know but I looked pale or something."

"You never looked better," mumbled Mrs. Jones, burying her face in her plate.

"People acquire a habit of staring in the city," pursued Jones.

"I've often told you so, Jeptha, but you always said it was my fault—that I must do something to attract their attention," said Mrs. Jones.

"Well, it is the gentlemen who stare at you, Maria. That is quite different. Now it was the ladies who looked at me," observed Jones, loftily.

"You're such a fine-looking man, you know, dear," said his wife, nearly smothered with laughter.

"A-hem," murmured the lost man, "it shows your sex has good taste, my dear. Why, some of them lovely young ladies actually smiled upon me. I shall never dare to walk again."

At this moment the children came whooping in. Willie looked at his father, bent nearly double and gave a loud guffaw.

"Well, you are a side-show, pa!" he shouted.

"What do you mean, William? Why this rudeness?" began Jones, but his hopeful was not to be squelched.

"Ain't he a menagerie, though?" he continued. "Say, Pa! why are you like me?"

Jones only glared.

"Because you are a little shaver! Say, pa, want a hand-glass, coz I'll sell you one cheap!"

Jones rushed to the hat-rack intending to get his cane for Willie's edification, but as he glanced in the oval mirror in the center and saw one side of his face denuded of his Burnside whisker, while the other was ornamented with its full appendage, he stopped and then went slowly and sadly up stairs. He had asked the barber to take off half his whiskers and that functionary obliged him literally. Poor Jones; when anybody looks at him now he has an attack of chills.—*Detroit Post.*

Indian Burial.

It was the custom of the Mandan Indians of the Upper Missouri to expose their dead, wrapped in skins, upon scaffolds until nothing but the skeleton left, was when the nearest relatives buried the bones and placed the skulls in a sacred circle, with the faces all looking inward. In the center of the circle they placed a medicine pole, hung with many articles consecrated by mysterious rites The Flathead Indians of Oregon and Washington Territory formerly wrapped the bodies of their friends in robes and suspended them in the forks of trees. Several other tribes had similar customs. The practice of burying the dead is now almost universal among the Indians.

Wooden Indians.

An exchange in commenting on the rapid increase in the population of the noble red men as cigar signs, says, "a wooden Indian represents tobacco about as much as a live red man represents science." This is probably true, and still why is it that at the front of allmost every cigar and tobacco store in the country stands a noble red man holding in his hand a bunch of wooden cigars, and a tomahawk. He stands there in summer and in winter, and a cigar store is thought to be incomplete without a big injun, standing a grim sentinel in the door and scaring women into convulsions. The tobacco and cigars for sale in the store comes from Connecticut or Wisconsin where an Indian such as that represented by the tobacco sign, has not been seen for years, and one-half the present generation wouldn't know what it was if they saw an Indian rigged out as the cigar sign represents them to be. And another thing, you don't see such Indians in the country any way, nor never did, and it looks as if there was fraud even in the cigar signs. An Indian cigar sign to be a truthful representative of the noble red-man of today should be decked out with less feathers and finery and more army blankets with "U. S." on them, and grease and dirt. The Indian cigar sign is perhaps all right enough as a representative Indian, whether he represents tobacco or not, but he would look far more life-like if his hair was not banged with so much precision as it is. Indians' hair, that is, the Indians of this country, don't wear their hair in frizzes or Saratoga waves, but allow it to roll over their heads in the most reckless abandon. The people or the pious press of this country don't case a cent whether the Indian represents tobacco or not, but there is a growing demand for less fraud in cigar signs, as well as everything else, and unless there is reform in cigar-sign red men they will be obliged to move out west and join a tribe. It is time this cigar-sign business was looked into, as the generation now growing up in the cities are led to believe that the Indian is the very type of loveliness and cleanliness and meekness and several other such things, when in fact he is nothing but a dirty, greasy, whisky-soaked old reprobate, who cannot be civilized with a club. Let us have some real-looking Indian cigar signs in the country and less fraud about it.—*Peck's Sun.*

Pipes Made from Potatoes.

According to the Vienna *Agricultural Gazette* it has been discovered that meerschaum pipes of excellent quality, susceptible of the highest polish, and even more readily colorable than the genuine *spiuma di mare*, may be made of potatoes. The familiar tuber, it seems, is well qualified to compete with the substance known to commerce as "meerschaum clay." Its latent virtues in this direction are developed by the following treatment: Having been carefully peeled and suffered extraction of its "eyes," the potato is boiled unintermittently for thirty-six hours in a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, after which it must be squeezed in a press until every drop of natural or acquired moisture is extracted from it. The residum of this simple process is a hard block of a delicate creamy white hue, every whit as suitable to the manufacture of ornamental and artistically-executed pipe-head as the finest clay. The potato, moreover, dealt with in the manner above described, promises to prove a formidable rival to the elephant's tusk. It may be converted into billiard-balls as hard, smooth, as enduring as ivory, and can be depended upon for an inexhaustible supply of carved umbrella-handles, chessmen and fans. As potatoes are plentiful all over the world, and likely to remain so, while elephants are, comparatively speaking, rarities, mankind at large may fairly be congratulated upon the discovery of a substitute for ivory, which can be produced in unlimited quantity, and at an almost nominal cost, taking into consideration the difference of price between a pound of the best kidney potatoes and a pound of prime elephant's tusk.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Thurlow Weed's Peculiarities.

I remember that, two or three years ago, when I asked him to what he attributed his strength and his length of days, Mr. Weed answered with a laugh, "To having violated so many of the rules of health, and eaten and drank everything at all hours. Why, I always smoked excessively and drank spirituous liquors, and for 40 years I ate a hearty meat dinner at 12 o'clock, midnight."

This seemed to me sufficiently strange; but I presently learned from him that his excessive smoking had been discontinued. "Up to 1870," he said, "till I was 73, I smoked more cigars than anybody you ever knew. When I was not sleeping or eating I was always smoking. I sometimes used up twenty cigars a day—many of them the 'long nines' that contained so much tobacco. But they made me nervous. My hand became unsteady. The doctor told me it would kill me. I broke square off, and it was the most difficult thing I ever did, for there were half-filled cigar-boxes all over the house."

Then I happened to know that his drinking was of a mild sort. When asked if he would take something, he often accepted, but of the liquor which he preferred, he would pour out about a dessert-spoonful, fill up the glass with water, and drink the mild dilution. It was a very temperate intemperance.—*New York Letter.*

THE late Edward Clark, of Cooperstown, N. Y., president of the Singer Sewing Machine company, bequeathed $50,000 to Williams college, $10,000 each to his agents, Bunyan and Mecker, $50,000 to two nephews, $250,000 to his daughter-in-law, a like sum to her four sons, and the remainder of his property, estimated at $30,000,000 to his son, Alfred Coming Clark.

DID it ever occur to you why Solomon made that remark about there being nothing new under the sun? Well, the fact was that his numerous wives and wifelets kept hinting to him about having new bonnets, and he merely murmured that there was nothing new under the sun in order that they might be made to believe that the fall styles in hats had not yet struck on.—*New London Telegram.*

THE Brooklyn-New York bridge will be the largest suspension bridge in the world. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches.

PITH AND POINT.

A TALE of the sea—A sea serpent's tail.

THE latest thing in cradles—The new baby.

HACKNEYED expression—"Have a carriage, sir?"

IT may be set down as an axiom that when a person grows fat he grows waistful.

A WISCONSIN man says that, although a Northerner, he has lived ever since his marriage in the State of Jaw-jaw.

THERE are three things that the wisdom of the most learned men cannot determine—which way a singed cat will jump, how a petit jury will give its verdict, and what kind of a man a clever woman will take a fancy to.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

PERHAPS the casual reader has never sat down on a buzz saw and felt himself gradually fading away. If so, he doesn't know what it is to form the acquaintance of a somnambulistic bull-dog in the prime of life.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

A HOTEL-KEEPER announces that he has added "a celebrated gas-stewing machine" to his establishment. We shouldn't think it would improve the gas to stew it; but there may be some persons who like it that way.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT is not safe to speak of a Western lady as a large-souled woman. She colors up, flounces out of the room, and soliloquizes in the sacred fastness of her boudoir! "I'll never speak to that hateful old thing again—so there! Large-soled, indeed!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A YOUNG woman recently engaged as a domestic in one of the new houses on Beacon street left when she learned that she was expected to use the rear entrance on Charles River. "Why," said she, "I could never receive my friends or wear my brocade silk through a back door!" Fact.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

ONE day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakeable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."

"HAVE you ever before been punished by the law?" asked an Austin justice of a colored culprit. "Yes, I called a man a liar, and I had to pay a fine." "Is that the only time you have come in conflict with the law?" "Now dan yer speaks ob hit, jedge, I bleeves I was in de penitentiary for ten yeahs, ef I disremembers myself."—*Texas Siftings.*

"DO YOU keep a full supply of base-ball requirements here?" asked a gloomy-browed young man, as he entered a Market-street hardware store. "Yes, sir. Everything in that line." "Then you may wrap me up a bottle of arnica, a paper of court-plaster, and a green eyeshade. I'm going to catch for the Knickerbocker nine this afternoon."—*San Francisco Post.*

"CAN you tell me where Mose Schaumburg's store is?" asked a stranger of an Austin darkey, who is one of these would-be funny negroes. "You has done passed hit, boss, by a block." "Then I suppose I'll have to walk back a block." "You needn't walk back unless yer wants ter. You kin turn around and walk to de store jess as you is walking now. If you walks back, you may run agin a lamp-post and bust your brains out."—*Texas Siftings.*

"DO YOU mix anything with your candies?" he asked, as he laid his money down and picked up the package of gum-drops. "Well—ahem—a little glucose, perhaps." "Anything else?" "Perhaps a little clay." "Any chalk?" "Only a very little. Not enough to speak of." "It's of no interest to me, you know," continued the stranger; "but I was wondering why you didn't have your candies made at a regular brick-yard, of the regular material, and have something you could warrant to purchasers."

A Novel Performance.

A tent was pitched near Hot Springs, Ark., and the announcement of a show brought a crowd. When all the money obtainable for admission has been received a stalwart negro wrestled with a monster bear. The combat was fierce, and passed from play to work as the beast warmed up. The spectators screamed with excitement, and it seemed to be a question of life or death with the negro. Bleeding and exhausted, he finally got the bear off the stage, amid overwhelming applause. The assembly insisted upon an encore. When the tumult had reached its height the negro appeared, carrying a bag. After acknowledging the kindness of the spectators, he stooped down, and drawing a knife from his pocket commenced to fumble with the bag. The people supposing this to be some new trick, preserved a breathless silence. Then he cut the bag open, and there issued from it a swarm of bees. As the insects buzzed forth there was a movement of the crowd, then a panic, and finally a wild rush for the exit. Some got out by cutting slits in the canvas of the tent with their knives.

Wine in California.

There are many little wineries in San Francisco. In this business good profits are realized upon a small capital. A visitor to a winery describes the process of crushing forty tons of Zinfandel grapes. The owner of the establishment had invested $2,000 in casks and machinery, and a vat cost $325. Two Italians and a German were at work. The wine made in these small manufactories is sold by the gallon as soon as it is fit to drink. Though pure, it is alcoholic and heady. If kept two or three years the wine is choice, but as a yearling wine it tends to stupefy. The Zinfandel grapes were imported from Hungary.

A FEW days ago a cow belonging to William Spencer, who lives near Carthage, Jefferson county, N. Y., caught its tail on the end of one of its horns, and when found she was spinning around like a top and groaning with pain. She had evidently been in that condition some time, and when released was completely exhausted.

THE lumber cut in the Sierras will this season reach 46,000,000, and of this probably 40,000,000 feet sold for about $12 a thousand, footing up about $5000,000, and the rest sold as clear lumber for about $35, making over $200,000 more—over $700,000 earnings for the nine mills that run, some of them only part of the time.

AN English chemist analyzed a red stocking and got out of it twenty-two grains of tin. We should'nt think he got enough to pay for his trouble; and yet he couldn't expect to find a gold mine in one red stocking. A pair of red stockings, however, frequently contain something that a gold mine couldn't buy.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two egg dealers of Tompkins county, New York, have stored in their coolers upward of 100,000 dozens of eggs each, bought during the summer, and which are being held for higher prices.

IRON HERALD.

Thursday, Dec. 21, 1882.

NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

The whole province of Ontario has 27,000 farms, and one of our readers informs, goes ahead of this figure by 54,000.

It now definitely ascertained that the Democrats will have a majority of fifty-eight in the House of Representatives of the next Congress.

The prophecy is already recorded, that Senator Beaulieu will, after a fourth period of his civil service reform bill, allow it to be nipped in the bud.

Ben Butler is said to have a wonderful memory, but he doesn't remember a time when he felt so uncomfortable as at Boston. He says he's experienced a little chilly.

Grover Cleveland has been coasting on Kentucky fellow's yacht, and only just now brought her to the notion of saying yes. And yet he hopes to win say Columbia within two years.

"The way to win a gold is to make haste to be richer," says a exchange. The way to win gold is this country is to go into the fish exhibit business, a la James.

The Wisconsin Republicans, the time of New York, refrained from troubling the Democracy at the last election. The Republican vote was 43,000 less than that of 1880, the Democratic showing a loss of only 14,420.

The jury in the case of the woman who killed Charles Stelzo in Chicago, rendered its verdict finding her guilty of manslaughter, and sentencing her to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

For several days the Senate has been hard at work trying to perfect a great bankruptcy bill, and the general impression now among Congressmen is that some such law will be passed at the present session. The President has recommended it.

Frank James, after he is acquitted or pardoned, as the case may be, will probably take to the stage. The Rochester Post Express suggests that he play the part of the man who robbed the apple is shot, and that Frank Forger do the shooting.

Dear Wells has a letter who is an authentic poet and who also wants to come to America. Send him along; we can stand him. We're a kind of charitable cross of cows here and if the British have any more curmudgeons they desire to be relieved of they have only to send them along.

"A Hermit by the name of Birch," says the New Orleans Picayune, "has been discovered right in the heart of the city of Washington, living in a shanty behind a tenement." It is not unlikely that other hermits of the same kind will be creeping out. They are democrats of 1880.

Senator Cameron's first lieutenant, Col. Quay, says he expects to see the Pennsylvania senator organized by the Republicans, the Independents taking part therein. If such a course is pursued, the state would be redeemed next year, and he would expect to see Stewart and Beaver stumping for the same ticket in 1884.

A New York legislative committee of investigation is calling before it the leading railroad officials and speculators of that state as witnesses. Mr. Vanderbilt declines he never speculates, and Mr. Jay Gould says he believes in speculation, and thinks "corners" are a good thing for the producer. Rufus Hatch, on the other hand, denies "corners" very decidedly, and thinks so.

Mahone, the demonstrative Senator and big boss of Virginia, as he appears in Washington, is expected to do twilight Buffalo Bill and the boys in the pit. He wears an immense white sombrero and an immaculate white shirt. He wears no vest, and has an enormous gold chain wandering all over his shirt front. He is a typical semi-barbarian, who has chosen politics for his business, instead of Indian hunting on the Western plains.

Gov. elect Cleveland, when in New York recently, called on Mr. Tilden. No third person was present and the reporters have to imagine what was said between the two. It is supposed that among other things the newly elected governor asked his old chief, "What, in your judgement, is the chief source of danger to the Democracy?" To which the venerable Sage of Gramercy Park replied, "The lack of a firm clam cipher."

The company which was formed last spring in England and Canada with a capital of $3,500,000, under the control of the Duke of Manchester and three other noblemen, to purchase 3,000,000 acres of land from the Canadian Pacific road, bids fair to collapse, it appears not true. Its charm of its siblings have fallen in he Canadian market to 25 siblings, and an installment of twenty siblings has been called for February 1.

The polygamic Mormons must have spread themselves in entertaining the Commission appointed under the Edmunds bill. It is very plain that as between Mormons and Gentiles, the Commissioners have to the former. The latter complain bitterly of the suggestion of the Commission, approved by the President in his message, that an official investigation is desirable. The whole business is a fat target, partly because of the inadequacy of the remedy and partly because the Commissioners are exceedingly tender of treading the rights of the polygamists.

The State Grange of Michigan, believing the Forty-fifth Congress to be responsible for the crime of a halfborn, "blossoming" the Hon. J. J. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Grand Master of the National Grange, for the United States Senatorship.

Grover Cleveland is not the first candidate for Governor of New York who has carried that State by an extraordinary majority. The Philadelphia Press calls attention to the fact that Joseph C. Yates was elected Governor of New York in 1822 by 108,049 votes out of a total vote of 137,482. It was afterwards said of Governor Yates, "He sent into office almost unanimously, and were not entirely satisfied." Lu Cleveland take warning.

The Democrats in the vicinity of civil-service reform are like the man who has to go to a broad bridge with a train heating down on him—to jump off is to get a neck and to stay on is to be roasted to death. The Cincinnati Enquirer says of the President, that he is supported by the Democrats that parts can't carry even Kentucky. If they don't support at the targets Republicans who turned their tists at home last election day will go to the polls and beat the Democrats out of office.

The Democrats will never cease to damn any man who says the presumption of officeholders cost us the Congressional control of a democratic victory. We have this on the authority of the leading Democratic papers of the country.

The Antipharmic.

GREENE BAY.

From the Green Bay Advance.

Mr. Jacob Vandenberg, of this city, has been cured by a remedy called the Antipharmic. Dr. Bellamy, agent for the remedy, called at our office last Saturday, and gave us the following statement:

"The Antipharmic has been in use in my family for three years, and I have found it a valuable remedy. Some of the most obstinate sore throats have yielded to its use, and I believe it to be the best medicine for the purpose I have ever used."

Mr. Vandenberg's son, who is a druggist, also testified to the efficacy of the Antipharmic.

From the Green Bay Advance.

Some of the most obstinate sore throats that have come under our observation have yielded to the use of the Antipharmic. We have seen a testimonial from a physician with a form for publishing the cure of a case of diphtheria, which we intend to publish.

December 3, the date of the Atlantic mail from Liverpool, and the steamer Arizona from Glasgow, passed within 50 miles of each other, the latter being the first steamer we have heard of which passed to the west.

Unequaled for Cold in the Head.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 1, 1881.

Sold by druggists at 50 cents. Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator, the great cathartic, is unequaled for cleansing the system, and for a mild, gentle, yet thorough cathartic, it is the best pill ever made. Sold by all druggists. For sale by Cleveland Bros.

SLY CHEAP DAGUERREOTYPES.

THEOPHILE ROY,

Justice of the Peace

NOTARY UBLIC,

CONVEYANCING AND ALL KINDS OF LEGAL DOCUMENTS DRAWN.

COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE. AND CHARGES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. Office, Iron Street.

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DEALERS IN GOLD AND SILVER STREETS.

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Pure wine is the purest, safest, most wholesome and most valuable medicine in the world.

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BRANDIES, STRAIGHT, AND ALL KINDS OF FINE WHISKIES, WINES, GIN, RUM, BEER, EGGS, VEGETABLES, ONIONS AND POTATOES.

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RAILROAD.

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THROUGH THE UPPER PENINSULA OF MICHIGAN.

249 Miles Shorter & 12 Hours Quicker Time Any Other Line.

Between DETROIT, GRAND RAPIDS, MACKINAC, MARQUETTE, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH.

GOING EAST.

Leave Marquette	8 00 a. m.	10 00 p. m.
Arrive at Seney	10 00 "	12 00 a. m.
" Newberry	12 00 m.	2 00 "
" St. Ignace	5 00 p. m.	7 00 "
" Mackinaw City	5 30 "	7 30 "
" Cheboygan	6 30 "	8 30 "
" Alpena	10 00 a. m.	2 00 p. m.
" Detroit	7 00 p. m.	7 00 a. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave Detroit	8 00 a. m.	10 00 p. m.
" Alpena	7 00 p. m.	7 00 a. m.
" Cheboygan	10 00 a. m.	2 00 p. m.
" Mackinaw City	12 00 m.	4 00 "
" St. Ignace	12 30 p. m.	4 30 "
" Newberry	5 00 "	9 00 "
Arrive at Seney	7 00 "	11 00 "
" Marquette	9 00 "	1 00 a. m.

Connections are made at St. Ignace with the Michigan Central, Grand Rapids & Indiana and connections made at Seney with the Lake Superior & Ishpeming and Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroads.

Connections are made at Marquette with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway for all points west.

Connections are made at Marquette with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway for all points in Northern Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota.

Sleeping cars will be accompanied through between Marquette and Detroit.

Passengers will take breakfast at the Ishpeming House, Marquette, and dine at Mackinaw City.

Tickets for sale at all principal depots.

Baggage checked through to all points.

Freight forwarded with dispatch.

Through Bills of Lading for freight and through tickets to all points in the Eastern Canada and Western States.

Tickets for sale at Marquette and Seney for Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Helena, Butte City, Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Victoria, Vancouver, Alaska, Japan, China, Australia, Honolulu, Calcutta, Bombay, Hong Kong, Liverpool, London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, Gottenburg, Havre, Bremen, Mayence, Milan, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Alexandria, Malta, Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, Jerusalem, Athens, Corfu, Patras, Lisbon, Oporto, Madrid, Malaga, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Florence, Venice, Palermo, Syracuse, Malta, Tunis, Algiers, Oran, Malaga, Tangier, Cairo, Port Said, Aden, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Natal, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Callao, Panama, Vera Cruz, Havana, Nassau, Kingston, Port Antonio, Aux Cayes, Port au Prince, Santiago, Cape Haitien, Ponce, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Barbados, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Trinidad, Demerara, Paramaribo, Martinique, St. Pierre, Guadeloupe, Basseterre, Dominica, Roseau, Port of Spain, Tobago, Scarborough, Grenada, St. Vincent, Kingstown, St. Lucia, Castries, Barbados, Bridgetown, Antigua, St. John's, Montserrat, Plymouth, Dominica, Roseau, Guadeloupe, Basseterre, St. Pierre, Martinique, Port of Spain, Trinidad, Demerara, Paramaribo, Grenada, St. Vincent, Kingstown, St. Lucia, Castries, Barbados, Bridgetown, Antigua, St. John's, Montserrat, Plymouth, Dominica, Roseau, Guadeloupe, Basseterre, St. Pierre, Martinique

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, Dec. 21, 1882.

TIDE TABLE.

D. L. & N. EXPRESS.	
Departs, Midland Station	7.00 A. M.
Arrives, Bay City	10.00 A. M.
Departs, Bay City	2.00 P. M.
Arrives, Midland Station	5.00 P. M.
MIXED.	
Departs, Midland Station	8.00 A. M.
Arrives, Bay City	12.00 M.
Departs, Bay City	1.00 P. M.
Arrives, Midland Station	5.00 P. M.
GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA.	
Departs, Midland Station	10.00 A. M.
Arrives, Bay City	1.00 P. M.
Departs, Bay City	2.00 P. M.
Arrives, Midland Station	5.00 P. M.
MAIL.	
Departs, Midland Station	7.00 A. M.
Arrives, Bay City	10.00 A. M.
Departs, Bay City	3.00 P. M.
Arrives, Midland Station	6.00 P. M.

Taxes are being sold promptly.

Snow lasted two feet deep in the woods.

Holiday goods in endless variety.—[Adv.

Michigan has 4,865 miles of railroad well.

Cold and not three cloudy diamonds at Orr's.

The personal books of the city is opened good.

Plenty of all kinds for the holidays at the Bell Front.

The township C. & S. N. tracks are nearly two miles long.

Three discharges on notification of Co's on pass for the year 1882.

Christmas holmesing, it is not impossible for our sweet lassies may be displayed one day.

Something that will make your loved one's heart gush equal—these diamonds at Orr's.

It has finally been decided to call the new hotel the Midland Hotel, instead of the Iron Rockway.

Don't forget to call on Mr. Bond next week, and inquire for some very nice goods for holiday presents.

Mr. Bond is now in his dental rooms at Gordon's Block, Bay City, and will be pleased to see his patrons.

Special to your orders for geese for your Christmas dinner to the Bell Front, Turkeys, chickens, partridges, quails, jack snipes, ducks and rabbits.

The ladies of St. Paul's Church intend to give an entertainment for the benefit of the church of St. Joseph, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 26th.

The children of Northport, Leelanau county, have a disease which baffles the doctors. It is believed to have come from horses in the county. It proves fatal in some instances.

The meetings of the Rev. Kerr D. Tarpee, at the Methodist church last Friday evening, were largely attended. Reverend gentleman says things himself in a some very odd way. Fully forcible reproving in the latter field. We understand he will stay in Midland a few days longer.

Mr. Frank Bond, of Bay City, is now in Midland and will remain until after the holidays with Joseph Kirkendall, the jeweler.

A. Allen local manager of the Con. Co. Telephone Co. at Bay City, was on Saturday, where he will spend a couple of weeks.

John T. Hayes and wife left Monday for their old home at Canton, Ohio, where they will spend the holidays.

W. A. Russell, of the *Mining Journal*, is again on duty, looking after the news for his journal.

Mr. Jas. Ward, of the Hotel, with their wives, left for Chicago, Monday, where they will spend the holiday festivities of the Christmas.

J. P. Fisher leaves for Chicago today to see the Gaulette Hotel. He says he has recovered from his recent illness so as to be able to resume business.

Dr. Rudolph Moss, of Chicago, will spend the holidays with friends in this county.

Tuesday Rector and wife, of Ontonagon, passed through here yesterday, on their way to Bay City, where they will visit Mr. Rector, an employee, preparatory to take a bond in the Forty Seventeen Saw.

A number of Mr. Sayre Bennett, Mack Blatch, Will and Albert Mitchell and Charley Gidley, who have been attending school at Lake Forest, Ill., just left for just from another, will return to their homes here tomorrow, to spend the holidays with friends.

A. B. Dell and wife, who have been at St. Ignace for the past one or three months, where Mr. Dell has been in the employ of the D. M. & M. R. R., are here for a holiday visit. They left on Friday, for their home in Ontonagon, where they reside in Ontonagon, and Thos. Atkinson, not in Chicago.

Stop that cough.

Stop your little dollars.

We welcome with a 1882 Christmas Greeting of the Bell Front.

The last "lowner" or trade is for the country at the Bell Front store.

The two-cent lime postage is one of the tale-pieces over things of the future.

Ever of the Lake Shore Railroad despatches to not the wonder on a part of his office.

Squirt lemon is actionable. This is a lemon, remember, why not other should be related, to drive the disease from our minds.

Louis Bateman, of the union firm of Ketcham & Bateman, who has been confined to his room for the past few weeks with severe sickness, is now rapidly improving and will soon resume his duties.

Mr. Ward, of the firm of Ward & Ward, has sold out Co's stock, which consists of boots, shoes, rubbers and gum overshoes and sundries, to Mr. Ward, who will continue the business.

The Rev. Kerr D. Tarpee, of Detroit, will preach at Midland, Friday evening, Dec. 22nd, at 7 o'clock. Reverend gentleman is a good preacher and a good man. Let all who can hear him.

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Mr

A FAIR TRAITRESS.

BY EDMUND E. BLAND.

I gave my darling a flow'ret of white,
In the hush and stillness of the night,
While standing by her side.
She took the gift with a blush and smile,
It lay in her maiden breast awhile,
And then 'twas thrown aside.
Ah, well-a-day! blossoms, they say,
Wither for want of care.

I gave my darling a ring of gold,
A token her love was mine to hold,
Her life was mine to share.
She wore the ring till summer was o'er,
Then drew it off, and she thought no more
Of him who placed it there.
Ah, well-a-day! when women play,
Some one's heart is aching.

I gave my darling a heart of truth,
A priceless boon, the worship of youth,
With all its hopes and joy.
A few short months and she kept my love,
Then cast it down, like a worn-out glove,
An infant's broken toy.
Ah, well-a-day, when maids betray,
Wounded love must perish.

"I WAIT FOR MY STORY."

"Nan!"

"Yes'm."

"That young Englishman comes here much too often."

Mrs. Delly took several cautious stitches in her sofa-pillow embroidery, and looked as if she had something on her mind.

Her pretty niece yawned over her magazine before looking up. Nan Browning was pretty. If she had not been this story would very likely never have been written, for it has to do with the fascinations of her golden eyes. Yes, they were really golden eyes, of a deeper tone than her yellow hair, but bright and much too brilliant to be called brown or hazel.

Nan knew she was pretty in a sort of a way. Everybody had told her so ever since she could remember. Whenever she went to a party she was always described by the society reporters as the "belle of the occasion." If she wore a twenty-five-cent muslin, with a lot of violets, cheap in their season, her "toilet" was described at length, her muslin transformed into a crepe de chine, and her violets into "rare exotics."

One of the youthful journalists, Frank Humphrey by name, who described Nan semi-spasmodically in his paper, fell in love with her the first time he saw her—genuinely, desperately and deeply in love with her. He was a clergyman's son, and had ideals. He was "doing" society temporarily for his paper, expecting promotion to the religious column.

But all at once he ceased applying to his city editor for the sermon department, and devoted himself to society with an ardor which caused his salary to be raised $3 a week, with a word of recommendation from the managing editor which made his heart bound with joy. His heart always jumped with joy whenever it had a chance, it was usually so terribly weighed down with depression at thought of the immense distance between himself and Nan. Not that Nan was rich. On the contrary, Nan hadn't a cent in the world, and Frank knew it. But her aunt, with whom she lived, had money, and knew how to dress Nan becomingly, and how to introduce her into rich people's society, and there Frank had no means of pursuing her, for, alack-a-day for the course of true love, they all lived in Chicago. If they had been placed by kindly fate in some romantic city, where Frank could have played the amorous flute under her window clad in a russet-velvet coat, there might have been some hope to beat a cheering roundelay in the poor boy's bosom. But there he was in Chicago, and with only a reporter's entree into those gilded palaces where Nan shone resplendent on such festal occasions as Clara Whitelead's wedding or Susie Porking's debut.

Clearly there was nothing for it but to hold fast to the position of society reporter until he could at least win an introduction to Nan, and have the felicity of a glance for himself from the depths of those golden eyes.

A six-month before Frank Humphrey would have declared it impossible that he should lose his heart to a girl to whom he had never even made a bow.

He was just out of college, and had those profound theories about women in general that youths of his age are apt to cherish. His experience with them was all in the future, when he applied for and obtained a place on the Chicago *Morning Between-Seas.* It was a good deal like his literary experience. He had taken a prize for composition on his graduation day, and his name had been in all the papers, and he had been proud and happy. He had felt as though he was on the high road to fame and success. By the way, success is fame, and fame is success, but this is a story, and has no vital relation to such parenthetical statements.

I said that Frank Humphrey's experience with womankind had been about like his literary experience. It was of about the same value to his real life. He had been tremendously interested in somebody or other when he was 16, or thereabouts. So all the rubbish had been cleared out of his heart, and the flame that Nan's eyes lit on its hearth was clear and bright and enduring. I suppose I ought not to say *enduring.* No flames are enduring of themselves. It is in their nature to burn out; but in this earnest young spirit there was a certain loyalty to itself which would keep the vestal fire burning always for sake of the loved one and for sake of the love.

Of course Nan did not know anything of all this on the sunshiny morning when Mrs. Delly looked up from her embroidery to say to her pretty niece, "That young Englishman comes here much too often."

As you already know, Nan yawned over her magazine before replying. There are so many sorts of yawns that it is no wonder Mrs. Delly did not know how to interpret this one, and paused to reflect before preceeding with the lecture she had been planning. Not coming to any conclusion, she very sensibly inquired, "What do you mean by yawning that way, my dear?"

"It was the story, Auntie. I beg your pardon. It is one of Mr. Howells'. I know it is the fashion to admire him; but I don't. I detest him. He makes all his characters go introspecting into their hearts and motives and intentions, till they don't know what they are and who they are, anyway, you know."

Nan finished her very evident quotation with another yawn, after the comical little drawl in which she had imitated the Englishman. Mrs. Delly laughed. "I say again, Mr. Hargrave comes here too often. See how you read the stories he dislikes, and quote his opinions."

This was not a wise speech on the part of Mrs. Delly; but wisdom comes.

Nan made a little grimace.

"What shall I do? Shall I say to him, 'My Dear Sir—I am out of school now, and my auntie doesn't like to have me talk to boys as much as I used to when I was 16. Hoping you will take this gentle hint, I am yours truly, Angela Browning?'"

"That's so, you were christened Angela. I always thought that was so good of your mother. I had so nearly forgotten it that you might say I didn't know it."

Frank Humphrey knew, however, that Nan's name was Angela, and he thought this heavenly name quite suited to the sweet child-like face he loved.

"If I can make her care for me some day in this sort of way," he said to himself once, as he was sitting in his lonely room, dreaming over a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems:

"If I can make her care she will care so much."

He had been reading "The Songs of Seven," and his heart beat fast at thought of that wistful face of the girl of 14.

"I wait for my story," he said, "I will make Angela love me some way, somehow." And then he remembered he must be off on his duty.

He wrote his report that night of Mrs. Lumberman's reception in a sort of dazed way, for he heard some one say something as he sat writing in a little smoking-room back of the grand parlor. This was what he heard:

"It will be a good match for little Nan. She is deucedly pretty, and deserves the luck, and they say Hargrave has no end of money."

He remembered every word of it with torturing distinctness. He returned to the office, after going home, long after midnight, and hunted up his "copy" in the printer's waste, to assure himself that he had not written those words with his description of the gown Nan wore.

Nan had laughed at that description before she commenced reading the magazine story which was interrupted by Mrs. Delly's remark already quoted:

"That Englishman comes here much too often."

Nan had hardly finished her mocking little speech in reply, when her aunt saw a sudden change in the girl's face turned toward the window. It was an indescribable expression, incomprehensible to Mrs. Delly, because the feeling which caused it was equally little understood by Nan herself.

Mrs. Delly was a practical woman, not given to what Hargrave called "introspecting," and she looked out of the window to see what Nan had seen to bring the inexplicable look into her eyes. And there was Hart Hargrave, in a tweed suit and an abominable cap, whirling by on his bicycle, with an absorbed air, as if bicycling was the one and only earthly occupation worthy the attention of a Christian and an Englishman. That was Hargrave's nationality coming to the surface. His countrymen are at their best in those out-door exercises which show off their splendid muscular development, and Hargrave was as proud of his arms and his inches as any son of his island.

If the truth were known, he was conscious that he was on Dearborn avenue, despite his absorption in himself. He was fully aware that he was directly beneath Mrs. Delly's windows, and he wondered inwardly if Nan saw him and admired him. He had seen her and admired her, and fairness demanded that she should do likewise. Indeed, he had seen her many times, and admired her very much, for Nan had golden eyes. Hargrave's own were a bright brown, and his hair was not too dark. He was tall and athletic, and knew how to wear a dress-coat better than any man in Chicago. There was no acquired virtue in that, however. He came of a race of dress-coated diners, whose evening clothes are part of their religion. Hargrave himself rather despised a man who dined in a frock-coat, before he came to Chicago. It was a mining speculation that brought him to America. He had been in Denver and Leadville, and was waiting in Chicago the result of certain business evolutions. He had letters of introduction to somebody who introduced him into Nan's world.

Hargrave rather looked down on the world, but looked up, a long way up, to Nan herself.

He found himself lingering an unconscionable time in Chicago. He haunted Mrs. Delly's parlors with persistence. He called them "drawing-rooms," and rather lisped the "r" Nan said, feeling it her duty to be funny about international peculiarities.

Nan belonged to the Margaret Fuller Society, and read Emerson, and knew some of Swinburne's sonnets, and doted on Wagner's music. At least, she said she did, and, doubtless, thought so, with the lovely enthusiasm of 19.

She talked to Hargrave about these things, and he listened with amazement. He had thought that only ugly girls and old maids knew of such things, and told Nan so in his straightforward way of complimenting.

Hargrave lingered in Chicago. When any one asked him if he intended proposing to Miss Browning, he looked grave, and retreated into himself. He did not understand outside interference with a man's private affairs.

I have read somewhere that a good story-writer lets his characters tell their own story in their own words. Very well.

Scene: The avenue. *Dramatis personæ:* Miss Browning, Mr. Hargrave, young gentleman on his bicycle returning; young lady standing on the edge of the stone pavement in an embarrassed way examining minutely a bit of scarlet wool which she has pulled out of the tiny package she carries. In the distance, and invisible, Mrs. Delly congratulating herself by her library fire on her good management in sending Nan to match wools at a moment when she would be sure to meet Hargrave returning from his morning run.

You perceive that Mrs. Delly liked Hargrave, and practically advocated his interests while opposing them theoretically to Nan. Mrs. Delly believed in the rule of contraries with young girls. That is a good rule if practically put into operation. The only trouble is that the young girls have so much innate contrariness that the application of it externally produces the wrong effect, like that old rule in the grammars about the double negatives.

That is a prologue or an epilogue, as you like it, the scene you have before you.

Here is the dialogue:

"The morning is quite delicious, Miss Browning."

"Yes, indeed, is it not?"

"Have you enjoyed your walk?"

"Oh, very much. Have you had a pleasant ride?"

"Oh, jolly, awfully jolly. There is nothing more refreshing than a brisk run on a bracing morning like this. It quite sets a man up for all day."

"Yes, indeed, I should think so. Do you ride bicycles much in England?"

"Oh, very much. It is quite the thing now. And ladies go on tricycles, too. I fancy you would like that sort of thing."

"Oh, no, indeed, I am sure I shouldn't. I must go home now. My aunt will be waiting for her wools!"

"Oh, yes, how stupid of me to keep you here! May I say good morning?"

"Oh, yes, good morning!"

"Good morning; I say, Miss Browning."

"Yes?"

Good morning. Or, that is, shall you be at home after dinner to-day?"

"Yes; so will Aunt Delly. Good morning."

"Good morning."

Now, all that sounds very stupid on paper, but it looked tragically living to Frank Humphrey, who happened to be walking by on the opposite side of the street, though he could not hear a word of the eminently interesting conversation I have set down for you.

First of all, he saw Nan coming along the pavement. He felt a thrill of consciousness that she had a little scarlet shawl around her shoulders. Frank had a sort of poetic instinct as to Nan's colors. It was more than the usual lover's sensitiveness. He was accustomed to see her in white at her parties, and he thought of her oftenest as Angela.

When, as sometimes happened, he saw her in her street dress, she was Nan to him; but now, with the scarlet wrap and the bright color in her cheeks, at sight of Hart Hargrave she was suddenly transformed into Miss Browning, of Dearborn avenue, and he realized himself to be poor Frank Humphrey, of the *Morning Between-Seas.*

He saw Hargrave jump from his wheel and take the girl's hand. He saw her embarrassment, and it cut his heart. He had so recently heard the society talk about their engagement, and he had no means even of guessing that it might not be true, yet he was fiercely determined from his very soul that Nan should never belong to any man but himself.

He saw Hargrave's animation of manner; he saw that he took her hand again at parting. He walked very slowly, and hated Hargrave bitterly for his chances, and then he turned and walked the other way, crossing the street so as to be near Nan, while Hargrave whirled off into a side street.

Is was in the forenoon. There was no one on the avenue for a long distance. Nan looked around, saw Humphrey, and stopped short, waiting for him, and looked directly at him as he approached her, feeling irresistibly the fascination of his eyes. I can't explain it, I only know that it happened. Frank stopped near her, and they looked full into each other's eyes for a second. Then Nan drew her scarlet shawl around her shoulders with a shiver and almost ran to her home, while Frank walked away in a tumult of emotion. Nan had only one—a feeling of outrage, of keen indignation. She had seen that face somewhere, but it had never impressed her. The man might be a ribbon clerk or a slipper-man, for aught she knew. He had no right to look at her so, and make her unable to help looking at him. There was the sting. Nan sat down on the floor and cried. There was no meaning in her crying. She couldn't help it on general principles, and that would have been the end of this queer little moment of the girl's life if Hart Hargrave had not seen the silent meeting and parting.

Humphrey had seen him talking with Nan; and fate, with a little bit of her own irony, gave Hart a tremendous twinge of jealousy at seeing this strange little encounter, although he was nearly two squares away.

Round whirled his good bicycle, and back into the avenue came the Englishman, rushing toward Nan and destiny in a desperate sort of way.

He had seen men in society talking to her, and felt confident that he was preferred before them all. And now he saw her stop for a moment beside some one whom she did not know, and the sunshine went out of the world suddenly.

Hart Hargrave saw that the future light of his summer days was all in Nan Browning's eyes.

He wondered why he had been waiting to tell her, and turned with the impulse of his heart in words upon his lips.

Whether he was blinded by the sunshine, or the swift insight into his own well-regulated emotions, I cannot tell you, but, someway or other, he fell.

Humphrey heard and saw the fall, and ran toward him. A fall of that sort is nothing to a man like Hargrave, ordinarily; but a bad pavement corner and a frosty morning make small mishaps great, and Hargrave lay unconscious, with a little blood on his face, as Humphrey lifted his head. To the first passer-by he left Hart, ran straight to Mrs. Delly's house and asked for Miss Browning. To me that may show undisciplined youth; to me it looks generous and good; to Humphrey it meant a chance to see Angela, perhaps to hear her speak to him, even though it was to say loving, pitying words of Hargrave.

Nan came into the parlor with her scarlet shawl still around her shoulders, and the signs of tears in her golden eyes. She stopped short, looking frightened when she saw who her visitor was.

Humphrey rose, grave and calm. He told her his name, saying, "Mr. Hargrave has just met with an accident on his wheel. Do you wish him brought here?"

"Why, no; he doesn't live here," said Nan, simply. Then, "I will call my aunt;" and she vanished.

This was too good an opportunity for Mrs. Delly to lose. Certainly Hargrave should be brought to her house, and Humphrey's spirits, which had risen at Nan's indifference, sunk fatally again at her aunt's interest. But he went off bravely with the servant Mrs. Delly sent, and helped bring Hart up to the house; then he went down on the lake shore and looked at the water, and wished he could lie down forever in its cool, green depths.

That afternoon Humphrey wrote a poem, which was printed later on in one of the big magazines and copied all over the country, bringing a pang of memory to many hearts which had loved and longed and lost.

Not that Humphrey knew when he wrote the poem that he had lost something never attained. It was one of those prophetic lovers' insights that do happen to people sometimes.

That same afternoon Nan sat reading to Hargrave, who lay on the sofa in her aunt's library. Mrs. Delly was busy with her embroidery, in the bay window, across the room.

Hargrave looked pale and touching. His forehead was bound up in fine linen, and a purple rug that Nan had made was spread over him.

I don't care about telling the rest of this story, so I will fall back upon that good rule of letting the characters do so. My thoughts are with Frank Humphrey, and I can't help wondering if he could possibly have taught Nan the story in the deep way he had learned it.

Perhaps if Hart Hargrave had not fallen off his bicycle into the arms of a friendly future, the light Frank dreamed of might have gleamed in Nan's golden eyes; she might have learned the depths and heights of the meaning she saw in Frank Humphrey's eyes in that moment when they two stood face to face, heart looking at heart.

Hargrave stopped Nan's reading.

"Please bring your chair a little nearer. I can't hear you distinctly," he said.

Nan did so, feeling a little tremor of apprehension, but not having much time for her Saxon; he spoke at once in a low, but, tremendously earnest tone:

"I should like this sort of thing to go on always. I can make you happy, Nan; I will. I promise you I will. There is no one you like better, is there?"

Nan looked down at her hands, and said "No," truthfully, and without a flutter of her heart.

"Will you take me, then? I will make you a good husband, dear. I never cared so much for any girl, and I have seen a good many. Your home will be a long way from here, but I will make it a happy one. Will you trust me?"

"Yes, if Aunt Dally says so," said Nan.

She rose and rushed off to her room and cried for the second time that day. Then she bathed her eyes and began to plan about her wedding gown, and to wonder what her English home would be like. And they all had dinner very happily. During the next half year the Chicago *Morning Between-Seas* published a column account of the wedding festivities of Miss Angela Browning and Mr. Hart Hargrave, of Blankshire, England.

Humphrey did not write the report. He had been promoted, and somebody else had charge of the Social Department.—*The Wheelman.*

Untamed Electricity.

The discovery by horses lately that electricity of a wild and decidedly quarrelsome nature pervades the pavements of Nassau street, New York, was an electrical wonder. The London *Globe* says that "a curious instance of electrical development by friction has been observed in a Berlin brewery, though not without causing a good deal of alarm among the workmen. The building is constructed of stone and iron, the floor being laid in asphalt. In the upper story of the malt-house was a malt-cleaning machine, from which the malt was taken through an iron shoot to wagons below for distribution through the works. It was found that if this remained in operation for a length of time electricity was developed by the friction of the malt with the shoot, and in the most isolated portions of it the tension of the electricity was such as to cause a continuous stream of sparks. The malt itself crackled, while the sparks flew from it to the hands of those standing by, who looked upon the manifestation as one of demoniacal origin. An expert was called in to examine the phenomenon, and the subject was brought before the Electrical Technical union. Dr. Werner Siemens showed how, through the influence of the asphalt floor, the malt room was so insulated from the other portions of the building as to become a large Leyden jar."

"You can hold an opinion more firmly than you can clutch a hornet.

A TEXAS TRIAL.

A Culprit Sitting on the Jury that Tried Him.

[From Texas Siftings.]

It is very difficult to distinguish one Mexican from another. They all look as if they had been cast in the same mould—a mould very much out of repair.

There was a case of horse-stealing tried in the district court in Antonio, in early days, that was very peculiar. There was not very much style about trying cases then, and particularly horse-stealing cases. Where a Mexican was accused of stealing a horse, pretty much all that was necessary was to say: "Gentlemen of the jury, there's yer Mexican!" and they would cry out: "Guilty of murder in the first degree!" without leaving their seats. Maybe, it was not quite so ceremonious, but there was not much time wasted in consigning him to the penitentiary.

One day a Mexican named Jose Maria Somethingorother, was brought into court to be tried for undue recklessness in the transfer of live stock. The court had appointed a leading lawyer to defend the Mexican, he being without funds to employ one, but the lawyer had been prevented by more important business from consulting with his Mexican client. In fact he never saw his client until the deputy-sheriff brought him into court, and dumped him down into a chair alongside of his attorney. Now the deputy-sheriff had been lately appointed and did not know one Mexican from another, and as the venue had run short, and the jury-box had to be filled, he picked up all the loafers in the court-room, and actually took the prisoner himself and put him in the jury-box to try his own case. The prisoner was not familiar with the ways of the court, so he did not say anything, and as another Mexican strolled in and took the vacant seat of the prisoner, his council was none the wiser, particularly as he himself had been out in the meantime, and had taken several drinks. The jury was impaneled and sworn, among them, of course, the prisoner, who lifted up his hand with the rest.

The prisoner's attorney, now turned to his client, and not knowing Spanish, asked him in English if he really stole the horse, as charged in the indictment. The Mexican understood not a word, and, as sometimes happens when Mexicans are asked questions they do not understand, the answer was: "Si, senor" (yes sir), whereupon the lawyer got up and told the court that his unfortunate client pleaded guilty, but that he, the lawyer, would like to address a few words to the jury. The district attorney not objecting the lawyer made the greatest effort of his life. He proved that his client was descended from a noble Castilian family that had shed their blood like water in holding this country against the Indians, how bad company had ruined him, how his family was in distress, and much more of the same kind of eloquence, until all the jury were more or less affected, except the prisoner in the jury-box, who, being a Mexican, and not understanding English, was not much moved. It was not his funeral. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and assessed the penalty at five years imprisonment. The jurymen, among them the real culprit, were dismissed, while the Sheriff put handcuffs on the innocent man in the chair, and led him of to jail. No doubt he had been guilty of some rascality, for he went along without murmuring. The upshot of it was, that the guilty juryman got wind of it, and made his escape. In the meantime, the friends of the missing Mexican hunted the town all over for him, but in vain. At last he was discovered in jail with hobbles on. As he owned several carts and oxen, and was a man of wealth, and influence among the Mexicans, a lawyer got him out on a writ of habeas corpus. On the examination all these facts came out, and the lawyer who defended the Mexican had a great deal of fun poked at him. Judge Thos. J. Devine, before whom the Mexican was brought on writ of habeas corpus, and Judge John H. Duncan, city attorney of Houston, will cheerfully substantiate the facts contained in the foregoing.

A Farmer's Plea for Thin Boots.

And now I wish to propound a conundrum. Is it necessary that a portion of the human family which is so essential to main, social, physical and moral well-being, as is the farmer, should spend his days in cowhide boots? Must his feet be cramped, and ground, bruised and galled out of all the shape and comeliness that naturally goes to the making of a human foot, merely because he is a farmer?

Cannot the mastic-roof man or the rubber man, or he of the cotton or wool trade, or even the boiler-iron man invent some relief from this torturing, expensive, killing, bison-hide boot business? We hear much rant about the evils of thin shoes, how they are the prolific causes of disease. Now for a roar against "thick boots."

Farmers are almost to a man clumsy and awkward in their gait and motions. There is nothing in this business that makes them so from necessity. It is all these heavy, shapeless, ignominious looking things they persist in wearing on their feet, and there is no class of people alive who need light heels as does the farmer. His work calls for long seasons of walking, and his feet should be as lightly clad as possible, whereas now he lifts tons of useless ox-hide daily, and acquires a slouching, dragging habit of feet and legs that is a dishonor to him.

I know that leather is so badly tanned and rotten nowadays that it would not last unless an inch thick. That honesty seems to have all gone out of the tanning business. It used to take eighteen months to tan a hide, and now it is done by steam in two or less. But the evil exists and needs abating, and the man who relieves us by his genius of this leathery curse, will deserve a monument, and will get it—if not of stone—of thankfulness in the hearts of toiling farmers.—*Iowa Homestead.*

The Gray Head by the Hearth.

A private letter from a lady who is spending a year among the peasants of Tyrol, says: The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and, hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast,—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned. "Is there a bride in this house?" I asked of my landlord. "Ach, nein!" he said. "We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday." The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each one who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad eyes were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers.—*Youth's Companion.*

Interpreted.

"I go for a season, but I return anon," playfully remarked the merchant when he left the office at 10:45 a. m.

"What does he mean?" timidly asked the new boy.

"Oh," replied the boy who wasn't new, "going for a season is stepping out for a clove, and returning anon is coming back anonymously—that is, sneaking around when you least expect him, trying to catch you reading the paper and eating peanuts."—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

A PAIR of slippers—The orange and banana skins.

Blessed Labor.

It is a mistaken idea that the divine condition imposed upon us to earn our living by labor, is an unmixed evil. On the contrary, we should welcome and love it. Those who pass their lives in idleness are really deprived of more than half of this world's pleasures and enjoyments. Idleness leads to either ennui, diseased body or mind, or vicious lives, and deprives the appetite and spirits of that zest of enjoyment which the true laborer has to compensate for toil. The blessings of this world are wisely distributed. Idleness has its peculiar diseases, destroying all enjoyment and cultivating misanthropy and weariness of life. More frequently the opulent than the industrious thus suffer. Whatever dwarfs and enfeebles the body and mind will curse the whole race. There is a necessity to call out our powers and compel us to work. It would soon be a world undesirable to live in, and the race would by the downward course of revolution tread the road back to apes or mollusks. The man should be happy who has naturally implanted within him a love of work. Such a man, with the other necessary surrounding right, is the really rich man, and he ought to be happy. Labor is healthy, invigorating, inspiring and is the best friend to man for his happiness and full development in intellect and stature.—*Iowa State Register.*

SOME DAY.

Some day I shall be dead.
Some day this tired head,
With all the anxious thoughts it nowdoth know
Shall be laid low.

This body, pain-racked, ill,
Shall lie at length, and still,
Under the clover and the wind-swept grass,
Nor hear you pass.

That were, indeed, strange sleep,
When even you might weep,
And come, and go—even you—unheard of me
As bird or bee.

Nay, sweetheart, nay! believe
Here is no cause to grieve.
One so wayworn, of trouble so oppressed,
Is glad of rest.

Perchance when that release
Hath wrought its spell of peace,
O'er this unquiet heart, long vexed with woe
Heart's-ease may grow.

Who loves me will not weep
When that I lie asleep.
But rather joy to think such sorrow may
Have end some day.

"GRANDPA, does hens make their own egg?" "Yes, indeed they do, Johnnie." "An' do they always put the yoke in the middle?" "Guess they do, Johnnie." "An' do they put the starch around it to keep the yellow from rubbing off?" "Quite likely, my little boy." An' who sews the cover on?" This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnnie's mouth with a lollipop.—*London Society.*

IRA TOWNSEND, long known as "the hermit of Powelton," died in the Philadelphia almshouse the other day. For years he lived in a lime box not more than eight feet square, from which he had to be dislodged by force when the exigencies of local improvements made his occupancy of the place no longer possible. His relatives in Vermont are in comfortable circumstances.

AN English chemist analyzed a red stocking and got out of it twenty-two grains of tin. We should'nt think he got enough to pay for his trouble; and yet he couldn't expect to find a gold mine in one red stocking. A pair of red stockings, however, frequently contain something that a gold mine couldn't buy.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MOVEMENT is on foot to induce planters to make a change in their methods of shipping cotton, and to reduce the weight of a bale to 100 pounds. There is said to be no good reason why cotton should be packed in cumbersome bales weighing 500 pounds or upward. Egyptian cotton bales weigh ninety-eight pounds.

DUCKS infest Coos bay, Oregon, by millions, and are being continually killed and captured in every conceivable manner by men, women and children. One man has a home-made Gatling-gun on the bow of a skiff. He mows them down in swaths, and supplies the market at a bit apiece.

THERE are in San Francisco four palatial houses worth together more than $3,000,000. Their owners, ex-Gov. Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mrs. Mark Hopkins and Mr. Colton, represent about $130,000,000. The magnificent structures stand unoccupied about ten months of each year.

THREE HUNDRED dollars a year gives a spacious and elegant residence in the Azores. Servant wages are $2 to $5 a month; 1 cent a pound buys the finest grapes; meat and chickens are about 50 per cent less than here; fish are excellent and abundant, and vegetables are plenty and cheap.

THE other morning William Santry, a middle-aged man, who lived near North Stockholm, N. Y., arose early to see the comet. By mistake he opened the wrong door, stepped into the cellar-way, and fell to the bottom, receiving injuries from which he died within an hour.

THE Ninth Avenue Railway Company of New York obtained a temporary injunction restraining the Commissioner of Public Works from doing anything to prevent it from extending its track along the boulevard from Sixty-fourth street to Seventy-second street.

CATCHES the eye: "A loft to lett" is painted on the door of a Gold street store. "Why don't you spell those words properly?" a customer asked the proprietor. "Because if we did no one would turn to read them. That extra 't' catches the eye."—*New York Mail.*

RECENT storms have proved very destructive to oyster buoys on Long Island sound, and a large number have been swept away. Off Milford and Stratford many have been lost. Nearly all of the oysters on 500 acres near the breakwater have been ruined.

CERTAIN cells in one of the Russian prisons have a glass eye so fixed above reach in the door that the prisoner may feel that he is every moment under surveillance. However, when a fly walks over the bogus optic, the prisoner, no doubt, twigs the joke.

THE maximum rate per mile for passengers over railroads in California has been fixed by the state board of railroad commissioners at four cents, a reduction in some cases of about forty per cent. The new tariff goes into effect the 1st prox.

THE movement in the East to abolish the vest has petered out. When a man takes off his coat at a Sunday-school picnic to ladle out the ice-cream he wants something between the public and the knots in his suspenders.

J. T. HARKEY, of Palmer, Tex., drank a bottle of peppersauce to cure the ague. The dose made him mad, and, like a dog with the hydrophobia, he snarles and tries to bite everything and person in reach of him.

THE explosion of a kerosene lamp at Plymouth, Maine, did not hurt Mrs. Miles much, and the loss of the dress which she wore was of small account; but in a burned pocket was $1,800 in paper money.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS has been considered the mark of a great man, but a fellow never feels very big about it when he lugs a napkin away from the table in his handkerchief pocket.

ONE of the benevolent New Yorkers who helped introduce the English sparrow here has had to remove every bracket and go to an expense of $100 for painting.

A BAR of gold was cast in Nevada City, Cal., which weighed 330 pounds, the largest ever cast in this country.

MANY a man has gotten rich in this country saving other people's money for a Washington Monument.

THE registration in Boston is 55,530, which is very large for an off-year.

A Half-Dollar Trial.

Mr. Ernest King, editor of the Fall River, Mass., *Sun*, thus discourses upon the merits of St. Jacobs Oil: "Suffering with rheumatic pains I was Didymus as to remedies. I read of St. Jacobs Oil, and said here goes for a half-dollar trial. I bought a bottle and before it was half used the screw-wrench pains had gone and troubled me no longer."

Dividing the Provits of the Entertainment.

The Rev. Granville Moody, known during the war as the "fighting parson," is now living in Iowa. He is over six feet in height, is portly, straight and broad-shouldered, though he has been preaching for 50 years. Many interesting anecdotes are told, illustrating his aggressiveness. His fierce patriotism during the war got him into trouble frequently, but he always came out best. Once, while he was stationed at Piqua, Ohio, Frank McKinney took umbrage at something he had said and threatened to whip him. He was warned that he might get hurt, but he calculated that the preacher would do only Quaker fighting, and hence attacked him on the streets of Piqua. They had a scuffle and Frank went to grass. The reverend doctor got his antagonist's head in chancery and pummeled it until he cried enough. "There, Frank," said the doctor, "I told you I might hurt you." In the squabble they tumbled over a boy and broke his leg. Dr. Moody at once took charge of the youngster, paid the surgeon's bill and more, and sent an account to McKinney for half the expenses, which the latter paid.—*Exchange.*

COL. C. W. HERBERT, of the Forest Park Restaurant, St. Louis, Mo., was entirely cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Old Nath's Mistake.

Old Nath entered a Markham street store, and approaching the proprietor said:

"Boss, I can't git but ninety cents fur dis Mexicum dollar."

"That's none of my business."

"Yes it is, sah, case I got de dollar heah."

"You didn't get it from me."

"Dat may be true, but I foun' it in de store when I was sweepin' out. You would hab los it jes' as quick ef it had been a Newnited States dollar, an' I would hab been jes' as ap' ter find it. So, under dese 'siderations, I thinks dat yer aughter make dis dollar good by givin' me ten cents."

"Let me see the dollar."

Nath complied and the merchant put the coin in his pocket.

"Dar now," exclaimed the negro. "I always did go too fur wid a proposition. Ef I hadn't been so hones' an' wanted dis white man ter make good de discount on his outstandin' obligations, I would hab made ninety cents. A nigger is de biggest fool I eber seed, nohow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Convalescent Persons

When one has been sick for a long time with some low fever, such as typhoid or malarial, it is with a gladsome feeling he leaves his bed and finds himself growing better But oh, how very weak he feels! In such cases a good strengthening tonic like Dr Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla will help matters greatly Ask your druggist to get it for you

A LADY who had married a dancing-master was discussing the subject of matrimony with a female friend. The latter, a spinster in whom the frosts of forty winters had not withered the tender flowers of sentiment, declared that nothing but a poet for a husband would satisfy, and added, "I could never have married as you did." "You forget there is poetry of motion," replied the other; "my husband writes poetry with his heels."

THE reasons that æsthetes so admire the stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg, and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.

Money Made on Small Investments.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the detailed statement of profits made and paid customers of Fund W every month for the past nineteen months, by the Commission House of Flemming & Merriam. This statement will be found in our advertising columns. This enterprising and well-known house seems to be furnishing a safe and profitable speculative investment, especially for those who desire to invest small or medium amounts. They report continued activity in the general commission business. They say that for past month the markets, especially in the wheat pit, have been quiet and tame, yet their business shows a continued increase. They offer excellent facilities for any one desiring to operate in the speculative markets on our board, and for shippers of general produce they offer many advantages. Their large warehouse, located at Nos 20, 22, 24 and 26 Market street, running to the river, is specially adapted to their business as receivers and shippers. Their offices near the Board of Trade are located at Nos 141 and 143 LaSalle street, and any information on the market or relating to their business is cheerfully given.

A MISSOURI man got caught in a small whirlwind which raised him just a little way from the ground and shook him until all his buttons fell off When the thing stopped he muttered: "Reckon I'll have to send for another pound of quinine."

The Conductor.

WINONA, Minn., Nov. 29, 1879.

I had been suffering with a severe cold for several days; was so hoarse I could not speak above a whisper Nov. 16 I met one of Dr. Warner's agents on my train; he handed me a bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup; one hour after taking the first dose my hoarseness commenced to leave me. In twenty-four hours my voice was quite clear and natural, and the cold nearly cured. It is the best remedy I ever saw.

Respectfully,
C W WARREN, Conductor,
Chicago and Northwestern R. R.

"SAY," remarked a Charleston, S C, spotter to one of the most innocent, "you fellows carry lots of cheek, whatever else you may have" "Pshaw!" replied the pilgrim, "we only carry samples; you ought to see our stock."—*The Drummer.*

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due.

Honor the name of Dr. Scott Putnam, inventor of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. Many less deserving men have their names enrolled among those considered benefactors of their race Why not his? Ask those who have used Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor what they think of it. Their thankful hearts cannot sound his praise too high Safe, sure and painless. Beware of cheap substitutes Sold everywhere by druggists, etc Wholesale, LORD, STOUTENBURGH & Co, Chicago.

A BOOK-AGENT had the misfortune to break his leg at a camp-meeting in Butler, Ga. and, while the sympathizers were gathered around, as two surgeons set the limb, he sold three copies of his book.

Grandmother

Used to say: "Boys, if your blood is out of order, try Burdock tea;" and then they had to dig the Burdock and boil it down in kettles, making a nasty, smelling decoction. Now you get all the curative properties put up in a palatable form in BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Price $1.

JUDGE TOURGEE says the live men are always to be found in front In funeral processions, down here in Texas, we have noticed that the remains were in front, and the live men came straggling along behind.—*Texas Siftings*

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

To Union soldiers reported on rolls as deserters. Act of Aug 7, 1882. Send stamps for blanks to STODDART & Co, 413 G street, N. W, Washington, D. C. Pension and Bounty claims a specialty.

A GENTLEMAN who took to medicine late in life said to a friend: "You know the old proverb, 'At 40 a man must be a fool or a physician?'" "Yes," was the reply, "but, doctor, don't you think he can be both?"

THE successful man has many imitators in his peculiar line of business, but still there is only one originator. So, also, the great petroleum hair renewer, Carboline, as now improved and perfected, holds the palm against all imitators as a genuine article of merit. Try it.

THE Boston *Post* wants to know "Why shouldn't a girl have her shoes blacked?" Don't know anything about Boston girls, but the reason why they cannot in St. Louis is because the bootblacks haven't time.—*New Haven Register.*

MRS. A. N. FRANK, 177 West Tupper street, Buffalo, N. Y., says she has used THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for severe toothache and neuralgia, and considers it the best thing she knows of for relieving pain.

MEAT has become so dear in Austin that a hotel keeper uses a market basket to carry the money to market, and he brings back the meat in his pocket-book.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world. Use it and save your horses and wagons. One greasing will last two weeks.

LEANDER opened the "Marine Court" when he first swam across the Hellespont to meet his darling.

Personal!—To Men Only!

The VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

THE fashion of short sleeves never made pretty arms, but it is more than probable that pretty arms made short sleeves fashionable.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

A TEXAS man recently committed suicide, and as he left the whisky bottle in his pocket nearly full he was adjudged insane.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.
MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP, for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless 25c.

THE only house in which the inmates can put up a stove without indulging in loud profanity is a deaf and dumb asylum.

OVER 200,000 Howe Scales have been sold, and the demand increasing continually. Borden, Selleck & Co, Agents, Chicago, Ill.

THE Bible says there is a time to laugh. The time to smile is when the candidate is in a good humor

LYON'S Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes from running over. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

MANY a man is like a digit. His importance is increased simply because of his association with ciphers.

NOTHING pays a young man better than improving himself at H B Bryant's Chicago Business College

THE waist of time can always be found in the hour glass.

TRY the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

THE paper-hanging business is a bad one, for it always sends a man to the wall.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours My friends then purchased a bottle of DR WM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefited me I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine"

PP DEWITT C. KELLINGER'S LINIMENT is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Lameness and Diseases of the Scalp, and for promoting the growth of the Hair.

Neighbors.

There are many kinds of neighbors. There is the variety which we might call the casual neighbor: it has nothing special to do, and so is always dropping in to see what you are doing, it does not stay long enough to be consecutive or interesting, and comes much too often to be welcome; it breaks the thread of the letter you are writing, and scatters the seed of the flower you are planting. Then there is the unavoidable kind: it is continually coming with invitations to dine, or to tea, or to drive; it is angry if you do not accept them, and deeply hurt if you do not very shortly return them. Then there is also the inevitable or relentless, whose coming is like Fate, foretold by note or message. This variety usually lives at some distance, and so comes early in the day, puts up its horses, takes off its hat, and settles down with a bit of work, lest its thrifty fingers might be idle. For this there is no remedy. You may flee from the others sometimes to the fastnesses of the rocky caves, whence no seeking servant can hunt you forth; but here there is nothing to do but give up your walk or drive, let your paint dry upon the palette, knowing that just that study of color would have been the best of your life, and sit smiling, and be as pleasant as possible.

A real Utopia would be where the neighbors were neither too near nor too distant; their rules of life should be broad and charitable; their hours should be too precious to waste in futile coming and going; and their hospitality and comradeship should be unvarying and true. I have known some whose coming was a festival, and their going was a grief.—*Alice G. Howe, in Harper's Magazine.*

MOST any man can grab a gun by the muzzle and pull it over the fence or out of a boat, but the second or third will leave the gun without an owner.

HAIR Send postal for Ill'st'd Catalog. HULL'S Hair Store, 38 & 40 Monroe Chicago.

Educate For Business at the Oldest & Best Commercial College. Circular free. Address C BAYLIES, Dubuque, Ia.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free Address J. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Chicago, Ill.

WATCHES! JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, retailed at wholesale rates. Price-list free. T. W. Kennedy, P. O. Box 850, N. Y.

GOLDEN OFFER! 12 elegant silk-finished Handkerchiefs for $1.25. A 7-shot well rifled Revolver $1. By mail, 10c. extra. Other goods equally low Chas. Lubrecht's Empire Novelty House, 44 Vesey St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 100

A. REED & SONS. PIANOS. Guaranteed first-class in tone and durability Correspondence invited. Catalogues 1882 free. REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC, 139 State st., Chicago. Est'd 1842.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS And the BEST MACHINERY in the World for BORING and DRILLING WELLS by Horse or Steam Power! Book Free. Address LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO

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This N.Y. Singer, $20 With $2 set of Attachments Free. Warranted perfect Light running quiet, handsome and durable. Sent on test trial plan when desired Happy Home Organs, 4 sets Reeds, 12 stops, Mechanical sub Bass, octave coupler 2 knee swells, with $5 stool and $1 Book, only $78. Also sent on test trial plan if desired Elegant case, magnificent tone, durable inside and out. Circular, with testimonials, free. Ask G Payne & Co. 47 Third av Chicago

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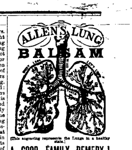
[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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STATEMENT

Of the Profits made on each Share of Fund W during the past 19 months, or from May 1st, 1881, to Dec. 1st, 1882.

		(SHARES OF $10 EACH.)	Per Share.
May,	1881	46 per cent	$4.60
June,		68	6.80
July,		45	4.50
Aug.,		85	8.50
Sept.,		63	6.30
Oct.,		53	5.30
Nov.,		51	5.10
Dec.,		46½	4.65
Jan.,	1882	65	6.50
Feb.,		35	3.50
March,		43	4.30
April,		45	4.50
May,		41½	4.15
June,		57	5.70
July,		27½	2.75
Aug.,		46	4.60
Sept.,		25	2.50
Oct.,		36½	3.65
Nov.,		32	3.20

Profits on each Share of $10 for 19 months $87 55

Owing to the many changes in values during the past nineteen months, a number of trades were made and closed without profit to the Fund, which were fully explained in former statements to shareowners, yet, notwithstanding these trades a profit of $87 55 was made on each share, and we are pleased to hear of the general satisfaction of shareholders.

November Profits of Fund W.
First Week Nov. the profits were 9½ per cent.
Second " " " " 5 "
Third " " " " 6½ "
Fourth " " " " 11 "
OR $3.20 PROFITS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.
PROFITS PAID FIRST OF EACH MONTH.

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