THE IRON HERALD.

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NEGAUNEE, L. S., MICH.

BY

C. C. CHIFFEY, Editor.

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THE IRON HERALD.

JOB PRINTING

If Every Description, with or

Posters, Circulars,
Bill Heads, Note Heads,
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Visiting Cards,
Pamphlets, Programmes, Tags,
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EVENTS OF A YEAR.

A Chronological Record of the More Important Happenings of the Year 1882.

We present below a summary of the most remarkable events of the year 1882, and of the dates of their occurrence:

JANUARY.

—Two persons killed, and seven injured by a boiler explosion at Ottawa, Ill.

—Three persons burned to death at Rockford, Ill.

—Two men drowned, escaped prisoners and a boat capsized in the Illinois River, loss of three of the former and loss of the boat and property, estimated at $5,000, at Ottawa, Ill.

—An affray in Montgomery county, Mo., between the Hicks and Ward families, resulted in the killing of four persons.

—Thirteen persons drowned in the Ohio River, near Louisville, Ky., by the capsizing of a ferry boat, which was being towed across the river by a steamer.

—Engineer Gay, seven scarlatina in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Twenty-five persons perished in the Vienna theater fire.

—Two persons killed in a boiler explosion at Ashland, Ky.

—Eleven persons burned to death in a fire in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Six persons drowned by the capsizing of a ferry boat in the Ohio River, near Louisville, Ky., while being towed across the river by a steamer.

—Three persons perished in the wreck of a freight schooner Washington, on Lake Michigan, near Kewaunee, Wis.

—Two persons killed by a boiler explosion in a sawmill near Ashland, Ky.

—Six persons drowned in Lake Michigan, by a sailboat capsizing, near Racine, Wis.

—Two persons killed by a boiler explosion in a sawmill near Canton, Mo.

—Two persons killed by a boiler explosion in a sawmill near Ashland, Ky.

—Twenty persons injured by the explosion of a cartridge factory at Hartford, Conn.

—Three children burned to death in a house fire in Chicago, Ill.

—Two persons killed by a boiler explosion in Chicago, Ill.

—Two persons drowned in the Ohio River, near Louisville, Ky., by the capsizing of a ferry boat, while being towed across the river by a steamer.

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IRON HERALD.

Thursday, Jan. 11th, 1883.

NEGAUNEE, U. S., MICH.

Governor Pleasant, of Maine, is still agating. It is given out that if the expiration of his term of office be will be pecuniary to the editorship of a newspaper. Well if the sons has done well in five subordinate positions, there is good reason why he should not be invited to "name up higher."

In their any connection between the chairman of Florida and the United States Treasury? General Spinner is signed and seen to Florida, where he has been helping congressmen since Ann and it is said that Treasurer Gil Hilton will resign and congress to the State of flowers and oranges, and be down in a grass and grove up with the country.

There is trouble in Cass Valley, California, because Sunbay school does not close in time for the hour lad's games. There is no objection to the Sunday school as an institution; but some of the best players are drunkards, and if they are not present when the game is called the other side is liable to win, and betting men lose their sin-my. Some compromise in time will have to be made or the Sunday school, like the Chinese, "must go."

How is a regular way of making a fortune out of luck. A man in Ohio had a lad in lieu of raising stock, of a mental cast, and pitched to go on the lottery for a time. Then the stock rose sky-high. The person to whom it was pledged sold it. Subsequently it fell again, and he bought it back making $25,000 by the transaction. The rise owner of the stock fixed out about the transaction and Treasurer for $25,000 belonging to him The Supreme Court gave it to him, too.

It doesn't take much to take the spirits of the Democracy. They are cracked in electing Governors in Iowa, and now thinks that it is the way the whole State next year. If be giving party a 2 dose any good they will have full benefit of it. A meeting of the prominent members of the party has been called for the early part of the present month to make preparations for the next campaign. A vigorous and determined effort will be made to elect the next Governor, and a lively contest may be looked for in advance, over the division of the spoils. And then the Republicans of Iowa will wake up, and after the effeminate Democratic condition will wonder whether they are living much anywhere else. The honest Republicans will not be so easily caught next time.

Wise the Secretary of the Interior goes out that there are prospects, prospects on the table, and still a quantity of an million applicants, people could only thinking there is some mistake, and the sooner it is looked into the better for the country and for the really deserving soldiers. Now, if you, or anyone, has been expended so far and the arrears are treated as just pensions, and instead of the year be diminishing, it would naturally be supposed, by this time, it is increasing more rapidly every year. Ominous is this to be sure, to be sorry for. As soldiers of the country have received injury in late years, let it be always, for that the country should be defended and the next and deserving soldier benefitted by funds. Something just seems to be lacking in it, and the more or the better.

The prophecy was made that the emancipation of the colored people of the south would result in the ruin of the long cot of the cotton. In view of the fact that almost universal importations were necessary to keep the supply while slavery lasted, there seemed to be some ground for the prediction, but facts do not bear it out. On the contrary, the white planters will have to look out that the blacks do not become and continue to be the dominant race. With all the immigration of settlers from Europe, and from northern States, and the various attempts of the colored people in Kansas and elsewhere, the increase in the colored population has been within less than 6 per cent. of double that of the white. The increase in the colored population during the past year has been 3.46 per cent., while that of the white has been only 3.05 per cent.

Here Mott, the Socialist, who is harangueing and denouncing all the class in Chicago, is applying a pretty means test to the fulminations of republicans form of government. His question are of the most inconsiderate character, and laugh about them as may, they are addressed to the very cream of people likely to be most unjustly affected by them, and likely to do the most damage to democracy, and everybody else by efforts to carry out his recommendations. If never be educated American hested him, we could afford to smile at the nonsense, but the country is filling up with the lowest and most ignorant classes of foreigners, who have come here because this is a free land, and who being amazed to find them with wrongs unredressed of which they should be sorry to put a name to such harangues. While no immediate danger to our institutions is to be feared, such teaching is calculated to make discontent among people who might otherwise be happy and prosperous, and results in making land-owners many who would otherwise be good. For a man to say to an audience composed of foreigners that in this country "money and pleasure is a dip for the dishes," is, if not a gamination of argument will be much out of theatres and places of enjoyment will be free for everybody as it was in the old Grecian times, and there will be no tyranny of any kind. They would be very glad if they could get victory by peace and peaceably, but they are sorry to know that there was no other way of becoming truly free but to go through a sea of blood and tears," would only call form a length of devious and contrary; but the same words addressed in a crowd whose idea of liberty are the common of the right to do as they please, without regard to the rights of others, and who think that all restraints of whatever law are infringements of that right, can have no effect in turning them against the very institutions that are their only protection against the invasion of their rights. Liberty that is not regulated by law is the liberty of the strong to oppose the weak, and of the rich to oppress the poor, and man as the harbinger is from sitting the waters of the ocean.

Into News.

The Garfield tax raised $19,800.

Rawlins Journals deplores the loss of students.

Hancock of the Irish extend large since Secretary Kirkwood.

Austrian official journals are relieved regarding Kossuth's death.

January 11th number of assisted arrivals Indian is expected to reach 30,000.

Dubuque is assessed to 10 years' penal servitude for assaulting to another Indian Lorenz.

A judicial complication into the circumstances of Gambetta's receiving the sacred wafer.

Vice Admiral Sesmo will fill the vacancy in the Japanese Council caused by the death of Admiral Kawamura.

The Sultan is expected to visit the Sultan of Morocco in a deeply interested Moroccan's this is being concerned.

The persons are arrested at Dublin suspected of being implicated in the attempted murder of Field, one of the Home Jurors.

Bismark thinks Gambetta's death is probably less because he was chief opponent of a republic, which was a pledge of peace.

The issue of Bankruptcy, which rose to one of due bent in England, were in decided increase of large sums which are usually squeezed.

According to M. Du Bois' answers, the agency there sent 8,750 fellows in the Ottoman Sultan has just spared 3,000 to 1,000 Abyssinian were $170,000,000 against $81,000 in 1880.

Government Bonus estimates that $35,000,000 would be required to refund internal on stocks of bitumen, cigars, tobacco, etc., was so bad, in case of the abolition of excise.

Paris Gaulois has some newspapers attributed and yet refused to extend more than any other Paris journal.

A man in New York begins a plan of the gallows for years ago, and had such mortgaged in the $20,000. The increase is value.

It appears well for the good news, as well as good news of the eastern people that the bottom area of the Pool Harbour is a large fellow among them.

Profits sold 1 to June 20,000 upwards The reduction in the profits first during December amounts to $1,000,000.

A great monument in memoriam of also impressed of Nina Alice Stonewall Jackson, the 1861 commander of the Confederacy, is laid on Oct. 2, Gettysburg, of the 17 & 2 acres.

Stevenson Cole, Secretary, says, as he is now living with his uncle with. He has been a prisoner since the 1st of Oct. and Cecil remains since then 6 or 10 descendants were present.

Lady Dorchester's ball, given in honor of her 40th anniversary, was the most brilliant ever New York remarks for a share of the Prince of Wales, and Lady Dorchester made a net that of ball take Mrs. Langtry and that other Helen star has been in the two weeks. This is all interesting to London, but can mean very little to people of an object it.

Democratic journals are beginning to realize that ex-Governor Hendricks's progress was in the Sun, not in the heat. He doubtless is more for sense of time yet.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

THE TIME IS ALMOST EXPIRED TO PAY your Taxes, and I will be at my office in Negaunee for the last time to receive the same, on and after the 15th day of January, 1883. Yours, Respectfully,

E. A. CLARK, Township Treas.

Negaunee, Jan. 11, 1883.

TAX NOTICE.

WOULD I REMIND MYSELF THAT THE Tax Roll in the Township of Negaunee, Marquette County, Michigan, for the year 1882, is in my hands for collection, and I will be at my office in Negaunee, on and after the 15th day of January, 1883, to receive the same.

DAVID McGEOCH,
Township Treasurer.

Negaunee, Jan. 11, 1883.

NORMAN McLEOD,

Undertaker,

Has Made a
Furniture, Upholstery PICTURE FRAMES, ETC.
Specialty of the above, and can now show a good, better to and at reasonable rates, well remove prompt attention. Remember the place, Iron Street, between Washington and Jackson streets.

Negaunee, Michigan.

A. BOULSOM,
Merchant Tailor,
Silver Street, Negaunee,
Shop in Gallup building, next south of Cook's Drug Store, Negaunee.

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE BEST

Cloths, Imported & Domestic

Always on hand. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Prices reasonable. Call and see for yourself.

MARQUETTE,
HOUGHTON AND ONTONAGON
R. R.
DEC 10, 1882.

GOING EAST.

Leave Marquette for Negaunee and intermediate stations at 8:00 A. M., and 12:00 M. and 5:00 P. M.

Leave Negaunee for Marquette and intermediate stations at 8:30 A. M., and 12:30 M. and 5:30 P. M.

GOING WEST.

Leave Marquette for Michigan and intermediate stations including Republic at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 11:30 P. M.

Leave Republic and the Depot Service at 7:30 P. M.

☞ Connection is made at Sturgeon with C. & N. W. R. R. and at Marquette with D. L. & M. R. R.

SAMUEL SCHOOR,
General Manager.

THOROUGHLY NOURISHES, Strengthens and Invigorates Nerves and Muscles.

Extra.

EXPIRATION FROM THE PRESIDENCE OF the Supreme Court of the United States, on the 8th day of January, 1883, the Hon. Waite will be the successor of the Hon. Chief Justice Chase, deceased.

Negaunee, Dec. 15, 1882. TEGARDEN.

For Rent.

I OFFER FOR RENT THE BUILDING on Iron street, Negaunee, known as the Lake Superior Hotel, and fitted up for a hotel, with all the necessary furniture.

EDWARD STEVENS.

Negaunee, Sept. 1, 1882.

House and Lot for Sale.

I OFFER MY RESIDENCE ON IRON ST. I offer to the choicest of Iron Lake street, Negaunee, for sale. Inquire of the undersigned, or of Mr. Jacob Kaufman, Negaunee.

JOHN COLGREE.

Negaunee, Mich., Mar. 1, 1882.

For Sale.

HAVING DECIDED TO REMOVE FROM this place I offer the following property for sale: Lot 3, block 3, Iron street, Negaunee, with a good two story house, containing a couple of double stoves, well-arranged for two families, and in good order. Also, the lot adjoining, with a good stable thereon, which has been used for the business of coal contractor. Also, the lot adjoining, with a good two story house, and a good barn, fronting on Iron street.

ROBERT MCCOLL.

Negaunee, Mich., Dec. 1, 1882.

CATARRH

SALVATION OIL

HAY-FEVER

DIRECTIONS.—Apply with finger or soft brush, freely to the nostrils, on retiring, and on first rising. Also, to the forehead, temples, and back of the neck, if affected with pain. Use three times daily, or oftener if necessary.

Sold by Druggists at 50 cents. In cases of doubt, send for Circular. Address, WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

C. H. GLOVER SALE CO., Owego, N. Y.

THEOPHILE ROY,

Justice of the Peace

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCING AND ALL KINDS OF LEGAL BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE AND ALWAYS THE BEST REMITTANCE.

Office—Silver Street, Negaunee.

C. H. THORNE,
Merchant Tailor,
Iron Street, Negaunee

A complete line of the best clothes imported and domestic goods. Prices reasonable. Call and see for yourself. Iron street, Negaunee.

Greatest Medical Remedy

In the Word

FOR SKIN DISEASES OF EVERY CHARACTER.

N. S. SALVAIL,

PROPRIETOR & PROPRIETOR,

Gallipolis Ohio.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per box.

WINTER & SUESS,

COUNSEL OF IRON AND SILVER STREETS.

Negaunee,

ready to do other work offer their fine of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gloves and Mittens, Rubbers, Overshoes, Blankets, Robes, Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Fur Gloves, Fur Robes, Fur Trimmings, Fur Collars, Fur Boots, Fur Shoes, Fur Mittens

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday, Jan. 11th, 1883.

THIS PAPER.

CHAS. A. SNOW & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents, New York.
Are authorized to receive advertisements at the lowest rates.

GOOD WORK.

Job Printing, Neat, Cheap and Prompt, at the Herald Office.

Job Printing in Colors a specialty.

Ladies' Fine Sewed Shoes, $2.50 at Ball's.

Ladies' Fine Kid Button

A BACHELOR'S QUERY.

What mighty autocrat is his
Around whose throne in worship blending
Are female votaries whose bliss
Is but complete at chance to kiss
A finger tip—a big toe, maybe—
His every act and look commending?
It is, it is the blessed baby.

What adoration of his eyes!
What wonder at his soft cheek's blending!
What exclamations at his size!
They listen to his "goo's" and cries
And note with approbation, maybe,
The luckless volume he is rending,
For is he not the "blessed baby!"

With what ecstatic, rapt surprise
They gaze upon the upward tending
Of tiny toes, which each one tries
With "big pig" stories ever wise,
At which across his face it may be,
His dimples a toothless smile are sending;
And then they shriek: "The blessed baby!"

At other times his pleasure 'tis,
In apathetic unattending,
To be indifferent to this
Excess of worship which is his
Through no inherent merit, maybe,
But from a terror of offending
This solemn despot of a baby.

Suppose I use such arts as these,
With ladies, charmed attention lending,
Before me upon bended knees
Be making such attempts to please?
Should I such homage get? It may be,
Though I am sorely apprehending
They'd give it to some blasted baby.
—*Washington Republican.*

FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

I, Robert Ogden, at 24, was a tolerably good-looking youth, with a position in Wells & Banker's wholesale store as book-keeper at a salary of $75 a month. Nothing very brilliant about all this, to be sure; but I think that I should have felt very well satisfied with my lot in life had I never indulged in dreams of sudden wealth—in other words, if I had never heard of my rich Aunt Mahala. Now, unfortunately, just as you please to consider it—I had not only heard of her, but she was the oracle to which our family listened on all occasions. She was a spinster of the severest type, but she was the possessor of $200,000 in good securities, and this, as you may imagine, covered a multitude of defects.

When I was 6 years old, and my cousins, Bert and Jim Ogden, were about the same age, Aunt Mahala announced her intention of setting one of us up in business to the extent of half her fortune when he, the lucky boy, should become 25 years of age. Whichever one of us best suited her in general behavior and in the choice of a wife should be the favored one, she declared. On that day my trouble commenced. Of course, the choice of a wife had not yet entered my youthful imagination, but as I grew into boyhood I manifested a natural desire to have as good a time as other boys, and this was entirely contrary to Aunt Mahala's strict ideas of propriety.

"The idea of your letting that boy go with a lot of other young loafers to ride down hill till 10 o'clock at night!" she would say to my mother; and for that winter, at least, my fun was spoiled, or else procured under the greatest difficulties. Oh, I hated Aunt Mahala in those days, and wished her a thousand miles away!

When I was old enough to realize the immense help her money would be to me, I did for the time try to please her; but her whims and her almost-constant interference provoked me beyond the bounds of endurance.

"Let her keep her money!" I declared, wrathfully, to my mother who was always expostulating against my impatience. "If Jim and Bert want to get down on their knees to her they can do so, but I am resolved to be independent."

Now, all this sounded very fine, and I felt every word of it; at the same time, $100,000 was a nice sum, and nothing would have suited me better than to have it at my disposal.

When I obtained the situation at Wells & Banker's, Aunt Mahala for the first time acknowledged herself pleased.

"I like to see young men get into business," she said, emphatically. "There is nothing more disgusting than to see a young sprig like yourself sauntering around with a cane and a cigar, trying to make folks think he's a man when he don't know any more than a baby."

Strangely enough, she advised all of her nephews to get married.

"Men are poor, miserable creatures unless they have a sensible woman to look after them and keep them from making fools of themselves," she said to me.

I did not contradict this sweeping assertion, but I might just as well have done so, for she took up her last remark exactly as if I had.

"Yes, fools—perfect fools! They always will be because they always have been."

"Was that the reason you never married one of them?" I ventured to ask, although I knew my chance for the $100,000 would sink a trifle thereby.

"None of your impudence, young man. I refused better fellows than you before I was 16 years old, because they didn't know anything."

This was very flattering, but I modestly refrained from making any reply whatever, and Aunt Mahala went on:

"The worst of it is the women don't know anything nowadays—a shiftless, lazy set, with no more common sense than a peacock. Why, when I was a young—"

But I recollected a pressing engagement, and left the room.

It was about this time that I met Ray Ansdell. She was an only child, and, although her father was not wealthy, he was in possession of a good income; so Ray dressed handsomely, went in the best society, and every wish was gratified. She was not a beauty, strictly speaking, but she had a fresh, piquant face that was more attractive than mere regularity of features, and she knew how to make herself irresistibly charming to her friends. Gay, stylish and inclined to flirt I found her; but beneath it all she was pure and true and womanly, and I loved her as I had never even dreamed of loving any woman. I plucked up courage at last and told her so, although I knew she could do better as far as money was concerned, unless, indeed, Aunt Mahala decided in her favor, which at present seemed very unlikely.

And now that Ray had promised to be mine, and I was looking forward to our marriage, I longed for the $100,000 more than ever. It would enable me to place my darling in as good a home as I should take her from, and I could not endure the thought of anything less. I did not want to take advantage of Jim and Bert, however. Once I ventured to broach the subject to my aunt, and proposed that she should divide the money equally among the three of us; but I was promptly told to mind my own affairs, and not trouble myself about money which would never trouble me.

Bert happened to be the one to inform Aunt Mahala of my engagement to Ray Ansdell. "I tell you she's stylish!" I heard him say in conclusion, and with malicious intent I was sure, for the word "stylish" always goaded the old lady into a furious humor.

"Stylish!" she snorted—excuse the verb, but no other one expresses her tone. "Of course that's all he wants, then! Any little fool who can mince along and look like a fashion plate will do for him—no brains, no common sense—but never mind if she's only stylish!"

At this juncture I walked into the room, and Bert, who did not know my proximity, looked a little crestfallen, and soon took his departure.

"So Bert was kind enough to inform you of my engagement," I remarked.

"Oh, yes. It was nothing to me, of course. He only happened to mention it."

This in her most sarcastic tone of voice, and I knew she was offended because I had not made a confidant of her.

"It is only a few days since it was all settled, and I was waiting an opportunity to inform you of it," I said, anxious to conciliate her if possible.

"Don't trouble yourself to make excuses, young man. Of course no one expected you to think of your poor old aunt at such a time as this. She has nothing in common with lofty young gentlemen nor giggling little flirts either."

"Aunt Mahala, please don't pass judgment on Ray Ansdell until you have seen her and become acquainted with her," I begged, feeling the occasion to be too important to lose my temper.

"Well, bring her around," she condescended to say. "I confess I'd like to see the girl who is fool enough to want to throw herself away on you."

It would never do to slight this courteous invitation, so I explained to Ray soon afterward that an eccentric old aunt of mine desired to see hee. Ray expressed her willingness to go and pay her a visit.

"I dearly like eccentric people," she declared, enthusiastically.

I greatly doubted her liking Aunt Mahala, but I would not discourage her by saying so.

"I will come for you early Saturday afternoon," I said, as I kissed her good-by at the door. "And, darling, you must not mind if my aunt makes peculiar remarks; it is her way."

"Oh, no! And I shall make her like me, in spite of your forebodings to the contrary."

"Now, Ray, I never said—"

"No, you never said so," interrupted Ray, "but you looked it all the time. You imagine your Aunt Mahala and I won't get on together; well, we shall see."

"I don't know how any one can help loving you," I cried, snatching a dozen kisses from the bright, roguish face so close to mine.

Saturday, immediately after luncheon, I informed Aunt Mahala that I should bring Ray Ansdell to see her that afternoon.

"Ansdell—Ansdell," she mused; "I used to know a man by that name, a good while ago—a poor, shiftless, drinking fellow. What did you say her other name was?"

"Rachel," I replied, thankful that it was an old-fashioned name, for Aunt Mahala persisted in liking anything and everything dating fifty years back.

"Then why don't you call her Rachel instead of that silly nickname? But then I suppose it wouldn't not be stylish enough for her ladyship."

I kept my temper with an effort, and tried to say calmly:

"Auntie, I hope you will say nothing to Miss Ansdell about your fortune or your intentions regarding it. She promised to marry me, believing me to be a poor man with my way to make in the world, and, as she will probably have to live with me as such, I don't want you to raise expectations which may never be realized."

"Don't be alarmed," said Aunt Mahala, grimly. "It's not likely I'd be bragging of my money to a little chit like her, who don't know the value of a dollar except to fritter it away on candy and ribbons. By the way, I should think it would be quite a come down for the young lady to set up housekeeping on a salary of $75 a month," sneered the old lady, in a manner that made my blood boil.

"You will please be more respectful in speaking of her and to her," I retorted. "I don't expect you to like her. If I brought down an angel out of heaven you would say she didn't know anything; but if you do not treat Ray Ansdell decently I will never forgive you, and when I have a home of my own you shall never enter it. Now mark my words."

"You insufferable puppy!" shouted Aunt Mahala, furiously. "You look well talking about angels out of heaven! You look a great deal more like mating with an angel out of the other place, with your smoking and swearing and your disrespectful manner—"

Here she choked for breath, and I escaped from the room. I reflected that I had been exceedingly foolish to lose my temper when talking to Aunt Mahala, for when this happened she never failed to get the better of me. She certainly had done so now, and this fact would put her into something as nearly resembling good humor as she ever allowed herself to indulge; consequently now was the time to present Ray.

I hurried at once to her home, and found her waiting for me.

"You don't say a word about my new suit," she said, as soon as we started. "It just came home from the dress-maker's, and it is quite too stylish for anything."

My heart sank. Aunt Mahala would hate the dress and its owner, I thought, as I looked down at it. It was a plain, full skirt of some silky material, with a gathered waist, and puffs at the top of the sleeves; nothing fancy about it, but if it was stylish its fate was sealed so far as Aunt Mahala was concerned.

"Rob, something troubles you this afternoon," exclaimed far-sighted Ray. "Do I look so very hideous, and are you sure that Aunt Mahala won't like me?"

"You are charming, my pet; but I was thinking how miserably poor I am. Ray, have you ever reflected that with my salary I cannot provide all the luxuries to which you have been accustomed in your own home?"

"Rob, have you ever reflected that so long as I have you I don't care a penny for luxuries or anything else?"

"But when you are deprived of them you may miss them more than you imagine, my dear Ray," I urged.

"If you keep on talking in this ridiculous way I shall think you are becoming tired of me, and in that case there is no use going to see your Aunt Mahala," exclaimed Ray, stopping short and pulling her arm from mine.

"There, there, Ray; I won't say another word. We'll take each other for better or for worse, and I'll work—oh, how I will work, to make a fitting home for you!"

We had arrived at the house by this time, and I led the way at once to my Aunt Mahala's room. The old lady arose as we entered, and gazed steadily at Ray.

"Where did you get that dress?" she demanded, without paying the least attention to my formal introduction.

"Madame Guthbert made it for me," answered Ray, manifesting no surprise at my aunt's abrupt question.

"It's the first decent dress I've seen on a girl in fifty long years! Why, child, I had one made nearly like it when I was a girl; and a bead work-bag, too!" exclaimed my aunt, snatching at the dainty morsel of glistening steel which Ray held in her hands. "Just such a one as I had given to me on my eighteenth birthday. I used to carry it wherever I went, but one day I was out in a boat with a lot of young people and some one dropped it overboard, and that was the last of it. I can't understand how you happen to be carrying one so near like it in these days," Aunt Mahala said, in a dazed kind of way.

"This was Grandmamma Ansdell's when she was young," Ray explained brightly. "It's exactly like the fashionable ones now, and mamma said I might have it for mine. I'm knitting lace," she went on, as my aunt continued to gaze at her like one in a dream, "so I thought I'd bring it along and work while we talked."

"To be sure, my dear! Sit right here by me," said Aunt Mahala, drawing out the easiest chair and seating Ray in it.

All this time I had stood by, so astounded by the old lady's amiability that I hardly comprehended what was being said. Had she suddenly lost her mind, or was Ray bewitching her?

They were soon deep in the mysteries of lacemaking, and Aunt Mahala brought out piece after piece of lace yellow with age.

"All my own work when I was a girl," she said; and Ray pronounced them lovely, and asked to copy some of the patterns.

Never had I seen Aunt Mahala in such a mood as this, and I could only be thankful and hope for it to last.

"Rob, the poor old goose, doesn't seem to appreciate lace work," Ray said, with a sidelong glance at me.

"That's so," replied Aunt Mahala, evidently agreeing on the goose question. "And he can go about his business, if he has any."

I left, and only returned in time to take dinner with them, rightly judging that they would get along as well without me.

"Your aunt has given me the loveliest band-embroidered handkerchief!" Ray informed me. "And she is going to teach me how to do the same kind of embroidery. Oh, I have had a delightful afternoon!" she went on, turning to Aunt Mahala, "and I shall come again very soon."

"Robert," said my aunt, as Ray was tying on her quaint poke bonnet to go home, "Rachel looks very much as I did at her age."

I actually thought I saw tears in Aunt Mahala's eyes when Ray threw her arms around her neck and kissed her good night, and her voice certainly trembled as she said:

"Good-night, my dear child. God bless and keep you!"

"Rob, has your Aunt Mahala any property?" inquired Ray, soon after we commenced our homeward walk.

"Yes; I believe she has some," I answered, hypocritically.

"Then I am sure she intends giving some of it to you. She asked me how I expected to get along as the wife of a poor man, and I said I should be very economical. I told her we were going to work together and make money; that I should do most of my own work, and all that. She chuckled, and nodded her head, and kept saying, 'We shall see—we shall see!' And I couldn't help thinking she meant to do something for you. I hope she will, Rob, for your sake. I don't like to think of your toiling behind that desk to make a bare living for us."

Then I told her all about the $100,000, which I had not the slightest doubt would now be mine.

"And all because you are the dearest, sweetest, most sensible little woman in the whole world," I declared.

"No," contradicted Ray; "it's because fashion, like history, repeats itself. If the old styles had not become new, I shouldn't have had my dress made in this delightful, old-fashioned way, nor should I have been carrying Grandmamma Ansdell's work-bag, nor should I have been knitting lace such as your Aunt Mahala made so long ago; and you know very well, Rob, that it was all this which pleased the dear old lady."

"Then we will call it Providence working in our behalf, and be thankful forevermore," I said.

"And we will do something for your cousins, who will be terribly disappointed?" pleaded tender hearted Ray.

"Certainly," I replied. "I always intended to help them if the money came to me."

The next day Aunt Mahala informed me that I might get into any branch of business that I desired, and she would furnish the money.

"You have some business tact," she said condescendingly, "and, with such a wife as Rachel Ansdell, you can't go far wrong."

I thanked her heartily, and kissed her to emphasize my thanks, at which she was greatly incensed, and told me not to make a fool of myself.

Bert came over the same morning. I fancied he was a little anxious to know how Aunt Mahala liked Ray. She did not keep him long in suspense, but sounded her praises until he appeared to grow tired of listening.

"Wait until you see the girl I have my eye on," he said lightly.

"You couldn't find one like Rachel Ansdell if you had hunted the world over. Why, I shall never forget how I felt when she walked in here yesterday. She looked like some dear old picture stepped down out of a frame. It brought back the days of my youth—it did indeed!" declared Aunt Mahala, verging on the poetical.

The old lady has never lost her good opinion of Ray, but always looks upon her with especial favor. She is losing some of her sharpness of tongue and temper too. I think she is ashamed to indulge before Ray, who is good nature and sunshine itself. If she keeps on improving, she will be quite a lovable old lady; but, however that may be, Ray and I can never forget how much we owe her.

Not That Kind of a Man.

The seventh passenger was a lady. There was an abundance of room in the car, but as she entered an elderly man rose up with a great flourish and called out:

"Take my seat, madam. I am not the kind of a man to keep a seat in the street car and oblige a lady to stand up."

She sank down with a half-bow of acknowledgment, and he held out his hand for her fare with the remark:

"Some men are brutal enough to permit a lady to stumble to the fare-box and back, but that isn't me."

He took her ticket and deposited it, and then hung to the strap and continued:

"And I know men who think that passing a lady's fare to the box gives them the privilege of entering into conversation with her about the weather, crops, rate of mortality, politics, and so forth. That isn't me, however."

The speech had its due effect upon all the passengers, including the victim, and the man let out another link by remarking:

"Giving up my seat in the car to a lady does not entitle me to offer to assist her off the car, or ask if she is married or single, or in any manner break down the stern barriers of social formality, and I know it. It is simply an act of courtesy, and I shall so consider it."

There was something painful in the situation to the other six, but relief came by the reaching the end of his journey. As he was ready to get off he looked back and said:

"I have seen men whose conceit obliged them to lift their hats and bow to everybody in the car before stepping off, but that isn't me. I shall step off without any formality, and without hoping I will be missed."

When the six looked back and saw him sprawled in the dust they were glad of it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Origin of State Fairs.

The present system of fairs and cattle shows originated with Elkanah Watson, an Albany merchant, about 1810. His application to Boston for guarantee funds was met by ex-President Adams with a terse rebuff: "You will get no aid from Boston. Commerce, literature, theology, medicine, the university, and university politics are all against you." Nevertheless, the more liberal Legislature of New York in 1819 appropriated $10,000 a year for six years, to be divided among its counties for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures. In 1818, several months before the passage of this act, several of the most prominent citizens of Washington county, met in the Court House at Sandy Hill and organized a county agricultural society. The first reported fair was held at Salem in 1822, with entries for premiums, a ploughing match, "plough-men in white frocks," and an address delivered in the church. Fairs on a less scale had been held every year before this in Argyle, Greenwich, Hebron, Granville, Whitehall, and Kingsbury. The prizes were small, and records scanty. The whole awards numbered scarcely 100.—*Troy Times.*

Here is a story for temperance orators: A party of six camped out in Wisconsin on a cold night. After supper two drank liquor moderately, two freely and two let it alone. In the morning the temperance men arose refreshed, the light drinkers were stiff with cold and hardly able to rise, and the two who had drank freely were frozen to death.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* says that go[illegible] are the best land clearers known. It mentions that a herd of 1,000 entirely cleared a piece of brush land, consisting of 500 acres, in [illegible] years. So complete was the work that not a vestige of undergrowth was left.

POULTRY ITEMS.

Secure the roost from depredation.

Rules must be observed as well as read.

Do not breed your fowls in-and-in till you spoil the stock.

Provide a few heads of cabbage for your fowls in winter.

Several small detached houses are preferable to one large one.

Now is the time that breeders go about to "see what they can find."

Above all, see that the hen-houses are clean and always well ventilated.

Provide dust baths in the sun, where they will be dry, made of road dust mixed with a little carbolic powder.

There is no way of securing perfect cleanliness so effectually as by removing the poultry buildings to a fresh spot of ground.

None of the Asiatic fowls mature early. Brahmas, especially, do not arrive at full size till a year old. They increase in weight by the acumulation of internal fat for several years after that.

Permit us again to urge all breeders of poultry, who wish healthy fowls, to be liberal in supplying their fowls with charcoal. It is one of the best preventives of disease among fowls that can be named.

To throw meal dough, mashed potatoes or any moist feed upon the ground, or upon a board, where the feet of the fowls can trample it, is not economical. Enough is saved by the use of a feed trough to pay for it in a little while.

There is no live stock on the farm that needs warmer quarters than hens. Have the hen-house so arranged that the hens may have a well-lighted room for protection during the very cold and stormy days. Keep the floor covered with fresh dirt.

In whitewashing the interior of a poultry-house do not leave a spot even as large as the head of a pin untouched anywhere. Splash the whitewash liberally into every nook and corner, crack and crevice. If the hennery has a floor of cement, stone, brick or boards, whitewash that also.

Farmers and poulterers at the present day have none of the old-time difficulties to contend with that in former years were current in forwarding their surplus stock to a good market. Such are the railroad and express facilities nowadays that but little time is lost in transit even to a distant market, and the cost for transportation (in bulk) is but trifling on freight trains, in almost any direction.

See that your poultry-houses have perfect ventilation, as it will soon be time to confine your fowls from the frigidity of winter. No matter how limited may be the number of birds thus confined, a poisonous gas will quickly form, and, if there be no chance for it to escape freely, sickness or death soon ensues to the inmates that are compelled to breathe the foul air. In cold weather, during the middle of each day, the fowl-house should be thoroughly ventilated.

There is on many farms a quantity of milk which, after it is skimmed, is of no further use, and is often thrown away. Attempts are sometimes made to utilize it by feeding it to the cow; but the propriety of such a course is questionable, even it "Mooly" can be persuaded to "repeat herself" in that way. Sometimes a pig is bought to consume the surplus lacteal fluid; but the care of the shoat involves a good deal of unpleasant labor, and additional food must be provided to keep him in growing condition. Meanwhile, the hens are suffering for a taste of that milk as drink or food, when curded.

Fowls are as profitable as any other stock the farmer can keep, and more so, provided he pays to them the same attention, and is as much interested in them, as in his other stock. In a majority of cases fowls are merely kept on the farm because they cannot well be dispensed with, and not because the farmer wishes to reap any profit therefrom. As a general thing you will find that poultry on farms belong to no special breed, but that they are a mixed-up mess. Unless the farmer keeps birds that come of a good stock, and feeds them regularly, he cannot expect any profits.

Farming.

It seems to us the future of farming has never looked so prosperous as at present. Agriculturists are realizing more freely every day the fact that theirs is the foundation rock of all prosperity, and that they are the mediums, or motive power, that runs and sustains all industries. Learning and acknowledging the fact is a long step toward improvement, and when they come freely to recognize the necessity of education and the assistance this will give them, a marked change can be looked for in the financial and social condition of the farming community. It is not enough that we know how to plow a straight furrow, or swing a scythe or cradle, there must be a general change of social life and intellectual culture, a broadening and expanding of mind, a better knowledge by reading, study and social contact; not so much living alone with the plow and the hoe handles as principal company, but seeking contact more with the world. The welfare of this country is in the hands of the farmers, if they knew it; its commercial as well as political management might be subject to their will, if they would only country will be unprecedented. There are all sorts of rumors of railroads to be built across that country, but it appears pretty well settled that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Company will extend their line from Aberdeen to Pierre, through the center of Faulk and Sully counties, the coming season. If so, Pierre will have such a boom as no city in the Territory has yet enjoyed. At any rate, with its water communication, and as the key to the Black Hills and the great Sioux country soon to be opened up to settlers, Pierre, in my opinion, is destined to be the metropolis of Dakota—the Kansas City of the new Northwest.

A Question of Pronunciation.

There are a very few who have not been puzzled how to pronounce some out-of-the-way word which has suddenly sprung into common use. A bewildered reader writes to the Boston *Herald* saying that the pronunciation of Whittier's "Mauld Muller" has long been such a puzzle to him. "When I was a little fellow," he says, "I pronounced it phonetically, of course, Mul-ler. Well, shortly after I heard a literary gentlemen—a judge, too—read the poem at an evening gathering, and I noticed particularly he pronounced Mu-ler. I made a note of it and carried that pronunciation with confidence for a long time, until one day in high school the teacher informed us that the proper pronunciation of that name was 'Mweler.' So I changed my colors again and sailed under Mweler for quite awhile, until one day I got into conversation with a young physician, a good German student. 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I can tell you how to pronounce that name! Whenever you see a German word with two dots over the letter u, it is always pronounced as if immediately followed by an r, thus: "Muri-er, Maud Murier."' By this time I had lost confidence in every one, and decided to let the young lady severely alone, but the other day I happened to run across a German fresh from the old country, and I said: 'Do you have any people over in your land called Muller? M-u-l-l-e-r?' 'Oh, yes, plenty.' 'Well, what do you call them—how do you pronounce it?' 'Miller,' said he, 'it's a very common name—Miller.' I thanked him and left, and now if there is another way in which that word can be pronounced I should like to hear it. I am honestly seeking for information."

A Remarkable Experiment.

Not many years ago a remarkable experiment was tried at the Hospital Los Lazaros San Christovao, near Rio de Janeiro. A Brazilian physician pretended to have discovered that "beri-beri," the mysterious and deadly malady of that country, half dropsy, half leprosy, was identical with the true Elephantiasis Græcorum, which the ancient exponents of the healing art used to cure by the inoculation of snake venom. An inmate of the hospital, knowing his state to be hopeless as it stood, consented to allow the trial to be made on his body. So a vigorous rattlesnake was accordingly brought to his bedside and made to bite his swollen and hypertrophied hand in the presence of a large number of doctors, both native and foreign. It was noted at the time that the reptile displayed great apparent reluctance to use its fangs, and it was not until after much irritation that it could be induced to strike. The punctures were inflicted near the base of the little finger, but the patient was not aware that he had been bitten until the bystanders told him, so lifeless was the part. For some hours no results were apparent. The characteristic evidences of blood-poisoning nevertheless set in, and before night he was a corpse.

FROM KING TO PATRIARCH.

BY BILL ARP.

When a man begins to get along in years he gradually changes from being a king in his family to a patriarch. He is more tender and kind to his offspring, and instead of ruling them, the first thing he knows they are ruling him. My youngest children and my grandchildren just run over me now, and it takes more than half of my time to keep up with 'em, and find out where they are and what they are doing. Sometimes I get mad and rip up and around like I was going to do something desperate, but Mrs. Arp comes slipping along and begins to tell how they didn't mean any harm, and they are just like all other boys, and wanted to know if I didn't do them sort of things when I was a boy. Well, that's a fact—I did—and I got a lickin' for it, too. You see, I was one of the oldest boys, and they always catch it, but the youngest one never gets a lickin', for by the time he comes along the old man has mellowed down and wants a pet. The older children have married and gone, and the old folks feel sorter like they have been thrown off for somebody no kin to 'em, and so they twine around those that are left all the closer; but by-and-by they grow up, too, and leave them and it's pitiful to see the good old couple bereft of their children and living alone in their glory. Then is the time that grandchildren find a welcome in the old family homestead, for as Solomon saith, the glory of the old man is his children's children. Then is the time that the chaps of the second and third generation love to escape from their well-ruled home and for a while find refuge and freedom and frolic at grandpa's. A child without a grandpa and grandma can never have its share of happiness. I'm sorry for 'em. Blessings on the good old people, the venerable grandparents of the land, the people with good old honest ways and simple habits and limited desires, who indulge in no folly, who hanker after no big thing, but live along serene, and covet nothing but the happiness of their children and their children's children. I said to a good old mother not long ago:

"Well, I hear that Anna is to be married."

"Yes, sir," said she, smiling sorrowfully, "I don't know what I will do. The last daughter I've got is going to leave me. I've nursed her and petted her all her life, and I kinder thought she was mine and would always be mine, but she's run off arter a feller she's no kin to in the world, one who never did a thing for her but give her a ring and a book or two and a little French candy now and then, and it does look so strange and unreasonable. I couldn't understand it all if—if I hadn't done the same thing a long time ago," and she kept knitting away with a smile and a tear upon her motherly face.

But I'm not going to slander these little chaps that keep us so busy looking after them, for their is no meanness in their mischief, and if they take liberties it is because we let 'em. Mrs. Arp says they are just too sweet to live, and is always narrating some of their smart sayings. Well, they are mighty smart, for they know exactly how to get everything and do everything they want, or they know how to manage her, and they know that she manages me and that settles it. A man is the head of a house about some things, and about some other things he is only next to the head, if he ain't a fool. A man can punish his children, but it's always advisable to make an explanation in due time and let his wife knew what he did it for, because, you see, they are her children, sure enough, and she knows it and feels it. The pain and trouble, the nursing and night watching have all been hers. The washing and dressing, and mending and patching—tieing up fingers and toes, and sympathizing with 'em in all their great big little troubles all falls to her while the father is tending to his farm, or his store, or his office, or his friends, or may be his billiard table. When a woman says "This is my child," it carries more weight and more meaning than when a man says it, and I've not got much respect for a law that will give a man a preference of ownership just because he is a man.

Can Sleep Release the Soul Like Death?

In illustration of the mysterious brain or "will" power supposed to exist, this story appears to me more remarkable than any of the narratives that have yet appeared in your columns. A friend of mine told me that it was related to him many years ago by my mother—the "Ann Taylor" of "Original Poems," "Hymns of Infant Minds," etc.—and that she mentioned the name of the family concerned. Certain circumstances lead me to believe that the family referred to was that of Watkinsons, resident at Lavenham, in Suffolk.

A son of this family had gone to America. One summer Sunday afternoon they were attending service and occupying a large, square pew near the pulpit, in what I take to have been a meeting-house. It was hot, the door of the small building was wide open, and one of the party, who sat looking down the aisle, could see out into the meeting-house yard, which was shaded by tall trees. Suddenly, to his intense surprise, he saw the absent brother approaching through these trees, enter at the chapel door, walk up the aisle, come to the very door of the pew itself, and lay his hand upon it, as if to take his seat among them. At this moment others of the family, sitting so that he was only then within their sight, saw him also, but at that same moment he vanished.

This strange occurrence naturally raised sad forebodings, but in course of time a letter arrived from the subject of them of later date than that of the vision, and it appeared that he was still alive and well. He was then written to and asked if anything peculiar had happened to him on that particular Sunday. He replied that it was odd that he should remember anything about a Sunday then so long passed, but that certainly something peculiar had happened to him that day. He had come in, overpowered with heat, and had thrown himself upon his bed, had fallen into a sound sleep, and had a strange dream. He found himself among the trees before the country chapel; service was going on; he saw them all, the door being open, sitting in their pew; he walked up the aisle, he put his hand on the pew-door to open it, when he suddenly, and to his great chagrin, awoke.

The question arises, Can sleep release the soul like death?—*London Spectator.*

"Women ought to take more exercise in the open air," says a medical authority. Evidently talking over the back fence to the women next door is not considered open air exercise.

Miss Lilliphace says she uses powder merely to take the shine off her face, but her little brother says she uses it to take the shine off other girl's faces.

Curiosities of Taste and Smell.

Hunger, which is usually associated with the "mouth watering," and other palatal indications, is really located in the stomach, and can only be appeased by the presence of solid matter there. Some tribes of Indians show their recognition of this fact by swallowing earth when belated from food; in the Southern States hunters take with them pills made of calcined oyster shell, for use in case their provisions become exhausted while crossing the prairies; the trapper of the West mixes hair (which is wholly incapable of digestion) with his pemmican on a similar principle, superstitiously insisting it must be the fur from the very animal that the flesh of which the compound is made to impart its peculiar virtue; Kamschatdales stir up sawdust to give body to their train-oil when they are reduced to live on that exhilarating beverage; and the Cingalhese Veddahs mix pounded wood-fiber with honey when they can get nothing else. Thirst, again, really belongs to the stomach, in spite of the dryness of the mouth and throat which calls our attention to it, this being engendered by the lack of due fluid proportion in the contents of the blood-vessels. Both human beings and animals have been seen to drink till they could drink no longer, without slaking their thirst, when the throat was cut and allowed the fluid to escape. Many animals never drink, but absorb sufficient moisture for their tissues from the air or from their food; there is a parrot in the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park, which has lived there fifty-two years without a drop of water. Snakes will go a year or more without food or water, apparently suffering no inconvenience, and a beetle has lived three years without either.

The taste and smell of many things are identical, so to speak; so that either sense would immediately recognize them, if they had only been exhibited to the other previously. This is especially the case with violet, orange, lemon and most vegetable essential oils. If we take one long "sniff" at the musk plant, we cannot detect any odor in it at all; on a second inspection there would seem to be something peculiar about the scent of the sweet-brier, since it eludes many people's olfactory nerves altogether. The idiosyncrasies of individuals with regard to the two senses are numberless and entirely inexplicable. Some faint at the perfumes of certain flowers, while disgaste amounting to utter abhorrence of certain ordinary foods has been known to be hereditary in families. The reflex action of mental associations may account for this in some instances, but certainly not in all. Heat favors the acuteness of both senses, and cold blunts it, it being notorious that the delicate flavor and bouquet of choice wines are destroyed by over-icing them.

Says the Brooklyn *Eagle:* Mr. R. C. Moore, of Messrs. Vernam & Co., 34 New street, New York, was almost instantly relieved by St. Jacobs Oil of severe pain following an attack of pleurisy. The remedy acted like magic.

Among the Esquimaux.

The northern coast of Alaska is low, level and marshy, without a tree or shrub. Mosquitoes, large and fierce, darken the air, and sing in dismal chorus from Cape Lisbourne to Point Barrow. Point Barrow is a long, narrow peninsula, on which there is a considerable settlement of Esquimaux. The natives have driftwood stuck up on end on each side of the peninsula to direct the flight of wild ducks across a given point, where they conceal themselves behind a breastwork to either shoot or kill them with slings as they fly over. The Esquimaux eat every part of an animal or fowl. Even the entrails are utilized, and of walrus they even eat the hide, which is often more than an inch in thickness. When any game is brought in it is buried; if the weather is fine they will cook it, otherwise they eat it raw. In the winter these people live in underground houses; in summer they live in tents made out of walrus hide; but these of Point Barrow have a plentiful supply of canvas from the sails of numerous whale ships wrecked in that vicinity, and all their tents are made of this canvas. They seemed to be well supplied with guns; in nearly every tent there was a breech-loading rifle, and shot-guns of ancient and modern patterns were scattered around in great profusion. In the summer-time they travel along the coast in their skin canoes; in winter they hitch their dogs to sledges and move over the ice. On the eastern extremity of Point Barrow the Esquimaux lay their dead wrapped in canvas, with their personal property beside them, exposed to the elements and wild beasts. There were about as many dead as live natives on the point. All the Esquimaux bear the imprint of intense suffering, their faces being covered with hair-like wrinkles. Contact with civilization has been most fatal to the Esquimaux. Beside supplying them rum and communicating to them foul diseases, the Americans have wantonly destroyed the walrus, their main dependence for food. Walrus are now getting scarce and wild, and are practically beyond their reach. Starvation has already made heavy inroads among them.

The art connoisseur and exhibitor, Prof. Cromwell, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

An Immense Book.

About twenty years ago, some distinguished scholars in England decided to begin making a great dictionary of the English language. The project was so immense that little headway was made until 1876. At that time Dr. Murray, a noted Englishman, was appointed editor of the work, and nearly two tons of books were turned over to him to be read. Since 1879 nearly 1,000 scholars have been reading other dictionaries, books, old pamphlets, old manuscript and old letters, and making notes of the true meaning of certain words. So far, the editor has received about 361,000 slips from the readers. The editor classifies and compares these slips, each passing through the hands of four thorough linguists. The editor's workshop is in his garden. It is a building made entirely of iron, so that it cannot burn, and is fitted up with over 1,000 pigeon-holes. The dictionary will be very complete, and will be more than four times the size of Webster's unabridged.

A physician writes "I have recommended Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla in my practice as a general tonic. I consider it superior to every other preparation in cases of female complaints and general prostration. As a blood purifier it always acts like a charm, and as a true strengthener it has no equal."

He Took the Cake.

While the circus was in Austin the city was crowded with our cousins from the country. So the Spillkins family was blessed with a wagon load of them, all of Farmer Beegum's family having moved in. The Spillkinses put on a good deal of style, so they had a big banquet prepared, a leading feature of which was a large cake for dessert. It was a huge thing, as big as a large cheese.

"Whar shall I cut this hear cake?" asked the visitor, Farmer Beegum, picking up the knife.

"It don't make any difference where you cut it," replied Mrs. Spillkins, with a sunny smile.

"It don't? Wall, then, I reckon I had better cut it out on the ranch," and, picking it up in his arms, he carried it out into his wagon.—*Texas Siftings.*

No Defence Required.

A gigantic negro, who had crippled up half the police force in their efforts to secure him, was brought from the jail to the office of the Justice for trial. Not observing that the accused had any counsel employed, the Justice asked:

"Don't you want a lawyer to defend you?"

The accused glared at the Justice, and, pounding on the table, roared out:

"I don't need anybody ter defend me. I kin defend myself against a dozen sich lookin' men as you is. If you don't believe me, come out in de back yard and see if you ain't de man what needs ter be defended."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Pleasant Thing to Contemplate.

Says the *Graphic:* "It may not be pleasant to contemplate, but in event of an electric wire with the current on coming in contact with a telephone wire, the fellow who is doing the hello business is liable to get the life knocked out of him." This is all right and it is pleasant. By the time you've tried for ten minutes to talk with a fellow via telephone, you're so satisfied he's a blooming fool that you hope something will hit him.—*Boston Post.*

The Conductor.

WINONA, Minn., Nov. 29, 1879.

I had been suffering with a severe cold for several days, and 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, and 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.

When a Boston young lady wishes to express that she has the "blues," she simply remarks, "I have azure distemper."

Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

"Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a young lady. "Because," said another, "he turns white when he pops."

Mrs. Cole, of Windham, N. H., declares that her life was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had 37 terrible Scrofulous sores.

Summerbreeze says marriage is a means of grace, because it led him to repentance.

Government Claims.

If you have a claim of any kind against the Government, write to Stoddart & Co., 413 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C., inclosing two 3-cent stamps. They will give you full information in regard to it.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, 15c.

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.

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 soft and silky appearance given to the hair by the use of Carboline, the natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is the subject of general remark by all who have witnessed its effects upon the human head. Sold by all dealers in drugs.

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Corn—No. 2	.51	@ .52
Oats—No. 2	.37	@ .38
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Pork—Mess	17.25	@17.50
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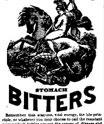

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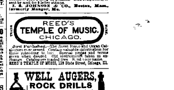

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