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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Iustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS.
Publishers,
Lawrence Kansas.

The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be as usual $1.25 with liberal reduction to clubs

Agents are wanted in every county in the west to whom commissions will be given that will enable them to coin money

ADVERTISERS.

Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch.

SENATOR PLUMB would make the Agricultural Bureau, one of the departments, and the Commissioner a member of the cabinet.

INSURANCE RATES.

The enormous rates charged by fire insurance companies have begun to command attention. It is strange that they have not done so before. A few years ago there was a revolt against life insurance companies on this same ground, and as a result an innumerable number of co-operative unions were organized that give temporary insurance at a nominal cost. It is a plan not always to be commended, because, while it is cheap it is not in the nature of permanent insurance. But the result has been to materially decrease the expense of life insurance on the old plan.

Fire insurance rates are now nearly double the necessary amount to give security to the insured and afford a reasonable profit to the companies. It is intimated that an increase in rates in Lawrence is contemplated. Let us see whether this is necessary.

It was stated in a late meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, that over $30,000 annually is paid to Insurance companies, and that this will probably be more hereafter, owing to a contemplated increase in rates of insurance.

The losses by fire in this city for 1883, were unusually heavy, nearly sufficient to return to the city the amounts paid out, owing to the heavy Massachusetts street fire early in the year, and the destruction of the vinegar works.

It would not be fair to estimate in matters of this kind by the results of one year, nor by the figures from one town. We have taken some pains to gather some figures touching this subject that may be of interest.

The total losses paid in this city last year amounted to about $29,000. It was estimated by a leading insurance firm that for the three years preceding, the losses paid were less than $10,000 annually. For the last four years, then, we have received $59,000 from insurance companies; in payment of losses, during this period we have paid to the companies over $60,000 in the last two years, and not less than $50,000 in the two preceeding years. If we go back six years more to 1874, the difference would be still more striking.

In 1873 occurred the Bullene fire, when the companies paid out $50,000. During this space of seven years, at $25,000 a year paid in premiums, it would appear that $175,000 had been paid out in premiums. Including the loss paid Mr. Bullene, and say $10,000 a year for other losses it would make $120,000 received for losses, leaving $55,000 for the companies, or $106,000 paid out in eleven years, more than has been received.

It is a fact that this is not a favorite city with insurance companies. The agents of this city tell us that they have had the utmost difficulty in keeping down rates, and this when it appears that the companies have been making $10,000 a year and more on the insurance they have carried in this city.

The figures are given to show that the fire insurance companies made over half a million dollars profit in Kansas last year. The same general results are noticed everywhere, and it is against the payment of premium rates that will allow this, that general complaint is now made.

We are not called upon to pay money for insurance, to enable companies to pay large salaries to officers, or to build expensive blocks. Insurance, both life and fire, should be for mutual protection. All speculative features should be as thoroughly eliminated from it as Sam Riggs would have protection from the tariff, and now that the agitation of it has begun it is possible we may see it done.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Not half-a-dozen years ago, the Indians were unwilling that their children should leave their native wilds and go to the civilized east to be educated.

The first attempt to educate Indians by the Government was made in 1876. During the Indian troubles in Florida, in 1875, a number were taken prisoners, and while held captive, several of them expressed a desire to learn the ways of their captors.

There was then no place so well fitted for their instruction as the Hampton Institute, located in Virginia, which was intended and used as a school for the instruction of colored children. An arrangement was made with the Institute, and young Indians, seventeen in number, were taken there and remained two years, at an expense of $767 each, per annum, to the Government.

In 1879 they were removed to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which was the beginning of the Carlisle training school. This grew so rapidly in favor that the Forest Grove school was opened in Oregon Both were instituted and sustained by appropriations made for the purpose The success attending these schools induced the government to open others In locating these it was necessary to place them amid all the surroundings of civilization, and still, near enough to different tribes to save expenses of transportation.

So it came that one was located in our city. It will be one of the most commodious of all the schools, and will accommodate a thousand pupils. The expense to the government is now less than $200 a year for each child. At the end of five years it is supposed that each one of these children will be able to take care of himself, and to do something for those who are not educated It now costs the government $60 a year to support Indians not in school, and this continues year after year, so that aside from the civilizing influences conferred upon the race, education is cheaper than permitting them to remain in a savage state.

The prejudice felt by the older Indians at the outset, is now generally obliterated. There is no difficulty in getting pupils. Only those are taken who come voluntarily. One difficulty is found to exist after the Indians return to their tribes. The educated are yet so few they fall back into their old habits. They are not yet numerous enough to largely influence their tribe to a higher life As they do not raise their fellows up, they are themselves brought down, according to a law of nature. But as more are yearly sent out, this will change, and the most sanguine hopes be realized. Such is the expectation.

BOY'S PLAY.

The tariff question is undoubtedly a great one. In one sense it may be considered a one sided question. The student, the moralist, and the theorist will be quite apt to decide in favor of free trade, because that is the goal toward which all commerce does and should tend. Primarily we are all free traders, we take it, as we are all in favor of personal liberty. We are all free men, free citizens, and as we believe with a natural right to do whatever we please.

But when we come into society, when we associate together as free citizens, we surrender certain of these rights because the good of the whole seems to demand it. All consent to concede some rights that we may be better protected in others.

Under our system of government we are individually as free as the wild winds, until our wild and frisky freedom conflicts with the rights of others more weighty than our own, and then our rights are checked, and some of our freedom is curtailed This is plain enough to most republicans. Our freedom of person, of action and even of thought is controlled by the public welfare. A man is not even permitted to disseminate his thoughts if they appear demoralizing and corrupting, hence the growing disposition to suppress immoral literature.

The same principle is true in regard to trade. There are some goods in which we are not allowed to deal at all. In Kansas the trade in alcoholic liquors is prohibited. In all other States and in other civilized nations, trade is prohibited in some things.

Germany and France prohibit trade in American pork. Even trade in live stock is regulated, restricted and prohibited according to circumstances, and in every case this is done for the purpose of protection. We regulate, restrict and prohibit the sale of liquors to protect humanity. We regulate the sale of diseased cattle, or prohibit their importation, in order to protect our stock interests because the public good requires it.

And so we might multiply illustrations. The same principles applies all the way through. We can adopt and live by no rigid, inflexible rule. Circumstances and conditions enter largely into the account and must be duly weighed. As rapidly as we can approach the proper conditions, just so rapidly we approach absolute freedom, whether it be of trade or personal action.

It is here that the statesman meets his great obstacle, when he comes to consider the tariff question. Our genial Professor, J. H. Canfield, like other school men, takes up the tariff question as he would a problem in Euclid and solves it as readily. When he is done he declares for free trade. But he fails to take into account the conditions and circumstances, and so arrives at wrong conclusions, just as surely as the marner who fails to make the proper allowances, will find himself out of his reckoning, and drifting into unknown seas.

Some of our people seem to have got cranky over this tariff question. Now and then a sedate professor, or some of our otherwise rational business men get out into the country school districts discussing the tariff. Perhaps two of them, one a free trade and the other a protectionist, will go out and spar away as if the life of the nation were involved.

This is what we mean by "Boy' Play." There is very little indeed to be made by these debates. The time spent in this way is little better than wasted It is well enough for school boys to enter into such contests, but very little really is to be gained by the discussions entered into even by the political giants in our congress. What oceans of ink Horace Greeley on one side and William Cullen Bryant on the other, wasted on this subject. And the country lived through it and has prospered.

The tariff is one of those questions that will settle itself in time. It will become clearer as our civilization advances. Trade has always been a handmaid of civilization. Commerce is a pioneer element in civilization. It breaks the way for the growth of nations. But this trade, like liberty must be restrained and regulated. Trade is not the cause of civilization. It is civilization that pushes trade forward and controls and guides it. The freedom of trade and the freedom of man will grow with the growth of civilization, not always with that of one nation and one people, but with that of the world.

NEWS SPECIAL WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1884.

The evidence on the Danville riots does not clearly establish the fact that the massacre was premeditated, and intended to fire the Southern heart and intimidate the colored voters, but it establishes beyond question that the whites ere armed and ready, while the negroes, unconscious of danger, were entirely unarmed. Not only so, but it appears that but one white man was wounded, and that slightly, by another white man, while several negroes were killed outright and many wounded, four of whom died from the effects of their wounds. Fear keeps many from testifying to what they know of the affair, while it has clearly come out in the evidence, thus far, that those who desire to shield the perpetrators of this great wrong, hesitate at neither perjury, forgery or murder itself. The people of the North cannot realize the condition of affairs in the Southern States. They do not see how it is possible for men "made in the likeness and image of God" to be so holy depraved as to permit the atrocities that are committed. Could the truth, the whole truth, as to ostracism, intimidation and murder be brought clearly to the minds of our people, there would be no rest day or night until the secret tears and agonies and blood of those whose only crime is love of country should be avenged. Slavery, before the great rebellion was confined to the negro; to-day the lash of the tryant falls more heavily upon the white man, woman or child, for none are spared who date assert views or opinions in opposition to Democracy in the South, than it ever fell on the back of the poor, helpless black man.

The greatest soldier of the Republic, lying upon a bed of pain from the result of a recent fall, and now made serious by complications of the liver and kidneys, watches with apparently great interest the success of the Republican party. To a friend recently he said, "After four years of strife to sustain the vital doctrine that we are a Nation, and not a sort of political co-partnership to be dissolved to suit personal or sectional animosities, the Republican party by its progressive ideas and enlightened spirit, has brought the nation up to a higher plane of development, enterprise and prosperity than ever known before; and it is a duty the people owe to themselves to perpetuate this state of affairs by perpetuating the Republican party; but to do this, I think we need a candidate who fully represents the progressive and aggressive spirit of our institutions, and I hope such a selection will be made at Chicago." How like the grand old patriot that he is! These words should go ringing through the ears of every Republican and every lover of liberty, of justice, and of right, throughout the land, until they find a lodgment in the mind and heart, and impel to earnest untiring work until the best men in the party are nominated at Chicago, and their triumphant election assured.

Among the important matters before Congress, and upon which action will probably be taken during the present session, is a bankruptcy bill. The United States has had several bankrupt laws, but it has eventually found necessary to repeal them for the reason that they were gradually outgrown by trade and finance. A national bankrupt law seems to be a necessity to commerce and exchange, but the difficulty is in framing a measure that will be suited to all times and circumstances. Trade and finance, like all other things, are progressive, and a bankruptcy law that will meet the requirements of to-day may be found inadequate to morrow. A measure of the character mentioned is desired, which will be to political economy what the sermon on the mount is to Christianity—a thing adapted to all times and conditions of men. Our Solons at the Capital think that this time they will be able to shape an enduring statute. Let us hope that they will, and that the maturity of their labors will be equitable.

Some Pennsylvania Republicans in Washington, are a little exercised just now over Sam Barr's pronunciamento for Logan for President, and the statement that he had received orders from Senator Cameron to boom the senior Senator from Illinois. Barr denies that he received any such orders. After all, what does it matter whether he did or did not receive orders or expressed wishes from Cameron? Barr is but one man and Cameron is but one other. There will be a "free ballot and a fair count in the next National Republican convention, and the nominee thereof will be supported by all Republicans and the friends of good government, and triumphantly elected too.

Ex-Senator Dorsey is in Washington, and is lying quite seriously ill at Welcker's Hotel. It was thought on Wednesday evening that he would never be able to leave his bed again, but he has since been getting better slowly, and will, in all likelihood, soon recover.

Forney, Democratic Congressman from Alabama, has come out for ex-Congressman Roswell P. Flower, of New York for President.

Representatives of the manufacturing and laboring interests of Pittsburgh, Pa., and other sections of that State, are in Washington with the purpose of appearing before the Ways and Means Committee to oppose the Morrison tariff bill. It seems ridiculous for the industries of the country to load so heavily for such small game. The Morrison bill does not stand a shadow of a chance of getting through the House, let alone the Senate. While the hungry and mole-eyed Democrats are almost to a man in favor of free trade, they are—every mother's son then—for the offices first; and, seeing that their pet policy of anti-protection will not go down at the present stage of the proceedings, they will try the game of straddle till they get full control of public affairs.

It is stated on good authority that Senator Sherman has declared that his ambition is satisfied. All that he desires now is to be permitted to serve his State and the country to the end of his present Senatorial term, when he desires to retire to private life and enjoy the remainder of his days in quiet and peace.

The court of inquiry appointed to inquire into the reason for the lost of the steamship Proteus and the failure to relieve Lieut. Greeley and his party stationed on Grinnell Land, north of Lady Franklin Bay, in their report lay the blame for the most part on Gen. Hazen, of the Signal Service Bureau.

During the quarter ended September 30, 1883, 9,289,144 acres of public lands were disposed of at an aggregate price of $3,426,298. The increase in acres of land disposed of as compared with the corresponding quarter in 1882, was 5,636,448, and the increase in receipts was $1,401,680.

Springer, who is always conspicuously absurd and absurdly conspicuous, is pounding away at the Department of Justice in his committee with closed doors. The public knows nothing of what is done except what Springer chooses to give out and Springer never gives out anything except for the behoof of Springer. He is very much of an ass, and a very mischievous one.

Congress very promptly voted $500,000 to the flood sufferers along the Ohio, and will from present appearances be called upon for at least $500,000 more for the Ohio sufferers and also for the Mississippi, as everything points to an unprecedented rise in the latter. This prompt action of Congress meets with the almost universal sanction of the people.

Senator-elect Blackburn, of Kentucky, was tendered a serenade at the National Hotel, in Washington, on Wednesday night. Fully three thousand people were in attendance, and the greatest of enthusiasm prevailed.

Ex-Senator McDonald was on the floor of the Senate chamber on Thursday afternoon. He was cordially greeted by Gen. Logan, and while the two men talked together they were closely eyed, especially from the reporter's gallery, curiosity being awakened by the fact that Presidential bees of the largest size are buzzing in the bonnets of both

Representative Ryan, who has been untiring in his efforts to get the Indian school appropriation through has succeeded, and the work in which Lawrence people are interested, will go on. Dr Marvin is entitled to great credit for the close attention he has given the matter.

Senator Plumb's resolution having in view the substitution of greenbacks for national bank currency has made a sensation. It is not likely to pass the Senate in its present shape but its introduction, and the discussion it has called forth, must be regarded as very significant.

DOUGLAS A. BRYAN.

Fell Through the Bridge.

The following is the Herald's account of the accident that happened on Sunday:

Samuel Clarke was a single man,, of English birth, a shoemaker by trade, who had lived in this city for six or eight years. He has for several years worked for J. H. Boyd. He had a few intimate friends whose acquaintance he had formed outside the shop, and it was while out walking with some of these that he met with his death. He boarded at the Central Hotel. Sunday morning he started out for a walk with John H. Goodell and Charles Hollman. They went to the U. P. depot, and from there to the north end of the railroad bridge. At that point Goodell and Holman called to Clarke, who was in advance to stop, as they did not wish to cross the bridge, but Clarke did not heed them and kept on. Seeing him apparently crossing in safety, and not wishing themselves to run the risk they went down to the river bank to the edge of the water. They saw an object fall from the south end of the bridge, but did not think of its being Clarke, till the bridge watchman told them that a man had fallen off the bridge. They then crossed and saw the lifeless body of Clarke lying under the trestle work of the bridge.

At the point where Clarke fell through the ties were full six feet apart, and the watchman, Mr. Ecke, says that deceased tried to get over by walking the stringer, one foot each side the rail. He fell to the east, and struck the back of his head against an ugly jagged rock, which penetrated the skull and must must have caused instant death. Mr. Ecke and Mr. Hope were watching Clarke at the time he fell. They ran at once to him but he only gasped once after they arrived. He fell full thirty feet.

STATE OF KANSAS,
Douglas County. }

An inquest held at Lawrence, in the county of Douglas, on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1884, before, me, V. Miller, coroner of said county, on the body of Samuel Clarke then lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed, the said jurors upon their oath do say, That we, the jury, find that said Samuel Clarke came to his death by falling from the railroad bridge in the city of Lawrence, (across the Kansas river), on the 24th day of February, 1884, and that it was accidental.

F. W. READ,
J. A. MONTGOMERY,
H. L. SCHAUM,
JUSTUS HOWELL,
LEVI A. DOANE,
MARQUIS HAMILTON,

Attest: V. G. MILLER, Coroner.

A dressing to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs. Jines, Albany.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

OFFICERS OF LAWRENCE UNION.

Mrs. Prudia Wilson. President.
Mrs Martha J. Byers, Vice President
Mrs. A. M. Goodnoe, Recorder Secretary.
Mrs M. J. Eldemiller, Treasurer.

Regular weekly meeting, every Friday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at 4 o'clock, p. m. We earnestly solicit the personal interest of the ladies of Lawrence and their attendance upon these meetings.

OUR COLUMN.

EDITOR MORNING NEWS:—The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Lawrence express their gratitude, and offer their sincere thanks to you in the matter of allowing us a column in your paper.

We live in an age of progression, and progression in our work, means PROHIBITION. Our work is one that certainly should command the respect of every philanthropist. We seek to develop the public mind, and especially, that of our youth, that the use of alcoholic drinks is the great enemy and curse of the nineteenth century. Our work is to ameliorate the condition of the masses, to aid the inebriate to reform, to remove temptation from our sons, and to educate our young women to throw their whole influence before the dead-march of drunkenness, the gian evil of our age.

It is true that we often have to labor at some disadvantage, when compared to the other sex; yet even disadvantage, and oft-repeated disappointment, cannot deter us from the discharge of our duty in this crisis of our beloved country. The loud demand for state and national prohibition of the liquor trafic, is the bugle blast, to call every woman in the land to the ranks of this great conflict. No wonder that woman is interested in this revolution, for she is the chief sufferer. She it is who bears the blows of the iniquitous traffic. It is our children who are beggared and disgraced. For man long years we have cried to the saloon keepers to spare our husbands and sons, but they heeded our tears no more than the blood-thirsty wolf the bleating of the lamb. Then turning away from them, we looked to God, and cried, "Oh Lord, how long, how long?" At last we are heard. Prohibition has come to our relief—it has come through the ballot of the people and "vox populi, vox Dei."

Now we want this column in your paper that we may in this way have a medium of communication, and also aid in the enforcement of the prohibitory law; and although we may be called a feeble folk, yet we have not forgotten that this great moral revolution was born in the era of the crusade, which owes both its incipiency and development to the philanthropy of women. However, we do not boast, but deem it a great privilege to aid in the overthrow of this evil, and trust that it may be said of us, "She hath done what she could."

M. J. B.

TEMPERANCE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

At Spring Hill, Johnson county, a committee of the Sons of Temperance waited upon the school board and presented a paper asking the introduction of text books on temperance into the public schools. The result was as follows:

"At a called meeting of the school board, January 28, they unanimously passed a resolution to place in their advanced room Miss Julia Coleman's Lesson Book on Alcohol and Hygiene."

PROHIBITIONIST.

LIFE LOANS
AT 4 PER CENT.
Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.
No security required except for interest, and then only personal These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amounts of $100, $200 FOR LIFE. Send 4 cent for particulars.
W. ROBERTS, Manager, 156 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."
SAW MILLS, ENGINES THRESHERS, Horse Powers,
For all section and purposes. Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

[W. S. Gilbert in London Dramatic News.]

When I became 18 years of age my father, a distinguished begging-letter impostor, said to me: "Reginald, I think it is time that you began to think about choosing a profession."

These were ominous words. Since I left Eton, nearly a year before, I had spent my time very pleasantly and very idly, and I was sorry to see my long holiday drawing to a close. My father had hoped to have sent me to Cambridge (Cambridge was a tradition in our family), but the business had been very depressed of late, and a sentence of six months' hard labor had considerably straightened my poor father's resources.

It was necessary, highly necessary, that I should choose a calling. With a sigh of resignation I admitted as much.

"If you like," said my father, "I will take you in hand and teach you my profession, and, in a few years, perhaps I may take you into partnership; but, to be candid with you, I doubt whether it is a satisfactory calling for an athletic young fellow like you."

"I don't seem to care about it particularly," said I.

"I'm glad to hear it," said my father. "It's a poor calling for a young man of spirit. Besides, you have to grow gray in the service before people will listen to you. It's all very well as a refuge in old age, but a young fellow is likely to make but a poor hand at it. Now, I should like to consult your own tastes on so important a matter as the choice of a profession. What do you say? The army?"

"No, I don't care for the army."

"Forgery? The bar? Cornish wrecking?"

"Father," said I, "I should like to be a forger, but I write such an infernal hand."

"A regular Eton hand," said he. "Not plastic enough for forgery, but you could have a writing master."

"It's as much as I can do to forge my own name. I don't believe I should ever be able forge anybody else's."

"'Anybody's else,' you should say, not 'anybody else's.' It's a dreadful barbarism, Eton English."

"No," said I, "I should never make a fortune at it. As to wrecking—why you know how sea-sick I am."

"You might get over that. Besides, you would deal with wrecks ashore, not wrecks at sea."

"Most of it is done in small boats, I'm told. A deal of small boat work. No, I won't be a wrecker. I think I should like to be a burglar."

"Yes," said my father, considering the subject, "yes, it's a fine manly profession, but it's dangerous it's highly dangerous."

"Just dangerous enough to be exciting, no more."

"Well," said my father, "if you've a distinct taste for burglary I'll see what can be done."

My dear father was always prompt with pen and ink. That evening he wrote to his old friend Ferdinand Stoneleigh, a burglar of the very highest professional standing, and in a week I was duly and formally articled to him, with a view to ultimate partnership.

I had to work hard under Mr. Stoneleigh.

"Burglary is a jealous mistress," said he. "She will tolerate no rivals. She exacts the undivided devotion of her worshipers."

And so I found it. Every morning at 10 o'clock I had to present myself at Stoneleigh's chambers in New Square, Lincoln's inn, and until 12 I assisted his clerk with the correspondence. At 12 I had to go out prospecting with Stoneleigh, and from 2 to 4 I had to devote to finding out all particulars necessary to a scientific burglary in any given house. At first I did this merely for practice, and with no view to an actual attempt. He would tell me of a house of which he knew all the particulars, and order me to ascertain all about the house and its inmates—their coming and going, the number of their servants, whether any of them were men, and, if so, whether they slept on the basement or not, and other details necessary to be known before a burglary could be safely attempted. Then he would compare my information with his own facts, and compliment or blame me, as I might deserve. He was a strict master, but always kind, just and courteous, as became a highly polished gentleman of the old school. He was one of the last men who habitually wore hessians.

After a year's probation I accompanied him on several expeditions, and had the happiness to believe that I was of some little use to him. I shot him eventually in the stomach, mistaking him for a master of a house into which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern) and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments might be conveyed to me.

I now set up on my own account, and engaged his poor old clerk, who nearly broke his heart at his late master's funeral. Stoneleigh left no family. His money—about £12,000, invested for the most part in American railways—he left to the Society for Providing More Bishops, and his ledgers, daybooks, memoranda and papers generally he bequeathed to me.

As the chambers required furnishing, I lost no time in commencing my professional duties. I looked through his books for a suitable house to begin upon, and found the following attractive entry:

THURLOE SQUARE.—No. 102.

HOUSE.—Medium.

OCCUPANT.—John Davis, bachelor.

OCCUPATION.—Designer of dados.

AGE.—Eighty-six.

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES.—Very feeble; eccentric; drinks; Evangelical; snores.

SERVANTS.—Two housemaids, one cook.

SEX.—All female.

PARTICULARS OF SERVANTS.—Pretty housemaid called Rachel; Jewess. Open to attentions. Goes out for beer at 9 p. m.; snores. Ugly housemaid called Bella; Presbyterian. Open to attentions; snores. Elderly cook; Primitive Methodist. Open to attentions; snores.

FASTENINGS.—Chubb's lock on street door; chain and bolts. Bars to all basement windows. Practicable approach from third room, ground floor, which is shuttered and barred, but bar has no catch, and can be raised with table knife.

VALUABLE CONTENTS OF HOUSE.—Presentation plate from grateful æsthetes. Gold repeater. Mulready envelope. Two diamond rings. Complete edition of "Bradshaw," from 1834 to present time, 558 volumes, bound limp calf.

GENERAL.—Mr. Davis sleeps second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at 10. No one on basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for purpose.

This seemed to me to be a capital house to try single-handed. At 12 o'clock that very night I pocketed two crowbars, a bunch of skeleton keys, a centre-bit, a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, some putty, a life preserver and a knife, and I set out at once for Thurloe square. I remember that it snowed heavily. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground, and there was more to come. Poor Stoneleigh's particulars were exact in every detail. I got into the third room on the ground floor without the least difficulty, and made my way into the dining-room. There was the presentation plate, sure enough—about 800 ounces, as I reckoned. I collected this and tied it up so that I could carry it without attracting attention.

Just as I finished I heard a slight cough behind me. I turned and saw a dear old silver-haired gentleman in a dressing-gown standing in the doorway. The venerable gentleman covered me with a revolver.

My first impulse was to rush at and brain him with my life-preserver.

"Don't move," he said, "or you're a dead man."

A rather silly remark to the effect that if I did move it would rather prove that I was a live man occurred to me, but I dismissed it at once as unsuited to the business character of the interview.

"You're a burglar!" said he.

"I have that honor," said I, making for my pistol pocket.

"Don't move," said he; "I have often wished to have the pleasure of encountering a burglar, in order to be able to test a favorite theory of mine as to how persons of that class should be dealt with. But you mustn't move."

I replied that I should be happy to assist him if I could do so consistently with a due regard to my own safety.

"Promise me," said I, "that you will allow me to leave the house unmolested when your experiment is at an end?"

"If you will obey me promptly you shall be at perfect liberty to leave the house."

"You will neither give me into custody nor take any steps to pursue me?"

"On my honor as a designer of dados," said he.

"Good," said I. "Go on."

"Stand up," said he, "and stretch out your arms at right angles to your body."

"Suppose I don't?" said I.

"I send a bullet through your left ear," said he.

"But permit me to observe—" said I.

Bang. A ball cut off the lobe of my left ear.

The ear smarted, and I should have liked to attend to it, but, under the circumstances, I thought it better to comply with the whimsical old gentleman's wishes.

"Very good!" said he. "Now do as I tell you, promptly and without a moment's hesitation, or I cut off the lobe of your right ear. Throw me that life preserver."

"But—"

"Ah, would you?" said he, cocking the revolver.

The "click" decided me. Besides, the old gentleman's eccentricity amused me, and I was curious to see how far it would carry him. So I tossed my life preserver to him. He caught it neatly.

"Now take off your coat and throw it to me."

I took off my coat and threw it to him diagonally accross the room.

"Now the waistcoat."

I threw the waistcoat to him.

"Boots," said he.

"They are shoes," said I, in some trepidation lest he should take offense when no offense was really intended.

"Shoes, then," said he.

I threw my shoes to him.

"Trousers," said he.

"Come, come, I say!" exclaimed I.

Bang! The lobe of the other ear came off. With all his eccentricity the old gentleman was a man of his word. He had the trousers, and with them my revolver, which happened to be in the right hand pocket.

"Now the rest of your drapery."

I threw him the rest of my drapery. He tied up my clothes in the tablecloth, and telling me that he wouldn't detain me any longer made for the door with the bundle under his arm.

"Stop," said I, "What is to become of me?"

"Really, I hardly know," said he.

"You promised me my liberty," said I.

"Certainly," said he. "Don't let me trespass any further on your time. You will find the street door open; or, if from force of habit you prefer the window, you will have no difficulty in clearing the area railings."

"But I can't go like this! Won't you give me something to put on?"

"No," said he, "nothing at all; good night."

The quaint old man left the room with my bundle. I went after him, but I found that he had locked an inner door that led up stairs. The position was really a difficult one to deal with. I couldn't possibly go into the street as I was, and if I remained I should certainly be given into custody in the morning. For some time I looked in vain for something to cover myself with. The hats and great coats were no doubt in the inner hall; at all events they were not accessible under the circumstances. There was a carpet on the floor, but it was fitted to the recesses of the room, and, moreover, a heavy sideboard stood on it. However, there were twelve chairs in the room, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that on the back of each was an antimacassar. Twelve antimacassars would go a good way towards covering me, and that was something.

I did my best with the antimacassars, but on reflection I came to the conclusion that they would not help me very much. They certainly covered me; but a gentleman walking through South Kensington at 3 a. m. dressed in nothing whatever but antimacassars, with the snow two feet deep on the ground, would be sure to attract attention. I might pretend I was doing it for a wager, but who would believe me?

I grew very cold.

I looked out of the window, and presently I saw the bull's eye of a policeman who was wearily plodding through the snow. I felt that my only course was to surrender to him.

"Policeman," said I from the window, "one word."

"Anything wrong, sir?" said he.

"I have been committing a burglary in this house, and I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will kindly take me into custody."

"Nonsense, sir," said he; "you'd better go to bed."

"There's nothing I should like better, but I live in Lincoln's inn, and I have nothing on but antimacassars; I am almost frozen. Pray take me into custody."

"The street door's open," said he.

"Yes," said I. "Come in."

He came in I explained the circumstances to him, and with great difficulty I convinced him that I was in earnest. The good fellow put his own great coat over me, and lent me his own handcuffs. In ten minutes I was thawing myself in Walton street police station. In ten days I was convicted at the Old Bailey. In ten years I returned from penal servitude.

I found that poor Mr. Davis had gone to his long home in Brompton cemetery.

For many years I never passed his house without a shudder at the terrible hours I spent in it as his guest. I have often tried to forget the incident I have just been relating, and, for a long time, I tried in vain. Perseverance, however, met with its reward. I continued to try. Gradually one detail after another slipped from my recollection, and one lovely evening last May I found, to my intense delight, that I had absolutely forgotten all about it.

The Quinine Supply.

[Chicago Herald.]

According to Dr. Sach, of Buenos Ayres, there is no danger of an exhaustion of the quinine supply. The experimental plantations in Java and the island of Reunion have been very successful; and, besides these nurseries, the trees have been cultivated in Bolivia by the million for ten years. At three places in the last-named country, taken as they come, the number of trees growing is given, severally, at 70,000, 200,000 and 3,500,000.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

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FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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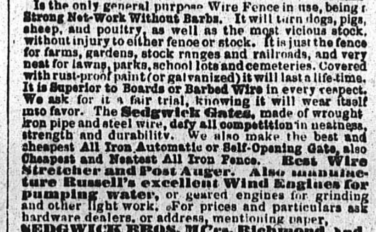

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

"DOG-PINCHERS."

Fifty Pups Sold from a Single Litter ---Two to Bernhardt.

Tricks of the Dog-Stealing Trade--- Petting, Cold Meat and Oil of Anise Will Induce Any Dog to Follow.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A reporter, who was the third member of the groupe, became interested upon hearing the answer of the ex-detective, and with the business man expressed his ignorance of the term "dog-pincher."

"Well, a 'dog-pincher,'" said their companion, "is a man who makes a business of stealing pet dogs, either as a speculation of his own or to order. He tramps around the residence portion of the city from morning until night, and if he sees a valuable dog he induces it to follow him away, and then he sells it. Very often a man about town sees a fine dog he would like to own, and he induces some 'pincher' that he knows to 'lay for it' and steal it for him. He usually has to pay a pretty good price for it, too."

"Do these 'pinchers' hold the dogs they steal for any rewards that may be offered?"

"Not very often. Very few people will pay large rewards for the return of a dog, and the ordinary 'pincher' does not like to return a dog for a reward and run the risk of being 'spotted.' He will have nothing to do with a common dog, and those he does take he can readily sell for a good price."

"Are there many 'dog-pinchers' in Chicago?" asked the reporter.

"Not very many expert professionals. There are a number of amateurs, but they are not up to the business."

"How do they entice dogs away from their homes?"

"That is a secret known only to professional 'dog-pinchers.' They rub some stuff on their hands or pants, and when a dog gets a smell of it no one can call him away. What this stuff is I don't know, but I think it's oil of anise. You know all animals are fond of that. If you don't know it, just put a little bit of it on some bread in a rat-trap and you'll have the trap full of rats."

"Do you know any of the Chicago 'dog pinchers?"

"No, not now. Since I have left the force I have lost all track of them. 'Hungry Dick' used to be the boss of them all. He could 'pinch' a dog when there wasn't any around. I remember a very funny thing about Dick. Poor fellow is dead now. Some years ago I had a beautiful Yorkshire bitch given to me. She had fine, long, silky hair, and was a perfect picture. My folks were moving at the time, and, as I had no place to keep her, I asked Dick to take care of her for me. He consented, and I told him if he lost her or sold her I would kill him.

"Well, Dick took her, washed her thoroughly, combed out her beautiful hair, and she was a fine looker, I tell you. Dick took her through the streets with him, and I guess he was stopped every block by some one who wanted to buy her. He would always say that she was not for sale, but he would sell one or two of her pups. Almost every one would jump at this chance, and I guess Dick sold about sixty of her pups. One day Sarah Bernhardt's agent—who was here at the time—saw the bitch, and insisted that Mad. Bernhardt see her. Well, Dick took her up to the Grand Pacific, and Bernhardt declared that she must have her. Dick knew it would be as much as his life was worth to sell her, so he said he would sell two pups. The madam agreed to pay $50 for them, and Dick went out and got a poodle and a little spaniel, for which he received the $50. Then he disappeared mysteriously, and did not turn up until after Bernhardt had left town. He told me he had planted himself and the fifty in Bridgeport, fearing that Bernhardt would discover the swindle and send for him."

The reporter started out in search of a "pincher," and succeeded in finding him according to directions. He was a man about 25 years of age, with a thin, weazened face and a shambling, sneaking gait. At first he did not care to say anything, and expressed ignorance of the art of "dog-pinching," but when the reporter mentioned the name of the ex-detective as his "bondsman," and gave a personal assurance that no name would be mentioned, he consented to tell something about the art, which he claimed was a lost one so far as he was concerned.

"What is your secret for making a dog follow you off?" said the reporter.

"I was brought up among dogs, and I know their peculiarities. My father was a dog fancier, and when I was still a very small boy I was trained by him to 'pinch' dogs. I did most of my pinching through petting and feeling. I would warm myself into the good graces of a dog by giving him little bits of meat and cheese on the sly, and when he began to expect it as a regular thing I would go to him and then walk away. Of course he would follow me, expecting to get his usual portion, and when I had him some way from his home I would take him in my arms, or chain him, and make off with him."

"But don't the 'pinchers' have some secret means of inducing dogs to follow them?"

"Yes, they use oil of anise sometimes. They rub it on their hands and on their pants, and then they pat a dog and allow him to smell it. The dog likes the smell, and he follows it away; but I think the feeding and petting is the best plan, though it is not as rapid and easy as the other."

"Do they sell the dogs at once, or hold them for rewards?"

"Generally they hold them for a few days, until search for them is given up by the owners. Then they sell them in hotels or saloons. They don't offer them for sale, but wait for an offer, and as they always 'pinch' good dogs the offer is not slow in coming. Sometimes a lap-dog or a pet is stolen just for the reward. Actors and actresses will invariably offer large rewards for lost dogs, and it pays to pinch their animals."

"But actors and actresses always stop in hotels. How do the 'pinchers' get at their dogs there?"

"They generally stand in with porters, chambermaids or bell-boys. You know most hotels don't allow dogs in the rooms, and when the porter takes charge of them they are easy to get."

Each Having Its Own "Exchange."

[Demorest's Monthly.]

Another development of business is noteworthy. In all the centres of population, exchanges are being organized to facilitate business. In times past, it was only merchants and bankers who met on "change," and their dealings were confined to an international traffic, but in New York for instance, every great business is having its own exchange, hence the stock, cotton, produce, metal, grocers, dairymen, petroleum, mining and real estate dealers, as well as other special businesses, have their special buildings in which to do business. The tendency in these institutions is to reduce profits to a minimum, and hence they are beneficial to the community, though they tend in the end to drive the small trader out of business.

London has 700,000 houses and nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants—about seven people to each house.

ALLEYS Early Deep Head CABBAGE.

Every one who has raised that magnificent Cabbage the Fottlers or Brunswick, has regretted that so fine a cabbage did not make a thicker head. The Alleys Early Deep Head is the successful result of years of careful selection and high cultivation to obviate these defects. As early as Fottler, it is as large, is thicker and heavier, bulk for bulk, and brings more in market than any other drum-head; per package 25cts.; per oz. 75 cts.

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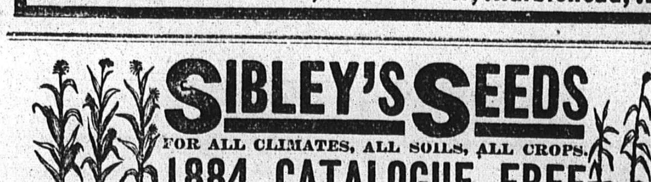

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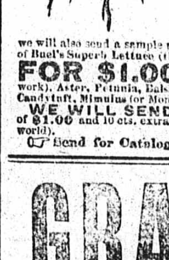

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DRAWN BLANK.

[All the Year Round.]

The passionate grief beside the dying bed;
The passionate longing for the vanished bliss;
The passionate yearning for the glory fled;
Of each we ask: "Can life bear worse than this?"
Aye—answer weary lips and tired eyes,
To violent sorrows, solace nature grants;
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,
Are all its empty blanks—its hopeless wants.

When vivid lightnings flame and thunders crash,
When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to storm,
We see the beacons by the lurid flash,
The tossing spray-clouds glittering rainbows form;
But when below the sullen drip of rain,
The waters sob along the hollow shore,
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,
The dull waves gleam to living light once more.

When time saps slowly strength and hope away,
And the black gulf yawns by the lonely path,
When the dumb night creeps on the empty day,
And the one clue of all is held by death;
Look not to faded joy or lingering love,
To wake the power youth and faith had given,
Take patiently the lot we all must prove,
Till the great bar swings back and shows us Heaven.

ENGLISH GIRLS ABROAD.

They Manage to Have Plenty of Interests Apart from Society.

[London Paper.]

American girls are much more popular abroad than ours, and for an obvious reason. They are more continental in their tastes. They live for society, dress, flirtation. Our young women, like their fathers and brothers, are profoundly indifferent to continental opinion. When Swedenborg visited heaven he found that the English there kept very much to themselves. So do our countrymen abroad. They have plenty of interests apart from society. They botanize, they walk, they play lawn-tennis as if they meant winning sets, not hearts. They carry hammers, they explore fossils, they dig up bits of primitive man, they collect sea beasts, they even study the peasants and their patois. They regard foreign young men as beings of another species, no more marriageable than monkeys. For all these reasons they do not dress to please foreign young men.

They wear big-nailed boots, hideous sunshades, and, when very Alpine and pedestrian, seem chiefly to robe themselves in seedy old ulsters. Sealskins and waterproofs limit their ideas of costume. They wear out their old things. Occasionally they introduce æsthetic dresses to a foreign population which never heard of Mr. Wilde. It is amusing to observe the horror-stricken curiosity of a foreign town when the first peacock-blue pair of puffed sleeves is promenaded through the streets. All these signs of the cold and insular indifference of the British fair make her unpopular on the continent. She is not thinking about love, and sentiment, and fine feelings. She is taking her pleasure manfully, after the manner of her race.

No Room in the Abbey.

[London Times.]

It sounds like a landmark in history when we are told that there is no more room for interments in Westminster Abbey. Matters must have come to this pass when the dean has had to deny ground to the most distinguished member of that inventive class which the Roman poet admitted into the Pagan Elysium. It is said of the last two interments, those of Darwin and Spottiswoode, that the coffins were only a very few feet below the surface. For a long time there have been ghastly stories of the disturbance necessary to the finding of room for a new arrival. This has been the case, indeed, for a century and a half or more. Chaucer's grave was molested to make way for Dryden's; Ben Jonson's bones fell out one by one into the grave prepared for Sir Robert Wilson, and came in sight again when a grave was dug for John Hunter. Addison lies upon the duchess of Albemarle, and upon him James Craggs.

She Got Ahead of Butler.

[Buffalo Express.]

Washington claims the honor of producing the only individual who ever got very far ahead of Gen. Butler. It was a woman, of course. She was imprisoned by him during the war, and suffered many hardships and indignities. One day he sent for her to come to his private office to interrogate her himself. As she entered he was busy writing, which he continued to do without speaking to her or noticing that she was standing. She looked around for a seat, found one, and also a tray with a luxurious luncheon for the general himself. Having nothing else to do, she quietly ate the luncheon up, and what she could not get away with otherwise she stuffed in her pockets. After a while Gen. Butler wheeled around and said brusquely; "As you see, I have been deeply engaged." "And so have I," sweetly responded the lady, pointing to the empty tray, where not a bone remained. History does not record the general's reply to the unterrified woman.

The Suene Butter Trade.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Suene, which has thus become so great a part of the butter trade, is manufactured from the very finest creamery butter—the finest that can be purchased at the great butter markets of Elgin, Ill.—mixed with lard. The adulteration is usually the finest leaf lard, which by an interesting process is completely deodorized. Then amalgamation of the creamery butter is made, and so completely is the flavor and appearance of the creamery product retained in the counterfeit butter that people who have been handling creamery butter for years fail to detect the deceit, even after making the most careful test. The principal suene manfacturing centres are Chicago and Detroit. One factory in the former city turns out 80,000 pounds a day.

A volume containg Petrarch's songs, printed in Venice about the end of the fifteenth century, was recently sold in London for the sum of $9,750.

THE KANGAROO COURT.

A Peculiar Institution Among the Cowboys and in the Jails of Texas.

[Texas Letter in New York Sun.]

The kangaroo court is an institution of the southwest. It exists in nearly every well regulated jail, and is not unfrequently organized outside of these institutions. When it once gets a victim in its clutches, it is generally barbarous and always merciless. When ten or twenty desperadoes, cowboys, gummers, negroes, and hard men are cooped up in one of these Texas jails, with nothing to do, they resort to the kangaroo court for diversion. A meeting is held, at which the law is laid down and the penalties prescribed for its violation. Some of the rules and regulations prepared by the inmates of Texas jails for their own government are sweeping and far-reaching enough to answer for an entire territory. For every conceivable offense possible of commission within the walls of a prison, there is a penalty, and never a very light one. The standard of morality is sometimes distressingly high, and sometimes it is dubious indeed.

Not long ago a party of cowboys came to town for the purpose of having a little fun, and in the course of their rambles they came upon a fellow from Houston, a tough character, but one not at all familiar with the ways of the wild men of the plains. He drank and caroused with them until late in the night, and, finally, on the instigation of a few of his companions, he threw a beer keg through a store front. The echo of the crashing glass had hardly died out before he found himself a prisoner, with his arms pinioned behind him and an armed guard surrounding him. He was marched out of town for some miles to a desolate spot, where the entire party camped until daybreak. The light showed the prisoner that most of his friends of the previous night were with him still, but there were half a dozen other men, who appeared to be officers of some description whom he had not seen before. He was duly arraigned, not only for the window breaking, but for a dozen other offenses, murder and arson being of the number, and, notwithstanding his protests of innocence, the court proceeded to try him on each of the indictments in their order. For the window breaking he was sentenced to twenty lashes, for arson to ten years' imprisonment, for murder to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, for assault with intent to kill to be imprisoned at hard labor for twenty years, for horse stealing to be hanged, for deserting from the army to be shot, and so on. The proceedings were conducted with the utmost solemnity, and lasted all day, the prisoner's pretended friends exerting themselves in his behalf, but being unable to move the court to mercy.

The next morning the kangaroo judge announced the order of exercises. As the prisoner was an uncommonly guilty person, he said, he would have to even up his punishment in some way. If he was hanged or shot at once he would escape the just penalties for his other crimes. Imprisonment would not answer, for the length of his sentences would give him a good opportunity to die of old age. It was the judgment of the court, therefore, that he should first be whipped, then ducked in the river, then whipped again, then shot at and crippled, but not killed, and then hanged. This the court considered the most merciful sentence it could impose and at the same time do justice to outraged law. The man first remonstrated, and then begged, but to no avail.

He was whipped and ducked, and whipped again, and was being put in place for the crippling act, when his persecutors got into a quarrel among themselves over the precedence in winging him. The court had been drinking freely during the day, and a good many of the boys were quarrelsome. In the course of the fight that ensued the prisoner managed to escape.

In the Robeetie jail the prisoners, twelve or fifteen in number, had during the day the privilege of walking or sitting in the corridor, being locked in their cells only at night. A big negro named Caffrey was one day arraigned for some breach of propriety and tried with great formality. The arguments alone lasted nearly a week, and after he was found guilty by the jury, who played seven-up to settle the case, it was shown by the prisoner's counsel that the jurymen had played with a short deck of cards, and the court thereupon gave him a new trial. This was more protracted than the first, but finally resulted in conviction and a sentence to life imprisonment. Caffrey was thereupon escorted to his cell and the door was closed. Once or twice when the turnkey unlocked the boys in the morning the negro walked out with the others, but they immediately ordered him back, unmindful of his entreaties. After he had been thus kept in solitary confinement for a fortnight the jail authorities had to interfere in his behalf, and the court, with due solemnity, held a session with the culprit present, reopened his case, and formally granted him an unconditional pardon.

Greenbacks at College.

[Inter Ocean.]

An exchange says a Harvard student has fitted up his room at a cost of $4,000. The probabilities are that he will be the poorest scholar of his class, and before old age will be glad to take a clerkship under some of the now impoverished members of his class. It is a rare thing for a scholarship and riches to go together. The father makes no greater mistake than when he lines the pockets of his son in college with greenbacks.

Food for Early Risers.

[Chicago Herald.]

A caterer in Buffalo, N. Y., cooks angleworms. He feeds them on milk for a few days, dusts them with flour, and drops them into a pan of burning oil or fat. They are served in drawn butter with a little lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce.

A Madison avenue New York woman keeps a coach dog to match her freckles. She calls him Spot.

Messrs. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.—Enclosed please find money for four bottles of Cream Balm. I tried it on a man who could not smell at all. After using your balm for six days could smell everything.—J. C. MATHEWS, Salem, N. C. (Price 50 cents.)

There were 4,000 suicides in Paris last year.

Milk worth 6 cents per quart can easily be furnished for 4 cents at a profit, by a proper admixture of water. Cheap Baking powder can be furnished on the same principle. DeLand's Chemical Baking Powder is free from all adulteration. It is made from Grape Cream Tartar and Pure Ry-Carb. Soda.

The European inhabitants have evacuated Boerher.

Paralysis, Nine Years.

"After having suffered for 9 years with paralysis," says Mr. Joseph Yates, of Paterson, N. Jersey. "I was cured by Samaritan Nervine." Mr. Yates authorizes this statement. Your druggist keeps it, $1.50.

The French cabinet is divided on the Egyptian question.

James. M Hawkins, Vinton, Ia., says: "My wife was in delicate health. She is taking Brown's Iron Bitters and has never felt so well."

President Grevy, of France, received at Elysee on New Year's day.

Faded hair recovers its youthful color and soft, silky texture by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam.

British plans for sanitary reform in Alexandria have been adopted.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs. Jines, Albany.

Catholic missionaries in Southern China have recently been greviously maltreated.

Decorative Art.

Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mousseau has resigned the premiership of Quebec, and will be appointed judge of Rimouski.

J. C. Tipton, druggist, Elkader, Clayton Co., Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has large sales and gives good satisfaction."

Portugal repels the charge of monopolizing the Congo trade, and says that it is free to all the world.

The weak, worn and dyspeptic should take Colden's Liquid Beef-Tonic. Take no other.

Thirty persons have been arrested at St. Petersburg for connection with the murder of Lieutenant Colonel Sudeikin.

A dressing to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER 1.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With billious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. KITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

Officeholders.

The office held by the Kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system, and with them the impurities, both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is Nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

The Chinese have blockaded Canton river, leaving a space of only 90 feet for vessels.

Last winter I found positive relief from Catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm. Was troubled for years. I have no doubt a thorough use of Cream Balm will cure a great majority of cases.—E. D. NORTON, Ithaca, N. Y. (See ad.)

Mr. Schram's residence, Clay county, and contents, were recently burnd.

Think, ladies! You can permanently beautify your complexion with Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," 50 cts.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TO LIVE.

[Carlotta Perry.]

It is to bid the waking world good morning,
To say good-night when evening drapes the earth,
To toil with hand and brain for gold or honor,
For sake of those beside the household hearth.

It is to guide the steps of little children,
With faithful arm to shield the aged head;
To kneel and pray, to twine the bridal roses,
To fold away the garments of our dead.

It is to walk abroad when leaves are starting,
To hear the birds sing, tread the garden path;
To sow the seeds and gather in the harvests,
To look on fields all rich with aftermath.

To hear the welcome sound of rain in summer,
To see the rose and gold of evening skies;
To face the storms and see the stars shine over,
To kiss fond lips and look in loving eyes.

To feed the hungry, give the cup of water,
To break some chain and help some soul go free,
To build our castles and to see them vanish,
To wonder when our ships will cross the sea.

It is to hunger with the heart, and, asking
For wine get gall; for bread receive a stone;
It is to know that somewhere 'neath God's heaven,
A loving, constant heart is all our own.

It is to sing, to paint, to carol, and never,
Even when genius its fair best has wrought
To find the song, the statue or the picture,
So fair, so true, so perfect as the thought.

To live! It is to love, to hope, to suffer,
To search for truth, to spend our souls for dross;
To win; to lose, to sometimes win in losing,
And oftimes find our winning is but loss.

It is to long, led by our love and sorrow,
For some good knowledge—other than faith brings—
Of that strange world that lies beyond the silence,
Whose mysteries baffle all our wonderings.

CONGRESSIONAL COSTUMES.

The Kind of Good Clothes Worn by Some of Our Leading Statesmen.

[Cor. Chicago Journal.]

Your average congressman dresses in black, a sort of compromise between an afternoon dress-suit and a business suit being the most popular style of body gear chosen by these, the people's servants. Hiscock, of New York, usually wears a black coat of the "Prince Albert" cut, buttoned close across in front, black pants, shoes neatly polished, and a polka-dot tie, with loose ends, which falls over the lapels of his carefully-brushed coat with pleasing effect. Hewitt, of New York, gives very little attention to his dress. He usually wears a black suit, more of a business than dress style, the coat a short sack, and pants somewhat uncertain, sometimes black, sometimes gray. His coat is usually open, or perhaps closed by one button, and his hair rumpled.

Randall wears a black dress-coat, not a Prince Albert, but more the style that was fashionable for afternoon dress a few years ago, cut lower in front than the Prince Albert, and inclined to fall away at the front unless kept buttoned—as it never is in this case. He sports a turn-down collar and the plainest of black ties, black vest and pants, not a particle of color anywhere, except in his face, which flushes occasionally in the heat of debate. His hat is a silk one, and usually showing signs of a good deal of wear. McKinley, of Ohio, seldom wears anything more than a business suit, or, at least, one that by its cut has that appearance. His favorite coat is a black sack. Gov Robinson, of Massachusetts, who is pointed out by everybody as "the man who beat Ben Butler," wears a quiet black suit, sometimes a sack, sometimes a long frock. Robertson, of Kentucky, who succeeds Proctor Knott, wears a snuff-colored business suit, which stands out rather prominent among the almost universal funereal black which clothes nine out of every ten members. Phil Thompson, who used to wear a suit with a little color in it, succumbs to the custom, and wears black on most occasions. Kasson delights in a short sack coat of some dark material, but is obliged at times to give that up for a suit more in the prevailing style in the house. Holman, "the objector," usually wears a black frock coat, pretty long as to skirt, and seldom buttoned in front, while his tie is not in its normal condition if not awry. His general appearance this session, since he has been made so prominent by the talk of the presidency, is a little neater than it used to be. Carlisle's dress is very plain, a black coat afternoon dress, but not the latest cut, black tie, turn-down collar, smooth face, and no particular attempt at anything more than average neatness in attire.

Death to Tornadoes.

[Cor. Scientific American.]

Take one keg or barrel of common rifle or cannon powder to the limit of your city or town where it is approached by a tornado. Fix to an artillery priming tube, having a string to it about 100 yards long. Take your position at the end of the string, holding it taut. Wait till the tornado seems to be precisely over the powder, then fire the powder by pulling the string, and if the charge is large enough, that gyrating, whirling tornado will be effectually blasted out of existence; at least, made harmless till blown beyond your town where perhaps it will reform itself.

Cameron and Buchanan.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Gen. Simon Cameron tells the following story: "When Mr. Polk was inaugurated Buchanan came to me and said: 'Cameron, Mr. Polk has tendered me the position of secretary of state in his cabinet; what would you do about it?' 'Why ask me? You have already made up your mind to accept it.' 'Then who will succeed me as senator?' asked Mr. Buchanan. 'I think Simon Cameron will,' was my reply. Mr. Buchanan walked away, and was never after my friend, although we never quarreled. I have always thought he had a candidate of his own."

Cleared Ten Dollars.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Whose grave is this?" said a gentleman while strolling through a cemetery.

"That," said his companion, "is the grave of Mr. Taggleworth."

"That so? Why, hang it, he owed me $10. I am the most unfortunate man in the world. I needed that money. Hello! Who have we here?"

"Mr. Zulkin, who died the other day."

"Well, that's encouraging. I owed him $20. Made $10 by the two transactions. Arkansaw's a pretty good country after all."

A Convenient Double.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

There are two men in the city so much alike that they are constantly taken for one another. They met on a California street-car one day and the one offered to toss the other to decide which of them should shave his whiskers off.

"No, no," said he. "It is most convenient. If I am ever accused of doing anything disreputable, I always say it was you."

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh. Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich. (Price 50 cents.)

Joseph Caldwell, of McPherson county, was found dead in his bed, recently.

"ROUGH ON COLDS."

Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15 c. Liquid 50c. At druggists.

Gov. Glick has appointed H. S. Doutitt probate judge of Elk county.

Did She Die?

"No!"

"She lingered and suffered along, "ing away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughter say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

A Clay Center merchant expends $1,366 per year in advertising.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases $1. Druggists.

The Florence Herald denies that a fine vein of coal has been found near that city.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Yes "The Fling Dutchman" that's the name of it. We mean the new three wheel Sulky Plow that is creating such a sensation and drawing such crowds of people to examine its merits at the Implement House of G. R. Gould & Co. It is both novel in name and novel in design, and is constructed upon a scientific principle never before applied to sulky plows, by the use of which the draft is so greatly reduced that two ordinary sized horses can easily do the labor, where it required three to perform with old styled plows. It is an old saying and as true as ancient that "THE MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEASTS." Hence Farmers who have any regard for the welfare of their team will do well to examine this before buying. Also while there you will do well to examine their immense stock of goods just in, which is complete in every detail in their line. All goods warranted and a "SQUARE DEAL" guarranteed. Don't fail to call at their store.

Nos. 170 & 172, Mass. Street.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure Corns, warts, bunions.

CATARRH — ELY'S CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.

IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF

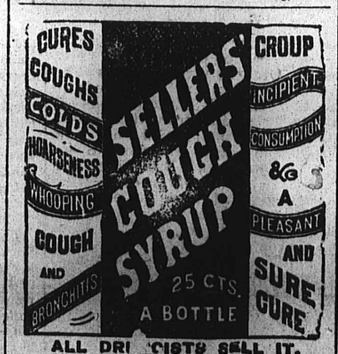
HAY-FEVER — Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucus membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c. a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

DEITZ SEED CORN — Early Mammoth double-eared yellow Field Corn; the Best of 30 years' selection. 2 lbs by mail, paid, $1; one peck here, $1; 1 bus. $3; 5 bus. $10; 100 bus. $150. Sample 10c. G. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.



ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

ALL FOR 30 CENTS. 1 pkg each of Sugar Trough gourd, Prize Head Lettuce, Acme Tomato, Choice Pansy, and blotched and striped Petunia. I have grown the gourds by the acre to hold from four to five gal's. each. With each order I will send my treatise on fence worth TEN Dollars to any Farmer. Address WALDO F. BROWN BOX 76, OXFORD OHIO.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland Me.

LYON & HEALY State & Monroe Sts., Chicago. Will send prepaid to any address their BAND CATALOGUE, for 1883, 200 pages, 210 Engravings of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap-Lamps, Stands, Drum Major's Staffs, and Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing Materials, also includes Instruction and Exercises for Amateur Bands, and a Catalogue of Choice Band Music.

SAMARITAN NERVINE — NEVER FAILS. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle.

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (11)

Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.

Sold by all Druggists.

LORD, STOUTENBURGH & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

HANSELL The earliest and most valuable Raspberry. EARLY HARVEST Blackberry. ATLANTIC & DANIEL BOONE Strawberries; send for details. The largest and best stock of SMALL FRUITS in the U. S. Richly illustrated catalogue, telling what to plant, how to plant, and how to get and grow Fruit Trees and Plants, filled with useful information on fruit culture, free. J. T. LOVETT, LITTLE SILVER, NEW JERSEY.

AGENTS Our new war book, DEEDS OF DARING, by Blue and Gray, is outselling all other books. Illustrated circular and terms free. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati O.

TOYS to sell our Hand Rubber Stamps. Sample free. FOLJAMBE & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

PENSIONS for any disability; also to Heirs. Send for New Laws. L. BINGHAM, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

TRADE-MARKS, PRINTS, LABELS, Patents, COPYRIGHTS, DESIGNS, RE-ISSUES. Send description of your invention. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer and Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

BUY Northern Grown SEEDS For Garden and Farm Fresh, pure cheap. Plants by 100,000 and ROSES Cats. free. A. A. SALZER, LaCrosse, Wis.

FARMS FOR SALE IN VIRGINIA Send stamps for circular to E. C. LINDSEY & Co. Norfolk, Va.

LADIES WILL YOU BE CURED. Those who have been deuled a healthy and natural condition, and wish to establish same, will use Magnetic Pastilles. No stomach drugging. Our treatment uniformly successful, being based on scientific and direct methods of application. The following, used by permission, is one of the many testimonials on file at our offices.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1881.

DRS. JACKSON & BURNETT—Dear Sirs: After having six month's tedious treatment for ulceration and misplacement, and finding myself but very little better, I was induced to try your Pastilles. After using less than a quarter of a box, I felt well and strong, and consider myself now free from a weakness which makes women despondent and life a burden.

Respectfully Yours, MRS. EMMA SNIDEKAR.

Each case treated separately according to individual diagnosis. Correspondence invited, which is held in strict confidence. Letters forwarded in plain sealed envelope, and no one knows what they contain. Address for particulars, DRS. JACKSON & BURNETT, N. E. Cor. Race and Ninth Streets, Cincinnati, O.

ARM & HAMMER BRAND

TO FARMERS—It is important that the SODA or SALERATUS they use should be white and pure, in common with all similar substances used for food.

In making bread with yeast, it is well to use about half a teaspoonful of the "Arm and Hammer" BRAND SODA or Saleratus at the same time, and thus make the bread rise better and prevent it becoming sour by correcting the natural acidity of the yeast.

DAIRYMEN and FARMERS should use only the "Arm and Hammer" brand for cleaning and keeping milk-pans sweet and clean.

To insure obtaining only the "Arm and Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus, buy it in "POUND OR HALF POUND PACKAGES," which bear our name and trade-mark, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm and Hammer."

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

NEW CHOICE SEEDS! FRUITS!

All of the best, both new and old. Plants, Trees, Vines, Seeds, &c., by mail, a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. 60 choice, cheap, $1 Sets, for example:

12 ROSES SPLENDID Ever-Blooming $1

30 PACKETS CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS, $1.

For the other 58 $1 Sets and 1,001 things besides, send for our illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages, free. None better nor more reliable. Established 30 yrs. 500 acres. 21 large Greenhouses.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all. D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

STEWART'S STOCK REMEDY. Is a Tonic, appetizer and Blood Purifier for all live stock. The best Condition Powder in the world. 25 CENTS.

PATENTS Hand-Book FREE. R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

HEREDITARY TAINTS.

Some Revelations on a Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Race and the Happiness of All.

[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]

To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain mental traits of prominence, and of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished,—the son an imbecile; or, the parent may be decrepit and unknown, and the child achieve the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics, which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities, and often of a physical nature.

These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. T. Swift, who is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens. This lady related that she inherited from her parents certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said:

"I felt the beginning of this hereditary taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed to come unaccountably, and at uncalled for times. They were annoying, exhausting, and interfered not only with my duties, but also totally destroyed my happiness. At first they would be only transient, appearing for a day or two, and then disappearing; then again they would come in such violent forms, that it was impossible for me to lift a cup to my mouth. Afterwards, my feet and hands swelled so that it was impossible for me to draw on my shoes or gloves without the greatest effort. I realized what the difficulty was, but seemed powerless to avert it. I finally became so bad that I was confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. My joints pained me continuously, and my feet swelled to enormous proportions. Knowing that I inherited this tendency, I had about abandoned hope, when I began the use of a remedy which was recommended to me by a friend as being specially efficient in cases of a similar kind. To my great gratitude, I found that it relieved me, restored my appetite, and I am able to say that now I have gained forty pounds in weight, feel perfectly well, and am in the best possible condition, owing wholly to Warner's Safe Rheumatic cure, which was the remedy I used."

"No one would ever suspect you had suffered so, Mrs. Swift, to see you now," remarked the reporter.

"That is what all my friends say. Only yesterday, an acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, hesitated, before speaking, and apologized by saying, 'Why, I really did not know you, you have changed so for the better since I last met you, how well you do look.'"

"Have you any objection to giving the name of the party who first mentioned this remedy to you?"

"Not the slightest. It was Mr. R. H. Furman, the photographer."

The newspaper man, after bidding Mrs. Swift good-bye, repaired to the photographic rooms of Mr. Furman, when the following conversation ensued:

"Have you been a sufferer from rheumatism, Mr. Furman?"

"Well, I should think I had."

"For how many years?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"Did you try to cure it?"

"Yes, I tried everything, and, at last, went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure."

"And it cured you, did it?"

"Yes, completely."

"And you can cordially recommend it?"

"Yes indeed, more cordially than anything I have ever known of. It is simply a wonderful medicine. I believe that two-thirds of all cases, both acute and chronic, could be cured as I was cured by the use of this remedy. In fact I know a number of persons who have been in the worst possible condition, and are now completely well wholly through its use."

The statements above made are from sources, the authority of which cannot be questioned. They conclusively prove the value of the preparation named and show that even hereditary traits can be removed by the use of proper means.

The story of the Merv, an abbreviated edition of Edmund O'Donovan's large two volumes on the Merv Oasis, is issued by Funk and Wagnall, New York, and forms No. II in their standard library for 1884. It presents the important substance of the original two large volumes in a 16mo of reading size. Of uniform style and issued by the same house, is "Memorie and Rime," by Joaquin Miller, author of "Songs of the Sierras," etc.

CUMNOCK'S SCHOOL SPEAKER.—Rhetorical recitations for boys and girls. Compiled by Robert McLean Cumnock, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Chicago, Jansen McClurg & Co. This is a most excellent selection of prose and poetry from the best sources, suitable for all the children who have to learn "pieces to speak," and will certainly prove a boon to both the wee ones in the lower grades, as well as the older ones who are more advanced. Teachers would do well to examine it, and recommend it to their pupils, as most of them at the eleventh hour are hunting high and low, and bothering papa and mama, and all the home folks to help them get a "piece." Price $1.00. For sale by J. S. Crew.

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich. (Price 50 cents.)

Our Book Table.

Reputation with posterity has ever been esteemed one of the most powerful incentives to deeds of heroism; and one modern school of philosophy recognizes as the only true immortality of man, the enduring beneficient influence of his virtuous actions. If, however, the fabric of our civilization were seen to be tottering, it is plain that this particular stimulus to virtue would fail. But, "Is our Civilization Perishable?" The question is asked in the North American Review for March, by Judge J. A. Jameson who considers the several agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be affected. In the same number of the Review there is an article of extraordinary interest on "Agricultural Politics in England," by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express. "A Defenceless Sea-Board", by Gen. H. A. Smalley is a discription of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States; and though the author employes none of the arts of the rhetorican his statement cannot fail to awaken the people of this country to the importance of being in peace prepared for war. "Neither Genius nor Martyr" is the judgment pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hyneman Rhine whose contribution to the Carlyle controversy is characterized by much force. In "The Story of a Nomination", W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second presidential term was brought about. Other articles are "Literary Resurrectionists" by Charles T. Congdon "How to Improve the Mississippi", by Robert S. Taylor; and the Constitutionality of Repudiation", by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise. Published at 30 Lafeyette Place New York.

The March Atlantic continues Dr. Mitchell's story, "In War Time," and Mr Crawford's story, "A Roman Singer." These though very unlike, are two of the best and most interesting serial stories that have appeared from American writers for a long time. Henry A. Clapp contributes an admirably intelligent and discriminating article on Henry Irving, the famous English actor. Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi, an American lady who has lived in Italy decribes "A Pisan Winter," which includes a story. Henry M. Lyman has an interesting paper on "The Disvovery of Peruvian Bark," which under the name of quinine is so much used in medical practice. "The Journal of a Hessian Barroness," culls from the letters and journal of Baroness von Riedesel many curious facts relating to Burgoyne's campaign during the Revolution. "Drifting Down Lost Creek" is a story of East Tennessee life, by Charles Egbert Craddock, who knows that peculiar life so intimately and describes it so dramatically. This story will be finshied in the April number. Other interesting articles are "Don John of Austria," by Alexander Young: "The Sources of Israelitish History" an excellent example of what is now known as the "higher criticism" by Rev. Phillip H. Wicksteed, a learned English Clergyman; "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," a continuation of Mr R. G. White's articles on "Mr. Washington Adams," "Texts and Translations of Hafiz" by Prof. E. P. Evans; two poems, reviews of books, and a bright Contributors' Club. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March is an unusually lively number, containing as it does an illustrated article on sub-marine diving by an expert, and the third installment of "On Land and Sea, or California in the years 1843 '44 and '45," by Mr. William H. Thomes the author of that popular novel of the day, "The Belle of Australia," "The Gold-Hunters of Australia" "Life in the East Indies," and other well known works. In this chapter the vessel arrives at Monterey, and a vivid description of the town is given as it existed at that time, with a glance at some noted persons, among them Mr. Thomas O Larkin, afterwards the American consul. This "On Land and Sea" grows more humorous and interesting as it progresses, and promises to be the author's best work. There is not a tedious line in the three parts that have appeared, and no doubt all will pan out as well. Old residents of California should read this story, as it is full of interest. Ballou's Magazine is only $1.50 per annum, postpaid, or 15 cents a single copy. Send 10 cents for a sample copy. For sale everywhere; but, if your newsdealer does not keep it ask him to order it. Published by Thomes and Talbot, 23 Hawley street Boston.

The March Eclectic contains as its principal articles: 'A Prospect and a Retrospect," by Herbert Spencer; "The Soudan, and its Future," by Sir Samuel Baker; and "A Visit to Philistia," by Sir Lepel Griffin. There is another installment of Ivan Turgenieff's prose poems, "Senilia," which will be read with great interest. A very remarkable short story is "Old Lady Mary," from Blackwood's, by Mrs. Oliphant, one of the most original and unique ghost stories ever written. A very vivid picture of medæival Italian life is given in "A Florentine Tradesman's Diary," which will be completed in the next number. Other striking papers are: "Earthquake Weather." "Tragedy in Japan," "Personal Recollections of Gambetta," "Scraps from the Chronicles of Venice," and "Old and New Cynics." The poems are from Swinburne, Tennyson, and Browning. The magazine, in its entirety, is of great interest, and contains more variety than usual in spite of several lengthy papers. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Stree, New York: Terms, $5 per year: single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, $1.

MEMORIE AND RIME.—By Joaquin Miller. A most delightful mingling of sketches of travel, stories, and poems. "In Notes from an Old Journal" there are given delicious bits of experience in New York City, in the Franco-Prussian war, at a tea-party given by the English poet, Rossetti, etc. The stories and sketches are of Western life, told with the humor and pathos for which the author has long been noted. The "Rhymes for the Right" are in Mr. Miller's fervent and vigorous vein. "In Memoriam" gives some recollections of men and events which occupy a prominent place in history. The volume does no contain a page, but is brimful of interest. California, Colorado and especially Oregon are drawn upon for a fund of interesting anecdote and reminiscence. The author writes of a life he knows thoroughly, and with the pen of genius. Publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey St., N. Y.

EXTINCT RACES.

A Queer Collection of Stone Vessels---A Curiosity in Dentistry.

[Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent.]

About two or three months ago C. W. Clark of this city decided upon collecting a small cabinet of curiosities, to include coins, relics, and trinkets. The result has been the accumulation of a store of rare curiosities which would make an ordinary Natural History society turn green with envy. The last important addition is a collection of stone utensils manufactured by a race of people now extinct upon this coast, who were evidently far advanced in the science of stone-cutting, and also in the arts culinary and ornamental. These extinct tribes made piping or tubes out of the hard agate rock, beads out of shells, charms and talismans of exquisite shape and perfection, representing fishes and animals, cut of abalone shells, fine fish-hooks from mussel-shells, and all kinds of cooking utensils from the solid rock. They had no metallic chisels or drills, no metals of any kind, no turning lathes, and yet their work is perfect.

The collection donated to Clark's natural museum includes one mammoth-sized mortar and pestle, both cut out of solid, hard rock, the mortar nearly two feet across the top, the pestle two feet in length. Both are perfect in contour and finished as smoothly as rock can be dressed. The mortar would hold about half a bushel of grain, and was no doubt the property of the miller of the tribe, who could grind corn meal very rapidly by the aid of such a large-sized hand mill. Then there are a dozen or more beautifully-finished mortars and pestles, all of solid stone, some of one variety of stone and some of another. Some of the mortars are of smoothly-polished agate and very beautiful.

The most remarkable of these exhumed Indian curiosities are the ollas or water vessels and the solid-stone cooking vessels. These latter articles are wonderful. The largest is a globular vessel of solid stone, chipped out of the hardest kind of rock, and as round as a ball. It is hollow, and has been patiently chipped out until the globe is quite hollow, about two inches thick, with an aperture about four inches in diameter at the top. It still bears the marks of fire, although it has been buried perhaps two centuries. There are several of these globular stone-cooking vessels in Clark's collection, and dozens of other aboriginal curiosities.

Dentistry seems to have been quite an art in the days when the extinct race held control here. Among the store of curiosities exhumed from the graves upon the Santa Barbara islands and now in Clark's collection are six or seven sets of false teeth. They are formed each from a shell which was fashioned to fit the roof of the mouth or could be adjusted outside of the gums. These shell teeth are perfectly formed and easily adjustable. Whether they were used for ornament or for mastication of food is one of those mysteries the grave still holds in concealment. The water bottles are round and are of woven grass mixed with asphaltum. The pipes are tubes of agate of fine-colored stones gathered upon the beach. How the natives turned and polish this hard flint-like stone and then drilled holes through it so as to use it for a pipe is a mystery. Among these recently-exhumed curiosities from the Santa Barbara islands are dozens of highly polished stone rings; some of them have been broken, but have been mended with a cement of which asphaltum is the principal ingredient. This cement used by these extinct tribes appears to have been durable and effective, as the shattered stone rings united by it are as strong and as solid as those not damaged.

Crockett and Hackett.

[Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner.]

The following is an extract from a letter written from Washington fifty years ago by the Hon. William Hiester:

During last week we had an amusing farce with Col. David Crockett. It was announced that at the particular request of Davy, Mr. Hackett would appear on the boards in his favorite character of Nimrod Wildfire in the play called "The Kentuckian; or, a Trip to New York." This brought out a house full to overflowing. At 7 o'clock the colonel was escorted by the manager through the crowd to a front seat reserved for him. As soon as he was recognized by the audience they made the very house shake with hurrahs for Col. Crockett: "Go ahead!" "I wish I may be shot." "Music! Let us have 'Crockett's March.'" After some time the curtain rose, and Hackett appeared in a hat covered with a wild-cat skin and long tail attached, who, after bowing to the audience, turned toward Crockett and bowed repeatedly. The compliment was reciprocated by the colonel, to the no small amusement, noise and glorification of the spectators. The play then went on, through the whole of which were used the phrases attributed to the colonel; "I am a full team," "I can whip my weight in wild-cats," "I am half horse, half steamboat," etc. Really, it was the greatest farce imaginable to see a grave congressman the buffoon of such an audience, and he appeared to enjoy the sport very much. I have not yet got acquainted with him, but his appearance and conduct in the house are good and altogether correct.

Not from Monkeys but Bears.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The late Mr. Darwin has a formidable rival in his great feat of tracing the origin and descent of man from the monkey. Prof. Gheike challenges him, in respect at least to the people of northern Europe and American Indians. They, he says, descended from bears, which, having floated southward on icebergs toward the end of the glacial period, could not return. The warmth of the climate made them shed their furry coat, and they walked on their hind legs in order to keep their fore legs dry. Thus, in process of time, by successive modifications, they developed into men.

Writing Names on Hatbands.

The romantic experience of Miss Beach, the young lady of Bethel, Conn., who wrote her name on the band of a hat, and finally married the New Orleans gentleman into whose hands it fell, has had an unexpected sequel. Of course the other girls in the shop did the same thing, and now a western firm has refused a consignment of hats sent on their order, because so many of them have young ladies' names written inside the bands. Several married men who, unobserving, bought hats so marked, had the very foul fiend's own time about the matter, and the locality was all broken up for a while.

Theodore Tilton.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Theodore Tilton is living quietly in the Quartier Latin, Paris, near the school of fine arts, engaged busily in literary work. "I have not had a vacation for many years," he says. "I have my portfolios full of unfinished work. It struck me that if I could get away to some quiet nook like this, I should find an opportunity to complete what I have begun. I may remain here all winter, with the exception of a little visit to Rome. I am quite alone, both of my married daughters now being in Chicago."

An Anti-Charity Society.

[Joaquin Miller's Letter.]

I have been implored, and with savage pleasure I call attention to an Anti-Charity society in New York. Could any one believe that, as we stand upon the verge of days which have been devoted since the advent of Christ to universal charity, that there is a great society of that name, or rather that nature, in New York? Well there is a flourishing order of that kind here; and it has just held a big meeting and was presided over and addressed by big men, rich men, influential men, federal officeholders, professed Christians. One is an ex-cabinet minister. They appeal to the public to give no beggar a cent.

Of course these are honest men. They mean well. But I make a solemn protest against such teachings. The motive I do not question. Yet I cannot see how any reasonable man or woman can see any good to come out of this society's doings. And it is easy to see how much heartlessness, inhumanity, indeed, can and must naturally grow out of it if it is permitted to flourish. And I repeat that it seems impossible that at this day and age such an association could be thought of for an instant.

For God's sake, let those who have anything to give and the good heart to give it, be permitted to give unquestioned. I do not think the beggars will get any too much. If these rich and great men are sick of seeing beggars in the streets, let them be provided for as in Paris so that their unseemly corpses come not between the sweet air and their lordships' lifted noses. Of course this association disclaims being uncharitable. It simply says, do not give until you investigate, and thus get rid of beggars. And so few investigate and fewer give. Oh, my friend, some one richer, better than these rich, influential men here in New York, long since said that the poor shall be with us always. And I reckon that no society that ever was or ever will be could ever do away with that pitiful fact.

Who are the beggars? You find as a rule that they are those who have been wounded in this battle of life. No, not in the body but in the brain. They are very helpless. Let them lean just a little on you as they limp on toward the grave, only a few paces ahead. Look at any beggar you meet. Will he live long? He or she will, nine cases out of ten, not live the year out. Measure his or her intellect with yours. Repulsive? Of course, very repulsive. But Christ never seemed to think them so. They mar the beauty of the city a bit. But all the beggars out of purgatory would not and could not put so much shame upon the city as does the existence of one anti-charity society.

The Book-Collection Craze.

[New York Times.]

The craze of the book-collector pervades New York society more extensively than most people know. I am acquainted with many business men whose sole recreation is to collect rare books. There is Brayton Ives, for instance, who has a delightful museum of rarities. He runs to old and scarce books rather than to merely costly ones. He has many rare editions of old English works—Caxtons, Wynken de Wordes, and so on—to say nothing of copies of early colonial American imprints, some of them worth their weight in gold. Robert Hoe, Jr., on the other hand, collects beautiful and curious books in wonderful bindings, illuminated missals, early examples of typographical art, and wonders in book plates. Charles T. Congdon, the well-known journalist, is a bibliomaniac. An unsophisticated friend, examining one of Congdon's latest extravagances, an Elzevir, said: "I wonder how you ever get time to read so many books as you buy?"

"Read 'em!" cried the book-buyer, with disgust. "D'ye suppose I read them?"

"If not, what do you do with them?"

"Collect them," replied Congdon, with an air of having settled the question beyond any cavil.

A Cache of an Old-Time Hunter.

[Western Exchange.]

An old-time cache was recently discovered by Fred Halleck, in Umatilla county, Oregon, stowed away three feet under ground, near the head of Dutton canyon. He was hunting water at the time, but instead found bread, or what had been used as a substitute for bread. One specimen is a section of portable prairie dog sausage, about fifteen inches long. The other is a chunk of what might be called preserved pudding. It was apparently made from crushed crickets, camas and cowse, cooked into which was a sweet decoction of sugar, pine sap and grasshopper juice. Both delicacies look as though they would retain their freshness and flavor in any climate. Old settlers say that years ago they have seen bands of Indians go through the country with many pack-ponies loaded down with this kind of sausage. It was made up in strings a thousand feet long, and was coiled completely around a cayuse, thus acting as a self-fastening pack outfit.

Scribe's Struggle as a Dramatist.

[Longman's Magazine.]

Scribe once said in my hearing that he began his career as a dramatist by seeing thirteen of his pieces fail one after another, and, on the first night of the fourteenth (doomed to a similar fate), felt so discouraged, that he said to his colaborateur: "I give it up; and, when we have got through the half dozen more that we have on hand, I will never write another line. Luckily," he added, "the fifteenth essay was more successful, and I bought a fresh packet of pens on the strength of it." Since then this extraordinarily prolific writer must have enriched the French stage with at least 850 or 900 productions of more or less merit, while his son-in-law, Bayard, following his example, has contributed no less than 230.

President Arthur is credited with the statement that since his accession to the presidency he has endeavored to make it an inflexible rule to preserve his temper under all circumstances.

The Current: There are probably not over 600 Americans in China today, while there are not less than 150,000 Chinamen in the United States.

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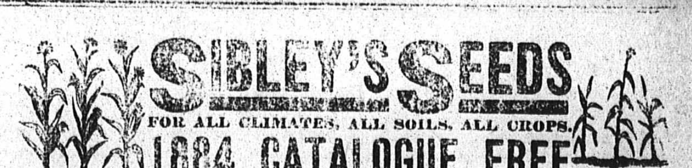

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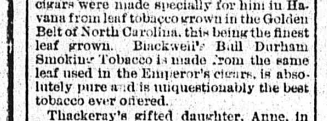
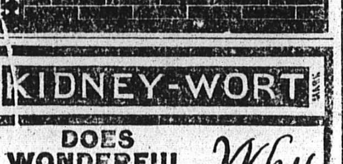


The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.



PLAIN TRUTHS

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[illegible] Baltimore, Md. [illegible] 12, 1880. [illegible] recommendation [illegible] tried BROWN'S [illegible] tonic and re[illegible] daughter, whom [illegible] convinced was [illegible] Consumption. [illegible] daughters by the [illegible] under the care of [illegible], I was loth to [illegible] anything could arrest [illegible] of the disease, but, [illegible] surprise, before my daughter [illegible] taken one bottle of BROWN'S [illegible] BITTERS, she began to mend [illegible] quite restored to former [illegible]. A fifth daughter began to [illegible] signs of Consumption, and [illegible] the physician was consulted [illegible] quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that [illegible] elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

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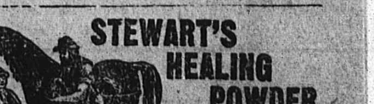

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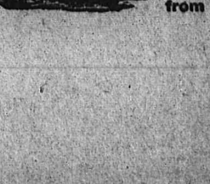

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