Horses with the Toothache.

jected to the most excruciating tooth-aches, and it is only within the past few

years that any attempt has been made by veterinary surgeons to allay the pain and extract or fill their teeth. It is only after patient study, too, that one is able to discover when a horse is suffering.

and upon what tooth to light would puzzle, indeed, the phenomenal Phila-delphia lawyer. When suffering from toothache, horses manifest the greatest

impatience, and are vicious and unman-ageable, and bite and kick continually.

Stablemen and managers at different times have been badly bitten or kicked by horses suffering from toothache, who

at other times are the most docile crea-tures. The experiments made by vet-erinary surgeons have been of great practical advantage, and they are grad-ually getting the matter down to a per-fect science.

When a horse is affected it goes about with the head down and the lower lip drooping, and if the rein is pulled

sharply the creature is ready to jump and prance. Then again the eyes are fired, and if the horse is compelled to back by the pressure of the rein on his teeth the agony is terrible, and the attention of the driver is thus attracted "When the teeth are badly decayed, are they drawn?"

are they drawn?"
"Sometimes, but as a rule they are cauterized."

"No; it is impossible, almost, to do the job successfully. Wads of hay or other matter are frequently placed in the cavities, but nothing more, and it is only done to keep out the cold water."

"What instrument is used in cutting down the tacth?"

"A singularly shaped instrument called a slide is employed, and after the tooth is cut it is filed down. When a

igoth has to be drawn a strong pair of "How do the horses stand the opera-"Well, without much trouble; when

a good hold is obtained on the tooth a slight twist is given to loosen it, and

then when a ten or twelve pound pres-sure is obtained the tooth is drawn out

"This occasions a great loss of blood

"On the contrary, after the first few

hours bleeding ceases; but I have known horses to bleed to death from having a tooth extracted."

"Do you use anæsthetics to stupefy the animal?"

"Oh, no. nothing whatever. It is

"About the charges. Do you charge

"The charges vary greatly. The price is regulated by the time expended

on the animal's mouth, the value of the horse, etc. In cases of valuable horses we charge a little extra, but the ordin-ary fees are from \$3 to \$5 for extracting.

I have charged as much as \$50, how-

A Terrible Time.

Mrs. McTimidy, as she approached the drug store, was astonished to hear

The voices were those of men, appar-

ently in angry dispute.
"What can it mean?" said Mrs. Mc-

Timidy, to herself, beginning to trem-

The voices grew louder. Evidently

What might not happen? There were fierce undistinguishable words.

Mrs. McTimidy peeped in at the win

dow, still trembling in every limb. There, indeed, stood half a dozen ex-

cited men, gesticulating in the most ve-

hement manner. Some of them were even shaking their fists in the air.

Mrs. McTimidy quickly withdrew.

spells it different. Jimmy! but it's a

Smallest Tea-Set in the World.

come corrupt in less than a day.

-what-what is it!" gasped

The big boy went promptly. Presently he returned.

the contention was violent.

was happening.

There might be a murder!

Mercury.

er, to very valuable horses .- New York

very painful, but the horses bear it well

"Is filling much in use?"

down the tech?"

Horses, like human beings, are sub-

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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VOL. IX.

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NO. 38.

The Dignity of Labor.

Those who toil to earn their bread Need not blush to own their let; They in noble footsteps tread, And a claim to live have got. Toil is not the wage of sin. For in Eden work was given.

Man was made to work and win Spoil of earth and bliss of heaven He who at the anvil stands, Striking while the iron glows, Though he works with horny hands.

Nobly strikes the ringing blows. At the loom, and in the field, In the shop, and on the soll, Where men wisely power wield, There is dignity in toil. He who works with throbbing brain

Thinks to teach men how to live, Writes, that others good may gain, Speaks, to truth fresh zest to give He can claim the manly right With the sons of toil to stand, He asserts his mental might, Helps to bless his native land

He who lives a life of ease, Idly wasting all his days-Aiming only self to please, Filled with pride and courting praise, Call him not a noble man,

Such existence is a shame; And when ends life's blank span, Soon will die his empty name. Labor brings reward and rest, Educates the latent powers:

And he serves his age the best Who employs his golden hours; Working not beyond his might, Toiling not against his will, And beneath his master's sight Glad his mission to fulfil.

All things labor for our good, He who made us never sleeps; He who tills the ground for food, For his pains a harvest reaps. "None who work need teel ashamed, As they do what good they can; 'I'is an honor to be named,

As we toil, " A workingman."

EUSTACE CARROLL'S SKETCH.

A PRACTICAL ADMONITION TO TEMPER-ANCE. "Shant go a step further?"

"Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother's waiting." "I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do as I

Still in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only visit the quiet village again. In those seemed to strengthen the man's obsti-nacy, and all the boy could do was to ge his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself full length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should wake. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well useless any attempt on his part would be

te rouse his father from that sort of

Rather more than half an hour had

passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. He had watched a large bee that kept hovering over the convolvulus blossoms in the hedge, and, wondered if he had not nearly finished his day's work, had placed a snail out of harm's way, and had been tempted to chase a beautiful painted butterfly that flitted past him; but he began at last to lose his interest in bees and butterflies, for it was now tea time, and Charlie was growing terribly hungry. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts or carriages were coming along, nor how he had managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage. So Charley sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a little distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a genleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wand ring about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio der his arm. Indeed a kind of half acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpses he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty. with his own thoughts, and judging from his happy face they were very pleasant ones—perhaps dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune—Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlic and his father. Then his quick eyes told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes and collar and necktie unfastene and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so de based as this man, whom God had made little lower than the angels, and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded him-

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie under-tood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?" Yes, sir," replied the child, while a

flush of shame spread over his face.
"Well, I think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?"
"No, sir; he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come

said Eustace, as he glanced toward the sleeping man and wondered

if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, remembering that he, with his refined tastes and many kinds of amusement, could form no idea of the temptation which drink might have for this man, with his smaller advantages of fortune and education; and then an idea flashing across his mind, he determined to act upon it.

"Have you had your tea, boy?" he asked, as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in

"Mother will be sure to Feep it for me until I get home, sir," replied Char-lie, too brave to complain to a stranger. "That's all right," said Eustace, "That's all right," said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; "meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time away. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I am going to paint a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you."

Very rew dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly

"What is the mode of treating tooth-ache in a horse?" was asked of a veter-inary surgeon the other day.

"Well, they differ, according to cir-cumstances. Sometimes a horse is in the stable and sometimes in the field when attacked, and the operator must use his indepent. Generally, however in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the manner in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off around the edge so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same when attacked, and the operator must use his judgment. Generally, however, a man puts his arm around the horse's head, and with his disengaged hand presses hard on the nose of the animal. Then, without more ado, the hand is thrust into the mouth and the jaws felt slowly and gently, then each tooth is felt, and when the right one is touched there is no mistaking it, as the horse elevates his feet in a manner something after the style of the boss danseuse. In most cases the defective tooth is found at the sides of the iaw, where the sharp

time as the last currant disappeared.
"Well, was it good?" asked Eustace,
"as he tied his portfolio." "as he tied his portiono."

"Yes, mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake, but then we have no seeds in it."

"And those are not so nice?"
"Oh, no, sir, of course not!" answered at the sides of the jaw, where the sharp points have lacerated the flesh. A file must then be inserted and the points filed down, and in a short time the animal feels relieved. But this is not actual toothache. The gradual growing of the molars and the sharpening of the edges however leads to it. How can I Charlie, surprised that any one should Charlie, surprised that any one should ask such a question.

"Well, I am glad you like it. I am going back to London in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you again before I go. Look here, co you know what this is?"

edges, however, leads to it How can I tell when the horse has toothache? Why, it's easy enough; you can tell in the manner in which he holds his head. Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.
"Why, it's me and father!"

And so it was, and even though Eustace should live to be an old man, he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurries sketch. He had just caught the tired, wistful look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the va-cant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child and the pleasant green background of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild roses and blackberry flowers. "Wait a moment," said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch

three lines from a poem of Burns:

Oh wad some power the giftle gie us, To see oursels as ithers see us, It wad free mony a trouble free us "

"But father—"
"Now don't you talk to me about 'buts,' Charlie, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can go and will your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in the stand refusal, the child persisted in the stand refusal, the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the child persisted in the standard refusal, the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the ligh road.

Five years had

ive years he had done good work-had hought, and worked, and painted, untibegun to believe in him and

alked of him as one of the most prom-sing painters of the day. Still, in the midst of it ali, he often remembered his little sketch and wondered-without much hope in the won-der, though-whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he traveled down to Merston the memory of the scene came clearly before him with the thought of the grand "Cast thy bread upon the old words: waters, for thou shalt find it after many

days."
Such a poor little crumb of good though it was," said Eustace to himself, "still I wonder-I wonder-and I'll

try to find it out, too."

And so it happened, Eustace did find it out more quickly than he expected. for that very evening as he was returning from a walk, in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of thirteen.

"My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace, whose quick artist eye seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within a short distance of the boy. So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright-colored, old-fashioned flowers. "That looks promising," thought Eu-

stace; "no drunkard ever had a garden like that;" and determined to ascertain the facts of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Through the open door he caught a rlimpse of the neatly-kept cottagekitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before half the right turns had been described, a bright smile broke over the boy's face and, half turning around, he exclaimed

"Father, it is my painter!" and to his urprise, Eustace found that in that surprise, Eustace found that in that household, at least, he was a hero, and the young artist never felt more rever-ence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his pic-

tur had done.
For some time Charlie had kept the sketch and had been afraid to show to his father, but the man found it by hance one day, and—
"It was more than I could stand

wir," he said, addressing Eustace. "I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but aithough I wondered where it came from I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at hight purish the picture and the picture out of my head. of it at night until it fairly worried me that I gave up the drink; and I had the picture hung up there, that I might not have a chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once.

So the story ended, and in his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch, hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be if should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout his life .-

A "stringy," rattling voice and a constant disposition to expectorate indicates incipient throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in good time and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale come corrupt in less than a day.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Montenegro is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until lately the mails were not sent to any of the cities or villages, but every citizen had to go for his letters to the capitol, Cettinje. There has now been established a postal department, and the mail is sent from Cettinje to four other cities. The mail carriers travel to these four cities on foot three times weekly.

Piece by piece have the relic-hunters carried away the marble slab that once was placed over the tomb of Gen. Dan Morgan in Mt. Hebron Cemetery, in Winchester, Va., until now nothing remains to mark the place of burial. But the hero of the Revolutionary battle of the Cowpens is not forgotten. It is proposed to crect a monument that shall be a fitting memorial of the worthy old wagoner.

Of the European nations Germany stands first as to fighting trim. She can put in the field at twenty-four hours' notice 1,200,000 men of the line, the reserve and the Landwehr. The grand total of the German army is 2,200,000 men, exclusive of 200,000 not reckoned on the field strength, but deducted as garrisons. The strength of the second Landwehr and Landsturm is generally exaggerated; but they are thoroughly efficient soldiers, the best in the army. France has a nominal strength of 3,500,-000 men, but practically it must be reduced to 2,000,000, and even of this total a very large proportion is still in pro-gress of organization. It is not be-lieved that France could place in the first line more than 800,000 men.

Italian newspapers contain reports o audacious outrages by bandits on the highways and railroads of that picturesque country. In one case a dozen tellows brought a train to a stop by hoisting a danger signal. They intended to rob the passengers, but a large force of soldiers happened to be on the train, and when the bandits saw them they started for cover. The military sent a volley after them, and some started in pursuit, but it was already growing dark, and no captures were effected. On the road from Senafro to Isernia twenty-seven unarmed travelers were robbed by thirteen brigands, and a lawyer who proved troublesome was badly wounded. Attempts were made to throw trains off the track, successful robberies are frequent, and the police are utterly inefficient and untrust-

A correspondent of the San Francisco Post, writing of the varied climate and temperatures of California, says that in the interior valleys he has found the thermometer as high as 114 degrees in the shade, and at least 125 degrees in the sun, yet the air was so pure and dry that he did not find it enervating nor that he did not find it enervating nor even very inconvenient, as a lower temperature east of the Rocky mountains certainly would have been. He rode sun of 155 kg/fee, on horseback in that ing, and making notes, for his newspaper, and felt perfectly well through it all. A constant gentle breeze that is never wanting in summer kept him comparatively comfortable. The nights were cool and pleasant, as they always are in the hot interior valleys of Caliare in the hot interior valleys of Ca fornia. The peculiar quality of Cali fornia heat is illustrated by the fact that, however high the thermometer rises sunstrokes are unknown.

Stop Scowling. Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before ou know it your forehead will resem Before ble a small railroad map. There is grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west with curves arching your eyebrows, and oh, how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We from when the light is strong, and when it is too weak, We tie our eyebrows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them more tightly when we cannot think. There is so denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who has sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the sam way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and 'worried to death" about the old folks and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflext influence makes others unhappy; for face answer-ch unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will effect itself in placid countenances.

If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble death angel always crases them. Even the extremely aged, in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Secwling is a kind of silent scola-But her curiosity still burned. She ran for her big son. He must go For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or glad iron, or smoothing tool of nstantly and see what was being done some sort, and straighten these creases in the drug store. Something terrible out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon our visage,

The Population of New York City. An erroneous impression seems to prevail in regard to the foreign popula-Mrs. McTimidy.
"Oh, they're having a reg'lar monkey and-parrot time," replied the boy.
"And what—what are they saying?" tion of New York city. It is commonly spoken of as a city substantially foreign, and many well-informed persons think cried Mrs. McTimidy.

"Why, they're arg'yin about how to spell 'peddier.' They've got two dictionaries, and the dictionaries both in a control of the contro the foreign population exceeds the native, but this, it seems, is not true. The native population exceeds the foreign by fully 125,000 The common belief is that in New York city there are 400,000 both Irish, 200,000 Germans, 25,000 French, and 15,000 Italians, Spaniards, and Cu-And the boy ran back to see how it should end.—Louisvi le Courier-Journal bans; but this is an exaggeration. census of 1870 put the foreign population of the city as follows: Irish, 201,999 English, 24,442; Scotch, 7,562; Germans, 151,216; French, 8,265; Italians, 2,795; Austrians, 2,737; Poles, 2,393; Swiss, 2,178; Hollanders, 1,237; Russians, 1,151. This makes a total of 405,974, a Mr. W. H. Riland, who now keeps a store in the city of Reading, Pa., was wounded in one of the battles of the last war. It took him a long while to get well from his wound, and he passed the tedious hours sitting up in bed and whittling on peach kernels with a small penknife. He concluded one day to make a teaset out of the kernels. He arge number of foreigners, but not se large by 20,000 as is generally supposed. In 1870 there were 13,702 colored persons in New York city, and there is no doubt but that this number has largely in-creased since that time. The Chinese, too, have added to their number very whittled out one of the tiniest, cutest set of dishes in the world—a tea-pot, cups, saucers, sugar-bowl, and everything, even to knives and forks. He has the set still, and though he has been offered as high as \$50 for it must be the largely. In 1870 there were only twelve in the city, and now the number is esti-mated at 1,000. The excess of women over men at the last census was 28,000, and it is believed the disproportion will still be greater at the next census. The offered as high as \$50 for it, says that he will never sell it for any price. census next year will show a large in-crease of population, as several subur-ban towns have been taken within the corporate limits since 1870, besides the natural increase that has taken place.

THE CASE OF MISS JUDD.

ler Recovery Firmly Believed to be Due to Prayer. The Full Story of the Sup-posed Miracle that has Created such a Stir in Western New York.

A letter from Buffalo, N. Y., to the New York Sun, gives the following par-ticulars of a strange case: One of the most marvellous cases of restoration to most marvellous cases of restoration to health has been made public in this city. Miss Carrie F. Judd, eldest daughter of Mr. O. K. Judd, of 260 Connecticut street, this city, is the person who has been feured. Mr. Judd has been connected with the cashier's department of the American Express Company here for nearly twenty-nine years, and is well and favorably known. The story as told by Miss Judd, who is an intelligent young lady of nearly twenty-one years of age, and substantiated by her father and Mrs. Hambleton, her nurse, is as tollows:

For some time prior to January, 1877, Miss Judd fell into a decline, On the sixth of January, 1877, she was prostrated by a violent attack of nervous lever,

sixth of January, 1877, she was prostrated by a violent attack of nervous lever, having its origin, it was conjectured, in the spine, which had been injured by a fall on a stone sidewalk. She grew worse, the disease taking on a settled spinal difficulty which was accompanied by hyperesthesia of the spine, hips, knees and ankles. In a short time those parts of her body became so sensitive that she could not even bear her own hand upon them and means had to be that she could not even bear her own hand upon them and means had to be devised to lift the weight of even the bed-clothes upon her. The spinal nerves and those of the large joints were so unnaturally alive that they seemed to be bare, and the slightest noise or jar in the room made them vibrate. The pain in her head was acute and the aching of the eyelids was so intense that for hours she could not open them? She had to be she could not open them. She had to be kept in a darkened room, for a ray of light could not be withstood, so sensi-tive had her eyes become. Her hearing was unnaturally acute, and great care had to be taken to prevent rude sounds from falling upon her sensitive nerves. No person was permitted to be in the room except the nurse and other memers of the family whose attentions were

absolutely necessary.

This state of things continued until Miss Judd became so weak that she could not even turn in bed or move herself in any way. For over eleven months she was unable to sit up a single moment. During all that time she was under the care of Dr. Hoxsie, one of the most popular homeopathic practitioners in the city. After the eleven months of struggling almost between life and death she began to improve, and in the following summer was able to sit up for a short time every day. She was yet unable to help herself, and in being taken from her bed the attendants had to place their hands under her arms, for she could not bear any pressure whatever upon her body. At the time when she was gain-ing very slowly the weather was very hot, which, in addition to the great effort she made to help herself, threw her into This violent renewal of the old trouble continued all that full, and, wirter, we'll that she could hardly whisper.

During all these weary months all

that the ingenuity of the best physiclans could devise was done for the patient little sufferer, but all to no avail. Dr. Davis, a well-known physican, of Attica, tried his skill but failed. Dr. Beeblig. his skill, but failed Dr. Baethig, of this city, also treated the case with a ike result. Then Dr. Lon See On, a Chinese physician, educated in his own country, was called. He is a gifted fellow, and treated the case, but was unable to do any good. About 82,000 had been paid out by Mr. Judd; the daughter was slowly failing, and they were almost discouraged. She got o weak that she could only move her

About this time Mr. Judd read a paragraph in the Buffalo Courier, copied from the Springfield Republican, in which a colored woman, Mrs. Edward Mix, of Wolcottville, Conn., was cred ited with having effected some wonderful cures by power of faith and prayer

Mr. Judd managed to make the patient understand, and by her request her sister Eva, twelve years of age, wrote to Mrs. Mix that the sick girl believed that Mrs. Mix's great faith might avail for her if she would only pray for her recovery. On the twenty-fifth of February the family received the following:

WOLCOTVILLE, Conn., Feb. 24, 1879. MISS CARRIE F. JUDD. I received a line from your sister Eva stating your case, your disease and your faith. I can encourage you by the word of God, that according to your faith so be it unto you, and besides you have this promise:
"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Whether the person is present or ab sent, if it is a prayer of faith it is all the same, and God has promised to raise up the sick ones, and if they have committed sins, to forgive them. Now, this promise is to you as if you were the only person living. Now, if you can claim that promise, I have not the least doubt but what you will be healed. You will first have to lay aside all the medicine of every description. Use no remedies of any kind for anything; lay aside trusting in the arm of flesh, and lean wholly won God and His promises. When you upon God and His promises. When you receive this letter, I want you to begin to pray for faith; and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer meeting is at our house. We will make you a subject of prayer between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing, and then act faith. It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will

depart and you will be made whole. We read in the Gospel, "Thy faith hath made the whole." Write soon. Yours in faith. MRS. EDWARD MIX Miss Judd obeyed the instruction to the letter. She dropped her medicines and gave herself wholly into the care of the Almighty. She prayed as well as she could in her weak and emaciated condition and was filled with faith. At the time when the women's prayer meeting in Wolcottville, Conn., was to make Miss Judd a special object prayer, all the members of the Judd family lifted up their prayers, though not in the sick girl's room. Miss Judd not in the sick girl's room. Miss Jude says that about half-past three o'clock she felt a sudden and remarkable change, and, without the least fear or hesitation or doubt, she turned over and raised up alone in bed for the first time in over two years. When Mrs. Ham-bleton, the nurse who had bared for Miss Judd for over a year, saw this she sank upon her knees and began a prayer Then the nurse burst forth in songs and praises, and while doing so gave Miss Judd a little assistance and she walked about nine feet to a chair.

Up to this time the girl had not borne any weight on her feet for two years and two months. During the hour that prayer was being offered in her behalf, the nurse says, a great change was per-ceptible in her color, circulation and pulse. Miss Judd then referred to her

pulse. Miss Judd then referred to her diary, which was kept by Mrs. Hambleton, and read the following entries:

Feb. 27: "This afternoon after sitting up she walked from her chair to the bed, a distance of eight feet, by taking hold of my arms." Feb. 28: "I gave her a sponge bath, and could not help but notice the change in the color of her flesh; instead of the yellow, dead look, it is pink and full of life," March 1: "This morning she drew on her stockings." March 2: "Her chest and lungs have been strong. She has talked aloud a good deal, appetite good, color fresh and clear."

In three weeks from the day the girl

In three weeks from the day the girl began to improve she was able to walk all over the room without any one near her, and in four weeks she was able to go down stairs with a little assistance. She could walk steadily from the first. She improved so rapidly that the swelling of the muscles were almost perceptible. On the first pleasant day in April, Miss Judd called at a neighbor's, and everyloody rejoiced.

Miss Judd called at a neighbor's, and everybody rejoiced.

The strange fact of the walking is made appreciable when it is known that the spine and large joints had become so weakened by the hyperæsthesia that they were like cartilages, and if she had been placed on her feet when in that state, she would have settled all out of shape. They, however, became strong shape. They, however, became strong and firm at once, and have continued to strengthen every day. Now Miss Judd can walk long distances without fatigue. She teaches her class in Sunday-school every Sunday, and her friends say she looks better than ever before in her

What Boys Do in Japan.

We have just had a foreign guest of We have just had a foreign guest of our house in, whom we were all much in-terested—a young Japanese, the son of a gentleman in northern Japan. He has been in California more than a year, and came East with the embassy, pass-ing some days with them at Salt Lake City, of which place and its people he says many very funny things. But what we are going to tell you now is how the boys sometimes amuse themselves in Japan. He says that on his father's place —which is on a large plateau surrounded by high hills—is an artificial fish pond. In it are a great many fish of species he has not seen here, that are about a foot long, and very beautiful in color and form. They are as playful and as tame as the kittens on our hearths. One of his favorite amusements was going to this pond and knocking on the edge of the tank with some hard substance to make a noise, when every head would be turned in the direction of the sound, and every fin employed in making for him, the fish expecting some treat from his hand. If, to tease them, he threw nothing in at first, but put his empty hand into the water with his fingers and it and seize his thumb and fingers in their mouths, till he had as many fish as he had thumbs and fingers, playfully snapping and biting at them, as we have all seen puppies do. ong, and very beautiful in color and

seen pupples do.

But this paradise of the Japanese fish was often rudely broken in upon, for was not kept expressly as a plaything for boys, but was the source which sup-plied the fish for the table. Whenever fish is wanted for the dinner, the cook goes to the tank and knocks, and when the poor unsuspecting things swim up to her, she catches such of them as please her, and before they know where they are going, she has them in the pot or pan on the fire.

This young Japanese expressed much surprise at seeing cranberries eaten at table, and said that in the mountains of Japan they grow very large and beautiful, but are never cooked. Some old man occasionly goes up to the mountain and picks a large basket of them, which he brings on his shoulders down to the town. Here the boys gather about our, and for a small coin purchase the right to crowd their pockets with them. And what use do you think they make of this otherwise useless fruit? The boys blow the glowing berries through rattan tubes, as our boys blow white beans through tin ones. That's what cranber-ries are used for in Japan, where they grow in great perfection.

How the Captain's Patent Worked Having piped all hands to splice the nain-brace, the cap'n had the first mate of the farm tow out the horse and wagon, and, ascending the quarterdeck

patent it; you can all use it if you want to. I've simply fastened a twentyfathom line onto the mizzen axle of the craft, and put on a stout grapnel. I shall bring this here hoss along the read under double-reefed topsails, and then one of you cusses scare him-open an umbrella at him, or something; then, when he goes tearing along about twenty-five knots an hour and won't answer to his helm, I'll just drop the anchor and ride on the gale. Git up!" The horse came logging gently down the road, when, according to the programme, the first mate pushed out and hit him a belt over the nose with a blanket. The terrified animal stood on his hind legs for a moment and then struck a course northwest by north with great celerity. The interested specta-tors beheld the fearless cap'n sitting unmoved, though the buggy bent and careened before the breeze; then, with a triumphant smile, they saw him heave out the anchor with a merry "Yo, heave, ho!" The grapnel dragged for a few moments in the treacherous sands of the road, then caught in a rock. Cap'n Cornwell rose ir to the air like a bird on the wing and sailed majestically for-ward, alighting on his ear; the horse stood on his head for a second, and then resumed his onward course at the rate of at least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tear-ing and smashing, all the wagon van-ished into thin air except a piece of the mizzen axle, to which the anchor had been fastened. Cap'n Cornwell can't precisely understand why, when the tackle held, he wasn't able to ride out the gale, but is

not discouraged, and will repeat the ex-periment as soon as he has had a new

bearing down upon him from all quar-ters, and the liveliest interest is mani fested in the neighborhood. We wish

the gallant captain all success .- Chicago

France has penny saving banks for

Spain can't pay the interest on the \$2,500,000,000 which she owes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

One million railway men in England are obliged to work on Sunday. "None but the brave deserve the

Even criminals like paragraphs, that is to say, they prefer a short sentence. The home stretch is taken in the even-ing on the sofa.—Cincinnati Commercial. Twenty-six French mayors have been dismissed by the government for taking part in factious demonstrations.

The hired girl who was called up at four o'clock in the morning thinks arose two hours later would sound quite Ex-Empress Carlotta is in excellent health and talks rationally on many topics, but she is as insane as ever as to

her own sad history. The man with new tight shoes and an ingrowing nail seems to be the one who is always selected by fate to be compelled

to run for a train. - New York Star. The Ute Indians are a mean, treacherous lot; but none of them wear their watch chains dangling from the top outside pocket of their coat.—Wheeling Leader.

Tell us not in mor'n full numbers.

Life is but a fitful dream, Quit your cups and then your slumbers So much quieter will seem. -Saturday Night.

Adam Hammond complains that the tedclothes in the Scottsburg (Ill.) penientiary are rotten. He tore a sheet into strips and hanged himself; but the cloth broke and let him down. Then he tried a quilt with no better success, and was badly bruised by the fall.

Robert Goodpaster, of Owingsville, Ky., was a sensitive bankrupt. Being accused of trickery, he said that he would live just long enough to clear himself of suspicion and then kill himself. A trial at law vindicated him, and simmediately after the virdect he swallowed a fatal dose of poison.

The next artist that seeks a subject for "Misery" should watch the man at the opera who is sitting behind two women with head-coverings of great elevation, and an inconquerable desire to bring their heads together at frequent intervals for the purpose of exchanging remarks.—Rockland Courier.

remarks.—Rockland Courier.

A young man named Bailey, living six miles south of Fairfield, Clay county, Neb., was accidentally poisoned by his mother. The young man had been sick for some time, and his mother administered a dose of epsom salts, as she supposed, but wrich proved to be oxalicated. He lived just twenty minutes after swallowing the fatal dose.

"Itello, Bill, when did you change, our boarding-house?" said Charles Callender to William Creamer, at New Vienna. Ohio, as they met in the street prison, and regarding the question as insulting, he drew a big knife and stabbed the, offeader; but Callender was quick chough with a revolver to save his own life and kill Creamer.

Camille Flammariun, the French scientist, thus expresses himself Correspondence Scientifique, regarding the ultimete fate of our globe: The ears was born; she will die. She will di cither of old age, when her vital ele-ments shall have been used up, or through the extinction of the sun, whose rays her life is suspended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meet-ing her on her route; but this end of the world is the most improbable of all.

She may, we repeat, die a natural death through the slow absorption of her vital elements. In fact, it is proposite that the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestrial crust is penetrated by waters which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at a depth of about six miles, and prevents water from descending anylower; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid which compose our atmosphere also appear to undergoabsorption, but slower. The thinker may foresee through the mist of ages to come, the wagon, and, ascending the quarterdeck of the craft, he took possession of the tiller-ropes (as he styled the reins), and said:

"Now, boys, my invention is very simple—I might make a million dollars out of it mebbe, but I ain't going to patent it; you can all use it if you want to. I've simply fastened a twentythe mountain a winding sheet of snow will descend upon the high plateaus and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking forever the cities and nations that it meets on its passage." Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the intertropi-cal zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, Lon-don, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople and Rome, will fall asleep in succession un-der their eternal shroud. During very may ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the place of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more except in the equa-torial zone up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shore of the last sea in the rays of the sun which will thereafter shine here below on an ambulent tomb revolving aimlessly around a useless light and a larren heat. Sea-Water Gargle in Caronic Catarrh.

Professor Mosier, of Greifswald, says, the Berlin Klinische Wockenschrift, that he has for some years most successfully treated patients with chronic catarrh of the throat by gargling with sea-water. Special rooms for gargling have been erected on the seashore in some of the watering-places, according to his directions. It is, however, essential that the patients should be given special directions how to gargle. As the affection is generally located in the nasopharyngeal space, it is necessary that the part of the water should come periment as soon as he has had a hebuggy built upon lines of his cwn debuggy built upon lines of his c ments of deglutition. A marked imfollows as soon as the latter has acquired

this particular art of gargling.