The Columbian.

The Columbian.

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Mechanic.

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Are you tormented with Piles?
[illegible] of bleeding [illegible] Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
[illegible] I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

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The Ebbing Tide.

Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
  Slowly outward ebbs the tide;
Here the shoals are small and narrow,
  There the sea runs deep and wide.

Ebbing, ebbing, ever outward
  To the rolling, boundless sea,
Wave on wave in such succession
  Scarcely is a vacancy.

Flowing, flowing, in such numbers,
  Can there any differance be
In their form, or hue, or motion,
  As they flow to the same sea?

Ay, some waves rise from their comrades,
  Flowing outward to the strand;
Others froth in wrath and anguish,
  Break in moaning on the sand.
On the ocean of Forever,
  Some will sparkle in the light;
Others dwell in depths of horror,
  In the sea's dark, rayless night.

And so pass the generations,
  Moving outward to the sea,
Out on the ebbing tide of time,
  Flowing to eternity.

◆

The Expiated Crime.

I had had a trying day. Something had gone wrong—I knew not what—in the large warehouse where my brother Robert was master and I was head clerk. Robert, always stern and imperative, was, this day, insufferably so. I had never seen the temper which my dying mother warned me against irritating so bitter and cutting as now. Why was it? True, I had won the love which he so earnestly coveted; but was I to blame because Olive Stoughton liked me better than him? I was but a poor clerk, and he a thriving, prosperous man, able to give her a splendid home; but she cared more for the little cottage which alone I could afford to live in, and which already we were furnishing for our future residence.

I had lodged with Olive's mother for five years, and Olive had ever been as a dear sister to me. When Robert, who had seen her but a few times, but was struck with her innocent beauty, wanted to make her his wife, she came weeping to me. Her mother had urged her earnestly to marry him; but she could not love one so cold and stern. Would I please to go down and talk her mother into reason? Would I tell her that it was not right in the sight of Heaven to form such an alliance?

Before this I had felt quite content that Olive should look upon me as a brother. The thought that she had been so nearly lost to me made me know that this relationship was not all I coveted. I loved her as one who should be my wife; and when I went down to talk to Mrs. Stoughton I told her so, and she, who saw in my future a counterpart of my brother's success, was persuaded that it was best to consult Olive's own inclinations.

That night the weeping girl confessed that she refused Robert for my sake; and as soon as I was able, by close economy, to take a small house in the suburbs, I did so. We were to be married in a week. Something had kept me from telling my brother, but I presumed that he knew it from another source. Perhaps I cannot make anyone understand how much I stood in fear of my brother Robert. He was seven years older than myself, had been the tyrant of my boyhood, and the scourge of my mother. When she died he was my guardian; and although I suspected that he appropriated the little she left me, I dared not ask him any questions lest it might irritate him. On her deathbed my mother had charged me, and I had promised never to oppose him—always to give way to him. My poor mother! she would not have done so had she but known all. He took me into his warehouse when I was fifteen, and I had been the slave of his will ever since, never daring to cross his path, until, armed with the desperate courage of love, I had rivalled him in the heart of Olive Stoughton.

On the morning of this day I had caught a malicious gleam in Robert's eye.

He kept me very late at the office that evening, and sent me afterwards on an unnecessary errand connected with a bill of exchange.

When I went to the counting-house the next morning, Robert looked up with the old grave stare, now so familiar, and said, "There are two bills abroad this morning of the description of that which you took away yesterday—one of them is, of course, a forged one. Someone here has done it. Who imitates my handwriting, save yourself?"

I was thunderstruck, but I recovered myself sufficiently to say, "How do you know that it was done here?"

"Because our own paper was used—the blanks which we had expressly engraved for our bills. No one has had access to it but you and myself, therefore I accuse you!"

"But, Robert, you do not believe that I did this?"

"What else can I think? Here is the bill which I have had to redeem. Look at it."

"Nay, I see that it strongly resembles my writing, but it is only a resemblance—I never wrote it. Robert, you are in jest; you do this to frighten me. Look at me. Do I look like a guilty person?"

He colored, bit his lips, and did not reply.

I said, "Brother, some one seems trying to do me an injury. I swear faithfully that I will find that person out and expose him, even if it is years and years hence. No matter who it is, I will do so. I would expose a man who would do that if he were my own brother.'

He started now and looked very angry.

"Edgar," he said at last, "already the police are in pursuit of you to answer to this forgery. I can assist you to elude them; but if I do, you must promise never to come back—you must promise to go alone, and that you will communicate with no human being here after you have departed. I have all things ready. Go at once, and you are saved; stay, and you are lost!"

"Fly from the consequence of a crime I never committed? Never! I will stay, and, if possible, prove my innocence."

"You cannot," he said, coldly.

"Perhaps I can discover who has thus injured me."

Another of those strange looks came over his face, and he exclaimed loudly and hastily, "Take your choice. A residence in prison must have charms for you!"

It was a terrible thought indeed, but

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An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, &c. An Instantaneous Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy.

I trusted in my innocence. I did not believe that Robert would allow my name to be thus disgraced. Alas! he had already permitted the police to examine the different handwriting of the clerks, and mine had been selected as the imitation of his own. And they were still in the building, ready to pounce upon him who had forged the bill.

Robert was pale now. He had not calculated upon my firmness; he had depended on my flight. He implored me now to secret myself, but I was obstinate. When my voice was raised, he entreated me to lower it, and pointed to the other room. In my desperation I flew to the door, opened it, and, strong in my innocence, I said, "I am here to answer to my good name. My brother wishes me to go away, but why should I? I am innocent, and will bide the result."

"How is this, Mr. Bernard?" asked one of them. "Did you seek to deprive the law of its just pray? You who were so eager just now!"

Robert wiped his eyes. I do believe the men gave him credit for brotherly affection and sympathy. But he had shown it too late. I was taken away immediately and put in confinement.

And Olive would hear of my trouble from strangers! And how—oh! how would she bear it? So near our great happiness, and now!

There was no hope. It was useless to record my trial. Even Robert, repentant as he must have been, could not save me now. The bill was too faithful a transcript of my writing. No other clerk wrote in imitation of Robert's hand; and my counsel's suggestion that Mr. Bernard might have written it himself was considered too monstrous to have a moment's sway with the court.

My poor Olive! alas! she had no one but myself to care for her. But there was a deeper grief even than this. The blow was struck by the hand of *my brother?*—for I could not but doubt that Robert had done this. He hoped and believed that the witness of his guilt would pass unsuspected; but in case it should not, the responsibility must not in any case fall upon him.

I was in prison five years. Three of these Olive visited me often. The fourth, she was wearing away to another land; and, before its close, she died. What cared I then to live? I would not have raised my hand for a release from prison. Another year went on. I never heard from Robert, not even when my Olive died. It would injure his respectability to show any sympathy with a forger.

Well, the day of release came. I was indifferent to its approach. I even lingered after I was told that I was free to go. At length I walked out once more into a world which had taught me such bitter lessons. I hurried out of town, and sought my old home—the home which had been shrined in my heart as a picture for five long dreary years. I threw myself upon my Olive's grave. I knew where to find it, for she had selected the spot years before.

Even this scene did not melt my heart. I was hard and cold still. Olive sweet life had been sacrificed; and *mine*—oh, what a bitter, bitter offering had been made of mine to him who had made it so dark!

With this thought came one of deep, fierce revenge. What right had *he*, were he twice my brother, to throw this shadow and darkness over me? Had my mother known how he would repay my devotion to her wishes, would she have counselled me to keep back his dark deeds, and sacrifice myself and my family to him?

I do not know how I reached the suburban town where Robert had always resided since he left my mother's roof. He was a bachelor, living alone, except for an aged woman who took care of his household matters. To this day I never knew what streets I passed through to his dwelling; but I know that I was filled with a fierce ungoverned revenge.

I found myself in the dusk of the evening opposite his house. A dim light burned in one room where the window was slightly raised. I determined to go in, and charge him with the forgery; and I had some unformed idea about denouncing him to the life he had cursed me with so long; or—worse still—the dreadful thought of killing him on the spot.

Let me here acknowledge all my guilt. I *did* think of this. How madly I strode across the street and entered the house! I went directly to his room. On a couch, pale, haggard, and emaciated, lay the wreck of my brother, once a noble-looking, handsome man. He was praying when I pushed open the door, but his voice was weak and low; still I caught enough to know that he was asking forgiveness for the injury he had done to *me*. Over his couch hung my mother's picture. A sad, sweet look such as had haunted me five years in prison pervaded the face; and Robert's had softened down from its proud, hard expression into a resemblance of hers. That look arrested my up-lifted hand which I had raised to strike him, so wild and terrible were the feelings I held towards one who had thus poisoned my whole life. But when I saw that look, so like my dying mother's, I felt sure that he was dying too. It softened, disarmed me.

A moment after he discovered me. I cannot describe his cry; it was like nothing earthly. As he reached out his thin, emaciated arms towards me all my anger melted. I saw, not the villain who had thus wrought the evil of my life, but the wretch who was wearing out his own in sorrow for the past. All my mother's teachings occured to me as if spoken by her living lips.

All that he had done had been for the hope of winning Olive Stoughton's love. He did not give up the hope until he heard of her death, and knew that she died of grief for me. Oh, the shame, the agony, which his confession embodied! Sickness had shown all his guilt in its true light, and for many weeks his great and only desire had been to see me and to be forgiven. It had wrought upon his feeble nerves to that extent that he had that very day decided to give himself up to justice, weak and dying as he was; but the deadly languor that crept over him made it impossible. He had written his confession, and begged me to have it published. He died that night. Could it wipe out those dreary prison years? Could it restore my Olive? Alas! no; better that our name should pass away from the memory of those who knew its shame.

And so, with a miniature taken from my mother's portrait, I came away under an assumed name. I entered into active, stirring, out-door life in my new abode. Robert's property was now mine; but I preferred to work, since labor alone could drive away the phantoms that troubled my life. One phantom, however, dear and beloved, has never left me. It is that of the risen angel that would have so blessed my lot—who still blesses it, although unseen by mortal eyes.

AFRICAN EXPLORERS' SUFFERINGS.

Serpo Pinto, the celebrated African traveller who started for Central Africa last fall from Mozambique, came near starving to death not long after he began his march. He and his comrade, Lieut. Cardoso, were stricken with fever in a district where famine prevailed. They could buy little food, and being to ill to be removed, their party were soon reduced to sore straits. The Governor of Mozambique heard of eithr distress, and sent a relief party, who remained with them until the explorers were able to push on to ample food supplies beyond the famine district. Pinto is leading into inner Africa one of the best equipped parties that have ever left the coast.

DIED OF LAUGHTER.

Chalcas died of laughter at the thought of his having outlived the time predicted for his death. A fellow in rags told him that he would never drink the wine of the grapes growing in his vineyard; and added: "If my words do not come true you can claim me as your slave." When the wine was made Chalcas held a feast and sent for the fellow to come and see how his predictions had failed. When he appeared the soothsayer laughed so immoderately at the would-be prophet that it killed him. Crassus died from laughter on seeing an ass eat thistles. Margutte, the giant in the Morgante Maggiore, died of laughter on seeing a monkey pull on his boots. Zeuxis, the Grecian painter, died at the sight of a hag he had just depicted. A peculiar death was that of Piacut, who dropped dead in the act of paying a bill. There are many men to-day, however, who would probably die of surprise if they found themselves doing the same thing.

BOLD WOMEN DEFENDERS.

The valor with which the women of Saragossa aided in the defense of their city against the French, still lives in the hearts of Spaniards. Two thousand wives and maidens of Madrid have shown what great things can yet be accomplished by the women of Castile, in holding a tobacco factory against the armed forces of the town—military and civil—to say nothing of the minor feats of insulting the Governor and smashing the furniture and machinery of the factory. The cause of this outbreak was the introduction of machinery into the factory. The women employed there knowing the exellence of their own handiwork, resented this attempt to lower the quality of the cigar.

EPIDEMICS AND ALCOHOL.

If I have not a very intimate acquaintance with cholera, I cannot say the same of yellow fever, for of this last I have witnessed the ravages in different parts of the world; I have also felt its grip. It is a question not yet, as I think, decided, whether yellow fever is conveyed by infection or not. Certain it is that some persons believe it to be so; and I remember a diabolical attempt to introduce it into a healthy region by means of infected clothing. It happened at Bermuda during the period when North and South were flying at each other's throats in the American States, and when, by reason of the blockade-running, a good many Southerners were collected in the Bermuda group. There had been a bad outbreak of yellow fever while the war was being waged; and before the disease had quite subsided, a discovery was made of a box, the passage of which had been provided for to the Northern States so that it might arrive in the hottest part of Summer. It was found to contain the bedclothes and body linen (as was evident from the condition of the articles) of persons who had been afflicted with the epidemic. The intention, no doubt, was to introduce and spread the pestilence in the Northern towns and districts. I quite for-get how the attempt was first brought to light; but very little doubt was at the time entertained that it was deliberately planned, and was to have been mercilessly carried out. It is a not uncommon belief that the free use of intoxicating liquors, so common in warm climates, renders one very susceptible of the fever, and takes largely from the chances of recovery if the disease be ones induced. In its general, unmodified form this belief is certainly incorrect; conditionally, it is probably true. As facts in support of my assertions I adduce: First, that in the visitation at Bermuda several men known to be steady and hard drinkers enjoyed complete immunity from the attacks of fever; second, that in the same epidemic occasional inebriates—men who every now and then went in for a "burst up" and then returned to steady habits for a while—hardly ever escaped, and hardly ever recovered. The habitual topers not only did not take the fever, but they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge that they were quite safe from it. Not one of them evinced the least apprehension when every one else was panic-stricken; not one of them condescended to make the slightest alteration in his copious and fiery potations. They fearlessly performed for the sick and dead officers which sober men were not very eager about undertaking, and they seemed rather proud that a time had arrived when they became of some importance, for ordinarily they were reputed and treated as besotted, useless rascals. It is an unpleasant truth for the blue ribbons, but it seems to be the truth nevertheless, that to keep well saturated with alcohol is a safeguard against yellow fever.

PREVENTION OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Recent outbreaks of hydrophobia direct attention to this terrible complaint, for which at the present time there is no certain remedy. A plan for the prevention or at least mitigation of the disease, was introduced and put into practice some twenty years ago by M. Bourrel, of Paris, and this plan has since been favorably reported upon by Mr. Fleming, the eminent president of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, in his work on "Rabies and Hydrophobia." Bourrel's method, which has been successfully practised, consists of blunting the canine teeth and incisors of young dogs. The operation renders it impossible for a dog to inflict wounds on men or animals which might lead to inoculation with the virus of rabies. The treatment imposes no restraint upon the animal. "Bourrel's proposal," said Mr. Fleming, "has never been carried into general practice as far as I know, but it will be seen that it is by no means unreasonable; and in countries where dogs are particularly susceptible to rabies, or during an epizooty of the disease, it might, and indeed must, prove of the greatest utility. Even in ordinary circumstances, with vicious dogs, it would be most injudicious not to resort to it to prevent their doing mischief."

Bourrel's experiments in this direction commenced in 1862, and were conducted on thirty dogs. When the permanent teeth are well grown he stated that the dog may be so disarmed. The operation occupies about eight minutes. There is no subsequent derangement of health, and the creature eats as well as before. The teeth are no more exposed to caries than they were previously; the lips conceal them, except in aggression or defence, and the beauty of the dog is not impaired. "In general," says M. Bourrel, "it is a sharp pinching produced by the front teeth that causes inoculation: the skin is torn, or the bite draws blood. By blunting, sixteen obtuse surfaces are substituted for sixteen sharp points. Sporting dogs, in the habit of tearing the game, have been prevented from doing so by this measure, while the furious disposition of some dogs, which render them dangerous to every one, was softened, and brutes which would have to be destroyed were consequently allowed to live. Terriers have not ceased to kill rats after this blunting; they have only lost their power to kill cats, which is a happy result. The same operation disarms those bull dogs that certain individuals have the discreditable passion of exciting to fight; pet dogs have been operated upon without any inconvenience."

Granting that in rare cases sporting dogs would be deteriorated by this process of reducing their fangs, or even that exception should be made in their favor, there can be no doubt that, were the system applied to pet dogs, mongrels, and other curs of like degree, who are after all the most fruitful causes of hydrophobia, the number of victims to that terrible disease would be reduced. Apart from the absolute danger arising from a dog's bite, the sense of nervous apprehension and suffering to the victim is a serious evil.

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THE PRE-GLACIAL MAN.

Was he black? That we don't certainly know, but all analogy would lead one to answer positively, yes. White men seem, on the whole, to be a very recent and novel improvement on the original evolutionary pattern. At any rate he was distinctly hairy, like the Ainos, or aborigines of Japan, in our own day, of whom Miss Isabella Bird has drawn so startling and sensational a picture. Several of the pre-glacials sketches show us lank and gawky savages with the body covered with long scratches answering exactly to the scratches which represent the hanging hair of the mammoth, and suggesting that man then still retained his old original hairy covering. The new skulls and other fragments of skeletons now preserved to us also indicate that our old master and his contemporaries much resembled in shape and build the Australian black fellows, though their foreheads were lower and more receding, while their front teeth still projected in hugh fangs, faintly recalling the immense canines of the male gorilla. Quite apart from any theoretical considerations as to our probable descent (or ascent) from Dr. Darwin's hypothetical "hairy arboreal quadrumanous ancestor," whose existance may or may not be really true, there can be no doubt that the actual historical remains set before us preglacial man as evidently approaching in several important respects the higher monkeys.

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LAND IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The total area of Great Britain slightly exceeds 56,750,000 acres; but the total cultivated area is a little under 32,500,000 acres. The cultivated area, therefore, is roughly four-sevenths of, or a little more than one-half, the total area. In England the proportion of cultivated area to the total is about three to four; in Wales it is somewhat over one to two; but in Scotland it is only one to four. While the total area of Scotland is almost 19,500,000 acres, the cultivated area is just 4,812,000 acres. Three-quarters of all Scotland therefore are unreclaimed mountain and heath.

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FLORIDA SAURIANS.

Some interesting discoveries have been made in Florida by Prof. Lawrence Johnson, of the United States Geological Survey. Just south of Alachua county line he found several specimens and skeletons of animals which relatively belong to a not far distant period. In piles, and somewhat mixed, there were the remains of a mastodon, two or three specimens of the rhinoceros, a large stag, a camel, fully as large as the Arabian camel, but in structure more allied to the llama; also a tapir, very much like the South American tapir, which lives in swampy places; two teeth of some carnivorous animal allied to the tiger and panther; one set of teeth and bones of a hippopotamus; several crocodiles or alligators, and innumerable other bones not identified. Apparently, the territory south of Alachua was at some time a large fresh-water lake

A FACTORY ON THE WEST COAST.

The name factory as applied to these trading establishments in West Africa is rather a misnomer, and suggests to the English mind a hideous brick building of several stories, with probably three or four tall chimneys belching forth volumes of black smoke. Nothing could be more unlike the reality. The West African factory consists usually of a one-storied house, surrounded by a veranda or piazza, and standing in the midst of an inclosure. Nothing is manufactured in these places; and they are, when all is said, shops, in which cotton prints, rum, gin, powder, beads, and cheap muskets are bartered for native produce, and sometimes sold. The traders, however, speak of themselves as merchants, and though they will sell everything down to a penny worth of rum, would consider themselves greatly insulted if called shopkeepers. The ground floor of the building contains the shop and stock in trade, the agent and his clerks live above, and the casks of palm oil and bags of palm kernels are stored up in sheds in the yard ready for shipment. There is no busy hum of workpeople. Perhaps a native will arrive at the factory with a canoe full of kegs of palm oil. He saunters up to the house, has rum lavished upon him to create a generous spirit, and after a time, for he does nothing in a hurry, he mentions that he has got so much oil to dispose of provided that he can get in exchange so many cutlasses, so much powder, and so on. Then a couple of Kroomen lazily roll the kegs up from the beach, gauge them, examine the quality of the oil, and in the course of an hour or so report progress to their employer, the agent. After this a little haggling, such as the climate has left the trader sufficient energy to indulge in, takes place, with the result that the native hands over his oil at a nominal price per gallon which is about half what it is really worth, and gets paid in goods which are rated and exchanged at about 200 per cent, above their value, so that in one way or another the trader makes rather a good thing out of it.

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CUSTER'S CONFEDERATE FRIEND.

The Seventh Cavalry were sent to guard the engineers of the Northern Pacific while they surveyed the route to the Yellowstone. The party of citizens joined the command a few days out from Fort Rice. Gen. Custer wrote me that he was lying on the buffalo robe in his tent, resting after the march, when he heard a voice outside asking the sentinel "which was Gen. Custer's tent." The General called out: "Halloo, old fellow! I haven't heard that voice in 13 years, but I know it. Come in and welcome!" Gen. Rosser walked in, and such a reunion as was had! These two had been classmates and warm friends at West Point, and parted with sorrow when Gen. Rosser went into the Southern army. Afterward they had fought each other in the Shenandoah Valley time and time again. Both of them lay on the robe for hours talking over the campaign in Virginia. In the varying fortunes of war sometimes one had got possession of the wagon train belonging to the other. I knew of several occasions when they had captured each other's headquarters wagon, with their private luggage. If one drove the other back in retreat, before he went into camp he wrote a note addressing the other as "Dear friend," and saying, "You may have made me take a few steps this way to-day, but I'll be even with you to-morrow. Please accept my good wishes and this little gift." These notes and presents were left at the house of some Southern woman as they retreated out of the village. Once Gen. Custer took all of his friend's luggage and found in it a new uniform coat of Confederate gray. He wrote a humorous letter that night thanking Gen. Rosser for setting him up in so many new things, but audaciously asking him if he "would direct his tailor to make the coat tails of his next uniform a little shorter," as there was a difference in the height of the two men. Gen. Custer captured his herd of cattle at one time, but he was so hotly pursued by Gen. Rosser that he had dismounted, cut a whip, and drove them himself until they were secured.

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TOOL STEEL.

The old-fashioned method of testing tool-steel is as good a practical method as that of a careful chemical analysis. It is simply the heating and drawing under the hammer to a slender point, plunging while red hot in cold water, and, when chilled, striking it with a hammer across the edge of the anvil. If the steel will harden, it will break, under these conditions, without bending back and forth. Steel that will not harden under these conditions is not fit to temper, and will not retain a cutting edge. Steel that is so "high" that it cannot be heated red-hot and chilled in water without flying may do for some purposes, and retain a sufficiently rigid edge by air-hardening. If a piece of steel can be forged into a cold chisel, be hardened, tempered, and used, such steel is good steel, and may be relied upon for all ordinary shop-purposes.

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SLEEPING-DRAUGHTS.

A word about sedatives, or sleeping-draughts. It is impossible to speak too strongly against the habitual use of these. They should never be taken without a doctor's orders. Chloral, though not producing the ill effects which follow opium, is depressing. One or two teaspoonfuls of the syrup is the dose for an adult. "Chloral drinking" is a fearful evil, against which none can keep too sedulous a guard. Of bromide of potassium, five to twenty grains is the ordinary adult dose. It is a powerful sedative to the nervous system, but should never be used as a habit, for, beside other evils, it leads to an eruption of the skin. Laudanum is the preparation of opium most employed by the public. Children are exceedingly sensitive to it. One drop of laudanum has killed an infant. It should never be taken without a doctor's prescription. Dover's powder, a ten-grain dose for an adult, is useful in checking a cold. Every ten grains of this powder contains one grain of opium. Therefore it should be used with great caution We warn mothers against all manners of syrups for their babies, unless such are ordered by the doctor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch........	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches......	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	13 00
Three inches.....	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches.....	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	20 00
Quarter column..	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column......	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column......	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the 'Business Directory'' column, one dollar a year for each line.

General Grant's Case.

"SOMEONE HAS BLUNDERED!"—CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

The New York Herald says: "If General Grant should recover from a disease "which should prove not to have been "what it has been described, then his medical attendants * * will be expected to "explain the reasons for one of the most "remarkable instances of discrepancy ever "recounted in the history of medical practice."

The other day an eminent young physician in the last stages of consumption, unable longer to talk, called for pen and paper and indistinctly wrote this advice to his physicians: "Make dying comfortable."

The utter failure rightly to diagnose and properly to treat General Grant's disorder was a serious blunder, emphasizing what has so often been said, that professional treatment, being purely experimental, is just as likely to be wrong as right.

Had the general an ulcer on his arm the physicians would have treated it scientifically, very scientifically. He might have recovered or they might have cut his arm off. Some dear old soul of a grandmother, however, might have treated the sore by some "old woman's remedy" and healed it, but there would have been no "professional science" in such a proceeding, as her remedy would not be one recognized by the code!

The general's physicians excuse themselves, we are told, because the condition of the throat was hidden from sight. There are thousands of cases where disease is hidden from sight, where the symptoms are very obscure and conflicting. The physicians will treat everyday's symptoms but they do not cure, and finally the patient dies. Then they discover they have made a mistake! A horrible mistake! The other day a prominet merchant in a neighboring city was found dead in bed. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that one of his other vital organs was entirely decayed, and yet his physicians had been treating him for heart disease!

Some one has blundered.

For weeks the American public have been waiting the unwelcome tidings of General Grant's death. To-day, the general is up and around and riding out.

People get well often in spite of what their doctors say and do. Why? By will power? No. By faith? No.

They live because outside the medical profession and medical pretense there are effective remedial agencies in nature which, though "unrecognized" by the code, have supreme power over disease, and in thousands of cases win triumphs where the so called scientific treatment utterly fails.

A prominent ex-cabinet officer is to-day on the very edge of the grave,' suffering from an extreme disorder of the liver. His doctors know they cannot cure him. They simply are making dying comfortable.

The agony of death in many cases is read by surrounding friends in screams of pain, in convulsions of nerve, in spasms of torture—the fixed eye, the chilly breath, the dreadful coughing, the bloody sweat—the supreme inflictions of pitiless disease upon a helpless body,—indicate the limitations of professional skill."

Seven-tenths of the deaths of this country every year are from hepatic and renal disorders, over which physicians have so little power. They will give this, that and the other thing to make dying comfortable, but they know they cannot cure and yet they will not permit the use of remedies "unauthorized" by their code, whether they are allopathic or homeopathic. If the system, as is common at this time of the year has no tone, and one has tired and depressed feelings, the doctor will tell you that the blood needs purifying, but he will not tell you, what he knows to be true, that the blood is impure because the liver and kidneys are not performing their blood-purifying functions.

The failure of the physicians in General Grant's case ought to have an eye-opening effect upon the public. It ought to see the futility of trusting entirely in a profession whose practice is so largely experimental. The test of merit is success and when any agency has won a record proved by the testimony of prominent men and women in all ranks of society, it stands to reason that such a preparation is worthy of universal confidence. Who has not heard of it? Who has not used it? Who can gainsay the statement that it has wrought greater benefit for mankind than anything ever discovered inside the ranks of the medical profession? And yet many physicians who are bound hand and foot to their code will not allow nor will they prescribe the use of Warner's safe cure. Nevertheless, spite of their small-minded bigotry, it multiplies instances of its singular merit by thousands every day, rests satisfied with the record it has won, and challenges comparison with the record of the most reputable physician.

It is a terrible thing to lose our friends, especially if we find out *afterwards* that they might have been saved.

We are glad General Grant *is* getting well. He deserves to live and in living he will emphasize the fact that physicians do not have a monopoly over disease; that "scientific medicine," so called is not infallible; that all remedial agencies were not born with doctors and will not die with them.

INSECTS IN THE TROPICS.

"It will hardly be credited by those who have never visited a hill country in the tropics," writes a recent traveller, "that soon after sunrise the noise of awakening beetles and tree-loving insects is so great as to drown the bellowing of a bull or the roar of a tiger a few paces off. The sound resembles most nearly the metallic whirr of a hundred Lowell looms. One beetle in particular, known to the natives (of Penang) as the 'trumpeter,' busies himself all day long in producing a booming noise with his wings. I have cautiously approached a tree on which I knew a number of these trumpeter-beetles to have settled, when suddenly the sound stopped, the alarm was spread from tree to tree, and there was a lull in the forest music, which only recommenced when I had returned to the beaten track."

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In nature the valuable and the beautiful usually go hand-in-hand; and if we do not always trace their union, it is because our limited experience has not yet fathomed all her secrets.

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If a woman were to change her sex, she would become a hea-then.